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Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: info@xmag.com
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher
XMAG LLC.

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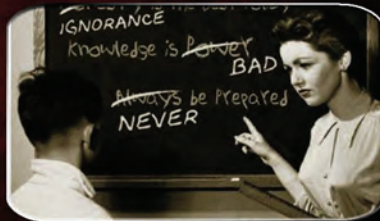
Cover Model
Marzena
Dusk 'Til Dawn: Casa Diablo II

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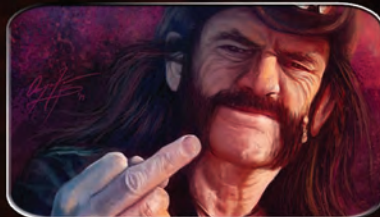
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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY RAY MCMILLIN

GOOD, DEAD & UGLY SONG

This month's *Exotic* theme has been plastered all over the magazine so many times, that you're probably already guessing where I'm going with this column. But, if you attended public school, you might need things spelled out in crayon. Here is a comprehensive, definitive and unbiased list of the three categories of songs you will hear a strip club DJ attempt to play on shift, regardless of outcome. It is with simultaneous shame and honor, that I have kept all three in rotation.



THE GOOD

Erring on the side of nostalgia is never a bad idea, especially when it involves a song from a popular movie or television show. This is the reason why a DJ can get away with "Danger Zone," but nothing else by Kenny Loggins. Any pop culture phenomenon dealing with bachelor parties, gangster culture or gangster parties will work, often times, even if the soundtrack is played in its entirety. The *Scarface*, *Superfly*, *Sopranos*, *Boyz n the Hood* and *Labyrinth* soundtracks are all able to be played from front to back in appropriate settings (yes, I consider *Labyrinth* a gangster movie, but only because it is so damn obvious that it's the source material for *Training Day*, right down to the scene where Jareth asks Sara if she ever gets wet, after she has eaten a PCP-laced tangerine).

A good rule of thumb for what makes

good strip club music is as follows; whatever the actual demographic of a genre is *assumed* to enjoy, but doesn't, is usually perfect for strip clubs. One of my favorite go-tos is the "music by black people that black people don't listen to" genre, i.e. Warren G, Snoop Dogg, Skee-Lo, Humpty-fronted Digital Underground, etc. If you're looking to play some rock music, steer away from stuff that says "Hey, you should lay off the coke and make something of yourself" (Faith No More, Pink Floyd, David Bowie). Opting instead, to

focus on any band that uses a sharp-angled, three-dimensional typesetting for their one-word name. Ratt, Journey, Queensryche, Warrant, Megadeth and Whitesnake are all fine examples of excellent titty bar fare. By following this formula, you never get too gangster for the motorcycle clubs, nor do you get too hardcore for the homies. I'm not telling folks to avoid a set where you mix Slayer into Brotha Lynch Hung, I'm just saying it will get you shot, if you don't water it down with some Fresh Prince. If you can't figure this formula out as a DJ, take the easy exit and just play "punk" music that hot girls associate with clothing companies (Ramones, Misfits, Pink...stuff like that).

THE DEAD

Only play The Dead during a day shift when James with the good weed is lurking around. Otherwise, you're gonna kill a Friday

night crowd with any Dead song, other than *Casey Jones*.

THE UGLY

DJs need to take special caution when making a song selection plucked from the alternative rock genre— known for taking two chords and juxtaposing them against lyrics, from a decade known for not knowing its own lyrics. Things can get pretty ugly without notice. Take, for instance, *She Talks To Angels*—an otherwise dismissible track— recognized by most casual bar patrons as "the other song by Black Crowes." No one usually sees a problem with it, unless they're living out the lyrics while naked on stage:

*She never mentions the word addiction
In certain company.
Yeah, she'll tell you she's an orphan
After you meet her family.*

*She paints her eyes as black as night now
Pulls those shades down tight.
Yeah, she gives me a smile when the pain
comes*

The pain gonna make everything alright.



Trust me, the rest of the song gets increasingly more depressing, until it eventually starts an Etsy page dedicated to shitty drawings of evil fairies.

SELECTIONS FOR STRIP CLUBS



Another common mistake made by even (excuse me, *especially*) the most seasoned DJs, comes in the form of judging a song by its beat alone. Normally, as in, in any other circumstance outside of a strip club, melody and tempo are what inspire the behavior of the crowd's collective booty muscles. However, most DJs have made the mistake of forgetting that even the most laid back songs can cause the on-duty manager's eyebrows to raise. For instance, "Xxplosive" by Dr. Dre, has one of the most funkadelic, relaxing-yet-bootylicious beats, and a sample that instantly brings folks back to a pre-9/11 2001. Hittman opens it up with a G-funk hook, and all appears to be well. Then, Kurupt starts off with a verse that would fit better on a diss track to his ex-wife, than inside the speakers designed to assist in making a nude female feel comfortable and attractive:

*Overdosage - imperial pistols ferocious
 Fuck a bitch; don't tease bitch, strip tease bitch
 Eat a bowl of these bitch, gobble the dick
 Hoes forgot to eat a dick can shut the fuck up!
 Gobble and swallow a nut up, shut up and get my cash
 Backhanded, pimpslapped backwards and left stranded
 Just pop ya collar, pimp convention hoes for a dollar
 Six-deuce in a plush, six-deuce impala
 Pimpin hoes from Texas to Guatemala
 Bitch niggas paid for hoes, just to lay with hoes
 Relax one night, and paid to stay with hoes
 Captain Save 'Em all day (bitch), well save this dick
 Bitch nigga, you more of a bitch than a bitch
 You ain't into hittin' pussy, or hittin' the switch
 You into hittin' bitches off of the grip, you punk bitch.*

I'm genuinely surprised Hallmark hasn't taken the opportunity to incorporate the



above passage into a Valentine's Day card.

Although most DJs can laugh off the instances where inappropriate lyrics (of the subtle and not-so-subtle varieties) get dropped on accident, the ugliest mistake that can be made inside of a strip club DJ booth, is what I call the HybridTheory Fallacy—named after the Linkin Park album that it applies

to the most—if you're working with a hot dancer that has horrible taste in music, the assumption that physical attractiveness can drown out terrible music, is false. Evanescence should be illegal for many reasons, but if you need one more, swing by day shift at any club with a gravel parking lot and make friends with the girl in all-black, who wasn't cool enough to discover Skinny Puppy during her teenage years. Bad music can turn a perfect pair of breasts into a reheated Denny's omelette, as there is nothing more off-putting than a beautiful woman with terrible taste. In some scenarios, yes, it can be the DJ's fault for not knowing what the dancer means by "decent goth music." Either way you ink it, that Korn tattoo is a sign that your job as a DJ, now rivals that of a fluffer on set at an Ozark porn shoot. Damned if you do, damned if you don't—even if you play a good song by The Damned.





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GREEN ROOM DIARIES:

A VISITOR'S GUIDE TO POPULAR STONER DESTINATIONS

BY SATIVATORY RAY



FAST FOOD RESTAURANTS

The Good: Places that have recently been under some sort of health investigation, but are now watching their asses, so they don't get shut down. Chipotle, for instance, just got outed for buying dirty meat from a street vendor or some shit. What does this mean for the consumer? Well, unless you were unlucky enough to eat Chipotle while they were still serving Giardia-ritos, a just-been-sued corporation is the equivalent of an ex-convict with an ankle bracelet. You can bet your ass that between undercover health inspectors, local news reporters and that lady Kaitlyne who always asks to see the manager on duty, Chipotle is currently washing their eyes and cleaning their tees when it comes to sanitation. The chances of you getting sick from a place that was just fined for getting people sick are slim to Sonic. Be wary of too-big-to-care places like McDonald's ("nice documentary, here's a salad with twice the fat as one of our burgers") or spots like Burger King that, for whatever reason, claim to use fresh beef, but have yet to or never been caught slippin'. A recent E. coli scare at a restaurant, is analogous to being in a relationship with someone who you just caught cheating—they're not going to fuck up again anytime soon.

The Dead: Chains that were around when your parents were still having sex, such as Arctic Circle or A&W. These places are usually stocked with good, if not excellent,

food (for being a cheap option). The problem is, the drive-thru wait is usually about two gallons of gas and going inside means you have to sit next to the old dude who owns the hardware store. Better yet, there's *always* a pile of classified ad papers that are nothing more than fronts for car lots and multi-level marketing scams. This makes for great reading material, as you wait for a vintage cheeseburger or root beer float while attempting to avoid eye contact with Earl.



The Ugly: Anything with a handful (but only a handful) of pseudo-Mexican options. This is always a red flag, as drive-thru Mexican is among the most unapologetic and basic types of food. Much like Chinese restaurants feature burgers and fries on an "American menu" that serves only as a safeguard from bad Chow Mein, be wary, any fast food joint that finds it necessary to offset their crappy Kraft-singles-and-horsemeat cheeseburgers with Kraft-singles-and-stale-shell tacos. Yes, I'm looking at you, Jack. Why don't you ever have milkshakes available when I'm driving through drunk after a long shift? Clean your machines at noon so reviews like this won't happen again.



MARIJUANA DISPENSARIES

The Good: Mom and pop. Always opt for the dispensary that makes you ask, out loud, things like "Is that person old enough to be working here?" or "Why is everyone just hanging out in the parking lot?" Unlike the fancy yuppie spots (keep reading for more on those), mom and pop dispensaries are more knowledgeable regarding their product. If you ask the nice place by the freeway about their strains, you get an hour-long lecture on how THC and CBD once took PCP at a KMFDM show and were like LOL instead of OMG, so you should buy some OG so you can OD without going MIA. Ask the lady playing with her cat behind a pile of expired weed magazines and old flyers for local shows on the other hand, and she'll tell you, "Kyle up off Commercial and State grows this shit in his mom's backyard—it's better than the stuff Jeff has." Here's twenty bucks, give me a gram of Kyle and some of those un-packaged cookies that appear to have killed your dog.



The Dead: That place by the freeway or any dispensary with multiple billboards and radio ads. For one, the whole lab-tested, cute-packaging, funny-name rhetoric is all a smokescreen (sorry). First of all, the testing angle goes as follows: growers drop off, say, one or two ounces out of a potential yield of pounds upon pounds. The results from this handful, are used to determine the potency and lack of pesticides for the whole

farm. No room for error at all, is there? Put it this way—if roadside sobriety tests or STD screenings were conducted the same way, I'd be shitfaced on the freeway to Syphilis Town by now. Secondly, dispensaries with quality meds have a quality reputation and they usually advertise in places that actual weed smokers lay eyes on (this magazine, for instance). If a dispensary's angle is to appeal to the general population, aiming for that "I haven't smoked since Huey Lewis was a thing, but now it's legal" crowd, there is little chance of them carrying 29.9% Girl Scout Cookies from Mendo.



The Ugly: Whatever dispensary has changed names three times in the last two months. There are, sadly, tons of these out there and they often feel more like a trap house, than they do a source of alternative

medicine. Walk in, smell the black mold that allows the rent to be so low, take a look at the animal-piss-stained carpet, browse the Sharpie-inked paper bags and try to distinguish the top-shelf dirt from the bottom-shelf dirt. No one shops at these nasty-ass dispensaries. They're only open because the meth hustle in the attic, is offsetting the cost of selling schwag to cancer patients.

STRIP CLUBS

The Good: Any club that advertises in this magazine.



The Dead: Doc's. Remember Doc's? Before it was Safari? All the old-schoolers remember Doc's. Safari is cool, but man, remember Doc's?



The Ugly: Any club in any state that doesn't allow full nudity and alcohol at the same time. Nothing screams "Your life is becoming a Tom Waits song and not in a good way," more than the act of drinking an O'Douls at noon in a bikini bar while watching a naked girl wonder if what she's doing is technically illegal.



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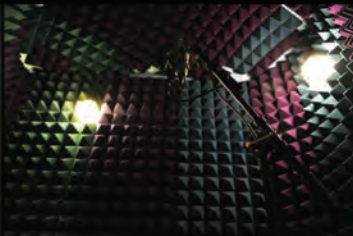
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SLUTSCAPADES

By Dr. Helen Shepard

Slut (noun) — a person who likes sex for its own sake and doesn't give a fuck what you think about it.

Slut it up (verb) — to share the pleasure of your body with whomever you please.

Typical sex education curricula invoke images of lonely, middle-aged men wagging their fingers at themselves in the mirror, as they jerk off their mostly-limp dick—lubricated with their own tears. If he couldn't get laid in high school, neither should you.

Perhaps you think of those angry soccer moms, barely alive from self-imposed starvation, not only of food (lest their husbands divorce them), but also of sexual pleasure—women trapped in heterosexual marriages, despite the fantasies and confusing sessions of “truth or dare” that came from cheerleading camp. These women tolerate pleasureless sex with their husbands—dry but thankfully fast and infrequent—to give life to the next generation. Sex is for procreation only and pleasure is for Satan worshippers, right? Right!

These are, somehow, the people in charge of controlling how we teach our children, instead of oh, I don't know...public health officials? Happy sluts? Sex workers? It's scary to us sex educators, how sloppy sexual education can be. We have to pick up the pieces, through people's shame and confusion as adults. But, there does exist at least one glory of a sex ed conference, right here in Oregon.

When the badass organizers first asked me to be the keynote speaker at the Youth Empowerment Symposium (YES!), I responded with, “But, I've never even worked with teens before...am I just supposed to...talk to them like...adults?” To which they responded, “Yes! That's the point!” “Ok,” I replied with apprehension, “But, normally with my clients, I say words like ‘cock’ and ‘fuck.’ Can I say cock to a room full of teenagers?” The badasses looked at each other with an unspoken, “Jackpot!” and enthusiastically agreed. “OK, great. So, if I can say ‘cock’ and ‘fuck’ does that mean I can also talk about titty fucking, pussy licking, anal penetration, foot worshipping and peeing in people's mouths?” And, that is how I became the first person in history, to talk about titty fucking and peeing in people's mouths publicly at the Eugene Hilton.

It's hard to say which part the teens enjoyed more; honestly talking about taboo pleasures got them hooting, but showing them actual pictures of hard penises, wet vulvas and different types of pleasurable strokes, had them in complete silence. That's right, I publicly taught 150 high schoolers how to give handjobs to themselves and “people you love or people you've just met,” while shocked catering staff struggled to work with gaping jaws and wide eyes. As much as I emphasize pleasure and exploration, I also emphasize consent, boundaries and health concerns.

In the conference room next door, “Women For Jesus” had convened, to learn to come unto Christ and be the best women they can, for and through Him. They were none too pleased, as hyper children who were alternative-minded, often genderqueer and of all sexual orientations, flooded out into the halls—talking passionately about feminist porn, vulva massage or the fallacy of masturbation addictions.

The theme of the conference was Empowering Pleasure. I don't think that today's youth are empowered enough by being given the permission to masturbate, without the threat that it will turn their insides to liquid as they die slowly in their sleep. This conference didn't just tell kids how to be empowered sexually, it taught them poetry and music. It talked about consent and respect (for, without those key elements, there is no sex and life is as pleasant as hitting your head with a hammer).

After my keynote speech, we broke up to do workshops. Having never worked with teens, the thrill of talking about taboo subjects publicly quickly faded, as the room turned to chaos. Given that my theme was emotional awareness and how it relates to posture and movement, I expected painful silences, while everybody refused to participate. The problem in my group, was people speaking over each other—eager to talk about their humiliation, their rage, their righteous indignation. We had a wonderful mix of hoots in response to the theme of “And, that's how I learned to love myself, despite what anybody else says!”

mixed with compassion and group anger to the tune of “Fuck the police!”

Don't get me wrong—I'm not an optimistic sort of a person. Come Thanksgiving, I like to ask people if they're thankful for genocide. I won't shut up about cultural appropriation. Miley Cyrus makes me feel conflicted. On one hand, her in-your-face sluttiness and gender-queerness make me want to bring her up at polite dinner parties. But, on the other hand, she profits off the theft of other cultures, without acknowledging it! Another hot, white girl with dreadlocks...goddammit!

Being present at the Youth Empowerment Symposium was truly inspiring and I left feeling hopeful, despite myself. For one workshop, I got to listen to two teenage girls facilitate a sort of Q&A about any and all sexual concerns. Questions ranged from best forms of birth control and how do I make my partners last longer, to “What do you call it when you masturbate with a teddy bear?” (You just call it what you're into!)

Having already exhausted the conversation with talk about best sex positions, what affects the taste of bodily fluids and how to tell our parents we're sexually active, etc., a truly exciting sex-educator moment occurred. “Come on, you guys,” the facilitator encouraged, “you don't need to hold back. We can talk about anything. Helen's already talked about peeing in people's mouths and that was the first thing this morning!” I beamed with pride. “Yeah!” her co-host chimed in, “And, if that's what you're into, that's totally ok—people like what they like and nobody is here to judge.” The room nodded with approval or looked out the window with boredom—that's how I knew I was on the winning side of this battle. This is the good, the beautiful in sex education these days—

nobody cares if you want to pee in somebody else's mouth. As long as there's consent.

Dr. Helen Shepard is a clinical sexologist in Eugene. She can help you untangle the lies you learned in high school and can be reached at EugeneSexology@gmail.com

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Welcome to Exotic Marzena! When I saw the proof set for your cover shoot, I knew you were the perfect selection for our theme this month. You look like you stepped right out of a spaghetti western saloon, okay, maybe a spaghetti western porn set, but I digress. When it comes to The Good, The Dead And The Ugly, could you tell us your top three thoughts in each category?

The Good

M - Family, music and getting covered in artwork.

The Dead

M - Toxic people, marriage inequality and negative views on cannabis.

And The Ugly

M - Abuse towards animals, negative, hateful people and getting sent random dick picks.

Where are you from?

M - I'm from Eastern Washington, the Tri-Cities, also known as the Dry-Shitties. The desert brought me here. The clubs, city and the wilderness were calling my name.

How long have you been dancing? Have you danced anywhere else outside of Portland?

M - Off and on since I was 18. I used to work in Seattle at DreamGirls at Rick's, but I definitely enjoy working here in Portland much more.

What do you do for entertainment, outside of being an entertainer? When it's time for Marzena to be entertained, what does she look for?

M - A girl who works hard, plays hard. I'm extremely social, so I love being around lots of people, whether it's friends, family or meeting new friends. I love going to shows, preferably punk rock or metal— and, I smoke tough! I'm not me unless I'm stoned.

What is your signature move as a dancer?

The one that makes men and women weak in the knees?

M - From dropping down into the splits, to flipping upside down and being spread eagle in front of your face...and having other girls come up on my set and join me onstage. I definitely don't have any problems entertaining a crowd.

Tell us about your ink! What's your favorite tattoo? Favorite artists?

M - I definitely have a lot of artwork, so it's hard to pick a favorite—but, if I had to, it would be a toss-up between my giraffe side-piece and my face tattoo. My favorite artists are Arturo Luna from Van's High Caliber in Tri-Cities, WA (he's done a majority of my artwork and was my first artist) and a local artist here in Portland, Nate Laird, from Aardvark Tattoo.

You obviously have an admirable sense of family, care to tell us more?

M - Yes, definitely. Since I'm a twin, I've always been very close to family, especially her. She is my other half and we do everything together—we even work and live together. I wouldn't be myself without her.

Tell us about Dusk 'Til Dawn and Casa Diablo. What do you like about them?

M - I love the environment of both the clubs—they're equally fun and have a great atmosphere! I have to say, the girls I work with really make it enjoyable coming in nightly. I've grown very close to many of my coworkers.

With 50 some-odd exotic showclubs to choose from, what made you hang your guns at Portland's most notorious den of depravity?

M - Sometimes you strike gold from the start. I had my eyes on the club since before I even moved into the city. I love the fact that it's Portland's most entertaining and talked about club—I wouldn't want to work anywhere else!

STARRING MARZENA FROM DUSK 'TIL DAWN: CASA DIABLO II



Do you have a vampire fetish? If not, what is your fetish?

M – I wouldn't particularly say I have a "sexual" vampire fetish, but I do like a vampy style and I think it's definitely a sexy go-to for Halloween. But, I would have to say that choking (or being choked), is one of my main fetishes that really arouses me and gets my blood pumping.

Is there an inspiration behind your name Marzena? After 20 years in this industry, I haven't heard that one before.

M – I come from a Polish background, so I went for a name that reflects my heritage.

Are you vegan? If so, have you always been? Or did working in the club convert you?

M – I was a vegetarian throughout high school and the years following— but, today, I really don't like putting a label on my diet. I just prefer to eat healthy, fresh and clean.

Do you have other ways you express yourself outside of dancing, like art, music, nightclubbing, kayaking down waterfalls, zombie hunting, etc.?

M – I love art—that's probably the main reason I'm covered in it! But, I really love music—I've grown up playing the cello for 12 years and it's one of the best ways I like to express myself.

Where would you like to see yourself 10 years from now?

M – 10 years from now? I would like to see myself still living here in Portland, doing something I love that brings me satisfaction and happiness. I just want to continue to love and live my life to the fullest!

This has been a very enjoyable conversation Marzena, but now it's time to move into our final set of questions, in the world-famous *Exotic* covergirl SPEED ROUND! It's kind of like 20 questions, except we could only afford 9 (free magazine). And, instead of actually answering 9 questions, we just let you pick between two answers, whether you like it or not. Ready...set...GO!

Star Wars or Star Trek? Trek yourself, before you wreck yourself. Sulu > Solo

Selma Hayek or Sophia Vergara? Selma Hayek, of course!

Dusk 'Til Dawn or Casa Diablo? Casa Diablo, mostly because it's my main club, but both are great!

Football or Basketball? Football, Seahawks!

Hipsters or Bros, which are more evil? Bros for sure! Nothing but a bunch of fuck boys!

Lumberjacks or man buns? Lumberjacks—I go weak at the knees for beards and flannel.

Batman or Superman? Neither, Wonderwoman!

Champagne or Tequila? Champagne gets me bubbly.

Cannabis or Kombucha? Cannabis all the way.

Thanks again, Marzena! It's been our pleasure to have you as our covergirl!

You can see this captivating temptress at Dusk 'Til Dawn: Casa Diablo II on Friday nights. You can follow her on Instagram and Snapchat @naeniezgod





Marzena

FROM

DUSK 'TIL DAWN: CASA DIABLO II

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Marzenna

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This month's theme for *Exotic* is "the good, the dead and the ugly," which loosely translates into...

PORTLAND:

Drive?! (Like A Suicide)

By Ray McMillin

Why does the term "progressive" become instantly Orwellian, when one applies its implied meaning to the drivers who inhabit a town with only a political concept of the term? Spending a few weeks in the redder, snack-loving militia portion of our fine state, you will notice that most people actually understand how to operate a motor vehicle. What's odd, is that when one considers the "Elleegils Took Our Logging Jobs" bumper sticker, it's baffling to think that the liberal side of the political spectrum (one which allows for identifying as an omnisequal, half-wolf vampirekin with self-diagnosed PTSD) doesn't contain a single person who knows how to steer anything besides an ideological debate, orient themselves without a GPS or change oil that hasn't been extracted from coconut. Here is a list of reasons why I'm convinced Portland drivers are among the worst in the nation.

Bicycle Culture Does Not Facilitate Fluid Automobile Commute

Portland loves to ride bikes. Unless, of course, we're talking about leaving the city and getting actual exercise in the great outdoors that so many people claim to move here for. This doesn't happen, however. No one in Portland rides a bike for the same reasons as the people in the REI advertisements. Portlanders ride bikes to be seen—going ten miles an hour on a busy street, that is no less than two blocks from a completely open neighborhood thoroughfare, that would better suit their two-wheeled needs.

The guise of environmentalism loses steam when one considers that most Portland cyclists are already living with six other childless adults, so they obviously can't afford that hypothetical automobile they're supposedly



opting against. If six Iraqi children were killed with each gallon of gas sold on Hawthorne, there would still barely be enough carnage to fill an adult-sized casket by the end of the next war.

The cycling trend in Portland is an entirely cultural phenomenon—one based in attention-seeking behavior under the thin



veil of quirk (like everything else in Portland). Try driving a car or a truck naked and see if

this city is actually that open to self-expression. Further, the unnecessary traffic diversions, double-wide bike lanes, arbitrary rules regarding hand gestures or green boxes and a heap of other problems, result from the guestlisting-of-the-elite approach that ODOT takes toward making sure snowflakes can safely pedal from Salt & Straw to the bus stop.

Portland Weather Is Histrionic

"Hey, how's it going? Like a little sun? Here you go... just remember that you forgot to say 'I love you' in return last night, so I'm just gonna make it rain a little bit. Nah, let's make it rain a lot. Okay, that was too much, I didn't mean it—here're two months of heat stroke, followed by freezing rain in June. Wait, don't go, we can just keep things foggy for a few months and see how that goes..." Mother Nature in the Northwest is constantly ragging, but in that wrong-kind-of-birth-control ragging, where no one at the party sees it coming until the pretzel bowl is tossed at whoever makes fun of her hair first.

One thing that Oregonians forget is that even though hated by the rest of the real-estate-owning masses in every other state, California produces more human exports than any other state. If it rains in Los Angeles, it means that a year's worth of transmission fluid and motor oil rises up through the concrete, turning the entire region into a tar pit that isn't contained within a tourist trap. Drivers from the Midwest are used to long, three-block-plus stretches of road that don't double as water

slides. East coast drivers are on their way to places like “work” or “a meeting” and they’re used to driving the speed limit, even if there’s a half an inch of snow on the grass next to the road. Put simply, no one who moves here is prepared for cocktease weather conditions. In Michigan, a few snowflakes mean “gee tee eff oh before the AT-ATs show up looking for Luke’s ice cave,” while Californians react to a few drops of rain as if it was time to stop everything and play Twisted Metal: Orange County.

Adding to the mix, native Oregonians who get their licenses at twenty-five, before purchasing a 1992 Honda from Craigslist and calling it good—you’re not gonna see a better display of slaughter than the traffic report that immediately follows a fresh rain in Portland.

Courtesy Is An Epidemic

Ask any Portlander to give you directions, pour you a drink, make your food to spec, show up on time, piss clean, marry young, accept responsibility or take criticism and you have a problem in your lap. Stall at a four-way stop, on the other hand, and suddenly the world is your oyster. For as long as you want. Go ahead, you were here second. Take your time. Oh, you’re not going? Okay, let me inch out just a...nah, just kidding. Seriously, it’s your turn.

Portland’s lack of assertiveness is often

mistaken for driver courtesy. It’s not that Portlanders are nice, but rather, they just don’t have anywhere to be. Most jobs around the area simply require that employees clock in “whenever,” and since there’s nowhere to park as it stands, the phrase “I’m an hour late” is usually met with “Hi, I’m Steve. Welcome to the company, your office is on the corner.” If you honk at someone for stalling through a yellow light, they’ll peer out their window



at you in disdain, like “Can’t you see I’m adding new Instagram followers here?” Left turn against traffic on a non-arrowed green light? You may as well wait for a re-release of *Chinese Democracy* with Slash on guitar.

The Suburbs Exist

Although Portland doesn’t like to admit that areas like Beaverton or Gresham exist, not only are these real locations, but people living there are often forced (against their own ideals) to possess both an automobile and a job. What, did you actually think that trendy restaurant on NW 23rd was staffed by people living in the city? If your daily commute is a ten-mile, two-hour stretch of strip malls and billboards, chances are you don’t have time to adjust to the non-motorized, two-wheel courtesy machine that is waving on drivers, as they maneuver four-way stops in the freezing sun. I love suburb drivers—right down to the soccer mom who is trying to un-jam the Spongebob DVD from her USB HDTV attachment while arguing with her boss over a Bluetooth headset that only works in soundproof, underwater rooms—even if she is going 45mph on an off-ramp with her left turn signal on. Why? Because she’s not on a

fucking bike.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



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17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-12am

THE NEW HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 **FOOD**
3532 SE Powell 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 52 **FOOD**
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351
Daily 11am-2am

KING'S 15 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248
Daily 1pm-2:30am

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

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

LURE EXOTIC LOUNGE 2 **FOOD LOTTERY**
11051 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-3320
Daily 11:30am-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
Daily 9am-2:30am

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

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

ROCK HARD PDX 28 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-2:30am

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

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

SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33 **FOOD LOTTERY**
3000 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 231-9199
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-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-2am

SPEARMINT RHINO 65 **FOOD LOTTERY**
15826 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219
4pm-2:30am Daily

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

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

TOMMY'S TOO 39 **FOOD**
10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238
Daily 10am-2:30am

WHISPERS 67
6218 NE Columbia Blvd
Daily 11am-3am

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

EVERYTHING ELSE

ADAM & EVE 171
9220 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 224-1604
Mon-Thu 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-6pm

ADULT VIDEO ONLY 102
Vancouver:
10620 NE 4th Plain Rd | (360) 891-3988
Mon-Tue 12pm-10pm, Wed-Sat 12pm-12am,
Sun 12pm-8pm

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

ARMCHAIR FAMILY BOOKSTORE 105
3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 501-0243
Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm

B.A. VIDEO 122
7964 SE Foster Rd | (503) 477-5446
Mon-Fri 11am-7pm, Sun 11am-5pm

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

CATALYST: A SEX POSITIVE PLACE 170
5224 SE Foster Rd | (503) 726-9930
Hours vary by events

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 12pm-11pm, Sat 5pm-12am
Live Models: Mon-Sat 12pm-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

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

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

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

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

NAUGHTY KINK 142
909 SW Gaines St | www.NaughtyKink.com
Daily 8am-11pm

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

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

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

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5874
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 12pm-5pm

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

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

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

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

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

THE RED DOOR 170
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300
Daily 24 hours

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

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

DISPENSARIES

FRESH BUDS PDX A
110 SE Main St Ste C | (503) 477-4261
Daily 10am-8pm

GREENER GRASSES F
909 NE Dekum St Ste A | (971) 804-5732
Mon-Sat 10am-9pm, Sun 11am-7pm

NECTAR - NE SANDY B
3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777
Daily 10am-11pm

NECTAR - 122ND AVE C
1019 NE 122nd Ave | (971) 279-2512
Daily 10am-11pm

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

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

69
KIT KAT CLUB

231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229

49
SUICE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

33 NW 2ND ST
503-243-4646

69
Mystic Gentlemen's Club

9950 SE STARK ST
503-477-9523

23
SinRock CLUB

12035 NE GLISAN ST
503-889-0332

10
ROSE CITY STRIP

3620 SE 35TH PL
503-239-1004

70
XPOSE

10140 SW CANYON RD
503-430-5364

55
The Runway

1735 SE TUALATIN VALLEY HWY
503-640-4086

46
CASA DIABLO

2839 NW ST HELENS RD
503-222-6600

36/50
STARS Cabaret

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

OREGON

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

COOS BAY

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

EUGENE

B & B DISTRIBUTORS
710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room
24 Hours / 7 Days
CASTLE MEGASTORE
3570 W 11th Ave / (541) 988-9226
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-1am
THE NILE
1030 Highway 99 N / (541) 688-1869
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers
Mon-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 3pm-12am
SILVER DOLLAR CLUB
2620 W 10th Pl / (541) 485-2303
Full Bar, Food, 3 Stages
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

GERVAIS

LAST CHANCE SALOON
7650 Checkerboard Ct / (503) 792-5100
Full Bar, Lottery, 1 Stage
12pm-2:30am Daily

KLAMATH FALLS

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

LINCOLN CITY

IMAGINE THAT II
2159 NW Highway 101, Suite C
(541) 996-6600
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

MEDFORD

ADULT LAND
2755 S Pacific Hwy / (541) 770-5493
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie
Mon-Fri 9am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm,
CASTLE MEGASTORE
1601 N Riverside Ave / (541) 608-9540
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

THE OFFICE
1 S Riverside Ave / (541) 772-4079
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery
Mon-Fri 12pm-2am, Sat-Sun 2pm-2am

NEWPORT

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

ROSEBURG

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

SALEM

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

BOB'S ADULT BOOKS
3815 State St / (503) 363-3846
Adult Books, Videos, 63 Ch. Arcade and
Mini-Theater
9am-2am / 7 Days
CHEETAHS XXX CABARET & MODELING
3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 316-6969
18+ Juice Bar, Full Menu
Tue-Thu 2pm-2am, Fri-Sat 2pm-5am
Modeling 24 Hours / 7 Days

DIVAS BAR & GRILL
3165 River Rd N / (503) 304-5230
2 Stages, Full Bar, Full Menu
12pm-2am / 7 Days

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

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

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

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

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

SPRINGFIELD

BRICK HOUSE
136 4th St / (541) 988-1612
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers, 1 Stage, 2 Cages
Mon-Sat 3pm-2:30am

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

SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
1195 Main St / (541) 741-0402
Full Bar, Full Menu, 4 Stages
Sun-Thu 7pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

UMATILLA

HONEYBUNNZ HIDEOUT
1206 6th St / (509) 942-8067
18+ Juice Bar, 1 Stage
Thu-Sun 8pm-3am

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

WASHINGTON

AUBURN

DREAMGIRLS WORLD
2109 Auburn Way N Suite G / (253) 839-2675
Lingerie & Women-Friendly Adult Novelties
Mon-Fri 11am-11pm, Sat 12pm-11pm,
Sun 12pm-10pm

VIDEO BLUE 2
2109 Auburn Way N Suite F / (253) 288-1864
Adult Video Library & Masturbatory-Quality
Goods At A Valued Price Point
Mon-Fri 11am-11pm, Sat 12pm-11pm,
Sun 12pm-10pm

BREMERTON

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

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

DES MOINES

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

KENNEWICK

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

KENT

PLEASURES PEAK
519 Central Ave S / (253) 220-8509
Lingerie, Dancewear, Novelties & Accessories
Mon-Sat 11am-9:30pm

LAKESIDE

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

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

LYNNWOOD

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

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

PASCO

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

RENTON

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

SEATTLE

CASTLE MEGASTORE
1017 E Pike St / (206) 204-0126
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-2am
DANCING BARE
10338 Aurora Ave N / (206) 523-1227
18+, 1 Stage, VIP Area, ATM, DVDs, Toys, Novelties
11am-2:30am / 7 Days

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

PASTY'S
5220 Roosevelt Way NE / (206) 526-5653
18+ Gentlemen's Club, Full Bar, Full Menu,
1 Stage, ATM
Tue-Sat 9pm-2:30am

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

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

THE FANTASY SHOP
9630 16th Ave SW / (206) 762-3299
Video Sales/Rentals, Magazines, Books,
Novelties, Lotions, Games, DVDs
10am-11pm / 7 Days

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

YOUR CHOICE VIDEO
9811 16th Ave SW / (206) 768-0711
DVDs, Novelties, Arcade
10am-12am / 7 Days

SHORELINE

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

SILVERDALE

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

SPOKANE VALLEY

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

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

TACOMA

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

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

TUKWILA

CASTLE MEGASTORE
235 Strander Blvd / (206) 575-7575
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-12a

*Dear Sex Workers of Portland,
From the husband of one sex worker, but on behalf of all of us,
your lovers, your regulars and your worst nightmares...*

I get it. Many of you get more compliments in the bat of an eye, than others ever come close to getting on a daily basis. That's exactly what I wanted to talk to you about. People who work in candy shops (even those with a sweet tooth) undoubtedly have their feelings change about candy over time.

Many people, who work as dancers, live relatively normal lives outside of work, and honestly, the work itself isn't so different than anything else. Some would even say, it is no different at all and I wouldn't argue. But, my point is, that all of you challenge conventional ideas about sex, love and relationships—some, by having relationships that mirror those of the rest of the world, and others by completely redefining sex, love and relationships.

How often do people in your life commend you for the critical work you do? Not just for paying the bills and putting up with hell...how often do you come home to a spouse, partner(s), friends or family, and have them comment on appreciating the love you give to those who wouldn't otherwise find it? Or, for being a gifted, intuitive and inspired healer? Or, my favorite, for transcending imposed limits and owning those moments in your work that bring you pleasure?

At work, you love people, even when they can't find it anywhere else in this cold world. When people are cut off in their relationships, you are present and you are kind. You let the ugliest of us feel attractive. You listen, you look us in the eyes and you love us. Yes, you make your living dancing, but that isn't all that it is about. Certainly, some people are getting through college or are without options, but that isn't who I am talking about. In a culture where we have been so repressed and so conditioned, you hold space for us, for our basic needs: You divert and receive so much intensity of testosterone, that the world would otherwise bear the brunt of...

Countless relationships have been saved by your counsel. For many, you have been a sanctioned outlet for the dreary realities of lifetime monogamy. You've been a way for straight people to bend. You've kept secrets. You've remembered us. You've let the "occasional" person know that they are truly special. You've worked and worked to be our collective sexual fantasy. You've let us give you money; let us feel needed, wanted and alive. You've given us hope when it has been all but lost.

Hustling is easy—being a topless social worker for the dysfunctional reality of "men" today, not so much.

You've been tough as fuck. You've given countless people a "pass," probably tonight even, on your shift right now. Nobody sees it. The people in your life outside of work, they don't know what you deal with or how gracefully you navigate it. Maybe they listen to you decompress, but they couldn't understand. In fact, no one really does. But, we do. We're there with you in it and we see it. Maybe some of us more than others, but we see you.

You maintain a sense of yourselves as sexual beings, even when work demands it all the time. Magic.

You don't give up on the human race, despite the case we all make otherwise. You love us where we are wounded. You give us touch when we are starving. The money we give is just a gesture of respect. You make us sense you would spend the time for free, because you care about us.

I'm sorry no one else gets it. I'm sorry monogamy makes some of you have to downplay the love you give. I'm sorry slut-shaming (and monogamy) makes it harder for you to be able to acknowledge the erotic pleasure that work brings you at times. It's as though the things that make you so much more beautiful than other people, are the things

those closest to you wouldn't ever acknowledge, because most of them couldn't handle it—bullshit.

I hope you know that you can love the least desirable of your customers with the same love you have for your partners, spouses, friends— maybe even more...that you can enjoy the most socially-unacceptable elements of your work with every single customer...that you can fuck customers, DJs and co-workers...and, it's not that I'll love you in spite of that fact —I'll love you because of it. And, I'll love you in your own special way, for exactly who you are. Even if you don't have someone in your personal life right now or you do, but they don't acknowledge what you do at work as being a reason they love you—you are loved.

Sex work doesn't diminish you sexually. It doesn't use up your sexual purity. It doesn't make you dirty. STIs/STDs don't make you dirty. Pregnancies don't make you loose. Your experiences make you the incredible people you are. They give you a depth and worldliness others might not understand. They give you a sexual power, a gift, confidence, expertise and sex-magic. Your experience, it's wonderful.

The places you've been told you are unlovable, are the places I bear witness to your divinity.

Your love, your touch, your rejection of shame, your embracing of human form, your very nature, your style, your heels, your nails, your back of thigh tattoos, your absence of tattoos, your hair, your eyes, your sense of humor, your heart, your scent, your headstand twerk, your drop into the splits twerk, your walk on the ceiling, your pole game, your died pubic hair, your playlist, your lashes, your grace...

I love you for how you treat others with love and kindness, with eros and with sugar.

ALWAYS HIRING 18 AND UP: 888-BUNNYRANCH



Taylor Lee



Stacy Tyler



Kandi McCarthy



Caressa Kisses

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Moonlite Bunny Ranch

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Information available at

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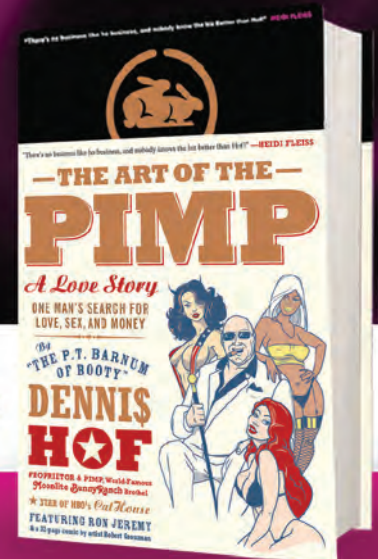
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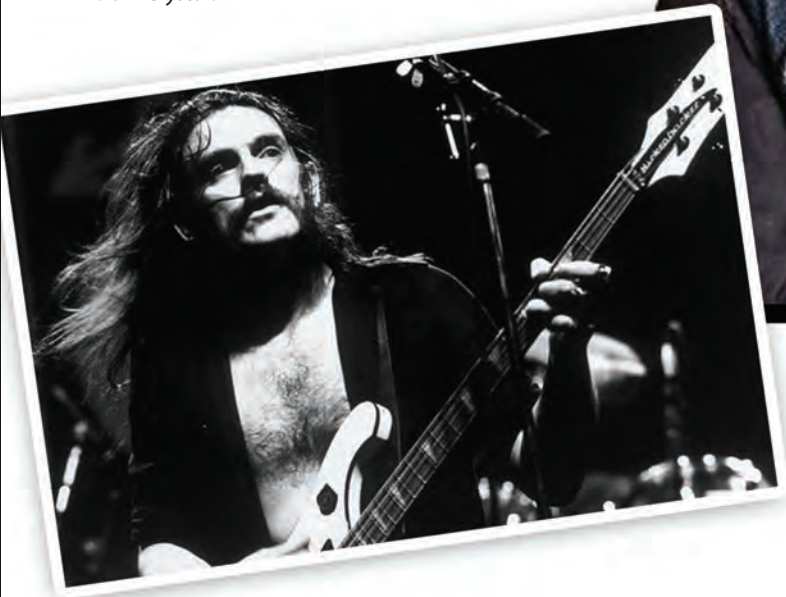
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THE SAGA OF
LEMMY & DAVID

BY MATT ROSE

Last month, the hands of fate decided once again to keep their fingers off of the Insane Clown Posse's tour bus, opting instead, to take two of the most undeniably-influential artists from this mortal coil. Ian "Lemmy" Kilmister and David Bowie both died, at the age of 69, from a likely-curable disease that has taken a back burner to ice buckets and obesity, while a potential cure is being sold "recreationally" in Oregon. 2016 is off to a bad start, but we can at least take a few minutes to remember the folks who brought us what most teenagers simply know as "that Ace of Hearts shirt and the guy from *Dark Crystal*."



LEMMY: GODFATHER OF ROCK ATTITUDE

Oh fuck, I just realized that Gene Ween's got about two more relapses before he dies too. Anyhow...

Admit it. Unless you're one of the metal kids who only come into the strip club when Malice is in town, you probably can't name more than two or three Motörhead songs (and, one is a cover, while the other features Ice-T). I know, because I'm that guy. Yet, I'm more than familiar with Lemmy Kilmister, as is anyone who isn't deaf, blind and living in a commune with Amish parents. Even if you don't recognize the lyrics to *Heart Of Stone* when scrawled across a metal kid's jacket, two riffs and three lyrics into the song is all it takes for anyone with a remote idea of music, to be like "oh shit, this is Motörhead, I need to break something stat." The uniqueness and consistency of Lemmy's gravel road vocals, aided with his hardcore-mixed-with-slop-if-that's-even-a-thing guitar, have distinguished Motörhead from similarly-branded peers like the Ramones (I'm not just talking in terms of the tweens who wear these band's shirts). The "Motörhead sound" is one that has never been emulated aside from that one time Ween channeled Lemmy on "*It's Gonna Be A Long Night*."

Lemmy Kilmister cemented the definition of "rock." For one, Lemmy's persona was Samuel L. Jackson-status regarding career impenetrability. Whether appearing in a video game, a commercial, a handful of random movies or whatever the people at Motörhead Inc. decided was a good idea at the time, Lemmy never once lost cool points. Seriously, the guy could star in an ad for Tab soda, and in two weeks, dudes in death metal bands would be overdosing on it. Secondly, musically, Motörhead never once came close to sucking (seriously, the band has been releasing music for over three decades with no more than a four-year break in between albums, and with *Bad Magic* dropping just last year, not one filler track to date). Part of this has to do with a respect-for-the-basics approach that Motörhead brings to the table, but it's Lemmy who gave Motörhead the type of vibe that you find associated with the guy from the motorcycle club, who is equal parts cold-blooded killer and uncle-from-another-dad. The bands Motörhead influenced (I'm looking at you, Ministry and Fear Factory) have all veered off into the realm of over-compressed, trying-too-hard, tinny-ass digital garbage while Lemmy kept the same sound for three and a half decades. And, goddamnit, it never got old.

DAVID BOWIE: GODFATHER OF THE ROCK PERSONA

Whereas Lemmy maintained longevity through consistency, David Bowie's legacy can be attributed to dynamic adjustment and ability to predict changes in popular culture. As hard as it is to stick true to a formula (a feat that Lemmy managed to pull off), Bowie's erratic and constantly-evolving personas were all timely in a way that showcased a seamlessness and coherency, while making drastic adjustments that other artists have failed miserably at executing. Classic acts, like Bad Brains, have killed their careers with one-off reggae-rock albums while modern superegos have failed equally in attempting deviations from the expected (Kanye West's industrial effort which was, in my opinion, a masterpiece, but basically ignored). There had even been times when Bowie has swooped in and done a better job at what one of his peers had been attempting (Nine Inch Nails, Brian Eno and a handful of other respectable artists have, at one point or another, been one-upped by Bowie at their own game). Even when inventing a genre (glam rock), Bowie ducked out before his baby was old enough to walk (Hey Axl, you're a few years late with that pleather-friendly haircut and forced sex appeal).

Even Bowie's own work has been so snapshot-of-an-era that, if it had been released three or four years later, would have been irrelevant. *Young Americans*, for all intents and purposes, is a semi-forgettable slice of the 80s that is more reminiscent of a collection of television theme songs than a Bowie album—yet, it holds up because it was pushed aside for *Low* almost immediately after being released, allowing it to become instantly nostalgic, as Bowie switched up the game for an electronic effort to follow his baby boomer anthems. If David Bowie's discography were compared to a stock trader's portfolio, the guy would be the number one trader of pop culture trends, buying and selling when appropriate. Whereas the majority of mainstream artists adapt to a current, Bowie has always been swimming ahead of the current—deciding which way it will flow. Further, Bowie is not only confident in his own work, but equally appreciative of outside interpretations of his classics. When asked to comment on Bauhaus's cover of *Ziggy Stardust*, Bowie has supposedly been quoted as saying that Peter Murphy's efforts reflect the way the song was meant to be performed (citation floating around somewhere in pre-Internetland).

Although every one of David Bowie's personas have been larger-than-life, right down to the pre-posthumous presentation of his own death on his final album (featuring a music video where he sings about invisible disease from a hospital bed, before disappearing into a closet), the man has zero record of a Kanye West moment, in terms of respect towards his industry and fans. During



What Lemmy brought to the pop cultural table is the "I'm so fucking rock n' roll that I can do pretty much anything and I won't become less rock'n' roll, but the thing I'm doing may just tell its parents to fuck off, before moving to Hollywood and starting a metal band" attitude. If Lemmy ever endorsed Starbucks, white girls from the suburbs would suddenly be given "metal" status.





Bowie's 1995 *Outside* tour with Nine Inch Nails, a buddy and I were lucky enough to get floor seats for the show. Sadly, after NIN departed from the stage, the general admission area emptied out— leaving the thousand or so Bowie fans in the stand. My friend Scott and I hung around literally five feet from the White Duke's boots, next to a virtually empty floor; there were, no lie, about two dozen concertgoers left in the general admission area. I enjoyed the show while my friend acted like a six-year-old kid who had just been rewarded for coming out of the closet by being given a bag of cocaine and the ability to scream for an hour without losing his voice. Needless to say, Bowie looked down a few times and smiled during the show, further encouraging Scott's mania.

After the show, mom's minivan was leading us out of the Rose Garden parking structure and we came to a merge with a limousine. The limo pulled forward a few feet to pass us, then stopped and backed up. Window rolls down, David Bowie pops his head out, looks at Scott and me (who were hanging out of the car window, trying to catch a glimpse of the limo—assuming it belonged to Trent Reznor's drug dealer) and with all the egotism and smugness of a handicapped kid working at a candy store, Bowie says "Hey boys, thank you so much for sticking around the show" and waves. Window rolls up, limo pulls off, mom's minivan suddenly covered in piss and shrieks.

We're not talking Smash Mouth here. The single most influential artist of modern rock music took the time to say "thanks" to a few fans. David Bowie could walk into any venue, museum, Denny's (well, depending on the area) and take the place over by smiling and asking for it in a nice voice. Yet, with all of his influence over pretty much every genre of rock outside of rap-rock or indie-fauxlk (in other words, genres that Bowie fans would never touch), David Bowie has never once had to prove himself. No other rock star has been able to grace the screen as a vampire, alien, gigolo and teenage Muppet seductress, let alone over a ten-year period. Much like Lemmy was able to stay Lemmy, no matter what his cameo or guest spot called for, Bowie was able to adapt to any role that was required of him. You're not gonna find a better bisexual, pro-drug emulator of fascist aesthetic to play in a Jim Henson film.

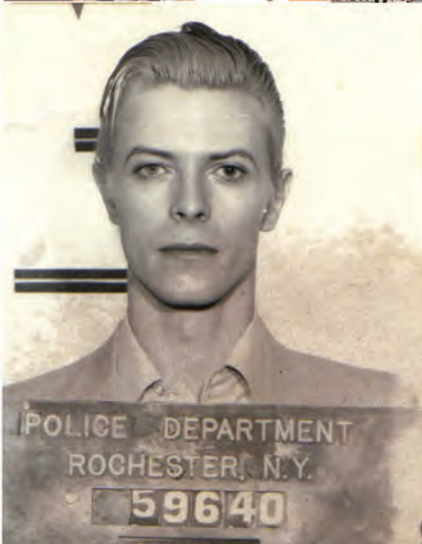
The loss of two rock legends, Bowie and Kilmister, is tragic enough, but it gets even more depressing when we consider how few important people we have left to mourn. Soon, we will be entering a ten-year period where we will be forced to feign sympathy for Mark McGrath, Ringo Starr (Beatles die in order of talent) and whoever the lead singer of Coldplay is. The meat and the makeup of rock music both passed on this last month and chances are, by the time this issue of *Exotic* hits the streets, we'll be back to changing our profile pictures to celebrate the new Star Trek movie.

What will be said at the first funeral for a Decembrist or a Mumford's Son? "Today, we are saddened by the loss of another mediocre regurgitation of an artist we are still mourning from twenty years ago," or something to that extent. Once Alice Cooper, Elton John, Ice Cube, Patti Smith and Mike Patton die, the *Rolling Stone* may as well go the way of *Playboy* and stop showcasing the one thing their readers used to care about. Rock will be dead and only Marilyn Manson will be around to sing about it (no disrespect to Manson, as he clearly shows tribute to both Lemmy and Bowie, but the guy is neither in practice). The emptiness felt in rock and roll is not simply one of absence, but a void that suggests shoes needing to be filled.

The next Bowie is nowhere to be seen. Lemmy lives in one of Al Jourgenson's ulcers. Innovation is shunned in the current music industry and retro has become increasingly watered-down, to the point where even the most ambitious Ziggy Stardust emulator will appear forced and trite in comparison to their influence. The tragic irony is that in a day and age where record labels and studio time are practically unnecessary thanks to computers—we are being exposed to the most formulaic, uninspired, trite, status-quo-friendly garbage to hit the airwaves since Ed Sullivan's broadcast of hips-and-above Elvis. We won't have another Lemmy, as most modern rock bands are too busy juggling two chords and emulating Eddie Vedder, to find their own raw, gravel-laced voice. We won't have another rock god on the same level of Bowie, because we killed him, Nietzsche-style, last month. The "alternative" (as in, anything not featured on Radio Disney) music genre is, sadly, more complacent to a status quo now than ever before. There is nothing unique, inspiring, rebellious or creative about any band headlining festivals in 2016 (with the exception of Sasquatch, a four-hundred dollar ticket that only gets you wait, the Cure's still touring?, Florence & the Banshees and the Alabama Shakes Hands With Racial Equality). Pretend the Black Keys' airplane just crashed... soak in it. Feel that? That's what impartial acknowledgment feels like. And, it's all we have to look forward to in future musician obituaries.

Happy Valentine's Day.

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Now that you've waded out into the deep end of this month's ongoing theme, The Good, The Dead And The Ugly is going to bring it on home, as we take an up close and personal look at the history of *Exotic* magazine—Oregon's longest-running and currently, ONLY free adult entertainment magazine.

THE GOOD

EXOTIC IS STILL HERE!

22 years and counting. The state of Portland, Oregon's union of exotic entertainment, is strong and hard. Clubs continue to flourish, as the standards of excellence surpass the rest of the nation, as we remain the unchallenged title holder of home to more strip clubs per capita than anywhere else in the United States. Yes, it's still true—we did the math again and we still rule. And, fuck you Austin, we're still the weirdest too. *Exotic* has been here all along for you, growing, showing and exposing all the naughty bits of our industry that you just can't get enough of.

THE PALLAS ISN'T!

Another happy accident took place when the OG owners of The Pallas Club, finally cashed in their golden ticket and sold the joint, which would reopen as a remodeled rock-and-roll-style strip club for a minute or so, before SE Portland showed its true colors and the gangstas of Christmas pasts shot the place up again. The new owners traded in the three twitchy strippers that were left working there, for a high-end sound sys-

tem, proper stage risers and a massive remodel to reveal ROCK HARD PDX – VENUE & GRILL. Those three twitchy ex-strippers are still there, hanging out by the cigarette machine, waiting for their "regulars," but now, you can enjoy a night of comedy that is actually supposed to be funny, as well as solid rock and roll from local and nationally-touring acts.

THE DEAD

PRIMITIVE PRINTING AND ARCHAIC SOFTWARE

Ancient editing and layout programs were necessary to produce an independent magazine such as *Exotic*—though the tech wasn't quite there yet, when our publisher started this brave new venture. Early editions of *Exotic* ran on black and white newsprint with spot color for an additional fee. Eventually, full color was introduced and soon after, glossy pages on premium paper—all available for another upcharge in the name of giving the customer what they wanted, in order to be better than the other guys. Half the magazine was printed in one location and the rest scattered across various printing houses across the city. Adobe Photoshop was brand new, just like our new, brightly-colored iMAC's that were dropped on our desks like big, ugly, intelligent Easter eggs. Did you ever wonder how long it took to render the lens flare on the cover of our 1997-Anniversary issue? About 15 hours. We were high-tech porn pioneers,

trail blazing in the name of tits and ass.

THE COMPETITION

Portland used to have a virtual cornucopia of free porn mags over the years. Before *Exotic*, there was the *T&A Times*, the porn equivalent of *Busted!* or the *Busted!* equivalent of porn. *T&A's* publisher went out in a blaze of shame and scandal, over a rape/sodomy charge back in 2001—served some time and was last seen hiding in the Nevada hills near the Moonlite Bunny Ranch. Next up, was *SFX*—a revenge mag brought about by a former *Exotic* salesperson from across the pond. After the revenge thing didn't work out, *SFX's* publisher sold the mag to an aspiring pimp, who escaped into exile, when Portland's finest named him a person of interest in a number of scandalous scenarios. *SFX* went quietly into the night, after almost a 5-year run. During my darker days, I went off the rails and hopped on the bandwagon with a couple of high rollers that thought they could swoop into Portland with a ready-made magazine that had been published in several other cities, called *Excitement*. I jumped ship after its third month, when a former co-worker from *Exotic* joined up to elevate their pimp game with more escort ads. She ran it for about a year, changed the name to *Xcitement*, then *Uncovered* and then just went away. Who's left? Just *Exotic* baby—just us!

ESCORT ADS

The Escort Poon Rush of 2000, was brought about by too many free porn mags in our little melting pot. Price wars ensued, deals were made, contracts were broken, but above all else, a shitload of escort ads were run and half the time, not paid for. The term, honor amongst thieves, is absolute bullshit...thieves are thieves, and honor was in short supply back then. With the Internet becoming more of a safe haven for the



fringe behaviors within the escort community, services like Backpage.com stepped in to take over the local escort market, by dressing up their scandalous services as therapeutic massage in between aromatherapy ads and acupuncture schools. All of these factors eventually led to one of the deaths that I have been waiting for since the day I signed on with *Exotic*—the death of the Escort Section—or as they were later renamed to be THE RED PAGES (currently, the Red pages are actually about ¼ of a page—finding an escort ad in *Exotic*, is like playing Where's Waldo?)

THE MAGAZINE INDUSTRY

Overall, print media is dying a meticulously slow death. When *Newsweek* decided to call it quits, that was the biggest wakeup call. Kindles, tablets and smartphones ripped the words off of the printed page and onto

the pixelated screen. A green alternative, to save the forest from recycling bins everywhere? Maybe. But, I'm thinking it's man's desperation to be as lazy as possible and still enjoy the benefits of all the world has to offer. Why go through all the trouble of turning that heavy page to the next? And, what if it's just an ad on the next page? Gawd, I'll have to turn another page! You lazy bastards would rather just slide your finger across your Galaxy S5, rather than



risking a paper cut, wouldn't you? Will my daughters even remember magazines when they grow up? And, will their daddy be running an underground soft-porn mag in his basement on an old school newsprint press? To touch, hold and feel the pages of the magazine in your hand makes you feel connected to what you are reading. Flipping through a Kindle, it's hard enough to stay focused on which app you had open to buy that cool, USB reading lamp for your Kindle that you will never use because the screen is backlit

and doesn't need illumination you silly bastard. But, have fun with that anyway. R.I.P. *Newsweek*, *SPIN*, *Vibe*, *Stuff*, *FHM*, *Blender*, *Playgirl*, *OMNI*, *LIFE*, *SPY* and even *TIME* magazine ais bout to pull the trigger on the print marketing of their product. Being able to hold a magazine in your hand and feel the cool caress of those

glossy pages on your fingertips is a commitment to what you are reading—a relationship that leaves you feeling informed. Scanning through a feature story on your iPhone, with a few disinterested swipes of your index finger is more akin to fingering your lady during the commercials of Super Bowl—unless that hot chick in the Doritos commercial is on.

THE NUDE CENTERFOLD

The greatest blow of all hits home in a big way. As of this month, Playboy magazine will no longer feature nudity in its centerfolds or pictorials. I'm sure the articles will still remain top notch, after all, that's all we were reading Playboy for anyway, right guys? But now, there won't be that pleasant distraction of milky breasts and silky vaginas to distract us between all those articles. Girls of the PAC-10 doing their laundry? Ummm, ok, will they be taking off what they're wearing and then end up in a big basket full of laundry suds, caressing each other's breasts? No, I'm afraid not. They'll be folding their laundry and putting that sexy underwear away for another day. Because, today, the men of the world have lost their breast friends. Thanks for the memories *Playboy* and RIP Hugh Hefner (I know, he's not dead yet. At least, I think he's not, but to be honest, he might just be an animatronic version of Hef assembled during the Lucasfilm/Disney acquisition).

THE UGLY

Ugly girls in *Exotic* ads. Why do you keep doing this to us? Why do you do it to yourselves? I mean, we appreciate your business...but, do you really think throwing a picture of that haggard, tweaked-out stripper and three-time BUSTED covergirl, Mintzy, in your ad is gonna help sell people on your new pool tables and happy hour meatball buffet? I mean, sure, I'm a fan of meatballs and pool tables, who isn't? But, Mintzy? Fuck no! The deal is off. Just lie to us, put in a picture of a hot girl and mention in your ad, "NOW SEEKING HOT GIRLS!" and hot girls will come, hopefully. But, if a hot girl is thinking about working one of





your meatball parties, once she sees that Mintzy is not only hosting the meatball party, but she's tossing in a free marinara rub-down and degreaser in the VIP booth, that hot girl is heading straight out the door in search of greener pastures.

I shot this magazine for a lot of years—back in the golden years of Exotic following the dawn of the new millennium. It was the summer of 2000 and I had this fancy, new thing called a Nikon CoolPIX digital camera. Now, everyone with a little practice, a set of lights and a willing stripper, could become an erotic fashion photographer, right? WRONG. That's like saying any girl with a vagina can be a stripper or even a model, right? ABSOLUTELY FUCKING NOT! There will always be places that some of the less attractive girls can work, these places are

usually very dimly lit, and situated somewhere near the outskirts of town, in a gravel parking lot behind a truck stop. These kinds of strip clubs generally don't advertise in Exotic, they just have Mintzy pass out flyers at the roadhouse and rest stops.

So, let's get to the point here. Maybe your club isn't perfect and maybe you don't have the hottest girls...that's okay, we understand, we're even here to help. Image resources like 123rf, iStock, Getty Images, etc., have plenty of full-resolution images of hot, naked women in every flavor of the rainbow, available for licensed use upon purchase, or even free. That blonde that looked like Pamela Anderson at her Baywatch-best is now your ad girl, and you can schedule her whenever you want. A picture is worth a thousand words—real talk. You can give away a New York steak dinner, tap out \$1 PBR pounders and offer free private dances at midnight with all the best intentions of the world, but guess what, no one is coming, because you still have Mintzy in your ad. Look at us Portland, we've got the state's nastiest excuse for a stripper,

ass up and varicose veins deep, in our fancy glossy ad. Will we ever really learn?

Apparently so—this month, for the first time in just about ever, a magical thing happened. As I was reviewing this month's proud offering, which you now hold in your hands, I realized there was no Mintzy. Not a single buck-toothed, hillbilly-hand-jobber to be seen on a single page. Maybe it took us 22 years to get here—to make the exotic entertainment industry as pretty as it deserves to be. We can always celebrate the good, and the dead will always be remembered. But when it comes to the fantasy of



exotic entertainment, I think it's about time we leave the ugly on the cutting room floor. You're better than that.

(Ed: Please note: none of this is targeting or shaming any specific clubs in this city. The author, in his own eccentric way, is trying to explain that it's just a good, sensible business plan to portray your club in the best way possible to your customers—especially when you're trying to draw them in visually. We're here to help!)

Before we call it a wrap here in Strip City, I've got one last bit of unfortunate ugliness to address. Several years ago, an all-around good guy named Paul Combes, used to write



for this mag under the name Cooper. Paul would write about guns, knives, superheroes, bourbon and cars. Our very own man's man. Paul is also one of the most standup guys I ever had the pleasure of working with, when it came to bouncers. He was the kind of bouncer that would diffuse the problem, before it ever got to the danger zone. I worked with him at a few different locations over the years—most recently, at Mystic a few years back, until he later ended up finding work with our friends at Sunset Strip. He had always struggled with diabetes, but just a week ago, I was told that his battle had taken a turn for the worse, when he had to have his foot amputated. Paul is a single dad, who was looking forward to sending his son to college in the upcoming years. Instead, he's flat on his back, with a very challenging future ahead of him.



This is just another installment in the story of bouncers who put it all on the line out there, and then when they are hurt or injured on or off the job, find there is no relief system in place to help the men who do their best to keep our industry safe. A GoFundMe account has been put in place to help Paul with his medical expenses and a very challenging road ahead for him and his son. You can donate by visiting GoFundMe.com/ggjzkr5w, or stop by Sunset Strip to make a donation directly. Godspeed Paul—your watch isn't ending, it's just beginning.

strip city spotlight

THU 4 – KIT KAT CLUB

LIVE MUSIC WITH ADRIAN H & THE WOUNDS

MON 8 – LUCKY DEVIL

8-YEAR ANNIVERSARY RED PARTY

THU 11 – KIT KAT CLUB

LIVE MUSIC WITH THE FABULOUS MISS WENDY

SAT 13 - STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)

VICTORIA'S SECRET VALENTINE'S DAY LINGERIE PARTY

SAT 13 - STARS CABARET (SALEM)

LOVE BITES - A VAMPIRE VALENTINE PARTY

SUN 14 - SAFARI SHOWCLUB

KILLER CUPID PARTY

THU 18 - STARS (BEAVERTON)

ADULT FILM STAR BRETT ROSSI

FRI 19 - STARS CABARET (SALEM)

ADULT FILM STAR BRETT ROSSI

SAT 20 - STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)

COMICON PARTY HOSTED BY
ADULT FILM STAR BRETT ROSSI

THU 25 - GOLD CLUB

DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 3RD ANNUAL
BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST CONTEST

SAT 27 - ROSE CITY STRIP

LEMMY APPRECIATION NIGHT

SAT 27 - STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)

6-YEAR ANNIVERSARY AND
VIP MASQUERADE BALL

SAT 27 - JAG'S CLUBHOUSE

BODY PAINT & SPONGE BATH PARTY

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LUCKY DEVIL Lounge

8-YEAR ANNIVERSARY RED PARTY!

UPCOMING EVENTS:

- SUPER BOWL PATIO PARTY - 2/7
- 8-YEAR ANNIVERSARY - 2/8
- TINY TUESDAYS MARDI GRAS - 2/9
- ONE MOTO SHOW AFTER PARTY - 2/13
- VALENTINE'S DAY 2-FOR-1 - 2/14



MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8 @ 9PM



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WANTED

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Paetyn



**CELEBRATE VALENTINE'S DAY
WITH OUR SWEETHEARTS
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14
DRINK SPECIALS ALL NIGHT!**

■
**THURSDAYS - COUNTRY NIGHT
SUNDAYS - AMATEUR NIGHT**

■
HAPPY HOUR 11:30AM-5PM

**COME CHECK OUT OUR
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MORE UPDATES TO COME!**

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FLEXIBLE SCHEDULE
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TONS OF GIVEAWAYS!

HAPPY HOUR BLOWOUT
10:30AM-5PM DAILY



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DREAMS COME TRUE!

STRIPPER BOWL PARTY - FEB 7
FREE FAMOUS JEFF'S CHILI!
CHECKOUT ALL THE GIVEAWAYS!

HAPPY HOUR
10:30AM-7PM DAILY

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

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



Mel

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LOTTERY
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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18

COMICON PARTY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20

WEAR A COSTUME, GET FREE ENTRY
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VALENTINE'S DAY LINGERIE PARTY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13

CHOCOLATE, STRAWBERRIES, SPECIALS & MORE

COMICON PARTY

HOSTED BY ADULT FILM STAR BRETT ROSSI

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20

WEAR A COSTUME, GET FREE ENTRY
COSTUME CONTEST WITH CASH PRIZE

6-YEAR ANNIVERSARY &

VIP MASQUERADE BALL

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27

RENEW VIP CARDS, SPECIALS, FREE ENTRY WITH COSTUME & MORE

SALEM

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LOVE BITES- A VAMPIRE VALENTINE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13

SUSPENSION ARTISTS AND LIVE TATTOOING

ADULT FILM STAR BRETT ROSSI

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19

17-YEAR ANNIVERSARY & VIP PARTY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20

FREE PRIME RIB WITH PAID COVER
FREE VIP CARD RENEWAL AND 50% OFF NEW VIP MEMBERSHIP

ADULT FILM STAR BRETT ROSSI

STARS BEAVERTON
THURSDAY, FEB 18
STARS SALEM
FRIDAY, FEB 19
STARS BRIDGEPORT
SATURDAY, FEB 20



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