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nothing but the naked truth

EROTIC CITY

BY JOHN VOGÉ

CONGRATULATIONS PORTLAND SEX INDUSTRY! Nothing truly horrible happened last month! We had a rough start this year, but with the purification of last month's Snowmageddon, it's time to look forward to what the rest of the year will hold for us.

Ink 'N' Pink (Revolution 666)

It's time for Portland's inked-up sinners to throw their horns and worship the return of the dark one—the all-mighty Ink 'N' Pink. After 2 years off for bad behavior, *Exotic* is now in production to bring back the contest from the wrong side of the tracks. Technically, this will be the 8th cycle of Ink 'N' Pink, so just consider the 6.66 as a reboot (everyone's doing it—Spiderman and the entire fuckin' DC Universe), a new starting point with (of course) a whole new twist.

Ink 'N' Pink, at its conception in 1999, was meant to be a stripper contest for all the tattooed strippers (who were very few in number at that time) that were then very restricted as to where they could work in Portland. Only a handful of clubs catered to the inked and the pierced genre back then. PDX extreme-tattooed babes, like Brodie Grody, barely even existed at the dawn of the millennium. As the producer of Ink 'N' Pink, my primary intention was to embrace the love of the art being presented on the most beautiful canvas known to man—naked female flesh. And, what better marriage for a tattoo artist, than a stripper, who would expose their work on her flesh canvas in clubs all across the city—displaying their craft to thousands of ogling eyes, transfixed on that tattoo above her vagina. By putting tattooed women and inkslingers at center stage with Ink 'N' Pink, I had hoped it would grow into more acceptance. It worked.

Was I, or Ink 'N' Pink, responsible for the pending tattoo revolution? Probably not, but we definitely left a mark. Today, tattoo

shops are as plentiful as strip clubs and food carts in Portland. The over-exposure of ink reality television continues to vomit more staged drama, than credible ink education these days. When even Oprah has a tattoo competition series

on her network, you know it's gone too far. I wasn't the first to marry tattoos to strippers in a competitive way. Prior to my arrival in Portland, I worked a tour of Easy Rider Rodeos, tattoo conventions and biker rallies, selling pinup art by Olivia and other classy porn artists. Every dime I made, went to strippers at the time—that, and bad tattoos in hotel rooms as the sun came up. But, at the end of every convention, rally or rodeo, there was always some kind of contest. Whether they were rewarding tattoos or whoever showed the most tits and vagina, I was

Portland, my strip club exposure looked a lot more like the *Girls, Girls, Girls* video. I was a California boy, and they like their strippers tanned and bleached-blonde as David Lee Roth (when he had hair). The most ink I had seen on women back then, was on flappy-titted biker broads at the rallies. In a pre-Suicide Girls Portland strip club scene, sightings of tattooed vixens like Sin were few and far between. Jacks pretty much had the market cornered for the alternative tattooed girl. Most clubs wanted nothing to do with them. Except maybe Roosters, but they were looking for more of the flappy-titted, biker-stripper types. Two years later, I started my the first half of my career with *Exotic* magazine/ As a fledgling contributor, I snatched up any kind of work I could get—from photography to delivery boy. But, the first and most important item on my personal to do list, was a contest that exclusively showcased tattooed women.

Then, publisher of *Exotic*, Frank Falliace, tentatively agreed to roll the dice and sponsor my project—he even inadvertently named the damn thing over drinks, at his all-new nightclub that everyone was talking about, Dante's. We passed on *Tits & Tats*, but Ink 'N' Pink was way too sexy to pass up.

Ink 'N' Pink, ran four years straight, before a meltdown brought on by a smorgasbord of drug abuse by the producer, uh, me. I went to hide in Seattle for a while, (cue sarcastic tone here) a perfect place for anyone to go, if you're trying to avoid a pretentious city full of junkies and alcoholics. In the first year of Ink 'N' Pink's absence, *Exotic* featured a *Suicide Girls* cover featuring Marie (Rachael Reckless), London and Ryan. Who were, at the time, considered heavily tattooed. Just compare that cover to Rachael Reckless of today, if you want an accurate gauge of how extreme the love of the ink has grown in the Portland scene and beyond.

When I returned to Portland in 2009, the first thing *Exotic's* publisher asked about was an Ink 'N' Pink revival. So, it had all come full circle. It was a much more aggressive market for tattoos. In the early years, tattoo shops were thrilled at the opportunity to ink people up in a strip club and get some exposure to what would become that perfect marriage between the inkslinger and the stripper. Nine years later, the tattoo shops weren't quite as supportive. Now there were fusion-hipster-tattoo-espresso shops that were inking up bankers and soccer moms. When exactly



AWW's 2013 Hall of Fame Starlet, Jesse Jane Featuring At Stars Cabaret Locations

often unsure. But, it always seemed to be the best way to end the show. And usually, the most tattooed, with the biggest tits always won. Less than a year later, I followed a buddy to Portland for a "short vacation" that never ended.

It was 1998, the first day I walked into a joint called Union Jacks. A dark, sexy, brooding beast of a strip club, where the first stripper I see, unknowingly sets the whole Ink 'N' Pink thing in motion. Her name was Sin. She towered above me in her KISS-style, patent-leather platforms, sneered at me with close to 30 piercings in her face (if not more) and was rockin' some very punk rock ink. And, she was working in a strip club?! Before I hit

did Kat Von D and Jesse James become the new June & Ward Cleaver? Even some of the legendary tattooed strippers in PDX, were just a little too cool to play in our, "Tattooed-Barbie contest." We ran three more cycles of Ink 'N' Pink, before I decided to take another break—this time, due to a bit of an asskicking by the Big C.

Back to the present. 2014 will introduce some big changes in Exotic's flagship events. After extensive negotiations, the Exotic calendar of promotional events will now feature two showcase events per year. Miss Exotic Oregon will run annually in the fall, while an alternating rotation of Ink 'N' Pink & PoleroticA will take place in the spring. One major change will be the new ruling in Ink 'N' Pink, that all potential contestants must have at least 25% of their bodies tattooed in order to enter. In 2000, a flower tattooed on your ass got you in, but we've come a long way over the years, so it's time to step it up, ladies.

Ink 'N' Pink – Revolution 666 will feature an all-new format and prize structure. Gone will be the first, second and third place splits of the cash and prizes. 6 winners will receive \$666 in cash and prizes in 6 different categories including best sleeve, best entertainer, best back piece, sexiest tattooed entertainer, most extreme tattooed entertainer & more. The winners in each category will move on, to compete for the title of, Ink 'N' Pink, which will include an additional \$666 in cash and the cover and centerfold of Exotic magazine in July 2014. Spoiler alert: contestants may win more than one category. So, in the most extreme of circumstances, if one inked-up sexbomb were to win every single category, she would be winning \$4,662 in cash and prizes, plus the cover and centerfold.

As the production schedule develops, Exotic will be seeking the following:

Sexy, tattooed exotic entertainers to compete or feature.

Edgy-Oregon-state-licensed tattoo artists looking to participate as judges, sling ink at events, and donate gift certificates for Ink 'N' Pink winners. All ink sponsorship will receive coverage in Exotic magazine and additional print throughout the event.

Metal and hard rock bands to play at ALL 5 rounds of Ink 'N' Pink.

Additional non-musical alternative talent will also be considered. No hipsters please.

For more information, email InkNPink666@xmag.com



MARCH EVENTS

MON 3 - Star Theater - Sex Worker's Rights Benefit for Portland Women's Crisis Line and Sex Worker Outreach Coalition - with drag queens, strippers, burlesque, poetry & raffle

TUE 4 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Fat Tuesday celebration with prizes, giveaways & cajun buffet

Club 205 - Fat Tuesday Party with prizes & giveaways

WED 5 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Twisted Competition - with the girls of Stars battling it out for a cash prize in Naked Twister!

SAT 8 - Kit Kat Club - Damian's Birthday Party

WED 12 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - Boutique Spring Fling Sale

SAT 15 - DV8 - Best Lesbian Kiss Contest - with \$250 cash prize for 1st place & \$75 cash for 2nd

The Golden Dragon Exotic Club - St. Patrick's Dance Party

Cabaret - St. Patrick's Day Celebration - with specials on all Irish whiskeys & green beer (through Mon. 17)

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Officer Ivory Frost - Bad Cop = Good Times!

MON 17 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - A Classic St. Patrick's Day Party with green beer, green food and green cocktails - wear green & get in free

Mystic Gentlemen's Club - St. Patrick's Day Party - with green beer, corned beef & cabbage

Pallas Club & Dream On Saloon - St. Patty's Day Party

TUE 18 - Kit Kat Club - "Statutory" Ray "HazMatt" McMillin's Shamelessly Hypocritical, No-Cover Fundraising Event Type Going-Away Party Type Thing

WED 19 - Heat - Covergirl Dance Contest

SAT 22 - Boom Boom Room - DJ Dick Hennessy's 2nd Annual Poke-Her Party - with giveaways, prizes, free doughnuts & waffles

Pallas Club - Feature Entertainer Ivory Frost

TUE 25 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Grand Reopening Party - all guests will receive a 1-year VIP card worth up to \$250

THU 27 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - AVN's 2013 Hall of Fame Starlet, Jesse Jane, with your emcee, porn legend Ron Jeremy

FRI 28 - King's Wild Cabaret & Showclub - VIP Appreciation Party - with Miss Exotic Oregon 2014 Brodie Grody

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - AVN's 2013 Hall of Fame Starlet, Jesse Jane, with your emcee, porn legend Ron Jeremy

Skinny Gentlemen's Club - Daisy Duke Contest

SAT 29 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - AVN's 2013 Hall of Fame Starlet, Jesse Jane, with your emcee, porn legend Ron Jeremy

ADVENTURES IN

BAD SEX

BY RICHIE STRATTON

Until very recently, my sex life sucked. In my twenties, this awkward, puffy-cheeked man-child lived on the road, touring as a stand-up comic. This is not the rockstar, pussy magnet, career move you would think. I played clubs, colleges, bars, private parties, theaters, mining camps and honky tonks all over the country—taking any chuckle fucker or gag hag back to my hotel room. I think the greatest appeal for these small-town ladies, was the fact that I was leaving the next day and gossip wouldn't spread in their tiny community. This left me with a collection of laughably bad sexual experiences from "Oh, I had no idea I was helping you out with your affair" or "Due to the fear of a crushed pelvis, I'll need to be on top" or "Outside of the bar light I'm starting to seriously question if she's a girl." My sordid past gave me a strong need to find like-minded genitals. People who, like me, have silly bad sex stories and were willing to share them with a more erotically fortunate public.

Some brave souls sat down with me, in a quiet corner of one of this city's finest local watering holes, to recall their bad sex stories with my voice recorder app. In order to protect the identities of our storytellers, I've changed their names to characters from my favorite sitcoms.

HER STORY

To start it off, I talked with Elaine about a particularly awful devil's three-way. Elaine was hanging out with her boyfriend, Jerry, as he bartended. Well, Elaine's boyfriend Jerry and Jerry's gay best friend, Kramer,

decided it would be an awesome idea for all of them to get together and have some adult fun. It confused Elaine, because Jerry is straight and Kramer is all about the cock. Well, with enough 100-proof, "that's-a-good-idea" juice, they all go to Kramer's place.

After they kick the dog out of the bedroom, Elaine says it was pretty hot. The two breeders make out while Kramer watched. It's when Kramer decides to get in on the action that things go wrong. He starts going down on Elaine. That would have been fine and dandy, but Kramer thought it would be a terrific idea to bite down hard on Elaine's clit. She told him to stop but Kramer assures her he's got a game plan. Elaine insists she knows what her vagina feels like, and teeth chomping down on it, isn't filling her full of warm fuzzies. When that avenue shut down, Kramer decides he's going to drop trou and exposes his little member. His VERY little member. What was mimed to me as a pinky-sized schlong, greeted Elaine's disappointment. Before the action had started, the two guys had done a bunch of cocaine off of Elaine's tits. So now, not only is it small, it's coke squishy and useless. Though, Kramer insists that he could get an erection...if he blows Jerry. While Elaine didn't care, this wasn't altogether great news for Jerry. So, Kramer is blowing Jerry now. It's awkward and neither penis is growing or showing. Eventually, Elaine decided to wash up. In the bathroom, she discovers that every part of her that's wet, is now covered in long, itchy dog hair. It was a legendary itch in all sorts of unfortunate new places. Elaine washes off the fur and Jerry puts the final kabosh on the advances of Kramer. Jerry and Elaine go home without a word. The couple promise to never tell the story again. I can't thank Elaine enough for breaking that promise.

HIS STORY

This bad sex story happened at the ripe old age of 15. Armed with a fake ID, George goes to Vegas with his dad, Frank, and a family friend, Uncle Leo. Frank hands his underage son \$500 gambling money and the three belly up to a table. During

the gambling, the illegal activity continues as little George gets served the equivalent of 3 wine coolers. George is now wasted, and thanks to beginners luck, he walks away from the blackjack table with something around \$1,500 in chips. What's a drunk teen to do, but to start stumbling around the casino floor with hands full of chips, shouting "I hear there are hookers in Vegas! Who's gonna have sex with me?" The family friend, Uncle Leo, stops the loud youngster and takes him back to the hotel room. The two share a couple of Jäger shots and George is someplace between drunk and the 5th dimension now. George passes out to sleep it off.

An hour and a half later, Uncle Leo shakes young George awake. Behind Uncle Leo is a 6'5" lady of the evening, with bleached-blond hair, too much makeup and giant fake breasts. Uncle Leo leans in and says to George, "This girl will fuck you for \$400." George was sold. Uncle Leo leaves and business begins. The hooker starts blowing him. Fearing the Petri dish that is this sex worker's mouth, he wears a condom. After awhile, with no happy ending happening, the hooker informs young George that he's running out of time and more money will need to be spent. Not wanting to pay more, he flips her over and starts fucking her face. George has his knees in her armpits and is seriously going to town. It's making a truly awful sound. Her big fake boobs are making it difficult, as she rocks back and forth, occasionally causing George's member to flop out and stick in her ears. Her makeup is smearing and making her look like a lady joker. After around five minutes of totally violating the hooker's throat, he cums. She leaves—transaction completed. What George didn't know, is good-old Uncle Leo recorded the whole thing on his phone. The next morning, the alarm clock George woke up to, was the distinct sound of George throat fucking the hooker on repeat. The one who got the worst of it in this story was clearly the hooker, but I loved the tech-savvy ending.

PHOTO BY WATSON PHOTOGRAPHY

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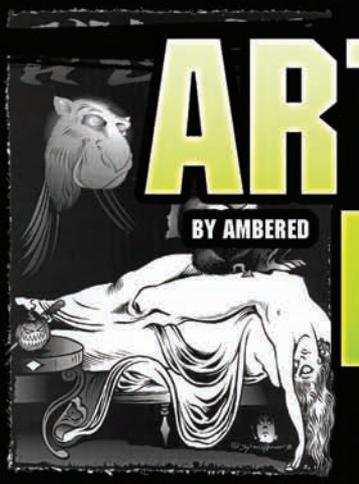
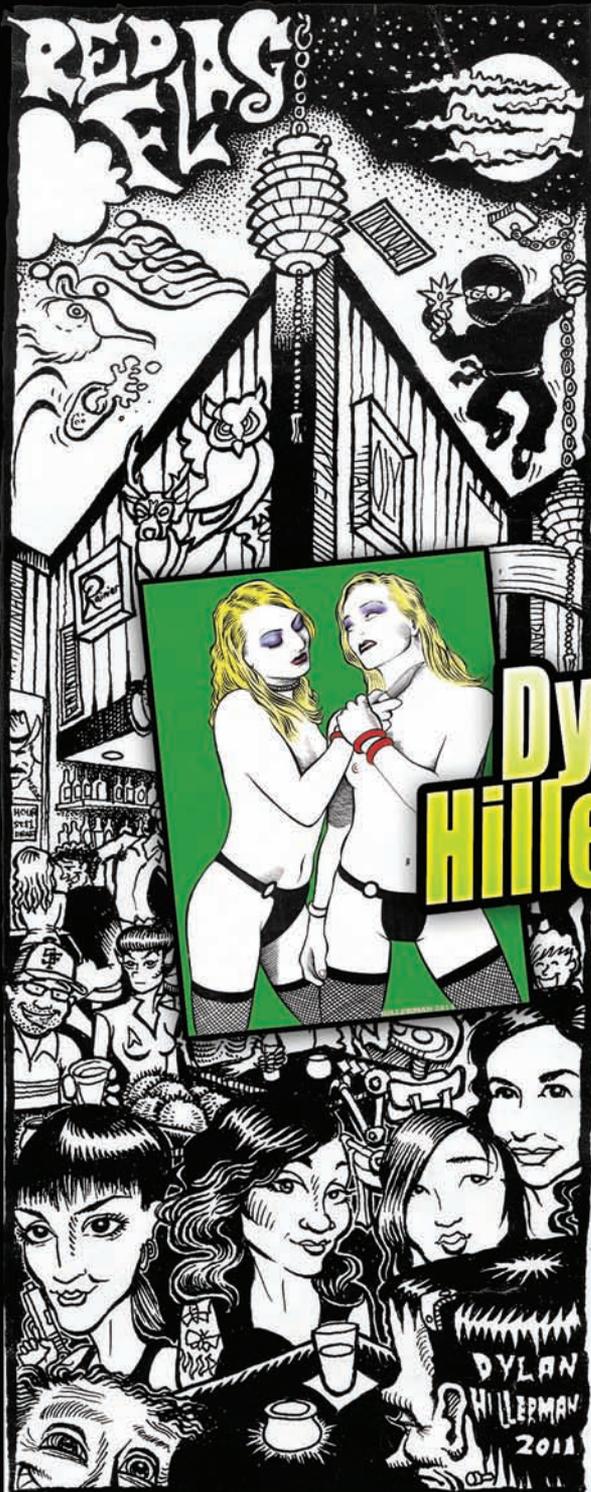
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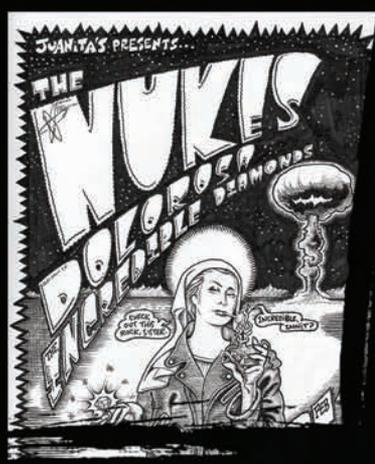


ARTIST OF THE MONTH

With inspiring color palettes that capture your attention and draw you into the world of the unknown, the artwork of

Dylan Hillerman bridges a gap between the most detailed and simplistic. Like a lightning strike to the tallest tree, beach has something new and unique to its design—whether you're viewing a poster, an album cover or a portrait. As truly unique, complex and mind-bending his physical artworks are, his talent knows no bounds—as his theater, stage and show productions have proven to be just as clever and full of life. *Exotic* caught up with this creative talent, for a dose of conversation and artistic revelations.

Dylan Hillerman



FIRST OFF, YOUR WORK IS PHENOMENAL! WHAT DO YOU USE AS YOUR PRIMARY MEDIUM FOR YOUR ART PIECES?

Too kind! Whatever I can get my hands on. I started drawing high-contrast images with Rapidograph pens when I was in high school, then moved to disposable pens later. They never clog. I am also a big fan of India ink and brushes. This was reinforced when I lived in Japan and illustrated children's English text books. When I need color, I use Photoshop these

days, but used to use Dr. Marten's Dye, water-color or Prisma colored pencils. I came from a small scene of poster artists in Chico, CA, who collected each other's work. Each of us had a different focus in terms of music style. I covered punk and jam-bands. It was a small town. When it comes to paintings, I opt for acrylic. because it dries fast. Someday, I will approach oils, but for now, I don't have the patience. Most of my training came from on the job making signs and

displays for Tower Books or designing and painting backdrops for stage shows. I would like to do more sculpting. Recently, I created a posable robot out of American Spirit cigarette packs, to experiment with movement and paper.

DO YOU GET TO CONTROL THE CREATIVE PROCESS BEHIND YOUR ART PIECES OR DO YOU DO MORE COMMISSIONED PIECES WITH THEMES AND GENRES SELECTED BY CLIENTS?

I enjoy doing both equally. I used to



do a lot more creative work when I was isolated from any real social scenes in California, but when opportunities came up like rock posters and newspaper illustrations in college, I learned to collaborate more and became comfortable in going with the flow. Back then, my friends and I wrestled too much with the idea of “creative control” and as a result, we tended to talk ourselves out of too many cool projects. I find it’s sometimes easier to have someone pitch an idea to me. Generally, I don’t get asked to do much outside of theatrical, musical or pop-culture oriented work—especially if they are funny or spooky. Occasionally, someone will ask me to draw a friend or relative, which is great, because I love capturing people’s likeness in an image. People love to look at faces and eyes are very important in the images I make. In the end, my line-style has the final say. Whether it’s my own idea or someone else’s, I like to bring the spirit of a rock show to my work. I want people to notice my work from a passing car or grab them by the collar and shake them into noticing the image I made.

YOU'RE A VERY MULTI-FACETED ARTIST. WITH SUCH A VARIETY OF ECLECTIC ARTWORK, WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITE KINDS OF PIECES TO SIT DOWN AND SERIOUSLY GEEK OUT ON?

Whatever catches my eye—it doesn’t matter where the image comes from. When I was young, I loved going to the library and checking out Dante’s *Inferno*, to absorb the awesomeness that is Gustav Dore. Jack Davis, from *E.C. Comics* and *Mad Magazine* was a huge influence. The whole *Mad* crew is part of my DNA now. So is Robert Crumb. I also used to pour over old 60s-era psychedelic posters for hours. After college, *Juxtapoz* magazine was extremely instructive. I learned there were others like me out there, before

the Internet gave broader exposure for artists. But, I stopped reading it because I was worried it was influencing my style too much. I grew tired for all of the overly-derivative stuff.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN POUNDING OUT ARTWORK LIKE THIS?

I have been drawing since I was very young, but I would say, after a successful cartoon strip in my college newspaper and a small collection of posters for *KCSC* in Chico, California, work began to pick up between 1994 and 1995. I was sign-making, designing t-shirts and promoting music and theater, all at once, during that time and still do to this day. So, yeah, I have been taking it seriously for 20 years or so.

WHAT PIECE, IF ANY, DO YOU FEEL BEST REPRESENTS YOU AS AN ARTIST?

I don’t know if I have a piece that exactly represents me from my perspective, but my friends in Chico most associate me with the *Chico Alchemy* CD cover. Portland might think of the *John Cleese from the Department of Silly Walks* that I painted outside the bathrooms at the Red Flag. The image I did for the band *Trench*, was a turning point for me and sort of an exorcism. The lead singer (Jeff Lee) also commissioned me for the *Alchemy* album. Now he trains animals for shows like *True Blood*. I am also partial to a poster I made for Robert Anton Wilson’s memorial, as he was one of my favorite contemporary authors. My friend and comedian from Santa Cruz, DNA, snagged me that gig. Wilson was the editor for *Playboy* back in the 60s and wrote the *Illuminatus* trilogy, inspired *The Church of the Subgenius*, and taught me a lot about perception and consciousness. His daughter told me that I totally captured his likeness. This is one

of my proudest moments.

WHAT DOES 2014 HOLD FOR YOU? DO YOU HAVE ANY NEW WORKS IN THE MAKING?

I haven’t had a proper art show since I sold most of my canvas work between 2009 and 2011 and haven’t had a chance to replenish my larger pieces. One idea is to paint a series of women with different performance backgrounds. I am making a new sign for Red Flag, too. Other projects include the possibility of playing a villain in a *Wonder Woman* indie project, as well as a few annual events I am still doing, like emceeing as David Lynch for *Black Lodge Burlesque* and going back to Chico, CA for the annual “Butcher Shop” theater festival, where I act and paint backdrops. I am also planning on making a puppet series with Adam Goldman called *The Warbles*.

This year, I am submitting a play about my homeless adventures in Portland. I also plan on working with Julia Reodica on a body-based sculpture installation developed later this year. This year is our 6th annual *SaturnaliaFest*, which is a film festival which randomly combines a holiday with a film genre. I’m working on comics to pitch for *Exotic Magazine* and I might even be collaborating with Richard Elfman on something secret. Other than that, I would love to be on *Grimm*.

AS FAR AS COMMISSIONED PIECES GO, WHERE COULD ONE GET A HOLD OF YOU TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN?

The fastest way to review my artwork and contact me is through my website—dylzone.wix.com/dylanhillerman2013. I’m on Facebook and Twitter, as well. If you are more of a face-to-face person and if you can figure out which bar/kitchen in Portland that I work in, you can find me there. It rhymes with “Brew Punk.”



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THE LEGEND OF POLYBIUS: PORTLAND'S DEADLY ARCADE GAME

By Andrew Arbow



The legend of *Polybius* is subject to wide speculation. The story goes, that a prototype of the game began appearing in, and around, Portland for market testing some time in 1981. Named after the Greek historian, it's said that *Polybius* was a game in the space-shooter genre that was similar in style to the popular arcade unit *Tempest*. It's also been agreed that the game utilized vector graphics similar to the ones also used by *Tempest*, *Asteroids* and *Tail Gunner*.

Reports from arcades that had a copy of *Polybius*, stated that there were long lines of people waiting to play the game. It was repeatedly the subject of psychical altercations that broke out and always profited three times more than any other game in the arcade. The most unusual detail about *Polybius*, was that every week, mysterious men in black suits and sunglasses returned to scientifically record data from the game's output. As time went on, the habitual players of *Polybius* would begin to suffer from severe psychiatric reactions. There were reports of mouth foaming seizures, hallucinations, inexplicable and severe suicidal depression and even sudden homicidal rage.

Speculation began to arise as to what the association was between all these bizarre experiences and the arcade game. Some have grown to believe that it was a tool used by the CIA to recruit potential new agents. Other people believe it was part of a Soviet spy device, used to prepare for the impending invasion. It was also thought that it was used to brainwash people into political assassins, and that John Hinckley, Jr. had played the game repeatedly in a previous test market, months before he shot President Reagan.

Then, one day, the game was gone. Arcade owners said, that the same mysterious men in suits had loaded up the machines and trucked them off to McCord Air Force Base in Tacoma. *Polybius* had disappeared as quickly as it came and soon faded into obscurity.

The game's story was kept alive with the advent of the Internet and became somewhat of an urban legend over the years within gaming circles. Speculation about the game hasn't diminished with time, and in 2006, a man by the name of David Roast, posted about his involvement on a gaming site message board. According to his post,

Roast said he had been contracted with a software company in Brazil to experiment with subliminal messaging within video games, to make them more addictive. He stated, that there were too many problems with the programming for the company to achieve the addictive hypnosis it wanted, but chose to release the game anyway. Roach believes that the adverse side effects experienced by players, were rooted within the games programming. The software company he worked for was a subsidiary of Sinnesloschen Incorporated—a German software developer that was speculated to be a CIA front. Roach stated, that the legal proceedings from injured or damaged players, were met with out-of-court settlements with undisclosed financial arrangements, which he suspected, came from government funding. When Roach was approached to tell his story to gaming magazines, he nervously retracted his original story and mysteriously wound up in prison a short time after.

The story of *Polybius* has also made its way into the cultural landscape, with some elements of its legend being used as part of the plots of films like *The Last Starfighter* and *Nightmares with Emilio Estevez*. As time passes, the story of *Polybius* gets stranger and stranger. Footage of several different versions of the game are available on YouTube, though most have been relegated to counterfeit ROMs created to perpetuate the legend.

Did *Polybius* actually exist in an early 80s Portland, or is it some monstrous mutation of rather mundane facts perpetuated through internet gossip? The next time you shell out a quarter for an arcade game or \$400 for a next-gen console, remember the story of *Polybius*. With the fate of those who played that game, it may be worth asking yourself, how much control do you actually have once you press the start button?

With the launch of the PS4 and Xbox One over this last holiday season, as well as *Grand Theft Auto V*'s billion dollar, three-day return, it's become clear that video games have taken a permanent part of the digital age's cultural landscape. For the millennial generation, video games have become a point of collected nostalgia with the rise of the retro-gaming subculture on the internet. Video games have even been studied for their impact of human behavior, as well as the subject of contentious debates about the effect of their violence on a person's psyche.

Surprisingly, at the dawn of their popularity, the people of Portland had a legitimate reason to fear video games. Not too long ago, in a place that may have been not too far from where you're reading this, one game in a dark arcade, caught the eye of the people of Portland. The game was *Polybius*—a mysterious game that created one of the most controversial and legendary stories in the entire medium of video games. Unbeknownst to anyone who put a quarter into its slot, losing a life in *Polybius*, could actually prove fatal.



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EXOTIC PINUP
MARCH 2014



Sammi

FROM STARS CABARET
BEAVERTON

GOLD'S GYM XR35







Sammi

I love a juicy comment thread. I enjoy scrolling through controversial discussions on Facebook and Internet news sites—reading, as the right and left, the conservative and the liberal, trade quips and spout (often imaginary) facts. I rarely contribute. I'm often late to the party and every argument I would have made, has long been beaten into the ground.

Lately, I've found myself getting worked up at some of the comments on threads discussing the morality and immorality or decency and indecency of stripping, strippers and the industry as a whole. Surprisingly though, it's not the naysayers that are getting on my nerves, it's the knights-on-shining-Macbooks rushing to our defense, that I find are hurting our cause. I'm used to the usual ignorant and bigoted arguments people use to spew hate on strippers and strip clubs. Its old, it's tired, it's completely outdated and obsolete. What I hate reading, are the people standing up for us claiming that stripping shouldn't be looked down on because most of us gals are in college or are single moms whose only choice is to strip, so that we can feed our herd of hungry mouths. While I chuckle at T-shirts, showing strippers next to slogans such as "I Support Single Moms" the truth of it is this...we're most likely helping to support them. The positive effect our industry has on the economy is massive. We employ thousands and help stimulate the economy with lottery and liquor sales (heavily taxed items) and contribute substantially to the local taxi-cab industry.

Attempting to protect strippers and stripping by saying we're "working towards a better life," isn't defending of our career in the slightest—it's actually more of a backhanded insult. Isn't this suggesting that strippers who take no college courses and have never given birth, have no place and no right to be in the industry?

I went to college for three-and-a-half years, before I started dancing. I did not finish my degree. I didn't want to. I saw how much debt I was accumulating, while being forced to take classes that would have no relevance to my passions or career goals, and I decided to put a stop to the madness and put my efforts and attention into things that would help me accomplish my life goals.

Stripping is an incredible job because it's an amalgamation of all of my very favorite things: dancing, sensuality, nudity, performance, sales and celebration. I get to see people on the best and the worst days of their lives and I feel it has enriched my human experience more than almost any other job could. When I look at some of the most sought after and envied careers of late (actors, models, athletes, musicians, that weird fad two years ago of being a "promoter"...), I see many core similarities to the strip club industry: sex, money, socialization and praise. It would seem that, for all intents and purposes, stripping would be a job envied by the cubicle-and-register-imprisoned masses.

Stripping shouldn't be tolerated because it helps women feed children or get through college. That's

what FAFSA and EBT should be celebrated for. This is an amazing career, because it attracts and encourages confident, independent and driven females who are willing, despite popular opinion, to use their bodies and sexuality to their undeniable advantage.

When I was a little girl, my Dad took me to the circus and I left wanting nothing more than to grow up to be an "elephant ballerina." I told everyone I encountered. Later, I participated in theater in high school and dreamed of a career singing and dancing on Broadway. I then fell in love with rhinestones and feathers and everything glamorous and informed everyone in my graduating class that I was going to be a Vegas showgirl. Like nearly every growing adolescent, my ideas and goals for my future developed and evolved, but no one claims that I got "stuck" doing anything other than exactly what I've wanted to do my entire life.

I've had costumers and lovers alike that, even after getting to know me, just don't understand. I've been offered alternatives from housewifery to secretarial positions. I've turned them all away in disgust. You wouldn't offer Jennifer Lawrence a "way out," so why me? If you're curious to see what someone feeling trapped, unhappy and insecure in their jobs may look like, stick me in a cubicle with a sexual harassment clause highlighted on the break-room bulletin board, and you'll see a broken woman.

It takes talent, hard work and dedication to earn a living in a skilled job. It's just as easy for someone to say, "Anyone can take their clothes off" as it is to say "Anyone can bounce a ball." But, not everyone has what it takes to be a stripper—just as, not everyone has what it takes to be in the NBA. You need a lot more than the ability to perform a job and support yourself doing it. If you doubt it, I invite you to come down to any amateur night and see how much you make. Athletes also have short-lived careers entertaining the masses with their physical prowess. No one is defending the Seahawks right now saying, "It's ok they run around in tight pants, because they're actually very smart and they've been saving up to invest in a really swell dog kennel when they quit playing sports."

Sure, the arguments are absolutely correct. Some of the amazing advantages of stripping are, in fact, the freedom and flexibility to take classes if you want and the income it takes to support a family. In what other job do you see this percentage of young and single female homeowners? I know dancers who have not only bought homes and supported their own children through stripping (some with absolutely zero support systems), but have adopted and taken care of neglected or abused siblings, cousins, and other

AUSTIN'S LIMITS

BY
AUSTIN
WILDE

dependants-in-need. I know strippers, that because of their careers, can afford the time and expense of seeing their parents through hospice. I have coworkers who take months and even entire seasons of the year to travel the world, to learn and grow and get the most out of their life experience. I know virtually no other career that allows this kind of versatility and independence for a young person. Maybe after marriages, combined incomes and accrued paid time off, some of these things are possible, but strippers have it all at their finger...er...nippletips.

So, to all the well-meaners and Captain-Save-A-Hos—go save a secretary. They could genuinely use a champion for their cause.



PHOTO BY GSG PHOTOGRAPHY

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SUNDAYS

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DANTE'S

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Portland, Oregon



FEATURING Amazing Burlesque Performers • Fire Dancers • Booze • Belly Dancers • Debauchery • Master Magician Reed McClintock • Pole Dancers • DJ Kenoy • Mini-Marilyn Manson
Live Music • Vaudeville Acts • Miss Steak • The Bellini Twins • Trapeze Artists • Fire Jugglers • Aerialists • Contortionists • Emcee Richie Stratton • DJ Mestizo • Blasts O Butter
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Emcee Ed Forman • DJ Mr. MuMu • And One Man's Lifelong Quest To Find The Truth About His Missing Vagina, Emcee Andrew Harris

STRIP CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 1 FOOD LOTTERY
8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611
Mon-Sat 7am-2:30am, Sun 11am-2:30am

BLACK CAULDRON 68 FOOD
16015 SE Stark St | (503) 265-8929
Daily 11am-2:30am

BLUSH 3 FOOD LOTTERY
5145 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 236-8559
Mon-Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

BOOM BOOM ROOM 4 FOOD LOTTERY
8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-7630
Daily 2pm-2am

BOTTOMS UP! 5 FOOD LOTTERY
16900 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844
Mon-Thu Noon-12am, Fri-Sat Noon-2am, Sun Noon-10pm

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

CASA DIABLO VEGAN STRIP CLUB 46 FOOD
2839 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600
Daily 11am-2:30am

CLUB 205 56 FOOD LOTTERY
9939 SE Stark St | (503) 256-0527
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

CLUB ROUGE 48 FOOD LOTTERY
403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936
Daily 6pm-2:30am

CROWN ROOM II 71 FOOD 18+
205 NW 4th Ave
Fri-Sat 8pm-Sunrise

DANCIN' BARE 11 FOOD LOTTERY
8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073
Daily 11:30am-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
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 1pm-2am

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

EXOTICA INTERNATIONAL 18 FOOD LOTTERY
240 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 285-0281
Daily 11am-2:30am

FRONT AVENUE STRIP 67 FOOD
3075 NW Front Ave | (503) 471-9999
Mon-Sat 11am-1am

GEMS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 FOOD LOTTERY
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
Daily 7am-2:30am

GOLDEN DRAGON 62 18+
324 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 274-1900
Mon-Fri 2pm-Sunrise, Sat & Sun 6pm-Sunrise

GLIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 32 FOOD LOTTERY
3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 234-6033
Daily 11am-2:30am

HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 FOOD
1008 SE Hawthorne Blvd | (503) 232-9516
Daily 2pm-2:30am

HEAT GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 57 FOOD LOTTERY
12131 SE Holgate Blvd | (503) 762-2857
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

JAG'S CLUBHOUSE 32 FOOD
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351
Daily 11am-2am

JIGGLES 22 FOOD 18+
7455 SW Nyberg St | (503) 692-3655
Mon-Thu 3pm-2am, Fri-Sat 3pm-3am, Sun 6pm-2am

JODY'S BAR & GRILL 23 FOOD
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 255-5039
Daily 7am-2:30am

KING'S WILD 15 FOOD LOTTERY
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 208-3506
Daily 1pm-2:30am

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

THE LANDING STRIP 30 FOOD LOTTERY
6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212
Daily 10am-2:30am

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

LURE EXOTIC LOUNGE 2 FOOD LOTTERY
11051 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-3320
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

MAGIC GARDENS 24 FOOD LOTTERY
217 NW 4th Ave | (503) 224-8472
Mon-Sat Noon-2:30am Sun 6pm-2:30am

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

MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 FOOD LOTTERY
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523
Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am Sat-Sun 7am-2:30am

NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE 27 FOOD
2460 NW 24th Ave | (503) 227-5384
Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am Sat 11am-2:30am

THE PALLAS 28 FOOD LOTTERY
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am Sun 1pm-2:30am

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

PITIFUL PRINCESS 60 FOOD
12646 SE Division St | (503) 954-1019
Daily 11am-2:30am

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

ROSE CITY STRIP 10 FOOD
3620 SE 35th Pl | (503) 239-1004
Daily 3pm-2:30am

SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33 FOOD LOTTERY
3000 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 231-9199
Daily 11am-2:30am

SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 FOOD LOTTERY
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am Sun 10am-2:30am

SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 21 FOOD LOTTERY
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
Daily 10am-2:30am

SKY CLUB 66 FOOD LOTTERY
50 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 223-1375
Showtimes: Thu-Sat 9:30pm-1am
Restaurant: Wed-Sun 11am-1am

SOOBIE'S 35 FOOD
333 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 253-8892
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

SPERMINT RHINO 65 FOOD
15826 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219
Daily 1pm-2:30am

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 BEAVERTON 36 FOOD
4570 SW Lombard Ave | (503) 350-0868
Mon-Sat 11am-2:00am, Sun 4pm-2am

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

THE SUNSET STRIP 37 FOOD
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) 774-5220
Daily 11am-2am

UNION JACKS 43 FOOD
938 E Burnside St | (503) 236-1125
Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am, Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am

THE VIEWPOINT RESTAURANT & LOUNGE 67 FOOD
8102 NE Killingsworth St
Daily 5pm-5am

THE VIP ROOM 63 FOOD 18+
10018 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 297-5389
Mon-Wed 2pm-2am, Thu-Sat 2pm-4am, Sun 7pm-2am

XPOSE 70 FOOD
10140 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 430-5364
Mon-Fri 3pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 5pm-2:30am

505 CLUB 45 FOOD LOTTERY
505 NW Burnside Rd | (503) 666-2286
Daily 11am-2:30am

EVERYTHING ELSE

ADULT VIDEO ONLY STORES 102
Vancouver: 10620 NE 4th Plain Rd (360) 253-2806 | Mon-Thu 8am-12am, Fri-Sat 8am-1am

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

APHRODITE'S 168
10931 SW 53rd Ave | (503) 244-1227
Daily 2pm-4am

AREA 69 104
7720 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 774-5544
Daily 10am-2am

BLUE SPOT VIDEO 106
3232 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 251-8944
Daily 24 hours

CINDIE'S 109
8201 SE Powell Blvd #H | (503) 771-9979
Daily 9am-12am

CLUB FANTASY 158
1232 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 445-6688
Daily 24 hours

EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114
5620 NE MLK Blvd | (503) 493-3944
Mon-Fri Noon-11pm, Sat 5pm-Midnight
Live Models: Mon-Sat Noon-11pm

FANTASYLAND (2) 116
5228 SE Foster Rd (503) 775-0094
Daily 24 hours
16014 SE 82nd Dr (503) 655-4667
Daily 24 hours

FAT COBRA VIDEO 118
5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425)
Mon-Fri 6am-3am, Sat-Sun 24 hours

FLESH 124
330 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 227-1527
Daily 6pm-3am

FROLICS 120
8845 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 408-0958
Daily 24 hours

HEAVEN'S CLOSET 122
5429 SE 72nd Ave | (503) 537-7286
Tue-Sat 11am-8pm

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

HUNNIES 148
3520 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 254-4226
Daily 24 hours

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

OH ZONE 126
6218 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 284-4759
Daily 10am-3am

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

PARADISE VIDEO 128
14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414
Daily 24 hours

PARIS THEATRE 129
6 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 295-7808
Mon-Thu 11am-12am, Fri-Sun 24 hours

PASSIONATE DREAMS (2) 130
6644 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 775-6665
10518-B NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 252-5559
Daily 10am-4am

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

POPPY'S PIPES 156
1712 E. Burnside St | (503) 206-7731
Mon-Fri 10am-8pm, Sat 11am-8pm, Sun 11am-6pm

PUSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (971) 373-8765
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300 | (503) 894-9443
5226 SE Foster Rd | (503) 206-5590
SW Barbur Blvd @ SW 53rd Ave | (503) 719-7561
Daily 24 hours

SECRET RENDEZVOUS 136
12503 SE Division St #C | (503) 761-4040
Daily 24 hours

SEDUCTIONS 170
5321 SE Foster Rd | (503) 719-5046
Daily 24 hours

SHEENA'S GSPOT 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 Noon-5pm

SPARTACUS LEATHERS 141
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604
Mon-Thurs 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am, Sun Noon-9pm

STILETTO LINGERIE MODELING 163
7827 SE Powell Blvd | (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 10am-12am

TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169
133 SE 3rd Ave | (503) 547-8777
Daily 10am-9pm

THE TOY BOXX 164
12436 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 761-0355
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

VICE 165
7950 SE Foster Rd | (503) 788-7628
Daily 11am-1am

X-OTIC TAN 147
8431 SE Division St | (503) 257-0622
Daily 24 hours



231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229



33 NW 2ND ST
503-243-4646



9950 SE STARK ST
503-477-9523



403 SW STARK ST
503-227-3936



17544 SE STARK ST
503-252-3529



5145 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD
503-236-8559



324 SW 3RD AVE
503-274-1900



2839 NW ST HELENS RD
503-222-6600



BEAVERTON 4570 SW LOMBARD AVE 503-350-0868
BRIDGEPORT 17939 SW MCEWAN RD 503-726-2403



SALEM

ADAM & EVE **F**
4635 Commercial St SE / (503) 763-6020
Lingerie, Clothing, Books, Gifts, Novelties
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Sun Noon-8pm

ADULT SHOP **A**
155 Lancaster Dr SE / (503) 585-8288
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade, Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

ADULT SHOP **B**
3113 River Rd / (503) 390-4371
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade, Lingerie
10am-Mid / 7 Days

ADULT SHOP **C**
2410 Mission St S / (503) 763-3556
Videos, Magazines, Multi-Ch. Arcade, Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

BOB'S ADULT BOOKS **D**
3815 State St / (503) 363-3846
Adult Books, Videos, 63 Ch. Arcade and
Mini-theatre
9am-2am / 7 Days

CHEETAHS XXX CABARET **M**
3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 581-7343
18+ Juice Bar, Full Menu
Sun-Tue & Thu 7pm-2am, Fri-Sat 7pm-4am

EVA'S BOUTIQUE **E**
5530 Commercial St SE / (503) 763-6754
3593 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 385-8111
Lingerie, Clothing, Books, Gifts, Novelties
Mon-Thu 10am-Mid, Fri-Sat 10am-2am

THE FIREHOUSE CABARET **G**
5782 Portland Rd NE / (503) 393-4782
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery
Mon-Sat Noon-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

HARD CANDY **D**
940 Commercial St NE / (503) 365-2802
Full Bar, Full Menu, 2 Stages
Mon-Sat Noon-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

PRESLEY'S PLAYHOUSE **J**
3803 Commercial St SE / (503) 371-1565
Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole
2pm-2:30am / 7 Days

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

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

SWEETHEARTS LINGERIE MODELING **L**
3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 581-7343
Lingerie Modeling
24 Hours / 7 Days

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

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
Beer & Wine, 1 Stage
Tue-Sat 5pm-2:30am

BEND

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

PLEASURE WORLD
1843 NE 3rd St / (541) 317-9723
Videos, Novelties, Lingerie, Books
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

CLATSKANIE

CLUB U-WAUNA
91844 Rulyville Rd / (503) 455-2278
1 Stage, Full Bar, Full Menu
Mon-Sat 3pm-2am

COOS BAY

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

CORVALLIS

ADULT SHOP
2315 9th St NW / (541) 754-7039
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
10am-2am / 7 Days

EUGENE

ADULT SHOP
290 River Rd / (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
Mon-Thurs 8am-Mid, Fri-Sat 24 Hours

ADULT SHOP
86784 Franklin Blvd / (541) 636-3203
Videos, Magazines, Books, Multi Ch. Arcade,
Novelties, Lingerie
8am-Mid / 7 Days

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

THE NILE
1030 Highway 99 N / (541) 688-1869
Bar, Food, Dancers
Mon-Sat Noon-2am, Sun 3pm-12am

SILVER DOLLAR CLUB
2620 W 10th Pl / (541) 485-2303
Beer & Wine, 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
Mon-Sat Noon-2:30am, Sun 1pm-2:30am

KLAMATH FALLS

THE ALBI
5711 S 6th St / (541) 882-0145
1 Stage, Beer and Wine, Lottery
Mon-Sat 3pm-2:30am, Sun 3pm-Mid

LINCOLN CITY

IMAGINE THAT II
2159 NW Highway 101, Suite C
(541) 996-6600
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry,
Novelty Gifts
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-Mid

MEDFORD

ADULT LAND
2755 South Pacific Highway / (541) 770-5493
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
Mon-Thu 9am-10pm, Fri & Sat 10am-Mid,
Sun 10am-9pm

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

ADULT SHOP
3340 North Pacific Highway / (541) 776-9964
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes
Mon-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri & Sat 10am-10pm,
Closed On Sundays

CASTLE MEGASTORE
1113 Progress Dr / (541) 608-9540
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes
9am-1am / 7 Days

THE OFFICE
1 South Riverside / (541) 772-4079
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery
Mon-Fri Noon-2am, Sat & Sun 2pm-2am

NEWPORT

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

REDMOND

BIG T'S
413 SW Glacier Ave / (541) 504-3864
2 Stages, Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery, Pool
3pm-2:30am / 7 Days

RICE HILL

ADULT SHOP
45 Miles South Of Eugene
(Rice Hill Exit #148 Off Of I-5)
726 John Long Rd / (541) 849-3344
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

ROSEBURG

FILLED WITH FUN
2498 Old Highway 99E S / (541) 957-3741
Novelties, Videos, Arcade, Toys, Magazines
Mon-Sat 9am-Mid, Sun Noon-Mid

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Erotiscopes

By *Astratory Ray*



Aries

(MARCH 20 – APRIL 19)

School is out Aries, and the world is your van! But, do you have enough candy? Take some of those leftover Valentine's Day sweets and get to work on your goals. Just a warning though Aries, not every metaphor should be taken literally. Remember the time you beat that donkey to death with a bat? Kinda like that, but don't actually go looking for free candy. Find a girl named Amber and ask her if her parents are out of town—the rest will fall into place.

Taurus

(APRIL 20 – MAY 20)

Mileage: 114,490. Front tires/brakes: acceptable. Minor wear in rear axle; recommend replacement. Contact Ford Motors for O/E equipment or replace on site with in-shop discount. Air bag and check engine lights on; recommend replacement/diagnosis.

Gemini

(MAY 21 – JUNE 20)

There are two sides to every story and you are a master at putting yourself in other people's shoes. When a drunken debate turns into a near-physical altercation, remember that your gift of empathy and understanding may not be as appreciated by those around you. In fact, it may just be a good look to let go of your "Anne Frank hoax" theory. It's not gaining you the traction required to keep your job as a morning talk show host, especially if you are consistently bringing up what Hitler did right during the weather forecasts.

Cancer

(JUNE 21 – JULY 22)

The Red Hot Chili Peppers are a multi-platinum musical act. They have toured the world, recorded numerous hit singles and even made it semi-fashionable to wear socks as dick warmers. They are an inspiring, long-lasting band that is loved by people of all walks of life. However, their success is solely a result of ripping off Mr. Bungle's Mike Patton. So, the stars ask you, Cancer, who can you steal from? What amazing, emotionally-charged intellectual property not

belonging to you, can you use for your inspiration? Start with a foreign art student if you have to and remember that the high road is littered with personal growth—something that is bad for Cancers and cancers alike.

Leo

(JULY 23 – AUGUST 22)

Your ego comes first, and although your confidence has yielded a plethora of rewards in your personal life, your breasts are starting to sag and that cop just wrote you a ticket. Accept the fact that, from now on, you will need to graduate from folded cleavage if you want to speed through school zones. Next time try fellatio.

Virgo

(AUGUST 23 – SEPTEMBER 22)

The poet Kelis once described an experiment in which she placed a frozen dairy product on her lawn, resulting in a significant amount of young men being drawn to her property. What she failed to mention, however, is that the boys never left. Imagine what happened after the frozen treats ran out. You don't want to be assaulted by a bunch of hungry lactose-crazed strangers, do you, Virgo? Remember this, as you spend another six months single and lonely; a milkshake in the yard is not worth a boy in the bushes.

Libra

(SEPTEMBER 23 – OCTOBER 22)

A wise man once said, that freedom is a state of mind, but balance allows the mind to be free. This man also murdered eleven prostitutes and carved an upside-down cross into his forehead during a televised trial for an unrelated aggravated arson charge. Still, it was a pretty nifty one-liner for a serial killer.

Scorpio

(OCTOBER 23 – NOVEMBER 21)

To bathe in the blood of your enemies is one thing, but to bottle the blood and market it as a skin crème in alternative health stores is, well, just genius. How metal can you get, Scorpio? Your business-minded approach to personal troubles may just turn itself into a cash cow, but

you have to remember that you can't just draw a picture of Danzig next to a pentagram and call it your logo. Danzig is a registered trademark and his lawyers will send you a cease-and-desist if you continue using his likeness.

Sagittarius

(NOVEMBER 22 – DECEMBER 21)

You're not fooling anyone, Saggy. Even though your birthday isn't until the holiday season, you still turn fifty this year. Please, for the love of your coworkers, stop stripping.

Capricorn

(DECEMBER 22 – JANUARY 20)

Some people think you're an asshole—while others just don't like you. Regardless, you have a trunk full of ammunition and a week's worth of PCP. Make this trip to Disneyland the best one ever and show the world just how awesome you are as a father—even if it means the people at the shitty amusement park in Tacoma have to see a barrel in their face, before they feel like telling your kid that yes, that is the real Matterhorn, and yes, Splash Mountain is under construction.

Aquarius

(JANUARY 21 – FEBRUARY 18)

Anyone who says you can't have your cake and eat it too, has obviously never been to a Chinese food restaurant with their cat. Seriously, it's like the most awkwardly amazing entertainment you can get for ten bucks. Just bring your little Tabby down to Happy Panda Sunshine Luck Bowl, order "whatever tastes like chicken" and pet your kitty at the table while making eye contact with the cook. Bonus points if you drop acid before placing your order.

Pisces

(FEBRUARY 19 – MARCH 19)

You have an entire month to get drunk and blame your liver failure on appreciation for Irish "culture." Why the hell are you reading horoscopes from a free porn magazine? Put this shit down and go order five shots of whatever well whiskey they serve at the Pink Ulcer. It's always happy hour in Rockwood!

Get your personalized Erotiscope from *Astratory Ray* at OneHourPharmacy.com

Erotic Muse

BY ELLE LYNN STANGER

Lesbian threesome. Interracial blow-jobs. Group sex. I'm perusing porn categories as the calendar reminder dings on my cell phone calendar app—a note to begin working on an *Exotic* magazine submission. Time to quit screwing around watching people screw each other and get to work.

March 3rd is International Sex Workers' Rights Day. This annual event was launched in 2001, when 25,000 sex workers gathered in India to mobilize against the government's attempted revocation of work permits. Today, the primary goal is to remove the stigma from the sex work trade. In Portland, this year's celebration will take place at the historic Star Theater in downtown, by sex-positive feminists of all categories. While prostitution has been called the world's oldest profession, feminism is a relatively new social construct—one which originated in America only 200 years ago, in the Seneca Falls Convention of 1848, where mostly Quaker women drafted a declaration for the right to hold property, vote and earn equal wages as their male counterparts. Nearly a century later, 20th century ladies, now known as the Suffragettes, succeeded in securing a woman's right to vote, in 1920. The mid-century advent of men's lifestyle magazines and film pornography set the stage for a shift in the focus of gender arguments.

Sex and sexuality became a larger focus of the gender rights movement, when second-wave feminists in the 60s and 70s argued that pornography and sex work were acts of violence against women. There was a movement by females to defeminize females—associating female sexuality with subjugation and submissiveness. The 90s Barbie Girl movement, then challenged those ideals by encouraging women to be equally non-stigmatized by having and enjoying sex, and this is the concept still held by sex-positive feminists today.

The current movement of sex-positive feminists, include many notable pornographic actresses and models, such as Stoya, Belladonna, Nina Hartley and approximately half of the strippers in Port-

land. The stance is one of free will and the power of consent and that crazy idea that each person has ownership over their own body. Sex workers took to Twitter last year with the hashtag, #NotYourRescueProject, in an effort to mobilize and communicate the frustration with being labeled a victim, rather than a consenting adult of the sex trade. The simple idea of feminist sex workers is this—it's my body and I can do with it what I choose.

On the opposite side of this spectrum, are extreme radical feminists—such as, one group known simply as “RadFem.” Current day extremely radical feminists are rare, and their views are disturbing. RadFem has stated that all Penis-In-Vagina (PIV) sex is rape and that any intercourse between men and women is a violation of a vagina. This group is also transphobic and considers transgender individuals to be traitors to biologically-born women. Such an exercise in narrow-mindedness almost seems satirical and deserves little attention. Men-loving, sex-positive feminists, like myself, consider RadFem to be a brand of Fauxminism, and I'd rather not waste the lactic acid in my fingertips to type a rebuttal. I'll save my bodily fluids for all that PIV sex I hope to have later.

It is a testament to the conservative indoctrination of our society, when autonomy over one's own body is questioned. I want to eat organic food. I want to pierce my nose. I want to insert a glass butt plug and wear it while grocery shopping. I want to dance naked for strangers as a primary source of income.

[Dear RadFems, I definitely just took a typing break to watch PIV porn and masturbate myself to climax, as I often do. All hail RedTube.com!]

Back to the point, the plight of millions of humans worldwide, trapped by their conditions and forced to work sexually certainly should not be ignored. #NotYourRescueProject is purposefully aimed at enlightening the general public that pointless exercises in stigmatizing consented sex work, does not help people who are actually being victimized. Viola-

tions against sex workers should never be considered acceptable. If a construction worker loses a hand while clocked in, it is a tragedy. If a prostitute is raped by a client or a non-client, it is a tragedy. If a firefighter dies in the line of duty, it is a tragedy. Why would one insult or injury be deemed acceptable and not the other? Sex-positive feminists and true humanists, do not ensure that good working conditions are only selective to non-sexual types of work.

Most sex trafficking victims, globally, are not white, educated or aware that there is such a movement. A stripper in Portland, who can use her g-strings as a tax write-off doesn't need rescuing—pre-pubescent girls in India, who are kept in brothels, most certainly do. The progress being made in other countries is slow, or perhaps none. But Portland sex workers will come together and celebrate our unity and our pride in this beautiful industry and all of the liberation we have realized because of it.

“The world is full of women who'd tell me I should be ashamed of myself if they had the chance. Quit dancing. Get some self-respect and a day job. Right. And minimum wage and varicose veins, just standing in one place for eight hours behind a glass counter bundled up to the neck, instead of naked as a meat sandwich. Selling gloves or something. Instead of what I do sell. You have to have talent to peddle a thing so nebulous and without material form. Exploited, they'd say. Yes, any way you cut it, but I have a choice of how—and I'll take the money.”

Margaret Atwood, *Helen of Troy Does Countertop Dancing*



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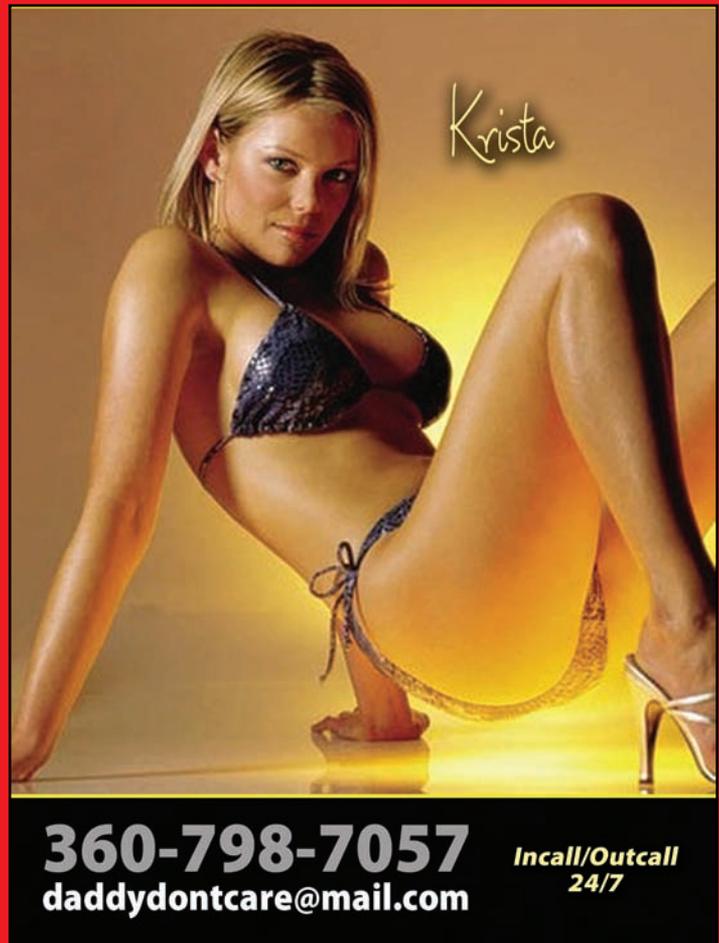


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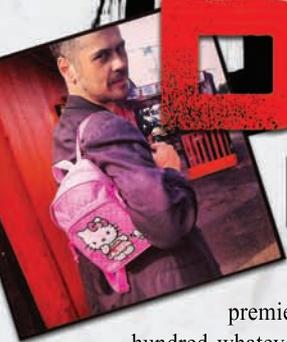


TALES FROM THE

DJ BOOTH

By Ray McMillin
www.TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

Burning the Bridge City



When Portlandia premiered on channel five hundred whatever, and the city's roster of D-list social climbers all lined up for their big chance to be paid minimum wage (for roles that would be dubbed over as to avoid Screen Actor Guild perks or actual credits), I decided it was time to move. The series of red flags that continued popping up on my radar, as I held on to my strip club DJ career by a slowly dissolving thread, were almost insultingly obvious. Gay marriage becomes legal in Washington. Meanwhile, Portlanders opt instead to fight angrily about the possibility of fluoride being added to the city's water supply (an overwhelmingly ironic sentiment, considering how many parties on both sides of the debate are alcoholic chain smokers). Marijuana becomes regulated and legalized in nearly every Northwestern state not run by Mormons or klan members. Meanwhile, the Dave's Killer Bread guy garnishes a candlelight vigil from an entire city of supporters, who believe that every cop-assaulting methamphetamine addict deserves a fifth chance in life (also of note, the local paper's article on the shooting of an unarmed black teen garnished about five percent of the comments as their feature on Breaking Bread). Put simply, Portland (the city that votes for the rest of Oregon) opted against marriage equality and marijuana, choosing instead to focus on bread and water.

What kept me in this white-bred black hole so long? The only industry in this town that not only has a work ethic, but is also unafraid to mention the words "work" and "ethic" in the same breath—the Portland strip club scene. In stark contrast to the all-inclusive, points-for-trying system that governs the majority of "professional" Rose City entertainment, there are no safety nets in the Portland strip club industry. The lack of cover charges (in most clubs) and/or base payment for dancers (in any club) prevents lazy or uninspired performers from making rent legally. Show up late, forget to give a shit and watch your money disappear. On the upside,

the skindustry in P-Town actually rewards a quality performance, bangin' body, consistent work ethic and ability to promote. Each performer is compensated based on his or her unique stage performance (or competition set, pageant, exhibition, etc.), and it is this aspect, that serves as a double-edged sword trimming the fat off of an otherwise unregulated industry. Whereas a shitty band can weasel their way onto a bill full of talented entertainers and, through selectively- parasitic social climbing, walk out with an equal cut of the door (if not more, depending on which band member the booking agent lives with or fucks). However, a (literally or figuratively) half-assed Portland stripper won't make any more than a few accidental dollars if he or she tries to pull the boring Radiohead routine after Miss Exotic Oregon's fully-costumed Dio tribute. Put simply, Darwin sits at the rack with a pile of cash. And, for this reason alone, I stayed in this town for nearly a decade longer than I should have.

I don't hate Portland. In fact, the things I love about this city are virtually indestructible. Whether they be greasy pre-casual-sex post-dance-night dinners at The Roxy, dimly lit nights of vaudevillian entertainment of Dante's, medical marijuana clubs that feature things like "dab-infused Thunderfuck cupcakes," overwhelmingly curious and trusting PSU freshmen, the dozen or so celebrity bums that populate rush hour intersections with "CELVER SIGN'S TOO BUY BEERSS," every punk band to every grace the Red Room stage, the five black families left on Alberta St., ex-heroin addicts who own record stores that still sell import CDs, bacon on everything and, even though I hate the fact that it somehow defines our tourism industry more so than the mountains and rivers, the cigarette-stained smell of Voodoo Doughnuts wafting past crowds of willfully-homeless street kids.

However, one theme that continues to resurface alongside dead salmon and the improperly-Shanghai 'd corpses, is the Willamette River's refusal to provide an upstream. There is an air of entitlement that is not limited to the entertainment industry, and this entitlement is

responsible for the guestlists-galore circle jerk that, if stopped, would result in an equilibrium-shattering catastrophe. With the single exception of the strip club industry, the majority of Rose City entertainers are shamelessly underachieved. Between professionally mediocre bands like Floater, Quarterflash or the Decemberists (name one hit single), and we-refuse-to-believe-we-are-irrelevant acts like the Dandy Warhols (who recently threw a "34 and over" concert, the equivalent of a "bros only" Dave Matthews Band show... you're not fooling anyone, guys), legitimate NW-based acts (Luck One, Cool Nutz, etc.) only make it big elsewhere.

Economists must be hiding the value of second-place trophies, because someone in Portland is stockpiling them in bulk. Welcome to our restaurants, please ignore the piles of unorganized crap in the corner. Welcome to our venues, please ignore the deep fryers and dishwashers in the green rooms. Welcome to our art galleries, sorry about the lack of thought-provocation. Welcome to our comedy nights, but hey man, don't joke about that stuff. Welcome to our bike-riding, pseudo-organic, fauxmenist-filled, chore-note-littered, house-meeting mandatory, communal garden houses...everyone here is special, so please leave your individualism and ambition in the yellow bins by the empty growlers. Don't get the impression that we're all a bunch of proud underachievers with more DUIs than professional references, we're more than that...we're progressive white Portlanders. Oooh, is that your black friend? Would he mind if I touched his hair?

Vomit.

Maybe I'll return with my dick tucked in between my legs, but that actually seems a stylish way to retreat. So, if someone could queue up that Q-Lazarus song from Silence of the Lambs, I've got a bucket list to attend to.

'Statutory' Ray 'HazMatt' McMillin will be throwing a shamelessly hypocritical, no-cover fundraising even- type thing for a going-away party, Tuesday night, March 18 at Kit Kat Club. Located next to Voodoo Doughnuts in downtown Portland. Hashtag irony.

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THE LONGEST AND MOST DIFFICULT PATH TO BECOMING AN EXOTIC DANCER JUDGE

By Sonny Westwood



Photo By Jake Kwong

"What qualifies you to be a judge for Miss Exotic?" quizzed the former Miss Exotic 2012 from the stage—her eyes flashing with blue mischief below her sparkling tiara.

Dear God, I think to myself, holding the mic with a shaky hand, I don't know. The nanoseconds tick away as I search my foggy memory for a satisfactory answer. I wasn't expecting a Spanish Inquisition!

Immediately, my mind comes up with a million reasons I shouldn't be sitting in this seat. A) I can't dance to save my life. B) Due to chronic sciatic back-pain, my male upper body strength won't allow me to do anything on a pole but hang until my shoulders give out. C) I don't visit strip clubs much as much I used to in my late 20s and early 30s. D) I am uncomfortable naked, unless I am with a lover, etc. Now I feel like a tourist, a voyeur, an interloper, an idiot and a hypocrite. Or worse, a pig, as my mother would say.

My favorite kinds of entertainment, comedy, erotic and horror, all have one thing in common—tension and release. Cold and hot. It's ones and zeros to me. I am a comic performer and I produce and direct horror-oriented theater and movies, but I can't dance and no one has ever referred to anything I have ever done as "erotic," that I recall. Indeed, what does qualify me to judge an erotic talent contest?

The dendrites of my neurons reach like sinewy tentacles for bits of memory in the darkness. The host, Richie Stratton, stands in front of me by the judges' table, wearing suit, bowtie and a mischievous grin as wide as the former Miss Exotic's. They have me by the 'nads.

How did I end up here?

My mind's eye travels backwards in time to find justification for my present role in the night's festivities. Cue fog, strobes and red lighting, as we fade to black...

1976

Two girls, not much older than my sister and I, walked up and down our block in Northern California on one fine summer afternoon, and invited all of the neighborhood kids to gather in their front yard to watch their dance show they had choreographed. Everyone paid \$1 each to see it.

They began their routine by hitting play on the tape recorder and the lo-fi speaker began blasting a muddy sounding pop-tune, "Saturday Night" by The Bay City Rollers, and they began dancing.

We booed.

They didn't stop. They kept going. The booing faded. Slowly, they got our attention and we watched the rest of the show.

At length, the kids began to wander away back to their homes, to watch reruns before they got sent to bed at dusk.

I pretended I didn't like the girl's front-lawn dance show, but secretly, I admired their risky venture. I could never get up in front of anyone to act, let alone dance, I thought. I felt like I got it. Plus, one of them was super cute.

1982

Backstage at PCPA TheaterFest, an hour before curtain for a production of "Oliver," I find myself dressed as a pick-pocket—wearing grubby clothes and donning a tricorne hat. The room is filled with actors running lines and warming up in their own

personal bubbles throughout the room. It sounds like bedlam.

The actors and actresses undressed in front of each other without batting an eyelash. There were no walls and no shame in the green room.

The woman playing Nancy Sikes was stretching. She was intoxicating. Her dress covered almost every square inch of her skin, except for her upper chest. She was easily more than a decade older than me. Unaware of my proximity, she bends forward, offering me a spectacular view of her cleavage. My mind exploded.

I had never seen this much skin in the flesh outside of my own family. Then, she slowly rose, looked up and caught my unconscious gaze. I was busted. She looked at me with what looked like mild repulsion. I looked away, blushed and whistled.

1987

"Van Helsing!" Serena purrs, as she pushes back and throws her shirt over my head. "Do you want to hammer your stake on my chest?"

God, I love the theater! I think to myself.

"Nice cover photo in the Weekender, by the way," she says, releasing me from her bosom-trap.

The photo on the cover, shows me surrounded by Dracula's wives, inches away from my neck, as I pretend like I am terrified by them.

"The thunder is your cue!" shouts the director from the seats.

I bite her neck for luck and sprint out to the stage.

The lights go red, the fog-machine fills the stage with creeping smoke and Dracula's wives enter from three directions, descending upon me in an erotic, hypnotic pace as I reach for my cross and holy water, acting like I hate this.

God-dammit, I love the theater! I think to myself.

1994

"I got too many parking tickets right outside my own apartment," explained Alex. "So I can't afford to take you to see Bobcat Goldthwait for your birthday. But...I can give you love. Tonight, I have to work. I have another job, in addition to the Aveda one—I'm stripping now."

My mind exploded. My attractive and brilliant friend with two law degrees is...a what?

"And, it's lucrative. So, you can stay here while I work tonight, or you can come to work and watch me dance at the juice bar. But, it might be weird."

I went to the bank, took out \$100 in ones and played the ringer at the rack. She doubled her money and I got my ones back at the end of the night. Some dancers accused her of touching herself, which was taboo at that time and place. She didn't have to. She was exotic enough.

At the end of the night, I waited outside in my truck by the exit. The owner escorted her out the door and spied me.

"Do you know this guy?" he said, smugly.

"Yes, he's going home with me. Take me home, lover!"



1996

"What do you guys do up here?" asked the bespectacled 16-year-old girl with the skateboard. She reminded me of Patricia Arquette from *True Romance* a little.

"We are a theater. We started doing plays up here a couple years ago. We do mainstream theater and late night sketch comedy, Guignol horror shows, original plays and a *Twilight Zone* series."

"I do theater at high school. I can also dance. Can high school kids audition?"

"Yes. We have main-stage, late-night and kids shows. What's your name?"

"Tana! Nice to meet you."

1998

I had been doing push-ups and sit-ups for five weeks, on top of practicing my karate and getting a tan on the roof. My first lead role in a play demanded it, as I had been cast as a Mexican wrestler in "*The Mask of El Tigre*." I put on my gloves, my shorts, and I was ready.

I strut out into the theater space, where the cast and crew were waiting for the director to begin rehearsal. Two girls spotted me as I entered and erupted into belly-laughs at my half-naked display. For a guy who wears as many layers as I usually do, it was probably a shock.

I sat down, slightly embarrassed—wondering how I was going to carry the show, when girls laughed at my quasi-nakedness.

I wished Tana was still around. She got it. She did a few shows at our theater and disappeared. Tana was a great performer and she was nice.

Then I remembered, it was just a comedy. Just a show. I smiled, pinching my nipples as they pretended to puke.

Our director quit on tech week. With my scant knowledge of wrestling, martial arts and Marx Brothers movies, I was charged with choreographing the fight scenes. Luckily, we were a Felliniesque cast of talented performers and we cooperated and pulled together a kick-ass play. We had a live band, a blood-thirsty audience and we dripped, flowed, crept and crashed like Bruce Lee's "Be water" analogy.

The show was a hit.

2010

"It's midnight, so, I'm 40. So, I am going...out to celebrate my 40th birthday, I will be back in two."

From the bedroom, my girlfriend croaks groggily, "Say hello to Tana!"

At Devils Point, I am three beers in and riding on a cloud.

"Do you want to play Rod Serling for a Halloween burlesque show I am directing? I want you to MC it as Rod Serling from *The Twilight Zone*!" said Tana the Tattooed Lady.

"Yes! Did you see our *Twilight Zone* late-night series at the Blue Room?"

"I saw all of them!"

"Nice. I am flattered." It was good to have an old friend back.

"You aren't going anywhere, are you?" Tana asked.

"No, just outside for a smoke. Why?"

"Don't. Go. Anywhere!"

Oh shit. I am in huge trouble, I say to myself.

Tana directs me to take a seat on stage. The DJ plays Alice Cooper. Oh man, does Tana know me. All I remember, was the red lights, the strobes, the fog, and four beautiful, naked dancers circling me.

2011

Tana had moved out of town to get married. I was assigned to a different burlesque company by the venue I was working for to host their Halloween show, once again as Rod Serling. It was going to be an orgy of blood, flesh and exotic dancer talent.

"I heard you are doing a David Lynch-themed show in November. Are you looking for male performers for any scenes?" I asked Vera—one of the Sign of the Beast Burlesque directors.

"We're looking for a 'David Lynch'. The show's called 'Black Lodge Burlesque'."

"I'd like to try out for that."

As I tried imitating his speaking voice for Vera, a dancer caught my eye on the catwalk, working out some acrobatic moves and wearing a doctor's mask. It was the future Miss Exotic 2012. I approached the stage and introduced myself. She looked at me with what seemed like mild repulsion. Or, she was really just sick.

Either way, I knew we were going to get along.

2012

"So, it's *Reservoir Dogs*, but with all women."

"I'd like to play Ms. Blonde." Miss Exotic said, sitting before me in the reddish light of Devils Point—the votive fire catching a glimmer of her fangs and her icy stare.

"I will have auditions and I will keep that in mind for sure. I really want to do something special with the torture sequence that requires physical skill and comic timing. A showstopper!"

"I've got that," said Miss Exotic confidently—her eyes glowing in the dark.

Out of the eight actresses cast, three were also dancers—because they got it.

The show was a hit!

Oct 2013

My 5th annual horror movie contest, GuignolFest, is finally rolling at the Clinton Street Theater. I am four beers in, sciatic pain is killing me and I am pacing. My co-producer, Ms. Death, walks up and puts her hand on my shoulder.

"Relax!" says Death, in Miss Exotic's voice. "Look at all of the people in here. The place is packed and the movies are good. You created this. Enjoy yourself!"

I'm beyond exhausted. I have been cast-managing FrightTown for two weeks and sofa-surfing—not knowing where I am going to stay from night to night.

"You're right, Death. I mean...Miss Exotic."

When the judge's decisions are announced, I hand out the skull-shaped Styrofoam awards quickly. When one of the teams feels snubbed, I defer to the judges.

My judges were chosen because they all cared deeply about the craft of horror movies. They are looking at many elements of production with the eyes of experience, and the main question they are seeking an answer for is, "Does the movie scare me?" That, is the bottom line. In the end, it's not who you know, but who knows you, your technique and your mastery of style and substance. And more often than not, the judge's opinions reflected the audience's.

Dante's, Miss Exotic 2013

"...I am an artist," I say slowly on the microphone, not sure exactly where I am going with this. "And, I admire your beauty and your lines...so, I keep coming back to the clubs...over and over again."

God, what a stoned-drunk idiot I am, I think to myself.

On stage, Miss Exotic smirks—drunk with power.

"You heard it ladies and gentlemen, he likes boobs!" said Richie.

The truth, at last.

"And, now..." says Richie as the producers add up the scores, "...international burlesque sensation, Tana the Tattooed Lady!"

Tana enters the stage in her tight velvet dress, black bobbed hair and tattoos wrapped around her limbs—a far cry from the flannel and blue jeans of yore.

It's good to see an old friend back in action.

I'm just a judge. The artists and dancers are the inspiration.

And boobs.

BY SCARLET 13

FUTURE Sex TECH

Revolutionizing our future technology, doesn't just include the complexities of creating fusion reactors or neat gadgets like laser pens that will seal and cauterize wounds. No, my friends, it also includes technology that seems a tad more pertinent to this magazine's target market. I'm talking about items that stimulate our desires, rather than our creative minds. These innovations in heightening our awareness, come in uniquely-shaped packages.

New products in development, like Kiiroo, the new designer sex toy that could potentially span the globe via your digital devices, through real, interactive sex. Kiiroo's an innovation that enables men and women alike, to experience real-time physical stimulation by allowing the viewer and operator the capability of actually physically reaching out to touch someone online. This pretty piece of technology is only a prototype and is currently campaigning on Indiegogo.com to reach its \$100,000 goal. Kiiroo's ground-breaking technology comes from the Netherlands—Amsterdam to be more precise. Surely, these stoner geniuses knew what they were up to, when they dreamed up this device. With a platform for both men and women, this new space-age-tech toy allows for more intimate interaction that not only supercedes the chatroom and webcam experience—it blows them out of the water. Kiiroo's design is meant to connect people over long distances, and although it's not the only device on the market, its virtual play is supe-

rior. There is another super sexy toy that claims virtual partners can bring touch to a whole new level via your iPhone, which leads me to our next gem, Funderwear.

Funderwear, created by Durex, is the newest in wearable sex toys, designed to be controlled by your partner from your smartphone device. That's right, this is the kind of attention you want paid to the phone...at least when you're on the receiving end of the app. How does this bad boy work? Well, the male counterpart dons the underpants and female counterpart dons the bra and panties. The app, once installed, allows each of the users a touchscreen where you can navigate certain erogenous zones, while your significant other enjoys your creative touch. Imagine that conversation at the dinner table! If super surprises are your thing, this will be a one-of-a-kind present they will never forget!

Taking the industry by storm, is the new technology of 3D printing in sex toys. For a nominal fee, you can produce a toy that ultimately flatters your partner and depicts your holiest of holes in a perfect 3-dimensional light. That's right, scanning your junk! Thus, recreating a personalized version of your naughty bits as anatomically correct as it gets! The first 3D versions of your cocks, vaginas and assholes obviously stemmed from pornstars, who wanted to duplicate their own privates to resell

at a handsome profit. 3D printers have proven to be more inexpensive by casting your own design, rather than paying a company \$50,000 to cast it for you. 3D devices have not just caught the eye of international pornstars, but the general public, as well. Stretching their 3-dimensional fingers into new warmer waters, where the average Joe can have a sitdown to a digital scan and emerge with an exact 3-dimensional replica of his penis—this technology is now a reality and no longer a future blueprint. So, the next dick in the box you get could actually be a cast of someone you love, rather than your local sex shop throwback.

Speaking of love, if you failed miserably for Valentine's and you really need to make it up, these feel-good toys will definitely make your lady think twice about ever doubting your ability to buy sexy things. My top picks for the most badass future sex toys are here!

I'm going to start with the Club Vibe 2.OH. This naughty, little panty liner is a wearable vibrator, powered wirelessly with a 15'-20' range—so even your partner can get in on this action, as long as



they don't deviate from your proximity. Concealable, featuring 5 different speeds, and the ability to switch from ambient to manual mode, makes this little underwear liner one of my top picks. Tickle me now or later, this next



you can store your porn in the same toy you use to play with yourself. The waterproof, USB Rechargeable Vibrator Duet is virtually silent and is so waterproof, you can take it deep sea diving—just in case you feel the need to deep sea dive and masturbate at the same time. This discreet little device is like a spy toy, except it's for your vagina! Best of all, no batteries, no cords and you can even have yours personally engraved. Just remember ladies, if you're storing your music on this device, be sure you keep it separate from the one you hand to your DJ.

Now, I'll take you from virtually undetectable to screaming out loud and in your face...well, your ass to be more realistic. The new rage seems to be the Pony Plug. A vibrant collection of My Little Pony-colored butt plugs, that all pretty ladies alike, want to prance around in. It's not just the colors that make these so noticeable, it's

the fact they are actually pony tails.

That's right, curly, colored pony tail butt plugs. I just have to type that, so it seems more real to me. My childhood toys have been turned into an adult novelty that makes me want to hop on and say giddy-up!



Of course, I have saved the best for last. The new technology

Lelo Ora, is the one "must have" I'm putting on my personal want list. Lelo Ora is an oral sex simulator that delivers. Whether you prefer to end your evening with long strokes, full to half circle flicks or the electronic tongue that simulates licks, this is toy most women can really get behind. This fantastic invention has 10 different rotations, a rechargeable wall mount and a waterproof silicone exterior—making the Lelo Ora, a hole in one when it comes to shopping for an exciting new sex toy. Maybe this month's Future Tech wasn't exactly spyware worthy, but it should certainly keep you on the up and up with what our ever-changing sex industry has up its sleeve and in your pants, that promises to be the sexiest new toys to share with the girl (or girls) in your life.



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THE PORTLAND BEARDSMEN

By Christine Heeley

The sights of beards and mustaches have long been familiar around Portland. Some choose to sport them as a style choice, while others adopted the look for ironic purposes—further fueling the increasingly loathed “hipster culture.” Over the past few years, the act of growing a beard or mustache, for some, has become something far more transcendent than just covering up a receding jaw line. Men are proudly growing facial hair; cultivating it, grooming it and competing with it internationally for sport. Not just a male beauty contest, competitive bearding has brought the choice to grow facial hair out from a place of irony and into a place of pride. Beard and mustache clubs have formed domestically, as well as internationally, with the general purpose of competition and camaraderie. The reality TV show, *Whisker Wars*, brought this slice of subculture to our homes and offered a window into what was a mostly unknown sport. Portland’s own club, The Portland Beardsmen, are a force to be reckoned with, despite only being formed about a year ago. They love to compete, drink and give back to the community.

Why do beard and mustache competitions exist? Firstly, not everyone can grow one. In fact, most people can’t grow a full face of facial hair. That alone, makes it something a man would want to brag about and compare with others. Out of those that can grow facial hair, whose are full and boast an impressive length? Even fewer. It’s a beauty contest among the select, coveted few. Facial hair is the very symbol of manliness, and those that are blessed with it, want to show it off. How exactly is the competition judged? Each competition is different and the categories and judging process varies. Categories generally fall under two major groups: Natural and Freestyle. Natural styles are exactly what they sound like: just a beautiful, full beard and/or mustache. Freestyle entries include any facial hair that is styled, usually with the aid of some sort of product. Freestyle entries can be as simple as the ends of a mustache curled with wax to elaborate hair-sculptures that defy gravity. The competition is fierce, so creativity and stage presence play a huge role in getting points from judges. The actual judging and winner selection is largely subjective, meaning there’s always an unknown quality to who will win the top prizes and the day’s bragging rights. Competition events are popular, typically reaching max capacity at the venues in which they are held. Spectators drink and cheer for their favorites, as the judges usually take audience response into great consideration when awarding points.

The Portland Beardsmen are a tight-knit group. They are there to compete and win, but greater than that, they are a group of men who generally enjoy each other’s company. Their purpose is not only to don sexy facial hair, but to give back to the community. The group donates proceeds from competitions to local charities, as well as hosts fundraising events. One such event, was last year’s “Beards and Roses” Mother’s Day, event in which a tutu-clad Beardsman would surprise your mother at her workplace with a dozen roses and a donation to Imagine Possibilities, benefiting children and adults with disabilities. Imagine mom’s surprise!

The Portland Beardsmen are gearing up to defend their championship title at The Second Annual Bearded Civil

War, against the state of Washington, on March 22. The reigning champs hope to crush the competition once again, in this freestyle-only faceoff. The competition is open to anyone and everyone with facial hair—novice or otherwise. There will even be a category for “crafted beards,” in which women, children and the facial-hair challenged are encouraged to enter with their best D.I.Y. beard. All proceeds of this event benefit the local no-kill shelter, The Family Dog’s New Life and the Oregon Food Bank.

Every Monday night, you can find the Beardsmen gathering at Tonic Lounge to hang out and (of course) drink. While this may be the manliest night in Portland, the testosterone is palatable. All are welcome to drop by, familiar face or not. I seem to always receive a warm welcome there—being one of the few women under the roof.

Although I have hung out with the Beardsmen on more than a few occasions at their selected watering hole, this particular night I was most interested in why the members belong to the club and what they liked about competition bearding. Member Travis McFarland said, “People should know that someone can have a beard and still be a professional. A beard doesn’t mean that you’re homeless or scary. We’re good guys and we raise money for charity. Competing is fun. I mean, when else can you win a trophy as an adult, without having to run?”

The founding member of the Beardsmen, is none other than the ambassador of recreation himself, Jedediah Aaker, who is known for his recurring roles in Portlandia. He’ll also be the one slinging your drinks at Tonic, in between hosting the Barfly party bus and judging vagina beauty contests.

Those that choose to grow a competition beard or mustache, can face societal prejudices similar to those who are heavily-tattooed or anyone else that adopts an “extreme” look. A man with a full mustache and beard may be judged by others, and can be easily dismissed as a miscreant. Beardsmen, Nicky Buttons, pointed out that “those of us into bearding, may appear to be an unfriendly, rag-tag, pierced and tattooed group. In reality, we are good, honest men who are fathers and husbands. You’re not allowed in this group if you’re not decent. That’s not what we’re about. I do this for the friendship. These guys are better friends than I’ve had in my entire life. Of course, I also like to compete, as well as help people. That’s what we do.”

The Portland Beardsmen meet at Tonic Lounge on Monday nights, located at 3100 NE Sandy Blvd. Anyone with facial hair (real or created) receive 2-for-1 drink specials.

The Second Annual Bearded Civil War takes place at 8pm on Saturday, March 22nd at Tonic Lounge. Cover charge is \$15 for contestant entry, \$10 per spectator or \$5 with two cans of food to donate to the Oregon Food Bank. All other proceeds benefit The Family Dog’s New Life.

For more information on the Beardsmen, go have a drink with them at Tonic. Otherwise, check out the group’s Facebook page.

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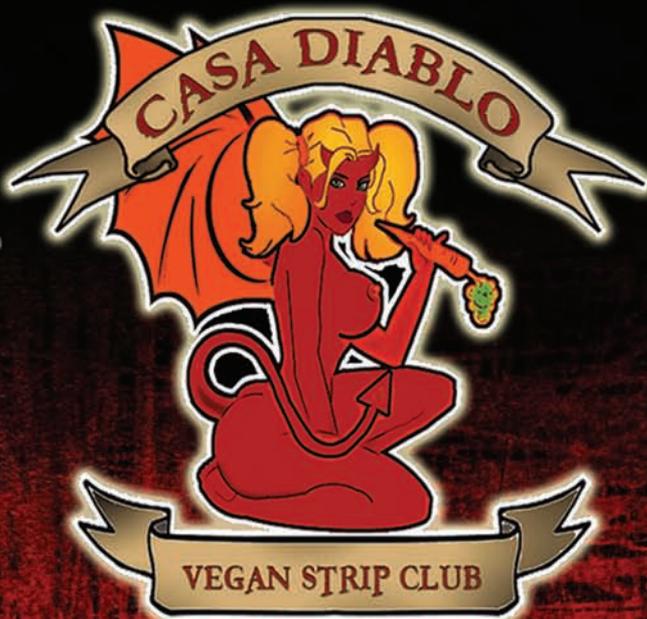
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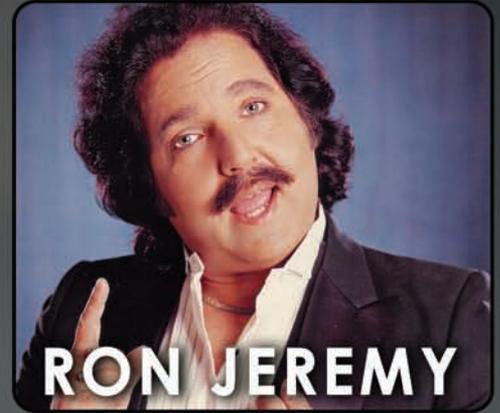
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