

EXOTIC

uncovering the northwest since 1993...
www.xmag.com

THE DRUG ISSUE

*Up All Night &
Hard As A Rock*

FEATURING
THE INTOXICATING
HONEY FROM
MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

SPANISH FLY! SEX ADDICTION! HIGH HOROSCOPES!

SPEARMINT RHINO GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS

**FULL BAR
FREE
ENTRY
ALL DAY**

Get a dance from
DEMI
@ Spearmint Rhino

ALWAYS AUDITIONING DANCERS!

DANCERS:

- PAY NO LATE FEES • NO MANDATORY TIP OUTS
- KEEP AN OPEN SCHEDULE • 21+ DANCERS



15826 SE DIVISION ST PORTLAND, OR 97236 (503) 894-9219

4 PM - 2:30 AM 7 DAYS A WEEK 21+ FULL BAR

SPEARMINTRHINO.COM RHINOSUPERSTORE.NET

GET COZY...
We Now Deliver!

RHINOSUPERSTORE.NET

SEE WHAT'S NEW AT THE
SPEARMINT RHINO SUPERSTORE ONLINE!
SCAN TO SHOP NOW! →



Club Rouge

PRESENTS
THE HOTTEST
EVENTS IN
PORTLAND



THURSDAY MAY 11

CHRISTY
MACK
IS BACK!



DON'T KNOW CHRISTY?
CHECK HER OUT ONLINE
AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

2nd ANNUAL

MISS NUDE OREGON
CONTEST

MAY
28

ANYONE CAN ENTER
WIN!

\$4,000 IN CASH & PRIZES
VACATION TRIP • PHOTO SHOOT • CASH & MORE
CONTACT US FOR DETAILS. ALL CONTESTANTS WELCOME.

21+ FULL BAR • FULLY NUDE • 4TH AVE AT SW STARK ST • OPEN MON-SAT 11AM-2AM, SUN 2PM-2AM • 503.227.3936

CLUBROUGEPORTLAND.COM   

\$\$\$ ALWAYS CONTRACTING PORTLAND'S BEST ENTERTAINERS • STOP IN AND SPEAK WITH A MANAGER TODAY \$\$\$

DUGSK TIL DOWN CASA DIABLO II

Success
of the
World
ASIA

Thursday Nights:
STRIP JENGA
CASH PRIZES & MORE!



8445 SE MCGLOUGHLIN BLVD., PORTLAND, OR 97222 (503)222-6610
OPEN EVERYDAY FROM 2:00PM TIL 2:30AM WWW.DUSKTIILDOWN.CLUB
DAILY AUDITIONS 18+ 4PM TIL 7PM WWW.BOOKING.DANCE/AUDITION



More Than Just A Strip Club!

Cabaret

SE STARK ST & 176TH AVE



HAPPY HOUR 2PM-7PM DAILY • 4 VIP CHAMPAGNE ROOMS
17544 SE STARK ST • (503) 252-3529

**COME CELEBRATE THE
1-YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF PRINCE**
FRIDAY, APRIL 21
PRIZES FOR THE BEST PRINCE OUTFIT

Paetyn

ENTERTAINERS ALWAYS NEEDED

CALL TO SCHEDULE AUDITIONS
(503) 252-3529

LARGE DRESSING ROOM WITH
SHOWER AND TANNING BED!

**ASK ABOUT OUR BIRTHDAY &
BACHELOR PARTY PACKAGES!**

LARGE HEATED & COVERED PATIO
WITH 2 BIG SCREEN TVS!



**HUGE MAIN STAGE, LONG CATWALK
STAGE AND CAGE STAGE!**

EROTIC 2-GIRL SHOWS ON STAGE
AND IN THE HOT TUB!



HOME OF THE



DOLLAR DANCES!

COME CHECK OUT OUR DIFFERENT
DAILY FOOD & DRINK SPECIALS
DURING HAPPY HOUR!

**LAP DANCE CORNERS, VIP ROOMS
& CHAMPAGNE ROOMS - YOUR CHOICE!**

FOLLOW US ON & LIKE US ON

OPEN 2PM-2:30AM DAILY

Voted Top 50 Strip Clubs Nationwide!

The New



PORTLAND'S PREMIER STRIP CLUB!
3000 SE POWELL BLVD • (503) 231-9199
OPEN MON-SAT 11AM-2:30AM, SUN 4PM-2:30AM



MICROBREW MONDAYS
SPECIAL PRICES ON ALL CRAFT DRAFTS!

TACO TUESDAYS
TEQUILA & TACO SPECIALS!

WHISKEY WEDNESDAYS
ALL THE WHISKEY!

THIRSTY THURSDAYS
NEW SPECIALS EACH WEEK!

SERVICE INDUSTRY NIGHT
EVERY SUNDAY!

NEW SAFARI PIZZA SPECIALS
EVERY DAY!



Eerie

polerotica
PRESENTED BY
exotic 2017
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY
QUALIFIER ROUND II - FRIDAY, APRIL 14 @ 9PM

HAPPY HOUR 11AM-7PM • VIDEO LOTTERY • DAILY LUNCH & DINNER SPECIALS

FIND US ON @SAFARIPDX • **FOLLOW US ON FACEBOOK** @ [FACEBOOK.COM/SAFARIPDX](https://www.facebook.com/safaripdx)



AUDITIONING DANCERS 21+!

FOR BOOKING OR TO SCHEDULE AN AUDITION AT SAFARI SHOWCLUB, CONTACT ALÉ @ (503) 268-7429 BETWEEN 10AM & 10PM

WWW.SAFARISHOWCLUB.COM POWERED BY XOTICSPOT • CALL TO BOOK BACHELOR PARTIES!

**NOW FEATURING
ALL VIDEO
LOTTERY GAMES!**

XPOSE

XposePDX.com  XposePDX

**NO COVER
CHARGE**

**HAPPY HOUR
3PM-6PM**

**BARGAIN BEER
MONDAYS**

**2-FOR-1
LAP DANCES
ALL DAY TUESDAYS**

Jess

*Even The Bartenders
Have Fun At Xpose!*

*For those who
can't walk, we'll carry you*

**AUDITIONS
DAILY**

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

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

Dip Into Your Wild Side!

Ruby

Sylvia's PlayHouse

BODY RUBS
SENSUAL STRIPEASE
DOMINATION
BONDAGE
COUPLES
FETISH
TOYS
2-GIRL

VEGAS-STYLE LINEUP
FRIDAY, MAY 19

www.PlayHousePortland.com
8226 NE FREMONT ST • 503-568-4090

PORTLAND'S HOTTEST PRIVATE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT!

G SPOT... FIND IT!

PDXGIRLS.COM

AVAILABLE 10AM-6PM DAILY

G SPOT

@Gspot_findit

8315 SW BARBUR BLVD • 503.972.1111 • 24/7

All Female-Owned And Operated • EST 1996 • No Appointment Necessary / Couples Welcome / Ladies Free

Taboo In Vancouver Is Celebrating Its 13th Anniversary With

Anna Bell Peaks

She'll Be At The Store From 7pm-9pm
Friday, April 21

April Tax Relief Specials!

Free Safe Sex Kit With \$25 Purchase
 4 \$9.95 DVDS For \$20

Taboo
 TABOOVIDEO.COM

VANCOUVER : 4811 NE 94TH AVE VANCOUVER, WA 98662 (360) 254-1126
 PEARL : 311 NW BROADWAY PORTLAND, OR 97209 (503) 227-3443
 82ND : 2330 SE 82ND AVE PORTLAND, OR 97216 (503) 777-6033
 MLK : 237 SE MLK JR. BLVD PORTLAND, OR 97214 (503) 239-1678

shop.taboovideo.com • order online • in-store pickup available

Pussycats

PRIVATE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

www.PussycatsPDX.com

SPECIALIZING IN LAP DANCES,
MASTURBATION/TOY SHOWS,
FETISHES & MORE!
COME GET NAKED WITH US!

UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP SINCE 2015!

*Also Featuring April, Carmen, Chloe, Emerald,
Fantasy, Jessie, Karma, Kim, Kiki, Kylie,
Lola, Liz, Loni, Moya, Riley, Samara, Sapphire,
Serena & Tatiana!*

2-Girl Shows Every Tuesday Night @ NE 82nd Ave Location!

Check Weekly Schedules Online

#1 IN PORTLAND FOR 10 YEARS!



*Jaclyn &
Araya*

**NEW MODELS
AT EACH
LOCATION!**

ATM

BEST IN TOWN! - 3 LOCATIONS - OPEN 24/7

PDX AIRPORT LOCATION

3414 NE 82ND AVE

PORTLAND, OR 97220 :: (503) 384-2794

SE PDX LOCATION

5226 SE FOSTER RD

PORTLAND, OR 97206 :: (971) 255-0133

SW PDX LOCATION

10813 SW BARBUR BLVD

PORTLAND, OR 97219 :: (503) 206-5874

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

Drink to Ink Mondays



Salena

WIN TATTOO GIFT CERTIFICATES EVERY MONDAY!

SPYCE

—GENTLEMEN'S CLUB—

33 NW 2ND AVE PORTLAND, OR 97209

SUN-THURS 7PM-2:30AM FRI/SAT 3PM-2:30AM (503) 243-4646

APRIL 10TH



APRIL 17TH



APRIL 24TH



PARLAE
SUPERIOR QUALITY VODKA

Sadie
COOKS

E-40'S
SLURICANE
HURRICANE

Taboo

doctor
Guerrilla

www.SpyceClub.com // www.facebook.com/spyceclub

Mystic

Gentlemen's Club

9950 SE STARK ST • (503) 477-9523

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

OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY

WWW.MYSTICPDX.COM

POLEROTICA

FIRST ROUND KICK OFF!

COME JOIN US FOR SOME GREAT
ENTERTAINMENT & DRINK SPECIALS!

polerotica

PRESENTED BY
exotic 2017
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

QUALIFIER ROUND 1 - THU, APR 6 @ 9PM

HAPPY HOUR

11AM-6PM DAILY

MYSTIC BOUTIQUE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

GREAT SELECTION OF DANCE APPAREL & SHOES



VISIT OUR WEBSITE FOR
LOCATIONS AND HOURS
WWW.LITTLEAMSTERDAMPDX.COM

THREE LOCATIONS
TO SERVE YOU



Savannah

HIRING DANCERS 21+ • OPEN AUDITIONS TUE & FRI 2PM-8PM • (503) 803-1830

Kit Kat Club

Keeping Portland Weird.



polerotica
PRESENTED BY
exotic 2017
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY
QUALIFIER ROUND V • THU, MAY 4 @ 9PM

one dollar
at a time.

231 SW ANKENY • IN ANKENY ALLEY NEXT TO VODOO DOUGHNUT
WE PUT THE SHOW BACK IN SHOWCLUB
OPEN 4PM TO 2:30AM DAILY • KITKATCLUBPDX.COM
VIP BOOTHS & BOTTLE SERVICE NOW AVAILABLE
Naughty 90s on Mondays • Tattoosdays on Tuesdays • Nerd Night on Wednesdays • Live Mewsic on Thursdays
Kit Kat Revue on Fridays • Katurday Night Fever on Saturdays • Bad Kitties on Sundays

Copyright © 2017 XMAG LLC.
Exotic® is a registered trademark
owned by XMAG LLC. All rights reserved.
Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: info@xmag.com
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher
XMAG LLC.

General Manager
Bryan A. Bybee

Editor
Ray McMillin

Copy Editor
Adam J. Burt

Production Manager
Shawna Stephens

Graphic Design
Shawna Stephens
Darkstar Graphics

Contributing Photographers
London A. Lunoux • HYPNOX

Advertising
Adam J. Burt (503) 804-4479
Dawn (503) 241-4317

Distribution
Enrico Carrisco • Adam J. Burt

Contributors
Jonas Barnes
Tiffany Greysen
Matt Rose
Jaime Dunkle
Ericka Rachelle Mendoza
Barak Noel
Wombstretcha The Magnificent
Stoned Cold Sativa Awesome
DJ HazMatt
Brad Cox
Julia Laxer
Anna Suarez

Cover Photography
London A. Lunoux

Cover Model
Honey
Mystic Gentlemen's Club

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

FEATURES



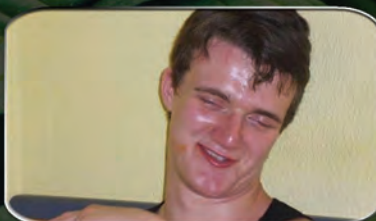
EXOTIC DRUG HOROSCOPE

the results of your cosmic piss test are in page 18
by tiffany greysen



TYPICAL ADDICTION

sex, drugs and more sex
page 42
by julia laxer



THE LOWDOWN ON HIGH PATRONS

a cautionary tale regarding pocket substances
page 44
by dj hazmatt



EXOTIC TRIES DICK DRUGS

red pills, blue pills, green pills, dick pills
page 48
by jonas barnes

INSIDE STUFF

THE MONTHLY COLUMN	
GREEN ROOM DIARIES	PG. 22
HOW TO SELL RUGS	PG. 24
EROTIC CITY/SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS	PG. 27
LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE	PG. 28
PINUP CALENDAR	PG. 31
SPICE OF LIFE	PG. 32
TOP 5	PG. 36
DEGENERATE ART	PG. 46
CLASSIFIEDS	PG. 50
HEAVENLY SHOWERS	PG. 52
STRIPPED IN PORNLAND	PG. 54
	PG. 56



PARADISE ADULT VIDEO

**15% Off Our Entire
Pipe Selection
Throughout April!
20% Off On 4/20!**

Always Open
Large Glass
Selection
DVDS As Low
As \$4.99



Full Arcade, Toys, Lube, N₂O & More!

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

Check Out Our Huge, New Line Of Lingerie, Dancerwear & Shoes!

Fantasyland ADULT SUPERSTORE



DVDS STARTING
AT \$9.99

KAMA SUTRA

GREAT GIFTS & TOYS

DVD SALES
& RENTALS

FULL ARCADE

LOTIONS & CREAMS

EXOTIC OILS

Come On In!

503-655-4667
16014 SE 82ND DRIVE
JUST EAST OF I-205,
OFF THE ESTACADA EXIT

TOMMY'S Too!



**RETURN OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS,
SEMI-PRO POPSICLE CONTEST!
LAST FRIDAY, APRIL 28**

Now Hiring Hot Girls!

ATM



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

**NOW
OPEN!**
10AM-2AM
DAILY

10335 SE FOSTER RD · (503) 432-8238

Mary Jane



BOOM BOOM ROOM

ONLY 5 MINUTES FROM DOWNTOWN PORTLAND

8345 SW BARBUR BLVD

(503) 244-7630 • OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY

WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/BOOMPDX

**TWO STAGES FEATURING
PORTLAND'S HOTTEST DANCERS**

PRIVATE DANCE BOOTHS

SUNKEN COCKTAIL BAR

LUNCH SPECIALS

POOL TABLE

VIDEO POKER & KENO

*Every night is a good night
for a little Boom Boom*

**TEXAS HOLD 'EM POKER
GAMES EVERY DAY & NIGHT**

FOR DANCER AUDITIONS, EMAIL PHOTO & INFO TO
BOOMDANCERS@GMAIL.COM
OR TEXT (503) 453-3946

THE **ULTIMATE** EXPERIENCE

CLUB SINROCK

VOTED BEST STRIP CLUB FOOD!
JUICY RIBEYE STEAKS, & PIZZA TO GO!

VOTED BEST PRIVATE DANCE ROOMS

VOTED BEST UPSCALE CLUB PORTLAND 2017



polerotica
PRESENTED BY **exotic** 2017
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY
QUALIFIER ROUND III - SAT, APRIL 22 @ 9PM

happy hour
2pm-7pm daily

katie & rousey



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

OPEN 2PM - 2:30AM MONDAY thru SUNDAY

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

THE VAULT LOUNGE

YOUR PRIVATE PARTY ROOM



Daisy

Scarlet Lounge

FACEBOOK.COM/SCARLETLOUNGEPDX

**ACTIVE MILITARY & VETERANS
SPECIALS EVERY DAY!**

**OPEN
10AM-2:30AM DAILY**

**HAPPY HOUR
NOON-5PM**

**VIDEO LOTTERY
ATM**

**POOL TABLE
PRIVATE DANCE ROOMS**

DAILY AUDITIONS FOR DANCERS

WALK IN / CALL KC (971) 361-1427

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



Alisa

Cheetahs

*Cabaret
& Modeling*

FULLY NUDE EVERY SET!

SHOWER SHOWS EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY!

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

OPEN TUE-THU 7PM-4AM, FRI-SAT 6PM-5AM (OR LATER) & SUN 7PM-2AM

3453 SILVERTON RD NE · SALEM, OR 97301 · (503) 316-6969

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



Your Love/Drug Horoscope For April (Find Your Perfect Mate and Illegal Drug)

Aries—Meth

March 21 - April 19

Your fear of rejection is low in April, mostly because you're ready to risk it all for Meth. Your crush might say no, but you'll never know if you don't try and try again. Mercury enters your ambitious sign on April 13th, making you an aggressively-tweaky communicator. Your friends might say you're a glutton for punishment when you ask the same person out yet again, but you see it as persistence. The right person will pick their face with you.

Taurus—Regular Cocaine (non-Crack variety)

April 20 - May 20

Take advantage of the productive energy on the 5th, after you blow your paycheck on coke. Maybe you won't achieve everything all at once, but taking even one small step toward your romantic future is a big accomplishment. Set boundaries you're comfortable with and don't go beyond them.

Gemini—Ecstasy (MDMA)

May 21 - June 20

You've got a great head on your shoulders, and the superior conjunction in April makes you excellent at expressing all your romantic ideas. Dates who aren't doing drugs aren't on your same wavelength aren't your best match. Choose wisely.

Cancer—Benzodiazepines

June 21 - July 22

Sensitive energy swirls around you, as the Pisces Sun connects with The Fish's ruler, Neptune, in April, so prepare to spend some time alone with your emotions. Admitting you're still into an ex

can be cleansing, but don't do anything hasty. The Benzos/Sun/Venus conjunction makes connecting to exes easier, but lowers your resistance to hurt feelings. This can be a touchy combo.

Leo—Heroin

July 23 - August 22

Mars enters Taurus in April, making romantic progress difficult. You may feel ready to ask someone out one minute, but doubt yourself the next. Wait until you're on steadier ground, without a needle in your arm, before you take your next big step. Experts in the field of love can help you immensely.

Virgo—Bath Salts

August 23 - Sept 22

April brings a Jupiter/Uranus opposition that helps you break free of a lot of the inhibitions that have been holding you back. Nothing is a sure thing, but half the fun is in not knowing if you'll meet someone and fall in love or just eat their face. Send a casual text to test the waters before officially asking someone out to try bath salts with you.

Libra—Salvia

September 23 - October 22

Venus turns retrograde, sending your love life into a tailspin—but, it's nothing you can't recover from. In fact, use this brief romantic downtime to do some Salvia, or even consider ketamine, to take some time away. A Sun/Saturn in April brings obstacles that challenge your self-confidence, but your doubts will disappear, once you're able to "see" the big picture—you're getting used to handling romantic entanglements...bring it on.

Scorpio—Alcohol

October 23 - November 21

A Mars/Saturn trine in April gives you a sense of purpose. You should try to ruin it with alcoholism. Expect a steady, progressive decline and try not to get impatient when things don't blow up in your face right away. Much like trying to brake while accelerating, you could send conflicting signals at this time. An Aries New Moon adds fire and a take-charge attitude to the mix.

Sagittarius—Good Ol' Fashioned Vicodin

November 22 - December 22

Dates and prospective love interests see your soft-

er side, as Vicodin meets Mercury and conjoins The Sun in gentle Pisces in April. You aren't always easy to pin down, but this aspect lets others see your romantic potential. You are much likelier to announce your intentions and you don't really care what others think of your romantic decisions, when you're on the vic-a-mins. The Moon and four planets provide you a passionate foundation on which to build a new relationship. Getting physical is a goal, but not your top priority.

Capricorn—Purple Drank

December 22 - January 19

A Sun/Mercury conjunction and access to some roxycodone (because, you're a Capricorn for God's sake, you don't do "cough medicine") improves communication and your odds with someone new. If you use subtlety as a flirting tactic, this aspect helps you amp up your game and get better results. You want to let your guard down, but you can't help remembering times you've been burned in the past. You have to get back up on the horse that threw you at some point. An Aries New Moon finally gives you the courage to go after what you truly want. Your enthusiasm speaks for itself.

Aquarius—Crack Cocaine

January 20 - February 18

A Sun/Mercury conjunction in early April gives you the detachment you need to make wise decisions. A big move to be closer to an ex or crush might not be logical. A Mercury/Saturn trine lowers your tolerance for flakers and fakers, so a date who cancels at the last minute or stands you up, probably won't get a second chance. Your crack and time is valuable.

Pisces—LSD

February 19 - March 20

The bright and colorful Pisces Sun meet your ruler Neptune on April 1st, which is a fantastic way to start the month. You have a lot to offer in romance, and the right person will recognize that immediately. An Aries New Moon at the end of April reminds you that there's no time like the present, Dude. Stop putting romance on hold.

Tiffany Greysen is a Stand-Up comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. She is a freelance writer for several humor publications. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide...neither of which should be followed. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.

Hawthorne Strip



HIRING
PROFESSIONAL
ENTERTAINERS
21+
SEND PHOTOS TO
HAWTHORNESTRIP@GMAIL.COM

GREAT BEER
& COCKTAIL
SPECIALS!

*Juniper
& Jinxy*



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

CHECK OUT OUR NEW FACEBOOK PAGE & INSTAGRAM! WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/HAWTHORNESTRIPONPOWELL | [@HAWTHORNESTRIP](https://www.instagram.com/hawthornestrip) | [#HAWTHORNESTRIPONPOWELL](https://www.instagram.com/hawthornestrip) | HAWTHORNESTRIP.COM



*Jordyn
Foxx*

5 SECLUDED
PRIVATE
SHOW
ROOMS

LARGE,
DOUBLE-POLED
DANCING STAGE

21+ YEARS OF
AGE FOR ENTRY

LAP DANCES

NEW, YOUNG & SEXY
PROFESSIONAL
ENTERTAINERS
AT ALL TIMES

VERY DISCREET
PRIVACY IS
A PRIORITY

COMING SOON:

10+ DELICIOUS FOOD CARTS
INDUSTRY-FRIENDLY RETAIL STORE

DAILY AUDITIONS FOR 18+
(360) 281-7584

Whispers

8102 NE KILLINGSWORTH ST · PORTLAND OREGON 97218
WWW.WHISPERSPDX.CLUB
(971) 255-1039 · OPEN AS LATE AS 5AM

CLUB PlayPen

Mahogany



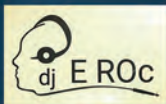
**HAPPY HOUR
3PM-6PM**

FULL MENU

ALL LOTTO

2 STAGES

**CLOSE TO
PDX**



FOR AUDITIONS, CALL NATALIE
(971) 284-3455



6210 NE COLUMBIA BLVD · PORTLAND, OR 97218
OPEN DAILY AT 11AM · (503) 281-3212 · WWW.CLUBPLAYPEN.COM

FRI APRIL 21ST AND SAT APRIL 22ND
ANNA BELL PEAKS

**ADULT
VIDEO
STAR!**

**THE
SUNSET
STRIP
EXIT 69**



10205 SW PARK WAY • PORTLAND
WWW.SUNSETSTRIPPD.COM
10 MINUTES FROM DOWNTOWN PORTLAND • EXIT 69B
NOW HIRING ENTERTAINERS • AUDITIONS DAILY 6P-10P



THE MONTHLY
COLUMN
BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT
SPANISH FLY IN YOUR EYE

Ah, the mysterious “Spanish Fly”—many of us probably recall this product being mentioned in whispered tones in locker rooms and playgrounds when we were younger. The thing was, nobody could ever seem to define exactly what the hell it actually did—much to our frustration. We yearned for carnal knowledge! Movies and TV made veiled references to it in things certainly not intended for the kids, but these weren’t much help to the curious young mind.

Those of us who ever spied a contraband pornographic magazine—usually stolen from a parent or older sibling—always noticed there would be advertisements for Spanish Fly in the back. Usually grainy, black-and-white affairs making statements like “the real deal” or “spice up your sex life TODAY,” without revealing what it was (and, no kid in their right mind was going to spend their allowance money on a mystery sex item you have to send away for, while risking your mom checking the mail and finding it...hell no!!!).

Of course, we learned more about Spanish Fly—eventually—usually, via the equally-confused wisdom of someone slightly older. I remember hearing about a half-dozen decent rumors about its nature as time passed:

1. “It makes you irresistible to women! Just spray it on.”

It’s a cologne? Okay...

2. “You put it in a lady’s drink and it makes her super horny.”

At least that’s slightly more classy than a roofie.

3. “It’s a pill you take, that gives you an all-night boner!”

All damn night? Well, okay.

4. “It’s, like, these drops you put on your dick to make it bigger.”

Like, just anywhere? I hope they don’t need to go in the pee hole.

5. “It’s this incense you burn, that drives women wild.”

I think I only heard this once and didn’t believe it—even as a youth.

6. “It’s a scam. Some Mexicans just mail you an empty box, and you can’t get your money back, because nobody admits to buying Spanish Fly.”

This was probably the most accurate, at least, as it concerns what you get from the mail-order ads in an old porno mag.

I’m sure I heard an abundance more, but most were variations on one of those themes and this was long, long ago.

It’s got an enduring legacy, that’s for sure. Nowadays, we see all sorts of “male health” products and supplements, which are supposed to increase your prowess in various ways. Hell, you can go to the vitamin section of many supermarkets and find an expensive product that likely has a ripped, shirtless man embracing a woman, possibly standing next a sports car, or with flames in the background and it’ll just be sitting there—next to the Flintstones chewables. Ten million strong and boning?

Now, to be fair, I’ve never seen anything actually labeled “Spanish Fly” on grocery store shelves (maybe porn shop shelves), but the stuff is still alive and kicking. Open up your favorite search engine and type it in. Holy mother of shit...there are still a lot of people hocking Spanish Fly and there must be people who still buy it like mad. I’ll note, in my diligent research for this, I checked a few that were deemed okay by SafeWeb® and they STILL have really vague descriptions.

Verbatim example:

“Is your wife suffering from low libido? She is not the only one. Don’t worry, because there is a solution...there’s a new product in town and it’s the secret aphrodisiac weapon millions of men have used. It’s called Spanish Fly LOVE and will give your wife her sex drive back in as little as five minutes!”

This goes on for awhile, but it doesn’t really explain much, except that a team of crack researchers has apparently been working on this for some time. Good work if you can get it? Also, I like their claim that millions of men have used it, but it’s a new product in town.

Now, on to the actual science, which is broken down into a convenient factoid list, because that’s best for toilet reading. Do I know my audience or what?

A) Spanish Fly is indeed a real drug.

B) It actually comes from the squeezeins of a small, green beetle.

C) Only the males secrete this bug juice.

D) It has nothing to do with arousing the ladies; Spanish Fly is for the fellas.

E) Application is a couple tiny drops on the ol’ wang.

F) It is very likely to cause incredibly painful, sustained erections (priapism).

G) It is also a toxin of incredible potency, and will kill you if not given precisely right, which is why you can’t buy the real deal anywhere.

So, now you know what’s up with the inscrutable Spanish Fly.

Personally, my favorite of the various Spanish Flies that exist out there, is the kind that you sometimes see in condom machines at bars. You pay your 50 cents and get a little box with a picture of a half-dressed woman. Then, upon opening this condom-sized box, it folds out to reveal a picture of a fly in a sombrero, with a speech bubble reading “OH-LAY!” Sadly, I cannot find a picture of this in a high enough resolution to print, so you’ll have to look for this item yourselves next time you’re in the can at a dive, or possibly at a truck stop. Sheesh... and this thing calls itself an Internet...

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a noodle rancher, poodle blancher, lip balm connoisseur, writer, and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503, and on Facebook by name.

17 FLAT SCREENS • ALL SPORTS • POOL TABLES • LOTTO



King's

13550 SE POWELL BLVD
(971) 703-4248
OPEN NOON-2AM DAILY

**SPECIAL VIP
BACHELOR/BACHELORETTE
& BIRTHDAY PACKAGES**
CALL (503) 780-0388

**OUR PATIO PARTIES
ARE STARTING SOON!**
BEST PATIO IN PORTLAND!

**WATCH ALL
BLAZERS
GAMES**

BEST FOOD IN TOWN

**NEW HAPPY HOUR MENU
\$1, \$2 & \$3 ITEMS! 4PM-8PM**

**NEW & EXCITING FOOD MENU
OVER 30 NEW ADDITIONS**

**HIRING DANCERS TUE-THU NOON-6PM
CALL (503) 780-0155**

DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS
\$5 1/2 LB BURGER AND A BEER
MON-FRI NOON-6PM

DAILY DINNER SPECIALS
STARTING AT 5PM

\$9.99 14oz RIBEYE **FRI & SAT NIGHT ONLY!**
WITH LOADED BAKED POTATO, JUMBO SHRIMP & HOUSE SALAD



Testing, Testing...4, 2, 0.

GREEN ROOM DIARIES
BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

Okay, so what's the issue with testing? Planned Parenthood never asks me what strains I've been smoking. My weed's never developed a sore. Why are certain Oregon lawmakers pushing for more (and, in some cases, less) testing for recreational cannabis?

Well, the sentiment being conveyed is that a large percentage of dispensary weed from Oregon would not pass California testing standards. From this implication, the call for "better and more rigorous" cannabis testing from Oregon is made. This sounds fine and dandy, until one realizes that Oregon *already* has rigorous testing standards, which are facilitated using trusted, established labs. California's testing standards [1] *require private, contracted testing agencies* to ensure "proper appearance and odor," as well as lack of cross-pollination from different strains and "the terpenes described in the most current version of the cannabis inflorescence monograph published by the *American Herbal Pharmacopoeia*." In contrast, Colorado's legislation [1] requires a much more scientific and logical set of general standards, with laws and provisions not falling under sub-sections of a testing facility (instead, Colorado's laws state that testing facilities must follow said guidelines). So, in Cali, a first-generation hybrid that is trimmed just a tad too loose and hasn't been submitted to a registry is not up to code and won't be, until a private company takes their cut. A logical thinker would assume that this was S.F. and L.A.'s way of pushing those tax-dodgers in Humboldt County out of the picture, but let's just pretend that the state of California is looking out for b-nugs and fuzzy weed because of health and safety.

So, what's the drive behind this push for new laws that affect cannabis testing? Taking only a semi-biased approach to this issue, I've broken this down into the seeds and stems.

First of all, there is a large amount of moldy, improperly cured and/or just-plain-bad cannabis that is waiting to be circulated to unknowing consumers, but unable to move due to current testing standards. Therefore, any laws that suggest rolling back or reducing the testing process are a bad idea (doing so will only open the door to crappy product). However, cannabis is made most harmful by mold spores; if a person who is allergic to mold smokes bad bud, they may die.

Next, is the issue of cost. As it stands, the old school, Eugene-area farmers who were set to hit a green rush upon legalization of cannabis, well...they're kind of like old-school computer programmers; once big money from out of town moved in, they became obsolete. Since recreational marijuana is

barely grandfathered in, at least in practice (the intentions of laws are often subverted by the realities of the market), there exists no unified, like-minded, unofficial union-ish set of standards (which medical growers tend to have). As opposed to a New York City entrepreneur attempting to set up a medical grow (next to impossible), a savvy-minded businesswoman from, say, Japan, *can* find a way to wedge into profit generated from recreational cannabis. However, the locals are still given first pick of the dispensary harvest.

So, what could push out the old blood, besides under-regulation and the wild west? Over-regulation and excess expenses.

Every wondered why microbreweries are the new fad? Look into the laws governing commercial breweries. Wonder why your neighbor isn't growing tobacco? Ask Phillip-Morris. Once an organic, illicit or otherwise god-given product goes from the black market to mainstream, the window for small business to jump in becomes smaller than the one Voodoo Donut used to sell their donuts from. So, back to the point of this column, if testing costs become too great for honest, clean, organic mom-and-pop weed farmers to afford, welcome to Wal-Mart, would you like Chinese Sativa or India-ca? Oh, you want to buy *real* weed? Better go back to the newly-recreated black market, which exists because previously-legal growers were out bid by testing facilities and priced back into plastic bags and diggie scales.

With the Trump administration being to blame for everything from pineapple pizza to meme theft, it's hard to focus on the real-life, actually-fucked-up-shit that his administration is threatening to do. Comments made by Sean Spicer [2] have implied that the federal government is planning on doing a mass data collection in regards to "documented felonies," which include the time your aunt bought a joint at the weed store last year. Will medical marijuana patients be subpoenaed? Probably not. But, recreational users can kiss their asses goodbye.

Now, since there's not enough room in the prisons (a federal crime) for your aunt Patty and her friends, the DEA will likely be going after growers and suppliers. Since, as it stands, initial batches of product are usually tested (and stamped with results) via *anonymous means*, it would only make sense that further registration of records of growers, dispensaries, etc., would open the door to non-anonymous means of collecting records. After all, how are contracted testing facilities expected to operate when the feds pressure them with a "give us your records, or face federal charges" pitch? Put simply, further regulations that result in paperwork of any kind will help build up data mines for the federal government to swoop in and collect, should they every decide to move forward on Spicer's plan. Who grows

what amount, how often, where they live, etc...this information is semi-available now, but mostly limited to medical patients and growers.

I don't like to think of myself as a conservative, but the classical definition hits home with me; if it works, let's not fix it. Are the new pressures for higher testing standards concerned with death by mold? Nah, but the word "pesticide" sounds bad, so let's go after *that* because, ya know, organic, granola-eating hippies who schedule their medication based on astrological charts are just the *biggest* fans of spraying their crops with chemicals (sarcastic eye roll goes here). And hybrid strains that are improperly labeled? I mean, I remember the time I risked my life by taking a miniature canister full of butane, used it to ignite a piece of paper that has been laced with glue and/or given artificial flavors, inhaled carcinogenic smoke and thought, "Holy shit, this isn't Trainwreck, it's Haramberry Kush." Yes, we need to revamp the testing regulations, but for the love of god, let's not follow California in any way (weed-related or otherwise).

I'm urging lawmakers, lobbyists, off-duty stripper activists, friends, growers, cops and anyone who actually wants to normalize cannabis in a way that benefits everyone, to read the fucking manual. Talk to small time growers. Figure out what testing standards are, before you share false flags on Facebook. Same sentiment goes out to anyone looking to *lessen* regulations on testing; I don't want to buy mold from the weed store. We need to take our time, not chase the dollar and do our research.

Follow Colorado's lead. Make rules and then ensure that companies that profit by helping growers comply are held to standards, not the other way around (as California has done).

Slow down, take a puff and relax, man. Otherwise, we're gonna end up buying our weed directly from Monsanto. Oh, the irony.

Editor's note: It appears that Sativa is a few days ahead of schedule for his submission, as SB 863, which protects marijuana users' data to a large extent, is already moving through the rungs. Stay tuned and, in the meantime, check this link (and email your representatives) for more information:

<https://olis.leg.state.or.us/liz/2017R1/Measures/Overview/SB863>

[1] <http://www.leafly.com/news/industry/leaflys-state-by-state-guide-to-cannabis-testing-regulations>

[2] http://www.oregonlive.com/marijuana/index.ssf/2017/02/trump_administration_takes_aim.html

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

TORCHED ILLUSIONS SMOKE & VAPE

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

**NOW
OPEN!**

TIGARD
12963 SW PACIFIC HWY
503.430.5140
OPEN 10AM-MIDNIGHT DAILY

BEAVERTON
17935 SW TV HWY | 503.259.2310
OPEN 6AM-2AM DAILY

www.TorchedIllusions.com



PRIMO

GLASS PIPES ETC.

**25% OFF PIPES
FROM 4/20-4/30!
E-JUICE BOGO**

155 LANCASTER DR SE • SALEM, OR 97317 • (503) 385-1959

THE SILVER SPOON

SILVERSPOONPDX.COM

FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM
@SILVERSPOON8521



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

ONE-STOP SHOP FOR ALL YOUR SMOKING NEEDS!



OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

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

BIKINI WARS

At the 2017 Gentlemen's Club EXPO in Las Vegas

THE 2017
GENTLEMEN'S
CLUB EXPO

25th
ANNIVERSARY

Does your club have the
HOTTEST
dancer in the U.S.?

THEN PROVE IT!

At the 2017 Gentlemen's Club EXPO in Las Vegas, the \$10,000 Bikini Contest will award \$5,000 CASH to the winner and \$5,000 in advertising/promo to the club who brings that entertainer to the EXPO!

The 25th Anniversary EXPO will be held August 27-30 at the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas, and the \$10,000 Bikini Contest is slated for August 30th from 3-5 pm at the Hard Rock's Breathe Pool.

The entertainer's badge is FREE (\$349 value) for the first 30 club owners who register themselves for EXPO and a girl for the Bikini Contest!

For more information on the 25th Anniversary EXPO in Las Vegas, visit

WWW.THEDEXPO.COM

or to register an entertainer for the Bikini Contest, call EXPO producers ED Publications at **727-726-3592**

Contest sponsored by:




ARMCHAIR FAMILY VIDEO
 3205 SE MILWAUKIE AVE • (503) 477-5446
 MON-FRI 11AM-6PM & SAT 11AM-5PM
2 STORES IN PORTLAND!
2 Websites - BACollectors.com & BAAVideos.com
Springtime Girls Fun Time! We Have...
Girls Gone Wild DVDS
GM Video DVDS
Girls Gone Crazy DVDS
Hot Bodies DVDS
THE STUFF OTHER STORES DONT CARRY!!!
B.A. VIDEO
 7964 SE FOSTER RD • (503) 477-5446
 MON-FRI 11AM-7PM, SAT 11AM-5PM



15%
Performers Discount
 You work hard for the money, treat yourself right!
 Save on
 Dancerwear
 Accessories
 Shoes
 and more!
 Shoes by
Pleaser

FANTASY



See Store for Details - FantasyForAdultsOnly.com

(Editor's note: Grammarly suspended our account for not correcting "ousside" on multiple occasions, Adam went on a brief vacation and I can't remember where I was, because I forgot to check in on Tinder. Thus, we hired someone from Fiverr to complete the last of our editing and this is what we got in return.)

EXOTIC'S GUIDE TO SELLING RUGS

by Ray McMillin and EditMeFastIndia23@geocities.com

So, you want to get into the rug game? Well, it's probably best that you pick up on the basics.

RUG SLANG

First off, let's cover some slang:

Cut Rugs—Rugs that have been stepped on.

Rug And Alcohol Counseling—A process by which rug users can acquire professional treatment.

Rug Ballad—A mediocre song about rugs by Michigan-area rapper Eminem.

Rug-muncher—Otherwise known as a "mule," this is someone who uses a mouth-to-ass maneuver to smuggle rugs from Juarez to California.

Ruglord—A dude from Miami with a thin mustache, who sells large amounts of rugs to dealers throughout the country.

The Rug Abuse Resistance Education (R.A.R.E) Program—A group of cops, who speak at schools and tell kids how to stay off of rugs.

SELLING RUGS

Next, let's talk turf. Before you start spreading your rugs all over the streets, make sure that your business isn't disrupting any nearby rug dealers. The best places to slang rugs are either in inner-city stores that front as regular stores (where you can just put a sign up that says "rugs aren't for sale" and trust that your customers will know that you really do sell rugs) or near freeway off-ramps and nearby abandoned property lots that still have fences up (advertise your rugs with knock-off brand names, pot leaves and the art from Sublime's *40 Ounces To Freedom*).

Then, you're gonna want to price your rugs. Street value of rugs is much cheaper than you're going to find in legal rug dispensaries, but rugs on the deep web have always yielded the best deal (be careful, though, as many fake rugs won't work, regardless of how hard first-time users claim they've tripped on them).

RUG LAWS

Finally, what to do if you're caught with rugs? First of all, don't open the door if the cops knock without a warrant. They will end up stepping on your rugs or taking you to jail for dealing rugs near a rug-free school zone. Never claim that the rugs are yours—blame your grandma. Tell the cops that nana has a rug problem and hasn't even used the good ones that she's been saving since the 70s. Ideally, most people experiment with rugs for a bit during college, so it's best to just move on to the harder, legal stuff (even if it means resorting to Pine-Sol).

If you or someone you know suffers from problems related to rug abuse, please consider wiping your feet, taking off your shoes and learning to smoke crack in the alley with the rest of the hobos.

Dealing With Divas

I had the pleasure of being asked to DJ for a couple shows with Lipstick Divas, an Oregon-based drag troupe that helped to restore my hope in the art of dance-commanding via sound mixer.

As any strip club DJ will tell you, there is an art to managing the chaos that surrounds tip-based performers (especially those who focus on boobs and booty). Certain clubs have a constant stage rotation, with dancers who come prepared with flash drives in hand. Then, there are other clubs that treat their stage rotations like the stock market, allowing only the most trained experts to find order among the madness. Dancers can be late to stage, missing in action or just plain hard to work with. We all know this.

Drag troupe Lipstick Divas, on the other hand, is managed by a wizard named Jerid, who runs his show like a well-oiled machine (literally and figuratively). I haven't been in a strip club booth (outside of occasional fill-in shifts) for years, so it was not only refreshing to be able to work among professionals, but drag queens are their own unique breed of awesomeness. Every set I watched the Divas perform was a show; there were no filler moments, audience members were given encouragement to interact with the performers and there was no pressure to tip (save for a few, in-character reminders from the hostesses). And, although I was able to enjoy a return to Paris Theater after a fifteen-year hiatus (yes, it's back to being a "regular" venue again), I've seen the Lipstick Divas troupe sell out houses in, for example, a Salem-area pizza bar. Last I checked, the girls were on their way to a small town in Idaho.

Why am I bringing this up? Well, let's just assume that there is *slightly* more demand for biological female performers in the general adult entertainment-sphere, than there is for glamorous men in wigs and G-strings. Drag queens may be "Portland normal," but I'm just gonna guess that in Bumfuckatello, Idaho, the dude-who-likes-vagina-to-dude-who-likes-women-with-a-penis ratio is balanced in favor of Murica and good ol' boys. So, ahem, ladies who identify as "stripper" and read this magazine, while trimming their tampon strings in front of a band-sticker-covered mirror, located in a dark room attached to a stage...raise the fucking bar. I'm *stoked* that men in makeup are outshining anyone, to be honest, but this just means that there is little-to-no excuse for you, the biological, cis female stripper, to

eat chicken strips while sitting cross-legged next to a pole. Groups of men with double D breasts are able to generate tips from hillbillies and Trump supporters; there is *no reason* for you, the mainstream stripper, to be going home broke after a day of hustling straight hipsters and male feminists.

Or, perhaps, I just fucking love drag queens. Where else are you gonna hear the phrase, "Honey, I was born a man, so my frame can handle 56 FFF implants better than anyone born with a vagina," and not have it generate hate mail from a gender studies blogger?

Most dancers I know kick serious amounts of ass. Still, we all know how a few not-so-enthusiastic strippers can turn a whole shift into a sluggish, boring shitfest for everyone. Of course, Polerotica is coming up (see this month's calendar for qualifier round dates), so the chance for the stripper-who-shines to enter the arena is greater than usual. Are you sick of day-shiftery and slacker shenanigans? Show us what you got and you could possibly win money and fame for showing off your talents. And, if you're reading this column while a customer is waving a dollar at you in a last-ditch effort to watch you spin around the pole, perhaps you should put it down and focus on your craft.

Letters To The Editor

John Voge told me never to do this. But, Voge also told me that Lana Del Rey sucked, so I'm done listening to his advice.

Hey Ray, my son received this Valentine's Day card from his crush at school. Do you think that you could ask your readers to explain what's going on in this photo?



- Anonymous Mom

There is a lot going on in this photo, but let's cover some bases. Clearly, there is a boy being given a baby, by someone named "Me" (I will assume this is the artist). To the left, we have Noli, who is clearly reppin' quite the booty, as

is indicated by an arrow, the word "butt" and a cartoon booty. Something is protruding from Noli's stomach and it appears sharp, but Noli is still able to show off her duck lips and at least two hearts (possibly three, depending on whether or not that's a butterfly in Noli's face). To the right (above "Me"), there appears to be the spirit of a dead child or an old Chinese man in a green robe. The boy in the middle of the photo does not appear to be smiling, but rather, extending duck lips similar to those being shown off by Noli. "Me" does not appear to be happy about the exchange of the baby, and it is unclear whether or not the baby is being given to, or taken away from, the boy. The phrase "You like a baby gril" (sic) appears at the top of the photo.

Using my Psychology degree and medical marijuana card in conjunction, I have determined that "Me" is in a relationship with the boy in the middle of the photo. "Me" wants multiple children or already has a child (possibly with an old Chinese guy). The boy in the middle of the photo is interested in Noli, because she has a bagin' butt and is clearly childless. The phrase "burner pal," written in small text next to Noli's heels, indicates that Noli and the boy like to get high together. "Me" appears homely, with no butt and curly Peppermint Patti hair—clearly indicating that she is ready to settle down and churn out babys from the ol' womb farm.

Judging by the artistic merit in this photo, Anonymous, I'm going to guess that your child is between five and ten years old. "Me" is trying to either prevent your son from chasing after tramps like Noli, convince him to birth a child or a combination of both. Now, at first glance, it may seem like Noli is the one to watch out for. But, this is a stripper magazine. I know the truth. Noli takes care of herself by doing squats, plus her ability to walk in heels means that she's a lady and she will rock your son's world. "Me", on the other hand, wants to get knocked up and collect alimony. If your son really wants a baby, I'd suggest that he have one with Noli; girls who work the pole are never short on money for baby formula, nor will they try to rob you blind after a divorce (hell, Noli probably doesn't even want kids). "Me" is a baby-hungry skank who will trick your son into marrying her, before robbing him blind with the help of the courts. This may also be a glimpse into your son's future, in which he will be divorced from "Me" and dating a hottie named Noli, who helps him take care of his child during visitation weekends.

Buy your child condoms, now, Anonymous. It's never too early to make him swallow the red pill. Tell your child the truth about how marriage laws bend men over backwards, while girls like Noli are likely immunized for the HPV virus and usually on birth control. With any luck, your child will avoid homely, artistic types like "Me" and not be tricked into marrying a woman who just uses him to get knocked up. If all goes as planned, your child will date strippers throughout his 20s and 30s, stay single and eventually work his way up to being editor of Exotic.

I've read Ray McMillin's commentaries in the wake of the election and in the February edition and I feel like I'm listening to myself think.

As an arguably "old guy from Ohio" (turned 50 in January, born and raised in the conservative bastion of Cincinnati in SW Ohio, where a shocking number of the non-western outsider-occupiers of the Malheur NWR came from, including radio show host Peter Santilli and David "Can I get an Alleluia" Fry). I just see it 97% your way, Ray. I moved away from that place for many reasons, but part of it was the police state they run there to enforce their conservative world view only to spend the last 20 years watching how the politician here are willing to do pretty much the same thing in support of their own values (e.g. Avakian).

What's a pseudo-Libertarian to do? Apparently just sit back and take it when, under the best circumstances, a good, inclusive pseudo-Libertarian candidate fronting the Libertarian party can't even pull 5% of the popular vote.

Having worked in the environmental field for the last 20 years in Portland, I know lots of the types of which you speak (probably including my wife, though she'll mostly agree with me rather than watch me run to the internet for supporting information). Too many of the individuals I know in this town can only see those who voted for Trump as nothing but racists and have repeated said so in person and on sociopath (sic) media. Worse, they feel there is no need to reach out to "the middle" to makes sure they can win in two or four years. They will quote some article by Salon, Slate or The Atlantic that justifies their belief that staying the exact same course, including disregarding anyone that disagrees with their positions as racists, homophobic, misogynistic yada, yada, yada...and they will prevail.

Sadly, they will be right about prevailing, but for the wrong reasons. I suspect Trump is going to screw the chihuahua so badly that the Democrats could run a metastasized, barely breath-

ing Hillary Clinton (they won't, but they'll consider it) and win, then claim vindication. The Democrats will then strut around like they have a "mandate" (just like the Republicans are now) when all most people did was to the cast their ballots, succumb to the controlled opposition trap and vote solely to end the disaster of the Trump presidency.

But, it is nice to know at least one other person gets it.

Thanks,

- Denis

Well, Denis, thank you. I don't want to create the same type of echo chamber that both you and I clearly oppose, but your sentiment is becoming more and more common for a reason—much as capitalism (when left in its natural state) can be a great gauge for economic viability, the intellectual marketplace will often determine the value of ideas (and, right now, we're pretty damn short on the supply side).

There is an Orwellian trend occurring right now, one in which the uber-left uses the *exact same bait-and-switch* as the right, in an effort to replace the meaning of those words with which we use to formulate basic thoughts. Feminists are expected to stick up for religions that promote violence against women and gays. Conservatives are expected to endorse military spending. Liberals are busy censoring campus speakers. War is peace, freedom is slavery, ignorance is strength...

The punishment of critical thought extends far beyond politics, as pop culture swims in the same stream. If you don't enjoy the new Amy Schumer "special" (quotes emphasized), you're seen as a sexist. If you don't like the same rap song that's been on the radio for the last year and a half, you're seen as a racist. The free exchange of ideas has, ironically, been punished on college campuses. I made no less than three attempts to interview (from a left-leaning perspective) a right-wing speaker named Milo Yiannopoulos. The dude is clearly disliked by many, so I figured listening to him talk would give me great fodder



PHOTO: RAY MCMILLIN

for a column. But, due to bomb threats and physical violence at all three of the west coast dates that I attempted to attend—on behalf of the peace-loving, "free speech" left—I was prevented from coming close enough to take

photos (let alone make my way inside a burning building). Ironically, the biggest and most violent protest was at University of California, Berkeley, where the modern free speech movement originated. If we can't debate ideas, listen to people whose views we don't align with, etc., we stunt our growth as a species.

We've got to look at politics like any other fad; punk rock is no longer punk rock, hip hop is no longer dangerous and country music is being produced in mansions by people who refuse to eat meat. Plus, it's all re-makes and reboots anymore. The only reason people compare Trump to Hitler (or Hillary to Stalin) is because, well, the

playbook doesn't seem to change. All we're getting is shittier and shittier reboots of previously classic (or infamous) political leaders, but with less intensity and effect (this is good in the case of Trump/Hillary, but only by comparison to death camps). But, who'd want to be the next JFK, John Lennon or MLK, when we know all too well what happens to actual, logical, peaceful and intellectual revolutionaries? Critical thinking is a felony, punishable by death if done in public.

However, now that an underground counter-culture of dissent is beginning to oppose the authoritarian, establishment-driven left, a silver lining may emerge; what happens when uber-conservatives begin to accept, for instance, LGBT people, while recovering liberals like myself begin to accept traditionally conservative ideals, such as free speech or an open market? If the nu-left wants to become puritans, resembling the Westboro Baptist Church, I say that's a good thing. Instead of a left/right paradigm, we will evolve into an ignorant/critical paradigm. Then, one day, rednecks, gangsters, punk rockers and trans strippers can form an alliance and take over. I look forward to the day when endorsing *any* mainstream political candidate will be seen as something rebellious teenagers would never consider. There is nothing classically conservative about a reality television star running the GOP, while it is equally true that there is



eroticcity spotlight

THU 6 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND I

SAT 8 – SHOTSKI'S (SALEM)
COMEDY W/ CURTIS COOK & RICHIE STRATTON

FRI 14 – SAFARI
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND II

WED 19 – DEVILS POINT
LIVE MUSIC W/ BLACKWATER

THU 20 – THE GOLD CLUB
DICK HENNESSY'S 420 PARTY

THU 20 – STARS CABERET (BRIDGEPORT)
4/20 PARTY

FRI 21 – DANTE'S – BIG FREEDIA

FRI 21 – TABOO VIDEO (VANCOUVER)
ANNA BELL PEAKS IN-STORE 7PM-9PM

FRI 21 & SAT 22 – SUNSET STRIP
ANNA BELL PEAKS

SAT 22 – CLUB SINROCK
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND III

SUN 23 – DEVILS POINT
BRODIE'S GALACTIC GRODY STRIPPAROKE BASH

THU 27 – DREAM ON SALOON
COUNTRY NIGHT

FRI 28 – STARS CABERET (SALEM)
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND IV

FRI 28 – TOMMY'S TOO
SEMI-PRO POPSICLE CONTEST

nothing progressive about endorsing a Clinton.

Do you have a letter for the editor? Well, I'm the editor. I read your letters. Emails go to Editor@Xmag.com

Next Month's EC Will Take On A Serious Topic

In the world of stand-up comedy (one that shares a great deal of overlap with the adult entertainment scene), we have experienced several incidents of smaller venues providing breeding grounds for sexual assault. Put simply, safe-space mics and uber-exclusive showcases attract predators, just like gun-free zones and schools attract terrorists. I wanted to do a full-page write up on personal experiences in the Salem area, but after putting out the APB, several people have come forward to me with their own stories, many of which deal with everything from open mic jam nights in the music industry, to poetry readings at local bookstores. I'm interviewing a few more folks regarding this issue, but said column will go to print for the May issue. If you're anticipating it, thanks for holding on—besides, it would be tasteless to run a "how to avoid getting date raped at an open mic" spread in The Drug Issue, alongside columns about penis pills and semen showers. All rumors aside, we still have a little class here at *Exotic*.

Cash Rules Everything Ousside Me

Dr. Phil creates monsters. Adorable, rabid little TMZ monsters. Remember the Cash Me Ousside girl? I wrote about her last month and, well, let's just say a counterpoint has been provided by *Exotic's* own Jaime Dunkle. Take a look at her column, *Love In A Plain Brown Envelope*, on the next page.



By Jaime Dunkle

LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: Cash Me Ousside, Literally



We've both been ridiculed for our South Florida street talk. We both come from broken homes. We both got sent to a treatment program. But, only one of us got a payout and I wish it was me.

Danielle "Cash Me Ousside" Bregoli and I have a lot in common. We even know some of the same people back home. But, despite our parallels, we also have grave differences.

I was never rewarded for my supreme shit-talking skills or violent behavior. My dad was a crackhead and not a cop who paid \$1,000+ every month in child support. I got locked up in a mindfuck rehab when I was a jit* and they watched me shower, whereas Dr. Phil paid for Bregoli to tend horses on some serene ranch. I admit it, as flawed* as all that may be, I'm totes jelly.

Bregoli hails from Palm Beach County, Florida, which is where I grew up.

I was raised in Lake Worth and Boynton Beach—stomping grounds to the nefarious gang known for ambushing FBI agents with automatic weapons—the Top 6. I heard gunshots in broad daylight when I lived off of 6th Avenue South in the L-Dub. A pedophile rode his bike naked in front of me when I was planting marigolds in the front yard of that house. The projects down the street had boards over the windows and often my brother's friend Grady didn't have air conditioning that worked, which can be lethal and it isn't even legal in Florida.

Bregoli and her mom live in Boynton, but from what I've seen in videos, I doubt it's the same part of Boynton I lived in (near Seacrest, where our neighbors were crack dealers in one direction and weed dealers in the other). But, I, in no way, doubt she's running with people who act hard*. It's in her snaking neck and her octave-rising cadence. It's in her greediness to flex*. Her neediness to put

"hoes" on blast. But, at least she doesn't condone drug abuse.

I ain't mad at her for having money long before her web stardom. I can tell she is a true Palm Beach County girl when I see her get in people's grill*. Even though Bregoli may think and feel she is supremely trill*, she's a product of that harsh South Florida environment, where everyone wants to fuck you or fuck you up. Especially if you're young. It's a tropical swampland, full of snakes that feed on innocence. Now she's a snake-person hybrid. She's a hydra that can afford a Spyder.

But, for real, though, I can't help but envision the long-term, negative effects viral fame will have on Bregoli. Life's peril humbled me, but it's only feeding her "character," instead of helping her *build character*. She recently popped off* to some people in Lake Worth and then ran away, even though the bar was outdoors and they were ready and able to cash her ousside.

What the hell do I know? She's making tens of thousands of dollars for appearances right now. I work three jobs six days a week.

What I do know, is that anyone who mocks her is part of the problem. Including, and especially, Dr. Phil.

The following text is my transcription from Bregoli's initial appearance on the Dr. Phil show. It exemplifies something I've been fighting my entire life—being shamed for talking street.

Dr. Phil: What now? I'm sorry, I didn't get that. Are you speaking English?

Danielle Bregoli: [Laughs, claps]

Dr. Phil: Do you have an accent of some sort?

Barbara Bregoli: Tell him where it comes from. You know.

Danielle Bregoli: [Laughs] From the streets.

Yes, we talk differently than you. But, don't think for a second that it makes you better than us.

We may laugh and clap and be all, "Ohhh shit, whatchu know bou dah?"—but, really we feel alienated and that alienation validates our antipathy for authority.

Public shaming won't make Bregoli change how she talks or acts. The troll attacks on her are disgraceful, but I still can't condone her behavior or how she is rewarded for it with a small fortune. Yet, I don't blame her. I would've hammed it up for the cash, too.

*Street lexicon, in order of appearance

All words are general street slang, except SFL, which means a word is specific to South Florida.

Jit: (*noun*, SFL) Short for jitterbug. Teen. Kid.

Flawed: (*verb*) Having a character flaw. Lame. Fake. The opposite of trill.

Hard: (*adverb*) Acting tough. Unfeeling. Cruel. Rude. Selfish.

Flex: (*verb*) To flex or tense one's body in a confrontational stance, especially in front of an enemy. Could also be an abstract flex, such as through verbal conflict.

Grill: (*noun*) A person's face. Could also refer to the mouth or a gold mouth piece.

Trill: (*adjective*, SFL) Authentic. Real. Similar to what "true" means in black metal subculture. Also said as "trilla."

Popped off: (*verb*) A confrontational posturing, often strictly verbal, that usually results in an altercation. Could be a physical or verbal fight.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction, to personal narrative and often blur between the two. You can cash her ousside at JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://twitter.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.



Honey





From Mystic Gentlemen's Club

EXOTIC
PINUP APRIL
2017

Polynesian

PRESENTED BY **exotic** 2017
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY



QUALIFIER ROUND I
THU, APR 6 @ 9PM
9950 SE STARK ST



QUALIFIER ROUND II
FRI, APR 14 @ 9PM
3000 SE POWELL BLVD



QUALIFIER ROUND III
SAT, APR 22 @ 9PM
12035 NE GLISAN ST





Jasmine

WINNER
POLEROTICA 2016

— PERFORMERS —

CALL/TEXT

503-380-5800

OR EMAIL

POLEROTICA@XMAG.COM



doctor
Guerrilla

HYPERIA
PHOTOGRAPHY

VIDA
creative



Sadie
COOKS



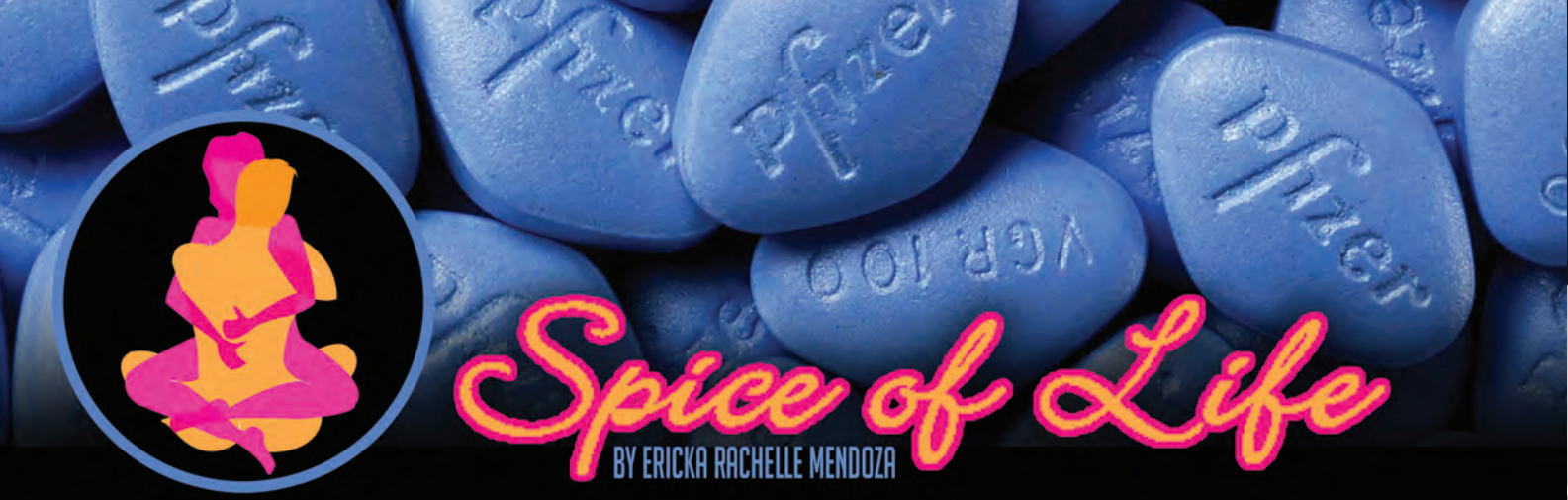
STARS
cabaret
SALEM
QUALIFIER ROUND IV
FRI, APR 28 @ 9PM
1550 WESTON CT NE

Kit Kat Club
QUALIFIER ROUND V
THU, MAY 4 @ 9PM
231 SW ANKENY ST

SPYCE
-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-
QUALIFIER ROUND VI
WED, MAY 10 @ 9PM
33 NW 2ND AVE

DANTE'S
FINALS
SAT, MAY 27 @ 9PM
350 W BURNSIDE ST

\$5,000
IN CASH & PRIZES
PLUS, THE COVER &
CENTERFOLD OF
CENTERFOLD'S 24TH
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



Spice of Life

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Energetic, acrobatic-style, rejuvenating, sensual, voluptuous, wild, raunchy, daily sex holds a slew of health benefits for men and woman. More relaxed sleep. Increased immunity for both. Orgasms can block pain, so having sex can help ease headaches or muscle aches or menstrual cramps—less prostate cancer for men. But, what happens when, for various reasons, you lose the drive and the ability to, ahem, perform and/or get wet?

Luckily, the wonderfully-thoughtful folks at pharmaceutical companies like Pfizer have created multiple sexual dysfunction drugs (but, more for men than women). Some of these drugs have become household names, like Viagra. In 2012, sales for Viagra, “the little blue pill,” totaled more than \$2 billion dollars. Viagra’s true calling came to light in the 1990s when volunteers for clinical trials of the drug (created to treat high blood pressure) reported increased sexual libido and erections while on the drug. Since then, doctors everywhere have been prescribing the drug, which works by inducing “naturally occurring nitric oxide, which relaxes muscles in the penis and increases blood flow,” according to LiveScience.com.

Viagra may be one of the most popular choices for men when it comes to little sexual helpers, but there are still a multitude of options for men including Cialis, Levitra and Alprostadil, which users

inject into the base of their penis a few minutes before having sex and can help you maintain an erection for about an hour.

And, while more than 20 drugs have been approved by the Federal Drug Administration for male sexual dysfunction, only one has managed to emerge to combat the same sexual issues for women. Addyi, also known as Flibanserin, was approved barely two years ago to treat certain sexual issues for women.

Pharmaceuticals might be the way to go for both men and women who want to maintain and enjoy ongoing sexual health, but every drug comes with its own laundry list of negative side effects. For Viagra alone, side effects include pain, upset stomach, headaches, blurred vision and could lead to seizures and heart attacks—no small price to pay for pleasure.

MagicBluePill.com allows Viagra users to share stories online. Posts are humorous (“My wife is in charge of ordering”) and inspiring (“I don’t care about side effects, I’m back in the saddle again!”), but there are still some users who have had negative experiences.

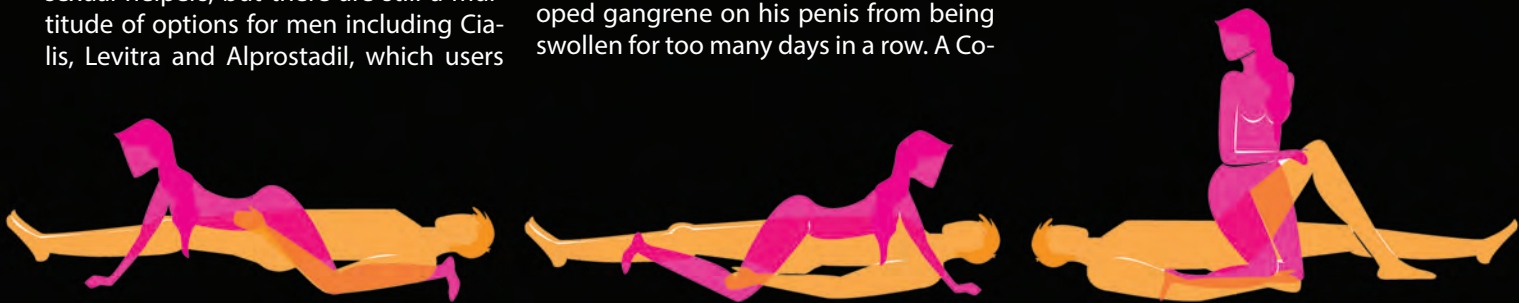
Just last year, a 66-year-old Columbian man took so much Viagra that he developed gangrene on his penis from being swollen for too many days in a row. A Co-

lumbian newspaper covering the story also reported that the man had to have his penis amputated, or the infection would have killed him.

Still, some professionals recommend making sure you have a stable, equally-committed relationship before introducing pharmaceuticals into the equation.

“Couples really need to talk about what each partner in the relationship expects,” New York couples counselor Jane Greer, Ph.D. (*What About Me?: Stop Selfishness From Ruining Your Relationship*) told NBC-News.com. “The drug can highlight problems about which member of the couple puts him or herself first, which one is thoughtful and which isn’t—creating all sorts of conflict.”

Western medicine isn’t the only choice, though. Holistic medical practitioners recommend natural alternatives in the form of herbs like Ginseng, Maca, Ginkgo Biloba, Kava and Horny Goat Weed (yes, it’s a real thing) for those who are sexually-challenged. And simply changing lifestyle habits could also work wonders in reversing effects of sexual dysfunction. Exercise, a balanced diet and limiting cigarettes/alcohol are factors that all work together to maintain good sexual health.



'N LUX PRIVATE DRIVER SERVICES

- REASONABLE RATES
- MULTIPLE DESTINATIONS
- 24/7 SERVICE

(971) 340-8300



SPECIALIZING IN DRIVING SERVICES FOR EXOTIC DANCERS!



JASMINE



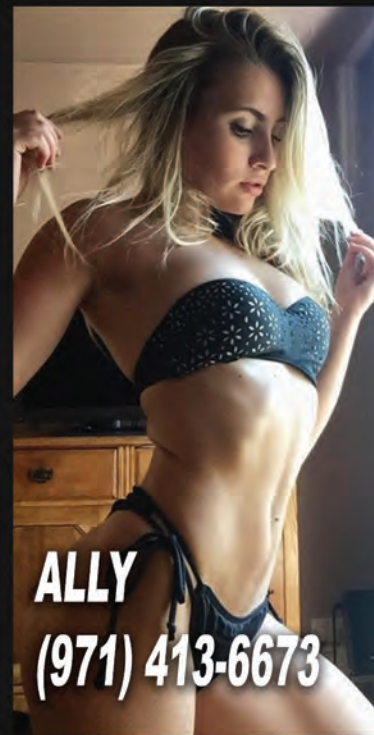
(971) 533-3351



BRITTANY (971) 645-9666



**ALLY
(971) 413-6673**



INCALL/OUTCALL - DISCREET - NOW HIRING

STRIP CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 1 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611
Daily 10:30am-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
Daily 12pm-2:30am

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

CASA DIABLO 46 **FOOD LOTTERY**
2839 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600
Daily 11am-2:30am

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

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

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

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
Daily 11:30am-2am

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 **FOOD LOTTERY**
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523
Daily 11am-2:30am

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

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

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

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

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

SCARLET LOUNGE 60 **FOOD LOTTERY**
12646 SE Division St | (503) 477-4318
Daily 10am-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**
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
Sun-Thu 10am-2am, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

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

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

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-2am

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

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

EVERYTHING ELSE

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

ADULT VIDEO ONLY 102
Vancouver:
19220 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 VIDEO 105
3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 477-5446
Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm

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

CATALYST: A SEX POSITIVE PLACE 171
5224 SE Foster Rd | (503) 726-9930
Hours vary by events

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

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

EKOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114
5620 NE MLK Blvd | (503) 493-3944
Mon-Fri 12pm-11pm, Sat 5pm-12am
Live Models: Mon-Sat 12pm-11pm

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEEP HOLE 181
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

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

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

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

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

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
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
Daily 10am-12am

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

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

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

DISPENSARIES

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

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

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

15
King's

13550 SE POWELL BLVD
971-703-4248

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 ALBANY

ADULT SHOP

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

ASTORIA

ANNIE'S SALOON

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

BEND

IMAGINE THAT

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

STARS CABARET

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

COOS BAY

BACHELOR'S INN

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

CORVALLIS

ADULT SHOP

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

EUGENE

ADULT SHOP

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

ADULT SHOP

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

ADULT SHOP

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

B & B DISTRIBUTORS

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

CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

THE NILE

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

SILVER DOLLAR CLUB

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

GERVAIS

LAST CHANCE SALOON

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

ADULT SHOP

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

CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

NEWPORT

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

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

OAKLAND

ADULT SHOP

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

ROSEBURG

FILLED WITH FUN

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

SALEM

ADAM & EVE

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

ADULT SHOP

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

ADULT SHOP

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

ADULT SHOP

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

BOB'S ADULT BOOKS

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

CHEETAHS XXX CABARET & MODELING

3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 316-6969
18+ Juice Bar, Full Menu
Tue-Thu 7pm-4am, Fri-Sat 6pm-5am,
Sun 7pm-2am. Modeling 24 Hours / 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

VIKENS

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

KNOCKERS

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

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

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

THE MANCAVE

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

THE DALLES

ADULT SHOP

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

UMATILLA

RIVERSIDE SPORTS BAR AND LOUNGE

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

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN

THE FANTASY SHOP

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

BREMERTON

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

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

TURF NEWS

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

DES MOINES

AIRPORT VIDEO 2

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

EVERETT

AIRPORT VIDEO 1

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

KENNEWICK

CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

KENT

PLEASURES PEAK

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

THE FANTASY SHOP

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

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

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

OZ'S TREASURE BOX

10318 Aurora Ave N / (206) 526-2224
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Smoke/Vape
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 12pm-5pm

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
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
10am-11pm / 7 Days

VIDEO VIDEOS

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

SHORELINE

RONNA'S VIDEO

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

SILVERDALE

CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

SPOKANE

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE

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

SPOKANE VALLEY

CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE

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

TACOMA

CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

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

NEVADA'S RED LIGHT DISTRICT BROTHELS

Best of the Best 2017

Sagebrush
Reno/Tahoe

Alice Little

alicelittle@sagebrushranch.com



BunnyRanch

Air Force Amy

airforceamy@bunnyranch.com



LOVE RANCH
Reno/Tahoe

Shelby Star

shelbystar@loveranch.net



Kit&Kat

Ivy Mae

ivymae@kitkatranch.com



Kit&Kat

Cumisha Amado

cumishaamado@kitkatranch.com



LOVE RANCH
Vegas

Sunny Lane

sunnylane@loveranch.net



ALIEN Cathouse

Melissa Kiss

melissakiss@aliencathouse.com



Always Hiring Fun Girls

Housing Provided • Open Schedules

18 and up 1-888-BUNNYRANCH

dennis@bunnyranch.com

madamsuzette@bunnyranch.com

Madam Suzette & Dennis Hof's

Red Light District

Northern Nevada Brothels

Moonlite Bunny Ranch
www.BunnyRanch.com

Love Ranch Reno/Tahoe
www.LoveRanch.net

Sagebrush Ranch
www.SagebrushRanch.com

Kit Kat Ranch
www.KitKatRanch.com

Southern Nevada Brothels

Love Ranch Vegas
www.LoveRanch.net

Alien Cathouse
www.AlienCathouse.com

Information available at
888-BUNNYRANCH
or www.Bunnyranch.com

- Just minutes from Reno & Lake Tahoe
- Always Open
- Always Fun
- Full Bar
- Unique Gift Shop
- Senior & Servicemen Discounts

ORDER YOURS TODAY!

amazon **BAM!** BARNES & NOBLE INDIE BOUND





I AM AN ADDICT

off-brand uses. Pills with side effects. They are round and oblong, smooth, slick and coated to make it easy to swallow.

down my legs like liquid opals. What keeps me full now is the hope that one day I will find a lover who will fuck me beyond all belief and the distended short-term alleviation of memory...

"Love is the drug."

-Roxy Music

I am an addict. I am a product of my culture. Each day, I take exactly nine pills in the morning and seven pills at night. I wish I did not need pharmaceuticals to stay alive and to be healthy. But, still, I am here. There is something inside me, like an A-bomb ticking, ticking, ticking...

I am an addict.

I am addicted to pleasure, pain and the lack of awareness of my own existence. I lay awake at night and think of all the things I coulda, shoulda said. By the time I wake up, I never remember these clever retorts.

I am an addict. I have always been an addict. I was an addict since the day I was born. Straight from the womb, I gasped at the sky, screaming at the gods and the damning of my parents who fucked one humid night in the suburbs of Cincinnati. I wonder, what were they thinking? Why did they do it? Why did they bring me, a sick-sick girl, into the world?

When I ask myself these questions, I receive no answer.

A wise friend once said, "Life is a sperm bank lottery." He still lives in the same shitty town where he was born in and will likely die in. I am still a sick-sick girl. He has a baby boy who he is raising in his spitting image, and he owns hundreds of firearms and a gun store. Me? I have an arsenal, too. Mood stabilizers. Sleep aids. Pills with

Did I win the "sperm bank lottery?" I am six-feet tall, golden-haired, blue-eyed, pale-skinned, and long-legged. I have a big ass, shapely tits and a pretty face. *Is this what luck looks like?*

When I stare in the mirror, I see my stomach. I'm reminded of the deaths of my loved ones and the food that I devoured (always too much), late at night when others were sleeping. I ate to take the absence away. I am reminded of the flat abs I once had from dancing: from pulling myself up on the pole, from the floor work and from the twerking ass shakes I once did on the regular, a few nights a week. It was my weekly workout schedule.

I am reminded of the money I once had and how I would give everyone an extra \$20 tip—regardless if it was for coffee, a taxi ride, a bar tab or a cheap dinner. I was generous with my money, because dead presidents meant nothing to me. Well, that's not entirely true. They did mean something. They meant rent, independence and choices.

Cash is a symbolic gesture of freedom.

Freedom.

I had nothing left to lose back then. I had all the money in the world—well, not all of it—but all the potential for it...my hot body glazed pink in the red lights, as I danced with my rent check on my thighs.

But, now drugs take the place of money. Herbs take the place of booze. Warm bubble baths hold me, because there is no lover. When my period is late, I do not fear. It's been a long time since I've been full with the sweet acidity of sperm leaking

Johnny Thunders sings, "You can't put your arms around a memory."

And, it's true. I cannot touch a memory. All the memories are gone, like the light missing from Lady Liberty's torch.

I am an addict. I am a product of my culture. Pills remind me of this. I have pills to keep me happy and pills to help me sleep. I have pills to stop the intruder in my dreams from following me down the dark alleyways of grief. And, I have pills to keep the whole world from tipping and falling... off its axis.

The whole world is watching. The whole world is interconnected. The whole world is on the Internet and I am addicted.

I cannot stop listening to the crowds protesting, voices amplified and echoing...I have to fight back. I am addicted to fighting back. I do not know how to do "business as usual" when people are suffering. I raise my fist in the air, as I join the increasingly loud chorus outside. I catch the flicker of electricity in the streets and wonder if anyone will follow.

I am addicted to the belief that one person's voice can make a difference.

I am addicted to the movements and language of cities. I am addicted to the way people speak slowly in the country and how people say "y'all," as if that is the way to be instantly familiar. I'm addicted to intimacy, like the way it is when a stripper bends backward and you smell every inch of her before you even see her smile. I am addicted to that smile—on *both* sides of the mirror.

I am addicted to the mirror, with the way it works

time back at me in the face. And, I see the way that I once was...

I was a young girl once; all skinny legs and big eyes. When I was fifteen, I was caught shoplifting. The charges were dropped. Yet, I still feel the impulse to steal from boutiques when shop girls are pretentious and when the manager at Fred's won't accept my return. I want to steal out of spite—a five-finger discount—symbolic, really of my middle finger. I have to fight the impulse each day to free the Winona Ryder inside of me.

Reality bites, doesn't it?

I am addicted to sex. I am addicted to the meaning of sex: to the words behind the whistle, the hoochie behind the mama and all the reasons why I can and cannot resist the pleasures of the flesh. There is a rush. There is a thrill.

Love is a drug and he keeps me alive. But, sometimes there is no one other than me. It's just me and my right hand and buzzing, battery-operated devices that die in the middle the night, *just* when things *really* get going. I am addicted to pleasure and the vibration of pleasure. Yet, I am addicted to the pursuit more. I love to fuck, but more than anything, I desire love.

I love the chase...

I am guilty of obsessive love. I am guilty of obsessively loving boys who don't like girls. I am guilty of falling in love with people who will never fall in love with me. They never look at me like the way I need to look at myself. They say love is a mirror, where we see things in others that we want to see in ourselves.

I am addicted to shopping. If I have a hundred bucks, I will spend ninety-nine of them on nothing I need. Ever since I quit doing sex work, money is hard for me to hold onto. It feels like something I do not deserve. Money, to me, is tainted. Money, to me, is a symbol of freedom, and I am not comfortable with that, because I am not entirely free.

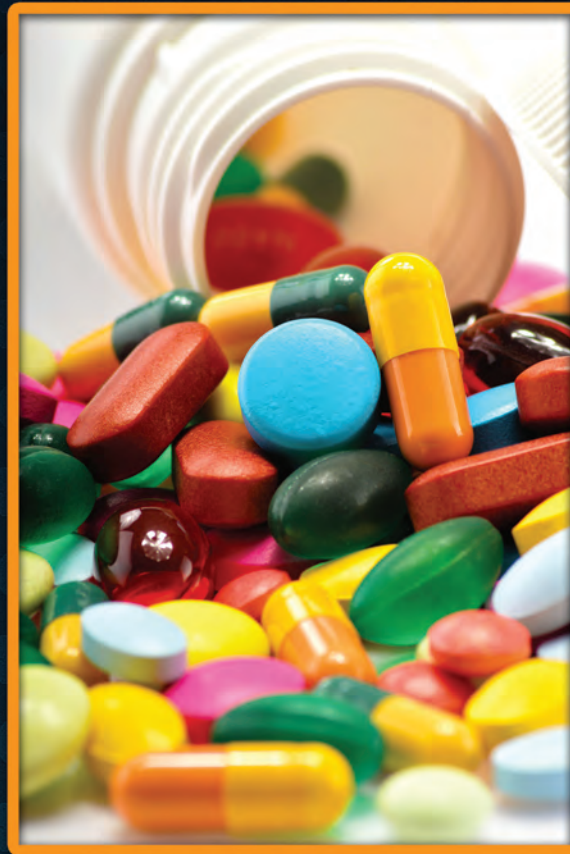
I am an addict. I am an American addict.

I am an American addict, who is fearful of the way my culture prosecutes and pursues the dearth of happiness. It is like a car crash. I cannot look away or stop watching the news as we go up in flames. Each headline is more violent and indecent than the last. It's overwhelming. *There*

has to be another way. I tell myself this, as I stalk grocery aisles looking at every single item I don't want or need. Empty calories: it's the way we keep ourselves full. When I get home, I am anxious and carrying heavy grocery bags. I barely have the energy to unpack.

It is all a lot to unpack.

I am addicted to the illusion of health and to all of the glowing green juices: spirulina, spinach, beet juice, carrots and green apple. *Have you tried hot yoga? Kale? Quinoa? Bee pollen? Of course I have. I'm glowing, can't you see?*



I'm obsessed with the idea of a child growing inside me; my body as a depository of fate. My body as a place where two bodies, plus friction, equals three. The magical number three. Motherhood is beautiful, but not right for me.

I fantasize about my thunder thighs smothering misogyny. I dream of trampling the patriarchy. I resound with the loud chanting in the crowd, as we walk towards Washington D.C. We have more power and strength in our resistance than we even recognize.

I am addicted to liberation, because there is nothing more meaningful than self-awareness

in a world that is addicted to nihilism.

I am addicted to becoming blonde.

I am addicted to lying on the therapist's couch. I am addicted to free association and getting it all off my chest. I am addicted to The Concept of all the concepts and to all the Google searches on the Internet.

I am addicted to the Big City and the small city. I adore towns and places where there could've been a city, but someone let the grass grow. I am addicted to people who plant gardens and touch the earth with their hands—infusing the world with their own energy.

When I was a little girl, I was obsessed with Hello Kitty and I never really got over it. Oh, yeah, did I tell you that I'm addicted to cats???

I am addicted to Hollywood. I am addicted to fashion magazines: *Vogue*, *Cosmo* and *Glamour* (even all the ads). I am addicted to Netflix. I am addicted to old movies, the exaggerated expressions of wide-eyed actresses and the men that adore them.

James Brown is right: "It's a man's world." And, I am determined to change that.

I am addicted to hot sighs after sex and to long kisses on first dates, when people still have illusions.

I'm addicted to justice and the belief that society will eventually evolve, if we raise hell each time something fucking happens. That's why I'm a writer. I'm addicted to words. I am addicted to change.

If I could fuck all belief, I would make the earth cum with the earth-shattering shake of God cussing the cosmos out. Tell me what it looks like tomorrow after everything happens...I will tell you what it looked like last night, when I was planning for this. Let me hold you afterward and kiss you goodnight. Just because we did it today, does not mean we don't have to do it tomorrow.

I am addicted to *never, ever* dying.

Julia Laxer lives for the stories and writes in the afternoons in a rose-lit room in downtown Portland. Read more at www.JuliaLaxer.com and send love/hate mail to @JuliaLaxer

How To (Not) Do Drugs In The Strip Club

I get it. If you work security at, own, serve at or dance at a club within eye-shot of this magazine, you're wondering what the fuck I'm thinking by deciding to write this column. Fear not, door person of the year, this is actually a warning against bringing drugs into a strip club, whether through ingestion or for purposes of distribution.

Now, on to our loyal readers. Let's be frank. No, don't say "I know Frank," because that gets you nowhere. Who's Frank? Doesn't matter. No, loyal reader, your focus here is on you and you alone. Admit it—you (or people you know) have been on drugs in a strip club, at some point in time. That's kind of a given (albeit the type of "given" that club owners and bar staff don't want to risk associating with, but accept, like a free Bible or a sample from the Chinese food place in the mall food court). But, how one composes themselves while on drugs is the true test of whether or not a taxi—or, the cops—will be called after they leave the club. Should you decide to endanger the livelihoods and liquor licenses of the strip clubs, please follow these simple rules to avoid ending up in jail or worse.

BE SOMEWHAT DISCREET ABOUT YOUR HIGH

Okay, so you did a few key bumps at the Wilco show and suddenly you're giving your friends a tour of the Portland scene. Of course, you head to one of the cooler clubs in town, where you meet a dancer who fucked two members of Wilco last summer at Whateverfest. This is your opportunity to either play it cool, or pretend like you've fucked *three* members of Wilco before following this up with a coke-fueled rant about all the douchebags you know from various bands, while customers stare at you and the DJ makes offensive comments about hipsters over the microphone, simply to see if you're listening (you're not). Look here, pseudo-logger Pabst-man; smiling and nodding is the correct choice. If you

want to talk to a dancer while you're coked out and feeling yourself, do so over a private dance—the time is limited and the dancer is making money. Plus, more time for you means more money for her. As a bonus, customers (and, to an extent, security guards) aren't going to be eavesdropping on your this-guy-is-high-on-blow conversation. But, the bouncer *is* watching you, so that brings me to our next rule...

NEVER, EVER BRING DRUGS INTO THE CLUB

If you're selling drugs, you should already know this. If you're new to selling drugs and don't know this, you deserve to be robbed or arrested. But, if you're not a dealer, you may think that having a few pills in your pocket won't hurt anyone. Well, depending on what part of town you try to smuggle drugs into, you may either get robbed, ratted out or, most likely, 86'd from the establishment. There is *no* reason to bring drugs into a strip club. Sure, in a *complete and hypothetical alternate universe*, dancers may do drugs...BUT, they keep them as hidden as tampon strings and wedding rings. Hypothetically. In theory. Customers, on the other hand, aren't given such passive permissions, even in bizarro worlds. If you want to enjoy a live show while under the influence, that's doable. Just leave your stash in the car. Oh, and don't forget...

YOU'RE RISKING OUR JOBS BY BEING HIGH IN OUR CLUBS

It is illegal to serve someone who is visibly intoxicated. If a bartender is only serving a customer alcohol, conversation and cleavage, then they can easily notice changes in a customer's behavior over time. But, if someone comes in on drugs, drinks one beer and then goes apeshit on the Megatouch machine because it looked at them funny, leaves and then gets arrested (or into an accident), the bartender that served them *one* beer is now liable for whatever

damage they racked up in their bender. People ask me all the time if I'm on coke, because I'm loud and have bug eyes (spoiler: I'm not). On the same token, I worked two weeks at a club in Salem while high on acid the entire time and I don't even think the strippers knew (even when I forced them to dance to Ween). The point here is that bartenders are not drug counselors and, although street smart, many aren't trained to spot signs of "intoxication" aside from what the liquor commission teaches about alcohol. Don't assume that staff are idiots, though—we've been around. Just know that being on drugs in the club is the same as using a fake I.D. and definitely not worth risking your ass *and* ours.

THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN A STRICT CLUB IS A LAXED ONE

On the rare occasion that you do find yourself in a location that features a stripper pole, alcohol, a DJ and openly-consumed substances (and it's not a biker clubhouse or a speakeasy after-hours spot), you're only gonna be able to come back to the club for as long as the authorities are kept in the dark (which is usually about a month or so). It takes a *lot* of balls to license a business, put it on Google Maps and then break out the shitty Oregon cocaine on the tables. But, you'd be surprised how often this goes down. If you happen to be one of the lucky patrons or employees affiliated with clubs like this, good luck ever being allowed into another, more upstanding strip joint, after yours gets shut down. If, on the other hand, Rick's Booze 'N' Blow happens to stay open, rest assured that, as a coke-dealing regular, you will be stabbed a few times over the course of the summer, stolen from by a girl named Ratchet Sawzz and run out of the area by the local drug dealers.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

A little piece of hell in the Southeast sector of the Milky Way...



Broodie's

GALACTIC GRODY STRIPPAROKE BASH!

SUNDAY, APRIL 23 @ 9PM

LIVE MUSIC!
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19
BLACKWATER (HOLYLIGHT) W/ STONER

"Home Of Virgo Supercluster-Famous Stripparaoke"

DEVILS POINT

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

NOW HIRING TALENTED, SEXY ENTERTAINERS • APPLICATIONS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT WWW.DEVILSPOINTBAR.COM

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

PHOTOS BY PRYS

I have done two things well in my life: fucked bitches and gotten money. I grew up poor and when I realized what the markup on cocaine was, well, it was on as they say. Although, later in life I stopped selling poison and pain. From thirteen to nineteen, I pushed weight as a job, a hobby and a religion. This period of life during which time most kids spend collecting Poke-Whatevers...was spent by me gathering a skill set of survival and forward motion. I've been applying this street wisdom to my life for as long as I can remember making choices. So, this month, I give you

TOP

THE TOP 5 THINGS I LEARNED SELLING DRUGS

BY BRAD COX



1) Life Has No Meaning That It Does Not Assign Itself

Why the fuck would I start this shit off with this philosophical bullshit? Someone get the fucking manager over here. Seriously though, the dope game is a dangerous place to be. People just disappear all the time. It's enough to give me an existential crisis—so much murder and so little regard for suffering. When we are babies, we are taught that all humans are sacred (well, unless you're from Alabama and are taught all white humans are sacred). Out there, in the street, no humans seem to be sacred, but we've still lost people that mattered to us. People we put on a t-shirt, people we've wept for...those people were the ones who assigned value to their identity outside of money and violence. People who've had things to say, love to give or inspiration to share. A hundred soldiers can die in a war and no one gives a shit, but one great man falls and the whole community suffers. I learned young that I wouldn't be remembered for being a good shot. I had to find a way out and actually do something. Take that for what it's worth, but if you don't go out and make something happen, you'll never be remembered by how good you are at collating data.

2) Never Go In A Place You Don't Know How To Leave

This seems a little silly, but how many times have you walked into a building that you would have no idea how to leave, if the way you came in wasn't available? Along the same logic, a building that you had no idea who else was in? How many times have you sat in a crowded diner and couldn't describe one other person you saw? Some of us drift through life, never

having anything bad happen to us. They call those people white men. But, when captain whitey dips his ink into the drug business, he's a big-ass, sore, white thumb sticking out in a brown sea. I also wasn't a huge fan of not telling people who wanted to hurt me to go fuck themselves and their mother, then come find me. And, find me they did. And, would ya just look at that? I'm still here. Why? Because I paid attention to everything, all the time, everywhere I went. Ladies, this one is especially for you. It seems sometimes like the whole world is your predator. And, I'm certain the older and more experienced women already know this, but young ladies, learn to read the story being told by your environment. It has saved my life many times over.

3) Everyone Is Trying To Steal From You

It's pretty simple, really—no matter what you have or sell or own, someone wants that shit and is also lazy as fuck (hey there, Amy). That lazy, stupid fuck is going to try to take it. Whether it's money, drugs, jokes, motivation, inspiration, semen...you get my point, right? You normies seem to go through life thinking I won't kick in your fucking door and make myself a sandwich while I play your Ps4 game saves. You are wrong. There is always a person within earshot or reach that hates the fact that you have something they don't, and they have less moral objection to taking it than you do about doing what it takes to keep it. In the words of the great and wise Wu-Tang Clan, "Ya best protect ya neck."

4) You Can't Buy Happiness

But, you can buy necklaces, watches, the lust of a beautiful woman, etc. Seriously, though—you can have money, but no real

meaning or direction and still be miserable. And, building a drug empire is only fun while you're building it. I imagine it's a lot like building any business up from scratch, while you're embedded in it problem solving and improvising, you're in your element. When it comes to maintenance time, it sucks the life right out of you. You need other shit when that time comes. I don't know what that is for you. I really can't help with that. But, when the emptiness comes and the nightfall of your glory falls, you're gonna want to figure it out, man.

5) Hire A Good Lawyer And A Good Accountant

Behind every fortune, there is a crime. I have no idea who said that, but it's true as a motherfucker. [Ed: Actually, neither do the people who plagiarized it in *The Godfather*, as it was mistakenly attributed to Honoré de Balzac. I have no idea who that is.] Not everyone is dope boy fresh and working on their laundering scheme over a long weekend, but all of you fucks are crooked as fuck. Everyone I have ever met who owns or runs a business is a criminal in one or more ways. The law is a lot like dollar tree kitchen tools—some are bent and others are broken. If you want to survive without a tax bill that would make Wesley Snipes shit himself, then get a damn expert to help you. You need a lawyer who is used to defending guilty people and also doesn't have the reputation of a gambling-addicted womanizer. You also need an accountant who will knowingly steal from the IRS, but not from you. An accountant that will fake documents to get you deductions, but not to skim off your books. All great men have had no regard for laws...until they are making them. Never forget that.

lottery • cocktails • dancers • fine food • poker

LUCKY DEVIL Lounge



633 SE POWELL BLVD • PORTLAND, OR • (503) 206-7350 • OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY

NOW HIRING TALENTED ENTERTAINERS 21 AND OVER • EMAIL PICS AND AVAILABILITY TO SHIFTS@DANCERBOOKING.COM

WWW.LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE.COM | WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE

I TRIED THESE DICK DRUGS SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO

BY Jonas Barnes



If you live in Portland, you probably love sex and support sex work. And, good for you! These people work “hard” at their jobs and they deserve your support. Yes, you can find a strip club on damn near every block in PDX (and, god bless this city for that), but you can also find sex shops on those same blocks. Sex shops have every toy you can think of...but, we’re talking about drugs today, boys and girls. Sex shops call them “herbal supplements.” And, as a man who is fucking way outside of my league, I’ve tried my fair share of these bad boys with a wide range of results. Everything—from the hardest dick I’ve ever had, to what I like to call a “cock migraine.” I’ll explain below, I promise.

The first one on my list is **Extenze**. You know, the one with the “Smilin’ Bob” character from TV that resembles Bill Nye The Hard Cock Guy? The short of it is that they suck. They make you sweat a lot, your heart feels like it’s going to explode and your dick is about as hard as it usually would be. The twist? You’re uncomfortable and it gives you more stamina. So, you can hate your decision longer. This is also the one that gave me the “cock migraine,” be-

cause as soon as I finally finished, my head felt like it was going to split in two. Fuck Smilin’ Bob.

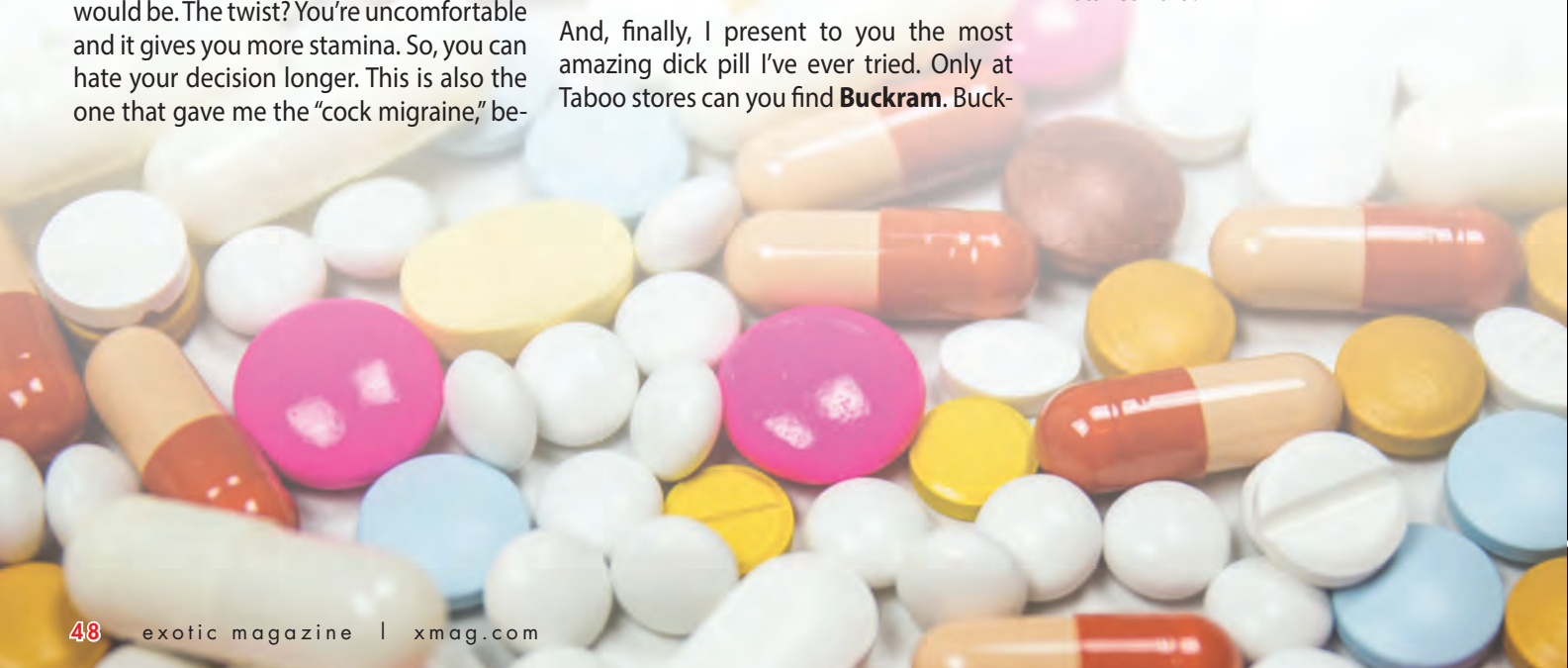
Next, is a pill called **Volume** and it’s gross. It works great as an erection pill, but its main purpose is...well, it makes you cum more than usual. I figured that was fine. It was not. It absolutely was not. It was a crime scene. This pill does exactly what is advertised and I didn’t like it at all. I felt so bad for my girlfriend—I was dehydrated, I cramped up and I’m sure my dick dry heaved at the end. Not recommended, unless you basically don’t cum at all when you orgasm. Jesus Christ, Volume. Nobody needs that much cum.

Then, there is the gas station legend, known as **Black Rhino**. Does it live up to the hype? For about two hours, absolutely. You get a bit flushed, but for two hours of sweet lovin’ it does the job. No lasting effect at all, though. The Black Rhino is extinct after the first shot, my friends.

And, finally, I present to you the most amazing dick pill I’ve ever tried. Only at Taboo stores can you find **Buckram**. Buck-

ram is quite simply magical. So magical, in fact, that I’ll buy it online whenever I’m far away from a Taboo store. Buckram does amazing things to your dick. You’re harder than granite, with the stamina of Michael Phelps and it only kicks in once you’re stimulated. Some pills give you surprise hard-ons. Buckram does not. And, you absolutely get all the bang for your buck, because it lasts three days—three entire days of the best fucking you’ve ever experienced—very minimal side effects too. Little flushing and a slight dehydration, but all in all, amazing. Do NOT go to the strip club in that three-day window though, because once the hound of hell arrives, you ain’t putting him down without a fight.

There you have it, Portland. Do your dick drugs responsibly! Don’t make the same mistakes I did.



SINEERNO



**FIRE RETURNS
TO DANTE'S**

cabaret
sex & service industry night

SUNDAYS

9pm to 2am

DANTE'S
350 West Burnside
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
Traveling Circus Sideshows • Striptease Artists • Go Go Dancers • Dozens of Ex-Suicidegirls • Sword Swallowers • Prozac The Depressed Easter Bunny
Emcee Ed Forman • Dj Mr. MuMu • And One Man's Lifelong Quest To Find The Truth About His Missing Vagina, Emcee Andrew Harris



DEGENERATE ART

BY BARAK NOEL



Underground Dick & The Pussy Riot

Well, Ray wanted me to write about *Big Black Dick* or some such—I've been thinking about the pedophile bar by my spot in Oakland, while Trump runs the country like a disorganized dominatrix—so, I guess we'll just see what happens.

Has Anybody Seen Hip Hop?

I can't get my events in the paper, but I stopped by the Hatch last night (*for some shit I saw in a weekly*) and it was a show that didn't actually exist. But everybody's tired of politics and I don't have enough money for a strip club, although I've gotten a bit better at not thinking about my ex.

What I'm saying is, we're launching a P.I. firm. Or, a cathouse. Or, I'm running for congress—it's difficult to keep up, anyway...my sexual drive may be dying. I remember sophomore year, getting blown in my girlfriend's combination basement/living room for half an hour, without release. Those ladies wishing me goodbye that night in Portland—asses up on the bed. Mouths fucked and hearts broken, spirit broken with a mangled hand—spending my days in Oakland again. Napping for the next four years sounds pretty fucking tempting. *I miss George Michael.*

Shame seems to be the great motivator—everybody wants to make a buck. And, as one passes the buck, so on goes their responsibility. A lot of us are barely going through the motions here.

Disney keeps remaking Star Wars, looking for *A New Hope* and Debbie Reynolds followed

her daughter to a galaxy far, far away like they heard some kind of secret a long time ago.

I can't clear the haze—arguments about rape culture. Unfamiliar voices echo “let the Nazi speak.” What is happening as our mainstream shifts around like a cue ball in an earthquake; inverted ethos of the Poseidon adventure, drama queens screaming “we are the challenger.”

Freddie Mercury and The Mad Hatter. Nothing makes much fucking sense anymore. And, I'm not sure what we've learned from all this—wandering the Oakland noir like a private dick, clutching half a clue. *Wu Tang is for the children*, with the RZA adopting politics of black respectability, while Ice Cube mugs in full-res high definition. These days, I've kind of been forgetting to listen—news goes by, as hip hop howls in the distance. And, I've misplaced my copy of Ginsberg, but all I know is artists and we're literally dying: cinematic memory, graffiti-flickered rumor of a legend gone—pussy as *A Moveable Feast*—the little death, sweat and dopamine from the trenches, sniffing for a sulfurous spark to warm us in the *Tropic Of Capricorn*—**man, these drugs have stopped working**. Industrial decay, community collapsed like condemned tenements in the shadow of gentrification. Empathy seems to be flaking off into the past like zombie flesh; simple rictus of polite society, whitewashed in black invisibility.

How've you been? What gets you off these days? What are your secrets—addiction, infection and healthcare? Fraud could land you in a penthouse or in cell block D; bucking for the front page with a centerfold, selling what

you can. Candid shots transposed on a continuum, from anonymous chat rooms and Ashley Madison, to the cam girl revolution. Flash your twat for cash.

I posed for nudes in charcoal and celluloid, figuring the value of a flick while finger fucking freshman girls in half-filled movie theaters—that Christmas in Chicago, where we lost the bottle of rum in a haze of marijuana smoke and had to leave the cineplex. I might confess more sins, if I remembered them, but in the meantime—on average, This is survival mode.

We try our best to fight and fuck away fascism.

Make America Great Without Punching Nazis

Strip down to your wallet. Fake news, not orgasms. *How much alcohol does it take each night to love America to sleep? What makes this day unlike any other? Where do we go from here?*

Let me say something about free speech—it isn't free. I've lost friends, wives, communities, lovers, partners, businesses and leases, by speaking truth. I've cried “zombie” in a crowded cafeteria.

This Ain't Kafka

I traded all my value for speech—I need a dollar. Hip hop taught me all I have is this word and my balls. And, though I don't have a kid, I've witnessed language catching fire unto a *Pussy Riot*.

@Warhol_Kaufman

Facebook.com/RockHardPDX www.RockHardPDX.com

PICK YOUR POISON



NOT A STRIP CLUB. WE ARE A BAR AND VENUE



video lottery

ROCK JAM-WED
BLUES/JAZZ-THUR
LIVE BANDS-FRI
LIVE BANDS-SAT



5 star food



LIVE BANDS OR HAVE IT ALL AT ROCK HARD PDX

503-760-8128 13639 SE Powell Blvd Portland OR 97236

ROCK HARD KARAOKE

EVERY LIGHT IS BURNIN' IN A HOUSE ACROSS TOWN

HOSTED BY KEVIN

SING LIKE A STAR

8 TO CLOSE EVERY TUESDAY

1-503-760-8128 WWW.ROCKHARDPDX.COM
13639 SE Powell blvd, Portland

SEDUCTIONS

PORTLAND'S MOST EXTREME, LIVE, NUDE, XXX SHOWS!

THE BEST IN 1-ON-1 FUN!

WWW.SEDUCTIONSPODX.COM
SPECIALS & MORE PICTURES ON FACEBOOK

f SEDUCTIONSCLUB

OPEN 24 HOURS

WWW.NWPORNSTARS.COM NOW HIRING DANCERS, CALL (971) 352-2414

5321 SE FOSTER RD • (503) 719-5046

Heavenly Showers

by Anna Suarez

Some are addicted to sex, but as for me, the addiction to sex is much more. It is not limited to the intimacy of two souls meeting underneath a fleshy curtain or the ecstatic stare into the divine with every climax.

Cum is my drug.

I am not just addicted to any man's cum, because it isn't every day you ingest milky nectar touched by the grace of God.

I have craved his cum from the second I first felt the warm water drip down from my lower back to my ass, leaving a shimmering gloss glittered by the early fall sun through my window. I am addicted to the warm river traveling down my esophagus. Its cleansing waters, meshed with my dark waters, birth a holy ocean of pleasure.

Cum is Orphic, as it encompasses a myriad of divine experiences. I am not only addicted to the spewing of the sweet milk, but all of the sensations and moments afterward. I move slowly, keeping my eyes with his, the windows to the soul showing me the tall goblet filling before an eruption of pleasure.

Instead of making love before work, I ask him to refrain from touching himself all day, but to keep the image of me close to him all day. I send him subtleties about the honey collecting in my pink silk panties, waiting to be taken off. I imagine him shaking all day in pleasure, begging for my return to relieve him of his most beautiful agony.

I come home at five, he is uneasy, running his fingers through his soft mane. I feel his tension building as I bend over. I can feel his eyes undressing me, revealing my begging ass.

He takes my hand to lead me into his bedroom. I am powerless. I am a devoted worshiper in his temple of love.

There is no time for words. I try to speak as I undress, but he is immersed in the drizzles of rain before the early summer storm. I wear a bodysuit underneath my black slacks—a labyrinth he must walk through to bathe in my fountain with its dulcet waters. I turn around as he lies down on the bed, playfully swiveling my ass as I pull down my bodysuit. His hands stretch forward, running fingers along my waist. His hands are desperate pleas for me to gently engulf his begging cock in a warm embrace. Though I play, the role of sinner and priest reverse.

Flipping me over, I succumb to the sweetest torture of pleasure, as he plays my body. He is my devoted harp player. His fingers carefully, yet gently, caress each strand of my nerves, building my arousal to one hopeful melody. The tempo does not peak: the angels rest in their shimmering clouds, but look sweetly down at the Earth.

The demons of my day latch onto my skin, as I wait for him to cleanse me with his heavenly showers. I keep the visions of his ecstasy to myself. The quiet moments at work were pulsating with visions of his perfectly-sized cock. I walk the streets as a mad woman, waiting for

the moments I can submit to the steady wave of his erotic demands. He knew how I waited, but, more importantly, was aware of how I indulged in the rose-colored anguish.

The anguish is another addiction.

Playing me with steady precision, he let me tremble in my sins for what feels like hours. As I approach climax, he slows his pace. The moments of anguish are magic in its purest form, as I reached for something eternal: a force of love and joy, stronger than death itself. Shaking with passion, a part of me wishes these moments of agony could never end, as I touch the divine closer. I do not desire to return to the material realm.

And, with this desire, he enters my womb to baptize me in his holy water.

With his thrusting, I am submerged in an endless sea. The beautiful harmony of him entering my depths and me entering his depths as I watch the hidden parts of him sparkle in his eyes. I can feel the moment of climax approaching him as his face displays an expression of pain and fear. There is a reason the French refer to orgasm as "la petite mort," which means "the little death."

I know he is about to come, when he utters, "Ooh baby, here it is" out of disheveled breaths. I gaze into his eyes and see the fear glimmering in his face. He does not know what will come out of him. I have placed a Pandora's Box inside his body. Inside are dark spirits to be released, which will slowly die in the air of our love. Watching him approach his climax, drives me into an unmanageable frenzy. I beg of him to release himself all over my breasts as I come, which feels endless. I am baptized in his divine seas, dripping across my breasts glistening with sweat. I must see his ecstasy, play in its hot springs like a mermaid.

This is what I live for.

Against the whistling of the ceiling fan, he whispers "damn," mimicking the soft breeze in early spring to propagate the growth of the buds.

OREGON'S VERY OWN. INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN...

ACROPOLIS

STEAKHOUSE

Stormy

40
Years Of Portland's
Hottest Nude
Entertainment

OPEN
10:30AM-2:30AM DAILY

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

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

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


PHOTO BY FOTO DAVE - WWW.FOTODAVE.COM

DISCOVER | VISA | MASTERCARD | AMEX | ATM | LOTTO | WIFI


8325 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD • (503) 231-9611

BLACK DIAMOND

RECORDING STUDIOS



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



(503) 477-6523

www.BlackDiamondStudios.net | Info@BlackDiamondStudios.net

pussycats

PRIVATE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

www.PussycatsPDX.com

Jessie
FORMERLY FROM HUNNIES
TUE-THU 10AM-7PM
CHECK ONLINE FOR
OTHER AVAILABILITY!

PDX AIRPORT LOCATION
3414 NE 82ND AVE
(503) 384-2794



ATM

Stripped IN PORNLAND

FLASH FICTION INSPIRED BY REAL AND RUMORED EVENTS IN THE PORTLAND STRIP CLUB INDUSTRY. *By Jaime Dunkle*

Chalice II

A tiny, blue bag of off-white powder sits next to tubes of lipstick and expensive, non-synthetic brushes in Chalice's open metal makeup case, on the counter of her station in the dressing room.

She teeters over to my station in black vinyl six-inch heels, which make her tower over everyone at a total of six feet and four inches.

The silver glitter specks on her mini dress twinkle like stars across deep space.

"Can I borrow your Skinny Puppy *Last Rites* CD?"

I smile. It's 1999 and we're the only strippers we know who have the guts to dance to industrial.

"Of course," I say, as I dig it out of my bag.

"Come over to the house tonight," she says. "Let's party."

She dangles the bag of MDMA powder from her long, manicured fingers and then sets it down.

Before I can answer, she runs up the stairs. Each step exhibits the grace of a cheetah.

I hadn't done any variation of ecstasy in years, but I knew I had to join her.

We sit on the floor, at the edge of the bed that's now hers. My face flushes and my palms itch.

Chalice hands me a mirror with a thin MDMA line spread across it—like a stratus cloud across an afternoon sky. I stare at it and fidget with cut straw in

my hand.

"Don't tell me you're having second thoughts," Pharaoh says and bats his natural half-inch eyelashes. He's my ex and Chalice just moved in with him.

He's right. I'm reluctant, because I remember the last time we partied when he had a girlfriend—before our first failed (and brief) dating stint. Somehow we willed an orgy with our mind (so we thought) so that we could have an excuse to make out in front of his girlfriend at the time. Neither he, nor I, partook in the evening's sexcapades. Instead, we glanced over as we passed the writhing bodies in the living room and hall, on the way to the bedroom where his girlfriend found us. The three of us ended up in bed together, but his girlfriend fell asleep. He left her for me. Then he left me for drugs. I figured he and Chalice were a good fit, since drugs were their thing.

I plug one nostril and plunge into the line. The powder burns my nose and tastes sour as it clots down my throat in bitter chunks.

"Good goddamn," I say, as I snort louder than a walrus.

Chalice grabs me by the hands and leads me toward the dresser. We stand together in the doorway of the bedroom.

"Do some magick," she says. "Like you do with the O.T.O."

I don't respond with words. I close my eyes—so does she. We press our foreheads together under the door frame.

The Egyptian goddess, Nuit arches across my mind as outer space bejeweled with stars and planets. In my mind,

I recite the lines of the priestess role in the Gnostic Mass:

But to love me is better than all things; if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendor and pride—but always in the love of me and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head-dress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendor within you: come unto me!" [Liber AL, I:61]

"To me! To me!" [Liber AL, I:62]

"Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you. I am the blue-lidded daughter of sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky. To me! To me!" [Liber AL, I:63-65]

Chalice pulls away, with tears in her eyes. She slumps on the bed.

"I saw her," she says.

"Who?" I ask.

"The goddess of space," she says, although I told her nothing about who or what I was invoking.

"Her name is Nuit. She's Egyptian. I said her prayer from *The Book Of The Law*." I say and sit next to her on the bed.

"Thank you," she says, with her arms wrapped around me. She weeps.

Daniel

Daniel from Cash Me Onstage Booking Agency hires me to book strippers, then he finds out I'm eager to get out of stripping.

Some stripper shifts start as early as 7am, if you can imagine that. A few steak joints in the 'burbs open that early. The dancers are almost always late, except the older women—and, by older, I mean they're in their 40s-60s.

But, I don't deal with those problems because I arrive at the office at 9am and, by then, Daniel practically has three phone cords wrapped around his neck, like a telecomm noose. His face is a permanent beet red. His office desk is covered in weed, post-its and empty water bottles.

"You want to work nights this weekend? Then get your lazy ass up and get to the club NOW," Daniel says into the receiver and stands up, his eyes glazed and bloodshot. "You're already 30 minutes late."

He slams the phone down, grabs the bong, takes a hit standing up. He coughs for a solid minute, his face a bruised purple, as mucus flies from his mouth. He sits back down at his desk and loads the bowl, then hands me the bong. He grabs a pad of paper with a list of dancers' phone numbers.

"We need to send someone else there, just in case. Start calling!" he says.

I take a modest hit. Exhale. I study the texture of legal pad paper between my fingers. I read the list aloud.

"Jasmine, Diamond, Star, Athena, Destiny, Amber, Gypsy, Rose, Luna, Misty, Brandi, Nikki, Hunter, Brittany, Alice, Hannah, Gia, Maddie, Shelby, Lily."

We both laugh. The smoke still lingers over our heads.

"But, what if the scheduled girl goes in?" I ask.

"We'll have to either send whoever gets there second home, or convince the club to let them both stay," he says.

"So, I'm going to piss someone off, either way?" I ask.

"Basically," he says. "Welcome to hell." He takes another bong rip as I dial numbers on the landline.

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

VEGAS-STYLE LINEUP
FRIDAY, MAY 19

Sylvia's PlayHouse

Taste the Stars!

OPEN 24/7

PORTLAND HOTTIES PRIVATE LINGERIE MODELING!

Evah

Best Fetish & Toy Shows In Town!

ATM

www.PlayHousePortland.com

8226 NE FREMONT ST • 503-568-4090

Covergirl Brittany

PORTLAND'S HOTTEST PRIVATE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT!

AVAILABLE 6PM-10AM THU-SUN

G SPOT... FIND IT!

PDXGIRLS.COM

Brittany Is Back & Hotter Than Ever!

G SPOT

@Gspot_findit

8315 SW BARBUR BLVD • 503.972.1111 • 24/7

All Female-Owned And Operated :: EST 1996 :: No Appointment Necessary / Couples Welcome / Ladies Free



Summer

Babes, Booze and B Movies!

ROSE CITY STRIP

3620 SE 35TH PL • (503) 239-1004

OPEN 3PM-2:30AM DAILY

AUDITIONS

DANCERS, TEXT FOR A SHIFT TODAY!

DEVIN (503) 347-3267

Dick Hennessy's

4/20 Party

4/20/9PM

SPECIAL PERFORMANCE BY EZ-J AND TIMBO OF LIFE CONNOISSEUR AND RA PRODUCTIONS



NEW FOOD MENU!
-THE CHRONIC

NEW SPECIALTY
COCKTAIL MENU!
-THE BUSTED CHERRY
-THE STINKY DIGIT
-THE PRICKLY DICK



doctor Guerrilla

Taboo

Sadie COOKS

99 VORTH INTEGRATED FARMS

E-40'S SLURICANE HURRICANE

VIDA

HYPEROX PHOTOGRAPHY

PARLAE VODKA



AUDITIONING
DANCERS 18 AND UP
CONTACT BRANDON
AT (503) 730-0849

THE GOLD CLUB

WORLD FAMOUS GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS

TM ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED



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

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

HAPPY HOUR 'TIL 7PM • LARGE OUTDOOR PATIO AREA • 6 OREGON LOTTERY MACHINES • 2 POOL TABLES • 6 STAGES • 7 BIG SCREEN TVS



www.UnionJacksClub.com

UNION JACKS CLUB



Dusty Winters

Alternative Friendly



938 E Barnside St • (503) 236-1125



Full Bar, Full Menu,
2 Stages, Private Dances



Open Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am
& Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am



A Touch Of Class...

AUDITIONS

EVERY NIGHT 9PM-10PM • (503) 740-7141



DREAM ON SALOON

A COUNTRY & POP MUSIC STRIP BAR
DREAMONSALOON.COM

**LAST
THURSDAY
COUNTRY NIGHT**

**HAPPY HOUR
11:30AM-5PM**

DANCERS

- PAY ONE LOW STAGE FEE
 - THREE PRIVATE DANCE AREAS & NO TAKE OUT
 - NO MANDATORY TIP OUTS
 - WORK ANY SHIFT THAT IS AVAILABLE
 - 21+ DANCERS ONLY
- DANCERS CALL ALÉ (503) 268-7429
• SEE SCHEDULE AT DREAMONSALOON.COM

*Check Out
Our Dream
Girls!*

Freya



GIVERWAYS
PROVIDED BY
Cindie's

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

Infamous Vegan House of Sin CASA DIABLO

Bachelors • Birthdays • Divorces • Swingers • Business Parties • Bachelorettes



Sexy Señorita
of the Month
Evany

Auditions
Weds and Thur
4pm to 7pm
at Casa Diablo
www.booking.dance/audition

WE'RE DIFFERENT!

2839 NW St. Helens Road, Portland, Oregon 97210 • (503) 222-6600
Open Daily from 11:00am to 2:30am • www.CasaDiablo.com

PORTLAND'S MOST PROVOCATIVE PLAYHOUSE!

CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED • ATM • AIR CONDITIONED

Hunnies

*Turning Your Fantasies
Into A Reality!*

**NEW OWNERSHIP!
NEW GIRLS!**

OPEN 24 HOURS

*Sianna
& Xtacy*



3520 NE 82ND AVE • (503) 254-4226

STARS

cabaret

BEND • BRIDGEPORT • SALEM

BRIDGEPORT

503.726.2403 • 17939 SW MCEWAN RD • 97224
FACEBOOK.COM/STARSCABARETBRIDGEPORT
@STARSBIDGEPORT

4/20 PARTY

THURSDAY, APRIL 20
MUNCHIE SPECIALS, COUPONS & MORE

T-BONE TUESDAYS

ALL DAY, EVERY TUESDAY
\$12.50 T-BONE STEAK, FRIES
& DOMESTIC PINT

SALEM

503.370.8063 • 1550 WESTON CT NE • 97301
FACEBOOK.COM/STARSSALEM • @STARSINSALEM

polerotica

PRESENTED BY
exotic 2017

HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

QUALIFIER ROUND IV - FRI, APR 28 @ 9PM

TACO TUESDAYS

ALL DAY, EVERY TUESDAY
50¢ TACOS & TEQUILA SPECIALS



Jordan

Hannah

Rocky

FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM [STARSCABARETGIRLS](#)

\$5
LUNCH SPECIALS
MON-FRI 11AM-4PM
ALL LOCATIONS



PHOTO BY
HYPNOX

WWW.STARSCABARET.COM

NEW DANCERS WELCOME • NOW HIRING BAR, COCKTAIL & DOOR STAFF