GETTIN’ HIGH
ON TITS AND ASS
4 ALMOST 20 YEARS

SURVIVING ‘SHROOMS & LSD
AN ALTERNATIVE GUIDE TO REALITY

MINIMUM WAGE FOR STRIPPERS
HAS THE REAL APOCALYPSE ARRIVED?

PAIGE, FROM SPYCE GENTLEMEN’S CLUB

PLUS! POLEROTICA - THE ASCENSION RISES
(SEE PG.21)
NOW HIRING DANCERS!

DAILY AUDITIONS FROM 1PM-5PM
FOR MORE INFO, CALL 503-737-7180

COME OUT FOR MIDNIGHT MADNESS!
EVERY DAY AT MIDNIGHT,
LAP DANCES FOR ONLY $1!

Wild Orchid
15826 SE DIVISION ST / 503-894-9219 / OPEN 1PM TO 2:30AM DAILY
WildOrchidPDX.com
THROWBACK ABSOLUT INDUSTRY PARTY EVERY SUNDAY!
NO COVER CHARGE AND SPECIAL PRICES
ON ALL ABSOLUT FLAVORS & ABSOLUT GEAR GIVEAWAYS

BACHELOR/ BACHELORETTE PARTY PACKAGES

VIDEO LOTTERY
CHECK OUT THE LATEST GAMES

Club Rouge
a Gentlemen’s Lounge
403 SW STARK ST • PORTLAND, OR 97204 • (503) 227-3936
(At The Corner Of SW 4th & Stark)
myspace.com/ClubRougePDX • ClubRougePDX.net

the Office
6910 N INTERSTATE AVE • PORTLAND, OR 97217
(503) 206-5036 • 11AM - 2:30AM

NOW HIRING ALL EXCEPTIONAL DANCERS 6PM-8PM DAILY
GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
CLOSE TO DOWNTOWN, ONE MILE
SOUTH OF THE ROSS ISLAND BRIDGE
OPEN MON-FRI 11AM-2:30AM
SAT 12PM-2:30AM • SUN 4PM-2:30AM

BEAUTIFUL NUDE DANCERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

FULL BAR • FULL MENU
LOTTERY GAMES

CORPORATE, BACHELOR & BIRTHDAY PARTY PACKAGES

THE HOME OF THE $4.95 16 OZ. TOP SirLOIN STEAK DINNER!

HAPPY HOUR!
4PM-7PM

AUDITIONS
• ALWAYS HIRING
• DAILY AUDITIONS
• IMMEDIATE OPENINGS
• NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

5145 SE MCLoughlin BLVD
503-236-8559
ASK ABOUT OUR BIRTHDAY & BACHELOR PARTY PACKAGES!

DANCERS WANTED!
CALL (503) 252-3529 TO SET UP AN AUDITION
TWO STAGES PLUS A MINORS’ STAGE
LARGE DRESSING ROOM WITH
SHOWER AND TANNING BED

TIJUANA TUESDAYS
TEQUILA SPECIALS
& 3 TACOS FOR $3

HOME OF THE DOLLAR DANCES!

MORE THAN JUST A STRIP CLUB!
Cabaret
SE STARK ST & 176TH AVE
NOW OPEN
2PM-2:30AM DAILY

HAPPY HOUR 2PM-9PM DAILY
4 VIP CHAMPAGNE ROOMS
17544 SE STARK ST • (503) 252-3529
BIGGEST HEATED SMOKING PATIO IN PORTLAND!
OREGON'S FUNNEST 18 & OVER STRIP CLUB

THE GOLDEN DRAGON EXOTIC CLUB
324 SW 3RD AVE / LOCATED DOWNTOWN / 503-274-1900
OPEN MON-FRI 2PM-SUNRISE & SAT-SUN 6PM-SUNRISE

WE LOVE 18TH BIRTHDAY PARTIES!

The Party Doesn't Stop When The Bars Close...

We Party All Night, Until The Sun Comes Up!

DANCE CONTEST WITH CASH PRIZES EVERY THU @ 10PM

GoldenDragonPDX.com
Facebook.com/GoldenDragonClub

HOT LAP DANCES / PRIVATE VIP ROOMS / FREE POOL NIGHTLY / VIDEO GAMES / SPORTS CHANNELS
PORTLAND’S PREMIER STRIP CLUB!
3000 SE POWELL BLVD - 503-231-9199

FREE POOL
SUNDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS

HAPPY HOUR
MON–FRI 11AM–6:30PM

TACO TUESDAYS
2 FOR $2!

$6 RIBEYE

PLAY LOTTERY GAMES HERE!

SAFARI SHOWCLUB.COM POWERED BY XOTICSPOT • CALL TO BOOK BACHELOR PARTIES!
AUDITIONS DAILY • CALL 503–231–9199 OR STOP BY CLUB • 18 & OVER
Every night is a good night
for a little Boom Boom

TEXAS HOLD 'EM POKER
GAMES EVERY DAY & NIGHT

POLEROTICA
THE ASCENSION
PRELIMINARY ROUND II
FRIDAY, APRIL 19

FOR DANCER AUDITIONS, EMAIL PHOTO & INFO TO
BOOMDANCERS@GMAIL.COM
OR TEXT 503-919-8644
Exotic Covergirl
Paige

Spyce
Gentlemen's Club
SUN-THU 6PM - 2:30AM & FRI-SAT 3PM - 2:30AM
33 NW 2ND AVE • PORTLAND, OR 97209 • 503-243-4646
(LOCATED AT THE CORNER OF 2ND AND COUCH)
CLOTHING OPTIONAL
ONLY AT THE PARIS

24 HOURS WEEKENDS
11-MIDNITE WEEKDAYS
ALWAYS 18 & OVER

SIX SW 3RD  503.295.7808
RAYSPARISTHEATRE.COM

SALEM'S ONLY EXOTIC DANCE CLUB WITH NO COVER CHARGE!

6 Great Reasons To Party At Presley's!

JOIN US FOR A FUN-FILLED WEEK AT PRESLEY'S PLAYHOUSE CABARET

Slinky Sundays - Wet T-Shirt Contest @ 11pm
Marvelous Mondays - Dance Contest @ 11pm
Teriffic Tuesdays - Food & Beverage Specials
Wowl Wednesdays - Double Trouble - 2 Girls On Stage!
Teriffic Thursdays - Food & Beverage Specials
Fabulous Fridays - Neglige Party - All Bartenders In Negligees!
Super Saturdays - Wet Booty Shorts Contest @ 11pm

$6.50 STEAK SPECIAL 4PM-9PM • $10 PRIME RIB SPECIAL THU-SAT 4PM-1AM • LIMO DREAM DATES WITH YOUR FAVORITE ENTERTAINER
HOOKAH BAR - ENJOY A HOOKAH WITH YOUR FAVORITE ENTERTAINER • FREE TAXI DANCES • NEW FOOD MENU

www.PresleysPlayhouseCabaret.com

Let Us Make Your Fantasy Come True!
STILETTO lingerie modeling
FULLY-EQUIPPED DUNGEON AVAILABLE!
BEST PRIVATE FETISH & TOY SHOWS ANYWHERE!
NOW HIRING HOT MODELS!

OPEN 24/7 • www.stilettoportland.com
7827 SE POWELL BLVD • 503-888-1030

Monthly Dancing
Free Fist, Free Feet!
Check our Website
for Details!
FEATURES

SPINNIN’ ON ‘SHROOMS
a cautionary tale by statutory ray
page 24

MINIMUM WAGE STRIPPERS?
time to throw down by elle lynn stanger
page 36

FEAR & LOATHING IN EUGENE
lsd, pregnant sluts & womb cannons
by statutory ray
page 40

CHRONIC CINEMA
tasty nuggets in film history
by cooper
page 42

EXOTIC CITY
POLEROTICA – THE ASCENSION
THE DANCERS’ INITIATION COALITION
PINUP CALENDAR
MAP GUIDE
CLASSIFIEDS
ROSE GARDEN OR DISPENSARY

pg. 20
pg. 21
pg. 22
pg. 28
pg. 30
pg. 44
pg. 49

Exotic is not liable for any images of models used by advertisers to promote products or services. Rights and releases are the sole responsibility of the advertisers. All persons appearing in photos are over the age of 18. One copy of each edition of Exotic is available free to any person each month. Any person removing magazines in bulk will be prosecuted on theft charges to the fullest extent of the law. Any reproduction of materials presented herein without the express written consent of the publisher is forbidden by law. In scientific case studies, reading Exotic magazine has caused certain undesirable side effects. Possible side effects include headache, dizziness, mild nausea, diarrhea, vomiting, rash, itching, hives, swelling of the lips and face, hair growth, hand tremors, gum swelling, higher blood pressure, increased cholesterol levels, altered kidney function, swollen gums, acne, weight gain, blood in the urine, fluid retention, disorientation, irritability, behavior changes, oily anal discharges, pre-mature ejaculation, complete penile dysfunction, lupus, sleep apnea, lyme disease and certain strains of knee-jerk, violent, right-wing republican behavior.
FRONT AVENUE

STRIP CLUB

CUSTOMER APPRECIATION PARTY!
SATURDAY, APRIL 20
FOOD AND PRIZES!

SEEKING DANCERS FOR ALL SHIFTS!
AUDITIONS DAILY
2PM-9PM!
CALL (503) 819-4345

NOW OPEN UNTIL 2:30AM
MON-SAT!

HAPPY HOUR
1PM-6PM

GREAT NEW MENU
DAILY SPECIALS
NO COVER CHARGE!

PORTLAND’S ONLY HEATED AND COVERED HOOKAH PATIO!

PORTLAND
3075 NW FRONT AVE :: PORTLAND, OR 97210 :: (503) 471-9999
ONE MINUTE NORTH OF THE FREMONT BRIDGE

WWW.FRONTAVENUESTRIPCLUB.COM

exotic magazine | xmag.com 15

Fantasyland
ADULT SUPERSTORE

COME ON IN!

DVDS STARTING AT $9.99
KAMA SUTRA
GREAT GIFTS & TOYS
DVD SALES & RENTALS
FULL ARCADE
EXOTIC OILS
LOTIONS & CREAMS

503-655-4667
4157 SE 2ND DRIVE
JUST East of I-205 off the I-5 eastbound EXIT

StripSearchMe.com
Secret Rendezvous

Portland’s best kept secret in private lingerie modeling

Portland’s Hottest Models

LOWEST HOUSE FEES IN TOWN!

NEWLY REMODELED UPScale & CLEAN

OPEN 24 HOURS
12503 SE DIVISION ST #C
503-761-4040

NOW HIRING HOT MODELS

NOW OPEN UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
EXOTICA INTERNATIONAL

NOW HIRING - AUDITIONS HELD DAILY
240 NE COLUMBIA BLVD • (503) 285-0281

OPEN DAILY AT 11AM-2:30AM • FULL SERVICE FOOD & LIQUOR • LOTTERY • BEST VALUE • PORTLAND'S BUSIEST GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
GREAT FOOD • MORE THAN 100 TOP ENTERTAINERS • CENTRALLY LOCATED NEAR DOWNTOWN & PDX
Spring fever is here Portland! As one of the country’s most promiscuous cities, we don’t need a reason like the change of the seasons to get any hornier—that just comes naturally. April is when Portlanders strip down to their skins, as soon as the sun sheds its rays for more than 30 minutes. So, now that you’ve spent your winter fucking like hibernating bunnies in front of the fireplace, it’s time to get your ass outside and enjoy all the natural wonders our naughty little city has to offer. *Exotic* will be celebrating the hedonism with the return of PoleroticA. After being forced to postpone PoleroticA last year, due to health reasons, (feeling much better now, thanks) we just can’t wait to unleash what we have in store for you this year. The buzz surrounding this series of events has been building behind the scenes, since the conclusion of Miss Exotic Oregon 2013. As revealed in last month’s issue, there will be some big changes. Polerotica - The Ascension, will feature more twists and game-changers than any event in *Exotic* history. Expect new facets and returning champions, head-to-head eliminations, an epic showdown of good vs. evil, expanded and more aggressive scoring, a revamped and specialized judging panel, plus some all-new venues. The first three (of four) preliminary rounds begin this month on Saturday, April 13 at the all-new Kit Kat Club (formerly Berbati’s Pan) in downtown Portland. Followed by Round II at the Boom Boom Room on Friday, April 19, then it’s on to Round III at Mystic Gentlemen’s Club on Thursday, April 25. Stay tuned for more on PoleroticA - The Ascension next month, with three more rounds of competition building up to the final showdown in June. Accept no imitations! With a winners’ package of $5,000 in cash & prizes, plus the cover and centerfold of *Exotic*’s 20th Anniversary Issue, PoleroticA’s return promises to be the biggest showcase of erotic pole dancing on the entire West Coast.

For complete information on entering PoleroticA, email us at polerotica@xmag.com or call John at 503-816-4174 with any questions. See you soon Portland and enjoy the sunshine. Just remember one word people—sunscreen. That blazing, shiny thing in the sky has been known to incinerate pasty, white Oregonians quicker than a $1 lap dance.

**APRIL EVENTS**

**MON 1** - Kit Kat Club - Statutory Ray presents You Can’t Do That On A Stripper Pole

**THU 4** - Star Theater - BOYEURISM - A First Thursday All-Male Revue

**FRI 5** - Dante’s - Live music with Bob Wayne & The Outlaw Star Theater - The Dark Side of Oz Aerial & Burlesque Show

**SAT 6** - Star Theater - Queens of the Pole - Disney Princess Edition

**TUE 9** - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Are You Smarter Than a 5th Grader (Stripper Edition)

**WED 10** - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Stars “Masters” Indoor Golf Tournament

**THU 11** - Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Und-Wrestling - Last girl left dressed will win the prize

**Heat** - VIP Party with prizes & free food

**FRI 12** - Pallas Club - $1,500 Best Pole Dancer Competition - second preliminary

**SAT 13** - Kit Kat Club - PoleroticA - The Ascension Qualifier Round I - Our first 5 contenders will qualify for $5,000 in cash & prizes, plus the cover of *Exotic’s* 20th Anniversary Issue!

**WED 17** - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Naked Twister Competition with a cash prize

**Club 205** - Covergirl Dance Contest

**Mystic Gentlemen’s Club** - The Mystic Lingerie Boutique Party

**THU 18** - Club 205 - Lexi’s 21st Birthday Party

**FRI 19** - Boom Boom Room - PoleroticA - The Ascension Qualifier Round II - 5 more contenders will qualify for $5,000 in cash & prizes, plus the cover of *Exotic’s* 20th Anniversary Issue!

**STARS CABARET (Salem)** - Live rockabilly with Back Alley Barbers and The Rocketz

**SAT 20** - Torched Illusions - 420 party with free food & drink, giveaways & live glass blowing - 2 to close

**Front Avenue Strip** - Customer Appreciation Party

**THU 25** - Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - PoleroticA - The Ascension Qualifier Round III - 5 more contenders will qualify for $5,000 in cash & prizes, plus the cover of *Exotic’s* 20th Anniversary Issue!

**STARS CABARET (Beaverton)** - Taco Tuesday

**TUES 26** - Pallas Club - $1,500 Best Pole Dancer Competition - third preliminary

**WEEKLY EVENTS**

**MONDAYS** - Dante’s - Karaoke From Hell

**STARS CABARET (Salem & Bridgeport)** - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

**TUESDAYS** - Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays

**Club 205** - 2-for-Tuesdays

**Devils Point** - Soul Night

**Safari Showclub** - Taco Tuesdays 2 for $2

**Cabaret** - Tijuana Tuesdays

**STARS CABARET (Beaverton)** - Taco Tuesday

**WEDNESDAYS** - Heat - Wild Wednesdays

**Devils Point** - 80s Night

**Presley’s Playhouse (Salem)** - Wow! Wednesdays with 2 girls on stage

**Safari Showclub** - Free pool all day & night

**STARS CABARET (Salem & Bridgeport)** - Naked Twister Competition with a cash prize

**THURSDAYS** - Heat - Double Trouble Thursdays

**STARS CABARET (Salem)** - Tropical Thursdays

**STARS CABARET (Beaverton)** - Giant Thursdays

**Golden Dragon** - Dance Contest with cash prizes at 10pm

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

**Club Rouge** - Throwback Absolut Industry Party

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

**Devils Point** - World Famous Stripparaoke

**Safari Showclub** - Free pool all day & night

**Presley’s Playhouse (Salem)** - Slinky Sundays - Wet T-shirt contest

**Skin** - Nascar Sundays

**Falco’s Pub** - Zombie Night in America - 5pm

(For additional or expanded listings, email editorial@xmag.com)
**Polerotica**

**The Ascension**

Is $5,000 worth the climb?

$3,000 in cash, $2,000 in prizes, plus the cover & centerfold of Exotic’s 20th Anniversary Issue

Pre-registration required!
To compete, call John @ 503.816.4174

---

**Getting higher than ever, in a club near you!**

**Preliminary Qualifier Round I**
Saturday, April 13

Kith Kat Club
231 SW Ankeny
Downtown Portland

**Preliminary Qualifier Round II**
Friday, April 19

BooM BooM Room
8345 SW Barbur Blvd

**Preliminary Qualifier Round III**
Thursday, April 25

Mystic Gentlemen’s Club
9950 SE Stark St

More shows coming in May - including 1 more chance to qualify & the semi-finals!
A new nonprofit group made its debut on Sunday, March 3, the Portland (dancer-founded) D.I.C held its first event, inspired by the International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers. In the NW 9th and Irving Eco-Building, a small, but lively, group of sex workers convened to begin what they hope will be a series of projects aimed at supporting individuals, who make adult entertainment their living. The event was led by Jordan and Layla, two strippers from the Golden Dragon, and their newly-created nonprofit group, the Dancers’ Initiation Coalition—lovingly referred to as D.I.C.

The Sex Workers’ Rights Day was supported by the Portland chapter of The Sex Workers Outreach Project, or S.W.O.P., which describes its goals as “the conscious building of community, with consensual decision making, out of respect for all individuals.” Sponsored by adult boutique, Spartacus, the event included a silent auction for sex toys, including an electroshock wand. PDX Hair Extensions offered discounts on beaded-hair extensions and one young lady sat nearby, having her mane curled by stylist Jessi Allison.

All of the women displayed a type of camaraderie that was much like a sorority bake sale, but this was far more purposeful. “I was a social worker for children before I moved to Portland. But I discovered that I was far too empathetic and I would leave work crying, all the time,” explained Jordan. After dipping her toe into stripping, Jordan discovered a knack for it and trained to become one of last year’s most noticeable new faces in the adult entertainment scene, by coming close to snagging the coveted Miss Exotic Oregon crown. During this time, her talents pulled her toward something bigger. “We filed for a 5013c, to become a nonprofit organization. My theory is; if we are going to do sex work as a career, let’s do it safely, let’s get your attitude adjusted. Budgeting is a big issue. And since [Golden Dragon] gets a lot of 18-year old dancers, it’s important to catch them as they are entering this industry.”

Another familiar group was The Cupcake Girls, a nonfaith-based organization that visit Portland strip clubs, bringing hair and makeup supplies to dancers lending a hand or an ear if needed. In 2012, the group had invoked suspicion amongst dancers, when it was first mentioned in a feature in Exotic. Many strippers were suspicious of non-industry women making their way in to the club to lend a supporting hand or ear. Bri, of the Cupcake Girls, said, “We just exist to support women. This is where we happen to focus our interest.”

Music for the event was provided by local Portland band, Oceans Above Us. One of the band members was formerly a dancer at Spyce. The other, currently involved with a dancer and also housemate. Musician Dennis explained, “Growing up, you are told that stripping or sex work is the easy way out—that it’s for drug addicts only. But, my girlfriend has changed my perception of this industry. She’s the most amazing person.”

According to Jordan and Layla, there are big things in store for the Dancer Initiation Coalition. “Self-defense classes are the first step. Hygiene baskets are the second step.”

Unbeknownst to some, staph infections and MRSA are common threats to working in an environment with so much potential skin-to-skin contact, and friction with the stages and otherwise. Only a couple of decades ago, these deadly viruses were typically found only in hospitals, but are now commonly found in gyms and strip clubs. Since the vast majority of sex workers are without insurance benefits or unemployment protection, Jordan is planning a way to combat that also. “We want to have an open forum with a nurse and a lawyer present, so that dancers might have the opportunity to discuss legality or health questions.”

Despite a modest turnout, Jordan sees big things for the future of D.I.C. “Portland is the most progressive city I’ve seen, but there is still a stigma to this work. I want to be proud to say I’m a dancer. And that’s why I’m excited to start our project here. Gone are the days where we fight each other. I’m here to help promote sisterhood in the club. If I’m going to dance and make money, you’re going to make yours too.”

Jordan can be contacted via GoldenJordan69@gmail.com.
A new nonprofit group made its debut on Sunday, March 3, the Portland (dancer-founded) D.I.C held its first event, inspired by the International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers. In the NW 9th and Irving Eco-Building, a small, but lively, group of sex workers convened to begin what they hope will be a series of projects aimed at supporting individuals, who make adult entertainment their living. The event was led by Jordan and Layla, two strippers from the Golden Dragon, and their newly-created nonprofit group, the Dancers' Initiation Coalition—lovingly referred to as D.I.C.

The Sex Workers' Rights Day was supported by the Portland chapter of The Sex Workers Outreach Project, or S.W.O.P., which describes its goals as "the conscious building of community, with consensual decision making, out of respect for all individuals." Sponsored by adult boutique, Spartacus, the event included a silent auction for sex toys, including an electroshock wand. PDX Hair Extensions offered discounts on beaded-hair extensions and one young lady sat nearby, having her mane curled by stylist Jessi Allison.

All of the women displayed a type of camaraderie that was much like a sorority bake sale, but this was far more purposeful. "I was a social worker for children before I moved to Portland. But I discovered that I was far too empathetic and I would leave work crying, all the time," explained Jordan. After dipping her toe into stripping, Jordan discovered a knack for it and trained to become one of last year's most noticeable new faces in the adult entertainment scene, by coming close to snagging the coveted Miss Exotic Oregon crown. During this time, her talents pulled her toward something bigger. "We filed for a 5013c, to become a nonprofit organization. My theory is; if we are going to do sex work as a career, let's do it safely, let's budget, let's get your attitude adjusted. Budgeting is a big issue. And since [Golden Dragon] gets a lot of 18-year old dancers, it's important to catch them as they are entering this industry."

Another familiar group was The Cupcake Girls, a nonfaith-based organization that visit Portland strip clubs, bringing hair and makeup supplies to dancers lending a hand or an ear if needed. In 2012, the group had invoked suspicion amongst dancers, when it was first mentioned in a feature in Exotic. Many strippers were suspicious of non-industry women making their way in to the club to lend a supporting hand or ear. Bri, of the Cupcake Girls, said, "We just exist to support women. This is where we happen to focus our interest."

Music for the event was provided by local Portland band, Oceans Above Us. One of the band members was formerly a dancer at Spyce. The other, currently involved with a dancer and also housemate. Musician Dennis explained, "Growing up, you are told that stripping or sex work is the easy way out—that it's for drug addicts only. But, my girlfriend has changed my perception of this industry. She's the most amazing person."

According to Jordan and Layla, there are big things in store for the Dancer Initiation Coalition. "Self-defense classes are the first step. Hygiene baskets are the second step."

Unbeknownst to some, staph infections and MRSA are common threats to working in an environment with so much potential skin-to-skin contact, and friction with the stages and otherwise. Only a couple of decades ago, these deadly viruses were typically found only in hospitals, but are now commonly found in gyms and strip clubs. Since the vast majority of sex workers are without insurance benefits or unemployment protection, Jordan is planning a way to combat that also. "We want to have an open forum with a nurse and a lawyer present, so that dancers might have the opportunity to discuss legality or health questions."

Despite a modest turnout, Jordan sees big things for the future of D.I.C. "Portland is the most progressive city I've seen, but there is still a stigma to this work. I want to be proud to say I'm a dancer. And that's why I'm excited to start our project here. Gone are the days where we fight each other. I'm here to help promote sisterhood in the club. If I'm going to dance and make money, you're going to make yours too."

Jordan can be contacted via GoldenJordan69@gmail.com.
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH
TRIP ADVISOR

BY STATUTORY RAY

Last month, I was given a legally-questionable substance consisting of the most hallucinogenic powers known to man. Known as DMT (Dimethyltryptamine), this psychoactive drug actually triggers a chemical that is already present in most human beings and, thus, is technically not the same “high” one would get from injecting a foreign chemical into the brain. Instead of merely tripping out and experiencing a distorted version of the real world through the lens of a substance, DMT creates an entirely altered reality, one that is supposedly inhabited by mechanical elves and honeycomb formations (literally thousands of unrelated Internet forums are filled with shockingly-consistent testimonies).

By the time I got around to arranging a babysitter/partner, a day off of work, proper settings and damn-near anything else necessary for a trip, the drugs went missing. As in, it was gone from the only place in my trunk I ever keep illegal and/or morally-inappropriate stuff. My partner in crime, Sara, had planned on tripping with me for a month, my editor was expecting a review on the experience and, compared to most of my nights, I was relatively priority-free. Opting to wait until I found the secret hiding place that kept my DMT, Sara was fine with rescheduling our trip. I, however, was not. There is something about determination to the power of drugs, divided by impatience that doesn’t fit well with the “Oh well, maybe next time” attitude. Since I was looking in the hollowed-out copy of Great Expectations that I use to store things cops and landlords shouldn’t find, I was also looking at a reserve supply of drugs. The seven, or so, grams of closed-cap mushrooms were more attractive than ever.

“Fuck it,” I said to Sara as I ate an enormous handful, “I have about an hour to drop you off before I’m taking a backup vacation.”

This was about 8:45pm. It was roughly 8:46, when I got called to DJ a bar that, ironically, is one of the only work-related environments staffed by a crew who couldn’t care less if I was grilling balls. Had it been a titty bar, or even a place that wasn’t dimly lit and full of punk rockers and college kids, I wouldn’t have even considered doing a non-after-hours DJ gig under the influence of anything aside from coffee. Yet, I was already a mile away from Sara’s place, before I realized it was too late to turn back.

Six hours later, I was told that the bar’s sales were the best they’d had on a Wednesday night, I did a good job keeping a fickle crowd and I am now invited back on a monthly basis for a regular gig. Here’s how I kept from burning the place down and ending up in jail, which is what can happen if you decide to take the wrong drugs without reading the instructions. Whether or not you’re a disc jockey or a disc golfer, the following tips will help any traveler of the astral plane fit their itinerary into an otherwise sobriety-friendly evening.

BE PREPARED
Taking a psychoactive trip on mushrooms is analogous to taking a literal trip anywhere else; preparation is crucial. Instead of shady motels lacking clean nutrags next to the shower or flat tires on the way home from Estacada, the hazards of a good drug trip are typically anything you’d be required to do in real life. Your job is to focus on eliminating any, and all, ties to time and space that may exist pre-trip. Did you remember to call back that one girl? Do you have a limited (but adequate) supply of cash in your wallet? Are your favorite CDs as accessible as your cigarettes? Got water in the trunk? Weed in pocket? An organized and clean environment (this includes backpacks and purses) is as crucial to a good trip, as the elimination of priority-inducing distractions. Turning your cellphone off is an even better idea, but if you can’t go without it, airplane mode is a minimum; you do not want to get a call from a client, boss or ex when you’re attempting to ignore the voice of God, while fumbling around with a laptop or steering wheel. I would never encourage driving on “shrooms but I’m not gonna lie to readers when I say that it’s easier than it sounds. By having all my shit taken care of (albeit, as a result of a trip I wasn’t able to take), I was in a position to tell the bar “yes, I will be on time or sober tonight.”

TURN ON CRUISE CONTROL IN YOUR MIND
Once you’ve got a copy of KMFDM’s Symbols album in the CD player, orange juice in a cup and a bag of Black Forest gummy bears, you can relinquish all control to the outside world. Regarding my DJ gig, I decided against any prior playlisting, theming or planning of my set. When frat guy asked for the only Roots song anyone knows, I played it. Geeks wanted that South African band I can’t spell, and therefore, won’t bother plugging. Tossed it right on without reminding them how much everyone hates the music. Shrooms allow you to be in touch with the (forgive my use of this word) “vibe” or flow of the environment, and if you can ride it like a wave, you won’t crash. The only bad trips come from fighting the direction that drugs are opting to take you, so pretend it’s like getting fucked for the first time by that one rich step-parent whose inheritance will be worth it. I think I really need to work on my metaphors, but the point should be clear: ride the wave or crash into the rocks.

UTILIZE A MODERATE AMOUNT OF OTHER VICES
Unlike virtually any other substance, combining mushrooms with non-psychoactive drugs can produce a calmer, more manageable high for users who would, on any other night, be drink-
ing/smoking/line dancing/LARPing/etc. Regarding drugs specifically, it is crucial to emphasize that you should only “mix” shrooms with substances you do on a regular, high-tolerance level. If you’re a weed smoker, make sure you have enough pot on hand (preferably a body-high-inducing indica, since sativa can shoot your brain into strange directions) to take the edge off of the spikes in intensity produced by the onset and come-downs associated with a good trip. If you smoke cigarettes, give up the trying-to-quit shit for a night. If you drink, do not consume hard alcohol while shrooming, but instead sip on a red wine or wheat-heavy beer.

If you were raised in a bad home and the only drug you do happens to be the hallucinogenic you’re trying for the first time, engage in familiar habits, whether gum-chewing, Angry Birds or pocket pool. By orienting yourself with a “safe space” associated with the real world, the intensity of hallucinations will be offset by the familiarity of their content. On the other hand, if you forget your pack of smokes or bag of weed and decide to take a trip, be prepared to feel much like you left your luggage in Detroit and can’t return unless you do so on foot. The walk from door to counter at a 7-11 is about a mile long on good ‘shrooms, bringing me to my next point...

AVOID OUTSIDERS AT ANY COST

There are two types of strangers you will encounter on an intense mushroom trip: bad ones. The first type will be of the obvious, ‘hat-in-real-life variety. While DJing through the peak of my trip, I felt a loathing for the hipster sitting alone in the corner that would have been a notch too much for Hitler or Simon Cowell. I was literally visualizing myself walking over and ripping his face off to expose the lizard person hidden underneath then, tearing the curly mustache off his skin and stomping it out on the floor after taking a long, hot piss on it. When he smiled a nice, “Why the hell are you looking at me like that, you’re creeping me out, please stop” smile at me, I literally could not stop staring him directly in the eye, while contemplating the possibility of blaming my actions on the drugs and hoping that the janitors would have an extra box of Lye with which I could use to...well, let’s just say I had to consciously force myself to look away.

The next type of outsider is the wants-to-better-your-high variety. This is the person who thinks that it’s helpful to wave their fingers in front of your face or suggest you put on some “trippy” songs like that Rob Zombie one about demonoid horsemobiles from space. This person has also never touched a drug that isn’t sold in the open at Dave Matthews Band concerts. He or she probably considers a blacklight poster to be illegal paraphernalia and, if you let him or her know you’re grilling, they will never leave you alone (completely ruining your trip). The urge to let someone know you’re balls deep in space-land, is going to be there, so take care of it early and confide in another experienced user. In other words...

MAKE AN ALLIANCE

I decided to openly tell the bartender on duty (who is also a personal friend of many years) that I had eaten a shit-load of good drugs before I came in to play my set for a room full of customers, whom I wanted to remain blind to my situation. After the to-be-expected giggling and shit-flicking had been doled out, she agreed to make things easier for me by, oh, ensuring I had access to water, coffee, bullets, condoms, fireworks, Zotz candy and anything else completely and utterly necessary for survival. This allows for a safety zone in times of momentary crisis. When I felt like skimming the Gila monster hipster alive where he sat, I looked at my alliance and she gave me a comforting glance that said “don’t worry, he’ll be there tomorrow if you decide to come back and end his life sober—just play some more Peeping Tom and relax.”

WRAP IT UP SLOWLY

If you’ve ever flown into PDX on any airline other than Hawaiian, you’ve likely circled the 405 for a few hours in the sky while the captain fed you a line of shit about gradual descent. If your pilot happens to be on good drugs, this is technically not a line of shit, as he or she is just doing things like a pro. Reality tends to soak in slowly, but unlike a hangover (where the world kicks you in the taint with a swift boot of sunshine and priorities) it happens in a manner very similar to that of an airplane trip. You see the world you’re about to re-enter, but you can’t fully interact with it until you’re firmly on the ground. Just because you’re not seeing rainbows falling out of the televisions anymore, does not mean it’s a good idea to answer the phone when your girlfriend, boss, probation officer, etc. calls. Let me be perfectly clear: you are not “back from the trip” until you can execute simple tasks without a single drop of high strangeness. The visuals may be gone, but if you’re taking a piss and wondering how your body is able to deconstruct hops and rye into a yellow substance that magically comes from your pee hole, you’re still high.

Let me be perfectly, 100% clear in stating that you should never, ever attempt anything I have suggested in this (or any other) article. Further, every-
Mary Jane

The VIP ROOM
Hot Lap Dance Club

10018 SW Canyon Rd | Beaverton
(503) 297-5389 | Open ‘Til 4am | 18 & Over
Paige
FROM
SPYCE GENTLEMEN’S CLUB
Krissy Summers
KrissySummers@BunnyRanch.com

University Of Michigan Cheerleader

The REAL “Girl Next Door” Loves To Party At Dennis Hof’s World famous Moonlite Bunny Ranch!

NOW HIRING FUN GIRLS: IF YOU ARE OVER 18, FRIENDLY AND WOULD LIKE TO MAKE LOTS OF MONEY, THEN GIVE MADAM SUZETTE A CALL AT 888-BUNNYRANCH. WE WILL WORK AROUND YOUR SCHEDULE, PROVIDE HOUSING AND YOU DON’T HAVE TO BE ON TV.

INFORMATION AVAILABLE AT 888-BUNNYRANCH OR WWW.BUNNYRANCH.COM
MINUTES FROM RENO & LAKE TAHOE • ALWAYS OPEN • ALWAYS FUN
FULL BAR • UNIQUE GIFT SHOP • SENIOR & SERVICEMEN DISCOUNTS
started with Facebook. My generation isn’t really one of doers, but rather, of those that “like” the idea of doing. Why like, I mean, passively clicking the “Like” tab on Facebook when they see something that they agree with; be it recipes, photos of kittens and big butts or revolutionary social ideas and political agendas. In this case, an online petition (surely one of millions) had popped up and it was called “Petition for Dancers to Earn Minimum Wage in Oregon,” or similarly.

I paused. Dare I? I passed my finger over the sensor pad and applied pressure for a nanosecond. I had officially “liked” this idea and had then “Shared” it. I waited a few seconds and returned to the page. I was waiting for the hate mail. In Internet lingo, it’s called trolling and I felt like a troll.

I’ve never been one for unionizing and I don’t want to be paid minimum wage. Without delving into a discussion of political beliefs, I’ve found myself to be more on the side of capitalism than anything else. At the risk of alienating myself from a huge proportion of my co-workers, I feel compelled to explain why a paid rate for strippers is a terrible idea.

It would cripple the industry, starting at the businesses themselves. There is a reason that your downtown club’s vodka-cranberry drink costs $8.00 and it’s not that the place is getting rich. The last several years of economic struggle have put, what was once considered a recession-proof industry, in serious jeopardy. Even with many clubs offering discounts on meals, lap dances and no cover charge, some are still struggling to keep their doors open. The explosion of available pornography via the Internet has affected the last decade so se-

verely, that any dancer who worked before the Bush-years, can tell you that she makes a third of what she used to, or way less. People simply aren’t spending the money. I’ve been regaled by veteran dancers’ tales of $100 bills being tipped on a whim. Nowadays, I nearly do a double-take when someone gives me an extra $5.00.

Businesses have multiple costs that most of us never consider: building maintenance, advertising, food and beverage orders, licensing fees, insurance and, of course, staff payouts. If clubs would be required to pay an extra few dozen dancers as employees, it would surely close many club doors permanently.

By becoming minimum wage employees, strippers would have to file taxes. In the words of one lady, “I show my bits to strangers and get shit-talked to all the time. Fuck taxes. I’ve never filed and I never will.” Since most of us don’t make enough to get audited, our fees are limited to stage fee and staff tip-outs. Of course, I know a handful of strippers who have been filing for years and they do so by using an Independent Contractor 1099 form. The benefits of this already exist, as these ladies know that they can write off expenses such as shoes, makeup and apparel. So, in this case, the choice is left up to the individual—just the way I like it.

Some customers would feel more entitled, once aware the dancer is making minimum wage. Nary has a shift passed, when some asshole doesn’t demand “something awesome” for their $1.00. You know what’s awesome? A room full of lovely, naked women dancing. Nearly every evening, a bouncer or I must gently remind someone to tip a dollar, and while some folks don’t know that we don’t get paid hourly, many people don’t care and already believe that we make too much. The bitterness of the general population is stifling and can be seen just reading comments relating to strippers. “Great, another junkie whore can go buy her crack now,” was one response to the Portland Mercury awarding a male sex worker and myself the cover of their Sex Issue, in March 2011. If major legislation were passed where it became public knowledge that social workers and strippers made the same basic rate, I’d expect even more vitriol. And yet, insiders and industry barflies would see such legislation as a victory, however, the tips from our beloved regulars are not enough to sustain an industry.

By making adult entertainment more conventional, I feel that some of the stigma will be removed. Thus, negating the reason that some people visit strip clubs in the first place. For some of the same reasons that marijuana growers don’t want pot to be legalized, I truly believe that if strippers are perceived to be more “normalized,” it will remove the thrill that motivates some people to frequent our establishment.

I decided to ask around—DJ Hazmatt, (aka Statutory Ray from Sassy’s) felt similarly. “The reality, in Portland, is that where smart folks and insiders would see it as more respect, yes, the patrons would feel thrice as entitled, management would be more strict for hiring and bars that feature B-level entertainment would go full bar, [with] no tits. Enter the new healthcare and sick leave laws for X-amount of employees and in a year, only a few clubs would be left standing.” I consider Statutory Ray’s to be a valid opinion. He has spent much more time in this industry than I. While he is not a stripper, his is invested in this industry as much as myself and is also looking to protect his livelihood.

In early March, the Northwest Workers Justice Project held an open meeting for dancers to meet with the NWJP representatives in order to discuss workers’ rights. NWJP is a non-profit legal organization that is committed to protecting the rights of workers, mostly in Portland, but all across the state of Oregon and the NW. The informal gathering consisted of two consultants and two dancers...myself included. What follows is a transcription of our conversation, edited for clarity.

NWJP: “We are obviously looking at things from the employee perspective. I’m sure being an employer has it’s own problems and economic pressures and I’m not trying to put people out of business, but I do think that the industry has to be compliant with
the laws and it can make those choices based on economic reasons, but it doesn’t get to treat dancers in a certain way, without giving the dancers the protections that they deserve."

NWJP: Being an employee should be more than just getting minimum wage. For example, if the club shuts down, can that person take advantage of unemployment? If you suffer an injury? If you have a disability, are you protected?

ELLE: I know that many girls ask these things, but is there currently any type of reference website or documents where we can find these things out?

NWJP: I don’t know of anything specifically for dancers, but people are welcome to call us and we can talk them through it. A lot of information out there is old, because the times are changing. I believe there is more control over dancers than there used to be, in terms of appearance. If you want to have a business where the dancers are actually independent contractors, then you can’t control all aspects of the club regarding the dancers, unless you are going to give them some of the protections of employees too. And, that is where most club owners skirt the issue.

ELLE: How so?

NWJP: Things like unspoken non-compete agreements. There are a couple of cases in Oregon and other places in the country, regarding scheduling and being fined or penalized, which would put you more in the place of an employee than an independent contractor. The club where you can go in when you want, dance to what music you choose and wear what you like. That is the club where dancers are truly independent contractors.

STRIPPER #1: I think that there is a danger in organizing anything like this because, even if a group of dancers tried to band together, management could very easily fire them all and just hire a string of new dancers. So, everyone is afraid to speak up.

NWJP: A lot of people are more protected than they think they are. A person can always call us and ask what their options are. The issue is, there’s not a lot of power in being an individual. If I complain about the fact that I’m mistreated, I can be fired. In terms of unionization, there is a benefit if we work together—that is the value of a union.

STRIPPER #1: Regarding the minimum tipout, I don’t drink at work and I don’t tip the bartender very much. I know it has caused some trouble with the bartenders at work as far as the way they treat me. I don’t know that the management is aware of it.

ELLE: Because if you don’t tip the bartender very much, you might not be scheduled as often.

STRIPPER #1: Right. And I can’t be forced to drink.

NWJP: In an employee situation, you can’t require a flat tipout, unless the person is making minimum wage. As a waiter, the employer can only force you to tip other employees or the house if you are making minimum wage. In other states, it’s different. Of course, the club will think in its economic best interest, but the dancers need to think in their interest too.

ELLE: Concerning tipouts, I think that plenty of dancers agree that we shouldn’t have to pay taxes because we are required a minimum tipout. I try to tip more to the staff that deserves it, so I feel better knowing that I’m giving back to the individual. Plus, we don’t get healthcare through our employers, so there’s even less of an incentive to file taxes.

STRIPPER #1: I believe that’s a common belief that we tip out and shouldn’t have to pay taxes. What we do is very socially stigmatized and these aren’t that many women that really benefit greatly from stripping. Some do, but most of us don’t make as much as the public would believe.

NWJP: We have people working to help those in all aspects of the workforce, janitorial or otherwise. There are a lot of injustices in the workplace. If the industry is very competitive, it’s going to be a race to the bottom. If each club is trying to get away with a little bit more, by trying to skirt the law, it slowly makes it harder and harder for dancers to make a living.

So, as far as NWJP is concerned, it’s not a matter of minimum wage, as much as it is really an issue of workers being treated the way that they have been informally categorized, whether independent contractor or employee.

I asked Kat, fellow stripper and writer, what she thought. “I feel as if I’m treated like an independent contractor at Golden Dragon. I can set my own hours and work as little or as much as I want. Tipout is 10%, up to $20.00. The staff doesn’t bully us to tip them and the club is maintained very well.” My beloved dancer friend, Rian, had this to say, “I’m in my underwear getting drunk with guys [who are] trying to pet my body with a dollar. How serious do you expect me to take my job?”

And so, we are back to square one. The truth about organizing a minimum wage is that many strippers simply don’t care enough to get involved. Regarding unionization, I won’t have anything to do with it. Even the legendary adult chain Lusty Lady, the first to unionize, located in San Francisco, has been struggling to keep its doors open for years. Their Seattle location closed in 2010, in spite of being famous for its activism. So, I say to the ladies who have researched their petition, you’re trying to help some of us, but if you succeed, you’ll actually hurt more of us. It’s not personal, I will ignore any more Facebook invites that I receive. It’s cool, we can still be friends, if you just keep posting photos of your butt.

Elle dances at Lucky Devil Lounge on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evening.
Charlie Foxx

every Tuesday,
Thursday, Friday
and Saturday night

DEVILS POINT

5305 SE FOSTER RD • (503) 774-4513
OPEN 11AM TO 2:30AM • 7 DAYS A WEEK
FACEBOOK.COM/DPPDX • WWW.DEVILSPONTBAR.COM

Don't miss
Stripparaoke!
Every Sunday
night at 9pm

TUESDAYS - SOUL NIGHT • WEDNESDAYS - 80S NIGHT
THURSDAYS - ROCK N ROLL • SUNDAYS - STRIPPARAOKE!

NOW HIRING TALENTED, SEXY ENTERTAINERS - EMAIL:shifts@dancerebooking.com
FOR WEEKLY EVENTS AND DANCERS’ SCHEDULES, CHECK US OUT ON FACEBOOK.COM/DPPDX
After spending the greater portion of the Halloween week and weekend touring the Northwest in a rental car, my partner-in-rhyme, Wombstretcha was just as ready to wrap up 2008 as I was. Pulling into Eugene after being up for 40 hours is a lot like pulling into Eugene after a full night’s sleep. The entire downtown consists of one-way streets, littered with right/left-turn only signs and panhandlers, laid out on a southwest-by-north grid—the “Emerald City” was not exactly the Oz-themed destination we had anticipated after two days of Idaho and gas station jo-jos, but we managed to find the concert venue.

As with any bar-attached-to-Asian restaurant, the Samurai Duck was a liquor-soaked dive; complete with punk rock staff, sticker-clad walls and a proudly displayed (thus really expensive) bottle of booze with a snake inside of it, staring at us from the top shelf. The bar immediately felt like home. Load-in was interesting because our concert was scheduled to go down after an early evening set of fire dancing and steampunk—meaning, many of the participants were still busy eating insects and showing off their metal hats. This was definitely the type of situation that lent itself to doing drugs in public.

While we were moving our gear through the back doors, a kid came up and asked if we were part of whatever band was scheduled to play later. He then gave us some LSD. “Dude, we should really set up the merch table and stage props before we eat the stuff,” Wombstretcha suggested. I took his advice, because this was one of the rare instances that it wasn’t terrible. Insert here, two and a half hours of really boring concert setup stuff, not worth discussing in a porn magazine before the opening bands were finally wrapping up their last few songs.

Acid is the type of drug that requires a lot of preparation—if not simply for the fact that one’s priorities tend to get ignored for about six to eight hours after eating it. We hauled Susan the Womb Cannon onstage, filed her snatch with candy and made sure our strippers were drunk enough to do sufficient damage when needed. Everything was in line, our opening song was starting to play and I gave Wombstretcha his hit of acid just before he hit the mic. As I ate mine, he gave me a look that only professional trippers understand; the, “Holy shit, this is real” stare. One that simultaneously conveys warning and confirmation. Paper acid is always sketchy, but when it feels like a bitter period pussy dripped in aluminum as it tingles down the back of your throat, you know it’s real. Instead of building up to a nice plateau and leveling off, the acid we had eaten at the Samurai Duck hit us like a truck full of fists.

The setting was perfect. Something that also tends to set the background during good trips is the external presence of what some may call signs from God. Little reminders that, “Yes, today is your day to do hallucinogenic drugs.” As our third or fourth song of the set was starting to wrap up, I looked to my right and saw a pregnant girl standing by the exit sign. She couldn’t have been 21 by any stretch of the word, but she was holding a drink in one hand, with a basketball of a baby stomach in the other, while laughing along with our performance.

After my life had briefly flashed in front of my eyes, it stepped aside, exposing everything I had done up until this point that had resulted in me rapping behind a fake mustache, attached with super-glue, while candy shot out of a fake vagina toward a crowd of strangers gyrating to our songs about shaken babies and Nintendo games. It was the best feeling in the world. This is what people who have never tried hallucinogenic drugs are unable to grasp; when good acid hits, your entire body feels like the inside of a Pop Rocks bag and you can see time from above (as well as the preggo teenager… you can also see her).

We finished our set semi-flawlessly, somehow remembering every single line of our terrible (and forgettable) “songs,” but unable to stand up straight or hold the microphone without tangling the cords. This is another thing about good LSD—the drug’s ability to enhance and cripple at the same time, is comparable only to good pussy or authentic Mexican food. Grilling balls, we had already assigned clean-up duty to our strippers and were busy drinking the snake vodka with some guy named Thornhammer, when we realized we had forgotten to check into a motel. It was at this point, that Shasta Lee (the pregnant teenager who had snuck in from the back door) introduced herself.

“Y’all sick.” “Thanks,” I replied. “…is y’all undercover?” “Nope, I’m 18.” Shasta Lee knew what the fuck was up—as demonstrated by her interpretation of the term “underage.” Wombstretcha knew what was up too and he yelled out, “Hey Ray, ask that pregnant slut if
she knows where to find a good motel.” We cashed out with the bar, drank some more of the supposedly-hallucinogenic snake booze and Shasta Lee led us up the street to a location appropriately called “Downtown Motel.” If there was ever an appropriate place to grill on acid with a pregnant teenager, it was right there on SW 8th street in Eugene.

We checked into the Downtown Motel, but before inviting Miss Lee into our room for bong hits and Judge Judy, I listened to what remained of the barely-audible voice of reason in my head. I was grilling balls and anything was possible—even the threat of being robbed or, worse, getting a visit from Dateline while high on drugs. The only way I could think to get proof of Shasta Lee’s age, was to give her some money and send her to the store for cigarettes—ignoring the fact that a third-trimester mother-to-be shouldn’t be given Newports under any circumstances. But, that was her body and it was my ass that needed to stay out of jail (and away from cops at all-cost—we were still grilling hard at this point). Plus, acid makes cigarettes taste really good.

While #1 Mom was busy buying (?) cigarettes for us, we were given time to check out our “two-room” motel quarters; two beds squeezed in between four tiny walls, separated by a fold-out accordion-spread piece of cardboard that justified a ten-dollar increase in the motel’s price tag. “Ahh yes...,” Wombstretcha said, “the snuff suite.” Just before Shasta returned with her “menthalls,” Womb and I joked about how this was probably our only opportunity to act out the lyrics of one of our songs without being arrested. Stated bluntly, Wombstretcha’s song “Tasty Double,” involves a suggestion/discussion of eating out a pregnant woman. The pissers is, that the track is one of two or three songs, in which I am featured as the vocalist/narrator, thus implying that the duty of unlocking said achievement was my own.

Shasta Lee returned with cigarettes and began telling us her story. “This is my rhinestone microphone. I keep it on me at all times,” she explained while showing us the rhinestone microphone that she kept on her at all times. “This is my weed, I keep it on me at all times” she explained while trying frantically to load a bowl and take the ever-growing edge off as I tried to remember how the possibly underage girl ended up pregnant in our motel room. Wombstretcha shut the makeshift wall and hit the lights, telling us “kids” to “have a night.”

While Shasta Lee and I spooned and watched Judge Judy, the hallucinations got more intense. As I melted into the bed sheets and fumbled for my burning bowl of weed, boobs managed to appear. Really, really nice boobs. Acid or no acid, you have not lived until you’ve felt up a pair of third-trimester tits on an 18 year-old girl. A few minutes into doing God only knows what act, to God only knows which body part, the acid finally started to plateau—a point at which a nice trip is usually compromised by things like “reason” and “rationality” (otherwise minor inconveniences that really rustle the Jimmies when focusing on detailed elements of life, the cosmos and potentially underage booty in a shady motel). Although quiet (and assumingly passed out) at this point, Wombstretcha blurted out from the other side of the wall, “Hey Ray, make sure you give that broad a tasty double before she passes out!”

“What’s a ‘tasty double’?” Shasta Lee asked with conviction. I explained. What followed was a statement that instantly added itself to my bucket list before I checked it off with pride, and hearing it made every excruciatingly painful day of our mini-tour worth it. “Honestly, I’d like it if you went down on me, but I’m afraid that the acid on your tongue can leak through my vagina and kill my baby.” If you’re wondering, yes. I still tried—the thought of going to court for cunning-ligious-induced murder of a fetus just made me more adamant. However, much like Downtown Eugene, vaginas are just too confusing to properly navigate while heavily inoxicated. I ended up playing with Shasta’s boobs and watching Court TV for a few hours while the drugs wore off and eventually drifted into semi-sleep.

Waking up in a random motel, next to a pregnant girl with a customized microphone, isn’t exactly something I’m unfamiliar with, but the hangover was enough to justify a small horse farm’s worth of painkillers. Dirty acid (which is what we ate, may have been good but it was still given to us by a hippie) results in the kind of hangover that doesn’t lend itself to “hittin’ some blunts and tagging graffiti by the train tracks,” which is what Shasta Lee wanted to do, further going into detail about how her baby daddy was in the prison whose windows faced the graffiti wall (and how nice it would be to spray-paint some smiley faces and hearts). I responded logically, “Why the fuck you still here?” With no response she left.

“Christ, I need some beer,” Wombstretcha pointed out while thinking of really, really obvious shit to say. We killed a few PBRs, discussed our ventures and then heard a knock at the door. Figuring it was the housekeeping lady or a homeless man with a gun, we opened it. To say I was disappointed to see Shasta Lee again (how dare she randomly end up in our drug binge with no plans to leave) was an understatement, but what transpired next was almost more unbelievable than the prior evening. Shasta was furious, accusatory and full-on Jenny Jones guest as she screamed “I knew it!!! You stole my fucking camera!!! Give it back!!!” Apparently, Shasta had attended an Everlast concert a few days before ours and snapped some pictures with him. In the process of forgetting we weren’t famous rappers, she must have misplaced the device (that, or the maid stole it...we had been leaving the door open).

Normally, the standard post-LSD cleanup process involves a few snags, but a potentially underage girl telling stories of theft, acid and tasty doubles to the authorities is not something we were willing to risk. We had to spend a good portion of our afternoon tagging a public graffiti wall with Shasta Lee, before we were able to duck out and ditch her. To this day, I still receive random texts from Shasta asking if I’ve found her camera. I don’t respond, because I’m pretty sure her boobs aren’t still awesome.

The drive home was quiet, to say the least. We avoided Downtown Eugene on the following tour. TalesFromTheDJBooth.com
Ahh…420 is upon us once again, a high, holy day when devotees of the Cannabis plant will be celebrating everywhere. I am always kind of surprised that it is not recognized as an official holiday here in Portlandia. At our editor in chief’s excellent suggestion, we will take a look at 420 in film. The following selection of films is more of a list where weed plays a role in the film, but definitely NOT the best films to watch while stoned. I think we will save that for next year after some extensive field testing.

I distinctly remember my first exposures to 420 in film. Growing up lower-middle class in a small Oregon town, in the late 60s through early 70s, I had heard of the evils of “maryjoowanna,” but I had never really been exposed to it. Then I saw Animal House, with Donald Sutherland’s college professor lighting up with Pinto and the gang in a darkened bathroom. This was followed a couple of years later with great exchange on the merits of “grass” between Chevy Chase and Bill Murray in Caddyshack. Shortly thereafter, I had my first real-time experience, and there was never enough Pink Floyd or frozen snicker bars around.

I think a great place to start would be with the 30s propaganda film Reefer Madness. I remember seeing this for the first time on a bootleg VHS copy. I think it was supposed to scare the crap out of wannabe potheads, but Reefer Madness instead became a cult classic. Watch what happens when you smoke marijuana; oh the horror, the crazed behavior! Beware the perils of pot. Hmm…doesn’t quite seem like it made the impression they hoped now does it? But it’s good for a laugh now, if only to see the film’s depiction of the wild and extreme results of getting high. How many people did Reefer Madness deter from the ills of pot? I am guessing not too many.

The following are some great stoner movies, presented in no particular order.

**FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH**

One of the finest stoners ever was the perma-stoned Jeff Spicoli, (played to hilarious perfection by Sean Penn). From the first moment we spy the pothead surfer to his well-known quote: “All I need is some tasty waves, a cool buzz and I’m fine.”—Fast Times gave us a taste of just how laid back a stoner can be. Bonus cool points for Spicoli’s exchanges with history teacher Mr. Hand, who is convinced all his students are smoking dope.

**PINEAPPLE EXPRESS**

Judd Apatow’s Pineapple Express is part stoner-buddy comedy and part action flick, but guaranteed to deliv-
er laughs, as it follows dealer and pothead in an unlikely adventure. Starring Seth Rogen, as pot consumer Dale to James Franco’s pot dealer, Saul—the two potheads end up on the run from a bad cop and druglord after Saul is witness to a murder. Seth Rogen naturally draws on his stoner experience and James Franco shows a funnier side over some of his more serious roles. Pineapple Express is a new, rare strain of weed that Saul explains is so special “it’s almost a shame to smoke it….it’s like killing a unicorn.”

GRANDMA’S BOY

I love this one. If you think that Grandma’s Boy is the story of a mild-mannered guy who still idolizes his Gramma, think again. Grandma’s Boy stars Allen Covert as Alex, a 35-year-old video-game tester who loves to smoke pot with his roommate, Josh. Until Josh spends all of the rent money on hookers and the pair get tossed out of their place. Alex goes to live with grandma and her two friends (Doris Roberts, Shirley Jones and Shirley Knight). While it may be considered totally dumb and immature, it is so fucking funny that it’s well worth checking out. Remember… “Drive monkey. Drive.”

HAROLD AND KUMAR GO TO WHITE CASTLE/HAROLD AND KUMAR ESCAPE FROM GUANTANAMO BAY

Serious respect has to be given to the Harold and Kumar films. The original is the ultimate, stoner munchie run gone awry. After getting stoned, pals Harold and Kumar go in search of the White Castle burger, which would seem like a simple-enough task. Hilarity ensues, including Neil Patrick Harris in all his Doogie Howser-on-ecstasy glory and the boys score a giant bag of weed (the discovery sets off a montage of Kumar hanging out with the bag, having sex, getting married and working through marital problems with his new love). The second installment of Harold and Kumar, finds the boys mistaken as terrorists, when their bong is mistaken for a bomb to passengers aboard a flight to Amsterdam.

DAZED AND CONFUSED

This stoner classic follows 70s-era high school kids through their final days of school. Dazed and Confused is about more than getting high and getting laid. While coming of age through their adolescents, these high schoolers are portrayed in outstanding character studies of all of your stereotypical high school types (nerds, jocks, stoners, cheerleaders). Most of us should have some connection to this film and will most likely identify with cast members as authentic classmates from our own school days.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS

I am an unabashed fan of the good doctor Hunter S. Thompson, and like most, regard Fear and Loathing to be his best work in both written and film versions. While not a lot of weed gets smoked, (it is mentioned and smoked a few times) psychedelic drugs are the main substances the two main characters are abusing. Raoul Duke (played by Johnny Depp) and Dr. Gonzo (played by Benicio Del Toro) are on their way to find the American dream, while experiencing the contents of a suitcase full of drugs. Depp’s role is absolutely brilliant. If you want to have a look into the lives of a 70s psychonaut, this movie will probably do the job.

Here is wishing you all a happy 420 and most definitely… smoke ‘em if you got ‘em!
NOW HIRING
money-motivated dancers!
Call (503) 274-1900

SAFARI SHOWCLUB
Top entertainers
Auditions daily
(503) 231-9199

DEVIL DANCER PROMOTIONS
Booking 4 Casa Diablo & other strip clubs.
Wanted: Angelic faces with devilishly
delightful bodies.
Make more $$$ than God! 18+, no experience necessary.
Stage fee is only $2 per shift.
Call (503) 222-6600 now! www.DevilDancer.com

WILD ORCHID
Now hiring dancers!
Daily auditions from 1pm-5pm.
Call (503) 737-7180 for more info!

DEANESS HOF’S WORLD FAMOUS BUNNY RANCH
Now hiring fun girls! If you are over 18, outgoing, friendly and would like to
make lots of money, then give
Madam Suzette a call TOLL FREE
(888) 286-6972, or (775) 246-9901.
We will work around your schedule
and provide housing.
Visit us at www.BunnyRanch.com
(You don’t have to be on TV)

NOW HIRING FEMALE ENTERTAINERS
Ladies—tired of dancing for a $1?
Sick of the bar scene?
We’re looking for dependable, moti-
vated, female entertainers for a newly-
remodeled and clean lingerie shop.
Call (503) 592-0701

HIREING DANCERS
No stage fees!
Food & drink benefits!
Great place to work!
(503) 819-4345

THE PALLAS CLUB AND DREAM ON SALOON
are now hiring dancers 18 and over.
For scheduling, call
Pallas Club (503) 760-8128
and for Dream On Saloon,
call Jersey (503) 422-3655.

EXOTIC CLUB
324 SW 3RD AVE LOCATED DOWNTOWN
(503) 274-1900
OPEN MON-FRI 2PM-SUNRISE
SAT & SUN 6PM-SUNRISE
18 & OVER

CASA DIABLO = $$$$ MONEY $$$$$

Dancers, Are You Tired Of The
Scheduling Hassles? Tired Of Fines?
Work Whenever The Fuck You Want!
Auditions Daily, Any Time.

Casa Diablo is the only strip club
from Portland to make
www.TUSCL.com’s TOP 100 strip clubs
in North America list.
We are fun and drama free.
If you liked the movie
“Dark ‘Til Dawn,”
then you're going to love us!
Shift fee is only $2.
18+, no experience necessary.
Auditions every Fri, Sat and Sun.
(503) 592-0701 or (503) 522-6600 • www.CasaDiablo.com

CLASSIFIEDS
FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION, CALL 503.804.4479

MYSTIC GENTLEMEN’S CLUB
Now hiring girls 18+
Open auditions Wednesdays 11am-6pm
or contact Nichole at (503) 933-3515

ALL-NEW BOOM BOOM ROOM!
New look! New sound! New feel!
Classy exotic dance club on upscale
SW Barbur Blvd. Seeking top-quality
dancers. Call (503) 919-8644
Auditions daily 2pm - 8pm

STARS CABARET
1550 Weston Court NE
Salem, OR
(503) 370-8063 Auditions Daily

NEW ATTITUDE! NO DRAMA! LOWER FEES!
Stars Cabaret Beaverton is under new
management and hiring top NW enter-
tainers for day, mid and evening shifts.
Please contact the club for schedule and
audition info at (503) 352-3969

CLUB ROUGE IS HIRING
PORTLAND’S TOP ENTERTAINERS
Drop-in auditions are 6pm-8pm Mon-Fri
Call the club for an appointment out-
side those times (503) 297-3926

NOW HIRING DANCERS
21+ for Prate’s Cove and dancers
18+ for Assets, Glimmers & Riverside Corral.
Call (503) 266-7429

BOTTOMS UP IS AUDITIONING!
Now auditioning 18 & over. We offer
initial training for inexperienced
dancers. Call for details.
Sam (503) 314-9514 or (503) 621-9844

LUCY’S DEVIL & DEVILS POINT
Now hiring talented entertainers 18+
Email pics and availability to
shifts@dancerbooking.com

LANDING STRIP
Now hiring fun, energetic dancers! Also accepting applications for all other
positions. Please apply in person at:
6210 NE Columbia Blvd
Portland, OR 97218

THE ALL-NEW STARS
CABARET BRIDGEPORT
is seeking professional entertainers
and staff! You have seen the rest,
now come work with the best!
Call (503) 726-2403

HOT, EXOTIC CAM SHOWS AS LOW AS 99¢ PER MIN.
www.CASA-DIABLO.COM • (503) 592-0701

PALLAS CLUB
CALL CLUB (503) 760-8128
DREAM SALOON
CALL JERSEY (503) 422-3655

WANTED: Angelic faces with devilishly
delightful bodies.
Make more $$$ than God! 18+, no experience necessary.
Stage fee is only $2 per shift.
Call (503) 222-6600 now! www.DevilDancer.com

DEANESS HOF’S WORLD FAMOUS BUNNY RANCH
Now hiring fun girls! If you are over 18, outgoing, friendly and would like to
make lots of money, then give
Madam Suzette a call TOLL FREE
(888) 286-6972, or (775) 246-9901.
We will work around your schedule
and provide housing.
Visit us at www.BunnyRanch.com
(You don’t have to be on TV).

NOW HIRING FEMALE ENTERTAINERS
Ladies—tired of dancing for a $1?
Sick of the bar scene?
We’re looking for dependable, moti-
vated, female entertainers for a newly-
remodeled and clean lingerie shop.
Call (503) 592-0701

HIREING DANCERS
No stage fees!
Food & drink benefits!
Great place to work!
(503) 819-4345

THE PALLAS CLUB AND DREAM ON SALOON
are now hiring dancers 18 and over.
For scheduling, call
Pallas Club (503) 760-8128
and for Dream On Saloon,
call Jersey (503) 422-3655.

HYPNOX PHOTOGRAPHY
WWW.HYPNOX.COM • (206) 226-3853

ADVERTISE HERE 503-804-4479

LINGERIE SHOP
FOR SALE

WELL ESTABLISHED — 16+ YEARS IN BUSINESS!
ROCK SOLID LEASE — HIGH-TRAFFIC LOCATION
RECENTLY REMODELED
TURNKEY BUSINESS

Start Making Money Immediately!
SERIOUS INQUIRIES ONLY
503-592-0701

3820 SE 35TH PL
5021 SE POWELL BLVD
503-935-7584

44 exotic magazine | xmag.com
Classifieds

Club Foxy

Enjoy a nice working vacation in the warmth of paradise. Free airfare for a 2-3 month contract! Living accommodations available for $1/day! Friendly and safe working environment.

(671) 988-4405
CLUBFOXY@TELEGUAM.NET
WWW.CLUBFOXY.US

Exotic Dancers Wanted

Excellent earning opportunity! $450 weekly salary + drink and dance commissions + tips! Must be at least 18 years of age. Email recent photos to clubfoxy@teleguam.net + contact Norman (671) 688-4405

need a working vacation?
work where the temperature
is 85° right now!
See our video on YouTube
Search “ClubGSpotGuam”

Club G Spot
on the U.S. island
of Guam!

Dancers 18 and up
Wanted

Earn $1,200 to $5,000 weekly!
Earn great income while working on the beautiful, tropical island of Guam!
- Free round-trip airfare
- Housing provided
- Additional $450/week salary
- Drink & dance commissions + tips
- Guam’s weather is 80-90 degrees all year round

Guam is a U.S. territorial island in the Western Pacific. Club G-Spot is located on our busy hotel strip, maintaining a steady flow of foot traffic from tourists, locals, and the military.

Call 671.649.7409 or email chris@clubgspot.net

Voluptas

Guam’s newest club

Current temperature: 84 degrees

Work and play on a beautiful, tropical American island!
$450 weekly pay + tips & drink/dance commissions!
No house fees! Airfare included! Housing included!

MUST BE 18+

(671) 649-7409 or voluptasguam@yahoo.com

exotic magazine | xmag.com
SINFERNO

cabaret

sex & service industry night

SUNDAYS

9pm to 2am

DANTE'S

3rd & Burnside
Portland, Oregon

FEATURING: Amazing Burlesque Performers • Fire Dancers • Dance • Belly Dancers • Rehearsals • Master Magician Neal McClintock • Pole Dancers • DJ Keen • Migi-Marilyn Manson
Live Music • Vaudeville Acts • Missleck • The Hellish Twins • Tasteful Artists • Fire Jugglers • Aerialists • Contortionists • Emcee Rul Jordan • DJ Westbye • Biests & Butter
Traveling Circus Sideshow • Striptease Artists • Go Go Dancers • Dozens of Ex-Soldierygirls • Sweet Swallowers • Proof The Apogee of Easter Bunny
Emcee Ed Forman • DJ Mr. Muno • And One Man's Lifelong Quest To Find The Truth About His Missing Vagina, Emcee Andrew Harris
As any professional weed smoker will know, there are more names for weed than there are names for weed smokers. Walking through the Portland Rose Garden (as in, where flowers are grown, not where bands play), while enjoying a joint, I noticed that it’s practically impossible to distinguish between the names growers give their strains whether or not they’re farming flowers for “festivals” or, well, “flowers” for festivals. Here is a list of actual, verifiable names of Rose Garden winners from 2012. This is one single year. Please, go ahead and tell me that marijuana had nothing to do with any of these names.
As any professional weed smoker will know, there are more names for weed than there are names for weed smokers. Walking through the Portland Rose Garden (as in, where flowers are grown, not where bands play), while enjoying a joint, I noticed that it’s practically impossible to distinguish between the names growers give their strains whether or not they’re farming flowers for “festivals” or, well, “flowers” for festivals. Here is a list of actual, verifiable names of Rose Garden winners from 2012. This is one single year. Please, go ahead and tell me that marijuana had nothing to do with any of these names.

Evening Star
Fabulous!
First Light
Fragrant Apricot
Full Moon Rising
Funny Face
Garden Sun
George Burns
Gift of Life
Glowing Peace
Heart O’ Gold
Heaven on Earth
High Life Mini
High Voltage
Honey Perfume
Hotel California
Hurdy Gurdy
Iced Raspberry
Kashmir
Knock Out
Koko Loko
Lemonade
Light My Fire
Lime Sulfur
Midnight Blue
Moonstone
Morden Sunrise
Mother of Pearl
Mystic Meidiland
Nearly Wild
Peachy White
Perfect Moment Tree
Pink Knockout
Pumpkin Patch
Radiant Perfume
Rainbow Sunblaze
Rambiling Red
Royal Gold
Royal Highness
Sunny Knockout
Sexy Rexy
Sheila’s Perfume
Sky’s The Limit
Snowdrift
Sparkle & Shine
Spice So Nice
Sugar Moon
Summer Love
Tree
Tropical Twist
Tuscan Sun
Twilight Zone
Warm & Fuzzy

All Ablaze
All-American Magic
Amadeus
Barbra Streisand
Bella Roma
Black Cherry
Black Magic
Blaze of Glory
Blueberry Hill
Blushing Knockout
Boogie Woogie
Brilliant Pink Iceberg
Bubble Double
Bubblicious
California Dreamin’
Candy Land
Caramel Kisses
Carefree Sunshine
Champagne Wishes
Cherry Sunblaze
Cinnamon Twist
Citrus Burst
Coffee Bean
Coral Drift
Cream Veranda
Crimson Bouquet
Crimson Sky
Crowd Pleaser
Crystal Fairy
Dainty Bess
Day Breaker
DayDream
Dick Clark
Double Knockout
Double Pink Knockout
Enchanted Evening
Eternal Flame

**Portland Rose Garden:** Garden or Dispensary? by Statutory Ray

**Let Us Make Your Fantasy Come True!**

Stiletto Lingerie Modeling

Open 24/7 • www.stilettoportland.com

7837 SE Powell Blvd • 503.564.4090

Kinkiest Fetish and Toy Shows in Town!

Now Hiring Hot Models!

Best private 1-on-1 shows anywhere!

Also, come by and see Allura, Britney, Carmen, Holly, Jolene, Olivia, Princess, Rian, Shy & Xtacy!

**Skinn Gentlemen’s Club**

NASCAR Sundays

Happy hour prices during races!

$6.99 Steak dinner every day

In-house lingerie & Footwear Boutique

Get a lingerie show!

Free high-speed Wi-Fi Internet

Now hiring hot girls

Auditions noon-5pm daily

Visit us at www.clubskinn.com

Open 10am - 2am • (503) 283-3771

4522 NE 6th Ave • Portland, OR 97212

Security by X-80 and Premiere

exotic magazine | xmag.com 49
SHOES, DANCEWEAR, ACCESSORIES AND MORE!

20% OFF ALL MERCHANDISE WITH THIS AD

FLESH
Exotic Wear
330 SW 3RD AVE / 503-227-1527
(Located Downtown)

OPEN EVERY DAY 6PM TO 3AM

Krissi
From Golden Dragon
Top Oregon Dancers, We Want You!

THE GOLDEN DRAGON
EXOTIC CLUB

324 SW 3RD AVE / LOCATED DOWNTOWN / 503-274-1900
OPEN MON-FRI 2PM-SUNRISE & SAT-SUN 6PM-SUNRISE


GoldenDragonPDX.com

"Boobs! Not Booze!"

www.facebook.com/GoldenDragonClub
UNION JACKS CLUB

www.UnionJacksClub.com

(503) 236-1125
938 E Burnside St

AUDITIONS
EVERY NIGHT 9PM-10PM • (503) 740-7141

Full Bar, Full Menu,
2 Stages, Private Dances

Open Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am
& Fri-Sun 4pm-2:30am

A Touch of Class...
Pallas Club

13639 SE Powell Blvd • (503) 760-8128
Mon-Sat 11:30AM-2:30AM, Sun 1PM-2:30AM
Facebook.com/PallasClub

$1 DANCES ON FRIDAY & SATURDAY NIGHTS!

$1,500 BEST POLE DANCER COMPETITION

SECOND PRELIMINARY
FRIDAY, APR 12

THIRD PRELIMINARY
FRIDAY, APR 26

Dream On Saloon

15920 SE Stark St • (503) 253-8765
Facebook.com/DreamOnStark
Open Mon-Sat 11:30AM-2AM
Sun 1PM-2AM

$1 DANCES ON FRIDAY & SATURDAY NIGHTS!

COWBOY NIGHT
LAST THURSDAY OF THE MONTH

Now Hiring Sexy And Classy Entertainers 18 & Over

Call Pallas Club (503) 760-8128 & For Dream On Saloon, Call Jersey (503) 422-3655 - *Minors’ Auditions Only At Pallas

Flexible Schedule & Free Use Of Tanning Bed At Pallas For House Entertainers
We're Only the Hottest Dancers in Portland!

13 Topless Bartenders
Over 75 Dancers Every Week
Open 11am-2:30am Daily
Private Dances Given Away Every Week

WE'RE DIFFERENT.

Vegan Strip Club

April 2013
Brooke & Asia

Of the Month

Showtime Set Show On Giral
Real Live
Lexi's 21st Birthday Party
April 18 @ Club 205

HEAT
Home Of The Covergirls &
Portland's Premier Totally Nude Bar!
First & Still The Best!

Covergirl Dance Contest
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17

HAPPY HOUR BLOWOUT
10:30AM - 5PM DAILY

2-FOR-TUESDAYS
2-GIRL SHOWS

VIP Party
THURSDAY, APRIL 11
CASINO TRIP PRIZE & FREE FOOD

OUR SERVERS TAKE THEIR TOPS DOWN EVERY TUESDAY
ALL TOP-SHELF LIQUOR REDUCED BETWEEN 10PM-MIDNIGHT

Wild Wednesdays
DROP IN WEDNESDAY NIGHTS
8PM-10PM FOR OUR FAMOUS BEER SPECIAL
YOU KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!

DOUBLE TROUBLE THURSDAYS
2-GIRL SHOWS

NEW, LONGER HAPPY HOUR
10:30AM - 7PM DAILY
REALLY UNBELIEVABLE PRICES! NO, REALLY!

www.Club205Live.com
9939 SE Stark St • Portland, OR 97216
503.256.0527 • 10:30AM - 2:30AM Daily • No Cover

www.HeatGentlemen'sClub.com
12131 SE Holgate Blvd • Portland, OR 97266
503.762.2857 • 10:30AM - 2:30AM Daily • No Cover

FEATURING ALL YOUR PARTY BUS AND LIMO NEEDS FROM ALL AMERICAN LIMOUSINE 503-956-2881
BEAVERTON
503.350.8868 • 4570 SW LOMBARD AVE • 97005

ROCKSTAR POWER HOUR
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT – MIDNIGHT - 1AM!
NOTHING BUT ROCK AND ROCKSTAR GIVEAWAYS!

NAKED TWISTER COMPETITION
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17
GIRLS Battling IT OUT AT TWISTER, NAKED OF COURSE.
FOR A CASH PRIZE!

GOODFELLAS’ PARTY
THURSDAY, APRIL 25
SPECIAL STAGE SETS - COME IN DRESSED LIKE A GOODFELLAS AND GET IN FREE!

WEEKLY DEALS:
TUESDAY – FREE TACOS 6-9PM WITH PAID ADMISSION.
WEDNESDAYS – FREE PRIME RIB DINNER WITH PAID ADMISSION.
THURSDAYS – GIANT SPECIALS ON GIANT BEER AND GIANT FOOD.

BRIDGEPORT
503.726.2403 • 17530 SW MCGOWAN RD • 97224

ARE YOU SMARTER THAN A 5TH GRADER? (STRIPPER EDITION)
TUESDAY, APRIL 9
WATCH AS OUR ENTERTAINERS HAVE A BATTLE OF WITS OVER A CASH PRIZE!

STARS “Masters” Indoor Golf Tournament
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10
COME PLAY INDOOR PUTT PUTT FOR CASH PRIZES!

SALEM
503.378.8063 • 1550 WESTON CT NE • 97301

ROCKABILLY WITH AN ATTITUDE!!!
FRIDAY, APRIL 19
STRAIGHT FROM L.A. – THE ROCKETS!
HOT CHICS WITH TATTOOS – DON’T BE SCARED!
BACK ALLEY BARBERS START THE SHOW AT 9PM.

TROPICAL THURSDAYS
BEST OUT YOUR HAWAIIAN SHIRT AND JOIN THE FUN EVERY THURSDAY!
SURF 'N TUFF SPECIALS, ALUM BUCKETS AND CRAZY JELL-O SHOT SENSATIONS!

WWW.STARSCABARET.COM
$5 LUNCH SPECIAL MON-FRI 11AM-4PM ALL LOCATIONS • FREE PRIME RIB 6-9PM W/ PAID ADMISSION MON • SALEM & BRIDGEPORT WED • BEAVERTON

NOW HIRING TOP NW ENTERTAINERS AND STAFF. APPLY IN PERSON AT ALL LOCATIONS.