

EXOTIC

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

AN EXOTIC THANKSGIVING

*Celebrating tippers, strippers
and free turkey dinners!*

FEATURING
LUNA FROM
STARS CABARET SALEM

PLUS!
MISS EXOTIC OREGON
OCTOBER RECAP

BREAK-UPS! DMT! PROSTITUTES!



NOW HIRING ENTERTAINERS!

SPEARMINT RHINO  GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
PRESENTS

- DRINK SPECIALS
- DANCE SPECIALS
- AND MORE!

MISS
exotic
OREGON
2018

HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

FINAL QUALIFIER!



SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 11
9PM-1AM
CONTACT CLUB FOR DETAILS



OPEN THANKSGIVING DAY 4PM

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

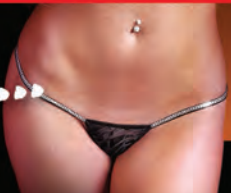
f @ 4PM - 2:30AM OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK 21+ 🍷 🍸 🍹

FULL BAR FREE ENTRY SPEARMINTRHINO.COM

Get Cozy...

WE NOW DELIVER!

RHINOSUPERSTORE.NET
LINGERIE, NOVELTIES
MOVIES & MORE



THANKS GIVING

PARTY



Club Rouge
a Gentlemen's Lounge

THANKSGIVING SPECIAL

50% OFF
ALL CHAMPAGNE

ALL DAY THANKSGIVING

GIVEAWAYS THROUGH THE NIGHT
DRINK SPECIALS | HOT BUTTER RUMS
EGG NOG DRINKS

DON'T FORGET THE BUFFET
EACH AND EVERY DAY NOON TO 3
FEATURING TURKEY WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS
ON THANKSGIVING DAY

NOV FEATURED
ENTERTAINER

Honey

ALWAYS CONTRACTING ENTERTAINERS 18 & UP CALL: 503.227.3936

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

FOLLOW US



CLUBROUGEPORTLAND.COM

Bachelors, Birthdays, Divorces & Office Parties • Portland's Best Private Dances

CASA DIABLO II

DUSK 'TIL DAWN

Sweet
Succubus
of the Month
Absinthe



THE DEVIL
MADE ME
DO IT!



8445 SE McLoughlin Blvd • Portland, OR 97222 • (503) 222-6610
Open Daily From 2pm 'Til 2:30am • www.CasaDiablo.com
Daily Auditions 18+ 4pm 'Til 7pm • www.CasaDiablo.com/Audition

Cabaret

More Than Just A Strip Club!

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

17544 SE STARK ST • (503) 252-3529

FOLLOW US ON  & LIKE US ON  !

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

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

**LARGE HEATED AND COVERED PATIO
WITH 2 BIG SCREEN TVS!**

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

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

Cassie
ENTERTAINER OF THE MONTH



**HOME OF THE
DOLLAR DANCES!**



**VIDEO POKER
RETURNS TO CABARET!**

PUSSYCATS

ATM

www.PussycatsPDX.com

**HOT, 30-MINUTE
PRIVATE SHOWS!**
LAP DANCES, TOY SHOWS,
2 GIRLS & MORE!
**NEW SW LOCATION
NOW OPEN!**

OPEN 24 HOURS

- 4 LOCATIONS -

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

NEW SW PDX LOCATION

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

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

Monroe



UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT!

SCRATCH & SNIFF!

XPOSE

XposePDX.com f XposePDX

HAPPY HOUR 3PM-6PM

BARGAIN BEER MONDAYS

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

**NEW VIP ROOMS
COMING SOON!**

*Casey, Mercury
& Serenity*



**AUDITIONS
DAILY**

TEXT PICTURES TO
(503) 482-3494 / (971) 295-3780

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

**Sylvia's
PlayHouse**

**Vegas-Style
Lineup
Friday,
Dec 22**

Dip Into Your Wild Side!

**Best Live, Toy
& 2-Girl Shows
In Town!**



@SYLVIAPLAYHOUSE

www.PlayHousePortland.com

8226 NE FREMONT ST • 503-568-4090

Full Arcade, Toys, Lube, N₂O & More!

**PARADISE
ADULT SUPERSTORE**

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

**DANCERS-ONLY
DISCOUNT
20% OFF!!!**



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

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

TOMMY'S

Too!

*Now
Hiring
Hot
Girls!*

**WORLD FAMOUS
DAISY DUKE
CONTEST
LAST FRIDAY
NOVEMBER 24**



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

**10335 SE FOSTER RD
(503) 432-8238 ATM**

OPEN 10AM-2AM DAILY

LIKE US ON

**GIVING THANKS
ON THANKSGIVING!**
ENJOY COMPLIMENTARY DINNER ALL DAY!
(WHILE FOOD LASTS)

TOO! FOR TUESDAYS
FOOD SPECIALS EVERY TUESDAY

CAMO THURSDAYS
WEAR CAMO FOR DISCOUNTS EVERY THURSDAY

AWARD WINNING
\$7.95 STEAK SPECIAL EVERY DAY

SPYCE

-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-

33 NW 2ND AVE PORTLAND, OR 97209 // (503) 741-2367
WWW.SPYCECLUB.COM // FACEBOOK.COM.SPYCECLUB

November 23rd
7pm-2:30am

Thanksgiving Dinner

\$8⁹⁹ TURKEY
& ALL THE
FIXIN'S!

\$2 SEASONAL
DRAFT CIDER!
(UNTIL MIDNIGHT)

Lexi

Sasha

GET \$50 OFF
A STAGE RENTAL FOR
YOUR NEXT PARTY
WITH THE PURCHASE OF OUR
TABLESIDE SERVICE!

APPAREL
PROVIDED BY



THE **ULTIMATE** EXPERIENCE

CLUB SINROCK




SEVEN



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

Mystic

Gentlemen's Club

UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP

9950 SE STARK ST • (503) 477-9523
CORNER OF 99TH & WASHINGTON • 2 BLOCKS OFF I-205
OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY
WWW.MYSTICPDX.COM

TACO TUESDAYS
2 TACOS & TEQUILA \$6

DAILY DRINK SPECIALS

HAPPY HOUR
11AM-7PM DAILY

MYSTIC BOUTIQUE
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
GREAT SELECTION OF
DANCE APPAREL & SHOES

Lacey



FALCO'S PUB

(503) 477-9628 • OPEN MON-FRI 2PM-2:30AM,
SAT 11AM-2:30AM & SUN 10AM-2:30AM
FREE WI-FI

NFL SUNDAY TICKET

YOUR HOME FOR EVERY NFL AND COLLEGE
FOOTBALL GAME - MAKE US YOUR LIVING ROOM!



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

PUSSIES IN SPACE - A FELINE ODYSSEY

TWO NIGHTS OF SPACE-AGE THEMED SETS FROM OTHER WORLDS OF
FILM & FANTASY STARRING THE SEXIEST SHOWGIRLS ON EARTH
FRIDAY, NOV 17 & SATURDAY, NOV 18

FEATURING OUR HEAVENLY BODIES
SAVANNAH LA LAURIE
AND
UNA SOLITAIRE



Kit Kat club

JOIN US FOR TWO CABARET SHOWCASES
EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY NIGHT

STARRING SEXY SHOWGIRLS & NAUGHTY KITTIES IN THEMED FEATURE SETS, BURLESQUE, SIDESHOW & SATIRE!

SEATING AT 11PM & 1AM - RESERVATIONS RECOMMENDED - VIP TABLES AND BOTTLE SERVICE AVAILABLE

MONDAYS - NAUGHTY 90S WITH NIK SIN TUESDAYS - SEXY SIDESHOW CIRCUS WITH MYSTIC O'REILLEY WEDNESDAYS - NERD NIGHT WITH JIMMY NEWSTETTER
THURSDAYS - BIG TOP BOOTY DROP WITH JON DUTCH SUNDAYS - BAD KITTIES WITH NIKKI LEV

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



231 SW ANKENY • DOWNTOWN PORTLAND

Copyright © 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
Anonymous
Stoned Cold Sativa Awesome

Jonas Barnes
Belinda Carroll
Jaime Dunkle
Tiffany Greysen
DJ HazMatt
Dr. Helen Shepard
Anna Suarez

Cover Photography
London A. Lunoux

Cover Model
Luna
Stars Cabaret (Salem)

FEATURES



SHOULD WE LEGALIZE HARD DRUGS?

examining the difference between coke,
smack and cannabis
page 24
by stoned cold sativa awesome



COMING OUT IN STYLE

it's not always as easy as it seems
page 36
by dr helen shepard



DICK KNOWS BREASTS

a recap of the best breasts of the west contest
page 50
by hypnox



R.I.P. HEF, SORT OF...

remembering the good, the bad and the girls
next door
page 56
by belinda carroll

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

INSIDE STUFF

MOMMY KNOWS WORST	PG. 18
JONAS DOES PORTLAND	PG. 20
EROTIC CITY	PG. 26
SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS	PG. 28
PINUP CALENDAR	PG. 32
EXOTIC MAPS (PDX/OR/WA)	PG. 38
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH	PG. 42
NAUGHTY NOVEMBER	PG. 44
AN ANONYMOUS BREAK-UP LETTER	PG. 46
LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE	PG. 48
CLASSIFIEDS	PG. 51

Yearning To Explore Your Fantasies Privately?
Come Make It Happen!



Experience The World's Greatest Entertainers!
Nude, Hot & Creamy!

Layla

G Girl Of The Month



@Gspot_findit **PDXGIRLS.COM**

8315 SW BARBUR BLVD • 503.972.1111 • 24/7

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

Fantasyland

ADULT SUPERSTORE



DVDS STARTING
AT \$9.99

KAMA SUTRA

GREAT GIFTS & TOYS

DVD SALES & RENTALS

FULL ARCADE

EXOTIC OILS

LOTIONS & CREAMS

COME ON IN!

503-655-4667
16016 SE 82ND DRIVE

JUST EAST OF I-205,
OFF THE DAMASCUS EXIT



Orie, Beverly
& Leah

NEW OWNERS! NEW MANAGEMENT!
NEW GIRLS!

JAG'S

CLUBHOUSE

DANCERS & COCKTAILS

DAILY SPECIALS

BEST SMOKING
PATIO AROUND

HAPPY HOUR
4PM-7PM DAILY

COLD BEER

FULL BAR

POOL TABLE

DANCER AUDITIONS

ALL DAY, EVERY DAY • CALL (503) 289-1351

NEW PARKING LOT ON WEST SIDE OF THE BAR NOW OPEN!

605 N COLUMBIA BLVD • (503) 289-1351 • OPEN SUN-THU 11AM-12AM, FRI-SAT 11AM-1AM

ADULT SHOP



**25% OFF D LINE
BY DOC JOHNSON**

**10% OFF FUN FACTORY
BATTERY PLUS TOYS**

**20% OFF KINK
BY DOC JOHNSON**

BOGO \$9.99 DVDS

**NEW WEBSITE
WWW.E-ADULTSHOP.COM**



(503) 763-3556

FACEBOOK.COM/EADULTSHOP



THE DALLES • SALEM • ALBANY • CORVALLIS • EUGENE • RICE HILL • MEDFORD

The Name Says It All!



**Newly
Remodeled!**

New Bar Staff

New Dancers

New Menu

**New Private
Dance Area**

**Daily Drink
Specials**

*Come
Celebrate
Ryelle's
Birthday
Wednesday
Nov 29*



Alameda's Only Strip Club!

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

NOW HIRING NEW DANCERS 21+ | AUDITIONS DAILY | WALK-INS WELCOME

15%
*Performers
Discount*

You work hard for the money, treat yourself right!
 Save on
 Dancerwear
 Accessories
 Shoes
 and more!



See Store for Details - FantasyForAdultsOnly.com



THE AFTER PARTY & STRIP CLUB

18 & OVER

**PORTLAND'S
18 & OVER STRIP CLUB**

Now Open
MON-SAT 8PM-4AM

FOLLOW US ON



@THEAFTERPARTYSTRIPCLUBPDX

FOLLOW US TO THE AFTER PARTY
WITH PORTLAND'S HOTTEST DJ'S

WWW.THEAFTERPARTYPDX.COM

Location

**PORTLAND CHINA TOWN
301 NW 4TH AVE**

NOW

HIRING

9712663279





A GUIDE TO BREAKING UP

I still think that if Annie Wilkes would have played her cards right, she could have at least been able to remain Facebook friends with Paul Sheldon (may her mistakes send a message to all of us, on how not to behave during a break-up). Break-ups happen to everyone—at some point in their life—and keeping your dignity during a time of such duress is a skill that doesn't come naturally to all.

One day, everything is great. Then, the next day, you come home to find out that your penguin just isn't facing due south anymore—you will feel it and you will know that your partner is wanting out. It can happen quickly; everything will feel right with the world and then, all of a sudden, you're faced with the realization that your partner isn't happy and they want to bail.

It is going to sting and it will hurt your ego, because you know you've done pretty much all that you can, to make them happy. Maybe you pay the bills, maybe you act as their nurse-maid or maybe even you feed their Mr. Man ego by buying them the expensive typing paper. But, they will give you the signs that they are ready to go, even when it doesn't make sense. When they want out, they are done.

Do you want someone who doesn't want you? It's normal to have hurt feelings and it's natural to want to lash out, but don't. Even if your now-ex partner realizes they've made a terrible mistake, they certainly won't think this way, if you behave like a fucking asshole and hobble them. If you act like an asshole, it's hard to undig yourself from the asshole hole—just don't do it. If they want to go, don't try to convince them. Look them in the eye and wish them well.

Avoid lashing out physically (like breaking into an ex's house and peeing on their floors, which is a true, disturbing story for another time). While I hope that no one reading this would lash out physically against an ex, it's not

to downplay the times when someone lashes out emotionally by bullying or holding another emotionally hostage, with threats of ending their life, crying, begging, exploiting dependence to guilt the other, etc. All these acts are a form of bullying and will only confirm that the partner who is leaving made the right decision. None of these behaviors are acceptable.

Don't drag the break-up out by making it longer than necessary—both of you deserve space



to peacefully grieve and to adjust to your new beginning at being single.

Only consider a friendship if you think you can be friends without issues. Maybe ask, "Do we have a mutual friend?" or "Would we be friends, if you had not been sleeping with them?"

Give them back their things. You're a goddamn grown up, you know what things are theirs. Don't keep stuff so you have to make multiple trips. Know that this will be a two-part process—the things you know you have and the things you find. You will have your exchange, then you'll both find things, then there will be another exchange. Done.

Don't try to seduce them that one last time. I know this might feel like a good idea at the time, because you are both grieving and it's a way to connect without a lot of words, but it's a hack way to feel close to another and it's only prolonging you from moving on.

Moving on doesn't mean hooking up with someone new right away. I mean, do what feels good, but maybe take a break from romantic encounters.

Don't ask for more information about "why." Most likely, you got a recycled speech about what a lovely person you are, but they no longer want to be with you because of some reason or another. It doesn't matter. If they thought they could fix whatever reason they gave you, they would have talked to you about it and tried to fix it. They don't want to fix it. They want out. Let them go. You will never know the truth (and it doesn't matter).

Don't communicate for ridiculous reasons. Do you really need to ask them what that one movie was, that you watched together on Labor Day—the one with that actor you know they like? No, and just don't.

Do consider a no-contact phase.

Don't maintain or reach out to their friends for information. This will only hurt your feelings because, eventually, they probably will meet another.

Put away your sledgehammer and go for a walk.

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



Mary

Sam

Poni

**WE HAVE
LOTTERY!!!**

**GREAT BEER &
COCKTAIL SPECIALS!**

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

**OUR DAY
BARTENDERS
2PM-8PM**

**SAM - MON-TUE
MARY - WED-FRI
PONI - SAT-SUN**

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

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

JONAS DOES PORTLAND:

BY JONAS BARNES

IT'S TIME TO END THE "SEXY" HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

Okay, before you string me up by my dick, hear me out: I am not, under any circumstances, saying that people should stop being sexy during Halloween. I'm not even in the vicinity of that thought, actually. I'm a straight, red-blooded man, who loves the female form (and also loves Halloween). All your other holidays don't mean shit, in fact—Halloween is the king. So, now that we've gotten that out of the way, let me tell you what I mean.

Think about this scenario and see if it fits your life...you're going through the store, looking for costume inspiration. Maybe you've got your idea, but you need some makeup or fake blood that looks like watery raspberry jam, because you don't give a shit about quality, you pig. I'm sorry, let me reel that back in. So, you're looking and looking and you can't seem to find what you need. But, what do you see? Well, you see the Jason Voorhees, Freddy and Michael Myers masks, of course. Perhaps you run across a troll or a goblin and some witches hats, yeah? But, then, you look and you see them...the "sexy" costumes. Sexy nuns, nurses, firefighters, zombies, demons, slashers, construction workers, teletubbies, care bears and...wait, what? Okay, maybe a couple of those were bullshit. But, you know what isn't bullshit? They have "sexy" Disney and Nickelodeon costumes. I'm not kidding, even in the slightest; you can search for it yourself. And, therein lies my issue, everyone.

I'm a very sexually liberal person. I've got my kinks and I'm not afraid to show them. I'll go to a BDSM party and participate fully. I'll hit up the local orgy and we'll have a hole-filling fun time. Sex is NOT taboo to me and, if I'm being honest with myself, I love a good, appropriately sexy costume on Halloween. But, with great tits and dicks comes great responsibility. Halloween is a holiday I hold dear to my cold, black heart. The darkness and mystique of a holiday based around the occult has always interested me. But, All Hallows' Eve has a sugary side, that involves the whole family. To me, these are two separate hol-

idays. You have the real, adult Halloween and you have the fun-for-the-family Trick Or Treat holiday that we all grew up on. The issue comes when the lines bleed together and form this weird, over-sexualized grey area that we've wandered into. You can call it "When Being Woke Attacks," if you'd like.

As a society, we need to scale back the holiday and separate the two sides. As adults, I want your sexy costume. I want your Brassiere-Busting Dominatrix calling me a worm. I want your Bride Of Frankenstein making my knees weak. I want that sexy-as-fuck Morticia Adams to sweep me off my feet. I want all that and more. But, here's the thing: I'm a 34-year-old adult man. That's my lane. That's my crew. Those are my people. We don't have kids around. We don't have families around at our parties. We'll rock that shit at our parties under our roof or at our strip clubs. That's the line I'm talking about. There is a clear separation of where that stuff should go. Unfortunately, we've hit a point in sexual openness, where all that shit I talked about above, is flaunted without regard to any message we may be sending to both our daughters and the companies that make these costumes.

So, you may ask yourself what the answer is. What do we do, to reel this back and let both families and adults enjoy the most taboo of holidays? To me, it's simple: if you're making a sexy costume, don't make one that kids could wear. If you are thinking "maybe," then err on the side of caution and call it a "no." And, keep the sexy costumes out of the stores where they sell kids costumes or, at the very least, put them behind the closed doors of a room that only adults can go into. Like, the old, porn-filled back rooms of video stores you tried to sneak into as a kid. Those were the days! Fuck me, I'm old.

The point is, quit making these costumes so accessible to kids. They don't need to dress as a Sexy Snow White or a Sexy Belle. You can, because you're an adult and your

Sexy Cinderella is probably hot as fuck. But, you should be getting that at Taboo, not Party City, you feel me? And, while I'm on my nipple-tasseled high horse, let me say that maybe we shouldn't be making a sexy version of everything. You wanna be a sexy nurse or librarian, so be it. Those are pretty run-of-the-mill roleplaying costumes. But, maybe we should just steer clear of making a sexy version of any literal children's character or a character that's marketed to kids. We have a lot of sexy to go around. Let's not make a holiday that revolves around occultism creepy, okay?



Whispers



Fawn

Enticing Private Shows

Seductive Lap Dances

Sexy & Playful Entertainers At All Times

Very Discreet - Privacy Is Our Priority

After-Hours Specials!

**ALWAYS HIRING BEAUTIFUL LADIES (18+)
BARISTAS NEEDED
CONTACT PEBBLES @ (503) 389-3772**

**8102 NE KILLINGSWORTH ST · PORTLAND OREGON 97218
WWW.WHISPERSPDX.CLUB
(971) 255-1039 · OPEN UNTIL 3AM OR LATER!**

CLUB Play Pen

**LIKE FOOTBALL, HOT GIRLS,
GOOD FOOD & AWESOME DRINKS?
JOIN US EVERY SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY
& THURSDAY FOR ALL YOUR FOOTBALL NEEDS!
DRINK SPECIALS DURING GAMES!**

JORDAN

**1ST RUNNER-UP
BEST BREASTS OF
THE WEST 2017**



FULL MENU

**HAPPY HOUR
3PM-6PM DAILY**

ALL LOTTERY

CLOSE TO PDX



**ADDITIONS SAT-TUE 11AM-5PM
OR CALL NATALIE (971) 284-3455**

**NOW HIRING COOKS,
SECURITY GUARDS
& BARTENDERS**

6210 NE COLUMBIA BLVD · PORTLAND, OR 97218

OPEN DAILY AT 11AM · (503) 281-3212 · WWW.CLUBPLAYPEN.COM

Charlie
STARS CABARET
(SALEM)

Kassandra
CLUB 205

Zelda
ROSE CITY STRIP

Kennedy
SCARLET LOUNGE

Mileena
CLUB SINROCK

MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2018

HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

ROUND 1-3 PHOTOS BY **HYPOCRAD**
PHOTOGRAPHY

Lolita
STARS CABARET
(SALEM)

Malice

Raven
CLUB SINROCK

Toxic
LUCKY DEVIL

Summer
CLUB SINROCK

Moka
MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

TORCHED ILLUSIONS SMOKE & VAPE

**BLACK
FRIDAY** SALE

NOVEMBER 24

10-60% OFF STOREWIDE!

LARGE VARIETY OF WATER PIPES

SPOONS • VAPORIZERS • INCENSE • CIGARS

ROLL-YOUR-OWN • SHISHA • BUTANE • E-CIGS

MODS AND HUNDREDS OF JUICES!



1/4

BEAVERTON

17935 SW TV HWY

503.259.2310

OPEN 6AM-MIDNIGHT DAILY

TIGARD

12963 SW PACIFIC HWY

503.430.5140

OPEN 10AM-MIDNIGHT DAILY

www.TorchedIllusions.com



GREEN ROOM

BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME

Hard Drugs Vs. Cannabis

There are rumors that Oregon is considering the decriminalization of hard drugs. On one hand, this makes sense in theory, the same way a Libertarian utopia makes sense in theory. On the other hand, scabs. Tons and tons of scabs, which is what happens to your skin after you do hard drugs. Here are five reasons why we can't use the "it worked for weed" model, at least when applying legal boundaries to non-organic substances.

MARIJUANA IS NON-ADDICTIVE

I know what you're thinking...I'm clearly not looking in the mirror if I try to suggest that marijuana is not "habit-forming." But, much like video games, porn or social media (and unlike heroin or meth), weed withdrawals won't lead to hospital visits. I had my car broken into by tweakers—who were looking for scap metal—and they stole just that, some metal (worth about seven bucks). Yet, they left behind a pre-packaged dispensary ounce of OG Kush. So, not only is weed nonaddictive, but to people stealing shit to fuel a real addiction, it's not even worth the resale value.

No one who visits (or moves to) Oregon, in hopes of living the weed life, will end up a pot junkie, strung out at Country Fair and looking for their next dab fix. Again, I know there are exceptions, but they're not real junkies—just assholes. The sixty-year-old lady who decides to give pot a shot will not end up broke, in the gutter and panhandling for brownies. If you run out of weed, the worst you're going to do in order to fund your habit, is ask your dealer to front you a bag.

MARIJUANA IS NON-LETHAL

Again noting exceptions for DUII and dubstep, there is very little room to argue that pot sales lead to societal harm. If you eat too many weed brownies or smoke too much shatter, you will only end up in a hospital bed if you happen to already live in a hospital. Compare this to heroin. In fact, many times, heroin addicts are given their first fix in the form of painkiller opiates—straight from the doctor at the hospital.

Hard drugs are not only lethal on their own, but the administration methods are just as dangerous. You can't get HIV from sharing a bong, nor

is there any chance that your locally sourced BHO contains fecal matter. A noob can purchase their first dab, slab, blunt or brownie and be pretty safe, unless we're talking spilled bong water or improper use of a torch. There is no need to find a vein when getting high on weed, nor will ingesting the wrong stuff lead to a heart attack or blood clot.

MARIJUANA IS SUPPLEMENTAL TO CULTURE

If you've ever enjoyed a white blues band or any public art in Portland, chances are, it was cannabis-inspired. On the same token, if you've ever enjoyed grunge music, chances are, it was heroin-inspired (heroin-inspired?). The difference is that whoever created that cool Bob Marley sculpture is probably still alive. If your society has too much weed (i.e. San Francisco), it rebels from laziness by becoming a booming tech industry. If your society has too much cocaine, it collapses the housing market.

Further, weed commerce isn't nearly as ugly as hard drug culture. Head shops are full of colorful toys, much like the types of porn stores that advertise with this publication. Heroin stores, should they ever exist, would be full of needles, Lou Reed albums and ashtrays. Right now, I'm wearing pot-leaf-patterned socks, because I'm a goofy stoner. If I was into shooting up, I'd be barefoot. The '60s were inspired by weed and the '80s were inspired by cocaine...go ahead, show me one history book that notes the importance of Nagel paintings and synth pop. I know I'm over-generalizing here, but Easy Rider and Scarface are, like, two different films, man.

TAXPAYER-FUNDED REHAB FACILITIES DON'T WORK

When it comes to methadone, it isn't exactly birth control, in terms of ease-of-use and consequences of withdrawal. The addict is still addicted—just to a safer substance. It's basically an e-cigarette or nicotine patch, but the state-funded facilities seem to enjoy keeping people hooked on it for years (if not decades). To think that a few buildings full of psych majors with bachelor's degrees will be able to curb the side effects of legal smack

is beyond stupid. Basically, the only rehab facilities that work are the privatized ones, full of celebrities and rich people.

I haven't seen a single Serenity Lane billboard that features a white dude with dreadlocks and a tie dye shirt, simply because "weed rehab" involves sleeping it off for a day or two and maybe hitting an N.A. meeting. Legalizing (or decriminalizing) smack will only lead to more people receiving crappy treatment from unqualified "professionals," who are lining their pockets with taxpayer funds, at best, and a bunch of un-treated junkies at worst. In short, to state-funded rehab facilities, a sober patient is no longer a profitable one. Whereas private rehab can use quick and effective recovery statistics to draw new patients, a speedy recovery in a state-funded program just reduces tax revenue. Decriminalizing hard drugs would result in the mere changing of environment from state prison to state rehab facility, but neither provides actual rehabilitation.

THERE ARE MINIMAL (IF ANY) BENEFITS TO DECRIMINALIZATION OF HARD DRUGS

Broken leg with severe, actual ADHD? Fine. Here's a painkiller and some uppers. But, what else can be said about the benefits of heroin? Who will benefit from lower sentencing for cocaine? Fun fact: the disparity in sentencing between crack and powdered cocaine exists, for reasons related to race, but get this...it was championed by black politicians for the black community. As it turns out, crack is bad for the neighborhood. So, why is the white (yes, hate to break it to ya, but heroin is a Becky drug these days) community so open to self-destruction? Are we just that bored? I can think of no greater example of "privilege," than when a community openly invites lethal, addictive drugs into their homes, for reasons such as "compassion."

Anyone advocating for the decriminalization of hard drugs has never been addicted to them. The gun argument angle—that being "outlaws will get guns even if they're illegal"—may be legit, but no one on either side of the spectrum is advocating that we decriminalize mass murder. You're not gonna solve suicide bombings by decriminalizing the ingredients used to make bombs.



'Tis the season...
Come check out our
newly released in-
house strains by
GroHi Farms

Bring in this coupon during the
entire month of November to take
advantage of our \$85 VIP ounces!
(plus tax for our recreational customers)

21+ Recreational or 18+ OMMP

14812 SE Powell Blvd
Portland, OR 97236
(503) 206-8150

Open everyday 10am-10pm

**Coupon must be surrendered at time of transaction, no
copies will be accepted.*

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!



WIDE VARIETY OF GLASS

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

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

BLACK DIAMOND

RECORDING STUDIOS



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



(503) 477-6523

www.BlackDiamondStudios.net | Info@BlackDiamondStudios.net

DJ DICK HENNESSY'S BIRTHDAY Surprise!

THU 11/2 @ 9PM



SPYCE
-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-

33 NW 2ND AVE | PORTLAND OR 97209





Yes, it's that time of year again. No, I'm not talking about the holidays, the snow or the fact that my birthday is a week after Christmas (I get the console in December and a game in January). I'm talking about the one day of the year that we can trample complete strangers in hopes of saving six bucks on a TV that's approximately two inches larger than the one we bought last year. Black motha-fuckin' FRIDAY is here! Celebrate capitalism by waiting in a line for twelve hours, punching an old lady to squeeze in front of her, stomping a few toddlers and grabbing a copy of *Grown Ups 2* on 4K HD!!!

Wait...you're not into that? What's that? The election is over, violence isn't the answer and you just want to chill out for the month of November? Fuck. I guess that means you better hit the strip clubs. Naked women—five to six one-dollar bills per song. Line—minimal. Staff members asking to help—none. Boom Boom over Best Buy, any day of the year.

Unsung Heroes Of The Portland Strip Clubs: Security Staff

Last month, I made my rounds and touched base with the downtown-area clubs, just to see what's good with the skin city nightlife (this is what happens when I finally decide to take my job seriously, so be warned...I may be hitting your club next). There are too many new dancers, talented DJs and kick-ass bartenders to discuss, so I'll just say to go out and have fun—there is literally too much to fit into one column, from haunted strip clubs to porn star guest appearances.

But, much to my surprise, security guards at the clubs I visited (Kit Kat, Dante's, Spyce, Union Jack's...all the greats) all shared a similar sentiment; when I asked them about any as-of-late incidents, surprises or cool stories, each answered with something along the lines of, "Actually, it's been pretty relaxed inside the club, but we're getting sick of cleaning up after the city."

As it turns out, the Portland Police Department is mostly there for looks (until you get out into the suburbs, at which point they're taking down the real villains, like pot-smoking teenagers and cellphone drivers). The majority of a strip club security guard's time, in downtown Portland, seems to be dedicated to gang fights, aggressive panhandlers and public urination—but, none of this goes down inside the clubs. Kit Kat, Dante's and Spyce are all located within a few blocks of

the blocked-off Chinatown zone dedicated to weekend party kids—if you park your car in this zone, cops show up and tow it (within seconds). On the other hand, if you decide to vomit in the doorway of a club, piss in the ashtray and grab a stripper's ass, the cops are "too busy" to help.

Please explain where our tax money is going.

For the naked women inside busy downtown clubs, it must, feel weird to tip out a security guard who they haven't seen all shift, but dancers need to remember that the majority of the door person's job is to keep the riff-raff out of the club (and, Riff Raff himself, if he shows up). Attending to the commotion outside of the club will keep it from getting in. Security guards don't seem to enjoy policing the streets any more than they would working as an actual police officer, but they're also doing it for "minimum wage plus tips" and no benefits. And, the story I heard began to echo after a while: "We ask the cops to do something, but they just say they don't want to waste the time on (writing a ticket, asking the person to move along, cleaning the dead body out of the gutter so that women in heels can safely pass, etc.), so we do it ourselves."

I'm not trying to bash the homeless population, the drug dealers, the crackheads or anyone else who could kick my ass. We're good. Please don't break into my car. But, with that being said, what exactly do downtown police officers do? I'd love to know. In fact, why is it that I feel more safe selling "vegetables" in the hood, than I do ordering a gyro at a downtown food cart? Probably because that food cart is located around the corner from the strip club, far away from the only person who has any interest in preventing a stabbing from happening. Strip club security staff is doing the job of Portland cops, simple as that.

I'd like to suggest, to any security staff (or club owners, managers, etc.) reading this, please evaluate the potential costs (lost work and extra labor) that have arisen from dealing with the fallout of downtown Portland, total it all up and send the city a bill. Police officers are paid with tax revenue, also known as "money that's supposed to keep our streets safe." If the door guy at Kit Kat is doing more for the safety of downtown than, oh, the cops located in the Chinatown police station, shouldn't we allocate taxpayer funds toward strip club security guards, instead of Keystone cops?

We express thanks for our friends, family and

physical things, but this year, I'm giving all my thanks to the security guards who keep the streets of Portland safe. Here's a toast to you, in hopes that, one day, you will be able to spend a few minutes inside the club you work at, enjoying the job you signed up for (and not cleaning piss off of an "open" sign). In fact, you're basically the cops that the city deserves. I've never heard of a security guard killing an unarmed black teen. I've never been followed by a security guard when leaving a weed dispensary. And, most importantly, I've never had a cop offer to walk my DJ gear out to the car after a gig in Chinatown.

California Takes Two Steps Back, One Step Forward

Okay, I'm gonna *try* my best to not involve politics here. But, in recent months, Cali bruh, Jerry Brown, has signed two laws that made a few folks rightfully unhappy. The first, a bill that will reduce *knowingly* giving someone HIV (not by accident, but by intent) a misdemeanor. That's right. Forget to pay child support? Jail. Give someone a life-threatening disease for the lulz? Ticket. The goal was to "reduce stigma" around gay men with HIV (fair), but the implicit assumption is that gay men are heartless murderers, who would *intentionally* infect a partner (unfair). However, many not-so-nice people (of all orientations, including sexless heroin addicts) are now free to do whatever the voices in their head tells them to. Oops? Besides, last time I checked, gay men are still stigmatized, regardless of HIV status.

So, that's one strike down for California. The second, was a loophole-filled gender pronoun law—one that was designed to protect the rights of transgender men and women (to be treated, referred to and otherwise addressed as, their presented or identified gender). This law, while excellent in theory (and, in my opinion, a no-brainer...it takes no energy to add an "S" to the word "he," if requested), has since been exploited by trolls, to the extent that biological, presenting-as males are now able to sue their employers if they see fit—thanks to fifteen dollars and a visit to the DMV to register as "she," simply for the chuckle. You've got that correct—within seconds of being validated as humans, the rights of (actual) trans people are being taken advantage of for humor, by internet trolls and the far-right (biological female, Lauren Southern, a Canadian conservative, recently registered as "he" and continues to look/present identical to your average blonde chick from Star-

bucks). Thank you, California judicial system... you've outdone yourselves by being rushed and sloppy—now the trolls are co-opting you like a cartoon frog.

So, with California's "Great Idea, Poor Execution" model, what can we expect with their latest effort in becoming more progressive than Oregon? Prostitution.

As I type this, courts are cutting red tape that has been preventing California's prostitution laws from being challenged. Much like the efforts of reducing HIV stigma and honoring transgender pronouns (great ideas) have mutated into death pranks and trolls (poor execution), it is with great hope (but, little optimism) that I wish California the best in promoting *safe*, legal prostitution. The emphasis is on "safe." Human trafficking on the west coast is a problem. So is outlawing the world's (supposed) oldest profession. Dearest California, please, *please* do not fuck this up. You "legalized" weed, but the cartels are still setting up shop in the forests. You "legalized" same-sex marriage, but forgot to fix the family court systems (now couples of all orientations and genders are getting fucked out of child support for kids they aren't even related to). What good is being progressive, if you only end up screwing the people you tried to protect in the first place?

I hear very, very little negativity regarding the Nevada brothels. Same goes for Amsterdam. So, from one west coast sex work enthusiast to another, be patient, look to your neighbors and do it right this time. The optimist in me, as small as it is, can't wait to see what dueling Tahoe warehouses will look like. I'm hoping competition leads to quality.

A Semi-Serious Note About Seasonal Depression

This industry isn't about stripping, dancing, playing music, drinking or serving drinks—it's about acting. Every one of us (especially dancers) plays a part in a fantasy that is meant to be enjoyed by someone else. Dancers (at least the majority of you), you are "fantasy girl" to the lonely dude at the rack. Bartenders, you are "therapist lady" for the girl at your bar. DJs, well, we're all pieces of shit, but there's only so many memes on Facebook, thus, even we have to play the part of "sure, I have that awful song for you" now and then.

What I'm getting at, is that we are all wearing a mask of one sort or another. But, un-

like drama geeks or celebrity actors, many of us got into this gig because of a fucked-up past, emotional baggage or something else of a not-that-pretty variety. Yes, much of our industry is populated by emotionally and mentally healthy adults who skirt the stigma of "sex worker" and live "normal" lifestyles. However, *some* of us have a not-so-bright past (or current situation). So, combine this with a career of making others forget about their shitty situations, and you have a recipe for...how should I put this...less-than-optimal mental well-being?

Our job is to entertain, but as cheesy as it sounds, you need to take care of yourself first, before you can go out and do the booty cash dance for others. This is especially true during the holidays, plus, the current social media and political climate doesn't help. Take some time off. Slow down on the substances (this includes booze). Make sure that you're not a walking time bomb of emotion, but allow yourself to unload when you need to (adding to the previous section, security guards are great shoulders for weeping dancers). Breathe.

I don't mean to go all *Tales From The Secret* on our non-industry readers, but goddamnit, strippers are people, too. Naked people—the ones you throw pieces of paper at while drinking PBR on Christmas. This section is for them.

So, back to the dancers, managers, bartenders, DJs, bouncers, waitstaff and whatever it is Yanis does, remember that, for the next few months, we are entering a dark, rainy, depressing phase of Oregon weather. Not only do we need to take care of ourselves, but we have to be there for the customers who will undoubtedly fill up our clubs, once they cash grandma's check and ditch the family gathering for a few rounds of lapdances.

And Miss Exotic Oregon 2018 Will Be...?

For most people, the holidays are a time to relax, enjoy the company of family members and unwind from the chaos (that, or maul each other for the last remaining cheap HDTV at Best Buy). In Portland, however, we don't have time for grandma's holiday dinner, as we're knee-deep in *Miss Exotic Oregon*—the premiere strip club competition that lasts for over eight weeks. We will eventually be crowning the most talented—after selecting among dozens and dozens of nude entertainers—with the title of "Miss Exotic Oregon

2018." You still have time to make "alternate holiday plans" and let the wife and kids know that you'll be headed out for an "employee-only office holiday party" this year, as the final qualifier rounds are approaching. By the time January arrives, the winner will be a bit richer (as well as the cover model for the January 2018 issue of *Exotic*), but for now, be sure to catch the qualifier rounds and support your pick for *Miss Exotic Oregon* (check Xmag.com for the schedule or just peep dates below).

If you've never attended a *Miss Exotic Oregon* event, you're missing out. What makes our contest a bit different than others, is the nature of the N.W. Even though L.A., S.F. and Seattle have some amazing clubs, the sheer number of Portland-area strip joints results in a genuinely diverse roster of dancers. Chances are, the finalists for this year's *Miss Exotic Oregon* will be as unique as they come—last year's winner took the crown with a horror theme, while the previous year's winner won a round while wearing roller skates. We don't discriminate against the swimsuit model, pornstar or more "traditional" dancer types, but you're not going to see them competing against fully tattooed, rollerblading lizard women outside of Portland. Trust me, these gigs (especially the finals) are much more entertaining than watching *Christmas Story* with the kids. In fact, as I'm wrapping up this issue of *Exotic*, I'm headed to Stars Cabaret (Salem) to check out this round's roster.

Local Music Spotlight: Sleep Bandz

I stopped covering local music years ago, not because I don't enjoy it, but due to the high turnover rate among Portland-area artists. What's the point in giving an act a write-up, if the act won't be around by the time the magazine goes to press? Longevity is not exactly common in the NW. So, when I bumped into my homie Sleep Bandz, who I last DJ'd for in 2009, it was refreshing to find out that Sleep Bandz (a.k.a. Sleep Bandana The Chief) is still doing music, to this day.

A rapper located somewhere between hyphie and trap, Sleep Bandz has a style that is accessible, but not boring. Lyricism is not absent here, but the music is also far from backpack hip-hop. Think newer rap for the beats, Mac Dre or Mistah F.A.B. for the lyrics and a mix of both styles when it comes to presentation. Aside from being able to keep up with (or ahead of) the trends, Sleep Bandz is semi-cursed by not one, but two acts that share his name (Old Dominion MC Sleep,

and doom metal band Sleep), but this has not stopped him from continuing to perform shows all over the NW. I enjoy it when a rapper (or stripper) refuses to change their name, just because a more established act shares it ("No, I was 'Isis' first! They should change *their* name!!!"), this shows commitment.

Last time I DJ'd for Sleep Bandz, it was in a yuppie dive bar (these exist) in SW Portland. When one old couple wasn't feeling the performance, Sleep jumped on top of the table next to them and rapped, directly at the couple, for five minutes straight, until they gave in and enjoyed the show. I've seen the dude rock shows at a variety of venue types, even killing it for punk rock crowds that usually avoid rap like soap. Sleep Bandz gets a mention in this column, because he's been absolutely killing it and doesn't change up every year or so, nor did he ever back down from his MC name (an old nickname). This gets my respect.

Look up Sleep Bandz (and his company, Rated Perfect) online and catch Sleep Bands on tour right now. I'll be on the 1's and 2's for the Oregon stops (Friday, November 3rd at The Garages in Beaverton and Saturday, November 4th at Local Celebrity in Portland).

A Quick Apology To Vince Neil

Last month, I put Mötley Crüe's Vince Neil through the cheese grater in this column after seeing him perform at the Oregon State Fair. It has since been brought to my attention that Vince is a huge supporter of our industry and not the most deserving target for a rant. This is fair. I want to make clear that my review was coming from the place of a fan, as I'm a long time supporter of anything even related to Mötley Crüe. I wanted to give the show a good write-up, but when the act listed on the ticket leaves his own stage for about an hour, it leaves a bad taste in a reviewer's mouth. I paid money, brought a date and arrived early, just like I will the next time Vince rolls through. So, it is as a fan, not as a hater, that I laid down that minute-by-minute review of said show. It was a train wreck and probably not representative of the Vince Neil that folks usually get. I gave the same treatment to Ministry (my favorite act of all time), but Al isn't out there, supporting strip clubs and pornstars, so to Vince, sorry for giving you shit. Us industry folk need to stick together, even during off-nights (trust me, I've had a few).

With that, please enjoy this issue of *Exotic*, in which I let our writers run wild with whatever they wanted. What we ended up with was a buffet of break-ups, boobs and the bizarre...enjoy

eroticcity spotlight

**THU 2 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
DJ DICK HENNESSY'S BIRTHDAY BASH**

FRI 3 – XPOSE – MISS EXOTIC OREGON ROUND V

**WED 8 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
MISS EXOTIC OREGON ROUND VI**

**FRI 10 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)
MARINE CORPS BIRTHDAY**

**FRI 10 & SAT 11 – GOLD CLUB
ADULT FILM STAR MADDY O'REILLY**

**SAT 11 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT & SALEM)
VETERANS DAY PARTY**

**SAT 11 – SPEARMINT RHINO
MISS EXOTIC OREGON ROUND VII (FINAL QUALIFIER)**

**WED 15 – LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE
1ST ANNUAL STRIPPER BAKE OFF**

**THU 16 – SUNSET STRIP
13-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY**

**FRI 17 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)
PIRATE PARTY**

**SAT 18 – FIREHOUSE (SALEM)
16-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY**

**WED 22 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
GOBBLE-HER PARTY**

**THU 23 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT & SALEM)
& TOMMY'S TOO! – FREE TURKEY DINNERS**

THU 23 – CLUB ROUGE – THANKSGIVING PARTY

**FRI 24 – DANTE'S
MISS EXOTIC OREGON FINALS**



www.MyDv8.com

HAPPY HOUR
4PM-7PM DAILY

•
INDUSTRY NIGHT
SUNDAY-THURSDAY
MIDNIGHT TO CLOSE

•
HAND-CUT ANGUS
STEAK DINNER



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

FOR BOOKING, CALL DEVIN (503) 347-3267

BELLZORA



Firehouse
CABARET

Wed
& Thurs
Nov
15th

SPOR
FIREHOUSE
BONNIE
BONNIE

THE SUNSET STRIP EXIT 69

Friday &
Saturday
November
17th & 18th

BELLZORA

FUEGO LATINO
INTERNATIONAL SINGERS

MEXICO'S BURLESQUE SUPER
MODEL - ACTRESS - SINGER - SHOW

Firehouse: Wed & Thurs Nov 15th & 16th
Sunset: Fri & Sat Nov 17th & 18th

TABOO
TABOOVIDEO.COM

THE FIREHOUSE
CABARET

Wednesday
Thursday
November
& 16th

INSORED BY
L. NIGHT LORE
MASTER
MASTERX.COM

RA
INA
SATION
RSTAR
OWGIRL
& 16th
& 18th

THE FireHouse
EST. 2001
CABARET

16 YEAR ANNIVERSARY!
SAT NOVEMBER 18TH

5782 PORTLAND RD NE • SALEM • 503.393.4782
WWW.FIREHOUSESALEM.COM

ANNIVERSARY PARTY TIME!!

THE SUNSET STRIP
EXIT 69



Thursday November 16th
13 YEAR ANNIVERSARY
10205 SW PARK WAY • PORTLAND 97225
WWW.SUNSETSTRIPDX.COM

Luna
from Stars Cabaret Salem





EXOTIC
PINUP NOVEMBER
2017

After Hours

18 & Over

VOTED BEST

GoldenDragonPDX.com



324 SW 3rd Ave · Portland, OR · (503) 274-1900

STRIP CLUB IN PORTLAND BY STRIP CITY MAGAZINE



GOLDEN
DRAGON
EXOTIC CLUB



Live Nude Entertainment

PRIVATE LAP DANCES · HAPPY HOUR DANCE DEALS

FREE POOL / 4 STAGES

OVER 40 GIRLS DAILY

PRIVATE VIP LAP DANCES

HAPPY HOUR DANCE SPECIALS

(6PM-10PM)

SMOKING / VAPE SECTION



SLUTSCAPADES

By Dr. Helen Shepard

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

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

I am a queer, genderqueer (genderfuck), disabled, polyamorous atheist. I'm also fat, which I don't normally have to tell people, because it's pretty obvious. But, you can't see me! I want you to know it's a part of who I am, which affects how I inhabit this world. I've struggled with some of these labels more than others, but they've all required me to come out of the closet at some point or another (often times repeatedly).

This article will come to you a month late, but I'm writing it on National Coming Out Day—a celebration, as well as a day of political activism, to bring visibility to homosexuality (and other stigmatized minorities), in order to minimize homophobia and bigotry.

Growing up Mormon, I was taught to believe that homosexuality was a choice; some people would be given the temptation, by God, to engage romantically or sexually with somebody of the same sex. This temptation was not a sin, but acting on it was. So, when boobs became the number one image in my masturbation fantasies and I lusted after my brother's cheerleader girlfriend, I wasn't necessarily surprised (and, I didn't have an identity crisis). Because, even though I thought dicks were gross, my desire to be married in the Mormon Temple was strong enough—and, my lust for David Duchovny was quivering enough—to know that I was going to have no problem with growing up to marry a man. All I had to do, was avoid having sex with women!

I left the LDS church around age 21, by which point I had subliminally accepted the idea that homosexuality was—at least for some—a choice. Despite making out with women (and, eventually having sex with a woman), I still didn't see myself as gay (or even bisexual). The truth is, I've always been pansexual—the shape of some-

body's genitals influenced my attraction less than their personality and their overall gender expression. But, it took me so many years to realize this—I had to have somebody else tell me.

"Everybody always thinks I'm gay," I told my friend. In retrospect, I was looking for acceptance. But, at the time, I just thought it was weird.

"But, Helen, you're bisexual...aren't you?" she stated, more than asked.

And, for some reason, in the surgery prep room of the veterinary clinic where I worked, it dawned on me. I liked kissing women, I was sexually attracted to women, I was more attracted to cross-dressing men than I was to masculine-presenting men, I'd had sex with women, I wanted to have sex with more women...oh yeah, I was super gay—what took me so long to realize it?

Throughout my whole life, people "accused" me of being gay, which I now interpret as pointing out I was genderqueer. I never liked shaving my legs or wearing makeup, I have a masculine voice, I carry myself in a strong/imposing way and I have an outgoing personality type. There was a time, in middle school, where I tried, on purpose, to act demure; I wore makeup, I wore feminine clothes and I shaved my legs. But, it never really felt like me and that sort of female presentation simply didn't make sense. It was so many years later, long after behaving the way I always was, that I even learned the term "genderqueer." I embrace the term for myself now, but, I still haven't exactly come out to my family. Because, it's how I've always been (and, somehow they've always known), but I also know they wouldn't accept the term if I tried to show it to them.

For my Mormon family, what you are isn't just how you feel—it's what you do. They

would deny that I'm gay, because I'm not with a woman *right now*. They would deny that I'm genderqueer because, despite how I identify, I have boobs and I menstruate, *THEREFORE I AM A WOMAN*. I don't believe this. Arguably, I'm just a "different sort" of woman. But, I've spent a lot of time considering what makes a woman a woman and one thing I know for sure, is that it isn't the presence or absence of breasts (or, the presence or absence of menstruation). I don't identify as *female*; I identify as non-binary—somewhere in the middle—neither one extreme, nor the other.

In a way, I don't have to verbally come out to my family as genderqueer, because even if they wouldn't use the word, they know that I am—they were among the first to tell me. The latest thing that drives them crazy, is that I've grown out my facial hair. Both of my parents wrote me lengthy emails about how unattractive I am for wearing a beard and how "unless I don't care about anybody anymore," I should shave my beard. But, my beard is as much a part of me as my boobs and my menstruation—except, growing a beard is even more beautiful, because it's a reflection of self-confidence, of defying social expectations, of finding comfort and beauty in my own body—for my own sake and not for the sake of conforming to others' demands on me. Not that it matters, but plenty of people find my beard extremely attractive and those are the types of people—people who know how hard it is to be visibly challenging gender expectations and love me for it—that I want in my life.

So, while my family has always known that I'm genderqueer, one thing I did have to come out about was my atheism. My parents always forced me to go to church and I started questioning it when I was about eight years old. But, to be fair, there was a time—particularly in college—where I

firmly believed the LDS church was true and that I would be eternally punished for doing some of the things I did or had done (like, having sex with men and smoking pot).

Leaving the church was a long and painful experience. For years, I lived with literal nightmares, that the second coming was happening and that I had failed to repent on time. For years, my behavior, philosophy and desire strayed from the church. But, I lived in a cycle of sin and repentance, so terrified that the church was actually true that I couldn't realistically question it. After all, the worst sin possible is to deny The Holy Ghost after you've been given a testimony of the church's truth. Most religions count on this terror to manipulate and abuse their members into a lifetime of submission.

When I took part in a religious panel to educate my university about Mormon beliefs, somebody raised their hand and asked me why Mormons weren't allowed to read anti-Mormon literature. I was taken aback, because, first of all, I didn't think I was expressly *not allowed*, I just felt that it wasn't recommended. I was operating on faith—something that couldn't be proven and could easily be weakened by too many questions. Here's a hint for religious people: if learning more about your religion could destroy your religious beliefs, your religion isn't true! And, that's exactly what happened to me (albeit years later).

I'd had enough of the heart-palpitating terror from trying to obey the church, which made increasingly less sense. I had just broken up with a shitty fiancé and was questioning everything I believed. And, it was with this mindset, that I sat in front of the computer and Googled "anti-Mormon literature" for the first time. Within 45 minutes, I went from believing that the Church was true—that I was just a sinner who needed to repent—to believing that everything I'd been taught was a lie and there really is no God. Shout out to MormonNoMore.org for helping me get there!

But, how could I tell my family? Mormons believe that families existed before the Earth existed, that we had chosen to be together (since before we had been born) and that sacred covenants made in the Mormon temple meant we could live together for

eternity; to leave the church was to turn my back on my eternal family.

For months, I lied. I tuned in to big Mormon events, like the semi-annual General Conference Broadcast from Salt Lake City, by the general leadership of the Church. When I returned home for Christmas, I hid my marijuana and went to church...until one day, it was no longer possible to lie.

My brother sat my parents and myself down, to tell us he was going to propose to his girlfriend of three months. My mom started crying, because, for my brother to marry a non-Mormon, it meant that she would keep him out of the temple, thus preventing him from making those same eternal promises my mother and father had made. My brother had left the church years earlier, but Mormons have a term for this: "inactive



members." The general perception is that my brother and others like him were still Mormon—they were just going through a phase of inactivity and the hope remained, that they would repent and come back to the church. For my brother to make a life promise to a non-Mormon woman, meant that he was more seriously turning his back on the church.

I lost my shit.

"Mom, he doesn't want to go to church again...he's never going to be Mormon again. He doesn't believe the church is true, with the same conviction—or more—that you believe the church is true. He's changed his life, Mom, he's not coming back. And, I understand his perspective, because I'm not Mormon anymore either. I don't believe the church is true, I don't like the church and I don't believe in God!"

I walked out on both of my parents crying and my brother's mouth, agape with shock and annoyance, that I had co-opted his big moment, in order to make an announcement of my own—louder and with more defiance and pain.

Coming out doesn't mean a person is free from people trying to persuade them. Many gay couples have to face questions from family or strangers, like, "Couldn't you ever change your mind?" or "How can you do something so unnatural?" Similarly, my own family sometimes sends missionaries after me, guilt trips me, shames me and annoyingly insists that I'm just going through a phase.

But, I will never go back to the church. I know this with as much clarity as I know I am sexually attracted to women or that I'm fat. There's no way to pretend these things aren't true. It's taken half a lifetime of reconciliation with myself and I'm still not fully healed. But, I'm comfortable and confident with my queerness, my body and my atheism.

Coming out means different things to different people. Thankfully, because of international movements like Coming Out Day, homosexuality is increasingly less stigmatized around the world and people often shrug at friends who come out—or, people don't feel a need to hide their true selves in the first place—therefore never really having to come out. But, life isn't always so easy, either. So, many of us have to come out as something that is a disappointment to society, our parents or our "friends."

Maybe you want to come out as a sex worker, maybe you want to come out as a lover of furry erotica or maybe you need to come out as a victim of relationship abuse and finally leave your shitty partner. Whatever it is, I hope for you that you will find a supportive community. You deserve to be yourself!

Dr. Helen Shepard is a Doctor Of Human Sexuality and Sexological Bodyworker, with a private practice in Eugene. Helen would be glad to talk to you about difficulty coming out or questions about gender (email EugeneSexology@gmail.com).

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 2pm-2:30am

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

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

CLUB 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

GOLDEN DRAGON EXOTIC CLUB 62 **16+**
324 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 274-1900
Daily 6pm-Sunrise

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

JAG'S CLOUHOUSE 32 **FOOD**
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351
Sun-Thu 11am-12am, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

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

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

SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
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

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

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

WHISPERS 57
8102 NE Killingsworth St | (971) 255-1039
Daily 11am-3am

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

EVERYTHING ELSE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PARADISE ADULT SUPERSTORE 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 131
709 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 257-8617
Daily 24 hours

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5874
5141 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy | (503) 245-4393
Daily 24 hours

SHEENA'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

DISPENSARIES

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

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

NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI 8
4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818
Daily 10am-11pm

NECTAR - SW PORTLAND 8
10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800
Daily 10am-11pm

69
KIT KAT CLUB

231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229

49
SUUCE 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

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

MEDFORD

ADULT LAND

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

ADULT SHOP

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

CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

NEWPORT

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

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

OAKLAND

ADULT SHOP

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

ROSEBURG

FILLED WITH FUN

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

SALEM

ADAM & EVE

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

ADULT SHOP

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

ADULT SHOP

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

ADULT SHOP

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

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

THE SUGAR SHACK GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

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

VIKENS

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

SPRINGFIELD

BOBBI'S VIP ROOM

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

BRICK HOUSE

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

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

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

THE MANCAVE

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

THE DALLES

ADULT SHOP

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

UMATILLA

RIVERSIDE SPORTS BAR AND LOUNGE

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

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN

THE FANTASY SHOP

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

BREMERTON

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

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

TURF NEWS

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

DES MOINES

AIRPORT VIDEO 2

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

EVERETT

AIRPORT VIDEO 1

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

KENNEWICK

CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

KENT

PLEASURES PEAK

519 Central Ave S / (253) 220-8509
Lingerie, Dancwear, 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

SANDS SHOWGRIS

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

Reach for the Stars at the
Sagebrush
Ranch

Alice Little

alicelittle@sagebrushranch.com



BunnyRanch

Tiara Tae

tiaratae@bunnyranch.com



LOVE RANCH
Reno/Tahoe

Roxanne Price

roxanneprice@loveranch.net



KitKat

Charlie Daze

charliedaze@kitkatranch.com



LOVE RANCH
Vegas

KnowMe

knowme@loveranch.net



ALIEN Cathouse

Lena Haze

lenahaze@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

BunnyRanch.com

Love Ranch Reno/Tahoe

LoveRanch.net

Sagebrush Ranch

SagebrushRanch.com

Kit Kat Ranch

KitKatRanch.com

Southern Nevada Brothels

Love Ranch Vegas

LoveRanch.net

Alien Cathouse

AlienCathouse.com

*Now Joining
Team Bunny:*

Mega-Porn Star

Featured in Playboy

Alexis Adams

alexisadams@bunnyranch.com



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT

THE BEST & WORST TYPES OF STRIPPERS

[ED: we are excluding male dancers from this column, because they're too busy getting their private parts yanked on by drunken bachelorette parties.]

I spent ten years of my life working as a strip club DJ, getting to know dancers and earning my dressing room pass. Unlike most people, I can say "stripper" with a hard 'R' and even know a few pole tricks. Years ago, I penned a similar column, but times have changed and the awards have new nominees. Thus, I'm not just another douchebag who thinks he can put women into categories. I'm an established douchebag who thinks he can put women into categories, which are as follows:

THE BEST TYPES OF STRIPPERS

The Good Tipper

This is a no-brainer to most readers (and dancers), but it's worth mentioning, simply because most strippers don't understand exactly how little effort and expense it takes to be a "good tipper," from a DJ's point of view. For dancers, most customers are only able to level-up from "a few bucks per song and a private dance" to "sugar daddy" after dropping a few grand. On the other hand, as a dancer, you only have to tip your DJ a few dollars more than the average, in order to end up on the list of Best Strippers Ever. And, if your club employs fifty dancers per shift, understand that even a five-dollar-per-girl increase will make your DJ the easiest person to work with (one who listens to your requests, reminds your stage dwellers to tip every song, etc.). Strippers who don't tip are a lost cause, but the ones who tip well are a rare breed. Dancers, it's simple math: the extra ten percent you add to tipping out a DJ will end up yielding at least twice that from the services he or she provides.

Traits: Reserved, dances to whatever the crowd likes, always shows up early.

Barbie Doll Fantasy Girl

Sometimes, a cigar is just a cigar. On the

same token sometimes, strip club customers just want to stare at a good ol' fashioned, sexy-ass, no-tattoo-having, natural hair color, girl-next-door type. Look, I love my alt-strippers and inked goddesses. In fact, I prefer a woman who is covered in body art and dances to Ministry. Still, the "steak and potatoes" dinner has a frequent place on my dinner table, regardless of my typically exotic tastes. Every single straight or bi dude (and most lesbian women) that I know, has a deeply ingrained fantasy about the basic bitch from Ikea. Yes, even the title of this publication suggests that there is something sexy about mystique and exotica, but we've all rubbed one out while thinking of a former babysitter or the girl from church. When a stripper



can pull off the hoodie-and-gym-shorts look without appearing homeless (or, just lazy), she's a contender for Barbie Doll Fantasy Girl. This dancer won't bother discussing politics with her stage customers, orders a strict regiment of flavored-vodka-and-soda drinks, tips big bills and wears expensive perfume that smells cheap enough to pass in working-class clubs. On the downside, her definition of "heavy metal" includes The Rolling Stones, so be careful with the music selections.

Traits: Natural blonde hair (regardless of

race), red lipstick and blue sweatpants that say "pink" on the backside.

The Also-A Stripper

This is the dancer who also has a bartending shift, works as a DJ, schedules the dancers and/or otherwise micromanages a certain aspect of the club, in addition to dancing. Another variety of this type is the parent, college student (stem field and/or business degree) and/or small business owner. The Also-A Stripper is respectful to her DJ, bartender and other dancers, because she's worked in their shoes. Plus, she tips well and tends to know how to work customers. Better yet, when the shift is over, she's calling a taxi because of her real-life priorities, as opposed to hanging around and chatting up drunk hipsters for free. Also-A Stripper may spend her downtime working through calculus homework or checking in on her Facebook business page, but she's never caught up in dancer drama because she's got tuition to pay, kids to feed and/or a business loan. While often referred to, this variety is rarely seen in the wild, because she's either on stage, in the dressing room or in transit.

Traits: Cheap purse, expensive outfits, amazing with customers, knows the owner and can make shit happen.

The Acrobat

This dancer is cute, humble and pretty nondescript, until she pulls some Jackie Chan stage jumps, lands on the pole using only her toes, triple flips in the air and lands on a piece of paper that the owner just set down, which outlines the legalities of being an "independent contractor." From handstands to swords, I've seen The Acrobat incorporate it all. Folks forget that "stripper" is a derogatory term, because it implies that the mere removal of clothing qualifies someone as an exotic entertainer. The Acrobat is the reason that "dancer" is the preferred term, as she gives it meaning. Also, for bored DJs scrolling through Myron Danus' Facebook posts just to pass time, The Acrobat provides a much-needed break from

monotony. She'll never ask for slow music, always gets the crowd hyped up and honestly earns her tips (which are more "use this to pay for your broken neck when it happens" dollars, than mere gratuity).

Traits: Athletic, up-beat, ankle brace, arm cast.

THE WORST TYPES OF STRIPPERS

Miss Other Contest, 1992

So, it's no secret that *Miss Exotic Oregon* is a title that requires several weeks of blood, sweat and self-promotion, in a competition that produces more controversy and accusations of vote-fixing than anything a group of Russian hackers could ever hope for. *Miss Beautiful Vagina* is another title that deserves clout, having run for nearly a decade and becoming a nationwide meme. However, there are some...how shall I put this...less than reputable crowns floating around, as a result of half-assed, now-defunct knockoff contests? And, sadly, a few of the winners are still working—and, they're not afraid to boast about it. Things were much better when DJs had to use CDs, did you know that? *Miss Other Contest, 1992* will remind you of that era. Also, Rick doesn't book here anymore, but he's doing well now that he's in Vegas. Did you know Rick moved to Vegas? Oh, that was before your time. Bartender, I'll have an RC and whiskey. So, DJ, did you know that I'm personal friends with the original guitarist of .38 Special? We shared a trailer in Reno. My daughter just had her second kid. Here's a six-dollar tip—I assume it will cover the next few shifts.

Traits: Gray roots, Led Zeppelin tattoo, tickets to the .38 Special show next week at Clark County Fairgrounds.

The Fifth-Wave Feminist

If you thought female anatomy was confusing, wait until you get a load of her arbitrary list of conflicting beliefs and incompatible world views. Do *not* treat her like an object or a piece of food, unless she's on stage dancing to "Cherry Pie." Don't ever let anyone know her real name, but make sure you like the photo of her son on Instagram. During busy shifts, validate her success as a strong, talented woman, but during slow shifts, agree that her lack of income is the fault of toxic masculinity, the patriarchy and song lyrics. Honor her requests for the latest Yeah Yeah Yeahs song, but don't suggest that the customers leaving the rack are doing so because it's another Yeah Yeah Yeahs song. Anticipate a 76%

pay rate from *The Fifth-Wave Feminist* when she tips out, but be sure to thank her with twice the gusto typically reserved for *The Good Tipper*, otherwise you will face a potential sexual harassment claim. Of note, never, ever allow yourself to be alone (dressing room, patio, parking lot or otherwise) with this dancer, lest you risk a series of rumors, lawsuits and/or accusations of verbal "abuse."



On the plus side, *The Fifth-Wave Feminist* doesn't need security and reminds her own customers to tip, every song.

Traits: Weekly haircuts (above the neck only), hatred of Barbie Doll Fantasy Girl, avoids black dancers, has a blog.

The First-Year Veteran

This stripper is willing to show all the other dancers the ropes of the industry, using all the knowledge and connections she's acquired over the span of six or seven months. *First-Year Veteran* is the stripper equivalent of the iPad DJ or celebrity politician; no one takes them seriously, but we all still smile and nod when they pretend to be experts, because it's cute. Strippers in this category include (but, are not limited to) ex-ballerinas, minor dancers who present themselves as house moms, newly divorced real moms whose kids just became dancers, cam girls who are "giving this stripper thing a shot" and anyone using their stage earnings to pay for a degree in Gender Studies.

Traits: Caucasian, dances to new rap and bad indie pop, becomes *The Fifth-Wave Feminist* after five years.

The Natural Disaster

Up until this point, I can see how certain types of dancers could be taking offense to this column, thinking "What the fuck, Ray? You can go ahead and call me out like that, but you don't take a look at your burnt-out, over-the-hill, patronizing ass for one second?

What the fuck, dude, I thought we were on the same team?!" Well, slow your roll, *Destiny*, because there is one type of dancer that we can *all* agree needs to be removed from the scene entirely: *The Natural Disaster*. This dancer takes one look at a functional club—one with a staff that gets along, quality customers and drama-free dancers—and thinks, "How can I cover this in gas and set it on fire?"

This type of stripper is like the definition of obscenity, even beyond being obscene—she's hard to define using words, but you will know her when you see her. Perhaps you're a club owner who has had a hot dog thrown at them. Maybe you're a dancer who had her lipstick stolen, used and then replaced. Or, you're possibly a security guard who has broken up a

fight between *The Natural Disaster* and a broken cigarette machine. This is the dancer who actually brings staff members together, as it's hard to fight over DJ tip-outs and song choices, when the cops are interviewing everyone about how the buttplug got stuffed into the deep fryer to begin with and how this ended up leading to a stabbing in the parking lot.



Naughty In November

BY ANNA SUAREZ

I tell him my favorite seasons are fall and spring. The transitions. The death and the rebirth. The radiant *petit mort*.

I am naughtiest in November and ablaze in April. My eroticism is infinite—burning brightly before the slow slumber of December and finally setting fire to the Earth in April, with my Liliium stargazers. In his mouth, I find death. In his mouth, he awakens my vulva with spring's honey.

Dripping with honey, I awake to his soft voice explaining to a debt collector that he cannot make his monthly payment. He is uneasy and formal. Still entrenched in the remnants of dreams, I run my nose along his shoulder and bite his ear. He surpasses me with his weight, his scent and the forthcoming of autumnal sap between my legs.

With the taste of sweat on my lips, the pleasurable weight and the array of mouths spreading themselves circular on hot skin, I am arriving and fleeting simultaneously.

I arrive with his fingers calling forth the Gods to stir the currents—splashing my love all over his flesh. He says I taste delicious. I tell him to drink me. He sips my waters, before filling my mouth with pomegranate seeds to dress my insides before I fall.

His cock enters me slowly. This is the moment when I die.

Teeth biting against the bitterness, my vulva drowning in the sweetness, the morning sun gains its strength and strikes us with its hot rays. All that is visible behind the blinds are the burgundies, the oranges, and the golds burning brightly with us. Dying with us. Radiant with us.

I have visions of walking against the transient earth—in the woods, near our peach stained bed. I watched the sun fade away, as the woods darken, leading me into the interiors of my desire that exist in between life and death. The late

September flowers burst like full scarlet mouths, drawing their final course in the space between desire and climax.

He wraps his hands around my neck, sticking his fingers in my pomegranate-stained mouth, pulsating with *more, more, more, harder, harder, faster*. The sweep of burgundy dogwoods in the wind summon the peak. The golden peak. *Oh fuck, baby*.

A peony unfolding in the heat and wilting at the first rush of cold air, I release my honey as his sap soaks the sheets. Soaks the Earth. The lace curtains sway with the gentle rhythm of our bodies unifying after orgasm. I clasp my hands with his. Sleep takes me. I die.

Pomegranate in my belly, I am taken to the underworld. The air smells like its full of shadows. The trees stand regally in their stillness, as I am swept far beyond the realm of golden warmth. I run my hands along the foliage. The ferns are silky in the moonlight and I am stepping upon fallen chestnuts. The trees act as high-standing protectors in the darkness. I grip the bark and find his body in the density of the bark, a remanence of his hands...his cock...his thighs. A gentle moss rests against the bark and I run my hands through the hairy softness. As I caress the tree, I am reenacting our caresses—my hands embracing the head of his cock, as he runs his fingers through the hair on my pussy. I crave our bed. I crave our interactions with the natural world—the moments when the sun illuminates the weight of our single climax. The way the breeze amplifies our cries of agonizing pleasure. But, the life has fallen from the trees now. There is a lack of light. A lack of life.

Deep within the darkness, I find his embrace among the moonlit ferns. His hands generate a warmth through my body, as I realize I am not alone in this darkness. I do not rise from these depths without the gift of pleasure. He takes my hand. I follow.

He guides me to a dark room with our large bed. The lights out. The shades drawn. Just the bed. Just us. The cold air surrounds the exterior of our love and rain pours aggressively with its loud droplets; eventually, the snow arrives with its all-immersive grayness, the space outside begins to chill, stripping the Earth of its life, the woodland animals fall asleep, the icicles form and melt all around us—but, none of it matters. Inside, in our bed, as the world freezes upon us, we heat our pocket of space in between realms with the pleasure steaming off our bodies. Making love and caressing all day, we hide deep from the darkness. His cock, my vulva, mouths and crevices—all building blocks against the wind.

And, when that first bud begins to bloom with the April light, I find another reason to be. The evergreens extending themselves past all of my senses, in a world where kisses scar my abdomen with its gold light...I find another reason to be. In your arms, in every realm, in every season, I find a reason to be.

And, a reason to die.

A little piece of hell in Southeast Portland...

90s NIGHT

**EVERY THURSDAY
NIGHT AT 9PM**

AXEL

FEATURING MUSIC BY:
PRIMUS, ALICE IN CHAINS, MELVINS,
MORPHINE, THE TOADIES, NO DOUBT,
FAITH NO MORE, RADIOHEAD, WHITE ZOMBIE,
L7, TOOL, HELMET, BUTTHOLE SURFERS...



"Home Of World-Famous Stripparaoke"

DEVILS POINT

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

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

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

A CLOSED BREAK-UP LETTER TO MY SOON-TO-BE EX



What you are reading is not an article, short story, think piece or listicle. This is a break-up letter, from one anonymous person to another. What I can tell the casual reader, is that I am a man, breaking up with a woman. We both live in Portland and share the same pool of friends. We both consider ourselves "socially progressive," though during the process of writing this letter, I realized in all likelihood neither of us are progressive (though only one of us is willing to admit that). Enjoy.

Dear soon-to-be-ex partner,

This is me, _____, telling you that I do not want to be with you anymore. It's over. While it *may* be my fault, it's DEFINITELY your fault. In polite company, I would describe you as "difficult," but let me say it the way I say it to my friends, you are a psycho. Such a psycho, in fact, that I am too afraid to break up with you in person, by phone, text or even regular ol' mail. The best option I have is to break up through this magazine. But, given the middle school nature of this town, this is likely to circulate among the right people and find its way to you in about one or two months, by which time I will have hopefully found a job in another city

Okay, so, how do you know I am talking about you? Well, that can be deduced from the reasons I have for leaving and from why I savor using the word "psycho," while chatting with bartenders for the past year.

The way you present yourself to others, both in person and on social media, is as someone who is artistically active, honorable, honest and, above all else, passionate about social justice. The reality that I have experienced, is a vampiric egotist who would rather let the world burn down around them, rather than question themselves.

At least once a week, for the past year and a half, I have had an emotionally and physically draining argument over total horseshit. Things like arguing over use of the word "tribal" to describe the political divide in the country. It's a generic term—not something specific about Native Americans. Once, you got mad at me for saying "tribal tattoo," and then, at another time, defended tribal tattoos when I said they look douchey—the ac-

cusation being that I am "racist" for not liking tribal tattoos. And, when I pointed out to you how we have had wildly different arguments over the same word, you curled up into a ball and said you "don't feel safe."

The issues you post about ten times a day on Facebook are not issues that I necessarily disagree with. Yes, there is lots of sexism in the workplace. Yes, institutional racism has not gone away. The only problem is, that while you really do believe in these causes, all of your good intentions are bankrupted by their service to your massive, very real addiction to drama. Despite how miserable you appear, it must be nice, being unable to reflect on things.

But, when an opportunity for some attention comes up, you act like the world's biggest victim—willfully forgetting that most people grovel or pander when you enter the room. Not once have I heard a convincing enough victim story from you. Maybe some ex-boyfriends (not ex-partner—I am done saying "partner"—it's so clunky, forced and doomed to go out of style, so I may as well quit now) lied to you or blatantly didn't care about you.

I cared about you. I still do, but the same way I care about flood victims on the other side of the country—I wish you well.

Now, if I cared about you, then why don't I just break-up with you in person? Well, it's because, in Portland, if a woman is dumped, she has the option of convincing those around her that she has been "emotionally abused" or "gaslit." And, of course, I mean women who are social justice warriors, which has become another way of saying "fundamentalist."

I can see it all now: I tell you I want out, you think about recent history, where I didn't show signs of breaking up (you know, like being affectionate and saying "I love you"). And, the dissonance between these two memories is contrasted with the ugly feeling of rejection, which is then followed by the notion that this is all intentionally hurtful—as if breaking up with someone was ever a fun thing to do. This train of thought leads one to look for ways to describe what has happened—to "make sense of it all" and

that is where your social justice fundamentalist friends step in to grind their axes on the whole situation, weaponize your pain and fight the revolution.

Of course, you may be wondering (and, this will help you realize whether or not I am talking about YOU), if I have so many problems with you, then why did I stay? Well, it's because of the way you laugh, your taste in music and the way you turn the spoon upside down when you eat sherbet...

Just kidding—it's the blowjobs.

And, this brings me to another point I feel obligated to make: I am responsible for this situation. This all sounds like I am blaming you for my misery, which I can't, in good conscience, do, since you were probably a fucking mess before I met you. This break-up wouldn't be complete without me saying that, 'cause otherwise, I would hook up with someone just like you later and repeat this very distracting cliché.

I am responsible for how gratuitously stupid our relationship has become, because I am the type of person who will pretend to admire someone just to have sex. And, maybe you can sense that. Maybe your higher self intuits that I routinely lie—or, omit my real feelings—so I don't piss you off and prevent us from fooling around later. A year and a half is too long to keep that up. I feel ragged, dirty and tired. And, sorry. I really am sorry, for not just telling you to shut the fuck up the first time I met you, for not keeping my options open in the off-chance I might meet someone I am comfortable being honest with.

The hidden player in all of this, is my self-hatred. I don't think I can do better than histrionic, maladapted cock toys. That self-hatred hasn't gone away, obviously, 'cause here I am, breaking up with you, anonymously, in a porn magazine.

You know what? Come to think of it, maybe let's hold off on the whole thing. This feels rushed. I'm sorry...I take it all back. If you find out who I am and who you are, I'll never forgive myself.

LUCKY DEVIL 1ST ANNUAL STRIPPER BAKE OFF!

WEDNESDAY, NOV 15
9PM-11PM • \$5 COVER



SAMPLE AND VOTE
ON THANKSGIVING
INSPIRED FOODS
CREATED BY OUR
FAVORITE DANCERS

SPECIAL THEME
COCKTAILS

ALL PROCEEDS
DONATED TO
LOCAL CHARITY

RAFFLE PRIZES &
GIVEAWAYS ALL NIGHT

Harley

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE • 633 SE POWELL BLVD
(503) 206-7350 • OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY



EFFEN
VODKA

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
BEER

WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE | @LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE



I RODE THE DMT ORGASMATRON IN FIFTH GEAR

LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: BY JAIME DUNKLE

This essay is the second of a series based on the suggested writing assignments in Antero Alli's The Eight-Circuit Brain.

Timothy Leary's Eight-Circuit Theory maps intelligence and experiential knowledge. Robert Anton Wilson expanded the model and Alli developed it into an exploratory practice. The eight circuits are (C1) physical survival, (C2) emotions and boundaries, (C3) logos and communication, (C4) community, (C5) pleasure, (C6) intuition and the auric body, (C7) spirituality and synchronicity and (C8) the void and the astral.

Each of the essays in this series will explore a specific circuit.

Last month, I delved into the First Circuit of Physical Security. When exploring the circuits, according to the exercises in Alli's book, they are coupled. Survival/Security (C1) goes with Rapture (C5). This essay tracks Fifth-Circuit ecstasy in its most extreme form I've ever expressed and experienced.

DMT initiated me into the deepest state of elation I've ever known. It gave me a psychospiritual, multidimensional, full-body orgasm I'll never forget.

My DMT trip was a quaquaversal reality, with no real definable end or beginning. Instead, it was a whirling dervish of layered experience that unveiled my personal arcana from the depths of my unconscious mind.

Thoughts emerged and divided into multifaceted forms. I saw the words swirl into typography that morphed into shapes, patterns and colors—all of which transformed at the orchestration of the faceless Light-Side Guardian before me.

I've always heard about the DMT entities. Terence McKenna called them "machine elves." My friends refer to them as aliens, mantis people and angels (sometimes, even demons). I prefer to see them as our allies of the unconscious mind. They're autonomous, but universal—simultaneously—in my opinion.

My personal arcana from my unconscious mind, as disclosed to me during the one and only time I've ever tried DMT, were like an odd, familiar circus family. They even had their own song, that I've always known and now remember. Early on, they presented themselves to me in something I can only describe as a family portrait. They just stood there long enough for me to assess who they were: the Dark Mother (she was actually invisible until the end), Shaitan/Azazel/The Veil Of Malkuth (i.e. the Earth) with a thousand eyes, Ganesha (who held up the eye-covered veil that covered the ceiling of the dome-world I was in), the Light-Side Guardian (a faceless, elongated white being), the shadow-side guardian (a faceless, elongated black being) and a cunning trickster who held a wooden wind instrument that looked like a recorder swallowed an egg.

Although I've seen them here and there in dreams—waking and sleeping—on mushrooms, LSD, mescaline, peyote and hallucinogenic plants such as datura and belladonna, they had never appeared so vivid and comprehensible before. This time, I was aware of the shifts that took place between them. The unconscious allies also taught me how to manipulate the holographic dome-world I perceived.

They showed me that my spine was a magical rod, which I already understood from my hermetic and vedic studies. They showed me it surged with invisible energy, which I saw as a gold light, that I could control and direct. My spine transformed into a golden rod of electricity as the light-side guardian communicated to me that I could change the world around me with it. I understood the interdimensional initiator meant that I could manipulate the world at large, but also the kaleidoscopic dome-world I witnessed through my DMT lens—a world that peeled more in layers and less like the tunnels I had heard about, from other people's trips.

The Light-Side Guardian showed me that I was able to manipulate the onion-like dome's

colors and patterns with my voice and movements. It instructed me to whimper and moan, and these luminous, prismatic mandalas transmuted shape and saturation. I thought of the sephiroth on the Tree Of Life and how each sphere embodies four realms, all of which have their own colors. Could it be my vibrational sound and motion moved me through these ancient worlds of esoteric and exoteric qualities, distilled into the mosaic dome-world around me? That would make sense, if I was traveling through my own unconsciousness.

Once I graduated beyond the neophyte level and understood the magic lesson, rather quickly—the whole trip only lasted about 10 minutes—the Light-Side Guardian showed me how to take myself to the most blissful ecstasy I've ever experienced.

The method was simple. Innate. Biological and spiritual. I simply gyrated my hips, spread my legs with knees bent, arched my back, mouth agape and the most liberating tone I've ever moaned spilled from my lips like the sweetest amrita.

Every cell in my body orgasmed.

One of the most memorable parts of the whole thing was that I discovered I could sustain the all-over cellular pleasure.

I also recognized the ecstasy I felt as being a microcosmic reflection of the macrocosmic world. The combination of sound, movement, absolute freedom, and total surrender was the magical formula for me to unite and ignite an occult orgasmatron superpower.

Now I'm trying to take that hidden superpower and apply it to everyday life, the spiritual liberation that results in physical comfort and confidence to navigate the biases of trust and distrust shaping my emotional boundaries... which shifts us into the next pair of circuits for the next two essays: (C2) Emotions and (C6) Intuition.

17 FLAT SCREENS • ALL SPORTS • POOL TABLES • LOTTO

BEST FOOD IN TOWN

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

NEW & EXCITING FOOD MENU
WITH OVER 30 NEW ADDITIONS

SUNDAY \$1 BEER NIGHT!

MONDAY \$1 MARGARITA NIGHT!

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

HIRING DANCERS
CALL LEAH
@ (503) 780-0155

Gobble Gobble



WEDNESDAY, NOV 22

ALL HOMEMADE TURKEY DINNER
W/ MASHED POTATOES AND GRAVY,
CHOICE OF GREEN BEANS OR CORN
AND SWEET POTATO PIE \$9.99

Mia



HELP OUR KIDS IN NEED!
COME DROP OFF DONATIONS
AND RECEIVE A COMPLIMENTARY
VOUCHER FOR A FREE APPETIZER

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

ANNUAL TOY
& COAT DRIVE
STARTS DECEMBER 1

DAILY/LUNCH SPECIALS
\$5 1/2-LB BURGER AND A BEER
MON-FRI 11:00A-6PM

CLOSED NOVEMBER 23 FOR THANKSGIVING

DAILY DINNER SPECIALS
STARTING AT 5PM

\$9.99 14oz RIBEYE
WITH FRIES, JUMBO SHRIMP & HOUSE SALAD

FRI & SAT NIGHT ONLY!

5th Annual Best Breasts OF THE WEST CONTEST

PHOTOS BY **HYPOX**
PHOTOGRAPHY



Kat Van Dayum
LUCKY DEVIL
3RD PLACE

Toxic
LUCKY DEVIL
1ST PLACE

Jordan
CLUB PLAYPEN
2ND PLACE



MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2018

HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

**\$5,000 IN CASH,
\$3,000 IN PRIZES
& THE COVER OF EXOTIC'S
JANUARY 2018 ISSUE!**



ViDA

**doctor
GueRRiLLa**



**HYPOX
PHOTOGRAPHY**



TO ENTER OR FOR VIP TABLES, CALL/TEXT (503) 380-5800 OR EMAIL



Shelli Stark

MISS EXOTIC OREGON
2017

XPOSE

QUALIFIER ROUND V
FRI, NOV 3 @ 9PM
10140 SW CANYON RD

SPYCE
-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-

QUALIFIER ROUND VI
WED, NOV 8 @ 9PM
33 NW 2ND AVE

**SPEARMINT
RHINO**
GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

QUALIFIER ROUND VII
SAT, NOV 11 @ 9PM
15826 SE DIVISION ST

FINALS

DANTE'S

FRI, NOV 24 @ 9PM
350 W BURNSIDE ST

WITH SPECIAL GUEST JUDGE
XXX PORN STAR
TEAL CONRAD®

WWW.OFFICIALTEALCONRAD.COM



MAIL MISSSEXOTIC@XMAG.COM

DJ **Spudgy**



Hugh Hefner died. Who gives a shit—right? He was 91. An age at where, if I hear someone died, I think, “Yay! You won!”

In recent weeks, he's either been lauded a genius who revolutionized publishing, women's sexuality and freedom, or vilified as a 1950s dinosaur who profited off of and abused women's bodies. You know, depending on who you ask.

To a degree, I understand the ethos of Hugh being “the man.” A man, who balanced male-ness, gettin' the ladies and being a trailblazing champion for so much that has been considered taboo and misunderstood. For instance, female sexuality, homosexuality and abortion (for example, he was a friend of the court for *Roe v. Wade*). Plus, his jackets were super sweet, he had piles of money and threw killer parties.

Hell, I'd admire the guy...if he actually respected the women he worked with, lived with and loved. But in reality, he walked on backs of the women he published to create his “legacy.”

In 1953, when Hef published the famed Marilyn Monroe issue *Playboy*, feminism was gaining momentum as a national movement. Hugh appropriated the new freedoms that women were beginning to embrace, used them to his advantage and continued to treat and create women as objects for men (I searched for the Marilyn issue and, good news, a copy is available on eBay for a mere \$74,000...the free shipping really cinched the deal for me!). He said, outright, to *Vanity Fair*, in response to being asked if he minded people thinking he treated women like objects, “...but, they ARE objects!”

And, I know, you want to hold onto the ethos. You're reading *Exotic* right now and I'm writ-

ing for them. I'm a huge fan of free press and an even bigger fan of women's sexuality. I've read *Playboy* since I was exactly 18 and not a day before (this is a lie). I'm a lesbian and, once, I was a queer teen with a weird neighbor—we've all been there. Plus, they really did have a few good articles.

But, listen—beyond how you feel about adult magazines, how you feel about porn, how you feel about sexuality...the stories that have been released detailing how the Hef' treated his “girlfriends” and “bunnies” have been absolutely, 100% horrifying. Read them—they aren't new. Stories have been around since the 1960s. Don't discount the women. It's easy to say, “Oh, they are ‘just models’ or ‘just sex workers’ or ‘they chose that life.’” But, imagine your wife, your girlfriend or your daughter in the same place as one of Hef's girlfriends—enduring things like 9pm curfews, lack of friends and forced, mandatory, group sex.

Hef's day-to-day reality did not reflect a man who respected women on any level. And, the



position (pardon the pun) of “girlfriend” was considered a prize—a thing to attain—by remarkably beautiful women. This was because of the fantasy surrounding what it meant to live in the mansion, be a girlfriend and what it could mean to your life.

Until the disastrous idea that was *The Girls Next Door*, a show that aired on VH1 from 2005 to 2010, a lot of the things that went on in the mansion were undisclosed—or swept under the rug—with complaints being taken as simply a bunch of party girls whining about their charmed life.

Full disclosure: I have not seen one episode. You look it up. This job doesn't pay well enough for me to sit through it.

It's easy to do. We both revere these types of women as ideal beauty, and yet, dismiss them because they “care too much” about their looks or that they took the “easy way” out (although, I would argue that living that life is not “easy”). They are trading on beauty, therefore they can't be thinking beings or believing they are “luckier than us.”

We, as a society, conversely criticize women who care more about their intelligence than their appearance as being “too serious,” a “bitch” or a “stick in the mud.” It's a line all women walk, and woe betide the woman that falls on either side of that fine line of acceptance.

The most frustrating thing, I think, to people who are pro-Hef™ or pro-*Playboy*, is the good that they've seen come out of the magazine since its inception in 1953.

Hefner did create one of the first platforms to exhibit and celebrate women's sexuality. *Playboy* has brought many issues to the forefront [*ED: was this pun intended?*] and forced us to talk about them. The pictures are real good. A lot of people learned about sex from *Playboy* and you never forget your first (centerfold).

Playboy has, in fact, helped with things such as raising awareness around both gender and sexuality. For example, *Playboy* put a trans woman, Caroline Cossey, in the magazine in 1991, years before trans people were fully in the public's awareness.

Now, the founder is dead and *Playboy* is being run by Hef's son, Cooper Hefner. And, while we can acknowledge Hugh's accomplishments—we can recognize that *Playboy* has been defining to a lot of us—we can't discount Hefner's behavior and years of abusing women for his own gain.

It was just the guy's personality. As a final “fuck you,” he's being buried next to Marilyn Monroe, thus taking away one more woman's right to not spend her afterlife buried next to a misogynist asshole. Because, no matter what it takes, even in death, Hugh Hefner will always have an unwilling girlfriend.

THE GOLD CLUB™

WORLD FAMOUS GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS



ADULT FILM STAR
MADDY O'REILLY
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY
FRIDAY, NOV 10 &
SATURDAY, NOV 11

CLOSED THANKSGIVING

NEW FOOD MENU

DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS

HAPPY HOUR 'TIL 7PM

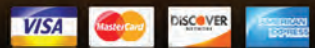
LARGE OUTDOOR PATIO AREA

6 OREGON LOTTERY MACHINES

2 POOL TABLES

FREE WI-FI

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED



FREE RANGE GLUTEN-FREE PUMPKIN SPICE LAP DANCES AVAILABLE WHILE SUPPLIES LAST

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

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

AUDITIONING DANCERS 18 AND UP • CONTACT (971) 263-7772

SPYCE

-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-

33 NW 2ND AVE PORTLAND, OR 97209 // (503) 741-2362
WWW.SPYCECLUB.COM // FACEBOOK.COM/SPYCECLUB

**WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER 22ND
STARTING AT 9PM**

DJ Dick Hennessy's 1st Annual

Gobble-her Party!



Hanna

\$4 FIREBALL 'TIL MIDNIGHT!

\$9⁹⁹ PRIME RIB DINNER!

**GOBBLE-HER
PIE EATING CONTEST!
WIN CASH
PRIZES!**



PARLAE
SUPREME QUALITY VODKA

Sadie COOKS

Taboo

doctor GueRRILLA

PARLAE

VODKA

TUESDAYS



MADE IN PORTLAND, OR
100% ORGANIC
CERTIFIED NON-GMO
FILTERED 11 X

HOSTED BY
THE BOSS
EVERY TUESDAY
IN NOVEMBER
@ 9PM



FEATURING
DJ DICK HENNESSY



BLVCK
MANNEQUIN

**BLACK MANNEQUIN
POP-UP**



**CONTEST WITH
CASH PRIZE!**



GET IN FREE WITH CANNED FOOD DONATION



12035 NE GLISAN ST · (503) 889.0332



Villain
PRODUCTS



E-40'S
SLURICANE
HURRICANE



STABOO

exotic

Sadie
COOKS



UNION JACKS CLUB

www.UnionJacksClub.com

Sim

FULL BAR - FULL MENU - 2 STAGES - PRIVATE DANCES
938 E BURNSIDE ST - (503) 236-1125 - OPEN MON-THU 4PM-2:30AM & FRI-SUN 3PM-2:30AM

AUDITIONS

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

A Touch Of Class...





DREAM ON SALOON

A COUNTRY & POP MUSIC STRIP BAR
DREAMONSALOON.COM

**LAST THURSDAY
NOVEMBER 30**
COUNTRY NIGHT

HAPPY HOUR
11:30AM-5PM

**PRIVATE DANCE
SPECIAL**

SUNDAY & MONDAY NIGHTS!
BUY A DANCE, GET A FREE T-SHIRT!
12AM-2AM
(1 SHIRT PER PERSON PER DAY MAX)

DANCERS

- PAY ONE LOW STAGE FEE & NO LATE FEES
- THREE PRIVATE DANCE AREAS & NO TAKE OUT
 - NO MANDATORY TIP OUTS
 - KEEP AN OPEN SCHEDULE
 - 21+ DANCERS ONLY
- DANCERS TEXT ALÉ (503) 482-4000
- AUDITIONS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY
- SEE SCHEDULE AT DREAMONSALOON.COM

Ree



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

GIVEAWAYS
PROVIDED BY
Cindie's

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

CASA DIABLO

ORIGINAL BLOOD



*Sexy Siñorita
Of the Month
Queen*



Open Daily From 2pm-2:30am* • www.CasaDiablo.com
2839 NW ST HELENS RD • PORTLAND, OREGON 97210 • (503) 222-6600
Auditions Mon, Tue & Wed From 4pm-7pm • www.CasaDiablo.com/Audition

* Open at 4pm Sundays. Hail Satan.

\$9.95 DVDs Are 4 For \$20 · In-Store DVD Specials

Large Selection Of Adult Toys

Lubes, Lotions & Oils

DVDs

Lingerie For Him & Her

Full Arcades

Couple-Friendly

Gift Cards

Monthly In-Store Specials

**Special Deals On
Black Friday Weekend!
(November 24 - November 26)**



TABOOVIDEO.COM

ALSO VISIT US ON FACEBOOK!

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

@CHEETAHS.SALEM

Maddi



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

DONKEY SHOW
EVERY SATURDAY @ MIDNIGHT!

Jasmine

SHOWER SHOWS
EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY!

OPEN THANKSGIVING!

FULLY NUDE EVERY SET!

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

STARS

cabaret

BEND • BRIDGEPORT • SALEM

BRIDGEPORT

503.726.2403 • 17939 SW MCEWAN RD • 97224

FACEBOOK.COM/STARSCABARETBRIDGEPORT

@STARSBRIDGEPORT

VETERANS DAY

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11

FREE LUNCH AND DINNER FOR VETS!

PIRATE PARTY

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17

COSTUMES, SPECIALS AND MORE!

THANKSGIVING!

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23

OPEN AT 4PM, FREE TURKEY DINNER!

PARLAE SUNDAYS

SPONSORED BY PARLAE VODKA

FOOTBALL SPECIALS & YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A FLAT SCREEN!

SALEM

503.370.8063 • 1550 WESTON CT NE • 97301

FACEBOOK.COM/STARSSALEM • @STARSINSALEM

MARINE CORPS BIRTHDAY

& VETERANS DAY

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10 & 11

VETS GET IN FREE!

THANKSGIVING!

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23

OPEN AT 4PM, FREE TURKEY DINNER!

TACO TUESDAYS

50¢ TACOS & TEQUILA SPECIALS

ALL DAY, EVERY TUESDAY



Luna

Maleena

FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM [STARSCABARETGIRLS](https://www.instagram.com/starcabaretgirls)

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



PHOTO BY
HYPNOX

WWW.STARSCABARET.COM

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