

# **POPPIN' THE CHERRIES!**The Daddies Take a Statutory Bangin'

# HOW TO TIP LIKE A GOL Get the Most Bang for that Buck

# KILLED BY DEATH Ironic Adventures in Mortality

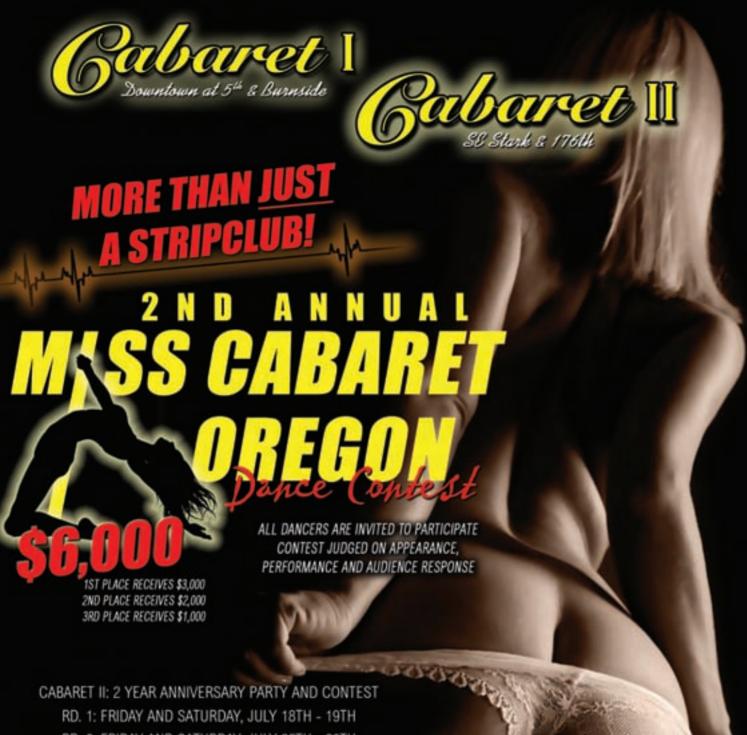
ANGEL FROM

PLUS! THE BOTTOM LINE, TALES FROM THE DEEJAY BOOTH AND WHATZ CRACKIN!









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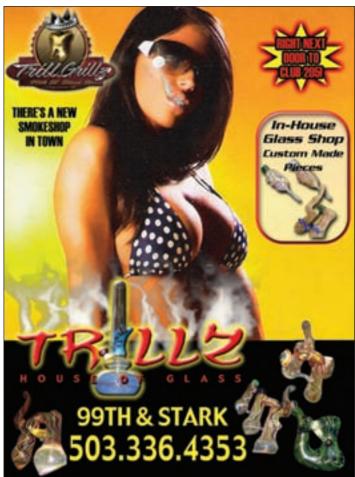
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# Aural Stimulati

Aside from the played-out indie-rock and grunge scenes, the Northwest has been in surprisingly scarce supply of rags-to-riches musicians as of late, and it seems that once a band makes the necessary step from Taco Tuesday to Ticketmaster, they rarely return without a national tour and respective egos. Case in point (The Daddies) alongside antithesis (GoIII) follows in this month's Aural Stimulation.

Based out of Eugene, AKA "that other city in Oregon," the decade-plus-old Cherry Poppin' Daddies have been around since brainchild Steve Perry, AKA "that other musician named Steve Perry," put down the chemistry books to form a punk-ska-swing-rock fusion band.

The first weekend that I was exposed to hard alcohol, sex, and LSD, I was also exposed for the first time to the Daddies. Although these factors might contribute to a positive bias, I cannot help but remember the show as an experience comparably awesome to those I had experienced days prior. Playing a show with a cover charge of five bucks and a genuinely diverse

crowd, the Daddies performed an hour-plus set that resulted in a beer-soaked mosh pit and after-show police presence. This occurred at the Grand, a now-closed rundown two-level theatre that helped Everclear and Dandy Warhols get their starts.

For the following two years, the band would play almost regularly for next to nothing. At five dollars a head, small groups of lucky teenagers and early twentysomethings enjoyed the most entertaining show since that one with the donkey in TJ. This was until "Zoot Suit Riot" got radio play, at which point the phrase "this weekend's Daddies show" was replaced by "NRK and Thrasher present the Monsters of Ska Fusion Tour sponsored by Reebok and Sam Goody," or something to that extent. At this moment, the band disappears from the local scene, ends up in commercials, movies,

and even the target of a Weird Al parody, and seems to drop off of the face of the planet.

Enter two months ago, when an A&R person solicited me, asking if I had heard of "multi-platinum recording artist Cherry Poppin' Daddies." Touting the band's opening gig for 'N Sync, comparing them to Nirvana and T. Rex, and insisting that they "cannot be pigeonholed," the press kit loosely details a vague history of the Daddies. Instead of noting that the band was a group of local alcoholics who loved their work, the Daddies' beer-soaked days are now seen as a result of them being

"out of step with a regional scene that misers Cobain, Vedder, and Roger Nusic had come to define." (Who the fuck is Roger Nusic?) I must have a shitty memory, because I don't remember a single time the Daddies served as legitimate competition to Nirvana or Pearl Jam. Further, having a onehit track record doesn't put you in the same league as bands that defined a decade of music.

Either way, I gave the Daddies' new album a shot. Dropping this month, Susquehanna is a polished potpourri of would-be singles. Each song stands on its own, and every track is aimed at a general audience: nothing too ska, nothing too punk, nothing too funk. As a result? Nothing too anything. The album, although not bad, is nothing more than a polished attempt at re-igniting the smoldering wick that once kept the fifteenminutes-of-fame candle burning.

Enjoyable for a once-through but too catch-all to appeal to anyone with spe-

cific taste, the LP feels more like a record-label compilation than an album performed by a single band. Whereas the diversity of the Daddies is showcased on

Susquehanna, it also serves as the album's downfall. If you enjoy the sound of one track, the remaining bunch may disappoint. It appears as if the Daddies don't know the distinctive difference in appeal between a genre-nonspecific band and a multi-genre album. The Daddies did best in the past when they combined funk, punk, and ska into one song and then repeated the process to complete an album. Susquehanna contains a funk song, a punk song, a ska song, and so on, but no single track embraces the genre-melting potential that initially drove Steve Perry to quit school and join a band. As a chemist, Perry should know that hydrogen and oxygen make a great combination but are quite different on their own.

Days after reviewing Susquehanna, I met Groups of Three vocalist and guitarist Reverend Dave Daniels at a hipsterized biker bar in downtown Portland. Dave explained to me that his psychedelic jam-rock band was a result of the band's inability to detach from their drug habits and slacker philosophies. After mentioning that GoIII had played a show at Casa Diablo, a fancy new strip club in Portland, the Reverend won my support. Bands that embrace their non-white-drug habits as well as their devotion to slack are a dving breed, hav-

ing been replaced by all-too-serious hipster cokehead groups seeking to be the next big thing. Not only does GoIII support the titty-bar circuit, but they still know where to get good acid.

Rev. Dave kept my attention at the bar for an hour or so, discussing the band's exploits. Dave's descriptions of the band's shows illuminated an eerie similarity to what I remember of the Daddies before last month. Arguably under-produced, the quality of their myspace tunes sounds kind of shitty due to poor recording. However, the trained ear able to filter the 28kbps quality will discover an inspired, driven, and extremely talented psych-rock band that is reminiscent of the potential of their genre and the historically documented failure rate associated with it. GoIII might be the first psych-jam-rock band in history to record several songs *under* five minutes long, and the members seem to retain an attitude that other local bands (see

A lesson can be learned from a comparison of Cherry Poppin' Daddies and GoIII. A group can get the attention of the local press through a presumptuous press kit or by being genuinely interesting and devoted. However, only the latter approach guarantees a good review.





above) once possessed.



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### SHE ONLY WANTED "A NICE FLORIDA VACATION." INSTEAD, SHE FOUND HERSELF

# BY A GATORIII

Florida is known as the "Sunshine State," a place where you can get a deep copper-colored tan while eating delicious oranges and strolling past the glitter and glitz of ritzy Miami Beach. And though Florida is also known worldwide for its famous alligators, a recent event brought infamy upon the state's tourism industry when a woman visiting from Minnesota was sexually assaulted by a gator in an incident videotaped by onlookers and, naturally, uploaded to YouTube.

Thumbelina Turpentine is a humble, gentle, towheaded farm girl from Bemidji, MN. She had recently suffered a bad romantic breakup and said she wanted to get away from the cold weather and heartache in order to have "a nice Florida vacation." She flew from Minneapolis to Orlando, and apart from daylong jaunts to Disney World and Universal Studios, she thought it'd be fun to check out Honkin' Bob's Gator Ranch, a "family fun place" that offers airboat rides, canoe rentals, and alligator birthing classes on 2.25 acres of uniformly malodorous and generally shitty central Florida swampland. While

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strolling the premises, she became enamored of "Wally," a thirteen-foot American alligator thought to be so entirely safe that his show-stopping trick at the Gator Ranch's "Big Gator Show" was to remove a single piece of popcorn from a female attendant's cleavage using only his fear-some teeth and a highly disciplined sense of poise and composure inculcated by resident trainer "Scaly" Jack Isthmus.

But when Turpentine handed her video camera to a nearby cluster of Japanese tourists and asked them to film some footage of her posing near Wally, the gator shocked everyone by pinning her to the ground and mounting her in the most bawdy and invasive manner possible.

Turpentine was treated at a local hospital, released, and is now undergoing psychological counseling to help her process the ordeal.

"I'm not going to answer questions about whether I liked it or how 'big' he was," Turpentine said in a recent phone call. "But yes, it was a male alligator. It was not a female. That much I'm willing to share with you. He wasn't really violent or threatening, either. He didn't bite me or anything. He just used his huge tail and little chubby arms to keep me pinned down while he did his business with me, which really didn't take very long at all. He was done in a half-minute tops."

Despite being quick, Wally's assault left Turpentine with pain so intense that she couldn't sit down for two weeks. "I felt like an idiot standing in the aisle on

the airplane home, showing the stewardesses my doctor's note explaining I'd been raped by a gator and couldn't sit down."

Turpentine says the emotional pain will take much longer to heal.

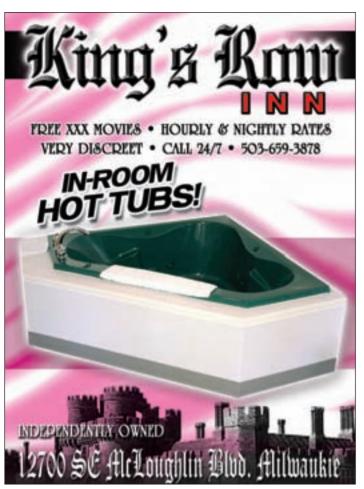
"No one goes on vacation expecting to be

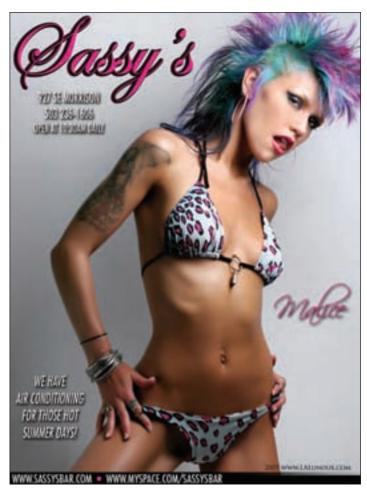
sexually assaulted by a large male crocodilian," she tells me. "Rape is never a laughing matter, and that's the case whether it's a human or a gator doing it. No woman should ever expect to be raped, much less by a gator. You wouldn't want your wife, mother, or daughter to be raped by a gator. All I wanted was a nice Florida vacation. Instead, this happens to me—an alligator forces himself upon me and inserts himself inside me. And I don't expect my dating prospects to improve anytime soon, either. I've been raped by a gator. I'm 'damaged goods' now."

Under current Florida law, there is no legal recourse for charging Wally with a crime. "They're usually murderers, not sex offenders," says Florida police officer Silas Bullcock, who responded to the crime scene only minutes after the rape occurred. "I've dealt with dozens of alligator attacks where people were bitten and in some cases killed, but by gum, this is the first time I've seen a gator just have his way with a woman like that and have some fun at her expense. As a son and a father and a husband, I'm horrified. I feel that Wally knew exactly what he was doing and should be held personally responsible and accountable for it, but the law presents me with no viable options."

Honkin' Bob Balzac, the Gator Ranch's proprietor, insists he shouldn't be held financially liable for the sexual misdeeds of any alligators at his ranch, even if in a business and legal sense they classify as "entertainers." He then made the following off-color remark about Miss Turpentine's sexual future:









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June 2008

to rip off all those clothes and worship the sun for the short time it's here. Back in my days in Portland, I remember the official start of summer was commemorated when Doc's Bar and Grill (now Safari Showclub) would finally open its patio to the club's masses. This tradition continues today as numerous clubs have open-air patios for you to enjoy the summer months with your favorite stripper in the sun's natural light. (Warning: This is not always a good thing; the protective black-light rays inside the club are used for

a reason, mind you.) So enjoy the months of heat ahead of you, but for now, it's time to drop another load of *Erotic City* on you. Before we get on with the event listings as promised last month, it's time for our second chapter in an ongoing series of *Strip Club Survival and Etiquette*. Last month, we explored the wonders and mechanics of the rack. This time out, we'll explore a far more dangerous and potentially costly subject...tipping!

In the state of Oregon, at 99.9% of all adult-entertainment businesses, the lovely ladies employed by them are working for tips, and tips alone. Bear in mind that in addition to this, they are also paying house fees, which can vary anywhere from 10 to 100 bucks a shift. Not to mention additional scheduling fees, mandatory DJ, doorman, and bar-staff tip-outs. In other states, they not only pay these fees, but they give up a portion of any money they made in table dances as well. A friend who worked the circuit in Los Angeles once told me that 51% of her table-dance tips went to the house.

(Gotta have that extra 1% to show ya who's boss, don't they?) So think about how far that wrinkled dollar you left on the rack is going to go.

TIPPING AT THE RACK: A seat at the rack costs you a minimum of \$1 per song. Consider this a chair-rental fee. If you're sitting on the front lines, you best be rockin' that regenerating George Washington as a welcome mat, and if you have your girlfriend or your broke buddy sitting next to you, sharing that dollar is not acceptable. Coins of any kind are a big no-no. If the club is busy, tipping at the rack is even more critical. The staff is more aware of dead rack meat during peak hours, so do the right thing or you will most likely be asked to leave. If you want to experiment with other denominations such as 5s or 10s, feel free to mix it up and explore the rewarding results. If you start dropping 20s, you've just entered the land of...

TIPPING FOR A TABLE DANCE: Generally in Portland, Oregon,

the going rate for a table dance is \$20. One very important thing to realize is that rate is applied to a per-song time limit. That applies whether or not you liked the song. It's also a good idea to wait until a new song starts before the ceremony commences. I still remember my very first table dance in Las Vegas when two ridiculously busty twins cornered me into a private dance. I spent about twenty minutes gasping for air before the girls decided it was time to collect for trying to smother me in silicone. The bill for this service was announced at \$260. Now, considering I had been told it was \$40 for a lap dance, I questioned the total and was informed not only of the per-song fee (apparently three songs had been played out during my suffocation), but the fact that I was paying that fee PER GIRL as well. So I did the math in my head and still came out \$20 shy. Bambi (or maybe it was Buffy; they were

twins) informed me that the remaining \$20 was for the V.I.P. Room reservation fee. I looked around the empty club and pondered the need for reservations. So I asked to see the Maître D' and was greeted by a primate who made his mission in life very clear at a glance. I paid the dude and learned my first very valuable lesson in tipping: Before the hypnotic powers of the breast take over your ability to reason, it's always a good idea to ask the specifics of what you're about to get yourself into. Even a better idea is to make sure you have \$260 bucks in your pocket before Big Lou is sent in to collect it.

The following are just a few helpful hints regarding special circumstances and specific details regarding tipping a dancer:

- 1. Just because you dropped a \$10 bill on the rack, do not try to force eye contact in an effort to put yourself above the other customers who openly stare at the pussy. The girls actually find that rather creepy. And honestly, the dancer does not care if you look at her pussy, so go ahead and look, you freak.
- 2. If you put money on the stage to get extra attention from the dancer, don't take it back when she's not looking. If you get up and/or have to leave after dropping a tip, leave the shit there.

3. Wondering where exactly you're supposed to put that tip? On the rack directly in front of you is always a safe bet, although I have witnessed a rather poorly constructed rack that only had space for tips along the top of a brass rail. I watched in amusement as a customer curled a \$20 around the bar for the object of his lustful affections, but by the time the dancer was making her way toward him, the \$20 had slipped onto the stage. The customer then leaned over the rack and tried to reclaim his tip so he could put it back on the rail. The dancer saw this as some perv trying to recycle someone else's tip, and the poor well-tipping schmuck was bounced outta the club. (It wasn't my job to save him, in case you're wondering.) Other options for tip placement are trickier to read. Sometimes there's an obvious garter or an inviting crack that looks like a creased 20 would fit just perfectly in. But don't be too sure. While a dancer is free to take the initiative in (continued on page 30)

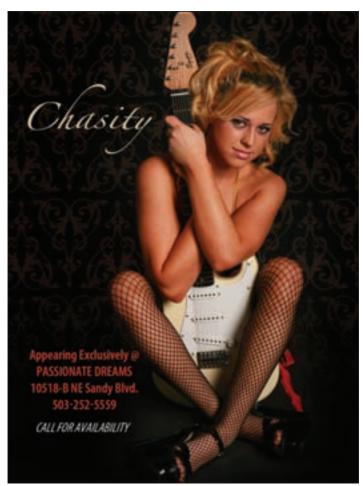
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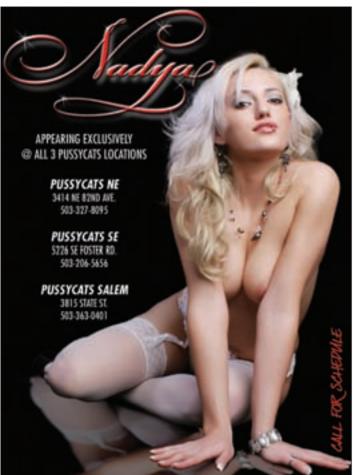
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It's hard to think, or even conceive, of a demise more ironic than that of poor JAMES MOODY, a 31-yearold who drowned to death in a New Orleans swimming pool in 1985. Although not a lifeguard himself, Moody was at a party attended by at least one hundred goddamned lifeguards. The party was being thrown in celebration of the previous year's record of zero drownings at local swimming pools. Still, those hundred-plus lifeguards were ALL apparently too fucked-up to realize that Moody had sunk like a stone to the pool's bottom.

FELIX POWELL was a British songwriter who'd won first prize in a 1915 contest for his nauseatingly positive "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile," described as "perhaps the most optimistic song ever written." Perhaps it was, but Powell killed himself in 1942. Although not as ironic as Powell's death, it's still quite funny that French composer **CLAUDE FRANCOIS**, who wrote "My Way," died while standing in a water-filled bathtub and trying to fix a lightbulb.

Described as "The Next Albert Einstein," Swiss mathematician JOHANN UNDERWALD died while bungee-jumping in 1999.

The purported mathematical genius decided to use a 300-foot bungee cord to make the 250-foot leap. That's almost as ironic as the fact that HORACE WELLS, a trailblazer in the field of anesthesia, became addicted to chloroform and used it to anesthetize himself before committing suicide with a razor in the 1840s.

I always think it's funny when people suffer due to their good intentions, so even though I like kitty-cats, I think it's funny as fuck that veterinarian JAMES RICH-**ARDS**, the author of the ASPCA Guide to Cats who had made it his life's mission to ensure feline safety and welfare, died in a motorcycle accident while trying to avoid running over a cat.

A hundred or so years ago, BOB-BY LEACH was a renowned professional daredevil who performed Evel Knievel/Steve Irwin acts of lunatic bravery such as becoming only the second person to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. But in 1926 the stunt man slipped on an orange peel and died from the injuries. Speaking of **STEVE IRWIN**, was there anyone on Earth who didn't feel at least a *little* bit like he deserved to be killed by that stingray?

"PISTOL" PETE MARAVICH was perhaps the most naturally gifted Caucasian ever to dribble a basketball. He set all kinds of scoring records, especially in college, that I don't care to research at the moment. But in 1988 at the age of 40, he suffered a fatal heart attack while playing a simple game of street hoops with a Christian

# DIE. HEALTH NUTS!

JIM FIXX and his sweaty ass spearheaded the jogging craze of the 1970s. The author of *The Complete* Book of Running, Fixx found a way to make sure his heart was almost completely obstructed—an autopsy revealed one of his coronary arteries was 99% blocked, while another was 80% clogged and another crammed with fatty plaque to the tune of 70% or so. His savagely unhealthy ticker eventually led to Fixx's death at age 52 of a heart attack in Vermontwhile jogging!

EDMUND BURKE, a bicycle enthusiast who served on the staff of Olympic cycling teams and authored books such as *The Complete Book* of Long Distance Cycling and High Tech Cycling, died of a heart attack... while riding his bicycle, of course.

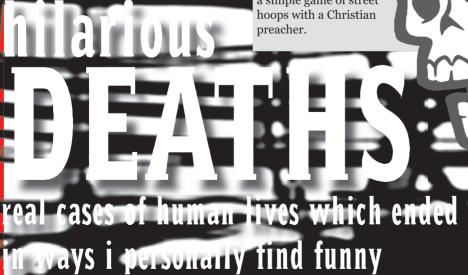
Some of you assholes who are as old as I am will remember

**EUELL GIBBONS** 

from the 1970s Grape Nuts TV commercial where he asked the viewer, "Ever eat a pine tree? Many parts are edible." The author of Stalking the Wild Asparagus who boasted that he never willingly exposed himself to toxins, Gibbons died of a heart attack in 1975, which I find funny.

**ROBERT ATKINS**, the "Atkins diet" jerkoff responsible for the supremely annoying "no-carbs" mania of a few years ago, died at age 73 of heart failure. At his death, Mr. No Carbs was a small whale who weighed 258 pounds.

Perhaps the most spectacular health-nut death of all was that



of JEROME IRVING RODALE. massively successful publisher of health-food books and Prevention magazine. After having boasted that he was going to "live to be 100 unless I'm run down by a sugar-crazed taxi driver," Rodale appeared on The Dick Cavett Show in 1971. When it appeared that Rodale had fallen asleep in his chair, Cavett asked him, "Are we boring you, Mr. Rodale?" If so, he had been bored to death, since he died of a heart attack while the show was filming. To my disappointment, the show never aired.

In 1991, vegetarian jogging fanatic VICTOR VILLENTI, a South African who forced his wife and family to follow his strictly prescribed rules regarding food and exercise, was killed—while jogging!—after being struck by an eight-pound frozen leg of lamb that had fallen from someone's third-story window.

### DEATH WHILE BEING MACHO

When WILLIAM HENRY **HARRISON** became the ninth US president in 1841, he delivered what is thought to be the most long-winded inaugural speech in our fine nation's history. It was an exceptionally cold March day, but to prove he wasn't a pussy, Harrison delivered his epic soliloguy without wearing a coat. He developed a cold and died a month later from pneumonia.

Arizonan DAVID GRUNDMAN thought it would be cool to grab his shotgun and go out "cactus plugging" with a friend one day in 1982. He blasted out a 26-foot Saguaro, a huge prickly slab of which fell and smashed him to death.

Star of the highly disturbing and vastly amusing documentary Grizzly Man, TIMOTHY TREADWELL devoted his life to befriending wild Alaskan bears and, it must be said, attempting to "pass" as a bear himself. Treadwell, who looked and acted like the blond fellow on Queer Eye for the Straight Guy, lived with Alaskan bears over 13 *very* lucky summers until inevitably being killed and eaten by his furry adopted friends.





The attack was recorded on audiotape and I'd love to hear it, because I'd probably laugh my ass off.

### MISCELLANEOUSLY

Famed Swedish astronomer TYCHO **BRAHE** died from being pee-shy. Attending a dinner party in 1601 and reportedly drinking way too much while there, he was too embarrassed to excuse himself from the banquet in order to retire to the little boy's room and "drain the main vein," as they say. His bladder burst as a result. and he died eleven days later. In 2007, JENNIFER LEA STRANGE croaked from water intoxication while participating in a Sacramento radio station's "Hold Your Wee for a Wii" contest.

According to what may only be a legend, Greek philosopher CHRY-**SIPPUS** joined the Choir Invisible in 207 BC after laughing himself to death at the sight of his drunken donkey eating some figs. But in 1975, British bricklayer ALEX MITCH-**ELL** laughed himself to death while watching an episode of comedy show The Goodies. According to Mitchell's wife, he hooted, hollered, and guffawed for an uninterrupted twentyfive minutes before finally keeling over from laughter. What's really funny is that I've seen The Goodies, and it simply isn't that funny.

"Christo" is an archetypically pretentious "conceptual artist" who pulls stunts such as gift-wrapping entire islands. In 1991, he did an insipid "installation" of 20-foot umbrellas in the California desert and Japan, leading to deaths in both locales.

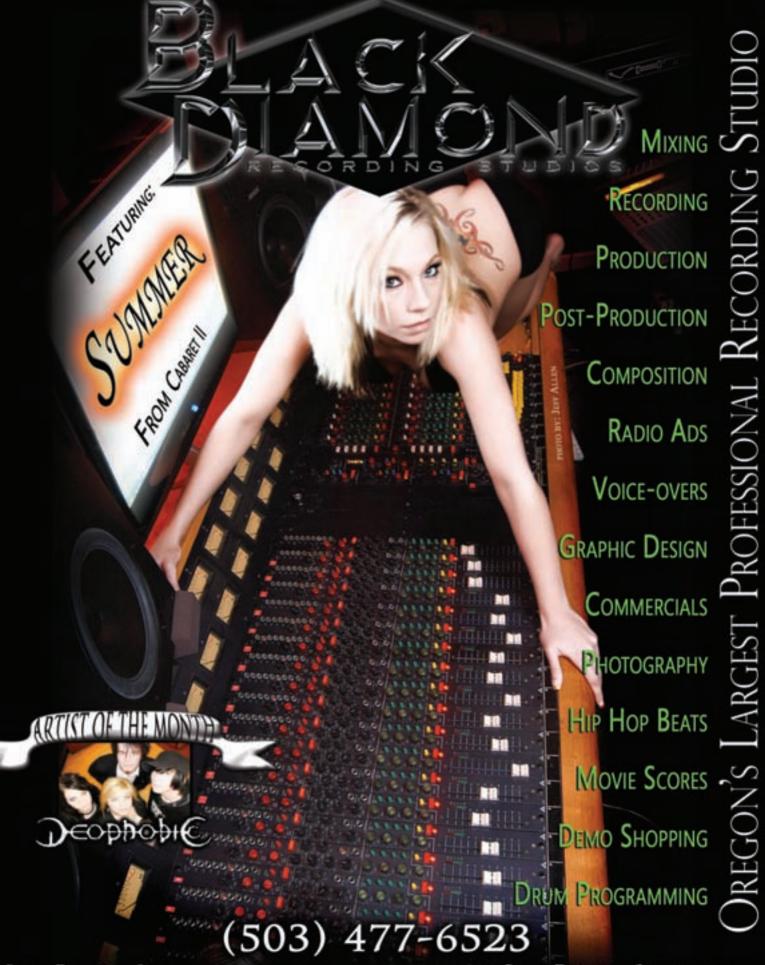
In Cali, a strong blast of wind pulled one of the monster umbrellas up from the ground, whereupon it flew straight into art enthusiast LORI RAE KEEVIL-MATTHEWS, crushing her to death against a boulder. (Maybe she deserved to die merely for hyphenating her last name.) In Japan, construction worker MASAAKI NAKAMURA died from electrocution while attempting to remove one of Christo's umbrellas with his crane.

I've always found it absolutely hilarious that Yardbirds lead singer KEITH RELF fried to death of electrocution because his guitar was improperly grounded. It serves as further proof that lead singers should never play guitar.

In 1991, five-year-old CONOR **CLAPTON** splatted onto a New York sidewalk after falling fifty-three stories from an open window in an apartment owned by his superstar daddy, rocker Eric Clapton. Although the death itself was not particularly humorous, I've always found it hysterical that Conor's father managed to wring a Grammy out of the situation.

And it probably goes without saying (but I'm going to say it anyway, which sort of renders the preceding "it goes without saying" phrase entirely unnecessary), I will always laugh at the fact that SONNY BONO died after crashing into a tree while skiing. I enjoy imagining the sound of his final desperate screams in his inimitably scratchy tenor. That's just the way I am. Anyone who's ever heard him sing "Pammy's on a Bummer" knows he's a performer of distinctive vocal range and lyrical genius, so step the fuck off with your judgmental attitudes.





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### **EROTIC CITY** (continued from page 22)

creative tip-collection methods, frisky and uninvited fingers might just end up broken.

4. Once you have tipped at the rack,

you have basically tagged yourself as someone who is interested in interacting with the dancers. This includes, but is not limited to, being marked for a table dance. The point of tipping is to pay them to look at you. To keep them naked. To keep them close by. It gets you noticed. Remember, this is primarily a job to them. They aren't hanging out in the club prancing about naked with their girlfriends because they had nothing better to do today.

5. Tipping a dancer with alcohol is appreciated, but it doesn't pay the rent. So if you wanna really rock their G-strings off, buy them the drink as well as tip them. This can vary in importance from dancer to dancer. I dated one who preferred liquid tips, and these are definitely not the kind of girls you want to bring home to mom—trust me on this. Another somewhat common alternative tipping method is drugs. First off, drugs are illegal. With the extensive use of security cameras in clubs these days, do you really think it's a good idea to show off your new crack pipe at the rack? Or do you really think that cheap-ass nickel sack of Mexican schwag in your pocket is gonna get you a table dance? Best advice would be to leave the drugs elsewhere. You don't see pole dancers crowding out street-corner drug dealers, so please do them the same courtesy. And if the dancers are looking for drugs, what the fuck makes you think that you would be considered a "trustworthy" source? No one is impressed that you have a vial full of baking soda in your coat pocket, anyway.

6. The last bit of tipping advice is this...tip the DJ. He knows every single girl in the place, he knows what they like, he knows their relationship status, he knows their phone number, and odds are pretty good that the dude can initiate an after-hours any night of the week. You want him to be your friend, believe me. But seeing as how *Exotic* already has a column called *Tales From the D.J. Booth*, I'll leave this topic to our very own Statutory Ray.

So that's it for lesson #2—Join us next month as we explore the delicate world of "Girlfriends, Strip Clubs, and You." Now on with the Jell-O wrestling.

ds, will be dancing in the moonlight and featuring burlesque acts all night long. ht just Wild, Wild West Party at **Stars Cabaret Beaverton** starting at 2 PM with an outdoor BBQ, bull-riding contest, sharp-shooting contest, comedians, feature sets, best costume contest, and more.

**Saturday**, **June 28th**—Amateur Night at Cheetahs in Salem with a \$100 prize.

### **WEEKLY EVENTS**

**MONDAYS**—Texas Hold 'Em at Safari Showclub from 6 PM-10 PM. **TUESDAYS—Stars Salem** and Rockstar Energy Drink present Guitar Hero III contest at 9 PM, where you can win a pair of airline tickets weekly



and qualify for Shred Off '08 on July 1st at 9 PM with a grand prize of a trip for two to the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame.

MySpace friend night at **DV8**. Check out DV8's MySpace page each Tuesday for a new code word of the night and then show up for V.I.P. treatment between 9 PM and midnight. Two-fer Tuesdays Table Dances during dayshift at **Casa Diablo**.

### **FEATURED EVENTS**

Thursday, June 5th— \$5,000 in cash is up for grabs at the Miss Nude Oregon Pageant's semifinals at the **Dolphin I** at 8 PM.

Saturday, June 7th—Summer Kick-off Beach Party at Exotica at 9 PM, an Exotica V.I.P. event with complimentary BBQ, beverage specials, and feature performances...free admission with military ID.

Friday, June 13th—Padme's Birthday Party at Jody's from 9-close.

Saturday, June 14th—Oil Wrestling at Cheetahs in Salem. Summerbash 2008 at Jody's with Ashley's 21st Birthday Party from 9-close.

**Sunday, June 15th**—Father's Day.

Monday, June 16th— "Ditch the Wife and Kids

Party" at the **Viewpoint** with drink specials and giveaways all day long.

**Thursday, June 19th**—\$5,000 in cash is up for grabs at the Miss Nude Oregon Pageant's finals at the **Dolphin II** at 8 PM.

Saturday, June 21st—Summer Solstice Celebration at DV8, where they

**WEDNESDAYS**—Motorcycle Meet-ups during night shift at Casa Diablo. Texas Hold 'Em at Safari Showclub from 6 PM-10 PM.

**THURSDAYS**—Motorcycle Meet-ups during night shift at Casa Diablo.

FRIDAYS—Exotic's own J.Mack will be host and DJ from 9 PM-close at Jody's. The Wheel of Porn at Safari Showclub.

**SATURDAYS**—*Exotic*'s own J.Mack will be host and DJ from 9 PM-close at Jody's. The Wheel of Porn at Safari Showclub, with Texas Hold 'Em from 1 PM-4 PM.

**SUNDAYS**—Summer Sundays with no cover and new Sunday prices at Stars Cabaret in Beaverton.

### **EXOTIC** SUGGESTS

**Doc's Club 82**—Happy Hour Monday through Saturday 3 PM-8 PM and 1 PM-8 PM on Sundays, featuring professional dominatrix and adult film star Kali Kane and the lovely Parrish from Cherry Bomb Entertainment. Daily steak-dinner specials with a \$7 New York and \$9 Ribeye.

Stay tuned next month for more details from **Cabaret II**'s Miss Cabaret Oregon Contest with \$6,000 in prize money.

That's all for now, my friends; enjoy all the sin that summer brings you, and we'll see ya next month.





don't care to know a single demoralizing detail about what sort of sick, nauseating acts you commit in the name of sexual foreplay, but unless you turn the page—which I guess is always an option—you're going to learn about mine.

Foreplay is a simple and effortless process for me, although it's unique in the sense that I manage to sidestep most of the familiar clichés that afflict the less imaginative. When my wife and I start dancing the eternal animal jitterbug that inevitably leads to penetration and full-bore orgasm, we don't rely on standard acts of kinkiness. There are no diapers, vacuum cleaners, or chili-pepper-flavored lollipops involved in our lovemaking. We don't wear rabbit masks or dress up as *Star Wars* characters or don cute S&M costumes fashioned of patent leather and chains. We don't tease each other about how bad and naughty we are. We don't reenact scenes from our childhoods. I don't wear fake mustaches or let her paint my fingernails. Bells are not involved, nor are any egg-shaped devices. We don't place insects on one another's bodies or recite prayers in Aramaic. We don't watch Tim Burton movies while sipping absinthe.

No, we get our kicks in ways far more mundane and pedestrian, and all the weirder because of it. Instead of cocaine-laced enemas or Tantric ear-candling exercises, our foreplay involves me performing ordinary household tasks such as heavy yard work or basic auto repair. If I'm out back swinging a rusty scythe through pesky weeds and bramble, or if I'm in out front getting smeared with oil underneath our car, she wants to be peering through the curtains, fingering herself. It's not technically "role-playing," because I'm not wearing wacky costumes or fronting as some stupid character; it's the eroticizing of ordinary dumb-male chores I'd have to do anyway. Sure, I tap into mythical male archetypes such as Paul Bunyan and Mr. Goodwrench, but in the process I don't have to pretend I'm anything I'm not. And for her, the cumulative effect is as arousing as when I talk about hurting people who've done her wrong, or just hurting people in general.

Looking at the defanged, deballed, sorryassed, concave-chested state of the average American male, especially in places such as the Pacific Northwest, this all makes sense. Although machismo has been systematically devalued in our culture, it's an inescapable evolutionary fact that women lubricate for cavemen. Sensible folks such as myself realize that all the politics, philosophy, and good intentions in the world will never be able to surmount this fact. It has taken millions of years of being protected from wolves, unwanted suitors, and thunderstorms for women to develop an erotic fixation for men who bask in their own maleness, for those take-charge kind of fellows

who appear able to grab nature forcefully in both hands and split it in two. The most important thing about being a man, especially these days, is that you have to be a *man* about it.

I didn't always used to be macho. As a kid I was known as a bookworm, but in later years I've cultivated a reputation as a loud-mouthed asshole douchebag. Despite everything the PC pundits would have you believe about women and sensitive men, the fact is that being perceived as an unfeeling ogre has worked like a charm for me. So long as you don't hurt their feelings in the process, women *prefer* for you to be a brute.

My trusty female companion and I enjoy incarnating the polaropposite gender roles which nature has, in its unflinching wisdom,
assigned us. She is a soft lotus flower and I'm a randy bumblebee
with well-toned forearms and a large stinger. She doesn't like emo
boys and I don't like girls who know how to fix cars. She likes when
I kill bugs for her, and I suppose I enjoy when she makes me wait
for her to finish her eyebrows before we go out. On more than one
occasion her vagina has moistened merely by watching me curl a
barbell while grunting like an angry pig. Last summer she snapped
pictures of me swinging a long axe at a thick tree stump in some
woods north of Flagstaff. She found the photographic results to be
so innately arousing, she absolutely forbade me from posting the
pictures online lest the entire world erupt in a dangerous stampede
desperate to have sex with me.

I recently made her endure a vigorous verbal grilling about exactly what she finds so goddamned sexy about me performing menial labor while she watches. We both agreed that part of the appeal is that I'm far more intelligent than the type of dumb hogs who have to change oil or mow lawns for a living. But we also agreed that it's best to forget I'm actually a writer, because that doesn't turn me on, either. We also acknowledged the innate theatrical element—when I call her attention to the fact that I'm changing the oil or chopping wood while knowing this will all eventually lead to full-blown penile insertion, there's an element of *deliberateness* to it. I'm putting on a show for her almost as if I were a stripper. Still, we both agreed that for the performance to be effective, it also had to be *genuine*—I had to actually *need* to change oil or chop wood as part of my routine manly duties. So although in a sense I'm acting, I'm really not, because I'm actually changing the goddamned oil and chopping the motherfucking wood. I'm a self-consciously dimwitted working-class male model performing the sort of acts such people need to perform merely by dint of being stupid and plebeian. But while doing these things for her enjoyment (and knowing it will lead to a round of vicious rutting), I feel as invincible as I imagine a male

Interestingly, not all types of peasant labor are appealing to her. She found absolutely no erotic elements in the idea of me laboring as a dishwasher or an exterminator. She insists she wouldn't get turned on if I earned my wages as a bellhop, a janitor, a sound technician, or a clerk at an auto-parts store. She found the idea of me toiling as a waiter to be absolutely "disgusting—it's someone who gets pushed around and yelled at."

What surprised me the most, though, was my beloved's fixation on dirt and odor. Words such as "sweaty" and "stinky" repeatedly emerged in the fantasies she conveyed. "I want you getting really greasy, dirty, and smelly," she told me. "It's 'cause you *worked* for it, not just 'cause you're smelly. But with your greasy hands...take me...and put grease all over me. I think it's because I'm clean and girly, and it's the opposite of what I am."

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### GETTING RECONNECTED WITH

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кHz

BY JOHN VOGE

entered and won. They continued to build on a friendship with Dave as Raiana became the official Spread Radio Live Vixen, where she models Navarro's custom clothing line.

The true mastermind behind kHz's machine is guitarist and producer Pull. Upon researching this powerhouse's

individual accomplishments, I was blown away to discover his own side projects and talents such as producing and remixing releases from major artists such as Shinedown, Mick Jagger, Rob Thomas, Lil' Kim, Diddy, and Jewel, among others. Pull has also directed and edited each of kHz's highly acclaimed music videos which can be seen online and will soon be collected on a DVD with additional live performances. But his obvious passion for kHz is apparent in every step of the production.

I got the chance to chat with Pull about how the magic comes together, and he had this to share with us:

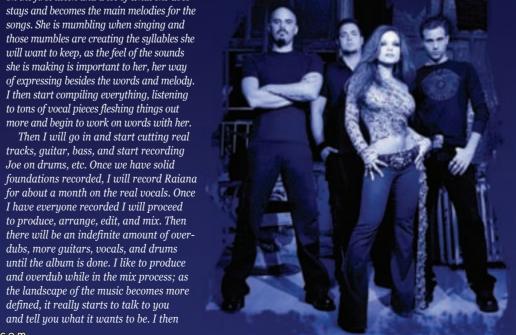
"Everything starts and ends in my studio; I will usually begin just writing on guitar, bass, or keyboard and then start putting tracks together coming up with the beds of songs, etc. On this album I did most of that with Joe on drums. Once there are some solid beds I will have Raiana come in; she is very instinctual so you MUST be ready to record the minute she hears music. So I set up a microphone and make sure it is decent quality in case she does something we want to keep at the end. As I play her tracks she almost always sings on the first listen and a lot of what she does stays and becomes the main melodies for the songs. She is mumbling when singing and those mumbles are creating the syllables she will want to keep, as the feel of the sounds she is making is important to her, her way of expressing besides the words and melody. I then start compiling everything, listening

Once I received an advance copy of kHz's second offering, *Disconnected*, I felt like I was getting reacquainted with a fiery romance from days gone by. The music still goes straight for the throat, but this time I knew what to expect, or so I thought. In comparison to its predeces-

sor, Disconnected seemed to be more driven in its assault on your senses. Conceptually, the songs all touch on feelings of alienation—at being disconnected from an increasingly fast-moving digital and cynical world. It's possibly a bit angrier and aggressive...yet still possessing the haunting, hypnotic melodies and crunching tempo changes. Standout tracks on Disconnected range from classic kHz ballbusters such as "Fake Fool" and "Save Your Soul" to the dream-entranced vocals on "Remember When" and "The Silence." But if I had to pick a pair of favorites, the honors would go to the rolling wave of emotions and power chords contained within "What If I" (which I hate to admit reminded me a bit of 30 Seconds to Mars's "The Kill (Bury Me)" if the song had been done by a band with some serious balls behind the music). Last of my top picks would go to the two-part masterpiece, "All for Nothing," featuring Dave Navarro on guest guitars. This track cycles through the gears with relentless momentum and takes you to the climax as *Disconnected* approaches its closing tracks. The new CD is now available on iTunes as well as thekhz.com and myspace.com/khz. If you like your rock hard and sexy with generous portions of passionate melodies, crunching guitars, and raw power...it's time for you to get connected with kHz.

kHz is: Raiana—all voices...Pull—guitar, keyboards, and programming...Will Wood—Bass...Joe Migz—drums

Photos by Benjamin Oliver



Several years ago before I started losing my memory, I indulged myself by exposing a little secret to all of our readers that I had discovered back when myspace was a new and exciting world. I'm not sure who befriended whom back then, but the first thing I remember seeing in New York City's kHz was an absolute knockout on vocals that could rock the testosterone outta the most hardened male metal vocalist. So once I got past my fanboy "crush" on this band, I decided to break the "mold" of only covering local talent in the Northwest and write them up—one of the few benefits of working here is that occasionally I can do whatever the fuck I want. So since I was temporarily retired from writing back then, I passed the review of kHz's first album, Reality on a Finer Scale, onto one of our former writers and told him he had to share the same passion for the music that I did, or I would fire him. So he did what he was told, but in the end, even though this guy was a Cookie Monster death-metal freak to the core, he actually got sucked into the music almost as much as I did. The obvious eye-candy appeal of lead vocalist

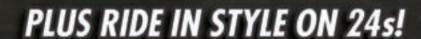
Raiana definitely contributes to setting the hook in your throat, then the onslaught of her vocal stylings goes straight for the jugular, ranging from soft and seductive whispers to angst-driven guttural shrieks to get your blood boiling. The lyrics definitely fall on the darker, angrier side of emotions. The first kHz song I heard, "It's Yours," featured the most excellent and repetitive use of the word "motherfucker" in history as far as I'm concerned. As I dug deeper into the album, whether it was a slower, moodier track such as "Envy," or the two-part anthem, "Find Your Way," kHz delivered each song with a lethal overdose of raw emotions behind them.

I kept my eye on kHz over the next couple of years and watched them grow into a true force to be reckoned with, a well-oiled and very dangerous machine. They used myspace as a tool to spread their infection outside of the East Coast and spent 14 weeks in the Top 20 Most Requested song charts on Sirius radio's "OCTANE," while also garnering the band an AIM-TV award for Best Indie American Latino Band. They soon made a valuable alliance when they caught the attention of Dave Navarro, whose Internet radio show, www. spreadradiolive.com, was launching an Indie Band of the Month contest, which kHz

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38

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### 1720 SE 122nd (503) 252-2017

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Sat 10:30am-8pm—lingerie, novelties, lotions, cards, gifts

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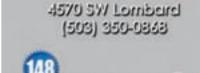
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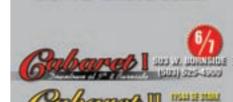
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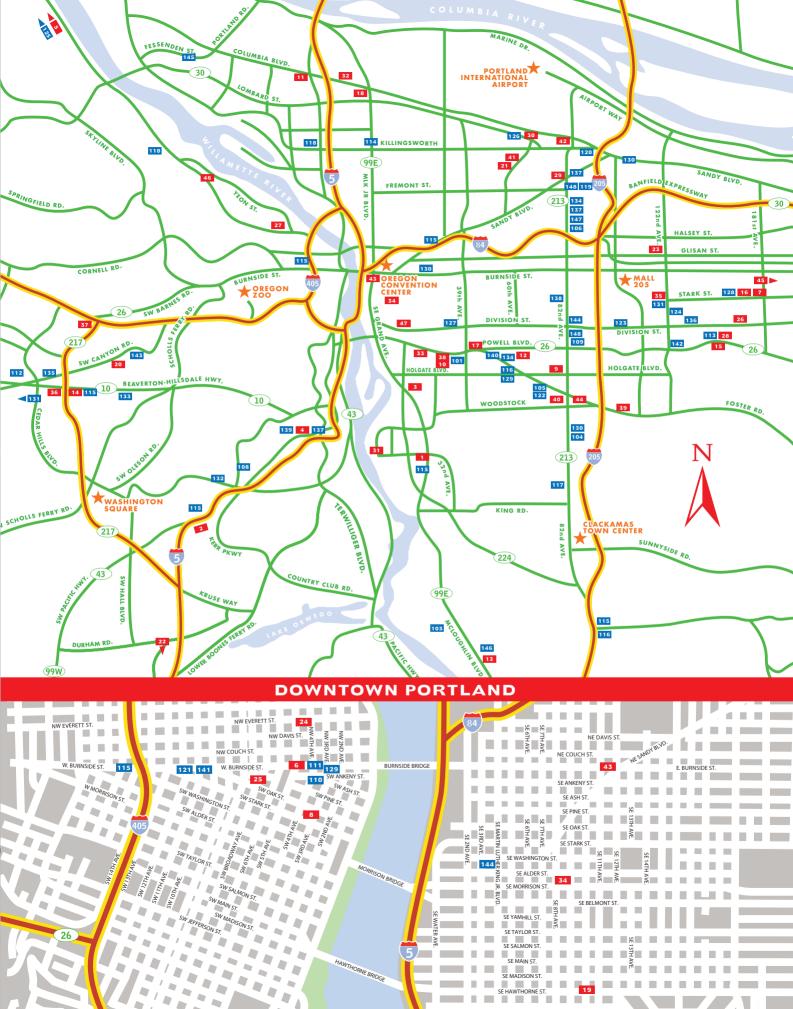


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n this month's column I will be addressing a couple different issues that have to deal with the etiquette factor of people that know how to kick it for real. In my last article I addressed the idiots out there that have a tendency to mess it up for everybody. In this one I'm giving props to all of us that know how to act right. Plus I got a couple of spots you should check out. As always, I have another sexy honey for y'all to peep. Take it out the bag, roll it up, and let's get in the wind!

# First Up..."The Real Big Boyz & Girlz"

This is dedicated to all my cool catz and fly chicks
that know how to carry themselves accordingly when
having a night out on the town. These are the ones that
don't sweat the doorman to get in free all the time. Not only
that, these ladies and gents actually have money to spend once
they get in the clubs. They also firmly believe in tipping the bartend-

ers, waitresses, and the dancers. They love to network and have a good-ass time. To all my people out there that have supported my promotional events and have come correct each time. I salute vou! Because of certain situations that have occurred beyond my company's control, we have had to shut down and relocate our events. Currently we are in negotiations and the developmental phase of opening our own nightclub/restaurant. So many other cities that I have traveled to have really raised the bar as far as their entertainment scene goes. It's me and my business partner's plan to do the exact same



thing here in Portland. With all of our loyal patrons with us, we know for a fact that our new endeavors will be nothing but successful!

# Next Up..."MAJR D"

As an artist myself, I know how hard it is to get exposure when it comes to marketing your music. It takes a serious commitment to be successful in an overcrowded industry. I recently caught up with my man MAJR D and had a chance to chat with him about what he has going on.

**J.Mack:** To people that don't know you, how would you describe your style? **MAJR D:** I would describe my style as NW. It's similar to the Bay and influenced by the bosses. Not only that, it's reaching the ladies. I feel it's bigger than where I thought it would go.

**J.Mack:** In your opinion, why is it hard for Portland hip-hop artists to blow up on the national level?

**MAJR D:** If you don't have a business mind, it will hold you back. You got to give the people what they want, and at the same time you got to be happy with what you're giving them! People need to think outside the box, because Oregon is a small box.

J.Mack: What can people expect to see from you in the future?

MAJR D: They should expect to see a lot. I'm going to be everywhere! I've got an album coming out with Duna, who's presenting ME-N-DA WHITE BOI, which is coming out this summer. I'm staying busy with Thizz N.W. along with J Diggs, Miami, Dubee, Haji, and Duna.

**J.Mack:** How many tracks are y'all coming with on the new joint? **MAJR D:** Probably about 14. The record will be in all major record shops along with the music video.

J.Mack: Anything else you want people to know?

**MAJR D:** Yeah, I want everybody to go get Duna's *Crack Baby* that's in stores now. And if they want to get at me, they can hit me up at myspace.com/majrd.

This cat is definitely one of the most motivated artists in the town and is serious about his music and his business ethics. Big ups, man, and I wish you continued success on all your travels as well as your upcoming projects.

# M<sub>3</sub> Promotions

Now hiring dancers, waitresses, and hostesses to work at Portland's #1 private-membership club. If you are interested, please send an email to m3promo 2008@vahoo.com with pictures and contact information.

# **Hot Spots**

by j.mack

Last month I had a chance to kick it at a couple cool spots that had it on and crackin'! It was a Friday night and I got a text message telling me about the **Ohm**. I had checked it out on a Friday night a while back, but this particular Friday it was jumpin'! It almost felt like I was at a party out of town somewhere. It had a different flavor than your average Portland nightclub. The music was good and everybody was enjoying themselves. Big ups to all the promoters that got it crackin' at the Ohm on Friday nights. Shout out to Liquid Assets, Soul P, DJ Puma, and J.Kronic for showing me a good time that night.

Momo's on Monday Nights is another place that I hadn't been to in a while that also had it on and poppin'! **DJ Mello Cee** has been doing his thing on Mondays for quite a while now, and I was in the area one Monday evening and decided to drop in. He had a multi-ethnic crowd kickin' it to old-school and new-school hip-hop and R&B. The drinks were on point, plus they had a lot of people from the entertainment industry there that night. I will definitely be back! This cat also has a real smooth thing going on at the Ohm on Thursday nights with spoken word, live music, and comedy. For more info, go to myspace.com/mellocee. Keep it crackin', Mello!

# **Honey of the Month**

This voluptuously sexy mama has madd skillz! She runs several businesses and is also a future veterinarian. **Mocha Mix** is one of the sweetest honeys you ever want to meet! Congrats, baby, for being the May 2008 Honey of the Month.

# **Whatz Crackin' Sponsors**

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To contact me and get other information on upcoming events, hit me up at whatzcrackin.com or myspace.com/mrjmack.

Until next month, y'all keep it crackin'!

One Love, **J.Mack** 



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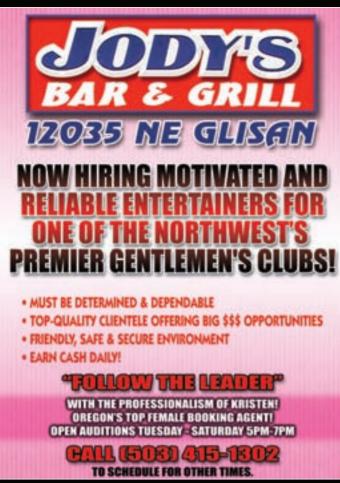




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## Hello, Bottom Gals:

My guy and I just had our first anniversary, and to celebrate the occasion, he brought home a collection of sex toys for us to play with. The strangest of the collection was a rather sizable strap-on. I asked what that was for, and he informed me it was for me to use on him. I apprehensively used it on him and was shocked to find out how into it he was. He's always had an effeminate side to him, but I found this a little uncomfortable. Is he secretly gay?

### Dear Stran-On Sweetie:

First, let me say "right on" for being willing to play with the new toys even if you were a little apprehensive. Sounds like your man wanted to experiment with new sensations to celebrate and expand the boundaries in your sex life. Your question about him being "secretly gay" makes me giggle, although I have heard this question many times in reference to a man's love for getting it up the ass. Certainly in some cases if a man is mostly focused on receiving anal, he may be fantasizing about sex with a man and that is what he "secretly" prefers. However, there are millions of nerve endings in and around the anus that, when stimulated, give us (males AND females) intense naughty pleasure. Maybe your man just wants to enjoy that pleasure and the fun role-playing of you being the "top." Are you usually the more passive one in the sack? Maybe it's time to get out your spankin' hand, bitin' teeth, strong arms, and dirty talking! Maybe he wants you to take over for a while so he can relax and enjoy the ride.

If there are other things you see that lead you to thinking he might be gay, then get to talking. A strapon doesn't make a man gay. It just means you ride him so right

his ass feels satisfied! When's the last time you took it up the ass? Maybe you need a refresher so you know how good it can feel!

-Wildflower Power to Ya!

### Hello. Roles Reversed:

Just because a man likes it in the butt does not mean he is a homosexual. Of course, every

homophobic man on the face of the planet will disagree with me, making that stupid face and noise that men make. When it comes down to it, pleasure is pleasure no matter how you look at it. More and more people are discovering the pleasure that can be found in the anal area. Maybe he only likes girls to give it to him in the butt. Does he do you in the butt? Do you like it? Have you tried?

He may have just become more sexually comfortable with you and thought you would be open to new things and experiments. Fortunately for him, you are a kick-ass girl who'll probably try anything once. Unfortunately, you're not all that into it. So it really could be one of those things you can do for him occasionally. I sure hope he does all those little things that you like. It's like that Tenacious D song: "What's your favorite position? That's cool with me, it's not my favorite, but I'll do it for you."

Not everybody likes to eat pussy or suck on toes or even suck on dick. But it's always nice when they do it for you if you like it. Sometimes the things we don't prefer are what our partners really desire. There's no reason to deny them absolute pleasure just because you're not all that into it. Practicing is key, and I bet when you see what you can do to his body, you might just get a little excited yourself.

—Pantera

### Dear Bottom Line.

Any suggestions on how to turn a lesbian back to the home team?

This is 2008, with a world population of over seven billion humans crawling over its surface. How is it possible for you to focus your attention on someone you can't have? You need to get out more.

Is she a friend and you have fallen head-over-heels? Sorry to break your heart, man, but those lesbians can be so damn cool, but they just aren't that into you. She's the chick you see every Friday night at the gay bar you shouldn't be at. Prowler.

Respect people's sexual preferences and life choices no matter what your story is. When you're gay, dude, you're gay. If she were into dudes, then she'd be bi, or straight, however the case may be. This label thing is really helpful when you're trying to find a mate. It's pretty hard to compete with lesbians anyway, guy; you're better off staying homies.

—Pantera

### Dear Wishful Thinking:

You crack me up. First off, why is being straight a "home team?" If this sexy lady is into racks and yummy beavers, then that is her "home." If you want to change who she is, then it's not her you are lusting after. It is her body alone. There are plenty of hot straight or bi gals out there who are looking for a good cock to hold. Go hunting elsewhere. For shits and giggles, perhaps you might consider crossdressing. Do you look hot in drag?

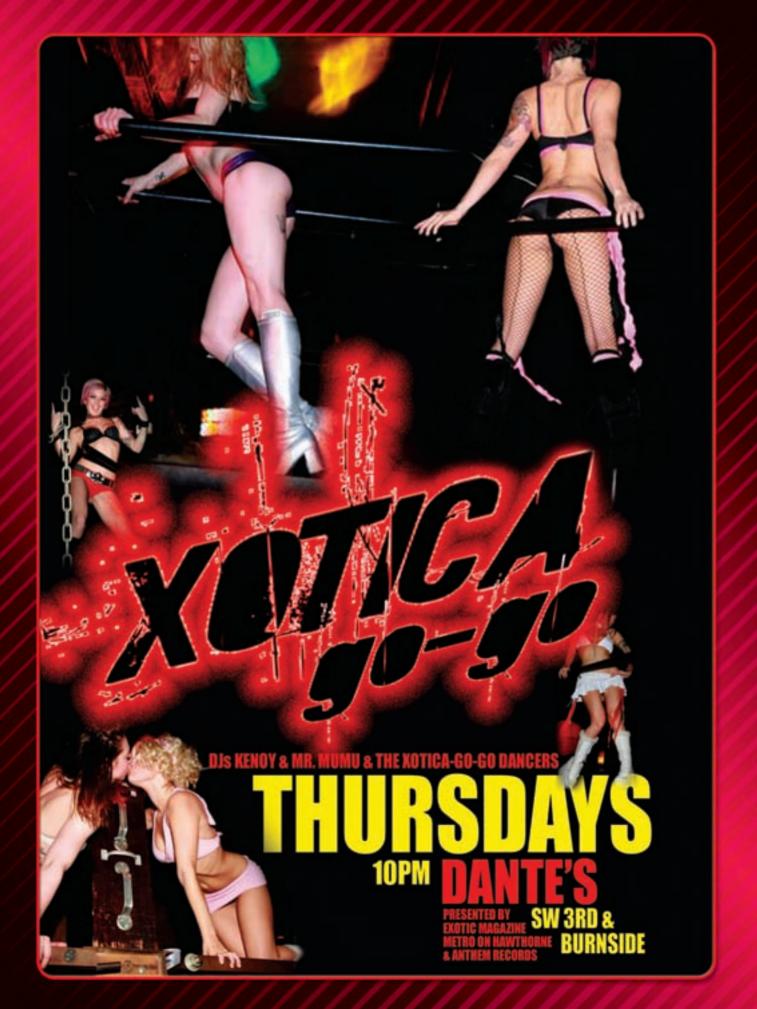
—Wildflower Power to Ya!

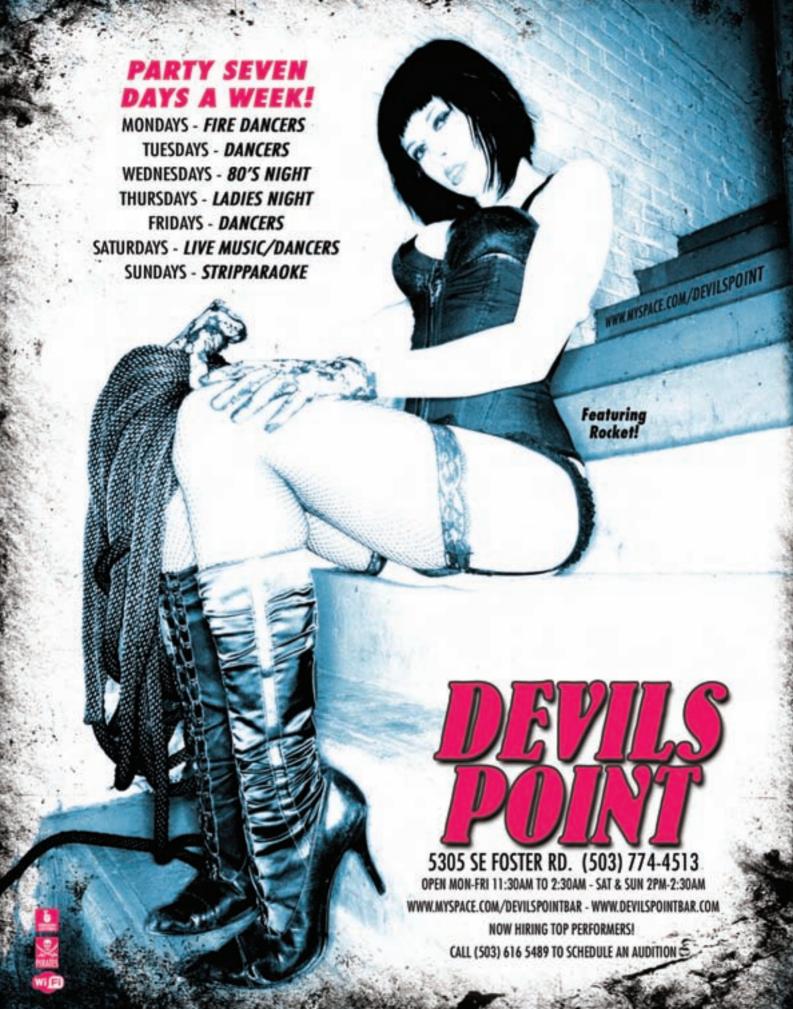
Need a *Bottom Line*? Send questions\* to: undergroundmaga-zine2004@yahoo.com.

\*We are in no way, shape, or form people you should actually listen to. This is by no means a certified medical-advice column. We're simply two gals in the land of confusion with everybody else, passing on our pearls of wisdom as we see them.









# Statutory Ray, MD

Every strip-club DJ knows that picking songs and announcing names is the last thing on the list of "shit to do in order to get through the shift." When something doesn't fall into the explicit realm of duties performed by a bartender or bouncer, it is often the responsibility of the on-duty DJ to step in. Drug and alcohol counseling. Relationship advice. Child-rearing. These phrases might as well accompany "announcing dancers and playing iTunes" on the craigslist ads, but for whatever reason they don't. Further, the same shit that makes someone a good club DJ doesn't make someone a good *strip-club DJ*. Anyone that's spent a minute and a half matching a beat only to get the oh-so-common "I didn't know that was two songs!" from a dancer knows exactly what I'm talking about.

We're not DJs. We're ringmasters. And we all have our specialties. Through the sheer amount of bodily fluids and alcohol that I've volunteered to clean up, I've earned the name DJ HazMat alongside the reputation of being the go-to guy for anything that involves blood, semen, booze, or a combination of the three. Although accepting my place as custodial disc jockey was an eventual and inevitable decision, I was never prepared to play surgeon.

Delilah was one of the few dancers at the "Bada Bing" that I trusted, and for this reason, I never kept too close of an eye on her rack (either one). One particular evening, Delilah was displaying her newly acquired nipple piercing by way of fishnet top, and "something" didn't sit right. Naturally, I ignored my gut feeling and Mötley-Crüe'd my way blindly into a doomed evening, announcing sets and overplaying booty songs like normal.

Two minutes into the second song of one of Delilah's sets, I notice that Delilah is playing with her titty and looking confused. This distracts me for a minute, but then I think, "Well, she's not bleeding" and continue digging for the next Black Eyed Peas song to be forced upon a room full of aging cowboys, ignoring Delilah's new obsession with her left tit. For a minute there, I was reminded of the surprised, "Oh, snap, I have boobs!" expression that porn stars often use immediately after removing their bra, figuring that Delilah was just mimicking what she'd seen on Pay-Per-View, although poorly and with an awkward expression.

Once again illustrating my ability to unintentionally jinx any situation, I noticed that Delilah was covered in something other than fishnetting: blood. Gushing from the middle of her titty and trickling down her arm, a red river of nipple plasma covered Delilah

like body paint. The most disturbing part, however, was the fact that Delilah was still onstage, half-gyrating like a heroin addict grasping a bus-stop sign, looking at me with a glance that clearly read, "Hey, DJ, can you cut the song because I'm FUCKING BLEEDING?" but still silent nonetheless.

Cut to buffer.

Call up the next dancer.

Meet bloody stripper in dressing room.

It's all so routine after a while.

Upon opening the dressing-room door with bandage in hand, not only do I notice that *Carrie II* could be cut strictly from the footage contained on the club's surveillance tapes, but I quickly realize that Delilah is hesitant to remove her finger from her nipple area. Figuring that she was simply trying to stop the bleeding (the source of which was still unknown to me at this time), I offer up a Band-Aid.

"I'm going to need your help," Delilah says, calm as always.

"With what?"

"Putting my nipple back on," she replies.

Holding on by a hair-thin strip of flesh, Delilah's nipple was positioned about a centimeter from an open boob. (If you don't know what an "open boob" is, consider yourself among the lucky ninety-nine percent of the population that shares your lack of knowledge on the subject.) Continuing to manifest less stress and anxiety than Snoop Dogg, Delilah calmly lifted her hand to reveal what I can only describe as a miniature skin-toned half-open manhole cover. Re-swallowing my dinner, I positioned the Band-Aid's cloth center onto the barely attached nipple and did my best to estimate where the thing should end up without using a microscope and tweezers. (Now that I

think about it, my hands were *filthy* and I'd be surprised if the girl doesn't still have bits of lint and hash underneath her skin). After attaching the Band-Aid and briefly evaluating the sum of my life's career choices, I resumed my regular duties as Pussy Auctioneer as if nothing had happened, but not without asking Delilah how her nipple had ended up detached.

"Oh, you know, it just caught on the fishnet when I tried to take it off. Shit happens."

Shit does indeed happen. I wish that every dancer shared Delilah's level of calm professionalism, but I really don't know how many more body parts I can reattach. Perhaps if Delilah had graduated from the School of Scream and Yell About Everything, there would have been less blood.

Karma exists, though. A year after the nipple incident took place, I was looking for apartments. I responded to a room-for-rent ad only to find out that a potential tenant had already applied and was planning on moving in. However, a brief discussion of employment and background information revealed that both myself and the renter worked in the adult-entertainment business, and the woman renting out the room decided to meet up with me to see if I was a "better fit" than the other prospective tenant. Not only was I a good fit, but so was the perfectly healed nipple of my future landlord.

Author's correction: Last month's article featuring a rant regarding stripper names ignored one very important variable. Props to Glynis and Angelo (Towne and Matador crew) for pointing out the obvious-but-forgotten: birth-given stripper names. When you name your daughter Porché, you might as well purchase diapers shaped like G-strings. Sympathy to Amber Mercedes if she's reading this.

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# SELF-DEFENSE BY MATA-LEAD OF THIRD EYE JILI-JITSL



Welcome back to the second installment of the *Self-Defense* column. This month's technique is the Kimura shoulder lock. To help us demonstrate this technique, we called upon our good friend (and smoking little hottie) Shawna from The Acropolis. This particular technique serves many functions, but it is used here as a potential assault/rape defense.

**Frame 1**...Kenny attacks Shawna in a rape attempt by shoving her down or, in this

case, grabbing her throat. As Kenny charges forward, Shawna secures both of Kenny's wrists by grabbing them with her hands and, using his forward motion, pulls him to the ground into an open-guard position.



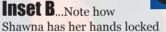
**Frame 3**...Maintaining the pressure of her knees and feet on Kenny's chest and hips, Shawna rolls her right hand under Kenny's left wrist and pushes his arm outward.

**Frame 4**...As Kenny's arm is pushed outward, Shawna grabs his wrist again.

**Inset A1 & A2**...Note how Shawna rolls her hand under Kenny's wrist and grabs it again.

**Frame 5**...Shawna slides her hips toward her left side (away from the arm she is grabbing), keeping her left knee

against Kenny's chest and her right foot on his left hip, and she sits up onto her right elbow. As she sits up onto her right elbow. she reaches her left arm over Kenny's left shoulder and grabs her own right wrist, creating a Figure-Four lock and setting up the Kimura submission. This hip movement is crucial to making the technique work. If Shawna does not move her hips enough, she will not be able to reach over Kenny's shoulder.



together. This Figure-Four lock is very secure and allows Shawna to maintain excellent control of Kenny's arm.

**Frame 6**...Shawna switches her hips to her right side and uses the momentum of the movement to crank Kenny's arm toward his head. At the same time, Shawna brings her right leg over Kenny's back and locks her feet together so he cannot escape the Kimura lock.

**Frame 7**...Shawna gloats while her would-be rapist howls in pain as his shoulder joint is destroyed.

For a deeper study of these techniques or just for a kick-ass time, contact Mata-Leao Combative Arts at 503-890-5086 or Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu at 503-839-5010.

Use of any of these techniques is at your own risk, and neither Mata-Leao Combative Arts nor Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu accept any responsibility for their use or misuse, or any beating you may deliver or receive in their application. Please also check your federal, state, and local laws for the legality of any of the techniques demonstrated. Always avoid any confrontation whenever possible, and use these

techniques as a last resort only.









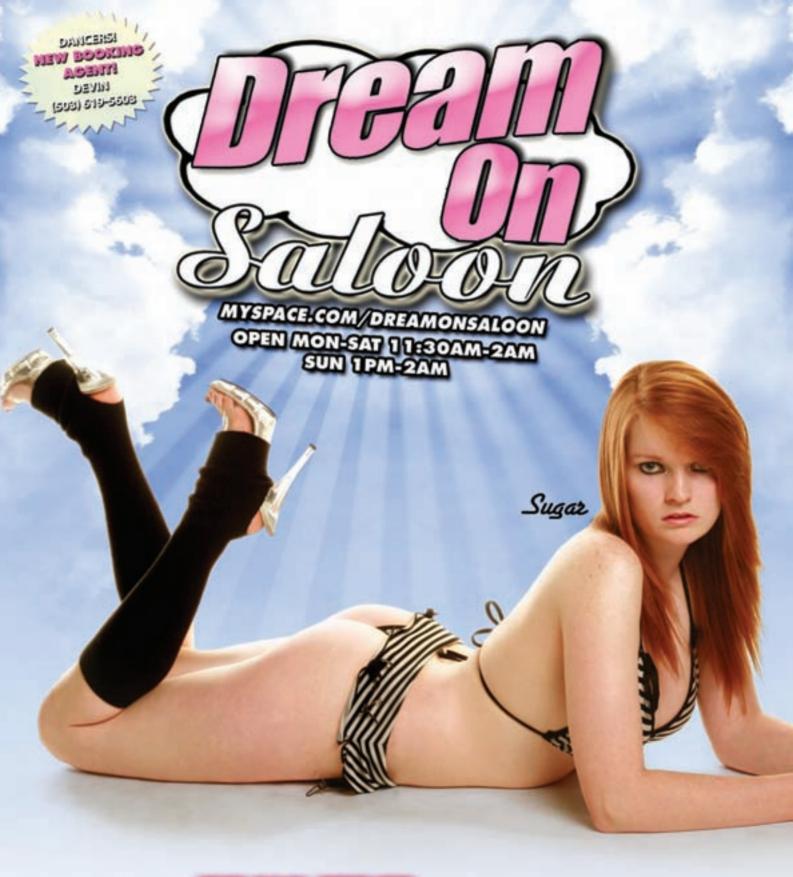












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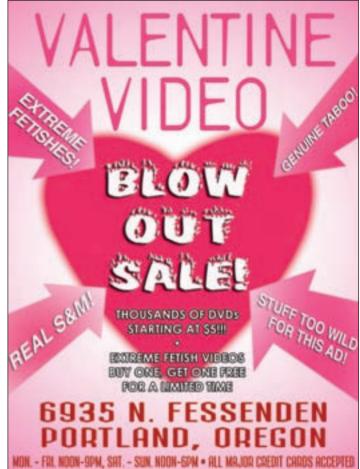






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