

exotic

www.xmag.com

uncovering the northwest since 1993...

25th
Anniversary
Issue!

*Celebrating A Quarter
Century Of Exotic*

**FEATURING 2018
POLEROTICA CHAMPION
OKSANA ROMANOV
FROM KIT KAT CLUB
& ACROPOLIS**

PAGEANTS! STONED REVIEWS! DILDO DELIVERY!

DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 2018

AGINA

BEAUTY PAGEANT

\$9,000
IN CASH & PRIZES!
TO ENTER, CALL
(503) 380-5800

Finals!

THURSDAY
7/26
@ 9PM

VIP TABLES
AVAILABLE!



12035 NE GLISAN ST · (503) 889-0332  



ALREADY PORTLAND'S #1 CLUB

~ NEW RENOVATIONS COMING SOON ~

"WE'RE ONLY GETTING BETTER"



Club Rouge

a Gentlemen's Lounge

FULL BAR | FULLY NUDE

OPEN: MON - SAT 11AM - 2AM

SUN 2PM - 2AM

ALWAYS CONTRACTING ENTERTAINERS 18 & UP CALL: 503.227.3936

403 SW STARK STREET PORTLAND, OR 97204

ENTERTAINER OF
THE MONTH

KIRA



CRANK UP YOUR RIDE THIS JULY

TOYS, LOTIONS, GAMES,
KINKY...WE HAVE
EVERYTHING YOU NEED
FOR SUMMER FUN.



VANCOUVER
4811 NE 94TH AVE
VANCOUVER, WA 98662
(360) 254-1126

PEARL
311 NW BROADWAY
PORTLAND, OR 97209
(503) 227-3443

82ND
2330 SE 82ND AVE
PORTLAND, OR 97216
(503) 777-6033

MLK
237 SE MLK JR BLVD
PORTLAND, OR 97214
(503) 239-1678

TABOOVIDEO.COM • ORDER ONLINE • IN-STORE PICKUP AVAILABLE



EYE CANDY
Fashions LLC

19255 E Burnside St · Portland, OR 97233
(503) 665-8222 · FOLLOW US
Open Tue-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun-Mon By Appointment
Friday & Saturday Night Club Delivery
Call To Have Us Come To Your Club

KID-FRIENDLY
PLAY ROOM FOR THE KIDS,
SO YOU CAN SHOP!

CHECK OUT
"THE SHOE ROOM"
PORTLAND'S LARGEST
SELECTION OF HEELS!

20% DISCOUNT
FOR ENTERTAINERS

BLACK FRIDAY IN JULY

DON'T MISS OUT - 1 DAY ONLY!
FRIDAY, JULY 20

Entire Store Is Buy One, Get One 50% Off
Including Shoes!!!

You Can't Have Black Friday Without A Free Gift!
Free T-Shirt For The 1st 10 People!
Doors Open Early - 9am-9pm



LINGERIE · 2-PIECE SETS · STOCKINGS · GARTERS · SWIMWEAR · CORSETS · BRA SETS
COSTUME JEWELRY · DRESSES · ROLE PLAY COSTUMES · BODYSUITS · **WE CARRY POLE GRIP!!!**

SHOE SIZES 5-12 & CLOTHING SIZES 0/S-1X/2X

Cabaret

More Than Just A Strip Club!

OPEN 2PM-2:30AM • HAPPY HOUR 2PM-6PM DAILY

17544 SE STARK ST • (503) 252-3529

FOLLOW US ON  & LIKE US ON  !

CABARET WISHES EVERYONE A HAPPY & SAFE 4TH OF JULY!

4 CHAMPAGNE ROOMS,
VIP ROOMS & LAP DANCE CORNERS
YOUR CHOICE!

HUGE MAIN STAGE, LONG CATWALK
STAGE AND CAGE STAGE!

LARGE HEATED AND COVERED
PATIO WITH 2 BIG SCREEN TVS!

ASK ABOUT OUR BIRTHDAY &
BACHELOR PARTY PACKAGES!

EROTIC, 2-GIRL HOT TUB SHOWS!
FRI & SAT 12AM-1AM

Yazzy



HOME OF THE
DOLLAR DANCES!



REVEAL *Lounge*

EVERY MONDAY!
MOVIE MONDAYS
DOLLAR DRAFT BEER SPECIALS ALL DAY
MOVIE-THEMED PERFORMANCES
& DRINK SPECIALS ALL NIGHT

EVERY WEDNESDAY!
INDUSTRY NIGHT
\$15 TABLE DANCES
DRINK SPECIALS
GIVEAWAYS FROM OUR SPONSORS



seeking space
YOGA

*Ink Therapy
Tattoo*



Reveal Lounge



RevealLounge.Portland



RevealLoungeLLC@Gmail.com



Ariana

Entertainment • Gaming • Dining • Cocktails

8345 SW BARBUR BLVD • PORTLAND, OR 97219

OPEN 2PM-2AM DAILY • FOR BOOKING, CONTACT (503) 607-4695

XPOSE

XposePDX.com f XposePDX

Chyna

S.I.N.
SERVICE
INDUSTRY
NIGHT
EVERY WEDNESDAY

ROCKIN' SUNDAY NIGHTS
FREE TEXAS HOLD 'EM POKER!
GIRLS, TATTOOS AND R&R!

BARGAIN BEER MONDAYS

2-FOR-1 LAP DANCES
ALL DAY TUESDAYS

HAPPY HOUR 3PM-6PM

HIRING PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINERS 21+

AUDITIONS

DAILY

TEXT PICTURES TO

(503) 482-3494 / (971) 295-3780

XPOSE WANTS YOU TO BE THE FIRST TO ENJOY OUR NEW LOOK!
JOIN US TO SEE OUR FULLY UPGRADED VIP ROOMS AND STAGES!

(503) 430-5364 · 10140 SW CANYON RD · BEAVERTON, OR 97005 · OPEN 3PM-2:30AM DAILY

Sylvia's PlayHouse

OPEN 24/7 ATM

Dip Into Your Wild Side!

Spanish Beauty Selects

@SYLVIAPLAYHOUSE

www.PlayHousePortland.com

8226 NE FREMONT ST • 503-568-4090

Scarlet Lounge

FACEBOOK.COM/SCARLETLOUNGEPDX

HIRING DANCERS 21+
AUDITION & DANCE TODAY
LOW STAGE FEES
TEXT/CALL (503) 847-0676

\$3 WELLS, BEERS & APPETIZERS
DURING HAPPY HOUR
11AM-7PM EVERY DAY!

OPENING NIGHT / ROUND 1
FRIDAY, JULY 6
DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 2018

PAGINA
BEAUTY PAGEANT

OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY
VIDEO LOTTERY • POOL TABLE • PRIVATE DANCE ROOMS
ATM • LARGE SMOKING PATIO

12646 SE DIVISION ST • (503) 477-4318
SCARLETLOUNGEPDX.COM

LAYLA

PORTLAND'S HOTTEST PRIVATE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT!

WELCOMING MEN, WOMEN & COUPLES OF ANY GENDER...

G SPOT... FIND IT!

G SPOT

VISA ATM

PDXGIRLS.COM @UsSpot_FindIt

8315 SW BARBUR BLVD • 503.972.1111 • 24/7

All Female-Owned And Operated -- EST 1998 No Appointment Necessary / Couples Welcome / Ladies Free

Pussycats

**SENSUAL, 30-MINUTE
PRIVATE SHOWS!**
STRIPTEASES, LAP DANCES, TOY SHOWS,
2-GIRL SHOWS, FETISHES & MORE!

www.PussycatsPDX.com



ATM

3 LOCATIONS - OPEN 24 HOURS

**AIR
CONDITIONING**

PDX AIRPORT LOCATION

3414 NE 82ND AVE
PORTLAND, OR 97220 • (503) 384-2794

SE PDX LOCATION

5226 SE FOSTER RD
PORTLAND, OR 97206 • (971) 255-0133

NEW SW PDX LOCATION

5141 SW BEAVERTON-HILLSDALE HWY
PORTLAND, OR 97221 • (503) 245-4393

PUSSYCATS' PRIVACY POLICY: NO CAMERAS, VIDEO OR AUDIO RECORDING DEVICES ARE EVER PLACED IN THE PRIVATE SHOW ROOMS. PUSSYCATS ALWAYS PROTECTS YOUR PRIVACY.

SPYCE

- GENTLEMEN ONLY

Summer & Sunshine
SPYCE

Spend your next special occasion with our topless & nude dancers...

Cianna

503.741.2362 * WWW.SPYCECLUB.COM * NW 2ND AT NW COUCH PDX OR

UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP

Mystic

Gentlemen's Club

9950 SE STARK ST • (503) 477-9523

CORNER OF 99TH & WASHINGTON • 2 BLOCKS OFF I-205

OPEN 10AM-2:30AM DAILY

WWW.MYSTICPDX.COM



ROUND 2
THURSDAY, JULY 12

DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 2018

MYSTIC BOUTIQUE

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

GREAT SELECTION OF DANCE APPAREL & SHOES

SUNDAY INDUSTRY NIGHT

10% OFF WITH OLCC CARD

\$10 RIBEYE TUESDAYS

HAPPY HOUR

DRINK SPECIALS

10AM-7PM DAILY

\$5 LUNCH MENU

10AM-2PM DAILY

FALCO'S PUB

(503) 477-9628 • OPEN MON-FRI 2PM-2:30AM,

SAT 11AM-2:30AM & SUN 10AM-2:30AM

FREE WI-FI



*Samira
& Jade*

HIRING DANCERS 18+ • NO STAGE FEES FIRST WEEK • SEND PICTURES TO (503) 560-9205 FOR AUDITIONS

Kit Kat Club

ESME & MAYRA'S
"PSYCHEDELIC FREAK OUT"
BIRTHDAY PARTY



SATURDAY, JULY 21ST



*Starring
The Enchanting
Una Solitaire*


MONDAYS - NAUGHTY '90S WITH NIK SIN

TUESDAYS - SEXY SIDESHOW CIRCUS WITH MYSTIC O'REILLEY

WEDNESDAYS - NERD NIGHT WITH JIMMY NEWSTETTER

THURSDAYS - BIG TOP BOOTY DROP WITH JON DUTCH

SUNDAYS - BAD KITTIES WITH NIKKI LEV

OPEN 4PM-2:30AM DAILY • KITKATCLUBPDX.COM 



231 SW ANKENY • DOWNTOWN PORTLAND

Copyright © 2018 XMAG LLC.
Exotic® is a registered trademark
owned by XMAG LLC. All rights reserved.
Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: info@xmag.com
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher
XMAG LLC.

General Manager
Bryan A. Bybee

Editor
Ray McMillin

Copy Editor
Adam J. Burt

Production Manager
Shawna Stephens

Graphic Design
Shawna Stephens
Darkstar Graphics

Contributing Photographers
London A. Lunoux • HYPNOX
AmbeRed

Advertising
Adam J. Burt (503) 804-4479

Distribution
Enrico Carrisco • Adam J. Burt

Contributors
Stoned Cold Sativa Awesome
Jonas Barnes
Brad Cox
Jaime Dunkle
DJ HazMatt
Jimmy Newstetter
Ray McMillin
Ericka Rachelle Mendoza
Blazer Sparrow
Miss Timi
Wombstretcha

Cover Photography
HYPNOX

Cover Model
Oksana Romanov
Kit Kat Club & Acropolis

FEATURES



REAL JOBS SUCK

the top 5 truths about holding down
a nine-to-five
page 22
by brad cox



POLEROTICA RECAP

announcing the champion...
page 26
photos by hypnox



SEX DOLLS EVOLVE

introducing web 6.9
page 30
by ericka rachelle mendoza



PAID IN EXPOSURE

how to pay your rent in drink tickets
page 42
by blazer sparrow

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. Anyone 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, increase in cholesterol level, altered kidney function, swollen gums, acne, weight gain, blood in the urine, fluid retention, drowsiness, irritability, behavior changes, oily anal discharges, premature ejaculation, complete penile dysfunction, lupus, sleep apnea, Lyme disease and certain strains of knee-jerk, violent, right-wing Republican behavior.

INSIDE STUFF

THE MONTHLY COLUMN	PG. 18
JONAS DOES PORTLAND	PG. 20
GREEN ROOM DIARIES	PG. 24
EROTIC CITY/SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS	PG. 27
PINUP CALENDAR	PG. 32
THE STRANGE JOB THAT IS BARTENDING	PG. 36
EXOTIC MAPS (PDX/OR/WA)	PG. 38
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH	PG. 48
MOTORBOOTY RECAP	PG. 49
CLASSIFIEDS	PG. 51
STRIPPED IN PORNLAND	PG. 56
JIMMY'S NEWSLETTER	PG. 58



PARADISE ADULT SUPERSTORE

**SUMMER IS HERE!
GET BUSY!**

**PERFORMER
DISCOUNT
20% OFF
ALL APPAREL!**

The Cleanest
Arcade
In Portland
Is Also
Couple-Friendly!

Always Open
Huge Toy Selection
Thousands Of DVDs
For Under \$10

GLORIOUS ARCADE, DVDS, TOYS, LUBE, N2O & LINGERIE

14712 SE STARK ST | PORTLAND | 503-255-9414

Fantasyland ADULT SUPERSTORE



DVDS STARTING
AT \$9.99

GREAT GIFTS
& TOYS

DVD SALES
& RENTALS

FULL ARCADE

EXOTIC OILS

LOTIONS
& CREAMS

COME ON IN!

503-655-4667
16016 SE 82ND DRIVE
JUST EAST OF I-205
OFF THE DAMASCUS EXIT

Happy
4th
of July

Now Hiring Hot Girls!

TOO! FOR TUESDAYS
FOOD SPECIALS EVERY TUESDAY

CAMO THURSDAYS
WEAR CAMO FOR DISCOUNTS EVERY THURSDAY

AWARD WINNING
\$7.95 STEAK SPECIAL EVERY DAY

**WORLD FAMOUS
DAISY DUKE
CONTEST**

VOTED A PORTLAND MUST-SEE!

**LAST FRIDAY
JULY 27**

SPONSORED BY

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED OFF I-205
15 MINUTES FROM THE AIRPORT
& HAPPY VALLEY

TOMMY'S Too!

OPEN
10AM-2AM
DAILY

10335 SE FOSTER RD | (503) 432-8238 **LIKE US ON** **ATM**

COLUMBIA STRIP

DANCERS & COCKTAILS



Diamond

DAILY SPECIALS

HAPPY HOUR 4PM-7PM & 8PM-MIDNIGHT DAILY
FULL BAR • COLDEST BEER • FULL LOTTO

DANCER AUDITIONS

DAILY BEFORE 3PM & AFTER 8PM • CALL (503) 289-1351

BEST VARIETY OF EXOTIC DANCERS!

605 N COLUMBIA BLVD • (503) 289-1351

OPEN 11AM-1AM DAILY

The Name Says It All!

Newly Remodeled!

New Bar Staff

New Dancers

New Private Dance Area

New Menu

Daily Drink Specials



Summer

Alameda's Only Strip Club!

SKINN

GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

OPEN SUN-THU 10AM-2AM & FRI-SAT 10AM-1AM
(503) 288-9771 • 4523 NE 60TH AVE • PORTLAND, OR 97218
(CORNER OF NE 60TH & PRESCOTT)

NOW HIRING NEW DANCERS 21+ | AUDITIONS DAILY

exotic
PRESENTS THE RETURN OF

ink

'n'

DIR

HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

**THE NORTHWEST'S ORIGINAL
INKED DANCER COMPETITION IS BACK
AFTER A SEVEN-YEAR HIATUS!**



JOIN US THROUGHOUT THE MONTH OF
JULY WHERE THE INDUSTRY'S
HOTTEST TATTOOED ENTERTAINERS
WILL COMPETE FOR

\$5,000
IN CASH & PRIZES
AND THE COVER &
CENTERFOLD OF EXOTIC

TATTOOED ENTERTAINERS:
TO REGISTER OR INQUIRE,
EMAIL INKPINK@XMAG.COM
OR CALL (503) 380-5800!

**ROSE CITY
STRIP**

PRELIMINARY ROUND 1

SAT, JULY 7

3620 SE 35th PL • @ 9PM



PRELIMINARY ROUND 2

FRI, JULY 13

12035 NE GLISAN ST • @ 9PM

**Kit
Kat
club**

PRELIMINARY ROUND 3

THU, JULY 19

231 SW ANKENY ST • @ 9PM



FINALS

SAT, JULY 28

350 W BURNSIDE ST • @ 9PM



THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

ATTENTION, SHOPPERS!

Supermarket shopping: the purest manifestation of our consumer culture. So much for so little and all in one place. However, convenience and selection are not without pitfalls, and those pitfalls usually take the form of other shoppers, whose behavior can range from the curious to the vexing. That said, it's the 21st century. Gone (mostly) are the problems of yesteryear, such as old people writing paper checks and coupon hagglers. But, with progress comes new people posing new problems. Next time you visit the human circus that is your local grocery store, be mindful of the following supermarket obstacles for The Current Year™.

COUNT DOPENSTEIN

This person can be a man, woman or anything else. Their key trait is that they are obviously on heroin. They are unencumbered by such accessories as a cart or basket and are content to stagger around—usually with a single, odd item in one hand. Follow their gaze upward, to that no-man's-land between the top of the shelves and the 150-watt fluorescent lights, which blanket the store in bland, functional illumination. They carry on as though possessed of singular purpose, but that purpose becomes lost—and found again—after an interval of bewildered disorientation.

Difficulty to avoid: easy.

Potential consequences if not avoided: minimal.

THE NOT-SO ARTFUL DODGER

This guy (and it is usually a guy, but not always) thinks they're some kind of grocery ninja. They'll use bursts of speed and attempt agile maneuvers in the aisles, attempting to dodge and weave around others, or snake an arm around to snag an item from in front of someone. The problem is, they're bad at it. Ancient martial arts skills, they have not. Instead, these are generally not-so-nimble people who played too much *Ninja Gaiden** and bump into things or people—usually with a speedy apology when they do, or a hasty exit when that thick-n-chunky picante sauce they knocked over fills aisle six.

Difficulty to avoid: moderate.

Potential consequences if not avoided: a firm jostle or possibly chip dip on your shoe.

THE A.C.L.U. FOR SHRIEKING

This is a team, usually a family, but could also be some form of Cub Scouts or other youth group. Regardless of who they are—or why they are there—they have any number of children who are manufacturing dissonant, high-intensity noise using their mouth-holes, and just those orifices, if you're lucky. If you give them so much as a stern glance, the adult-creatures tending this pack of gibbons will hit you back tenfold with some sort of smug self-righteousness, as though it's *you* who are wrong for frowning on their behavior.

Difficulty to avoid: tough, as they tend to take up entire aisles.

Potential consequences if not avoided: you probably won't want to have kids, or if you already have them, force an appraisal of yours as not nearly so obnoxious.

THE ARGUING PORTUGUESE FAMILY

Another unit, but this time, usually a household of people who all decided to go shopping. Who knows where they're from? Who knows what language they're speaking? Who knows why they're yelling or why they're doing so in the middle of the bread aisle? Who knows why they just decided to do this and not move? It is apparently just loads of fun for the whole family, though.

Difficulty to avoid: abandon your cart and try for a snatch and grab—don't get too cocky, though, or you might, yourself, become the Not-So Artful Dodger.

Potential consequences if not avoided: you might learn a lot of profanity in another language.

THE ITEM PSYCHIC

This is a solo operator. They stand in the same spot, immobile, transfixed, beguiled and ensorcelled by the item in front of them. They stare, apparently through time and space, as though trying to answer cosmic questions, such as "Does this buttermilk have a soul?" or "Is this roach fogger really a fog or more of a mist?"

Difficulty to avoid: pretty simple.

Potential consequences if not avoided: existential crisis, as it somehow relates to brown-'n-serve breakfast sausages.

JACK THE TRIPPER

A child. A child, playing host to unbridled energy and unnatural speed. This wee one tears ass through the aisles, up and down and back again. Their sole goal is to get under your foot, and have you accidentally kick them or trip over them. This, of course,

springs the trap, causing them to start crying as only children in supermarkets can and summoning angry, previously-invisible parents, who demand to know what you did to their little angel.

Difficulty to avoid: hard mode—you must be deft and attentive.

Potential consequences if not avoided: fist fights, onion hurlings, milk beatings.

CAPTAIN STEALINGTON

Less a hazard and more a feature. This is a person who you can tell—just *tell*—is there for the purpose of shoplifting. This isn't your problem as a shopper, but if you follow them around, periodically talking into your lapel, you can mess with them for as long as you care to (or until they get sketched-out and leave).

Difficulty to avoid: fairly simple, but that wouldn't be any fun, would it?

Potential consequences if not avoided: messing with them could result in your being detained as a suspect in cahoots with the Captain.

THE SELF-CHECK SIMPLETON

This individual is baffled, bemused and bewildered by the self-checkout terminal. The act of scanning and bagging items—while a seemingly-simple task they've seen performed by paid professionals all their lives—becomes a daunting, irreconcilable chore, once attempted personally. Their dialogue is punctuated with exasperated, futile cries of insult to the machine, ignorant of the fact that it is they who have deficiencies, not the system. Not to be confused with someone finding themselves with a legitimate broken or fussy self-check—or one commanded to wait for a clerk to check their ID in order for them to buy cough syrup or some other triviality—as that happens far more often than it should.

Difficulty to avoid: difficult, as unless you're standing there actively waiting on them to battle their mental demons and win the day, it's hard to spot such folks.

Potential consequences if not avoided: time dilation—every second you stand there feels like a thousand cruel eons.

So, there you have it.

Forewarned is forearmed.

Be safe out there.

**But probably didn't beat it.*

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a pasta farmer, phony Rastafarian, space shuttle door gunner, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @wombstretcha503 and on Facebook as "Wombstretcha the Magnificent."

Hawthorne Strip

3532 SE POWELL BLVD
(503) 232-9516
OPEN 2PM-2:30AM DAILY

**HIRING PROFESSIONAL
ENTERTAINERS 21+**

HAWTHORNESTRIP@GMAIL.COM

Lola

**WE HAVE
LOTTERY!!!**



JONAS DOES PORTLAND

BY JONAS BARNES

A YEAR OF SOBRIETY

A little over four years ago, I packed up all my shit, jumped in a moving truck with my comedian girlfriend and my cat, and took a 49-hour drive across the country. In hindsight, I don't recommend that, because we have three roommates and didn't need more than a quarter of the stuff we took with us. We live in a bedroom, with three other people, and there are still boxes we never unpacked, sitting in the closet (because, we don't need whatever is in them). We needed two backpacks, cat stuff and our happiness. Also, I'm not sure if you're aware of it or not, but staying in a car with someone for 49 hours turns love into hate, really quickly—by the time you hit Nebraska, you hate every single thing about each other. It's a true test of a relationship that, in the end, didn't last. She and I are still great friends, but the relationship ended. We had a lot in common, whether it be comedy, taste in music and movies, or any other love of the arts. The one thing we had in common that wasn't good, though, was addiction.

I've been an addict for a long time. It's in my blood, from both my parents. Personally, my poisons of choice were whiskey and cocaine—I loved them like they were my own children. My ex-girlfriend was also a fan, so we bonded over those things. To give you an idea, our first date was a whiskey-fueled night of insanity at a strip club on Valentine's Day. Holy brown liquor Jesus, did we get fucked up that night! I used to buy coke at a Hawaiian bar that shall remain nameless, which had a coke dealer who waved goodbye to me when I left. Do you understand how fucked up that is, Portland!? Only in the whitest major city in the America, could that be considered even a little bit okay. In Portland, I did cocaine out of someone's asshole in my living room. It was like I

was a cast member in *Wolf Of Wall Street*, except it was Division Street. You get the picture I'm painting here—we were fans of the drugs. Once we moved to NYC, it got worse.

In NYC, drugs and booze are everywhere. Comedy is an absolute free-for-all of using as is, but it is so much more accessible in a city as big as NYC. On every corner, there was a bar or two with bathrooms full of coke-snorting alcoholics. NYC was the place we were going to die, if we let it kill us—and, if I'm being honest with you all, I'd have to admit that it almost did. My ex-girlfriend's



drinking got to a point where it was dangerous. Night after night passed with line after line of cocaine going into our brains and it got to a point where I had to do less and less—just to babysit. After a while, it got to the point where I'd completely forgotten I was an addict, because I was not keeping up with my girlfriend. Then, we broke up and that all changed.

I had been clean for a few months, and after we broke up, I had a relapse. I'll spare you the gory details, but I'll just say I tried to sleep to death with pills and only ended up curing my insomnia—I tried to kill myself and ended up curing a pre-exist-

ing condition in the process. You can't fuck up a suicide any worse! That was on June 9, 2017, and the following day was the first day of the rest of my life.

On June 10, 2018, I celebrated a year of full sobriety. This is the first time in my life that I've been sober this long, I've never been happier and it's fucking weird. I'm not some militant sober person, mind you—I think y'all should smoke weed all day long. I miss weed. But, I've gained so much in the last year, that I honestly couldn't turn back at this point. I've gotten healthier and happier with myself. I've lost over 100lbs and reversed health issues. My dick is way better than it used to be, too! Holy shit, was that a great side effect. My comedy has gotten better and more tight. But, here's the biggest thing I've gained: I learned to love myself again. I realized that I hated myself so much for so long, that I kept on snorting and drinking away the trauma, rather than deal with it. It was sitting there waiting, as soon as I stopped, too—it was real pissed off that I left it there waiting, by the way. Apparently, trauma is impatient. I dealt with the issues head-on and it's the best thing I've ever done. I've made some extremely fucked-up decisions in my life, hurt people I've loved and chased a high, in place of being there for people in need...so many times. I'm happy to say that I've stopped that shit, I deal with issues as they come, fuck better, write more and love myself again.

This July 4th, enjoy yourselves. Drink, do all the drugs and eat all the food. Do it for me, since I can't anymore. Just do it safely and don't let it take over your life. Happy 4th, *Exotic!*

MIKE BRASS'S
The MAJAN ATTRACTION

PORTLAND'S HOTTEST NEW STRIP CLUB!

13550 SE POWELL BLVD | (971) 703-4248

**NOW HIRING PORTLAND'S HOTTEST DANCERS!
LOW STAGE FEES!
CALL (971) 703-4248
COME IN 2PM-6PM**

**COME CHECK OUT OUR BARTENDERS WITH A TWIST!
THEY WILL DANCE FOR YOU TOO!**

DAILY DRINK SPECIALS!



ROUND 4

DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 2018

VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT

WEDNESDAY @ 9PM 7/18

BEST FOOD IN TOWN!

**HUGE PATIO & BEAUTIFUL GIRLS SUNBATHING NAKED!
COME SEE!**





TOP

WORST THINGS ABOUT A REAL JOB



BY BRAD COX

Hey there, everyone. Things have taken another turn in your boy's life. I recently stopped living in my car and got a real job. Or, as I like to think of it, I sold myself into slavery for \$13.50 an hour. It has been a pretty long time since I had to get an actual job that wasn't selling weed or porn and nothing has really changed since the last time I did this. It's still fucking awful and it still makes me consider cutting off a finger, just so I can go home early without my wife bitching about it. So, as my life turns and twists, I continue to bring you my *Top 5s*. This month is,

of course, the worst things about having a real job. Here we go...

1) Waking Up At Five In The Morning

Waking up at five o'clock in the fucking morning sucks dicks—and I'm not talking about the fun kind of dick sucking, where a couple dudes get together in a park and practice on each other, or a dude and a chick get together to practice on each other—I'm talking about prison dick sucking, where you're doing it to save your fucking life. Any time that sucking a dick is a necessity, it's not good. I couldn't imagine what it would be like to have to wake up at five in the morning, to literally suck a dick—that shit would be Kanye-level crazy. My alarm goes off, I stumble into the bathroom and my literal first thought is, "Man, I wish I had the flu, tuberculosis, cancer or whooping cough...I don't know, man... just literally anything that I could have an absence excused for." I don't ever want to see five in the morning, unless it's because I've been up all night learning about lizard aliens infiltrating the piz-zagate.

2) Ten-Minute Breaks

What the actual fuck is the point of a ten-minute break? Seriously, like you might as well tell me to sit Indian-style and recite the Pledge Of Allegiance, and then get back to work. I smoke cigarettes and it takes the average human seven minutes to smoke a normal length cigarette—seven...fucking...minutes. Now, you might think that ten minutes is fair. I mean, I am getting paid for those ten minutes, so the company is footing the bill for me to smoke that cigarette, right? But, let's break that down, shall we? It takes me three minutes to walk to my car and three minutes to walk back to my workstation, which means I actually have four minutes of break to sit down (we'll talk more about sitting later). It's like, if I

was watching someone eat a delicious cake and I wanted some of that fucking cake, then they said, "Don't worry, I'll save you some." Then, two days later, they handed me a piece of vaguely cake-colored rock and said, "It's still good if you put milk on it." Fuck your milk cake and fuck your ten-minute break, you fucking fuck.

3) The Two Main Classes Of Working Class People Are Fucked Up

You know who I fucking hate? Carpet dwellers...chair-and-desk-having ass, checking-Facebook-at-work ass, fucking carpet-dwelling office workers. You all spend all day bitching about Linda, who chews her snacks too loud at her desk, and Pablo, who hogs the printer and refuses to refill the paper when he's done. I don't wish death on these people, because that's fucked up. But, maybe ya'll could get into a minorly inconvenient car crash and wear a neck brace for a while. Then again, your life is so fucking blessed, you'd probably get a huge insurance settlement before retiring from your already retirement-esque desk job. I stand all damn day in a dusty shithole warehouse, where I recycle your stupid computers. I see all of the cute little mustache stickers you put on your monitors and your stupid, inspirational fortune cookie fortunes you've taped to them. In fact, it's my job to take that shit off your monitor (which is still good, by the way), because you got a new fucking monitor at your desk, which I am absolutely certain has a chair. You are basically the one percent of the working class and us concrete dwellers hate you—and plot your demise. One day, we will rise up and take what's rightfully ours—a fucking chair—because, our fucking feet hurt.

4) Mandatory Overtime

It's bad enough that you're making me show up at all, but making me stay two

5) Working A Real Job Steals Your Hope And Ambition



The system we live in is fucked. The vast majority of us do a job that doesn't even make sense to us and we certainly don't feel like we're making some kind of impact on the world—or, even our own lives. Yet, we're locked into it. Yes, we can change jobs and, sure, we can quit any time we want to. But, what are the consequences of that choice? Well, the first thing that happens is that you lose your self-respect. We are programmed from birth to equate self-worth with income—not contribution, but income...there is a difference. I have never been as depressed as when I was looking for work and not bringing in any money. I looked in the mirror and hated the dude I saw. That's fucked up, man, seriously fucked up. I could clean the house, raise the kids and run a charity, but if none of those things brought in money, you know

extra hours every day, just so I can chip away at this mountain of work, like it's going to make a fucking bit of difference? Pro tip—it will not make a difference. You bring me a pallet of shit to do, I take care of the shit on the pallet and you bring me another pallet of shit to do. This process isn't going to stop, ever. Making me stay two extra hours to work on more pallets of meaningless shit isn't going to help me (or you). What is even worse than mandatory overtime, are the people who act like it's some kind of fucking gift from our loving corporate overlords. They say shit like, "Think of all the extra money we'll get." So fucking what, you dumb nutsack. How the hell am I supposed to use that money when I get home 30 minutes before I have to go to bed and wake up at...when...five in the fucking morning? Now, I have no problem with overtime in general, it's just that I hate being told that I have to do it. Like, I have no option but to give you fifty-plus hours a week, when I clearly don't even want to give you one.



damn well no one would respect any of that. When you're working fifty-plus hours a week for someone else's company, you have almost no time to build something for yourself. I don't know if that's by design or coincidence, but

what I do know, is there are millions of people capable of doing more—and contributing more to society—who don't, because they can't. I promise there are brilliant people out there, who never had the economic opportunity to go to university and who could invent warp travel to other stars, cure diseases or invent a new food delivery system that could feed the third world. Instead of doing those things, they are working mandatory overtime without a fucking chair.

If you are a jobless fuck, out there, roaming the streets, looking for work like a homeless puppy searching for Kibbles, then I seriously encourage you to consider checking out some of our fine sponsors here at *Exotic*. These are great companies and establishments. Are you a sexy lady who likes to dance to overplayed hip hop and rock and roll? Then do I have the gig for you! Being a stripper makes you an independent contractor and gives you the freedom to work a flexible schedule and shake what your momma gave you, in return for all the money we concrete dwellers slave away for. Why do we work fifty-plus hours a week? Well, I'll tell you why! So that we can cash in that money at the strip club, in return for your attention! So, go audition at one of the many clubs who advertise with us—the community of people who read this magazine and run the clubs that keep our lights on would love to have you! And, if you're not a female-type human, that's okay too! There are jobs for you manly fucks as well—you could be a bouncer, a bartender or a cook. I'm sure there are other things you could do, but...whatever. Basically, what I am saying is, don't fall down the pit of work-a-day despair that I have. Find yourself a fun and rewarding career in the adult industry, where the party never stops, until the party stops (usually around closing time).



SATIVA AT THE MOVIES

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME

Summer is here and I have allergies. Do you know how much it sucks to be triple-red-eyed when it's nice out? So, I prefer the great indoors, at least when it comes to entertainment. What better way to make use of a column that is constantly on the brink of running out of ideas, than to hit the cinema after smoking a few grams of the good shit? This round, I review two horror movies, both of which should be in second-run theaters by the time this issue of *Exotic* hits the stands.

Film: *Hereditary*

Strain: Blue Dream

Review: 5 out of 7 stars

At first glance, *Hereditary* appears to be just another “mom, her kids and a stepdad in a cabin” film, which seems to be a weird trend as of late. I swear that Toni Collette—the lady who plays “Mom” in this movie—*only* plays the “distraught mother” role in every part she takes, kind of like how Joe Pesci always plays “Italian stereotype” or Tarantino always plays “black stereotype.” Of note, before I arrived in the theater, I saw that a new *Superfly* was playing and posted something on Facebook about how I hate remakes. Alas, my online friends corrected me: the film is supposedly *not* a remake. Yet, it's centered around the cocaine trade and focuses on a character named Youngblood Prince, who wears a fur coat and acts smooth. So, if *Superfly* is “not a remake,” then *Hereditary* is “not just another claustrophobic, family-up-to-weird-shit-in-the-woods flick.” However, it sure as hell plays a lot of the same notes.

Anyhow, the youngest of the two kids in *Hereditary* gets decapitated after suffering a peanut allergy attack from cake (yes, this happens, no, it's not much of a spoiler—after all, the cake turns out to be a lie). With a dead mom and a dead daughter, crazy mom decides to get into witchcraft and spells, before going full-on, hysterical-horror-movie mom, at which point the film begins to resemble a high-brow horror movie for about ten min-

utes. Then, it returns to the twists and turns, which are clear to anyone who has seen *The Omen*, *Rosemary's Baby* or *Bebe's Kids*. Further harshing my mellow, was the fact that Twizzler Nibs are fucking impossible to open without making a shit ton of noise. It took me a minute to dig into my smuggled snacks and I was already getting looks from the guy two seats down (who was also sitting alone). A few seconds later, a bunch of teen girls in the back row started talking, which caused two-seats-down guy to get up in a huff and storm out of the theater. I spent the remainder of the film expecting him to return with a gun, so that made it hard to follow the plot.

There are a surprising amount of subtle, sociopolitical messages in *Hereditary*, geared toward the left-of-Stalin, Tumblr generation. Boys are encouraged to cry, a divorced mother gets full custody (even when dad is concerned about his ex-wife's demonic rituals affecting his son's well-being) and it is possible to be a male spirit in a female child's body—but only if said male spirit is, quite literally, the root cause of all of evil (not to mention an oppressor and user of females). By the end of the film, I didn't really get the takeaway from the “male energy is evil” message, nor did I know what to do with my newly realized “demonic privilege.” If you're looking for a feminist horror film, you're better off with *The Descent*, *Alien* or *Ghostbusters 2016*. However, if you're just looking for an entertaining, dark horror movie that makes up for a lack of jump-scares with the beheading of children and the elderly, *Hereditary* is a literal no-brainer.

Film: *A Quiet Place*

Strain: Granola Funk

Review: 36B

Aside from the cabin-family-in-peril theme, the comedian-who-takes-on-serious-shit trend is an oddly popular genre of film and one that I enjoy. Back in the day, it was Jim Carey doing that movie about brainwashing

or whatever. I'm also pretty sure that Steve Carrell played an alcoholic in that film about the little stripper girl in a bus. Recently, we've had the pleasure of seeing Key Or Peele's *Get Out* completely slaughter at the box office and destroy awards ceremonies (rightfully so, too). So, when actor-director Jim (*The Office*) decided that he needed to step out of comedy and into horror, he took a similar directorial tone, but instead gearing the film to a white audience, by making it extremely fucking hard to talk during his film without getting shushed.

My friend Hannah and I went to WinCo before the movie, got high in the parking lot and then bought a ton of bulk candy, much of which was individually wrapped. This was not the best idea, because all of the good plot points were interrupted by the sound of plastic being unraveled, followed by, “Hey, do you want one?” and then, “SHHHHH.” I swear, some people. Anyhow, *A Quiet Place* centers around...wait for it...a family in peril—in the woods—and a kid who dies within the first few seconds of the movie. But unlike *Hereditary*, the horror lurking in the distance is real (well, at least physical) and can only be avoided by being really, really quiet. Or, ya know, heading to a waterfall and talking in a really loud voice (yes, this happens, no, it's not much of a spoiler—after all, the waterfall turns out to be a lie).

At the end of the film, a spoiler happens and I *think* the rest of the family survives, but I'm honestly not sure. I was in sugar shock by this point—barely able to keep my eyes open and constantly waiting for a loud noise to wake me up—but, the film wasn't called *A Rowdy Bar*, so I knew what I was getting into, I guess. Granola Funk is one of those strains that does not wear off, at least until you're asleep and having really weird dreams about Dwight Schrute running a zombie beet farm, to get back at Jim for having kids and settling down, which is how I imagine the prequel to *A Quiet Place* will go.

BEAVERTON

17935 SW TV HWY
503.259.2310
OPEN 6AM-MIDNIGHT DAILY

TORCHED ILLUSIONS SMOKE & VAPE

TIGARD

12963 SW PACIFIC HWY
503.430.5140
OPEN 10AM-MIDNIGHT DAILY



LARGE VARIETY OF: WATER PIPES • SPOONS
VAPORIZERS • INCENSE • CIGARS • E-CIGS
ROLL-YOUR-OWN • SHISHA • BUTANE • MODS
AND HUNDREDS OF JUICES!

www.TorchedIllusions.com



OREGON'S VERY OWN, INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN...

ACROPOLIS

STEAKHOUSE

40

Years Of Portland's
Hottest Nude
Entertainment

Trouble

OPEN
10:30AM-2:30AM DAILY

HAPPY HOUR
SUN-THU 2PM-5PM
ALSO, HALF-PRICE MUGS AND MANY
OTHER FOOD & DRINK SPECIALS!

LEGENDARY STEAK BITES \$5
STEAK SPECIAL \$7
FULL SALAD BAR 65
BEERS ON TAP 300
LIQUOR VARIETIES 4
HUGE STAGES

ALL DANCERS WANTED
ONLY 4, 6 OR 8 DANCERS PER SHIFT MAKING ALL THE MONEY IN THE HOUSE
FOR AUDITIONS CALL JIM (503) 810-2902 OR TONY (503) 810-2893
SUMMER IS PRIME TIME AT ACROPOLIS! OUR STAGES
HOLD 25-35 CUSTOMERS PER STAGE!

PHOTO BY FOTO DANCE WWW.FOTODANCE.COM

8325 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD • (503) 231-9611

THE SILVER SPOON

SILVERSPOONPDX.COM

FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM
@SILVERSPOON8521

WHIPPED CREAM CHARGERS
\$14.99 SMALL BOX & \$29.99 LARGE BOX
MENTION THIS EXOTIC AD FOR \$1 OFF
THE SMALL BOX AND \$2 OFF THE LARGE BOX!

ONE-STOP SHOP FOR ALL YOUR SMOKING NEEDS!

DISC GOLF

WIDE VARIETY OF GLASS

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
8521 SW BARBUR BLVD | MON-SAT 10AM-7PM & SUN 11AM-5PM | 503-245-0489



Oksana Romanov
Kit Kat Club & Acropolis
1ST PLACE

Missy
Club SinRock

Zelda
Rose City Street

Moka
Spyce Gentlemen's Club
2ND PLACE

Maria Knox
Dream On Saloon
3RD PLACE

Alice Wanderlust
Kit Kat Club

polerotica 2018

PRESENTED BY EXOTIC FINALS

Photos By **HYPOKX** PHOTOGRAPHY

Taeya
Bottoms Up

Elayna
Xpuse

Kennedy
Scarlet Lounge

Carson
Grind Gentlemen's Club

Mary Jane
Reveal Lounge

MATEL

Special Edition

Harlow

Harlow
Kit Kat Club

Hannah
Stars Cabaret (Salem)

Dakota
Spyce Gentlemen's Club

BY RAY MCMILLIN



We've made it 25 years! Can you believe this shit? Personally, I've been writing for this magazine—under various pen names and pseudonyms—for about half of that time. Since, not much has changed for the worse and we've only gotten more polished. Still, I miss the days of old and am putting out an open casting call to one (*maybe* two) new writers, ready to be a bit out-of-the-box. Are you a stripper who wants to share stories of the club? Too bad, Jaime's already got that covered. In a band? Sorry, Blazer is doing quite well. But, if you've got that special something, hit me up...my email is Editor@Xmag.com and I'd love to see what's out there. But, the most important aspect of our publication is not the words, but the photos. Speaking of which...



Congratulations To Oksana, Winner Of Polerotica 2018

Congratulations to Oksana Romanov for winning this year's *Polerotica* championship! I had the pleasure of co-hosting the finals with Dick Hennessy and I am completely blown away at how top-notch the performers have become. Sure, it's always been a best-of-the-best type of event, but the sheer amount of time and effort that dancers put into their sets during this year's finals was nothing less than impressive. We had jungle vines hanging from the ceiling, life-sized Barbie dolls and volcanic penis experiments that didn't go as planned. But, in the end, it was Oksana Romanov and her (literal) ninja skills that took home the title. She's on the cover this month, as well as in the centerfold, so remember the face and when you see her at Kit Kat Club or Acropolis, say hi. Then, buy a dance, tip or take off, because she's a professional.

New Spots Around Town

Looking for some new clubs and theme

nights to enjoy this summer? We've got you covered. Southwest Portland's newest strip club, Reveal Lounge, will be hosting Movie Mondays all month, featuring movie-themed sets. Southeast has a new club, too, called Grind. This is located right on the edge of Portland and Gresham, one of my favorite areas—simply for the fact that it's quite diverse and mostly free of hipsters. As far as Northwest Portland goes, well, it's still mostly coffee shops and bookstores...maybe someone can change that.



Porn Delivery Now Available in Portland

We've all been there. It's noon, you're enjoying a sex toy while watching C-SPAN and eating pizza. Then, all of a sudden, the motor on your Happy Flappy Rabbit Trap gives out. What now? You can either return to Red-Tube and risk getting another virus, stop what you're doing and clean the kitchen, play some video games or...order another sex toy, right to your door? What kind of fantasy world would this be??? Well, loyal readers, this fictional utopia is actually known as "Portland."



As of last month, the Taboo Video location on MLK (in Portland, OR) has been partnering up with Package PDX (a delivery service) so that local residents can order sex toys to their door! *This* is why I love capitalism, folks. Innovation never ceases to amaze me, but I thought us proud shut-ins, home business owners and busy parents saw the peak of our convenience at weed delivery or Girl Scout Cookies—not true! According to Taboo, adult toys can now be delivered to "homes, hotels or wherever the request is made." That's right—*wherever the request is made*. Are you listening, Starbucks? I'm about to test the boundaries of your tolerance. Or, I might just stay home and order a few sex toys, a pizza and some weed—all at the same time—just to see how much of a party I can throw on my doorstep.

Jokes and excitement aside, local adult toy delivery is a step forward for anyone who supports the sex industry. If you think about it, the stigma surrounding adult stores still exists. I'm not quite sure if the internet has helped—at least up until this point—as typing "two chicks double up on an unattractive dude HD" into a search bar is a cheap and easy way to obtain immediate, convenient fantasy. Plus, standard sex toy shipping takes *forever*. Sometimes, you don't remember ordering that six-to-eight weeks delivery time sex doll (and this can make for an awkward Christmas, trust me). But, if you realize that Amazon can ship a rare, hard-to-find item to your doorstep in under an hour using drones on cocaine, why not advance society by using the internet for good? Taboo did just that. To any rational entrepreneur, the adult toy delivery industry is one that is just waiting to be tapped. This means that Taboo and Package PDX are the first adopters. Once they're able to accept Bitcoin, I don't think I will ever leave the house.

Tats And Vag

If you missed *Polerotica*, then you have a second and third chance to catch up on the pageant-slash-contest circuit in the strip clubs. Returning after nearly a decade-long hiatus, *Ink 'N' Pink* features tattooed performers from all walks of life. How the dancers incorporate their ink into their sets is up to them, but the theme will no doubt involve intricate, permanent body art and the talented women that serve as a canvas. In past years, there has been on-site tattooing, live music and a slew of local celebrity judges.



xeroticcity spotlight

**FRI 6 – SCARLET LOUNGE
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 1**

SAT 7 – ROSE CITY STRIP – INK 'N' PINK ROUND 1

THU 12 – MYSTIC – VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 2

FRI 13 – CLUB SINROCK – INK 'N' PINK ROUND 2

**SAT 14 – GUILTY PLEASURES
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 3**

**WED 18 – MIKE BRASS'S MAIN ATTRACTION
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 4**

THU 19 – KIT KAT CLUB – INK 'N' PINK ROUND 3

**THU 19 – STARS CABARET (BEND)
ADULT VIDEO ICON RACHEL STARR**

**FRI 20 – EYE CANDY FASHIONS
BLACK FRIDAY IN JULY**

**FRI 20 – ROSE CITY STRIP
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 5**

**FRI 20 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)
ADULT VIDEO ICON RACHEL STARR**

**SAT 21 – KIT KAT CLUB – ESME & MAYRA'S
PSYCHEDELIC FREAK OUT B-DAY PARTY**

**SAT 21 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 6**

**SAT 21 – STARS (BRIDGEPORT)
ADULT VIDEO ICON RACHEL STARR**

**THU 26 – CLUB SINROCK
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT FINALS**

FRI 27 – DESIRE – POLEANDIA (DJ PUSSYFOOT)

**FRI 27 – TOMMY'S TOO
WORLD FAMOUS DAISY DUKE CONTEST**

SAT 28 – DANTE'S – INK 'N' PINK (FINALS)



Spice of Life

SEX AND ROBOTS?

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Sex dolls are not a new concept. Dutch sailors in the seventeenth century created the first known sex dolls while at sea. These dolls were made out of leather and cloth and the Dutch traded them with the Japanese. Artist Leonardo da Vinci is most famous for the Mona Lisa, but not too many people know he designed and created what could be considered the first humanoid robot—a fifteenth-century robotic knight, which is reported to have been able to walk, wave and even move its jaw. Fast forward a few centuries and we've come a long way from da Vinci's knight. Now, for around \$5,000 to \$15,000, you can have sex with your very own robotic doll. There are several companies who have introduced life-like "dolls," which are designed to hold conversations, feign desire and even simulate orgasm. Abyss Creations / Realbotix offers a line of life-sized female dolls and is set to launch their first male doll this year (named "Henry"), who can tell jokes, ask about your day and features a robotic penis. The company's female counterpart doll uses an artificial intelligence Android app, Harmony AI, marketed as a "virtual girlfriend," that you can program to have erotic conversations with, as well as choose its personality. At press time, Abyss Creations was working on adding internal heaters and touch sensors to its dolls.

The popularity of the dolls seems to be far from waning. Sex doll brothels have opened all over the world. This year, France opened its first one—with rates of \$110 per hour. Additional doll brothels operate in England, Germany and Amsterdam. This year, an event

that brings lovers of robotic sex together will be held in the US—The Fourth International Congress On Love And Sex With Robots is a two-day event, scheduled to take place at University Of Montana in Missoula on December 13th and 14th. The keynote speaker for the event will be CEO of Abyss Creations / Realbotix, Matt McMullen. And, while these dolls provide artificial enjoyment for real people (there is an entire community of



"iDollators" in relationships—even faux marriages—with these dolls), others have been less welcoming of the creations. Last year, the organization had to hold the event at a secret location due to a terror threat.

A U.K. organization, "Campaign Against Sex Robots" (CASR), aims at trying to create legislation against the development of humanoid robots. According to the organization's website, their aim is to "create a new and alternative voice to highlight the dangers

of producing sex robots, the ideas behind them and how their production will impact the real lives of women, children and men." The organization has been very vocal about its concerns. In an interview with *Wired*, the organization stated, "We do not see robots as conscious entities. We propose instead, that robots are a product of human consciousness and creativity, and human power relationships are reflected in the production, design and proposed uses of these robots. As a result, we oppose any efforts to develop robots that will contribute to gender inequalities in society."

Detractors have also argued that sex robots perpetuate female objectification—but, there are some who believe a future with sex robots can be a positive, healthy one. In an essay for *Quartz*, sex historian Hallie Lieberman argues that sex robots can be used for teaching things like sex education and consent. And, while the majority of sex dolls are marketed and purchased by men, the industry could see improvement

if more women were involved in the design and creation of the dolls. Female use of sex toys was minimal before women entered the sex toy industry, and one of the reasons was that men didn't know how to design a toy for a woman. When women started designing and creating it was a game changer.

"Sex robots don't have to be our enemies," writes Lieberman. "They can be our partners, instead."

SINFIERNO



cabaret

sex & service industry night

SUNDAYS

9pm to 2am

DANTE'S
350 West Burnside
Portland, Oregon



**FEATURING: AMAZING BURLESQUE PERFORMERS · FIRE DANCERS
AERIALISTS · JUGGLERS · CONTORTIONISTS · SWORD SWALLOWERS
HAND BALANCING · VAUDEVILLIANS · COMEDY · POLE DANCERS · DRAG
BOOTY SHAKERS · ACROBATS · MAGIC · SIDESHOW · CIRCUS ARTISTS**





*Oksana
Romanov*

*from Kit Kat Club
& Aeropolis*

EXOTIC
PINUPJULY
2018



DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 2018

PAGINA

BEAUTY PAGEANT



T*ZONE

Pink'n Black
Waffle Shack

TRAP
KITCHEN



S. LOYAL
VIRAL
BEAT THE SMILE - PROUD BY US

BHC
CUSTOM

F50



VIDA



HYPNO'S
PHOTOGRAPHY

exotic



wheel doctor
YOUR #1 MOBILE WHEEL REPAIR

TABOO

Villain
PRODUCTS



FRI · 7/6



THU · 7/12



SAT · 7/14



WED · 7/18

ROSE CITY STRIP

FRI · 7/20



SAT · 7/21



Finals!

THU · 7/26

\$9,000
IN CASH & PRIZES!
TO ENTER, CALL
(503) 380-5800





THE STRANGE JOB THAT IS

Bartending

by Miss Tini

There's a reason why people want to be a bartender; there seems to be an inexplicable, sexy allure to it. There is something appealing about getting to host a party every night and to be the center of everyone's attention. Of course, it's not as glamorous as one would think. Bartending is not a non-stop party, thanks to our friends at the O.L.C.C. They say Portland has some of the most unfriendly bartenders. But, that's due to the fact that *you* can drink and we cant. No one wants to hang out with the sober guy when you're drinking, and in this town, that's your bartender, by law.

It is a really great job, however—you can make an okay wage. Despite what local papers have reported, no one in the bar industry is rich. The idea that we make near six figures is ridiculous—most of us barely make a living wage and our income is completely unpredictable, but it is a fantastic line of work. The benefits include having flexibility and freedom, which allows us to pursue interests that don't pay the bills (but, are passionate about, such as music or writing, like yours truly). Most of us love to travel and this line of work allows us to do so. We can take vacations whenever we want, take days off whenever we feel like it and no one cares...as long as we get our shifts covered. Our job duties and expectations are clearly defined, and as long as we do them, we have a job.

Bartenders usually work independently and aren't micromanaged. Things can be stressful, but you leave that at the door. I gladly traded in my corporate salary for less money and the ability to rest my head at night—knowing what I'm walking into the next day. Some things are

priceless. There have been countless times my coworkers and I have uttered the remark, "this job is weird" to each other. It is fucking weird. In addition to the basic, obvious duties of the job, such as pouring booze in cups, keeping things clean (and to health code), managing the money and locking the place up at night, this job demands so much more than most people even realize. I invite you to step in the shoes of the average Portland bartender.

Running A Business

A bar owner leaves a lot in the hands of the bartender on duty. That's why it's so hard to break into the industry in this town. You pretty much have to know a lot of people who will vouch for you, in order for a business owner to trust you to run their livelihood. You are responsible for the speed of service—no one wants to wait around forever for a drink. You also need to be fun, friendly and know how to create a welcoming environment. You need to ensure the temperature of the bar is comfortable for everyone. It doesn't really matter if you personally are rolling in sweat—if the folks in your bar are sitting in coats, you'd better put the heat on. It's about them, not you. Unless you have a DJ, you have to select the music. A smart person behind the bar knows that it really doesn't matter what they like personally, but more about what the crowd wants to hear. You don't play metal on a slow Sunday, with a bar full of Tinder dates. You also don't want to play sad shoe-gaze on a Friday night, full of birthday parties and folks wanting to rage (well, at least the smart bartenders have this figured out). If you want the people to stay and spend their money in your

bar, you need to make it fun for them, or else they'll go on to the next one. This also includes ensuring the tables are clean (ready to sit down at), making sure the bathrooms are nice (fully stocked with towels and soap), ensuring there are plenty of ashtrays available (so the smokers can hang) and it's a lot to be in charge of, especially when there's a line out the door.

Administering A Controlled Substance

I'm not going to sit here and criticize the O.L.C.C.—mostly, because I want to keep my job. I will say, though, of the different states I've worked in, Oregon bartending is the most complicated. You have to take classes and obtain a license to be a bartender here, and the strangest part is the list of rules regarding over-serving. There is no set amount of drinks you can serve, nor is there a set equation to determine what this amount is. We basically take a class on how to decide whether or not someone is visibly intoxicated. So, we're allowed to get people drunk, just not *too* drunk. What's too drunk? Who knows?! It's completely up to the bartender's discretion, but if we choose wrong, we can get our license pulled and we aren't ever allowed to bartend in Oregon again.

This also means telling a grown adult they can't buy any more of what you're selling, even though they want it. People think bartenders get off on control and power. I'll tell you, that I personally hate it. I don't enjoy telling an adult that they can't do what they want. Like, who the hell am I? They might not even be that drunk—I just have to guess. Once, I cut off a guy who

seemed fucked up and was acting weird. Turns out, the man was blind. Why do I have to be in charge of this? Not to mention, if someone you've been serving leaves your bar and gets a D.U.I. or gets into a car accident, YOU are personally held responsible. This includes getting *your* license taken away, losing *your* job or being held legally responsible—that is the law. Every single person I serve is a potential liability. This is an immense responsibility that is set squarely on my shoulders, each and every time I work. This much responsibility for a minimum-wage employee? When I ponder this, I really think that bartenders should get paid the irresponsibly-reported \$90,000 per year (or whatever utter crap the media has been trying to sell). I guess fact-checkers in reporting just don't exist anymore [ED: I checked—they don't], which is a shame, because they are clearly in high-demand.

Adult Babysitting

Drunk people do a lot of stupid shit—stupid shit that you have to monitor and are responsible for, while they are in your establishment. Drunk people climb up on things, steal things, break shit, hurt themselves, hurt others, fall, stumble, disrespect others' personal space, scream, yell, cry and are otherwise toddlers with credit cards. I find saying shit like, "Do that outside," "Don't touch that," or "Please do that in the bathroom," every time I work. People will break a glass and I'll have to stop everything to run around the bar, trying to stop a very drunk person from trying to pick up broken glass with their fingers. It's endless. Don't get me started on the hormones that occur. After a few drinks, even patrons with gray hair become horny teenagers, who unabashedly make out with each other, partially disrobe or even begin illicit sexual acts—all in plain view of both myself and the crowded bar. Tantrums, crying, fighting and stealing are not uncommon on any given night. After working in the bar industry as long as I have now, I'm fully convinced I'm over-qualified to run a daycare. I know it would be easier—you can usually reason with a child. Try reasoning with a drunk that is convinced you still have his debit card, when you can clearly see it sticking out of his pants pocket.

The Creeps

Maybe it's because I'm a woman, but one of the very serious roles I take upon myself is watching out for other girls. It's a fine line, knowing whether or not a girl is getting a little drunk and going home with a guy (by will) or if some asshole is targeting an intoxicated woman, who is about to be in a situation she doesn't want to be in. I've called out douchebags before, who have saddled up on a clearly intoxicated girl, with the intentions of taking her home. I'll say, "You know she's very drunk and you're an asshole if you try anything, right?" I've

seen patrons that I'm more than familiar with, straight up making out with a dude I know full-well they wouldn't be interested in—and, I've had to step in. I've seen girls on weird Tinder dates and have given them a code word to use if they need help, and some of them have used it. I'm not trying to cock block, but I also can't let a very drunk person get taken advantage of. Am I supposed to turn a blind eye, if I see someone take a wallet out of a guy's pants, because he's too drunk to notice? It's a huge responsibility. What scares me most is how many of the things I didn't see and didn't stop.

Referee

If there's a bar serving booze, there will be fights. Part of my job is to stop them. I am a small girl. This part of my job is my least favorite. I have had to physically insert my body be-



tween two drunk men, beating the absolute shit out of each other, on more than one occasion. I have had to stop drunk girls from slapping the shit out of their boyfriends (or each other). You can't just stand behind the bar and call the cops—nine times out of ten, shit will escalate and others will get involved. That's the last thing you want. *Roadhouse* is a great movie, but you do not want that in your bar. Because, guess what? If a bar fight happens, it could literally mean your job and license.

Bar Bathroom Horrors

A bar bathroom is the stuff of nightmares. I have had to clean up human shit sprayed across the walls, piss puddles, puke, puddles of blood, needles, used condoms, bloody tampons, upper-deckers, even a full-and-forgotten colostomy bag. After a while, it's sort of like working in a hospital—you become desensitized to it. Unlike a hospital, I'm making minimum wage to clean up human waste.

The Object Of Affection

People become fascinated with their bartend-

ers. They construct an illusion of friendship with them—sometimes something more. It's the nature of what we do. We chat with you, give you alcohol and give you attention. This can be interpreted in many different ways. Often times, friendliness and customer service is interpreted as flirting. As a bartender, you are a hamster in a cage. You're trapped behind the bar and you can't leave. People know when you're working and when they can find you. Sometimes, a really great regular will make a pass on you and you're not interested, then they feel embarrassed and never come back. Sometimes, you don't feel safe walking to your car after work. Some regulars feel way too connected with you and get offended if you don't give them enough attention or give them hugs. Some regulars will consider you a "best friend," when you've never talked to them outside of work. It gets creepy and out of bounds very quickly.

The Ethical Problem

Not to be a downer, but administering a highly addictive substance to folks can get to you. It's not for me to judge anyone's personal alcohol consumption. However, it is very difficult to watch those few who are literally killing themselves with it, when you're giving it to them with a smile. You detach yourself from this fact, for the most part, but every now and then, you feel the weight of what you're doing. Years ago, I managed a Starbucks and I would see morbidly obese people hooked up to oxygen tanks, ordering Venti Frapps with "extra, extra, extra, caramel and whipped cream," multiple times a day, all the while admitting that the doctor said they'd die if they don't give up the product I was handing them. The vice industry is a double-edged sword. It pays your bills all the while leaving you feeling guilty.

Bartending Will Change You

Bartending, in particular, gives you a strange ability to read people much more clearly. It's not about appearance, age, race or orientation. You can simply decide the cool from the not-cool. I've become way more accepting of people. I've talked to, made friends with, dated, laughed with and got to know people I probably wouldn't have, before bartending. But, after doing this full-time for a number of years now, I enjoy my personal time, the quiet and being alone to recharge. Crowded bars and loud noises now stress me out. I also find myself finding less time to spend with those casual friends, saving it instead for the few good ones. I enjoy taking myself to a dinner and to a movie alone.

Thank you for reading and TIP YOUR BARTENDER.

STRIP CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 1 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

BOTTOMS UP! 5 **FOOD LOTTERY**
16900 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am

CABARET 7 **FOOD LOTTERY**
17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529
Daily 2pm-2:30am

CASA DIABLO 46 **FOOD LOTTERY**
2839 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600
Daily 2pm-2:30am

CLUB PLAY PEN 30 **FOOD LOTTERY**
6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

CLUB ROUGE 48 **FOOD LOTTERY**
403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

CLUB SHROCK 23 **FOOD LOTTERY**
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332
Daily 2pm-2:30am

COLUMBIA STRIP 32 **FOOD LOTTERY**
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351
Daily 11am-1am

DANCIN' BARE 11 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

DESIRE 18 **FOOD**
535 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 339-2198
Daily 3pm-2:30am

DEVILS POINT 12 **FOOD LOTTERY**
5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513
Daily 11am-2:30am

DREAM ON SALOON 16 **FOOD LOTTERY**
15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765
Daily 11:30am-2am

DUSK 'TIL DAWN: CASA DIABLO II 80 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8845 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 222-6610
Daily 2pm-2:30am

DVB 17 **FOOD LOTTERY**
5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178
Daily 2pm-2:15am

THE GOLD CLUB 72 **FOOD LOTTERY**
17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-12am

GRIND 65 **FOOD LOTTERY**
15826 SE Division St | (503) 206-4851
Daily 4pm-2am

GUILTY PLEASURES 28 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128
Daily 1:30pm-2:30am

HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 **FOOD LOTTERY**
3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516
Daily 2pm-2:30am

KIT KAT CLUB 69 **FOOD LOTTERY**
231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229
Daily 5pm-2:30am

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47 **FOOD LOTTERY**
633 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 206-7350
Daily 11am-2:30am

MARY'S CLUB 25 **FOOD LOTTERY**
129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

MIKE BRASS'S THE MAIN ATTRACON 15 **FOOD**
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248
TBD

MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 **FOOD LOTTERY**
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523
Daily 10am-2:30am

PIRATE'S COVE 29 **FOOD LOTTERY**
7417 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 287-8900
Daily 2pm-2:30am

REVEAL LOUNGE 4 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 477-6628
Daily 2pm-2am

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 **FOOD LOTTERY**
545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813
Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am

ROSE CITY STRIP 10 **FOOD LOTTERY**
3620 SE 35th Pl | (503) 760-8128
Daily 3pm-2:30am

THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 **FOOD LOTTERY**
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
Mon-Wed Noon-1am, Thu-Fri Noon-2:30am,
Sat 4pm-2:30am & Sun 4pm-1am

SCARLET LOUNGE 60 **FOOD LOTTERY**
12646 SE Division St | (503) 477-4318
Daily 11am-2:30am

SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
Daily 10am-2:30am

SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 21 **FOOD**
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
Sun-Thu 10am-2am, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49 **FOOD LOTTERY**
33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646
Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

STARS CABARET BRIDGEPORT 50 **FOOD**
17939 SW McEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

THE SUNSET STRIP 37 **FOOD LOTTERY**
10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466
Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am,
Sun 5pm-2:30am

TOMMY'S TOO 39 **FOOD**
10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238
Daily 10am-2am

WHISPERS 67
8102 NE Killingsworth St | (971) 255-1039
Daily 11am-3am

XPOSE 70 **FOOD LOTTERY**
10140 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 430-5364
Daily 3pm-2:30am

EVERYTHING ELSE

ADAM & EVE 121
9220 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 224-1604
Mon-Thu 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-6pm

ALL ADULT VIDEO 103
14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004
Daily 24 hours

ARMCHAIR FAMILY VIDEO 105
3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 477-5446
Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm

CINDIE'S 109
8201 SE Powell Blvd #H | (503) 771-9979
Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 11am-10pm

EYE CANDY FASHIONS 171
19255 E Burnside St | (503) 665-8222
Tue-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun-Mon By Appointment

FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (5) 180
3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969
Daily 24 hours

FANTASYLAND (2) 116
5228 SE Foster Rd | (503) 775-0094
Daily 24 hours

FAT COBRA VIDEO 118
16016 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 655-4667
Daily 24 hours

FSO 147
833 SE Main St #232 | (503) 490-6985
Mon-Fri 6am-3am, Sat-Sun 24 hours

HEAD EAST 164
13250 SE Division St | (503) 761-3777
Sun-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri-Sat 10am-10pm

HOT BOX 157
4589 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057
Mon-Sat 11am-10pm, Sun 11am-9pm

LIBERATED WORLD 123
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours

MR. PEEP'S / MR. PEEP'S TOO (2) 162
13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645
20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624
Daily 24 hours

OREGON THEATER 127
3530 SE Division St | (503) 232-7469
Daily from 12pm

PARADISE ADULT SUPERSTORE 126
14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414
Daily 24 hours

PASSIONATE DREAMS 130
6644 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 775-6665
Daily 10am-4am

PEEP HOLE 131
709 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 257-8617
Daily 24 hours

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
5141 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy | (503) 245-4393
Daily 24 hours

SHEENA'S 6 SPOT 137
8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111
Daily 24 hours

SILVER SPOON 139
8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun 11am-5pm

SPARTAGUS LEATHERS 141
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604
Daily 10am-10pm

SYLVIA'S PLAYHOUSE 163
8226 NE Fremont St | (503) 568-4090
Daily 24 hours

TABOO VIDEO (4) 144
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126
Daily 24 hours

TORCHED ILLUSIONS 149
17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310
Daily 6am-2am

TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
Daily 10am-12am

TRUE'S LINGERIE SHOPPE 114
1720 NW Lovejoy St, Suite 216 | (503) 964-3732
Tue-Sat 2pm-6pm

THE RED DOOR 172
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300
Daily 24 hours

THE VELVET ROPE 101
3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064
Thu 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 8:30pm-4am,
Sun 8pm-2am

DISPENSARIES

MARIJUANA PARADISE 6
9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462
Daily 10am-8pm

NECTAR - NE SANDY 8
3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777

NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI 9
4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818
Daily 10am-11pm

NECTAR - SW PORTLAND 1
10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800
Daily 10am-11pm



17544 SE STARK ST
503-252-3529



3532 SE POWELL BLVD
503-232-9516



403 SW STARK ST
503-227-3936



12035 NE GLISAN ST
503-889-0332



15920 SE STARK ST
503-253-8765



17180 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD
503-908-1177



231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229



9950 SE STARK ST
503-477-9523



8345 SW BARBUR BLVD
503-477-6628



3620 SE 35TH PL
503-239-1004



33 NW 2ND ST
503-243-4646



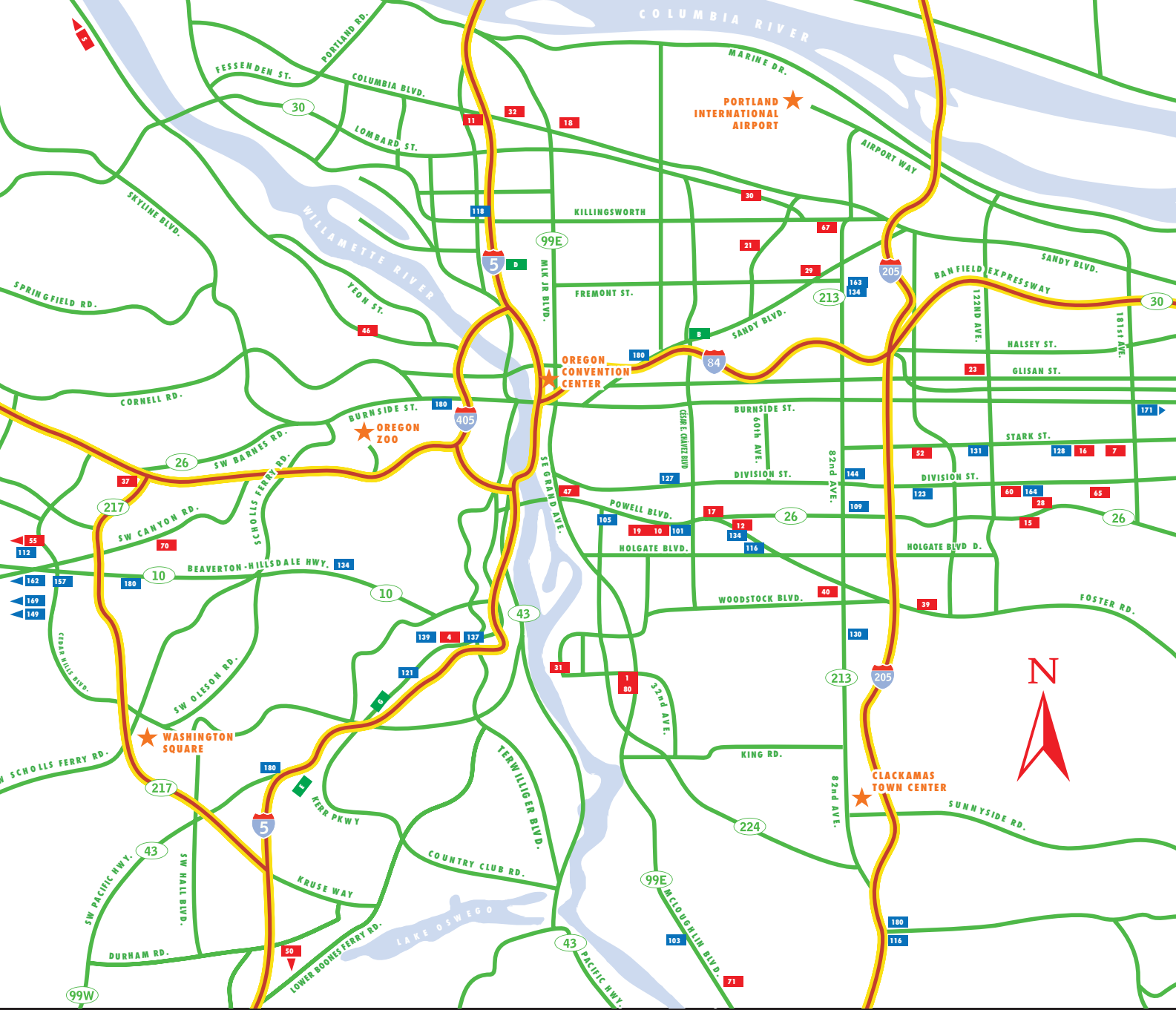
BRIDGEPORT - 17939 SW MCEWAN RD
503-726-2403



10205 SW PARK WAY
503-297-8466



10140 SW CANYON RD
503-430-5364



DOWNTOWN PORTLAND



OREGON ALBANY

ADULT SHOP

3404 Spicer Dr SE / (541) 812-2522
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

ASTORIA

ANNIE'S SALOON

2897 Marine Dr / (503) 325-2746
Full Bar, 1 Stage
Tue-Sat 5pm-2:30am

BEND

IMAGINE THAT

197 NE Third St / (541) 312-8100
Videos, Mags, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
24 Hours / 7 Days

STARS CABARET

197 NE 3rd St / (541) 388-4081
Full Bar, Full Menu, Beautiful Dancers
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

COOS BAY

BACHELOR'S INN

63721 Edwards Rd / (541) 266-8827
1 Stage, Full Bar, Full Menu
Mon-Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

CORVALLIS

ADULT SHOP

2315 9th St NW / (541) 754-7039
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

EUGENE

ADULT SHOP

90 Holeman Aly / (541) 688-5411
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

ADULT SHOP

720 Garfield St / (541) 345-2873
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-2am

ADULT SHOP

86784 Franklin Blvd / (541) 636-3203
Videos, Magazines, Books, Arcade, Novelties,
Lingerie
8am-12am / 7 Days

B&B DISTRIBUTORS

710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room
24 Hours / 7 Days

CASTLE MEGASTORE

3570 W 11th Ave / (541) 988-9226
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

THE NILE

1030 Highway 99 N / (541) 688-1869
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers
Mon-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 3pm-12am

SILVER DOLLAR CLUB

2620 W 10th Pl / (541) 485-2303
Full Bar, Food, 3 Stages
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

GERVAIS

LAST CHANCE SALOON

7650 Checkerboard Ct / (503) 792-5100
Full Bar, Lottery, 1 Stage
12pm-2:30am / 7 Days

KLAMATH FALLS

THE ALIBI

5711 S 6th St / (541) 882-0145
1 Stage, Private Dances, Full Bar, Lottery
3pm-2:30am / 7 Days

LINCOLN CITY

IMAGINE THAT

2159 NW Highway 101, Ste C / (541) 996-6600
(Downstairs When Entering From Highway 101)
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
Sun-Thu 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

MEDFORD

ADULT LAND

2755 S Pacific Hwy / (541) 770-5493
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie
Mon-Fri 9am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm

ADULT SHOP

261 Barnett Rd / (541) 772-5220
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

CASTLE MEGASTORE

1601 N Riverside Ave / (541) 608-9540
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

NEWPORT

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

611 SW Coast Highway / (541) 574-6969
Videos, Magazines, Multi-Channel Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

OAKLAND

ADULT SHOP

726 John Long Rd / (541) 849-3344
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
Sun-Thu 8am-12am, Fri-Sat 24 Hours

ROSEBURG

FILLED WITH FUN

2498 Old Highway 99E S / (541) 957-3741
Novelties, Videos, Arcade, Toys, Magazines
Mon-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri 10am-12am,
Sat 11am-12am, Sun 12pm-9pm

SALEM

ADAM & EVE

4635 Commercial St SE / (503) 763-6020
Lingerie, Clothing, Books, Gifts, Novelties
Mon-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-11pm,
Sun 12pm-6pm

ADULT SHOP

155 Lancaster Dr SE / (503) 585-8288
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

ADULT SHOP

2410 Mission St SE / (503) 763-3556
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

ADULT SHOP

3113 River Rd N / (503) 390-4371
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
10am-12am / 7 Days

BOB'S ADULT BOOKS

3815 State St / (503) 363-3846
Adult Books, Videos, Arcade & Mini-Theater
9am-2am / 7 Days

CHEETAHS KKK CABARET

3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 316-6969
18+ Juice Bar, Full Menu
Tue-Thu 7pm-4am, Fri-Sat 6pm-5am,
Sun 7pm-2am

DIZZY'S SMOKE SHOP

1051 Commercial St SE / (503) 585-0050
Mon-Fri 12pm-8pm, Sat-Sun 12pm-5pm
4823 Commercial St SE / (503) 385-1564
Mon-Fri 10am-9pm, Sat-Sun 10am-6pm

THE FIREHOUSE CABARET

5782 Portland Rd NE / (503) 393-4782
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

3473 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 370-7080
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

STARS CABARET

1550 Weston Ct NE / (503) 370-8063
Full Bar, Full Menu, Sports Room, 4 Stages
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

SUGAR SHACK GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

3803 Commercial St SE / (503) 371-1565
Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole
11:30am-2am / 7 Days

VIXENS

3815 State St / (971) 304-7082
Lingerie Modeling
24 Hours / 7 Days

SPRINGFIELD

BOBBY'S VIP ROOM

1195 Main St / (541) 844-1019
Full Bar, Full Menu, 4 Stages
Sun-Thu 7pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

BRICK HOUSE

136 4th St / (541) 988-1612
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers, 1 Stage, 2 Cages
11am-2:30am / 7 Days

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

1166 South A St / (541) 726-6969
Videos, Mags, Clothes, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

THE MANCAVE

1444 Main St / (541) 515-6656
Full Bar, Full Menu, 1 Stage
Mon-Fri 12pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2:30am

THE DALLES

ADULT SHOP

3506 W 6th St / (541) 298-1874
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-2am

UMATILLA

RIVERSIDE SPORTS BAR AND LOUNGE

1501-6th St / (541) 922-4112
2 Stages, Full Bar, Lottery, Full Menu,
Closed Mon, Tue-Thu 4pm-2:30am,
Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat-Sun 12pm-2:30am
Adult Entertainment: 6pm-2am

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN

THE FANTASY SHOP

213 E Wiskah St / (360) 532-8078
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
Mon-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-8pm
Videos, Magazines, Books

BREMERTON

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

338 N Callow Ave / (360) 373-0551
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

TURF NEWS

321 N Callow Ave / (360) 479-0111
Videos, Magazines, Books
Mon-Sat 11am-1am, Sun 11am-12am

DES MOINES

AIRPORT VIDEO 2

21635 Pacific Highway S / (206) 878-7780
Theater, Arcade, Video Peep Shows, Movies,
Novelties & Toys
10am-2am / 7 Days

EVERETT

AIRPORT VIDEO 1

11732 Airport Rd / (425) 290-7555
Theater, Arcade, Videos, Magazines, Novelties
24 Hours / 7 Days

KENNEWICK

CASTLE MEGASTORE

522 N Columbia Center Blvd / (509) 374-8276
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

KENT

THE FANTASY SHOP

604 Central Ave S / (253) 850-8428
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
Mon-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-8pm

LAKESWOOD

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

3922 100th St SW / (253) 582-3329
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

LIBERTY BOOK STORE

3710 100th St SW / (253) 581-0362
Videos, Magazines, Books, Arcade
Sun-Thu 8am-12am, Fri-Sat 8am-1am

LYNNWOOD

DEANNA'S VIDEO

15329 Highway 99 / (425) 742-7747
Videos, Magazines, Arcade, Novelties, Toys
9am-1am / 7 Days

LOVERS LAIR

4001 198th St SW #7 / (425) 775-4502
DVDs, Novelties, Lingerie, Unique BDSM
Supplies
Mon-Sat 10am-10pm, Sun 12pm-6pm

PASCO

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

3724 N Rainier Ave / (509) 547-5341
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 10am-10pm

RENTON

CLUB SINROCK

208 SW 16th St / (425) 255-3110
18+ Gentlemen's Club, 1 Stage, ATM
Mon-Fri 2pm-2am, Sat-Sun 6pm-2am

SEATTLE

DANCING BARE

10338 Aurora Ave N / (206) 523-1227
18+, 1 Stage, VIP Area, ATM, DVDs, Toys, Novelties
11am-2:30am / 7 Days

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE

12706 Lake City Way NE / (206) 363-0056
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie, Theater
24 Hours / 7 Days

SANDS SHOWGIRLS

7509 15th Ave NW / (206) 782-1225
18+ Gentlemen's Club (No Cover), Pool, ATM
12pm-2:30am / 7 Days

TABOO VIDEO

9813 16th Ave SW / (206) 767-4855
DVDs, Novelties, Arcade, Theater, Best Prices
8am-12am / 7 Days

VIDEO VIDEOS

10326 Lake City Way NE / (206) 523-5973
DVDs, Magazines, Books, Toys, Novelties,
Theater
10am-3am / 7 Days

SHORELINE

RONNA'S VIDEO

19540 Aurora Ave N / (206) 542-1044
Videos, Magazine, Arcade, Novelties, Toys
Open Sun-Thu 9am-12am, Fri-Sat 9am-1am

SILVERDALE

CASTLE MEGASTORE

2789 NW Randall Way / (360) 308-0779
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

SPOKANE

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE

3813 N Division St / (509) 324-8961
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie
Mon-Thu 9am-12am, Fri-Sat 9am-2am
& Sun 12pm-10pm

SPOKANE VALLEY

CASTLE MEGASTORE

11324 E Sprague Ave / (509) 893-1180
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE

9611 E Sprague Ave / (509) 928-9499
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie, Theater
24 Hours / 7 Days

TACOMA

CASTLE MEGASTORE

6015 Tacoma Mall Blvd / (253) 471-0391
Essentials For Lovers
10am-1am / 7 Days

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

5440 South Tacoma Way / (253) 474-9871
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm


**ALWAYS HIRING
FUN GIRLS!**



LOVE RANCH



Tiara Tae

 @TiaraTaeBunny
TiaraTae@Bunnyranch.com

1-888-BUNNYRANCH
Housing Provided | Open Schedules
dennis@bunnyranch.com
madamsuzette@bunnyranch.com

ALL THE WONDERFUL PLACES YOU THE EXPOSURE YOU GET PAID IN

If you're an artist—especially a musician—you're more than familiar with the concept of being paid in exposure. How often have you entitled little shits heard the phrase, "We can't pay you cash, but this gig will get you lots of exposure!" Lots, I assume. And, I assure your lazy, millennial asses will scoff at this genuine offer as a devaluing of your art and a disrespect for your snowflake selves. But, swallow your pride for just a minute, you ungrateful bastards! While you twiddle your thumbs trying to find something to do this summer with all your free time (since you refuse to get a real job), I give you several places where you can spend all that EXPOSURE you so obnoxiously complain about receiving as payment...

THE BAR

This one applies mostly to musicians. These whiny little turds, who demand some kind of cash payment for the show they played, don't realize the real value of that exposure they were paid in, for their "hard" work. You silly geese, this is the bar's way of telling you to drink for free. Never mind those two generous drink tickets you were offered, but all that exposure you were also paid in, can be cashed in at the bar for beverages. Yes, that's right! You see, the reason the bar didn't pay you, is because money is tight and we 99%ers gotta help each other out on a barter system. They can't pay you in cash money dollars, but they can give you exposure, which you can then go straight back to the bar and turn in for a few PBRs and tequila shots. Order a round for your friends, as well! Make sure to tip your bartender as well, with some of that leftover exposure, to keep the cycle going. You see, by paying you in exposure, this watering hole is just trying to subvert conventional, conformist tender. It's like Bitcoin, but more punk rock! And, by putting it back in the bar's hands, in exchange for getting drunk—something of equal-or-less value, than being entertained by live music—you are helping create a new monetary system. Take that, capitalism!

BITCOIN

I mean, while we're at it, yeah...invest in Bitcoin. Why not? Trade one imaginary currency

for another (*cough*)...sorry, "alternative" currency for another. Since it is an observable fact that—at least in Portland—some bars do indeed accept Bitcoin as payment (and, most definitely pay artists in exposure), that Bitcoin can, through some complex math equation, be exchanged for Bitcoin (and vice versa). And, you say exposure is valueless? Petty, spoiled artist! Continue to subvert capitalism by bringing your wallet full of exposure to the Bitcoin kiosk and putting it into the digital cloud-ether-interwebs thing. Then, that exposure you so disrespectfully question the



value of will be turned into something that everyone values without question, for some reason. Plus, I hear it's an excellent way to buy illicit substances through email and I know you musicianfolk are big fans of said things. Everyone wins!

THE GROCERY STORE

As a struggling artist, you probably think you need a day job of sorts, in order to afford basic necessities like, you know, food. While you gripe about not being financially compensated enough for the craft that you literally spent your entire life working on, you are not appreciating the subtle currency of the exposure you are paid in for your work. Don't

believe me? Go to the grocery store. I assure you, they will gladly take that exposure for their foodstuffs. No need to apply for food stamps, which you could easily qualify for, with your measly, minimum-wage job. So much red tape is involved, and who wants actual free money from the government, to buy food. Nay, I say. You have a bounty of exposure instead, to spend at your local grocer. And, you say that you can't support yourself with your art. For shame, entitled plebeian! That exposure will buy you just as much mac and cheese and boxed wine as the dead presidents you'd earn doing literally anything else.

THE LANDLORD

Quit being so stingy with the exposure you've accumulated over the years of playing shows, donating your art to cafes, acting in short independent films, writing freelance, drawing freelance and doing art for free. Do you not see, that all that work you did was paid for and you have been hoarding it like one of those sad fellows on reality TV that you watch to make you feel better about yourself? Anyway, that exposure should be treated like cash! Or, at least a gift card. And, your landlord will gladly accept payment for your shitty apartment with such currency. You see, the reason your landlord is renting to your broke ass in the first place, is because they bought the property you wallow in, as an investment. And, as we all know, the best way to invest is to diversify. Explain this to your landlord: your payment of their rent is to diversify not only their income, but their currency, as well. They'll be delighted at their tenant's newfound financial maturity.

ART SUPPLIES AND SPACES

This covers a vast array of items including pens, paints, paper, canvases, musical instruments, laptops and even studios. Although people who pay you in exposure seem to think you just show up and work out your inner demons for attention—at little cost to yourself—you are all the wiser. These tools of the trade are indeed expensive. Your average rehearsal space is about the size of a *Harry Potter* closet and will run you about \$400 a month. If your bandmates don't pitch in, that

YOU CAN SPEND

can be quite the bank-breaker. Ideally, this space and all your expensive musical or artistic equipment would eventually be paid for, by the money received for your services rendered. They are, you fool! Exposure, remember??? Why spend your hard-earned money at the salt mines (or wherever you work) to support your art habit and pay double rent, just to have a place to play your electric ukulele, when you can take all that exposure you've earned and put it towards your space or buy another, newer electric ukulele? You see??? Your art *does* pay for itself! Since there is monetary value in these tools and spaces to make the art, the art that is produced must also yield monetary value—just in the form of exposure. It's the only thing that mathematically makes sense, and the person who rents your studio will surely agree. Don't go into credit card debt, just to buy a laptop so you can edit those little comedy videos you hope to get YouTube-famous with. I'm sure the Apple store will gladly sell you a laptop for exposure! You are breaking even with your creative endeavors. Save those tips for your drug habit, or whatever it is you do with your free time. And, on that note...

DRUGS!

Since the hard-working, illicit substance peddlers of the city you live in don't like receipts or electronic proof of their transactions, they are always more than happy to do business with untraceable currency. I ask you, what currency is more untraceable than that vague, incorporeal exposure that these modern patrons apparently have in abundance to give? Even though that splendid cannabis plant all the kids are raging about is indeed legal in some states, you are still mostly unable to use adult money (credit and debit cards) to purchase it. Until such necessary legislation is made to legalize not just cannabis, but all illicit substances (it would be fantastic to bring back opium dens), you lowly, artist types usually resort to cash to partake. Realize that you have options. We all know you can purchase black tar heroin over the internet with Bitcoin and exchange a sexual favor or two for some crack cocaine. Why not use all that exposure you've been holding onto so greedily, for so long? I see no issues whatsoever, with proposing to your local

provider a new arrangement. If they question your completely reasonable proposal, suggest to them all the wonderful ways I've mentioned above, where they can spend this exposure. I'm sure the interaction will go smoothly. Try it!

THE BANK

Fine, I get it—you want cold, hard cash for your efforts. Simple-minded proles such as yourself are still too attached to paper currency—blind to the fact that the only worthwhile place to invest your money is gold, precious stones and real estate in Portland in the early nineties. But, if you insist on turning your exposure into something that you can see and touch, like some common beast, then simply go to the bank! That exposure has value—or so says your benefactor—so, trade it in for your coveted greenbacks at the bank. I will say you are making a mistake, as cash only decreases in value with inflation. That exposure, with its vague, intangible nature, can be whatever value you say it has. Just ask the person who you gave it to. A much better place to store worth, if you ask me. But, it's your money and the bank will surely exchange it for peasant coins.

YOUR LOCAL STRIP CLUB

As artists themselves, the lovely dancers at your local club will be more than happy to take your hard-earned exposure for exposing themselves for you. I'm sure the door guy will, without question, accept exposure for the cover charge, if there happens to be one on a weekend or something. We've al-

ready talked about how the bar will definitely accept exposure for beverages—just make sure you throw some extra exposure on top for the tip, since they're working so hard. As for the dancers, do be a gentleman and generously shower them in exposure—they'll love it! Cash is so dirty, anyway—literally one of the filthiest things we handle on a day-to-day basis. Exchanging hands several times a day—disgusting! While you are tipping your lovely dancer for exposure, try to explain to her the benefits of receiving this wonderful thing for your craft, with all the examples I listed above. When she counters with some uneducated argument (like how she can't pay her phone bill with exposure), retort with the fact that she can and add it to the list I've provided above! If she decides to be difficult and call the bouncers over to remove you from the premises...well, then give them the same sales pitch I gave you. Throw them a little extra exposure for their troubles. Guaranteed, they'll understand completely and allow you to continue sitting at the rack throwing imaginary (*cough*), excuse me, "alternative" currency at the dancers. Go ahead! Try it! You'll have an absolutely delightful evening! Tell them all Blazer says, "hi!"

So, there you have it. Next time you are offered exposure instead of actual money for your craft, refer back to this comprehensive list and stop being such an ungrateful, entitled millennial. It's not that capitalism doesn't value art—it's that you don't value exposure. For shame, peasant! And, you're welcome for this helpful and enlightening list. Now, stop complaining and get back to the salt mine!



Nominated best small strip club in the West!

...AT THE 2018 EXOTIC DANCER AWARDS SHOW!



*featuring
Salem*



COMING IN AUGUST - 12TH ANNUAL BIKINI CAR & DOG WASH BENEFIT!

DEVILS POINT

5305 SE FOSTER RD | (503) 774-4513 | OPEN 11AM TO 2:30AM DAILY

NOW HIRING TALENTED, SEXY ENTERTAINERS • GO TO DEVILSPOINTBAR.COM TO SCHEDULE AN AUDITION TODAY

FOR EVENTS AND DANCERS' SCHEDULES, CHECK US OUT @ [FACEBOOK.COM/DEVILSPOINT](https://www.facebook.com/devilspoint) • [#DEVILSPOINTPDX](https://twitter.com/devilspointpdx) • [@DEVILSPOINTPDX](https://www.instagram.com/devilspointpdx)

LUCKY DEVIL

Lounge

Featuring
Gabriela



GORGEOUS FULLY NUDE DANCERS
HEATED & COVERED SMOKING PATIO
EXTENDED PRIVATE DANCE AREA

633 SE POWELL BLVD • (503) 206-7350 • OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY
NOW HIRING TALENTED ENTERTAINERS 21 AND OVER • EMAIL PICS AND AVAILABILITY TO SHIFTS@DANCERBOOKING.COM
WWW.LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE.COM | WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE



DJPUSSYFOOT



#POLELANDIA

THU 7/12 MYSTIC

FRI 7/20 ROSE CITY STRIP

POLELANDIA



MIKE BRASS'S
**The MAIN
Attraction**



**GUILTY
PLEASURES**
GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

**ROSE CITY
STRIP**

STARS
cabaret
SALEM

DANTE'S

DESIRE

**HYP
PHOTO**

FRI 7/13 CLUB SINROCK SAT 7/14 GUILTY PLEASURES WED 7/18 THE MAIN ATTRACTION
FRI 7/21 STARS CABARET (SALEM) THU 7/26 CLUB SINROCK FRI 7/27 DESIRE SAT 7/28 DANTE'S



VIDA creative **FSO**  **exotic** **T★ZONE** **Villain** **TABOO**

TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH

BY DJ HAZMATT



USING YOUR STRIP CLUB DJ SKILL SET OUTSIDE OF THE CLUB

It's been years since I've had a consistent, resident gig as a strip club DJ, although I still fill in at the finer clubs (such as Acropolis) now and then. But, that doesn't mean I've stopped DJing entirely—rather, I have found places outside of the strip clubs, that best utilize the tactics and knowledge I've picked up over the years working in professional dance studios for the naked and agile. You may not know it, but if you're a strip club DJ, you're already set up to work elsewhere during the slow seasons. For instance...

Weddings

Your job, as a wedding DJ, is to use music and ambience to convince a room full of strangers that the woman being auctioned off is worth the thousands of dollars in cash and prizes that people are expected to pay, just to watch her walk down a carpet, before doing some sort of naughty, adult-inspired activity with a man she barely knows. How is this any different than a Saturday night at the strip club? Add to this, creepy songs with undertones of fatherhood, drunk girls in similar outfits starting fights, having to ask whether or not the buffet food is free...these are things that any experienced strip club DJ already has down to a science. Plus, you're already trained to keep the microphone away from drunk uncles who want to address the rest of the room, you're totally prepared for a piece of random legging to be thrown into the crowd, and last (but not least), you know how to sneak a hit of weed or two, without getting caught.

Further similarities between the pole and the aisle include the fact that you will be given a Spotify playlist in advance, which will no doubt deteriorate to '90s rap and Journey by the stroke of midnight, you may or may not have to ask if the guy grinding on the girl-of-the-hour is a relative or a stranger, there will likely be free alcohol given to you, but you damn well better not go home with the girl who gave it to you (because she's dating the buff biker guy by the entrance), old people disappear by dark and at least one person is visibly not done with last weekend's bachelor party. As a rule of thumb,

I charge for a wedding whatever I would make as a strip club DJ for a weekend—with the same discounts applied for situations that involve free steak and wine.

Karaoke Bars

These places are the armpit of any mid-sized town—perfect for a sleazy and/or alcoholic strip club DJ to take over. I put an emphasis on the lower-tier status of "karaoke DJ," because, well, it *is* lower-tier. By default, there can be no such thing as a good karaoke DJ. If the person running sound behind an outdated folder of Sublime and Puddle Of Mudd "hits" is good at singing, why aren't they doing something more respectable, like fronting a cover band? If the KJ is bad at singing, then expect to hear them do a song in between each customer. However, as a strip club DJ, you can use your established riffing and hosting skills to avoid having to sing, altogether. I ran a karaoke night for years, which was a lucrative experience, until I got fired for our *Guess Which Stripper Is Pregnant* contest (I chalk this up to the fact that the winning choice was eight months into pregnancy, thus making the contest far too easy to win). The point here, is that if you find other things to entertain your crowd with, besides your off-key rendition of "Simple Man," you can make a good dollar running a karaoke night.

The other aspect of karaoke, that strip club DJs have down, is kissing the asses of semi-entitled, intoxicated females for measly tips. Now, let me be clear—75% of the dancers I work with are genuine, honest, humble-while-off-stage women who tip well and take care of their DJ. That other quarter, though, is part of the same crowd that hits a strip mall bar on a Thursday night, for a few rounds of Britney Spears-'n'-Shrill. Like the lesser-desirable variety of pole dancer, karaoke girls tend to be equally demanding about things, such as song ownership ("Do *not* let that other bitch do Rihanna while I'm here!"), poor attempts at flirting ("Heyyy...I tipped last time, but you're cute... can you sign me up early?") and the occasional holy-shit-she's-actually-talented performance

("Can I get 'Bobby McGee' for my first song?").

Radio

Although technically dead, radio is still around to those who refuse to let it rot. Specifically, community radio, online podcasting and satellite stations. Ironically, this is also where many strip club DJs (including myself) got our start. The ability to "saythingsreallyfastandthen-PAUSE" is a skill that, if not honed, results in what I like to call "speaker vomit," which is when the strip club DJ is unintelligible, over-FX'd or otherwise hard to hear. Radio not only requires that a lot is said—often in a short window of time—but in addition, it's often the same announcements, rotated over and over again, with slight deviation here and there. "Come to our booth at the state fair and meet the hosts of *Chad & Chad In The Morning*, donate to our sponsors, jet fuel can't melt steel beams..." and so on. Swap out "tips and tips alone" for "traffic and weather on the hour," and you've got yourself a radio disc jockey.

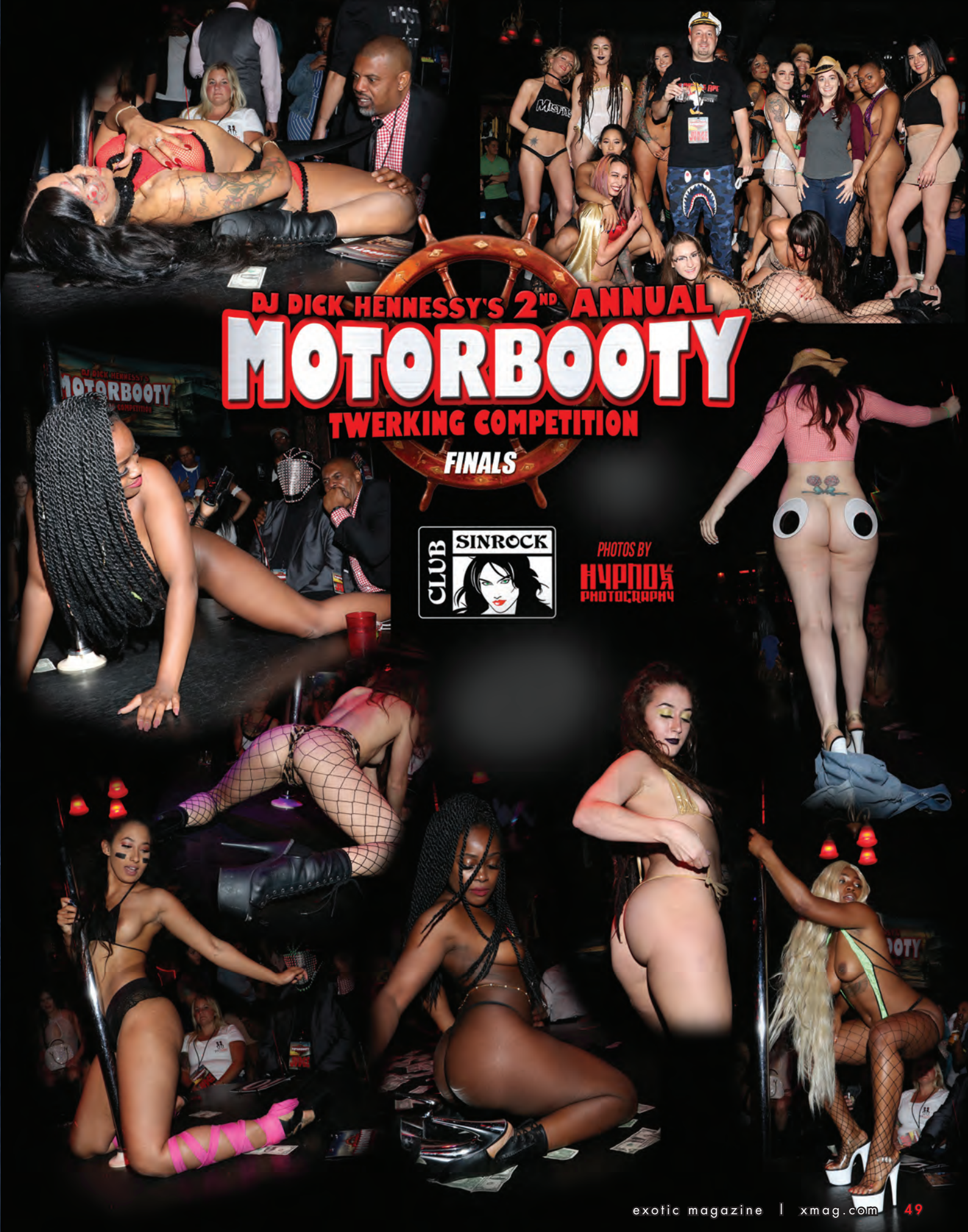
Further, let's say that your stint at KLOL or whatever doesn't work out. Well, in that case, you can jump down the rabbit hole of conspiracy theories, alt-right memes, left-wing radicalism, tormented documentaries about The Deep Web and whatever else is sitting in your C:/My Documents folder, to create your own, batshit crazy podcast. I don't know a single strip club DJ that's not sitting on at least a dozen gigs of content that would give Alex Jones a boner. For instance, I'm currently obsessed with cryptocurrencies, theories surrounding the demise of western culture, old episodes of Sponge Bob, the Ugandan Knuckles meme and softcore amputee porn. Tell me this jambalaya of greatness wouldn't make for a good talk radio show. Speaking of which, former strip club DJ Mike "Doughboy" and I are starting a podcast, called *Unintended Consequences*. If that's not ironic enough for Portland, what is?

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 2ND ANNUAL
MOTORBOOTY
TWERKING COMPETITION
FINALS



PHOTOS BY
ИЧРОК
PHOTOGRAPHY



GRIND™

Gentlemen's Club

**NOW
OPEN**

**HAPPY HOUR DAILY
NEWLY EXPANDED MENU**

*Expanded Hours
Coming Soon!*

**AUDITIONING DANCERS 21+
CONTACT (503) 387-0243**

**NOW FEATURING
OREGON
LOTTERY!**

 @GrindPDX

 GrindPDX

www.GrindClubPDX.com

*Marla
&
Chavelle*



15826 SE DIVISION ST · PORTLAND, OR 97236 · (503) 206-4851 · OPEN 4PM-2AM DAILY



www.MyDv8.com

HAPPY HOUR
4PM-7PM DAILY

•
INDUSTRY NIGHT
SUNDAY-THURSDAY
MIDNIGHT TO CLOSE

•
HAND-CUT ANGUS
STEAK DINNER

NOW OPEN!



NORTH PORTLAND'S HOTTEST NEW CLUB!

535 NE COLUMBIA BLVD
PORTLAND, OR 97211

FOR AUDITIONS, TEXT (971) 258-6071

Azailia



OPEN EVERY DAY 2PM-2:15AM
5021 SE POWELL BLVD • (503) 788-7178

FOR BOOKING, CALL DEVIN (503) 347-3267



MyaLove

**CLASSY & PROFESSIONAL
UPSCALE
EXPERIENCE**

**(971)
703
0819**

OUTCALLS TO
PORTLAND • VANCOUVER
SALEM • CORVALLIS • EUGENE



**Sylvia's
PlayHouse**

**OPEN
24/7**

ATM

**Upscale, Private
Adult Fun!**

BODY RUBS

TOYS *Kendall*

DOMINATION

BONDAGE

**SENSUAL
STRIPTease**

COUPLES

2-GIRL

Best Fetish & Toy Shows In Town!

www.PlayHousePortland.com

8226 NE FREMONT ST • 503-568-4090

DANCERS & LINGERIE MODELS!



**www.
exotic
CAMS.COM**

**WORK FROM THE COMFORT OF YOUR HOME!
TOTALLY NEW CAM SITE CONCEPT, WITH MORE TRAFFIC
THAN THE OLD "PRIVATE SHOW" SITES!
TRY IT NOW! IT'S FREE!**

WWW.EXOTICCAMS.COM



**BLACK
DIAMOND**

RECORDING STUDIOS

BlackDiamondStudios.net | Info@BlackDiamondStudios.net

(503) 477-6523

Radio Ads - Beat Creation - Sound Design - Mixing - Composition

To Advertise, Call/Text (503) 241-4317 · To Advertise, Call/Text (503) 241-4317 · To Advertise, Call/Text (503) 241-4317

Stripped IN PORN LAND

FLASH FICTION INSPIRED BY REAL AND RUMORED EVENTS IN THE PORTLAND STRIP CLUB INDUSTRY

By Jaime Dunkle

Hot pink curls frame Tigre's pockmarked face and match her Julia Roberts lips. She unties the top of her flame dress and folds it over her midriff. Not because she's overweight—if anything, she's underweight—but, to hide the child-bearing stretch marks.

She can't wear her perpetual grin when a crusty custy poses 20 questions about the kid she may or may not have custody of at the moment, so she avoids the whole depressing ordeal and just covers her damn belly.

"Talk about my actual life with these freaks? No fucking way, so I hide it," she once told me, when I had the gumption to inquire.

Her second song is almost over. I'm up after her, so I sit nearby and convince a dude to sit with me at her rack; it's a favor we vowed to do for each other when we first met last week. It's how we became friends—a rare thing among strippers, in my experience.

The middle-aged guy I've dragged to the rack doesn't talk much, which makes it so I don't feel like throwing up in his face or poking his eyes out. I'm grateful for the small victory. He sits, tips and smiles. He's a dream client, if there ever was one. I wish more of these guys would just shut up, observe and shell out money—without the small talk and flirting. But, I'm a professional and keep my thoughts to myself. I give great customer service with an ass shake and a smile—not like Tigre's smile, though. Her lips stretch from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Her teeth mock the Milky Way. Her smile lures in regular after regular, table dance after table dance. That smile deserves an Oscar for hustling.

The stage fountains gush all over her centerfold-quality breasts and sprays her face. She whips her hair around and splashes Mr. Middle Age. He loves it. She almost puts her nipple in his mouth and moves back, just as he blushes. She bops his nose with her finger and struts back to the water. She arches her back, tilts her head and straddles the stream as it dies down.

Her set's done, so I meet her to switch. I offer my hand, as she descends the aqua stage in the center of the club. Her hair drips wet, but her makeup stays intact. She thanks me in a deep voice. She sits with Mr. Middle Age, while I dance. Rinse. Repeat. My set ends.



Tigre and I laugh back to the dressing room—counting the soaked dollars we just earned. She lights a joint as soon as we walk through the door. She passes it to me.

"Aren't you worried the bouncer will catch us and eighty-six us?"

"Not really," she says, still holding the joint toward me.

"Fuck it," I say, and puff hard.

The bouncer flails open the door. I gulp in the weed smoke to hold it. He intimidates me in suit and tie—unusual strip club security attire, at least in the places I've worked. I practically swallow the hit.

"Tigre Marie, I told you a hundred times: no smoking weed inside!"

"Dad, I don't want to put on more clothes to go smoke outside. Can't you just act like you didn't notice?"

"To get us both fired? I don't think so, little girl."

My throat and upper bronchi singe a little, but I draw in the smoke even deeper. The room blackens, as I squeeze in more air to keep the smoke inside. I teleport to all the times parents caught me and my friends smoking weed as teenagers.

"Put. It. Out. Now," he says, then slams the door. I flinch. He moves in closer. She listens and puts it out while mumbling obscenities at her dad.

"I heard that. No more weed indoors. Period," he says.

"What's the magic word?" Tigre says, with that hypnotic smile.

"Please. Now, cut it out," he says, then leaves.

I finally exhale. Face blue. Lips numb. Ears ringing.

Tigre relights the resin-ated joint. It browns the middle of her puckered lips. The resin goo oozes, as she passes the J my way. I wipe off the end and suck. She lights incense.

"Wait a minute, dude. Did you just call him *Dad*?" I ask.

"Yeah. That's my dad. What a dick. We've worked together here for about two years. It's a nightmare."

I keep quiet. A million questions zoom through my stoned brain, but I don't have the nerve to ask any of them. I take another hit of the joint and pass it back. We finish it in silence.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. Stripped is her forthcoming book, which is currently in search of a publisher. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://twitter.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.



THE FireHouse CABARET

EST. 2001

5782 PORTLAND RD NE
SALEM, OREGON
FIREHOUSESALEM.COM

FEATURING
GYPSY

PORTLAND
& SALEM'S
HOTTEST
DANCERS

THE SUNSET STRIP

EXIT 69



10205 SW PARK WAY • PORTLAND 97225
WWW.SUNSETSTRIPPDX.COM



Local Comedian Saddened, Terrified By Biggest Fan



Brooklyn, NY

Shaken to his very core, aspiring local comic, Stev Naples, was left to pontificate his life's decisions, after a chance encounter with a mentally unstable man in his mid-30s, who claimed to be his strongest supporter.

Naples first jokingly lamented to himself that his biggest fan was not an attractive young woman, but quickly grew more concerned by the person's erratic nature and sadly vulgar attempts at humor. Once the gentleman (whose name has been forgotten—presumably from shock) mentioned his recent jail time and presented an offer to do narcotics in the parking lot, it became very clear that Stev should run the opposite way—both literally and career-wise.

"You never expect that it will happen to you," stated Naples. "I had just gotten off stage, feeling really good about myself and my set, then,

bam! There he was, shaking from withdrawal symptoms in a *Family Guy* shirt, three sizes too big. I wanted to help him, but I couldn't stop thinking about my jokes. Are they really that crude and thoughtless? Was I responsible for this? Am I a hack? I'm honestly so freaked out, I may just go back to school."

Colleagues of Naples (who did not wish to be named) speculated that the "number-one fan" was probably just an undercover cop. They also went on to say that Naples has "a bit of an overinflated ego with no real fan base," but were quick to point out that they are not jealous and support Stev, with love, in everything that he does.



Despicable! ISIS Read Your Diary

That's right. They finally went ahead and did it. They went too far. ISIS snuck into your room when you were at school, found your secret hiding spot and read every last detail of your diary, savoring the juicy bits to use against you at a later date. Disgusting. They know about your crush on Mark. They know you think your mother is a "stupid bitch." Yes, they know exactly where you were, the moment you got your period. They know you're really a virgin and that you lie about it, to look cool. They know why you refuse to shower after P.E. Totally unfair and uncool! Who will stop this madness???

This terrorist organization is devastating lives every day, and now they are hitting us where it hurts—on our own territory, right next to your locket of Mark's hair. That's right. They now know about that, too. Even if you hide it in a new spot, there is no guarantee that they won't come back and read it again. And, if they don't return, your personal space will still have been violated. It will feel difficult to trust anyone for a while. I bet your mother even let them in.

Wow. What kind of ruthless, heartless group recruits innocent Americans like your own mother—bitch as she may be—to help bring

you down? Floored. We hope you recover. Share with someone you know, that has been hurt by domestic terrorism.



Courageous! This White Man Admitted He Can Be Racist, Despite Black Friend

We've all heard it. You catch a friend or co-worker in the middle of telling an inappropriate joke and suddenly, it takes a turn for the worse. They say something they shouldn't have and you have to be the adult, telling them what they said might have been considered a little bit racist. They get defensive and tell you that's not the case, because they have a "black friend." It's a terrible cop-out, and embarrassing for everyone involved. One man believes this kind of casual bigotry has gone on for far too long and he is taking a stand! Joel Tiederman will be the first to tell you—he has a black friend and he is fully capable of being racist.

"It's not like I do it consciously or spitefully, but yeah, I guess at times I have an immature sense of humor and I'll make a dumb joke in my head or accidentally drop an N-bomb while listening to Redman. I think things will get better over time, as we become more aware of our actions affecting others. But, for now, yeah, I'm sorry. I can totally be racist at times. It sucks. I'm ashamed of it, but you just have to accept it and move on. My black buddy, Roger, would agree with me. See? Right there. I should have just called him my buddy. My fault."

Wow! What bravery! Way to go, Joel! Such a great step in the right direction. If more people were able to admit when they are wrong and cop to their ingrained racism, the world would be a better place. Thank you, Joel Tiederman! You give us hope for a more tolerant tomorrow. Share if you know someone who needs a wake up call!

Visit Xmag.com or our Facebook page ([Facebook.com/XoticMag](https://www.facebook.com/XoticMag)) to share this clickbait!

THE **ULTIMATE** EXPERIENCE

CLUB SINROCK



Megan



Finals!
D.J. DICH HENNESSY'S 2018
PAGINA
BEAUTY PAGEANT
THU, JULY 26 @ 9PM



12035 NE GLISAN ST, PORTLAND • 503. 889. 0332

OPEN 2PM - 2:30AM MONDAY thru SUNDAY

AUDITION HOTLINE: *text/call* 360. 335. 7721 • follow us on: like us:

THE
VAULT
LOUNGE

YOUR PRIVATE PARTY ROOM

THE GOLD CLUB™

WORLD FAMOUS GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS

NOW HIRING
BARTENDERS, MANAGERS,
DJS AND SECURITY

NEW FOOD MENU

DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS

LARGE OUTDOOR PATIO AREA

6 OREGON LOTTERY MACHINES

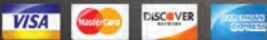
HAPPY HOUR 'TIL 7PM

BILLIARDS

FREE WI-FI

Joy

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED



17180 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD / MILWAUKIE, OR 97267 / (503) 908-1177

OPEN MON-SAT 11:30AM-2AM & SUN 4PM-LAST CALL • WWW.PDXGOLD.CLUB   

AUDITIONING DANCERS 18 AND UP • FOR BOOKING, TEXT (971) 804-9196



DREAM ON SALOON

COUNTRY, ROCK & TOP 40 STRIP BAR

ENTERTAINERS

- LOW FEE
- NO MANDATORY TIP OUTS
- 21+ DANCERS ONLY
- NO JUKEBOX FEES
- FOR SUCCESSFUL NEW AUDITIONS
NO STAGE FEE FOR FIRST SHIFT
- AUDITIONS BY APPOINTMENT
- ENTERTAINERS TEXT (503) 482-4000

NOW BOOKING

NUDE FEATURE ENTERTAINER ACTS

TO APPLY, EMAIL INFO@DREAMONSALOON.COM



15920 SE STARK ST • (503) 253-8765
OPEN 11:30AM-2AM DAILY

GUILTY PLEASURES

GENTLEMEN'S CLUB



Now Hiring
Dancers
& DJs 21+

www.GuiltyPleasuresPDX.com

**CELEBRATING OUR SERVICE
MEN AND WOMEN ALL MONTH!**

SUNDAY THROUGH THURSDAY, DISCOUNTS
FOR ANYONE SHOWING THEIR MILITARY ID
SOME RULES AND RESTRICTIONS APPLY



Jade

Ava

ROUND 3
DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 2018
PAGINA
BEAUTY PAGEANT
SATURDAY @ 9PM 7/14

Happy Hour
1:30PM-5PM
EVERY DAY

Military Mondays • Taco Tuesdays • Wild Wednesdays

Check [Facebook.com/GPPDX](https://www.facebook.com/GPPDX) For All Upcoming Events

13639 SE POWELL BLVD • PORTLAND, OR 97236 • (503) 760-8128

Cheetahs Cabaret

**SALEM'S HOTTEST AFTER HOURS
& WILDEST 18+ Entertainment!**

Tiffany

**OPEN
JULY 4TH**

 @CHEETAHS.SALEM

Seeking Dancers 18 & Up!  **Auditions 7pm-10pm**

**OPEN TUE-THU 7PM-4AM, FRI-SAT 6PM-5AM (OR LATER) & SUN 7PM-2AM
3453 SILVERTON RD NE · SALEM, OR 97301 · (503) 316-6969**

**FULLY
NUDE
EVERY
SET!**

**SHOWER
SHOWS**



CELEBRATING 23 YEARS AS OREGON'S PREMIER GENTLEMEN'S CLUB



ROUND 6
DJ DICH HENNESSY'S 2018
PAGINA
BEAUTY PAGEANT
SATURDAY, JULY 21 @ 9PM

Social Media Phenom

3.2m

2.5m

440k

followers!

ADULT VIDEO ICON & SOCIAL MEDIA MEGASTAR

RACHEL STARR



FOLLOW US & FIND
OUT ABOUT OUR
OTHER EVENTS +
ENTERTAINERS,
SPECIALS &
MORE!

THURSDAY
JULY 19
BEND

FRIDAY
JULY 20
SALEM

SATURDAY
JULY 21
BRIDGEPORT



VISIT WWW.STARSCABARET.COM FOR ADDRESS INFO & MORE

