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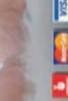




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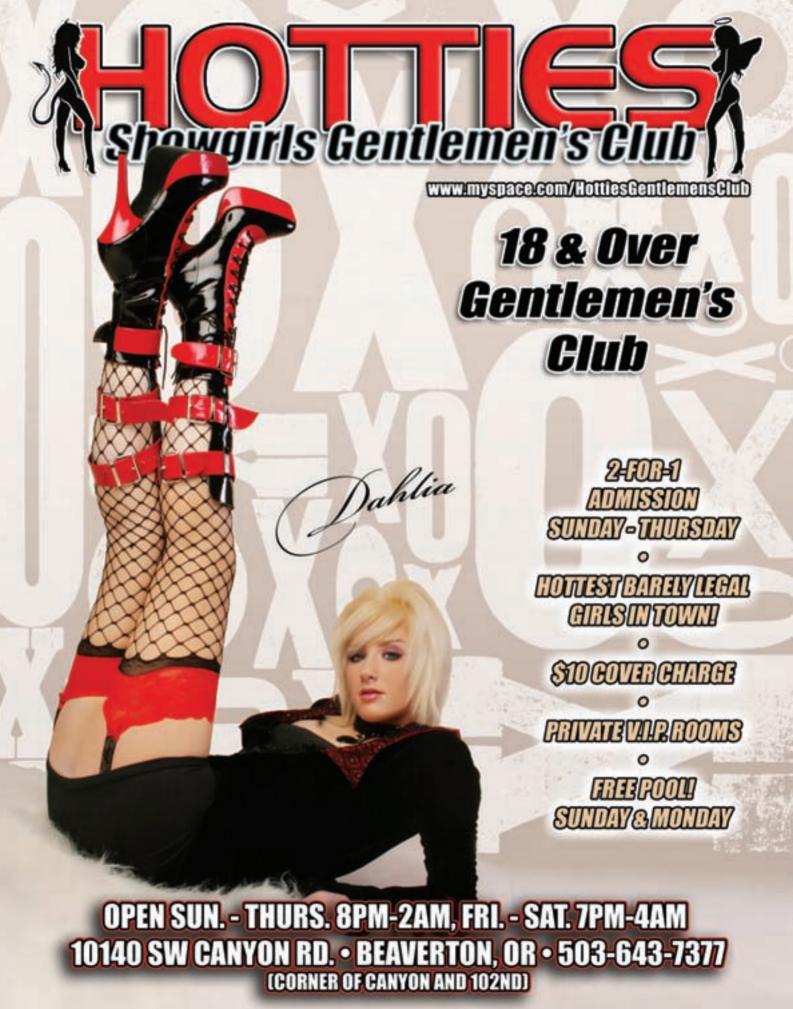
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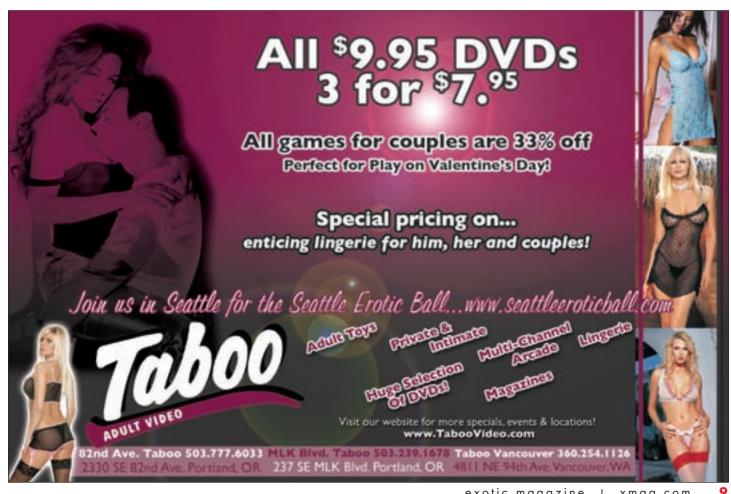
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# exotic

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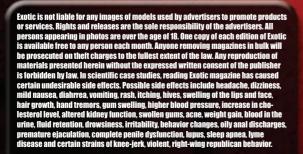
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# \*\*GREAT porn BALLOUT

I've got a quote from Silvio Dante of the Sopranos stuck in my head as I start to write this article: "In times of economic depression, there are only two industries that are not affected... certain aspects of the entertainment industry (porn) and our thing here (organized crime)." So I couldn't help but wonder just how had things have gotten when I hear that porn powerhouses Larry Flynt (Hustler Magazine) and Joe Francis (Girls Gone Wild) have requested that Congress allocate \$5 billion for a bailout of the adult entertainment industry.

"With all this economic misery and people losing all that money, sex is the farthest thing from their mind. People are too depressed to be sexually active," Flynt says, continuting "this is very unhealthy as a nation. Americans can do without cars and such but they cannot do without sex. It's time for Congress to rejuvenate the sexual appetite of America." Francis sees his industry like the big three automakers, only BIGGER. The Girls Gone Wild tycoon (fresh out of prison for tax evasion), has stated that, "Congress seems willing to help shore up our nation's most important businesses; we feel we deserve the same consideration. The government should actively support the adult industry's survival and growth, just as it feels the need to support any other industry cherished by the American people."

According to local adult industry writer and blogger, Tom Johansmeyer, "Relatively small, fragmented and unaccustomed to outside investment, the U.S. porn industry (which generated roughly \$12 billion in 2007) is somewhat buffered from today's credit crunch, but it has its own problems. Video sales have been falling

by fifteen percent a year since 2005 and online content doesn't deliver the returns it used to (now websites that such as RedTube and PornHub basically give it away). Struggling companies need investors to help their right operations,

and those that

are thriving in a brutal market need funding for growth."

AdultVest, a hedge fund run by Francis Koenig who invests in porn-related assets, was up 50% in 2008. Koenig sees the porn downturn as temporary and believes that technological improvements will trigger a turnaround. One example: iPorn, a start-up in AdultVest's portfolio that is developing an application to deliver porn to the Apple iPod. "The industry's not going anywhere," Koenig says. "You've got six billion people on the planet," he laughs, "and they're all horny."

What exactly would they do with the \$5 billion if they were to actually get it? Francis explains that, "We would invest in building new means of distribution, and shoring up our distribution right now to prevent further erosion from factors like Youporn and other Internet content that has seriously affected our business over the past few years by giving it all away for free. We will use the money wisely and we will create more jobs." Francis also stated that he and Flynt would also be willing to discuss the possibility of the government buying equity stakes in their companies, as was done with financial firms. "If the government would like to be a partner with Mr. Flynt and I, we're certainly amenable to it," he said.

While both Flynt and Francis have insisted that the requested bailout is not a joke or a publicity stunt, the media has labeled the story as nothing but a parody of itself for the most part. Fact of the matter is, the industry is truly struggling. While the sex and porn industries might not have been hit as hard or as soon as the rest of the economy, the trickle-down effect is finally taking its toll on all things X-rated. Aside from free porn servers like RedTube, the advancement of gadget technology has also impacted the porn industry with "do-it-yourself" porn produced on camera phones or live shows distributed by webcams. Why buy or produce porn when you can simply make it yourself with little or no overhead?

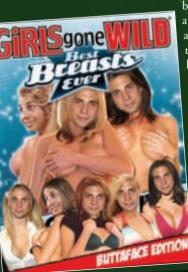
The actress who performs as Jenna Presley said her website has seen a 20 percent decline in customers, about 1,000 of whom pay \$19.99 a month to watch the 22-year-old perform online. Presley said the downturn has forced her to cut her overhead expenses. "I've got to stop paying guys and girls to perform with, and I've got to find (other website proprietors) to do a content exchange with," Presley said matter-of-factly. Other performers, Presley said, have faced pay cuts as video compa-



nies take the uncharacteristic step of tightening their belts. "I know companies are reducing their rates," Presley said. "Instead of paying a girl \$2,000 for a boy-girl (scene), now they're trying to pay \$1,200." Presley stated she has refused to work for less and so far has not lost business. "I stand up for myself," she said. "A lot of girls, the business is so slow, they're happy just to find work (at any price)."

Despite all that, Presley said that she considers the bailout bid by Francis and Hustler chief Flynt "a little crazy" and thinks companies need to cut unnecessary expenses. She said the porn industry, like the auto industry, is to blame for failing to change with the times. "I'm not taking this bailout request seriously," Presley said. "I love Larry. He's a great guy. But he doesn't need \$5 billion."

Steven Hirsch, founder and co-chairman of Vivid Entertainment Group, the 25-year-old company that bills itself as the world's leading adult-film producer, shared Presley's point of view on the requested bailout. "To think we're going to go to Washington and get a bailout is a little unrealistic," said Hirsch, who said he heard about the Flynt-Francis ploy in the media. "This is not the time to make sweeping statements. This is the time to buckle down and take the steps we need to save our industry. This industry is not immune from (the bad economy). People are spending less money, period." Hirsch also added that he thinks Flynt and Francis are "just poking fun at all the industries getting bailouts."



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**LeMayzing Pictures** 

It's Valentine's Day this month. This means it's time to get romantic. Nothing says love,

sex and romance like porn! After perusing the aisles of Taboo looking for just the right porn for this special occasion, I came across one that caught my eye: In Love. As the

box declared, this movie is real pornstar couples and their private, very nasty

home sex lives. When I think of the words, "in love", couples working in porn are hardly what comes to mind. These *In Love* pornstar couples are: Allison Pierce and Sebastian, Natasha Nice and Mateo, Veronica Rayne and Jack Vegas, and Darryl Hanna and Jack Fountain.

I had never really thought about it before, but I guess pairing up in the porn industry is common. Why not? That way, your significant other can never judge you and will always accept you for what you do. I would think that if you are going to be with a pornstar it

might be hard to match the experience they are getting on the job. But when a pornstar is "in love" with one of their own kind, they probably have a much better chance of matching each other's carnal skills. On the other hand, one might not want to fuck at home after a long day of fucking at work, but I could be wrong.

Even before watching the movie, the box fills my head with questions like: What do pornstar couples do when they are at home and horny? Do they fuck like they do on camera? Do they have things they just do with each other? Are they more sensitive...or filthier? Although it was filmed to give the viewer the illusion that the cameras snuck in for a behind-thescenes peek at how real porn couples get down and dirty, I felt that besides the distinct presence of wedding rings, I would have never known these couples were real couples had the box not told me so.

The movie had all the usuals; she goes down on him, he goes down on her, they fuck in several positions and every time ends with a facial. This movie had the all the same expected "O" faces, questionably fake orgasms, and ladies looking directly into the camera as I would expect in any adult movie. So I guess the answers to the questions are: Yes, they did fuck like they were on camera (maybe because they were). No, I did not see them do anything different with each other that I have not seen them do before with other people in other movies. Other than the cameras pointing out some burning candles and one couple saying, "I love you" to each other, it did not seem more sensitive.

This movie was far from gonzo, so there wasn't anything filthier going on that you can't see in other movies. But maybe it's true what people say... there are some things you do with people that you would never do with your girlfriend, wife, or maybe even Baby's Momma because you might lose respect for them or something. Maybe these couples reserve their freakiness for work. Maybe I just fuck like a pornstar myself and that's why I was expecting more, but if you prefer your porn co-stars to be married (to each other) then this is definitely the movie for you. If anything this movie can give you and your Valentine an excuse to look at each other and say, "We can do better than that!" I always love a good challenge, don't you?



As an alternative to *In Love*, I thought that nothing would say romance better than Freaky Midgets. The employees at Taboo were more than eager to share this special "little" fetish flick with me. From the photo of the extra freaky looking little woman on the DVD itself to stars with names like Tinnie Tyler and Twigget, I was excited to get home and put this movie in to get my freak on! Maybe I have worked in the industry long enough and have seen so much freaky shit that it is really hard to impress me, no matter how hard you bring it on. I have never thought of myself as a freak, but when a movie that raves it's not for the faint of heart is not freaky enough

to meet my expectations, it makes a girl have to reevaluate her rank-

The movie consists of little women fucking normal size men, which only results in making their junk look huge next to the itty bitty clitty committee. I was a little disappointed with the lack of freak quality and

ing on the freak-o-meter.

found most of the sex scenes a "little" boring (pun intended). However, there were a few scenes that made watching this movie worthwhile. One of these being scene two, in which the tiny troll-looking Stella Marie (billed as "The World's Only Squirting Midget"), gets fucked in a way that definitely appeared to be the best sex she has ever

had. How could I tell? While everything about her body may have been small... her juicy orgasms were anything but, considering the massive amount of squirting she did.

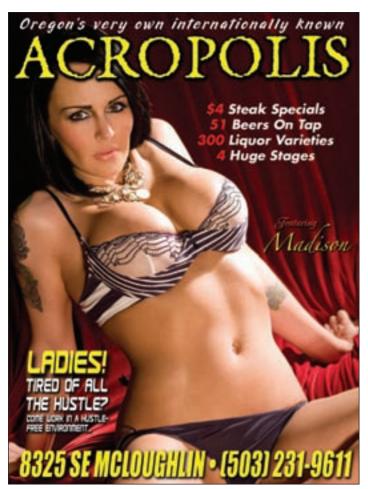
"...watching a midget fuck a normal

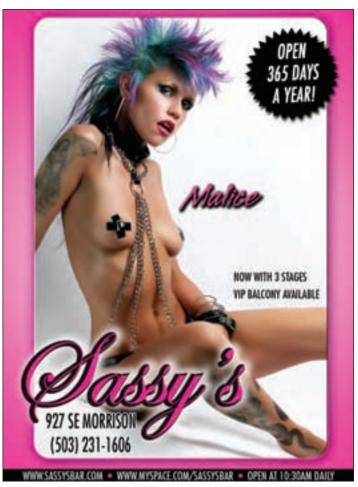
size dude in the ass with a strap-on

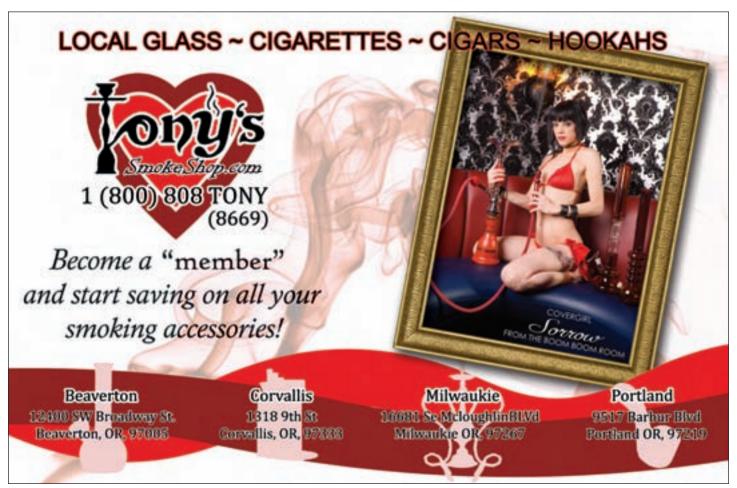
just might be my new thing."

Now watching a woman fuck a dude up the ass with a strap-on...that's just not my bag. Then again, watching a midget fuck a normal size dude in the ass with a strap-on just might be my new thing. I was at least provided with the comical element one could expect from a movie like this. Most of us normal-sized people have probably never really thought about the needed momentum to drive a dildo up someone's ass. This little lady had to do a move that could only be described as "rolling up the windows" or maybe a "little mini windmill" in order to give her thrusts enough ramming speed. That move, along with her best dude imitation, left me rolling with laughter. If you are into midgets or just want a good laugh, I know that the people at the Taboo on MLK will be more than willing to help you find this "little" winner on the shelves. Don't worry... they are not smiling because they are judging you, those perverts there have all seen it too, they just already know.









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—AN AURAL INTERPRETATION

The text message took a minute to download. I have Cricket (aka Drugrizon) service, which means that if you call me today, I'll get the voicemail three days from now (and not the job/date/sale/etc). In this particular case, however, the end result was worth it. Sender: Ella. Txt Body: I don't remember this. Multimedia content: Picture of breasts with Sharpie pen reading "Lemmy." It didn't surprise me, either, as this was not the first instance of a dancer relaying a text message that involved nudity and Lemmy (last time, it was Lydia's phone, Lemmy's penis... don't ask).

What had happened the night before at Dante's, however vaguely recalled by most other attendees, was perfectly clear in my head. Lemmy (Lemmy), Slim Jim (Stray Cats) and "that guy from the other band" (Danny B. Harvey from Rockats) performed on a single stage as The Head Cat to a room full of twentysomething hipsters that, by the looks of their attire, still recall every minute of the 1950's.

Before attempting to review the January 16th show, I will state here my journalistic bias: I love music, of all genres and from all eras. What I don't attach myself to is the non-aurally-aligned aspects of music culture: looking like, talking like and acting as if I am a (gangsta/punk/metalhead/hippie/stripper/etc) while listening to (NWA/DRI/COC/BOC/MIA/etc). Rockabilly falls into this "why the hell would I (fix bikes/get nautical stars tattooed/carry a knife that doubles as a comb/etc) just to enjoy this music" genre that I have such a love-hate relationship with. Don't get me wrong, I have nothing but respect for the kids who have been doing whatever their "thing" and/or "thang" is for their entire post-high school lives, but it's irritating to see that kid from Stumptown tie his White-guy dreds back to form a pompadour haircut.

With all of the above stated, The Head Cat put on a damn good show. I was thoroughly impressed by the setlist (no more than one song from twice-removed band members' original bands), the energy of the front-row crowd (with the exception of those four shirtless douchebags in the "pit" aka center table of Dante's) and even the openers (I was privileged enough to see Blackout Radio as openers and according to the half-stoned kid who served me pizza, the Terry Robb Band was "aight"). Sadly, I was one of a few aside from the first two rows who appeared to be actually enjoying the show instead of posing for invisible photographers and potential Myspace friends.

The evening started off cliche' enough, as my date (bartender at some cool Portland bar) and I left our respective workplaces (supercool bar, super-cool strip club), headed downtown to a super-cool hipster venue and, this really is the money shot, were forced to ask the door girl (Kristina, sweetheart really) why we weren't on ('dramatic music') the guest list. When I found out that my name wasn't on the list, I snorted some coke off of my date's ass, threw a bottle at the bouncer and yelled "DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM!?!" before picking up two separate cell phones, one to Lemmy and one to the owner's lawyer...

... Nah, actually it was just a minor confusion and we got in thanks to Kristina's awesomeness, but the tone of the evening wouldn't have changed one bit had the previously mentioned sentence been true. Anyway, we got in without a hitch as Blackout Radio hit the stage.

"That guy's a regular at my work," my highly-coveted and superscene-point-bearing date said.

"No shit." I responded with a blank expression.

Blackout Radio wrapped up their set, there was a ten minute break in which four hundred people crammed into a three-seat area to smoke American Spirits and check their makeup/haircuts in the window/mirror.

"Who do you know?," said the stripper to the male hairdresser.

"Oh me and Lemmy go wayyyy back. He winked at me in traffic once."

"Oh yeah, well I know Lemmy from when I gave him a lap dance. He told me I had pretty eyes."

Rinse, wash and repeat until The Head Cat took the stage fifteen long minutes later.

Here's the funny thing: Lemmy mumbled and played bass. That was it. The real talent of the night's performance was in the drumsticks and guitar pick. Harvey whipped out classic guitar patterns properly mixed with modern solo techniques as if he was in the studio, not once applauded by the somewhat starstruck ("oh my God, his mole is so cute!") audience. The backup talent, provided by stand-up drummer Slim Jim, shined while singing a well-conducted cover of "Rock This Town." When Lemmy finally played one of his songs, it wasn't "Ace of Spades," so only the guy in the front with the mullet was able to sing along. All in all, the performance(s) of the evening shined. Again, and sadly, I was one of maybe a dozen that seemed to care. The after-show-rush to be one of the scenesters that got to bother Lemmy for photos and autographs (when all he seemed to desire was a night's sleep for his sixty-year-old body) was more excited and animated than the during-the-show crowd.

When will we ever learn? Portland, you've gotta take the time to be an anonymous member of the crowd now and then, stepping away from the cool factor and actually having a good time. The only reason I was even on the list is that Exotic knows they have to pay me to get me that close to so many record store clerks and alt-whatever DJs. A great band shows up to play some great tunes and just because the bassist (yeah, I went there) is somewhat infamous because his old band has cool shirts and is accessible to the suburban punk-byweekend, the energy was just not there.

Did The Head Cat put on a good show? Yes, it was phenomenal. So did Blackout Radio and The Todd Robb Band (according to the pizza guy). Did Portland enjoy it? Find out at www.myspace.com.





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There's no way I would find it so enjoyable without the contributors that complete our dysfunctional little family here at Exotic. So to lead off Erotic City this month, I'll give you a little teaser about what each of them is up to. First you have Statutory Ray, author of some of our more "scandalous" monthly contributions. This cat writes under several pen names, so I'm not gonna blow the mystique for him, but if you ever see the name Matt or Ray tagged under a page, odds are pretty goddamned good that Ray is responsible (hmmmm...Ray and responsible in the same sentence, not sure about that). Ray's most followed work is, without a doubt, Tales from the DJ Booth. This month he shares with us a ridiculously overly-detailed account of an incident that can pretty much be summed up with the following sentence: Ray ended up in the hospital with a scratched cornea and was partially blind for about a week in December because a stripper threw a snowball at him. To sweeten the pot, the deadly snowballwielding assailant is probably one of the most notoriously scandalous strippers

Upon reading Ray's dramatic account of the incident to the rest of the staffers during deadline time, I discovered that just about everyone I know has an axe to grind with the dancer in question, or at least a disturbingly humorous tale to tell of her antics. Let's call her Frenchie for now. Without even trying, I gathered enough info about Frenchie to easily fill up an issue or two of editorial. The problem is...I don't like Frenchie. Never have, never will. So I certainly don't want to give her a platform for more attention. However, we are thinking about putting together a comic strip about Frenchie and her shameful antics in the upcoming months. The life this girl leads is a perfect script for a comic...she's a living cartoon fer 'crissakes, yet she pales in comparison to Jessica Rabbit in the looks department. Character assassinations are not something we do for fun here at *Exotic*, but honestly kids, this is good stuff, and we're not naming names. Take this short story for instance.

(The following story is in no way verified or factual and may even be an urban legend for all I know.)

A guy walks up to the rack at a strip club and takes a seat at Frenchie's stage. Halfway into her first song, cross words are exchanged between Frenchie and the patron, at which point, Frenchie swings a wild punch at the patron's head. The patron responds by a landing a solid jab to the dancer's head and knocks her out cold on the stage. He politely stands up and walks out of the club. Frenchie was later fired for the incident (but probably working there again by now). I didn't realize that getting knocked out by a patron was grounds for termination in Oregon strip clubs, so that leads me to believe there is probably far more to this scandalous little tale than meets the eye. But enough about Frenchie, for now.

Let's get back to her latest victim, poor little Pirate Ray (who's band I just found out is working a special VDay stripper-rib-eating contest coordinated by, you guessed it...Frenchie). Ray's second monthly feature, Aural

Stimulation, tackles the tricky mechanics

to make their press releases, media kits and CDs stand out from the enormous pile of shit that we get sent to our offices. After reading the new Aural, I opened up an eight-track demo that had been sent to our office. The promo letter identified tracks 1,2,3,4,5,6 and 8 as suggested tracks. So what's up with track 7? It obviously must blow some serious ass if it was the ONLY track that didn't make your "suggested" track list. I think I'll send this one to Ray and turn him loose on it.

Next up, we have Kenny Mack, the West Coast Bad Boy, ya dig?! Kenny took a trip to Vegas in January as Exotic's official journalist to cover the AVN Adult Entertainment Expo and delivers us a "blow-by-blow" account of what and who was going down. Also in



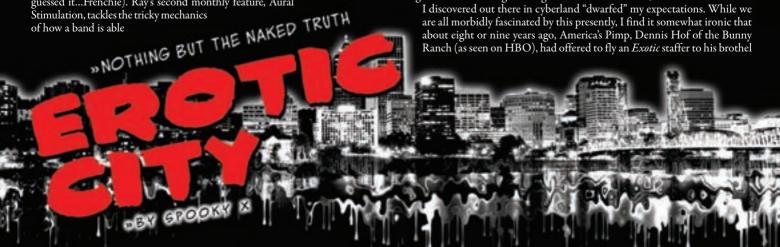
appearing at Stars locations this month.

Kenny's column, *The Truth*, he throws down some serious uncensored advice to the ladies of the exotic entertainment industry on how to get the money. Funny thing is, the original content I had written for Erotic City (earlier this month) was about precisely that, except much whiter. Kenny summed it up pretty well, so I decided to pull back my rant and talk about what the team was serving up this month instead. I will, however, support his views. I've been back in town two months now. Not that long really, but long enough to notice that the clubs and the strippers who inhabit them, seem to have become generally...well, lazy.

I've got a DJ shift once a week at my old homebase, so I now use this time not to stare at vaginas, but to instead gather information (not just about the dancers, but the patrons as well). What's working? What isn't? I've seen a dancer who can hit an empty rack, bust out some Lamb of God (to a very non-metal looking crowd) and have that rack full by the end of her set every time. I've seen another who can hit a full rack, dancing to the same two tired and depressing Cure songs in the same tacky outfit from the clearance rack at Cathie's and have that rack empty by the time the first song is over. And then she wonders why she isn't making any money. Here's why sweetheart...you are what is called a Rackasaurus Rexx in scientific terms. If you want the money, try having a smile on your face and acting like you're actually having fun once in a while (I know...it can be very hard at times).

Okay, better pull back on that, this starting to sound like another Tales from the DJ Booth, and lord knows, another one of those is all we need. Our next contributor is relatively new to the editorial staff, but a long-time staffer here at Exotic, Miss Galatea Hancock (also a pen name). Miss Hancock prides herself in her new responsibility of watching porn for a living as part of her monthly column, *The Blue Review*. This month, she hunkers down with some disturbing midget porn, suggested to her by the helpful staff at Taboo Video. I, personally, had no idea that the available selection of midget porn was so "large." While searching for images to adorn her column, the massive collection

I discovered out there in cyberland "dwarfed" my expectations. While we are all morbidly fascinated by this presently, I find it somewhat ironic that about eight or nine years ago, America's Pimp, Dennis Hof of the Bunny Ranch (as seen on HBO), had offered to fly an Exotic staffer to his brothel



(all expenses paid) to copulate with the most famous of the midget bunch, Bridget the Midget. I myself, had a girlfriend at the time (that turned out to be even scarier than Bridget) and declined (as did each and every *Exotic* staffer, for that matter). Should Mr. Hof ever be so generous as to extend that offer again some day, I would like to go on record and nominate Statutory Ray for this journalistic assignment.

Other editorial irons in the fire this month are the return of Mr. Black's *In Search of El Diablo*. After a year or so exploring other lands of perversion, he's back home in the PDX and has returned to Stars Cabaret. We also brought in two rookies this month, Ms. Kennedy's *My So-Called Life as a Stripper* and Shera Six's *G-String Fairy Tales* (which is basically like a *Tales From the DJ Booth with the tables turned...*no one is safe anymore).

So there you pretty much have it (yes, I left my articles out, I talk too much already). The editorial within *Exotic* is not here to fill empty pages; it is here to enlighten and arouse you. I hope we are succeeding. Your comments, feedback and complaints are, as always, welcome. So if you've got something to say, shoot us an email at editor@xmag.com.

### **EXOTIC SUGGESTS**

Stop by Pussycats Cabaret & Lingerie modeling and visit Paige if you've ever dreamed of a lingerie model that can squirt on command for only \$50. Our friends at Taboo Video are hooking up the killer sale this month with your choice of any three \$9.95 videos for only \$7.95. Welcome to downtown hotspot, Spyce Gentlemen's Club and welcome back to George's Dancin' Bare who is celebrating their 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary on Feb. 21<sup>st</sup>. After nearly 18 years in Portland, The Future is closing and the owner is retiring. All merchandise is 30 to 90% off including fabulous shoes, boots, corsets and killer fashions. Everything must go including fixtures, display items and mannequins as well. The last day is February 28th. And we just have to give a special shout out to an industry legend, Patti of Magic Gardens who has not only been running this Portland landmark for 15 years now, but is one of the only bartenders I have ever seen that can rock three-pounder glasses in one hand with such ease. Rock on Patti!

### **FEATURED EVENTS**

Sun. Feb. 1 - Tennessee Red's - Super Bowl Party

**Weds. Feb. 4 - Dante's** – 9<sup>th</sup> Anniversary with Diamondtuck & The Privates with The Night

Sat. Feb. 7 - Exotica International – 10 Year Anniversary V.I.P. Event Doc's Club 82 – Leather & Lace Party w/live music by Judas Priest tribute band, Hellion

Tues. Feh. 10 - Stars Cabaret Salem - V.I.P. Appreciation Day

Weds. Feb. 11 - Lucky Devil Lounge – 1 Year Anniversary bash

Fri. Feh. 13 - Doc's Club 82 - Exotic and Underground Promotions presents Porn jam w/live music by Evil Twin from Seattle, feature dancers, porn and more

Jody's Bar & Grill – PDXDancerboutique.com presents the Pleaser USA Party featuring sexy, fetish and erotic footwear giveaways every hour

Sat. Feb. 14 – Valentine's Day - Stars Cabaret Salem – A Vampire's Valentine – Live music w/Blackhaze, suspension acts and more – Free cover w/costume Doc's Club 82 – Kali Kane Productions presents The 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Naughty Valentine's Day Party w/live music, pudding wrestling, BDSM, prizes and more Tennessee Red's – Paris, Meet Your Heart Out Rib Contest w/live music by

True Consumers & Wombstretcha

Jody's Bar & Grill – Valentine's Day Bash

The Pallas – Valentine's Day Champagne Party

Dante's – Valentine's Zombie Dance w/Smoochknob

**Stars Cabaret Beaverton** – Flesh for Fantasy – A night of twisted hearts with latex walls, cupids, blood baths, feature acts and more

**Velour Lingerie Modeling** – Valentine's Special – \$40 house fee all day long **Devils Point** – Valentine's Day Gods Girls Party with burlesque, raffles, Godsgirls merch. & More

Weds. Feb. 18 - Stars Cabaret Salem – The Men of Playgirl

**Thurs. Feb. 19 - Boom Boom Room** – Metal School Thursday featuring the debut of Hair Assault

Stars Cabaret Salem – Pornstar Lisa Ann

Fri. Feh. 20 - Stars Cabaret Salem – Pornstar Lisa Ann

Dante's - Storm & The Balls

Sat. Feb. 21 - Dancin' Bare – 20 Year Anniversary Bash

**Doc's Club 82** – Spyder – Dancer of the Naked Flame's birthday party w/ Sinnergy and fire dancers

Safari Showclub - Barely Legal Night

Stars Cabaret Salem – White Trash Bash w/live music by The Mullet Mafia Stars Cabaret Beaverton – Pornstar Lisa Ann

**Tues. Feb. 24 - Safari Showclub** – Fat Tuesday Bead Party – bring your beads for the girls

**Stars Cabaret Beaverton** – Fat Tuesday Mardi Gras Party w/limbo contests, prize beads, feature acts & more

**Sat. Feb. 28 - Doc's Club 82 -** Up and Coming Productions presents live music w/Hyperthermia, Only Nightmares and Snap Point Stars Cabaret Salem - 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Ice Party & Anniversary Party

### WEEKLY EVENTS

**Devils Point** – Stipparaoke

Spyce - Fetish and Industry Night

Lucky Devil Lounge - Ladies Night

Dante's - Sinferno Cabaret & Vaudeville Sex & Service Industry Night

### MONDAYS

**Devils Point** – Fire Strippers

Lucky Devil Lounge – Miami Mondays – 80s hip-hop/electro – girls in bikinis

### **TUESDAYS**

**Hard Candy (Salem)** – 2-for-1 dances

**Dream On Saloon** – Free Porn Tuesdays

Dante's - The Ed Forman Show

### WEDNESDAYS

Devils Point - 80's Night

Lucky Devil Lounge – PDX Blackbook Night

**Cocktails & Dreams** – Tattoo Wednesdays sponsored by Raven Ink & Studio 2 Tattoos with tattoo certificates & schwag

### THURSDAYS

Dante's - Xotica Go-Go

### FRIDAY

**Spyce** – Ditch Fridays - \$9.99 steak and lobster from 3pm–9pm

**The Pallas** – Free Porn Fridays

### SATURDAYS

**Devils Point** – Live music w/dancers

**Cocktails & Dreams** – Worst Tattoo of the Month Contest (last Saturday of the month)

# In Search Of: | District | Distr

mr. Black is back!

Leaving Oregon to become a first-hand witness to the downward spirals of Los Angeles and Las Vegas over the past twelve months proved many fatal theories I have brooded over since born into the music, mayhem and the strip club world some twenty-plus years ago. Most people forever trapped in Oregon may think the Northwest has become panels of mundane circuitry and the pursuit of the whiskyfilled holy grail of Hollywood and Sin City is more than just a delusion of grandeur. Yes, there is excessive exposure to cash, excessive invitations to sex and are rock 'n' roll nights that blur into weeks, but where Oregon has continued to be somewhat consistent, L.A. & Vegas have become nothing more than sponsor-logo skyscrapers and late night assembly lines of destruction. What you see on television is just that, flesh and fantasy created for the brain dead and spoonfed generation.

So the question has now become...does the hype equal what has become nothing more than overkill, over-glorification and overpriced bullshit? The answer is simple. We sometimes take people, places and the past for granted until we've flipped both sides of the two-headed coin. And yes, some of us have lived long enough to see ourselves become the villain! That distant glamour we fall asleep and dream of has turned to greed and what was once an empire is now an eventual breeding ground for mindless zombies rising



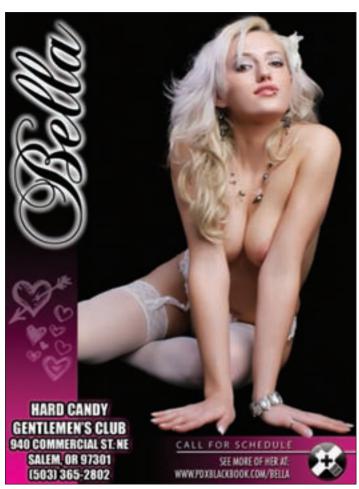
from already stained sand (see Resident Evil: Apocalypse. How ironic!).

The music scene in Vegas is almost as nonexistent on a local level and Los Angeles is pay-to-play or "fuck yourself" (in that order). Open for Otep at the Whisky a Go-Go on Sunset and expect to sell your girlfriend on Wilshire first so you can afford to open on a five-band bill. And then there is the pay-to-peel side of that not-so-picket fence. Dancers can expect to give up 40% or more of your peeled presidents in Cali, and those \$2,000 Vegas nights are now \$200. Though this may not be the same experience for us all, there is no denying that the scene outside of Oregon is no longer a Motley Crüe video and things have become so ass backwards and distorted that our illustrious Beaver State may be the West Coast answer to quality not quantity. Don't get me started on loyalty and respect that once built Sin City. Can you say destination for dirtbags, "Soprano" wannabees and owners that get more than just high on their own supply? It's like a bad remake of Leaving Las Vegas starring Ben Afflack and Britney "Trainwreck" Spears, directed by Charles Manson, and produced by Enron with an original (but not-so-original score) by Milli Vanilli. Have you taken those spite and sarcasm fumes into your lungs yet?

I can say based on many years of experience that live music and sin is still a hot commodity in Oregon. And though this article isn't really a message bashing fancy lights and orgies on the 40th floor or a story to make you stay away from the outside "we are the" world, it is a statement saying that it's not as green on the other side as Mary Poppins made it out to be. That bitch!

Times may have changed here, but there is still an old-school element here that has withstood the test of crime. And time, too. The old Doc's Bar & Grill on Powell days may be gone, but you can still find a beautifully modified entertainer dancing randomly somewhere to Social D and Eazy-E, and if you're lucky...in the same set.

Next issue: Pink to Ink to Drink Slingers.







NEXT MONTH .. THE LEGEND RETURNS!

# MOTHICS & UNDERGROUNS

HE EW Stood PRESENTS

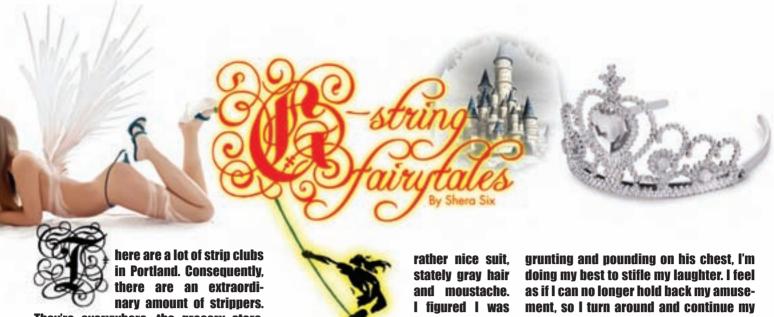
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# APPEARING AT

FRIDAY, MARCH 27TH - COCKTAILS & DREAMS FRIDAY, MARCH 13TH - THE DANCIN' BARE FRIDAY, APRIL 3RD - SAFARI SHOWCLUB PRELIMINARY ROUND TWO - 2 CONTESTANTS WILL BE CUT QUALIFYING AUDITION ROUND & LAUNCH PARTY JOIN US AS WE CHOOSE OUR TOP B TATTOOED BEAUTIES THE FINAL ROUND - MISS INK 'N' PINK WILL BE CHOSEN FRIDAY, MARCH 20TH - THE PALLAS SEMI-FINAL ROUND - 2 CONTESTANTS WILL BE CUT FRIDAY, APRIL 10TH - DANTE'S

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They're everywhere; the grocery store, your favorite dive bar, the park, the coffee shop, even sometimes behind the reception desk at your dentist's office. Because we as a city have an overwhelming number of titty bars, our general acceptance of strippers is much more liberal than in other places in the world. There isn't really a way to stereotype the type of women who work in the industry here.

I have been a stripper for over two vears. In that time. I've met many dancers who are smart, exceptional women. as well some that are so ignorant and out of control that it almost seems as though they are actually just pretending to be a parody of themselves. I'm 25 now and have been working since I was 15. I've worked in many different industries, and I must say. stripping has, by far, been the most entertaining of any of the jobs I've done. I really think it's a great job. A strange, wonderful, sometimes sad. and definitely insane job. There's not a stripper I know who doesn't have at least 10 to 20 funny, weird, or simply unbelievable stories. I am no exception...which will soon become obvious as my first tale unfolds.

Once upon a time in land, well, not that far away, in a time not that long ago, there lived a beautiful princess (stripper, actually...it was me). It was a dark and humid Friday night. My club was not busy, but not dead either. I had just finished my stage set and a handsome (ha!) young (double ha!) king (lawyer, probably) asked me if I would be so kind as to give him a lap dance. Being the polite princess I am, I obviously obliged. I took his hand and led him to the magical sofa room of boner-making. He did seem like a nice man...wedding ring.

in for a routine magical erotic experience with this young king.

The song began and I dis-

robed and began doing my magical gyration dance in order to please him and bring forth the boner, when he suddenly began to shove his hands down his pants. I may have been naked and gyrating, but I AM still a lady, so I smacked his hand out of his pants and told him that such behavior was not allowed in the magical boner area of my castle (strip club). The king proceeded to tell me that it's "not what I was thinking." and went for it again. I once again smacked his hand away and repeated myself. We continued on like this at least five times in a row, and the young king began to get visibly frustrated. He looked me right in the eye and without raising his voice said firmly. "it's not what you think." then reached down his pants. At this point I was actually kinda curious as to what he meant by that, anyway, and if he pulled his royal member (cock) out, my knights (bouncers) would take care of him.

He doesn't pull his royal member out. No. he instead pulls out a loin cloth that he had hidden underneath his Men's Wearhouse dress nants. Not a real loin cloth, mind you, but a cheap cheetah print caveman costume probably purchased on sale from Target. With that, he declares, in utter sincerity. "Me only get lap dance as Tarzan!" then proceeds to pound on his chest in a Tarzan-like fashion.

No princess expects something like this without any warning whatsoever. As he's sexy saunter with my ass toward him. That way, I can let a couple giggles out without him noticing. He almost immediately commands in an archaic botchery of the **English language, "Tarzan want see Jane** eyes!!" So I turn around and continue. The whole lap dance he is bobbing his head to the music and grunting. Really. He was actually grunting the whole time. He really became Tarzan. It was quite a feat to keep a straight face, and even harder to keep the sexual energy flowing throughout this experience!

At the end of the dance, he cleared his throat, tucked his loin cloth back in and said. "Ok then dear. Thank you! That was wonderful! Are you usually here around this time? My kids have soccer practice in this neighborhood, and I can come back again next week." Without a second thought, or even acknowledgment of the whole Tarzan thing, he just switched right back in to normal guy mode. And people think strippers are weird!

It's one thing to need to spice up your marriage with a little role play...but has your purchased sexy-time with young kinky strange princesses REALLY become that dull? Or maybe it's that this young handsome king actually has two personalities, and one of them, the stripper loving one, really is Tarzan! Alas, these are questions that this young princess may never have the answers to. Which is fine. At least I have this tale to tell my. er. somebody's grandkids one day.











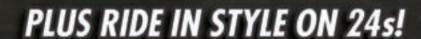




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Yo! For the romantic month of February, we enlisted notorious Smooch Girl and Cabaret dancer, Indago to tame the beastly Baer with a **Rear Naked Choke**. Last month we demonstrated a defense to the **Rear Naked Choke**. This month, we demonstrate one method of its application.

### Frame 1

Baer grabs at Indago's neck, in an effort to choke her or push her down.

### Frame 2

As Baer reaches for her throat and before he establishes a solid grip, Indago drops her base by slightly bending at the knees, blasts her left arm up, palm down, into Baer's left arm and leans her head back. These three actions force Baer's arm away from her throat.

### Frame 3

Maintaining contact as Baer's left arm is pushed away, Indago rolls her left hand over Baer's arm and "monkey grips" his bicep.

### **Inset A**

Note how Indago's hand is gripping Baer's arm with the thumb next to her fingers, like a monkey, not with the thumb over, as in a pistol or hammer grip. The monkey grip is a much more effective method of hooking the arm, and assists with obtaining Baer's back.

### Frame 4

Using her grip on Baer's arm, Indago simultaneously jumps and pulls herself up onto Baer. As she is leaving the ground, Indago grabs Baer's right trapezius muscle with her right hand. This helps her get all the way to the top of Mt. Baer.

### Frame 5

When Indago gets to Baer's back, she centers her body to his, establishes hooks by driving her feet into Baer's inner thighs and reaches her right arm across Baer's neck, grabbing his left

shoulder. Notice also, that Indago never released her left hand's grip on Baer's left arm throughout the sequence.

### Frame 6

To set up and apply the **Rear Naked Choke**, Indago slides her right arm tighter across Baer's neck and grabs her own left bicep, or shoulder. She then slices her left arm deep behind Baer's neck, scissors her elbows together and inhales deeply into her lungs.

### **Inset B**

Notice Indago's arm positioning and how her choking arm's elbow is roughly centered under Baer's jaw. This centering is important in order to more efficiently strangle the carotid arteries of Baer's ridiculously thick neck.

### Frame 7

"Oh no, it wasn't the airplanes. It was beauty that killed the beast." - Carl Denham, King Kong

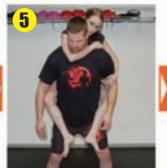
### Big hugs to all of our sponsors!

Please support out generous sponsors: Alpha Omega Armor Clothing, Cathie's Lingerie, Dave's Killer Bread, Diego Images, Foster Fitness, Max Muscle - Clackamas, MuckChiller Inc., Pugilists Gym & Warpath Boxing!

For a more detailed study of these techniques or for a great time, contact Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu at <www.myspace.com/thirdeyejiujitsu>. You can visit Indago at Cabaret Downtown or any Smoochknob concert.

These techniques should be performed only under the supervision of a qualified instructor and any other use is at your own risk. Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu and Exile assume no responsibility for their use or misuse, nor 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 only use these techniques as a last resort.















# DANCE CLUBS

#### ACROPOLIS 1

8325 SE McLoughlin (503) 231-9611 Daily 11am-2am-1 stage, full bar, full menu, cigars

#### THE BIG BANG 2

11051 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-3320 Daily 11:30am-2:30am-full bar, full menu BLUSH 3

full bar, food

5145 SE McLoughlin Blvd (503) 236-8559 Mon-Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 7pm-2:30am 2 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery

#### BOOM BOOM ROOM 4

8345 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-7630
Daily 2pm-2am—1 stage, full bar, wine, food, lottery
BOTTOMS UP!

M-Thu 12pm-12am Fri-Sat noon-2am Sun 12n-10pm—1 stage

#### 16900 NW St. Helens (503) 621-9844

CABARET 6 503 W Burnside (503) 525-4900 Daily 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CABARET II

17544 SE Stark (503) 252-3529 Daily 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CARNAVAL 8 330 SW 3rd Ave. (503) 227-1527 Mon 8pm-4am Tues-Fri 4pm-4am, Sat-Sun 6pm-4am—18+ juice bar nude dancers, private shows

### CASA DIABLO GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 46

2839 NW St. Helens Rd. (503) 222-6600 Daily 4pm-2:30am

#### 2 stages, full bar, food, lottery **CLUB ROUGE** 48

403 SW Stark (503) 227-3936

Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am Sunday 4pm-2:30am—2 stages, full bar,

#### COCKTAILS AND DREAMS 10

3620 SE 35th (503) 236-6153 Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am Sunday 1pm-2:30am—4 stages, full bar, food

DANCIN' BARE 111 8440 N Interstate (503) 285-9073 Daily 11:30am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

**DEVILS POINT** 12

5305 SE Foster (503) 774-4513
Daily 11am-2:30am—topless dancing, burlesque, bands, full bar, lottery

### DOC'S CLUB 82

4229 SE 82nd Ave (503) 788-1500 Daily 11am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food, lottery

#### THE DOLPHIN I 13

17180 SE McLoughlin (503) 654-9366 Daily 11:30am-2am—3 stages, full bar, food

#### THE DOLPHIN II 14

10860 SW Beaverton Hills. Hwy. (503) 627-0666 Daily 11:30am-2am—4 stages, full bar, food, lottery

#### DOUBLE DRIBBLE TAVERN 15

13550 SE Powell (503) 760-7096 Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, beer & wine, food

DREAM ON SALOON 16 15920 SE Stark (503) 253-8765

Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 1pm-2am—2 stages, full bar, food

DV8 17 5021 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 788-7178 Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

#### EXOTICA INTERNATIONAL 18

240 NE Columbia (503) 285-0281 Daily 11am-2:30am—5 stages, full bar, full menu, VIP r

#### HAWTHORNE STRIP 19

1008 SE Hawthorne (503) 232-9516
Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery

HOTTIES 20 10140 SW Canyon Rd. (503) 643-7377

Sun-Thurs 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 7pm-4am—2 stages, juice bar, after hours, dj, dancing

#### JD'S BAR 'N' GRILL 21

4523 NE 60th (503) 288-9771 Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, beer & wine, food

#### JIGGLES 22

7455 SW. Nyberg Rd. (503) 692-3655 Mon-Thu 3pm-3am, Fri-Sat 3pm-4am, Sun 6pm-3am—18+ juice bar, beautiful women

#### JODY'S BAR & GRILL 23 12035 NE Glisan (503) 255-5039

Daily 7am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

#### LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47

# 633 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 206-7350 Daily 7am-2:30am—1 stage, 1 full bar, incredible food, non-smoking

#### MAGIC GARDENS 24

217 NW 4th (503) 224-8472 M-Sat 12n-2:30am Sun 6pm-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

#### MARY'S CLUB 25

#### 129 SW Broadway (503) 227-3023

Daily 11:30am-2:30am-1 stage, full bar, snacks, lottery

MONTEGO'S 26
15826 SE Division (503) 761-7293
1pm-2am, 7 Days—2 stages, full bar, food

NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE 27

#### 2460 NW 24th (503) 227-5384

Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am Sat 11am-2:30am-1 stage, full bar, food THE PALLAS 28

# 13639 SE Powell (503) 760-8128 Mon-Sa 11:30am-2:30am Sun 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food

PIRATE'S COVE 29

# 7417 NE Sandy (503) 287-8900 Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

POP-A-TOP PUB 30 6210 NE Columbia (503) 281-3212 Daily 10am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food

545 SE Tacoma (503) 232-6813 Mon-Sa 10am-2:30am Su 1pm-1am—2 stages, full bar, food

#### ROOSTER'S 32

605 N Columbia (503)289-1351 Mon-Sa 11am-2am Su 12pm-12am-beer & wine, snacks

#### SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31

3000 SE Powell (503) 231-9199 Daily 10am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

#### SASSY'S BAR & GRILL 34

927 SE Morrison (503) 231-1606 Daily 10:30am-2:30am-2 stages, full bar, food, lottery, pool

#### SOOBIE'S 35

# 333 SE 122nd (503) 253-8892 Daily 11:30am-2:30am-2 stages, full bar, bento & teriyaki cuis

SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49

33 NW 2nd St. (503) 243-4646 Mon-Fri 3pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 6pm-2:30am—2 stages, full bar & food STARS CABARET 36

# 4570 SW Lombard Ave. (503) 350-0868 Mon-Sat 11am-2:00am, Sun 4pm-2am—4 stages, full bar, food

THE SUNSET STRIP 37

10205 SW Parkway (503) 297-8466 Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 5pm-2:30am 2 stages, full bar & menu, VIP lounge, champagne roor

# TOMMY'S 38 3532 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 234-6033

Daily 11am-2:30am-2 stages, full bar, food

#### TOMMY'S TOO 39

10335 SE Foster (503) 771-3544 Daily 11am-2am—2 stages, full bar, full me

#### SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40

8000 SE Foster (971) 230-0047 Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am Sun 10am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, wine, full menu, lottery

#### THE VIEWPOINT 42

82nd & NE Killngsworth (503) 254-0191 Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food

#### UNION JACKS 43

938 E. Burnside (503) 236-1125 Daily 2pm-2:30am—2 stages, Full Bar, Food

#### 505 CLUB 45

505 NW Burnside, Gresham (503) 666-2286 Daily 11am-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food, Lottery

# **BUSINESSES**

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3533 SE 39th (503) 727-3580

Fri & Sat 8pm-4am—couples, single women & select single men

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Vancouver: 10620 NE 4th Plain Rd. (360) 253-2806 Mon-Thu 8am-midnight Fri-Sat 8am-1am Sun 8am-11pm Videos, mags, arcade, toys

#### ALL ADULT VIDEO 103

14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd (503) 652-2004 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, arcade, toys

#### AREA 69 104

7720 SE 82nd Ave (503) 774-5544

#### Daily 10am-2am-videos, magazines, toys, novelties BLUE SPOT VIDEO 106

3232 NE 82nd (503) 251-8944

#### Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys

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# 9815 SW Capitol Hwy (503) 768-9305 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, novelties, toys

CATHIE'S 109

8201 SE Powell #H (503) 771-9979 Daily 9am-12am—videos, mags, toys, lingerie

#### D.K. WILDS 112

13355 SW Henry (503) 643-6645

#### Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys, arcade, leather

**EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114** 

# 5620 NE MLK Blvd. (503) 493-3944 Daily 4pm-Midnight—adult novelties, arcade

FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (6) 115 3137 NE Sandy - (503) 239-6969 - 24 Hours 6440 SW Coronado - (503) 244-6969 - 24 Hours 1512 W Burnside - (503) 295-6969 - 24 Hours 10720 SW Beaverton Hillsdale Hwy - (503) 235-6969 15536 SE 82nd Dr. (503) 203-6969 - 24 Hours

#### DVDs, arcade, erotica, preview, lingerie, apparel, and shoes FANTASYLAND (2) 116

5228 SF Foster Rd. (503) 775-0094 16014 SE 82nd Dr. (503) 655-4667

#### Daily 24 hours—ideos, mags, arcade, toys FASCINATIONS 117

9515 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 774-4345 Mon-Thu 8am-1am, Fri-Sat 8am-2am, Sun Noon-Mid.

#### Videos, maas, toys, novelties, lingerie and much more

FAT COBRA VIDEO (2) 118 5940 N Interstate (503) 247-DICK (3425) 5501 NW St. Helens Rd. (503) 222-0180

#### Daily 10am-4am—videos, magazines, toys, novelties, leather, arcades FOXXY'S 119

8405 NE Fremont St. (503) 255-1390 Noon - Midnight Daily—Lingerie Modeling & Pampering for Men FROLICS 120

#### 8845 NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 408-9640 Daily 24 hours—videos, arcade, novelties, dancers

#### THE FUTURE 121

931 SW Oak St. (503) 241-0875 Mon-Thurs 11am-6pm, Fri-Sat 11am-7pm, Sun 1pm-6pm shoes, costumes, clubwear, fetishwear

#### **HEAVEN'S CLOSET 122**

5429 SE 72nd Ave. (503) 537-7286

#### Call for hours-Clothina, shoes and accessories HUNNIES 148

3520 NE 82nd Ave. (503) 254-4226
Daily 24 hours—private lingerie and nude modeling

#### LIBERATED WORLD 123

10660 SE Division (503) 257-6881 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, nove

#### LOVE BOUTIQUE 124

1720 SE 122nd (503) 252-2017 M-Th 10:30am-7:30pm Fri 10:30am-9pm Sat 10:30am-8pm—lingerie, novelties, lotions, cards, gifts

#### LOVE POTIONS 125

50425 Columbia River Hwy (503) 543-7032

#### Sun-Wed 10am-12am, Thu-Sat 10am-1am—Lingerie, Costumes Videos, Maas, Books, Lotions, Oils, Adult Tovs and much more! OH ZONE 126

6218 NE Columbia (503) 284-4759 Daily 10am-3am-live models, toys, video

#### **OREGON THEATRE 127**

3530 SE Division (503) 232-7469 Daily from 12noon—adult feature r

#### PARADISE VIDEO 128 14712 SE Stark St. (503) 255-9414

Daily 24 hours-videos, mags, novelties, toys PARIS THEATER 129

#### 6 SW 3rd Ave (503) 295-7808

Mon-Thu 11am-Midnight, Fri-Sun 24 hours adult feature-length movies

#### PASSIONATE DREAMS (2) 130 6644 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 775-6665

10518-B NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 252-5559 Daily 10am-4am—private lingerie & nude modeling

#### PEEP HOLE / MR. PEEP'S (2) 131 709 SE 122nd (503) 257-8617

20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR (503) 356-5624 Simply Everything Adult—videos, showgirls, nove PRIVATE PLEASURES 132

# 10931 SW 53rd Ave. (off Barbur Blvd.) (503) 768-9235 Daily 24 hours—private lingerie & nude modeling

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd (503) 206-5656 - Daily 24 hours 5226 SE Foster Rd. (503) 774-3183 - Daily 24 hours Private lingerie & nude modeling

#### **RUMORS WEST 133**

9272 SW. Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy. (503) 297-8910 Tues-Fri 1pm-6pm, Sat 2pm-6pm, (Sun & Mon by appointment) sexy dresses, exotic club wear, shoes & lingerie

#### **SECRET RENDEZVOUS 136** 12503 SE Division #C (503) 761-4040 Daily 24 hours-private lingerie & nude m

SHEENA'S G-SPOT (3) 137 3400 NE 82nd Ave. (503) 261-1111 8315 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-6666

#### Daily 24 hours-Private shows

SILVER SPOON 139 8521 SW Barbur Blvd (503) 245-0489 Mon-Sat 10am-7pm Sun 12n-5pm—adult novelties & gags, tobacco products & incense

#### THE SMOKE SHACK 140

5030 SE Foster Rd. (503) 775-3646 Mon-Sat 8am-8pm Sun 9am-8pm—adult novelties videos, tobacco products, glassware

#### **SPARTACUS LEATHERS** 141 300 SW 12th Ave. (503) 224-2604

M-Th 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12mid, Sun 12n-9pm leather, lingerie, novelties, lotions, oils and more! STILL SMOKIN' 142

#### 12302 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 762-4219 Mon-Sat 8am-8pm Sun 9am-8pm—adult novelties videos, tobacco products, glassware

**SWEET SENSATIONS** 143 10018 SW Canyon Rd. (503) 297-3406 Mon-Thurs 8am-2am, Fri-Sat 7am-3am, Sun 10am-12mid

#### videos, erotica, novelties, lingerie

**TABOO VIDEO (3) 144** 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—videos, arcade, mags, novelties

#### **TORCHED ILLUSIONS 148** 17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy (503) 848-8546

**VALENTINE VIDEO** 145

6935 N Fessenden (503) 946-8497

FAX503.914.0439

EMAILXMag@gwest.net

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Daily 10am-2am—private lingerie and nude modeling X-OTIC TAN 147 8431 SF Division (503) 257-0622 Daily 24 hours—private lingerie & nude modeling

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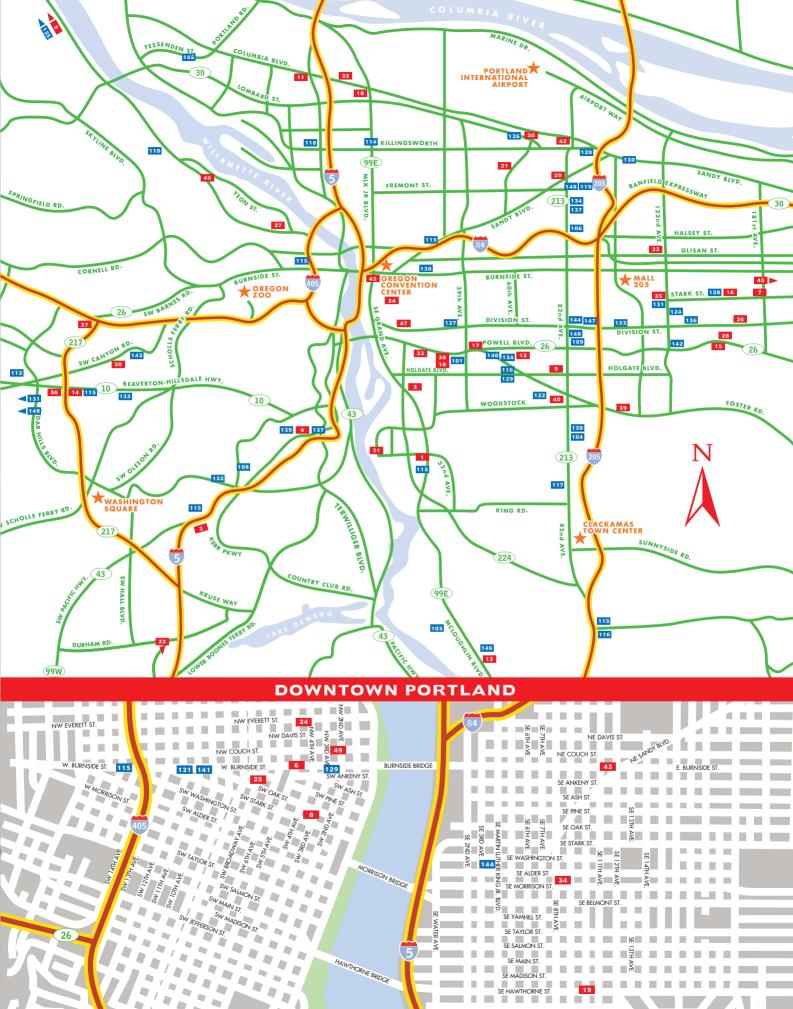


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# SALEM

#### ADULT SHOP 🗾

155 Lancaster Drive Se (503) 585-8288 Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade, Lingerie 24 Hours / 7 Days

#### ADULT SHOP G 3113 River Road

(503) 390-4371 Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade, Lingerie 10am - Midnight / 7 Days

#### ADULT SHOP III

5530 Commercial St Se (503) 763-6754 . Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade, Lingerie 24 Hours / 7 Days

#### **ADULT SHOP**

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

#### BOB'S ADULT BOOKS D

3815 State Street (503) 363-3846 Adult Books, Videos, 63 Ch Arcade, And Mini-theatre 9am - 2am / 7 Days

#### CHEETAHS C

3453 Silverton Road (971) 327-8777 Juice Bar, Special Shows 7pm - Close / 7 Days

#### THE FIREHOUSE A

5782 Portland Road NE (503) 393-4782 Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery 11am - 2am / 7 Days

#### HARD CANDY

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

## PRESLEY'S PLAYHOUSE

3803 Commercial St. SE (503) 371-1565 Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole Sun - Thurs 2pm - 2:30am, Fri - Sat 2pm - 4am

#### PUSSYCATS K

3815 State St (503) 363-0401 18+ Over, Lingerie Modeling Mon - Sat 11am - 3am, Sun 4pm - Midnight

#### SPICE VIDEO

3473 Silverton Road (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

#### **ALBANY**

#### **ADULT SHOP**

3404 Spicer Drive Se / (541) 812-2522 Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade, Lingerie

#### **ASTORIA**

#### ANNIE'S UPPERTOWN TAVERN

2897 Marine Drive / (503) 325-1102 Beer & Wine, Dancers, Full Menu, Lottery Mon - Sat 4pm - 2am

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#### IMAGINE THAT

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

#### **PLEASURE WORLD**

1843 NE 3rd St. / (541) 317-9723 Videos Novelties Lingerie Books Open 9am - 2am Daily

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197 NE Third 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 - 2am, Sun 6pm - 2am

# **CORVALLIS**

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

#### **EUGENE**

#### **ADULT SHOP**

290 River Road (541) 688-5411 Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade, Lingerie 24 Hours / 7 Davs

#### ADULT SHOP

720 Garfield Stree (541) 345-2873 Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade, Lingerie 24 Hours / 7 Days

#### **ADULT SHOP** 86784 Franklin Blvd

(541) 636-3203 Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Lingerie 8am - Midnight / 7 Days

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

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2727 Willamette / (541) 767-6816 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Lotions & Creams 24 Hours / 7 Days

#### THE NILE

1030 Highway 99 / (541) 688-1869 Bar, Food, Dancers Mon-sat 12noon - 2am, Sun 3pm-12am

#### SILVER DOLLAR CLUB

2620 W 10th Place / (541) 485-2303 Beer & Wine, Food, Dancers W/ 3 Stages Mon - Sat 11:30am - 2:30am, Sun 6pm - 2:30am

#### **GERVAIS**

#### LAST CHANCE SALOON

12157 Portland Rd. / (503) 792-5100 Beer, Wine, Lottery W/ 1 Stages Sun - Thu Noon - Midnight, Fri - Sat Noon - 2:30am

#### **KLAMATH FALLS**

#### THE ALIBI

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

#### LINCOLN CITY

#### **IMAGINE THAT II**

2159 Nw Hwy 101, Suite C / (541) 996-6600 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts Sun - Thu 10am - 10pm, Fri - Sat 10am-mid

#### **MEDFORD**

#### ADULT LAND

2755 South Pacific Highway / (541) 770-5493 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novellies, Arcade, Lingerie Mon - Thu 9am - 10pm, Fri & Sat 10am - Mid. Sundays 10am - 9pm

#### **ADULT SHOP**

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

#### **ADULT SHOP**

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

#### **CASTLE MEGASTORE**

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

#### THE OFFICE

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

#### **NEWPORT**

#### SPICE VIDEO

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

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413 SW Glacier Ave. / (541) 548-4441 2 Stages, Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery, Pool Sun - Mon 3pm - Midnight, Tues - Sat 3pm - 2am

#### RICE HILL

#### ADULT SHOP

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

#### ROSEBURG

#### FILLED WITH FUN

2498 Old Highway 99E South (541) 957-3741 Novelties, Videos/Rentals, Arcade, Toys, Magazines Mon - Sat 9am - Midnight, Sun Noon - Midnight

#### SPRINGFIELD

#### **B&BADULT VIDEO**

2289 Olympic Street / (541) 726-7317 Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room 24 Hours / 7 Days

#### **BRICK HOUSE**

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

#### **CASTLE MEGASTORE**

3270 Gateway / (541) 988-9226 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes Sun - Thu 8am - 2am, Fri & Sat 8am - 3am

#### **CLUB 1444**

1444 Main Street / (541) 726-7299 Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers And 1 Stage Mon - Sat Noon - 2:30am, Sun 3pm - 2:30am

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#### SWEET ILLUSIONS

1836 South A Street / (541) 762-1503 Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery, 2 Stages

#### THE DALLES

#### **ADULT SHOP**

3506 W 6th / (541) 298-1874 Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade, Lingerie 8am - 2am / 7 Days

#### UMATILLA

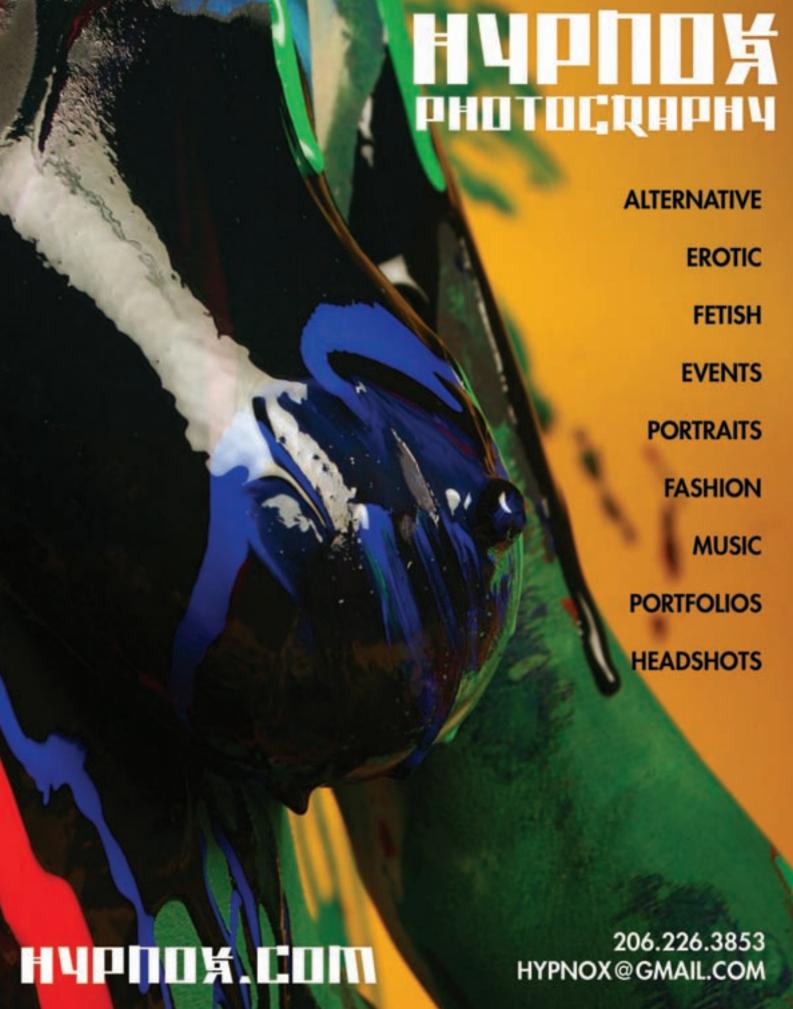
#### MISS SALLY'S

521 6th St. / (541) 922-2952 2 Stages, Juice Bar Tues - Sun 7pm - 3am

#### THE RIVERSIDE

1501 6th St. / (541) 922-4112 2 Stages, Beer and Wine Tues - Sun 6pm - 1:30am

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#### 2:30(ish)pm: Wake up

**2:35 pm:** Scrape off eye makeup from the night before. Make empty promises to self about not wearing fake eyelashes. Pick off the persistent little globs of glue which are almost definitely made from horse hooves.

**2:40-3:00pm:** A great deal of barging through anything standing in the way of coffee.

**3:00-3:15pm:** Dream up suitable excuses to avoid housework and mumble them to roommates while dashing out the door.

**3:15-5:30 pm:** Errands. Several hours of fighting with the natural stripper instinct to blow all the money made last night (and then some) on clothes and crap next to any cash register.

**5:30-6:30 pm:** Dodge calls from your mother who wants to remind you that if you had a normal job you wouldn't have to pay for your own health insurance or spend so much having THAT done to your hair.

**6:30-7:30 pm:** Intricate bathing and defoliation rituals which involve scraping hair off of everywhere but top of head. (Note: if you have to shave your crotch, you would expect free alcohol as well)

**7:30-8:30 pm:** Dry, straighten, curl, tease, and generally damage hair on top of head.

**8:30-8:45 pm:** Apply enough makeup to feel personally responsible for the subjugation of all test bunnies.

**8:45-8:50 pm:** Re-double cynicism for anything that has ever been printed on a cosmetics label. Ever.

**8:50-9:15 pm:** Arrive at work. Participate in dressing room gossip. Engage in chain smoking. Discuss who should get fired and why. Daily relationship updates. Ponder general suspicions of locker room thievery.

**9:15-9:30 pm:** Convince other strippers their underwear isn't doing that "bunchy thing". Sift through the contents of your locker for the other

half of your other metallic lamé outfit. Try on four things

exotic magazine | xmag.com

asking the other strippers if each is doing that "bunchy thing". Eventually decide on what everyone else says they hate because they want to borrow it.

**9:30-9:35 pm:** Investigate the mysterious "stripper rash" that results from some combination of razor burn and sitting bare-assed on filthy chairs and stages.

**9:35-9:45 pm:** Actually leave dressing room. Sit at bar and indicate to bartender what you want to drink and whose tab to put it on using an intricate and unique system of hand-gestures.

**9:45-10:00 pm:** Make everyone at the bar look at pictures of your pet until they buy you shots of Jäger.

10:00-10:05 pm: Try to decide what to dance to. This is harder than you would think because you have to gauge what the room would like to hear (Pantera, Radiohead, Bush) what you are absolutely sick of (everything), what your coworkers are likely to lynch you for playing (classic rock, Bjork), what the management has banned (all hip-hop, lest we all die the next day in a gang shootout), what the DJ will let you get away with (80s) and in the end just dance to AC/DC again for what is probably the 730<sup>th</sup> time.

**10:05-10:15 pm:** Get on the phone and cajole anyone you can think of into being your designated driver because you "accidentally" got too drunk.

10:15-10:30 pm: Emotionally manipulate the barback into frying something that you know you shouldn't eat.

**10:30-10:45 pm:** Take food to the dressing room and guard it like a rabid lion from the stripper vultures until you've had enough and then generously bequeath the leftovers.

**10:45 pm:** Whine about having to go on stage again / not getting to go on stage enough.

**10:46 pm:** Check to make sure that the other strippers haven't discovered your secret hiding spot for your cigarettes in the DJ booth while repeating the song selection ordeal (this time ignoring the customer standing on his tiptoes trying to convince the DJ booth inhabitants that it is imperative that he hear Pantera).

10:46-10:52 pm: Go on stage and happily scream

at anyone who doesn't put down a dollar for each song. Try like hell to refrain from kicking beer and ashtrays onto people.

**10:53-11:00 pm:** Return to the dressing room. Whine about all the customers sitting at the stage. And the sound system. And the DJ.

**11:00-11:05 pm:** Whine to the DJ about how there are too many / not enough dancers.

**11:00-11:20 pm:** Take sexy pictures of self in the dressing room and then send them to whoever you are currently sleeping with and/or want to be sleeping with.

**11:20 pm:** Realize you've been fucking around for four hours and maybe, just maybe, it would be a good idea to at least try and make some money.

11:20 pm-1:00 am: Lie to customers about relationship status, sexuality, natural hair color and any other personal questions you don't feel like answering.

**1:00-2:15 am:** Twist arms and pull teeth until people consent to buying dances. Convince drunken men that you are more interested in the contents of their hearts than the contents of their bank accounts.

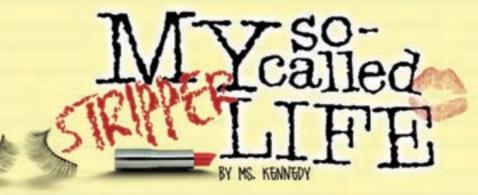
**2:15-2:25 am:** Last call. Graciously explain to customers that the bouncers are obligated to pry the drinks out of their hands and repeat that the club will be closing soon so they can't get a dance "maybe later" or "try to get a drink first".

**2:25-2:50** am: Return to dressing room which has turned into a battlefield of drunk, crazy, bruised and self-righteous entertainers screaming about their missing iPods, fighting with boyfriends on the phone, and accusing each other of stealing just about anything that isn't nailed down.

**2:50-2:55 am:** Argue with the bouncers about needing / not needing to be walked out to your car.

**3:15-4:00** am: Get home, eat a handful of sedatives, and prepare an elaborate confection of cheese and carbohydrates to eat in bed while watching a movie until you lose consciousness. Try to remember to turn the oven off.

**4:01 am:** Fall asleep with eye makeup and fake eyelashes still on.





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MAGE BY STEVE LEMZ

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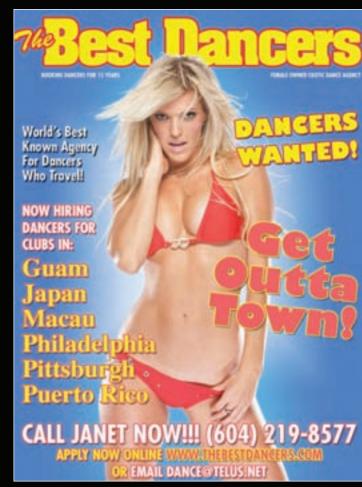


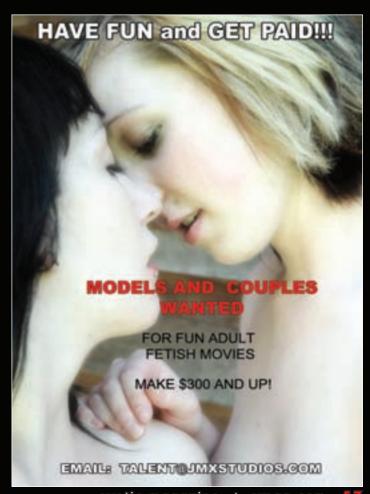












# 

#### **No Good Deed**

I fucking hate the snow. I hate anything that has to do with snow. I hate snowmen. I hate snow cones. I even hate that rapper, Snow.

With the previously mentioned out of the way, I'm really not that opposed to ignoring the things that I hate. I can deal with Oregon drivers who lock up like armored cars at the mere sight of anything white on the road (the irony...), the overabundance of happy children, and the usual tra-la-la that comes packaged with the filthy, flaky mess that litters Portland once every few years.

What I am not particularly skilled at, however, is the art of ignoring things that I love. Sadly (and simultaneously fortunately), the only two things I really love are money and music. On one particularly snowy evening, the first of two weeks' consecutive fill-in nights I had scheduled at one of my favorite Portland clubs, I had a tough decision to face: finish up an album I was producing (costing me a shift's worth of money), or go to work (which would result in a decrease of album quality as said album was due at the pressing plant the following Tuesday). The deciding factor was introduced in the form of pancakes (scratch everything I've said up until now... I fucking love pancakes), when another DJ offered to fill-in for the night so I could go finish my album at MFP Restaurant (serving pancakes). Cost myself one shift, gain two pancakes and a fanbase (or at least another white rapper for a client). Sounds like a business-minded decision, right?

Wrong. You're always fucking wrong. You should know that by know...

I'm leaving MFP with a belly full of batter and a laptop full of half-finished tracks, planning on giving the fill-in-fill-in DJ a ride home, when I notice a couple of broads hurling chunks of ice at the cars attempting to leave their parked spots. 2:00am in Portland, couple of drunk girls, nothing out of the ordinary, right? Without any notice other than the obvious, a block of snow, ice, rocks and glass comes flying through my window and into my eye. Almost immediately transforming from Optimus Chill to Mega-Smackabitch, I start to get heated and began rationalizing to myself regarding how I would explain to the police and/or ambulance drivers that I beat up a girl for tossing a snowball at me. Before I could disprove the existence of my manhood by assaulting a female stranger, however, the female stranger in question busted out with "Holy shit, that's my DJ!"

Name omitted for obvious reasons, the dancer and her friend who had cut my eye open in three (yeah, three) places with a snowball (yeah, a snowball) were attempting to start small talk with me while I sat in my car, eye in hand.

"Oh my God, you're my old DJ! How have vou been?'

"Fine. You? I'd love to catch up, but my fucking EYE IS BLEEDING."



"Okay babe, see you around."

At this point, I was pretty much fucked. I couldn't see out of one eye, and the other one was having a hard time compensating because the overwhelming pain exceeded any kind of whine-and-relax factor. I've been shot, stabbed, beat up, and beat down... Nothing feels quite like a ripped open eyeball. When you consider the circumstances, however, I was even more fucked considering that I had to A) drive, B) stare at a laptop for another fifty hours to complete the album I was trying to finish in the first place and C) write an overly detailed and self-centered magazine article detailing the incident.

Let's ignore the thousands of dollars of lost shifts, missed driver fares, and unfinished rap songs. Forget about me ending up in a hospital because of a fucking snowball of all things. What really deserves attention is the fact that I am not, was not, and never will be mad at the dancer who hurled icy glass into my retina.

"But why not, Ray?" you ask. "Why not use your ability to stoop really low and write up a defamatory piece on this specific individual.

After all, she cost you time, money, and you looked like a fucking pirate for six days!

The answer is quite simple. The dancer in question is the only dancer I can think of that I would expect this sort of violent anarchism from, let alone tolerate. We'll call her "France." France's entire persona is the embodiment of well-meaning chaos. The chick was trying to cause fatal accidents one second, then sweettalking a casual associate (yours truly) the next, and I honestly doubt she sees any change in rhythm. If there is some sort of ass-backwards moral to be learned from the aforementioned events, it is simple and sweet: be yourself. If you're a crazy bitch, embrace your crazy bitchiness, and all will be well when your violent tendencies affect someone you actually don't want to kill.

Or something like that.

Even though I have seen more intelligent "you suck" letters in Juggalo chat rooms, last month's Tales spurred a small amount of controversy. Figuring that other readers may follow in Spooky's suit, I have decided to write myself a letter, proving that even I could do a better job at Mr. X's little "angst equals intelligence" gimmick:

Dear Statutory Ray,

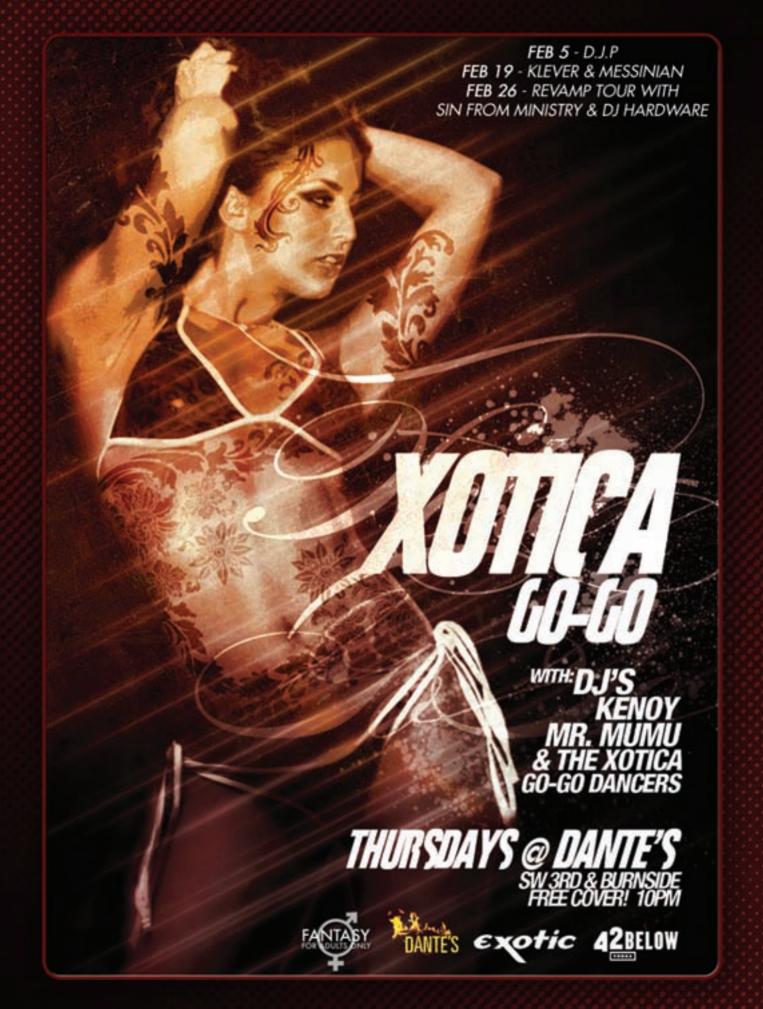
Your columns are repetitive, predictable, and sophomoric. You make hasty generalizations about extremely hard-working women, many of whom are raising children and coping with addiction, debt, and social stigmas. You use too many commas, you are a shameless selfpromoter and you look like the retarded twin of a post-rehab Robert Downey Jr. My friend said you were a heartless fuck and didn't even buy her dinner after the thirty seconds of aftershift sex.

Signed, Statutory Ray

See? It's really not that hard.



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# 

The New Year iz here. Two Thousand mutha fuckin' Nine, va heard?! I hone it was big for u and yours. Me and my peoples did it stupid on the ball drop, standin' on couches, bustin' bottles at the Planet Hollywood... one time! Wherever it was goin' down, 2008 is now in the rearview mirrors forever, so if you made it to the new year, you have action. Let's make it happen, ya dig?

For those who ain't knowing, the Adult Video Network (AVN) Adult Entertainment Expo, held each January at the Venetian Sands Expo Center, is the official adult entertainment showdown. With it comes the AVN Awards Show, which was held this year at the Mandalay Bay. All this was kinda like a music awards show but X-rated, va dig? I had never really been on the inside of one of these events until this year... usually I just hang out, go to parties and fuck with porn chicks. Now the reason why I say porn chicks, and not pornstars, is because every chick that is in a porn movie or shoots a couple of scenes...ain't no pornstar. So just because you are in a movie, stop saving you're a porn star, ya dig? You're just a broad in a movie getting fucked for money. Now I'm good with that, cause I dig chicks that fuck in movies. I like home movies, camera phone movies, amateur porn at the house or somethin'... get your money! But take some actin' classes and get on point with this shit, cause these bitches out here are really doing this shit!

So I'm up in here with pornstars, I'm saying REAL pornstars. They got everything in here. They got movies, they

got lotions and creams to make what ever you got going bigger, they got mattresses for better sex and sex booths like the ones va'll be going in down at Fantasy Video on Sandy. They're selling all sorts of shit in here, they sellin' dolls that feel like a real bitch: head, ass, whatever...you can blow her up and you're ready to go. But make sure that when you're having sex with your blow-up doll or whoever you have sex with, you protect yourself. It's 2009, and there's no excuse to put your life in danger (STDs kill). Anyways, basically it was four days of butt-nakedness, DVDs, toys for joy and a computer geek get down (the Computer Electronic Show is right next door in the same building). There were over 25,000 people, so you know it was poppin' everywhere. All the clubs was really poppin' and people should have really been eatin' that weekend in the nightlife, ya dig! It seems like even though all of these people were there, the turnout was slimmer than in years past, like the recession was fuckin' with people's pockets.

Since doing my thing with the AVN, it convinced me even more in my belief that strippers need to step their game up. Strippers need to change outfits after every set since it is for the money. Anytime I go any place, I don't want to see girls wearing the same outfits over and over and over and over to where I remember them! Check it out, tricks don't wanna see the same outfits again and again. If you're gettin' money in the strip bar club, then you need to

be fresh like new laundry if you wanna get that new money Mah. And another thing, do not just wash the crotch area of ya thongs in the sink or the parkin' lot outside the club with a bottle of water (yes, I'm knowin'). Let's use the laundry mats in the new year. Gettin' paper at strip bar clubs is the nightlife. So, when you're out on the city, don't wear your work shoes when you're not workin' and get some stiletto classes, va dig? And I don't know who said that not havin' your nails done, hair on point, and face straight was the recipe to get paper, but it ain't. Remember, when you shop at Payless you get paid less!

# PICK OF THE MONTH: TODD G'S "I GOT **WORK" (GORRILLA GOSPEL RECORDS).**

After 14 years in the street life (pimps, hoes, guns, drug-cases, state prisons, hospitals, violence and Life in the Fast Lane), Todd G (who has been in the industry since 1989 and has been featured in major publications all across the country) has a new album about to be released on his label. The only difference is that he doesn't run the streets any more. He now does Gospel Rap Music. Todd G's ministries have kept him busy on tour in Europe, and visiting prisons with a different outlook on the whole prison experience. (REMEMBER READERS...PRISON IS BAD!) He also has a 400 page book on his life story, co-written by the Senior Editor of The Source Magazine (Soren Baker), about to be distributed nationwide. This book looks to be one of the crowning moments in the life and times of a real nothin'-to-everything story of change. Make sure and check him out at Toddgministries.com or myspace.com/bigtoddg.

# **UPCOMING EVENTS: COME OUT AND** SUPPORT THE NIGHTLIFE.



Kenny Mack & 6ix will be playin' the Tonic Lounge on Sunday, Feb 1st.

The Game will be playin' the Roseland Theater Thursday, Feb 26<sup>th</sup>.

Valentine's Day is around the corner. That means gifts are gonna be given like it's Christmas all over again. If ya'll folks is on point with the bizzness, make sure ya V-Day game plan is top of tha line. It's nothin' wrong with gettin' dipped with ya peoples, fallin' thru a nice restaurant and tippin' a bottle so she feels good in February. It's only one time a year. Happy Valentine's Day to all you pretty girls that don't have a Valentine. I got a rose for you, but be easy and get money.

Kenny Mack

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# BY STATUTORY RAY

Thanks to whoever at *Exotic* is giving out my mailing address, I get no less than fifty CDs and/or press kits from local Northwestarea bands a month. Every package is a virtual copy of the next one sitting next to it, a plain manila envelope piled on top of unpaid bills and porn magazines complete with a personalized stamp and a misspelled name:

To: Stachatory Rob From: Spambot Promotions NW \*\*\*\*PRE-ORDER THE NEW EVERCLEAR ALBUM NOW!!!\*\*\*\*

Before music critics even get the chance to *hear* a band, we are forced to dig through overconfident press kits, cheap stickers, unreadable flyers, and whatever Godawful eco-friendly packaging device that Dashboard for Cutie is using for their most

recent release. Because of this, the presentation of your product is just as important as the content of your music when it comes to promoting your latest shitheap to music critics, distributors, and potential fans. If we hate you before we even listen to your CD, you and the band are not off to a good start.

There are a few solutions, however, many of which can help you and your bandmates stay away from that dishwashing shift at the Montage. Compiled as result of jaded experience, I present to you...

Statutory Ray's DOs and DONTs for Up-and-Coming Bands
DO provide an accurate, thorough

(but concise) description of your band's actual accomplishments. Accomplishments are defined by events or talents that affect the real world (and a potential customer/fan-base), such as live shows alongside real musicians or album sales backed up by real statistics. Do not include "fucking that Stephanie bitch from The Matador" or "ten pounds of weed in one weekend" in a list of your band's accomplishments.

future the Beverly-Hillbillies theme song re-written to fit your and your five friends' delusions of musical grammar. No one fucking cares where you grew up unless you're from Compton. "Sold-out crowd" and "Rock n' Roll Pizza" do not belong in the same sentence, let alone press kit. Refrain from mentioning prior band affiliation

unless the defunct bands have recorded something outside of their garage. For instance:

Metalface's lead singer Killbo Baggins (Deathtrap, Seven Dead Nuns, The Lampshades) is, like, really awesome because...

If 'Seven Dead,' 'DT,' and The 'Shades are bands followed exclusively by your exgirlfriend and the barback at your work, they are not relevant to your (or anyone else's) current "career" as a musician.

associate yourself with a genre familiar to common discourse. The phrases "rock," "hip-hop," "electro," "country," and "spoken word" are desirable. "Punk," "industrial," and "alternative" are to be used with extreme caution.



**DON'T** make outrageous claims regarding your ability to cross-pollinate your pseudorevolutionary style. Unless you're lighting yourself on fire using your own feces and recording the sounds onto a condenser microphone, it's been done before. News flash beardo, you're not the first singer-songwriter to incorporate a keyboard. The ultimate sin is using the phrase "(name of extremely shitty band begging for press) is like a cross between (talented Grammy-winners) and (established local act)." Unless you're Rehab, your band needs to pick a fucking genre and stick with it. Mixing things that aren't meant to be mixed results in vomit, inbred children or rap-rock, depending on location and substance. I can deal with the puke and the Southerners. Let's not go any further.

provide the necessary contact information for your band, as well as the dates of any upcoming live shows you may have. Promotional material is supposed to spur interest, but what good is interest if you can't provide an outlet for expression? Tell me where you can be reached, where I can buy your CD, and who the hell got your bassist that awesome fucking tie.

DONT assume that you have some hiding-in-the-bushes cult fanbase that already knows who you are. Telling a music critic or potential fan to "keep your eye out for The Destructorz" is like saying "look harder at the phone poles and you might see a half-covered sticker for our band." I thought Buck Cherry was a flavor of ice cream until I saw the band on MTV. You're not "on the radar" if your blip is too small to care about.

spend the money and time required to purchase and maintain an actual dot com. This not only displays professionalism, drive and commitment to your musical craft, but it tells your

professionalism, drive and commitment to your musical craft, but it tells your potential fans "hey, I have eighteen bucks and ten minutes!" If you can't build a webpage, you will never be able to make a girl orgasm. All the ass you pull on the road will be worthless and unsubstantiated and you'll end up paying for your drugs. Trust me, it's worth the time and effort to learn how to use your fingers. HTML isn't that hard either.

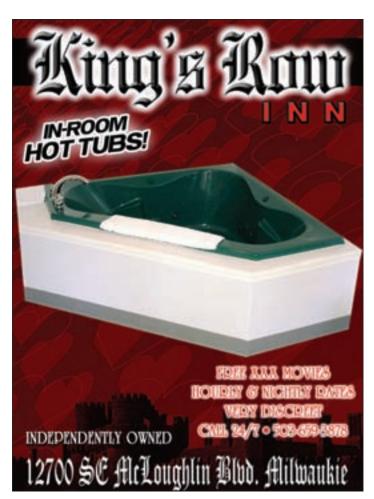
JONT refer to your MySpace page as your "website." If you must reside in Uncle Tom's Domain, understand

that you are using *someone else's* technical expertise, that your music is, upon upload, partially owned by a Fox News subsidiary and that everyone and their mom has a fucking MySpace page. Soundscan doesn't track number of friend adds. Your girlfriend and roommate do not count as "fans," nor does Kelly6969 (whose profile is "too hot for MySpace"). Your band's MySpace page is nothing more than a blog with ads. Never forget this.

include a visual representation of your band.

**DON'T** include the band in the picture.

If you will do these things, you will develop those traits in your personality that will enable people to like you, believe you, and trust you.









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