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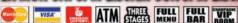


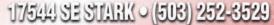












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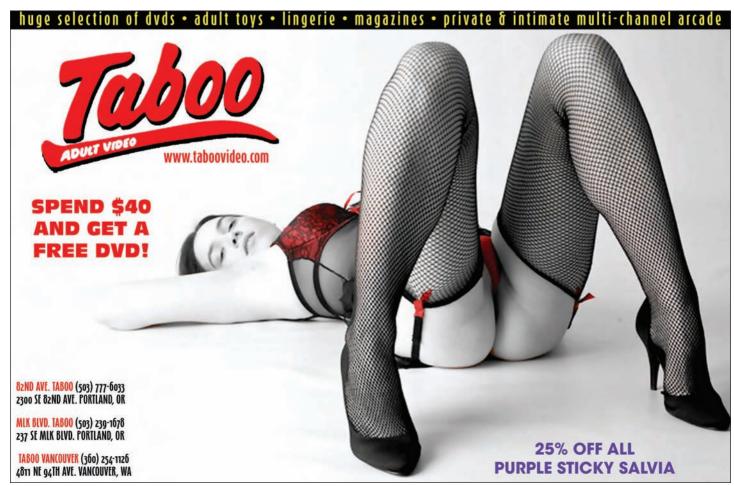












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There are very few things that will get me up in the morning. Sex is definitely the number one thing that works every time. Maybe I wasn't going to get any this morning, but it was sex that got me out of bed. It's been the talk of the town and it's finally here—Ron Jeremy's Club Sesso, Portland's newest sex club. Inconspicuously located in Portland's downtown business district, Club Sesso isn't necessarily bringing anything new to the Portland swinger's scene, but it is striving to make it much better. On the morning of the grand opening of this members-only club, I had the pleasure of sharing some coffee and Voodoo Doughnuts with Paul Smith, the club's owner and Ron Jeremy himself, who was there for the big party. Why is Ron opening a sex club in Portland? He isn't really. Paul is the actual owner and he was smart enough to tie a big name to it for notoriety. As Paul puts it, "Ron represents fun. He has traveled all over the world and made an amazing career out of having fun. We wanted to portray a fun image that would encourage people to come here and have a good time." Ron seems to be doing it out of love and respect, not only for Paul, but for the swinging lifestyle and possibly a paycheck. "I am an actor endorsing a product I like. I have nothing to do with how the business runs.

Ron breaks the ice with a mini-harmonica riff and part of what seems to be his regular comedy routine. He is a walking, one-man show. He was also rated No. 1 by AVN out of the top 50 porn stars ever. He has a New York Times Best Seller titled, Ron Jeremy: The Hardest (Working) Man in Showbiz. He has been in 15 music videos, including his own rap single called "Freak of the Week," which stayed on the Billboard charts for 27 weeks. Everything that Ron does is a success, and Club Sesso hopes to be the same. As Ron put it, "Paul figured I was a safe bet. I have no turkeys in my closet, not a single one. Everything I have done has turned out successful."

He is extremely proud of his accomplishments, the good friends he has met along the way and he had no problem sharing with me. With a list like this, who wouldn't be proud? He has been in several mainstream movies, including Detroit Rock City, Orgazmo and Boondock Saints. He mentioned the successful reality shows he was a part of, including VH1's The Surreal Life (where he befriended Vanilla Ice), A UK reality show called The Farm (where he actually helped birth baby animals) and The Kathy Griffin Show that shortly thereafter won an Emmy. His dick has his own Twitter

and Blog. His dick takes a stance on its own, dispensing advice, answering letters and discussing politics and current events. Check it out for yourself at www.ronjeremysdick.blogspot.com. Speaking of his dick

taking on a personality of its own, I watched the trailer for his latest movie upon his suggestion and I just can't wait to watch the whole thing. It's called One Eyed Monster. It is a campy horror movie where Ron's penis becomes a monster. His synopsis being, "Aliens want to take over the earth. The best way to infiltrate the earth is through the Internet. The biggest thing on the Internet is porn. The biggest thing in porn is Ron Jeremy. So they take over my dick to take over the Earth."

After redirecting the discussion to the swinger lifestyle, I got the run down and a little advice from the infamous "Hedgehog" himself. He describes the nightclub-like atmosphere as "taking the pressure off." "The fasting growing market in the swinger world is the 35 and under who don't want their mom and dad's swingers club. If you choose to share your body, then who you choose to share your body with is completely your own business. You don't have to do it at all." He explains the need for a balanced ratio of girls to guys to prevent what his friend Rodney Dangerfield would call "a sausage-fest." Of course, an over-abundance of females would never be frowned upon.

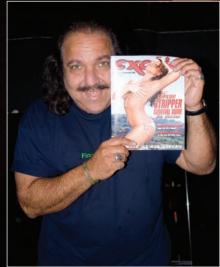
I was actually asked to turn my recorder off for a while during a heated debate between Ron and Paul when I inquired whether homosexual swingers would be accepted as members. This branched off into topics concerning heterosexual people possibly feeling uncomfortable, the bigger potential for STDs being spread and the fine line of being ostracized by the prominent gay community in Portland.

I asked Ron, "If you were never in the porn industry would you still be a swinger?" He replied, "That's a very good question. If I were never in the porn industry I would have stayed a school teacher. I think I was always of that [swinger] mentality, even in college. It's what me and my friend Gene Simmons both coined as 'emotional monogamy'. You can be in love with one person but sexual with several. After many years of being with someone, the best way to keep a marriage together can be variety and mixing it up. As long as it's done honestly, it can work. It's not cheating that way." He adds, "Save the big load for the wife. She's the reason you're here in the first place. Make the person you came with feel special. Don't go berserk and do things that you wouldn't do with your own partner."

Ron says that the same advice he would give to men asking about getting into the porn business rings true to the swinger world, "Bring a girl." As far as club etiquette, the golden rule is, "Don't be creepy." He adds, "You don't have to swing to come here. You can be perfectly happy dancing, drinking, watching a bunch of naked people run around, peeking in or just being conservative. Take a dance and then leave. They have a nice buffet here because Paul knew if I was going to be involved, it had to have a nice buffet."

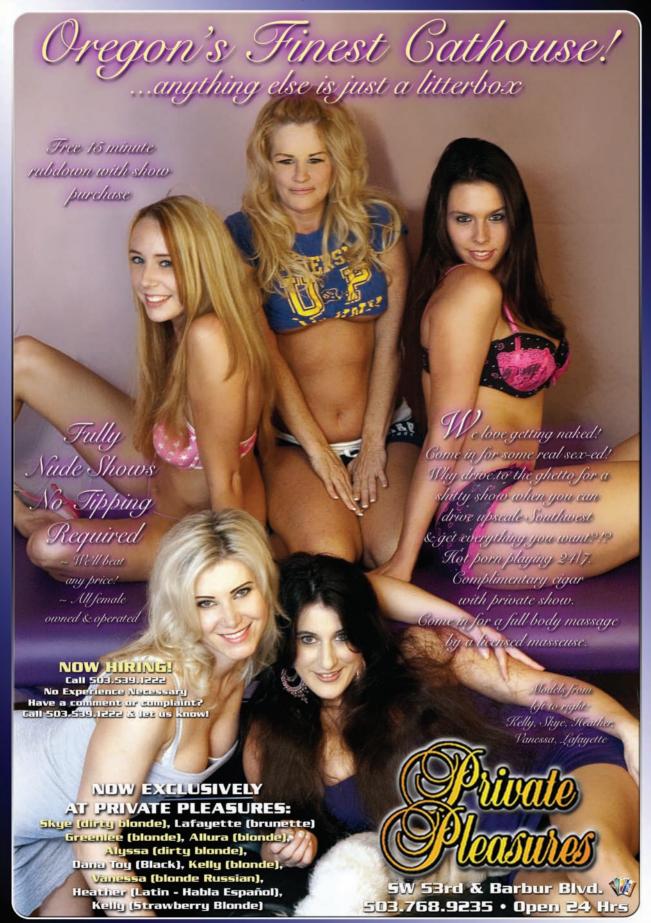
It was a great morning that ended with a fun photo shoot and maybe a little inappropriate behavior that landed me on the Channel 2 Evening News.

I returned later that evening for the big event. After talking a man friend into coming with me (it wasn't too hard), we filled out the needed paperwork to get in, grabbed ourselves some cocktails and sat back and observed. We saw some entertaining stuff and actually watched other people fuck inches from us. Although we were not ready to get down in the club, it prompted some good sex when we got home. In the morning, my friend asked if we were now officially swingers. We only watched. We didn't participate, so we have not earned that title yet. Even if you're not into the full swinger lifestyle, this club can still be for anyone just looking to add a little something extra to their sex life. On the right night, you too could meet Ron Jeremy, right here in Portland.









FANNING W/ SHOW, SHOWER AFTER MASSAGE OR HOOKS WITH A HOTTHE











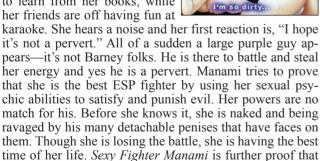
'm still a kid at heart, I don't wanna grow up. Now if only Toys"R"Us sold the type of toys I like to play with! You know who does? Taboo Video. They also have a whole section of animated porn. If dirty cartoons are what you're looking for, then sit back and enjoy. Saturday morning never looked like this!

HENTA

With Japanese pop culture further expanding into the United States, it should come as no surprise that Hentai (Japanese animated or illustrated porn) is a huge business and highly sought after Japanese export. Hentai is a word that is used in the West when referring to sexually explicit or pornographic Japanese comics and animation. In Japan it can be used to mean metamorphosis or abnormality. The word has a negative connotation to the Japanese and is commonly used to mean sexually perverted. Now, we all know how sexually repressed Japanese society is. Their culture is one of contradictions and double standards. Our Japanese brothers and sisters are able to purchase dirty panties from vending machines, but all of their legal pornography is either animated, has the best bits blurred out or is for export only. Porn in Japan is considered "injurious to public morals." You've probably seen Pokémon, Dragonball Z or Sailor Moon before, but all of the characters in those shows kept their clothes firmly on, or in the case of Sailor Moon, barely on. What Hentai offers is a unique combination of two major forms of entertainment, one aimed at fans of anime and the other at adults. Cartoons and porn—what a winning combination.

SEXY FIGHTER MANAMI

Sexy Fighter Manami, produced by Hot Storm Anime in 2005, is based on a traditional Japanese animation staple, ESP (extrasensory perception). Unfortunately, I had to pay close attention to the English subtitles because I don't speak Japanese. We are introduced to Manami as she is trying her best after school to learn from her books, while her friends are off having fun at





schoolgirls should not be left alone at school after hours.

SEPTEM CHARM: MAGICAL KANAN PART 2

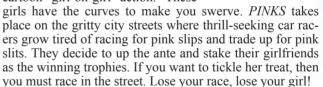
This anime was produced in 2003 by NuTech Digital Inc. and is part two of a four part series. When the movie started with an English narration, I was relieved that there wasn't any subtitles. It was true to traditional Japanese animation—Japanese schoolgirls, magical warriors and a giant bunny to the rescue. Once again, this movie was filled with shapeshifters and a whole lot of weirdness. The plot was hard to follow, but I guess that's not really the point in Western porn movies. Animation lets us explore things that are otherwise impossible. This movie brings you to a world of magic and sex. We could all use a little magic in our bedrooms, right?

WESTERN ANIMATED PORN

After watching a few Japanese animation films, I got curious to see how American animation porn would compare. Like normal cartoons, the animation itself is completely different. Also, like traditional cartoons, the story lines in the American anime are not centered on school girls, tentacles, shape shifting or anything magical. I also knew I wouldn't have to worry about reading the movie. The biggest difference I found, was that the Japanese films had a lot of forced sexual situations. While in all of the American versions the cartoon cuties were more than willing.

PINKS: THE HEAT IS IN THE STREET!

Produced in 2007 by Adult Source Media, this movie looks just like a video game. It reminded me of Grand Theft Auto on Viagra. In the night, loyalties are tested, lines are crossed and the asphalt is set ablaze by thrill-seeking street racers. "PINKS is a ground-breaking, 3-D CGI (computer generated imagery) erotic thriller that mixes high-speed racing with pulse-pounding eroticism," says ASM President Wendy Crawford. PINKS features five sex scenes that even include some hot, cartoon girl-on-girl action. These girls have the curves to make you





THE ADVENTURES OF CHATSWORTH: THE BURIED TREASURE

Made this year by 18 Wheeler Films Inc., we are invited to Chatsworth to join "Cok D-zil in his quest for the finest pieces of cartoon coochie and the phattest animated booty to ever cum out of a pen." Cok D-zil has cartooned himself and is in search of some cartoon hotties to star in volume two of his cartoon booty flicks. He is off to a good start when he goes looking in Club Shake Shake (the cartoon equivalent to Portland's own Exotica International). This movie was like one long, sex cartoon, rap video with real traditional pen-drawn animation. Although I couldn't really follow the plot line, I really liked it and the music. The characters, boy, were they some characters! This movie makes me want to watch the other animations produced by this company. Go rent it for yourself and check out trailers for their other films at www.cartoonbootyflicks.com.







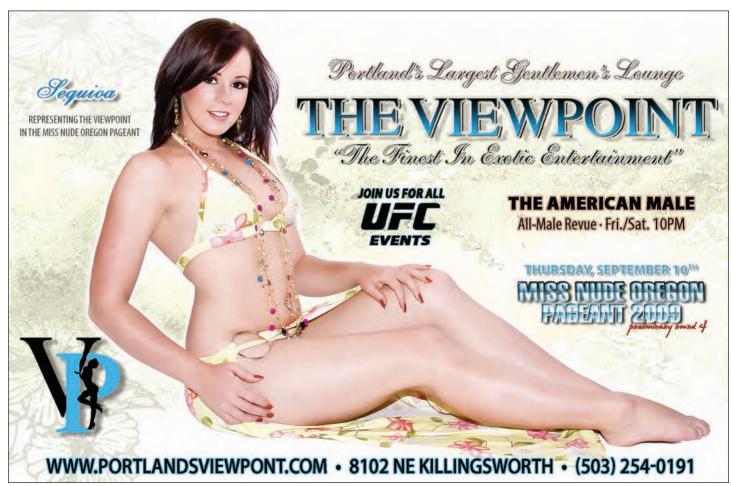














There's something about run-ning around in a bikini and periodically exposing yourself that makes strip club customers feel comfortable enough to ask personal questions. The questions are re-

ally repetitive. We are subjected to the same boring, bizarre and sometimes inappropriate dueries. Like many things, my tolerance for the nightly interrogation is directly proportionate to my alcohol consumption. This is a sampling of what I get asked all the goddamn time, but I'm doing the disclaimer thing first: I learned some valuable things in Liberal Arts College; the art of extortion, how to walk in heels while drunk and that one should be politically cautious assuming one should be politically cautious assuming the experiences of other people. There is a significant amount of diversity amongst my coworkers. While we all get asked the same questions, my answers are not necessarily consistent with the others. Come to mention it—that goes for my opinions in general. Maybe I should have said something to that effect sooner. Just don't listen to anything I say, ever.

They are never less than six inches and not more than eight. After eight you start not more than eight. After eight you start getting into trouble. For example, my friend Brandie got totally shit-faced at a club we hadn't danced at before and was rolling around on the ground demanding "drugs to put in her nose" from managers and bouncers. Giggling and trying to assure people that she was joking, I was unable to get her off the floor because she couldn't stand up in her new nine-inch boots. When I suggested removing them off she would scream "No! They are fabulous! They are fabulous!

They are fabulous

How do you even walk in those shoes?

I go with a left then right, left then right thing and it's working out pretty well. How do you think we walk in them? What's really impressive is how you were able to leave the house wearing Tevas with white socks. If I were you, I would just vomit all over myself every time I looked down.

Where do you get shoes like that?
They are custom made by gay elves while



I sleep. Why the fuck are you so fixated on

I don't think you really want to know. What you should be aware of is that there is a really, really high probability that I have the same first name as your daughter. In fact, my name is so freakishly popular that there is no way you don't know someone under the age of 15 with the same name as me and that's kind of gross. Remember how Ace of Base was number one on the charts for like a year and it seemed like a hell that would never end? It's like that. Except in the last decade, no one seems to be able to think of a name for their kid other than mine! The real reason we have stupid stage names like Buttercup and Mazarati is so you don't get a dance from a stripper who has the same name as your daughter or mom. If real names were revealed, the whole strip club illusion would come crashing down around us. Instead of buying dances or making eye contact, you would just drink heavily and stare at the bar for hours.

Not as much as you think. I've long suspected that the persistent assumption that strippers walk out of the club with 500 dol-lars easily is a byproduct of better economic times. (Oh, to have stripped during the Clin-ton administration.) Also, my job is far from easy, with all the bruises from rolling around on the floor and forced merriment.

Some girls do. As far as I'm concerned the point of being a stripper is to be a stripper. Stripping supports my lifestyle. This means sleeping 10 hours a day and paying for unreasonably priced health insurance, lest the pole becomes un-moored from the ceiling and I fall to my near death.

So are you like, in school or something?

No. A couple months after I started stripping my friends pulled me out of bed at what I considered to be a completely uncivilized hour. They threw a handful of pills down my throat and then dragged me kicking and screaming (literally) through some sort of commencement ceremony that I don't remember. I guess most people are happy about graduating from college and it's an accomplishment, or whatever, but I simply wasn't in the mood to grow up. Frankly, I'm too lazy to be in school and strip at the same time—hats off to the girls who are somehow capable of managing that many consecutive hours of consciousness.

I don't know why anyone asks this because no matter how I answer, they then accuse me of lying.

No, it was like rolling around with a litter of de-clawed kittens. Yes, they fucking hurt.

Getting a metal needle jammed through your skin fucking hurts. The pain is relative. For example, I would get another piercing, but hope to never again get my finger caught in a Buick door after an ill-fated teenage experiment with ecstasy.

Only in my darkest nightmares. Customonly in my darkest nightmares. Customers can buy us cocktails so we practically drink for free, anyway. If there were an open bar, a handful of strippers would be crafty enough to weave and dodge their way out of there with most of their stuff intact. Half the remaining girls would be in tears and the other half would be screaming at each other than the contribution. other. It would be the sparkliest apocalypse ever—smashed mirrors, broken martini glasses and everything covered with a shimmering layer of body glitter.

Tan you dance to ______ (insert horrid rock allad that makes customer nostalgic for igh school and the last time women found

No, for two reasons: there's nothing in it for me and that song totally sucks. I was going to do some 80s pop, which you probably would have enjoyed, but just for making such a stupid request I am going to punish you by dancing to Tori Amos instead.

Because you just do. I don't understand why this is such a hard concept to grasp. If you put down money like you're supposed to, then the girl on stage takes off her clothes. It doesn't work the other way around! It's similar to a jukebox. It's not like you wait until you hear a song you like and then reward the jukebox by feeding it quarters. If you don't put money into a jukebox it's just going to sit against the wall not doing anything. Same goes for dancers, except if you give us quarters a lot of things are going to come flying at your head.

ow much for you to leave with me right now? No.

Well me and my hot stripper friends are Well me and my hot stripper friends are going to an afterparty you've never heard of and aren't invited to, where we will snort coke off of each other's naked stomachs. This is all pre-orgy of course. That, or I could hit up Taco Bell on the way home and spend the rest of my night seeped in self-hatred and that addictive orange shit they put on their quesadillas. Once I'm in an inedible food coma. I'm going to do everything hufood coma, I'm going to do everything humanly possible to selectively erase the previous six hours of my life (and that includes your name). Usually this takes the form of playing spider solitaire and chain smoking in the basement. That way, I may have at least an outside chance of getting some goddamn sleep. Either way, I haven't decided yet.









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"Fame. What you get is no tomorrow." At least, that's one of the many unattractive things David Bowie had to say about fame. In the course of 15 minutes on a blistering hot Sunday last month, I was accused of being famous not once, but twice. You've got to be fucking kidding me, right? Fame in itself is really of no interest to me whatsoever. Maybe in my younger days at *Exotic*, when I was an over-stimulated attention whore, but now that I'm older, I'll pass.

When you run into some crack head on Burnside that says they know you from that free magazine they just jerked off to, it doesn't really make you feel so good about fame. However, when you show up for your Sunday night DJ shift at Union Jacks, and the bouncer informs you that you have apparently inspired some graffiti in the parking lot, that's something altogether different. The bouncer took me around back and showed me my little taste of immortality. There it was. About one square foot of neatly scribed graffiti that read, "Hi Spooky!" accented with a cute little heart. The fact that someone took the time to do this was strange enough, but the fact that they actually like me, stranger still. Then the bouncer told me I needed to clean it up and paint over it. I refused, because in the brief moment since I have seen it, I have somehow become attached to my graffiti. Funny thing is, the artist didn't tag their work on the walls of the building- they tagged a broken down air conditioner from hell that's been sitting in the parking lot for several months, waiting to be taken away. Until then, I plan on visiting my graffiti as often as possible.

In my opinion, becoming famous by being a part of *Exotic* would more appropriately be defined as infamy. The higher you rise in the charts in our twisted little world, the more socially unacceptable you become in the real world. Plenty of us have come and gone, the Spookys, The Statutory Rays, The Tim Choads. It has been a virtual revolving door of overdoses, relapses and rehabilitations. It's pretty safe to assume that there's probably something a little wrong with you if you're working at *Exotic*.

At what price is *Exotic*-style fame worth it? Shortly after I showed up at Jacks that night, I was immediately confronted by one of our lovely dancers who skipped the "Hi, how are you?" and jumped straight into an interrogation involving the *Exotic 10* (aka The Top 10 Strippers *Exotic Magazine* Wants to Fuck). Apparently, this young lady didn't agree with our results. After listening to her opinion, I decided to have a little fun at her expense by saying, "Let's get to the heart of the matter here, you're just pissed that we didn't want to fuck you, right?" She accused me of twisting her words around and then asked coyly, "Did anybody mention me?" I love this girl. She capped off our conversation by dropping the bomb when she said, "*Exotic Magazine* has brought me nothing but pain." I'm pretty sure that's one of the coolest things anyone has ever said to me.

As I mentioned in last month's issue, The *Exotic 10* always gets plenty of attention. It's real easy for a bunch of guys and gals to get together and make up a little shopping list of their sexual desires, but when you run into them in the flesh, it's more like, "Oh, Hi Bea, and congratulations on being number one! Umm, you're not mad, are you?" In Bea's case, she wasn't. Her boyfriend was actually stoked that his woman was top of the charts. We were however contacted by one rather angry and anonymous individual telling us to stay the fuck away from his girlfriend. The interesting part is that his "girlfriend" doesn't have a boyfriend. Truth be told,

other issues that have been brought to my attention regarding the *Exotic 10* were statements such as, "I can't believe you guys wanna fuck that bitch more than me."

I don't know if it's just because the Exotic 10 is revisiting something from the "good ol' days" that has made it so popular, but the response was overwhelmingly positive. It made us feel like we were doing something to make our little world a better place. To celebrate this, we're going to attempt something new and exciting. Something so dangerous and so goddamn sexy it will take all 16 years of experience to pull it off. Coming on Sunday, August 30th to commemorate Exotic's 16th Anniversary we will be bringing you The Exotic 10 Live and Uncensored! We've already rounded up half of them and by the time you have read this, the other half will most likely be joining up. These lovely ladies will be tearing up the town (along with the Exotic staff) aboard a stretch limo Hummer making select appearances throughout the night until we all reach our final destination at Dante's Sinferno by midnight. You'll be able to see several of these beauties performing live on stage in addition to the already stellar Sinferno lineup. Make sure you get your ass on down to Dante's and wish Exotic a sinfully sweet 16.

While we're on the subject of events that will rock your world, the big one will be dropping so hard this month, you'll be able to feel it in Downtown Portland all the way to Salem! We've been teasing you with it for two months now and, at last, the time has arrived for The Miss Nude Oregon Pageant brought to you by *Exotic Magazine*. We're very pleased to announce that all of the events are now secured in some of Portland and Salem's finest venues. The venues will all come together to make this the ultimate competition showcasing Oregon's finest exotic entertainers. The following is an exclusive look at the official lineup for the Miss Nude Oregon events.

Miss Nude Oregon Preliminary Rounds

Round 1: Wednesday, August 19th at Spyce Gentlemen's Club.

Round 2: Thursday, August 27th at Stars Cabaret Salem.

Round 3: Thursday, September 3rd at Boom Boom Room.

Round 4: Thursday, September 10th at The Viewpoint.

Round 5: Friday, September 18th at Safari Showclub.

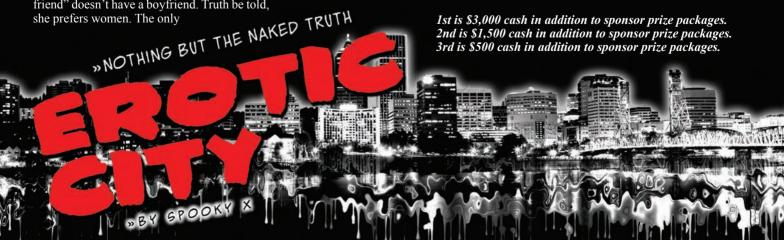
Miss Nude Oregon contestants will need to compete in one of the preliminary rounds to qualify. Each of these rounds will showcase 10 to 12 entertainers competing for their spot in the semifinals. Half of the contestants at each of these rounds will be cut at the end of each round. The surviving contestants will go forward into the semifinals.

Miss Nude Oregon Semifinals and the Final

Semi-Final Round 1: Thursday, September 24th at Dolphin I. Semi-Final Round 2: Thursday, October 1st at Stars Cabaret Beaverton.

Final Round: Thursday, October 8th at Dolphin II.

Semifinal Rounds 1 and 2 will consist of splitting the semifinalists into two groups. Half of the contestants in each semifinal round will be cut, resulting in all remaining semifinalists moving forward into the finals. The prize packages for the top three are as follows:



We are still in the process of registering all entertainers, but if you wish to be a part of this legendary event, please email us at MNOP@ xmag.com. You must be a representative of a registered club to participate. Up to two entertainers from each registered club may participate. A registration fee of \$100 per club must be received no later than Thursday, August 14th. Each competitor will be required to participate in only one of the qualifying events. If you survive the qualifier, you will compete in one of the semifinals. If you survive that, you're going all the way baby!

Before we move onto the rest of the events that will be shaking things up in the Rose City this August, I've got two more things to share with you. First off, there is a definite downside to writing this column in the 11th hour of deadline, like maybe Spooky is not playing with a full deck right now and he might be prone to making a mistake or two. This can suck even more when you're quoting someone. As was the case last month, when I shared a line spoken by one of my favorite DJ's, Jarrod of the Viewpoint. The correct statement is: "If you're looking at the strippers naked and you ain't tipping, that's just like stealing pussy. And that makes you a rape-o!" There, now I feel better. You should stop by The Viewpoint yourself to hear some of the outrageous shit that comes out of this guy's mouth. Being a deejay myself, I have always felt that the patrons who stalk the deejay are pretty much the lowest life form in the scene. But good lord, in Jarrod's case, I think I may have become one of them. Lastly, I have to show some props to one of the lovely dancers I work with at Jacks. When she handed me her iPod for her set, I noticed the song title she had selected to be, "Oops, I Pooped My Pants Again." I raised my substantial eyebrows and asked her who the fuck this foul sounding song was by, to which she informed me, "Oh, I just change all the names of the songs on my iPod so the other bitches don't know what I'm dancing to and can't steal my music." All in a day's work kids. Enjoy the sunshine.

Featured Events

Wed. Aug. 5 - Soobie's – Live music with one of Portland's hottest bands with free prizes & giveaways

Fri. Aug. 7 - Dante's — Dirt Nasty & Andre Legacy

Sat. Aug. 8 - Devils Point – Pink & Black Stripparaoke

Dante's - Black-N-Blue

Sun. Aug. 9 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) — The NFL returns with the Hall of Fame Game

Fri. Aug. 14 - Dante's — Jimmie Van Zandt Band

Sat. Aug. 15 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Have some fun in the sun at the Redneck Rodeo from 4pm-9pm featuring a BBQ cook-off, line dancing lessons, a mechanical bull, swimming pool & dunk tank with live music by Fat Bottom Girls

Devils Point – 8-Year Anniversary Party with the 3rd Annual Bikini Carwash, cruise-in & BBQ with live music with Pitchfork Motorway

Sun. Aug. 16 - Safari Showclub – Safari Golf "Club Cup" Event – Sign up now! All clubs welcome – Bring your 4 person team.

Sat. Aug. 22 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Attack of the Hot 80s Butt Rock Chicks! – A Rock 'n' Roll V.I.P. event with live rock band music, air band contests, 80s butt rock music video trivia, live tattooing, special guest entertainers and over \$500 in rock 'n' roll prizes including Guitar Hero – Metallica.

Thu. Aug. 27 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Round 2 of the Miss Nude Oregon Pageant preliminaries

Dante's – Jucifer & Black Elk

Fri. Aug. 28 - Safari Showclub – Last Friday of the Month Party

Sun. Aug. 30 - Dante's – Exotic Magazine's Sinfully Sweet 16th Anniversary Party starring The Exotic 10 – Live and Uncensored!

Veekly Events

Devils Point – Fire Strippers

Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Prime Rib Mondays

Lucky Devil Lounge – Miami Mondays

THESDAYS

Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Tight Wad Taco Tuesdays – free tacos with cover! Hard Candy Gentlemen's Club (Salem) – 2-for-1 dances

Devils Point – Service Industry Night

Lucky Devil Lounge – Stripper Twister feat. Xotica Go-Go girls gettin' naked

WEDNESDAY

Devils Point – New Wave Wednesdays

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Prime Rib Wednesdays

Lucky Devil Lounge – Texas Hold 'Em Tournament

Stars Cabaret (Salem) – BBQ Wednesdays

THURSDAYS

Dante's – Xotica Go-Go – Go-Go Nocturnal - Hosted by Taber James & The Family

Jody's Bar & Grill – All-you-can-eat tacos for \$2

Devils Point - Ladies' Night

Lucky Devil Lounge – 90s Hip-Hop House Party and Texas Hold 'Em with Miss Nude Oregon 2008 – Sophia

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – T-Bone & Them Thursdays

FRIDAYS

The Viewpoint – The American Male – All-Male Revue

Spyce Gentlemen's Club - \$9.99 Steak & Lobster from 11am-9pm or til we run out!

Lucky Devil Lounge - Texas Hold 'Em Tournament

Devils Point – T&A Fridays

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Couples' Night

<u>SATURDAYS</u>

Devils Point – Strippers with live music

The Viewpoint – The American Male – All-Male Revue

Safari Showclub – Patio BBQ – 6pm – 8pm while the sunshine lasts **Lucky Devil** – Skin City Saturday

SUNDAYS

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - S.I.N.dustry night

Dante's – Sinferno Cabaret & Vaudeville – Sex & Service Industry Night Devils Point - Stripparaoke

Spyce Gentlemen's Club – Industry Night – with weekly tattoo give-aways, amateur contests, flare bartending & fire shows

Lucky Devil - CRAVE! Ladies' Night

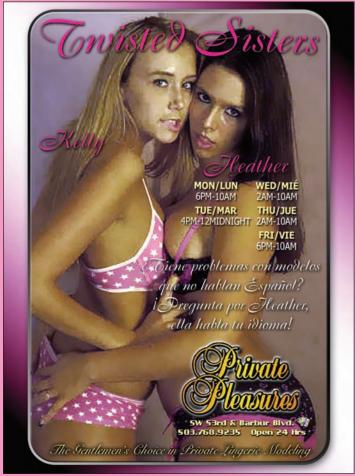














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Hi, it's Sheena! I was really pleased this month to recieve my first email from a girl. You go girl. Way to make me smile. Thank you for all the other emails I received as well. I may use one of them next month. I was really waiting patiently to see who would be the first girl to write in with a question. So, "In love but lacking size" you are the obvious choice. I want to encourage the ladies, all ladies, to feel completely comfortable when sharing their sex life with me-my interest is you and your questions, comments or concerns. I am completely overflowing with useful sex information. I have had 13 years of experience in my own business at the G-spot and I am fascinated by people's fantasies and sex stories. Gentlemen, and especially couples, keep the emails coming because I enjoy reading and writing

about everything. I respond to all emails I receive. You can contact me at Sheena@pdxgirls.com. Once again, check out my videos on YouTube, simply enter "gspotsextalk." If you have a good story or topic for a video, make sure you send it my way. I'm waiting for that sex story that will get my nipples hard. Dig deep and share it with me.

Dear Sheena,

I like your articles. I've been reading them and cracking up at work. You keep it real. I work in the adult industry but have never worked in private dancing-just stage. No offense to your business. I've heard good things about you. I like that you are a successful woman. I prefer to be on a stage performing and dancing for big audiences. Here's my situation. I have a boyfriend that I love dearly and we've been together for two years. I love everything about us, except lately I've been feeling like I am missing out on bigger and better sex. What I mean by bigger is his size. We want kids and want to get married, but I worry that I am settling for normal size. Marriage is a serious sex commitment. The sex is good, but I feel that if he were bigger it would be better. It makes me not as excited to have sex with him when I think that there is bigger out there. What do you suggest I do? Can you help a hottie out? Love your sex talk.

In love but lacking size

Well mama, let's talk about it. Many women are obsessed with gossip they hear about cock size. ("I've hit the dick lottery, girl!") For all those ladies that brag about big, real women know if it's that good you don't talk about it. That's what's up! First of all, there is no "dick lottery" there is only the "coochie-control lottery." Now listen up, this is where the brain comes into power. Quit listening to the bullshit that all good cock must be big cock. I am definitely not saying that getting a little cock is the best situation either. You say your sex is good, but you just think that if you get married that you're settling. This is the deal, stop thinking about bigger and start performing better by getting your mind back in the bedroom. You will reap huge benefits.

There are several muscles women have the power to control to make almost any size adequate. Our brain is our biggest sex muscle and you have another great sex tool—your vagina. Let me teach you a little something about how brain, sex, and size are all connected. The muscles in your coochie are wonderfully fun to control. If you can learn this coochie-control technique efficiently, you can marry him regardless of his size. Focus on squeezing and releasing. If the sex is good, then take it to the next level with your mind. You can make it better by using the power you already possess. I've heard stories about Asian women who are so skilled at using their coochie muscles, they can make a limp penis erect pretty damn powerful. We wonder why men are in search of hot Asians.

If you read my articles, then you know I am a huge fan of talking dirty. You can never talk dirty too much or too often. It is an endless well of opportunity for fun. I also suggest sexy outfits, heels and the like to be brought into action. If you're in the industry,

make sure you bring that strippervixen sexiness into the bedroom at home. It's just simply fucked up if you don't bring it on strong for your own man. I want you to practice really getting in tune with your muscles and talking to yourself and to him through the entire course of your sex exchange before and after orgasm. You will notice all these things are connected. Change your thoughts to the positive—he is the best, you



are having the best sex and most importantly you have such great coochie control that you can make the smallest man feel like he has the biggest cock in the universe.

Take control and you can make your sex life the best it can be. It's not easy to find a good man. If you get one, you hang on to him and don't second guess little shit that can be fixed easily with the power of the pussy muscles and thinking all those nasty, wonderful thoughts. Make your thoughts extreme, sensual, sexy and you will improve those bedroom results tenfold. I wish you many years of happy, fulfilled sex! Let me know how it goes and how it grows.

All good things,

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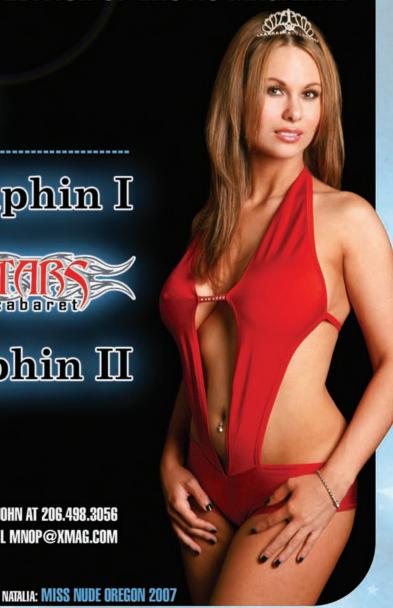


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Kitten a few summers back, I had the opportunity to meet this albino girl with a glass eye who always insisted on dancing to Journey. Her alias was Ferret and she had a smell that fit her stage name more than her looks. On slow evenings, I would spin "Here I Go Again (On My Own)" while Ferret did this thing called the "one-eyed white snake" in which she...

...Oh, hey there. Wondering where the fuck I've been? It's probably appropriate to pause the story here to catch up the readers.

Tales from the DJ Booth Part XXIII: A New Beginning

Although Exotic Magazine contains enough of that good ol' fashioned Pornland flavor to keep the majority of our readers satiated, some of you may have noticed an absence of this particular column in recent months. Rumors regarding possible reasons of my departure seemed to spread like Wildfire (day shift, Timmy's III—she shows her kidneys by the second song, you should check her out). But none of them come close to approaching the truth of the situation, which I am about to reveal. The following may come as a shock to many of you, an anticipated reality to some and an utter embarrassment to all, but it is something that my guilty conscious and moral up-bringing have forced me to admit: I am a special agent for the U.S. Government

For the last three months, I have been engaged in a top-secret United States Government mission known as Project: A.W.E.S.O.M.E. (Acquire Weapons and Eventually Sell Our Missiles to Enemies) and, until last week, was forced to remain silent regarding anything A.W.E.S.O.M.E. (as was *Exotic* or any other local media) due to restrictions placed on me by the Official Office of the United States Government.

called Hade's. I was busy talking to Pauly Shore about how awesome it is to be a D-level celebrity, when two men in official U.S. Government Army outfits stormed in the door and physically restrained me before tossing me into the back of a white van. I was blindfolded, drugged and sent to an undisclosed location (I'm pretty sure it was the Matador, but I totally acted like I didn't recognize the place just to keep things smooth). Upon arrival, I was informed of details regarding what I now refer to as "the mission." Space restrictions and fear of repercussion restrict me from unveiling specific details but, in short, the whole assignment involved me parachuting into a small Arab nation, planting a shit-ton of land mines and then sending threatening letters that were forged to appear as if they were written by the enemy leader of a neighboring small Arab nation. Simple enough, right?

Three hours after finishing our last pitcher of Pabst, the guys from the official Military Executive Office of the United States Government, myself and our van driver, Wendell, pulled into this really badass Michael-Bay-looking army base with all sorts of sweet guns and vehicles and shit that I had learned about during my military training course at the community college. I was loaded up with a backpack full of land mines and a .22 (budget cuts are a bitch), in addition to a parachute that looked as if it had been pieced together with duct tape. My partner was this really hot chick who was pregnant, but apparently knew a lot about minefields and helped the military fulfill the agreements of an affirmative action clause in court orders resulting from a legal battle earlier in the year.

Flash forward another 16 hours or so and you have Pam and I ready to make sand rain upwards (and drop the price of gas by at least 60 and 9/10 cents a gallon), but we're not able to do so until we perform a successful launch from a helicopter that was running out of gas

and has one of those ghetto-ass tapeto-CD converters that totally made the bass sound hollow. The jump from Airwolf (yeah, it was really Airwolf, but we're friends so it's not that big of a deal—we talk daily on Facebook) was easy and getting the parachutes to deploy was a cinch, but something happened in mid-air that was not discussed in basic training: Pam broke water.

Making things worse, the afterbirth shot upwards into my eye, blinding me while I made every attempt to sever the umbilical cord and not a string from Pam's parachute. It was at this moment in time, that I realized I had missed the June deadline for *Exotic*, but freedom waits for no man.

Using only my bare hands for surgical scissors and instincts for sight, I ripped the umbilical cord in two, chunks of blood and placenta showering the desert sand for the first time since the birth of Christ. The baby and I landed safely, but Pam used the wrong backpack (the one with the mines) to cushion her fall and is currently scattered along the dunes somewhere. Realizing that I was out of explosives (and thus a job), I sold the baby to some locals at a flea market and bought a plane ticket home.

When I hit P-Town, I called up the editor of *Exotic* and asked for my old job back. Apparently, he thought I was doing "missionary" work and not on an official U.S. military "mission" (Cricket gets shitty service in the desert), leading to a false assumption that I had "left to find God." Readers of *Exotic*, I apologize for my absence and any associated elusions toward participation in a non-secular lifestyle. I was out saving babies and anyone that has a problem with that can message me at www.myspace.com/statutoryray.com.



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When I came to Portland I was totally shocked to find myself working with the most adorable little "baby dyke." Baby dyke is a term that refers to a young and/or newly out-of-the-closet homo hell-bent on humping damn near everything. It is a jubilant time in the

life of a young homo but pretty fucking annoying to everyone around them. Everyone else is easily exhausted by their inherent drama and leg humping. For me, this phase consisted of shaving my head and a lot of morally reprehensible dating practices, which I refer to as "polyamory." An awed male roommate more appropriately coined it "hos in different area codes." Finding another lesbian stripper was just as exciting as the time I found the only faggot in the entire country of Costa Rica. My pleasure was short-lived however, as BabyDyke soon launched into a long diatribe about all the chicks she was currently maintaining sexual relationships with in different area codes. She may not have been my first choice for a gay ambassador, but it was nice to work at a club where I wasn't the first lesbian to walk in the door.

I can only think of maybe seven homo strippers in Portland, including me. That's my best conservative estimate, and I'm just talking about people I can envision myself getting totally hammered with in Dolores Park before the San Francisco dyke march during Pride. Again, I think it's safe to assume that the number of super-gay strippers in Portland is fewer than 15. Several of my coworkers are bisexual, bi-leaning, bi-curious or drunkenly making out with each other in the bathroom, but it's still not as many as one would think.

What I don't get, is how straight girls think that being with women is somehow less frustrating than being with men. We get PMS at the same time! I had a girlfriend who would suddenly break up with me once a month, every month. "But why?" I would



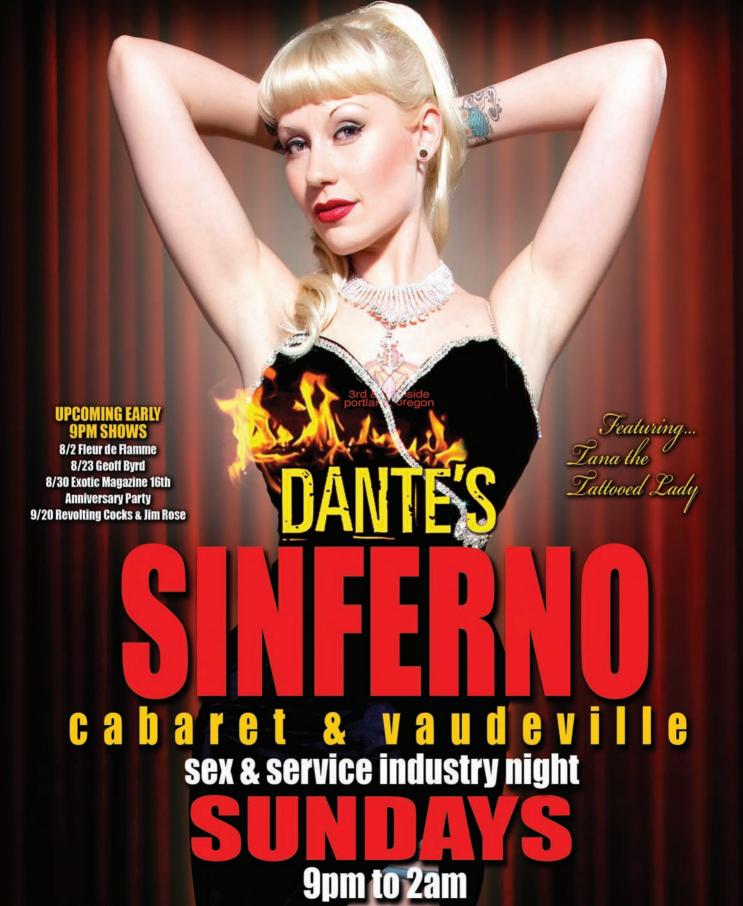
ask her and in lieu of giving me a reason, she would just sob for five minutes. Being gay is not easier than being straight, unless you've been denied a crucial part of your identity for most of your life and you're running out of excuses to get out of sex with your boyfriend. In that singular eventuality, yes, it is easier to be with women.

Homosexuality isn't a lifestyle decision. This is a common misconception, and I blame the bisexuals. I secretly blame the bisexuals for



a lot of things. I know it is unfair and politically incorrect, but they really annoy me. I don't even like the word "bisexual" for some reason. I just find it icky. I especially don't like it when some of them run around claiming that our entire species is bisexual and we just won't admit to it. It's tacky to negate other people's sexuality while demanding attention for your own. In my opinion, bisexuals are just queer people who talk about themselves too much. By switching back and forth they inadvertently add to the idea that the rest of us weren't born this way. They're all going to be pissed at me now, but I don't care. The word "queer" has become this nice, big umbrella encompassing anyone who doesn't feel heteronormative. Bisexuals are totally welcome to stand under the umbrella with everybody else, just shut the hell up about it.

At any rate, the problem remains and in my experience strippers tend to entertain the idea of switching teams for about five minutes before propositioning the only dyke in the room—me. Then they get back together with their douchebag boyfriends. "That's it! I'm swearing off men. I am a lesbian now!" It feels like some stripper makes this declaration at work in the dressing room every week, usually after throwing a cell phone across the room. I could get up in arms and explain to the angry girl that sexuality isn't a choice. Dating women isn't any easier and lesbianism doesn't mean that she gets to stop shaving her legs. But why bother? She doesn't really mean it and I don't even have the energy to get off the couch. "Don't worry," I tell her, "He'll call back. Just give it five minutes.'



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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

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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
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611 SE Morrison St. (503) 481-8788

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9815 SW Capitol Hwy (503) 768-9305 Sun-Thu 9am-1am Fri-Sat 9am-2am-videos,

mags, novelties, toys

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

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adult novelties, arcade, videos, dvds, mags, toys

FANTASYLAND [2] 116

5228 SE Foster Rd. (503) 775-0094

16014 SE 82nd Dr. (503) 655-4667

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

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

8845 NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 408-9640 —videos arcade novelties dancers HEAVEN'S CLOSET 122

5429 SE 72nd Ave. (503) 537-7286 Call for hours-Clothing, 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, novelties and toys **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, Mags, Books, Lotions, Adult Toys 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 movies
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

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3414 NE 82nd (503) 327-8095 - Daily 24 hours

5226 SE Foster Rd. (503) 206-5656 - Daily 24 hours SW Barbur Blvd. @ SW 53rd Ave. - Daily 24 hours 17030 SE McLoughlin Blvd. - Daily 24 hours

Private lingerie & nude modeling SECRET RENDEZVOUS 136

12503 SE Division #C (503) 761-4040 Daily 24 hours—private lingerie & nude modeling 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!

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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 149

17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy (503) 848-8546 Sun-Thurs 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-10pm—magazines, tobacco products, glassware
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6935 N Fessenden (503) 946-8497 Mon-Fri Noon-9pm, Sat-Sun Noon-6pm-rare and discount DVDs

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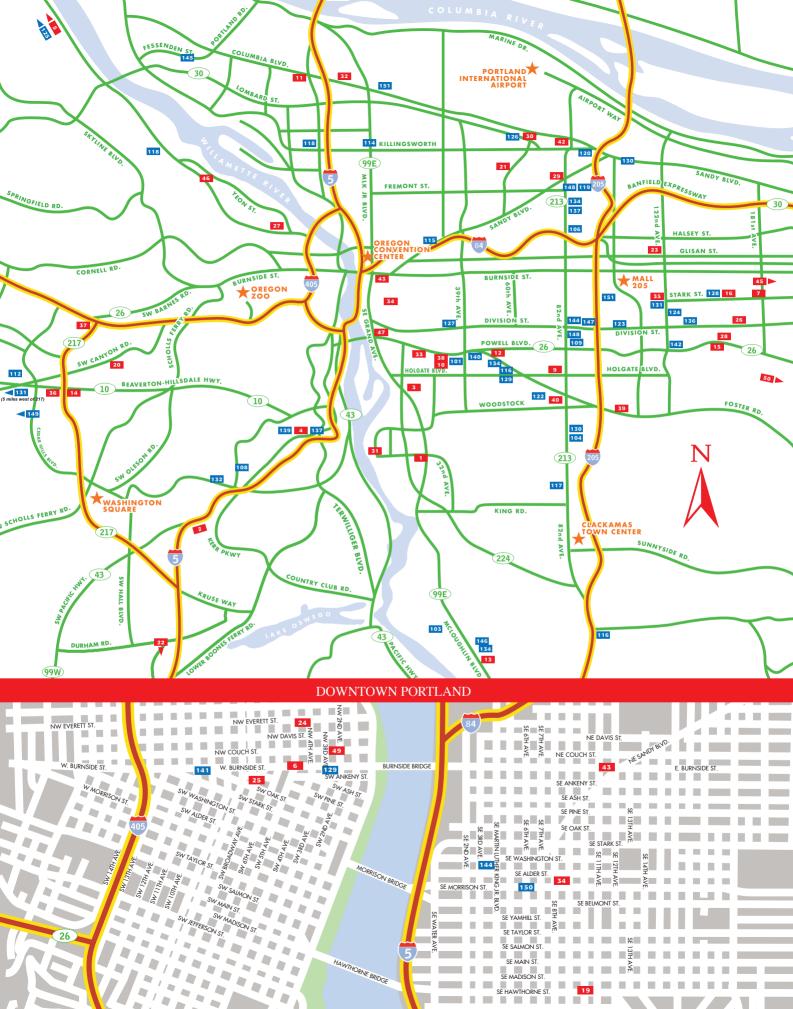
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t last, someone I can talk to who won't judge me for what I do or say. Someone who can't interrupt me nor glare nor gag with disgust nor tell me I'm a slut. Well, if you do, fuck you anyway! love sex—talking about it, doing it and thinking about it—we all do. Lucky for you, I will continue to share my juicy stories with all you perverts out there who understand me—I love you! It's been a few months since I have written my column and I'm sure all of you are dying to hear what I have been up to. Well, let me tell you through a little jingle I sing (inspired by one of my flings). I have been flirting and burping and hurting for a squirting! Just fucking and sucking, humping on something all night long. Okay, so not every night, but sometimes. If I had a lucky man who could fuck me right instead of fuck me over, he could be getting it all day, every day, throughout the day. Because I love to play with cocks and balls!

But since I'm single and young and full of cum—yum, yum—I get the variety snack pack. I like a different flavor for each day of the week or, in some cases, a different flavor for each meal. Sometimes I want spicy Thai, other nights a PB and J is just fine. I'm a cum connoisseur, a genius of the penis. A bootylicious, fuckalicious, sucker of the clitoris.

You might find yourself wondering, "Is Dirt Star really as horny and funny as she seems in the magazine?" (Drum roll please.) Yes, I am! I get wet when I ride my bike. I get excited when I see a hot dyke. I love giving head. I love getting it too. I love writing about it for all of you! The stories I share are seriously true.

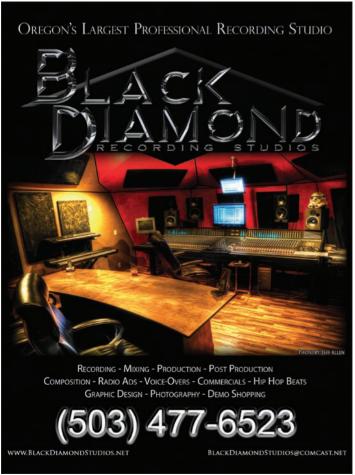
I have this artist who is sexy and bad. He likes getting head while I finger his ass. Is that gay? Yeah, I thought so too. There was this comic who was funny and sweet. He liked to lick my pussy and then lick my feet. Oh—my European man, with his limo van. We love to fuck in public places, to see the look on strangers' faces. I enjoy the musician who sings and plays the guitar. He stuck his fist inside me so deep and so far. A hot young photographer who likes to do coke; he's a conscious druggie, keeps Viagra in his coat. He pours powder on my ass and snorts it like a motherfucking champ. There is this hip hop guy who is super-duper fly, but he made me cry, once upon a time. We had so much fun when getting some, so I made him cum all over my bum! There is an older man, as old as my dad. He is super fucking rad with a nice pad, a few Mercedes and no old lady. I banged him too and will continue to. How about the DJ who is all talk? He sends me picture messages of his cock. He wears eyeliner more expensive than mine and we hiked up Powell Butte for a supposed good time. I bent over, hugging a tree, all worked up for nothing but a tease. His dick was limp, like a retarded gimp. Thanks for the laugh you pansy ass!

Now that Dirt Star is ready for more, I just want a hot, yummy, healthy, funny, adventurous man with lots of money. He rides a Harley, likes to party, tattooed up and ready to fuck! I'm accepting applications via email. There is a disclaimer, I may discriminate based on background, religion, race, gender, age (must be between the age of 21 and 46), size and weight. Yes, I am serious and no I'm not a bitch, I just get a kick from making myself laugh. Please include fun stories of your adventures; what you enjoy, like long walks on the beach, cooking, licking pussy. Single people only, no married people—unless you want a threesome. Ladies, feel free to email me too, because I know how to make you squirt and, no, it won't hurt. Send me pictures, jokes, stories, ideas, whatever. I look forward to hearing from you Portland freaks! This is Dirt Star signing out for now, I have a long shlong to attend to. Tootle-loo!

> Dirt Star exoticdirtstar@gmail.com









fter being on hiatus for the last couple months, surviving the taxman and other issues in my life that hit me all at once, I'm back! I spent the time consulting with my genie in a bottle and discovered that I had a lot to drink about. So, it is time once again to serve you up some sexy concoctions. This month I took a trip over to the southeast side and paid a visit to The Dolphin I.

My dancer friend, Holly, said there was a badass waitress who worked there by the name of Sarah. She wasn't kidding. I told Sarah about my editorial and she knew just the remedy for my concoction ailment. She went over to the bar where Tawnya was tending and came back with what Tawnya called a Dirty Dolphin. It was an agua-colored drink with a great refreshing taste; it reminded me of how exhilarating the ocean can be. Sarah and Tawnya kept the concoctions coming. Next, they brought out a shot of Frosty Balls. Not a great name for a drink if you're a guy, but it was okay, if you like chocolate milk. Last, they pleasured me with Tawnya's Num Num, and num num it was! It was very smooth, tasting a lot like Kool-Aid for grown-ups. If you want to feel like a kid again and suck on something smooth, make sure you ask for Tawnya's Num Num—it won't disappoint. Gracias ladies, the drinks were magnifico and I will be back for more!

So there you have this month's selection of new flaves. Make sure you check them out for yourself. Want to introduce me to your sexy concoction? If you think you've got a new and custom mixture, hit me up at diego@xmag.com and I just might introduce it in an upcoming issue.

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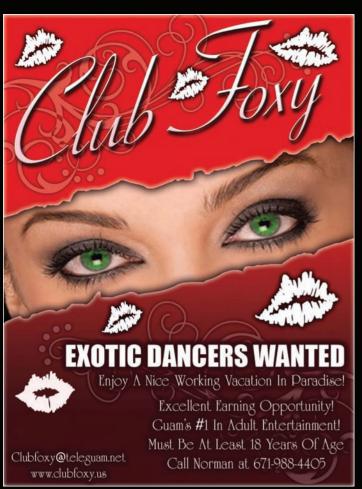




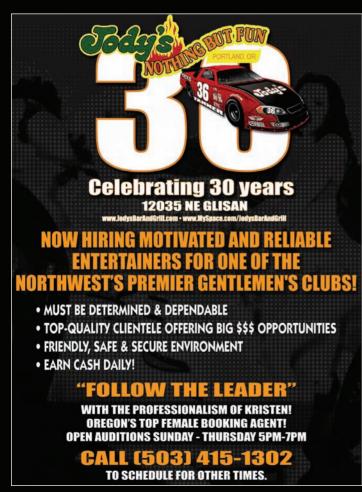


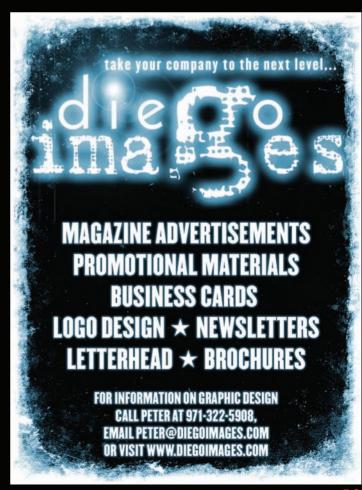
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uly brought a wonderful summertime wave to the Portland hip hop scene, for independent and major artists alike. We had some very talented local artists featured during regular rotation on 107.5—Montane with an inspirational joint called "On Top of the World" and C Money with the new anthem "Summer Time." The West Coast Hip Hop Awards rolled through on July 18th. We had concerts for underground stars like Cage, Dead Prez, RZA, Nas and Damian Marley. On a more mainstream note, we had Snoop Dogg, Mistah Fab, Too \$hort and The Jacka. It was a month for quality music, indeed.

While the concert scene may appear to be alive and well, it is not quite the case. The turnout at hip hop shows and concerts in Portland have been extremely below par. There is a lot of financial turmoil for independent artists who rely on show turnout to at least break even with the costs of marketing and promotions. Portland is essentially getting crossed off the list of every major record label for a tour stop. After the fall of Portland hip hop radio (when 95.5 went under and became 107.5), show turnout has been on a steady decline. Even within the last five years, attendance has dropped significantly. The last hip hop show I went to that was filled anywhere near capacity was when Common was touring for his album "Be" in 2005.

With our local hip hop radio station no longer advertising concerts, apart from the shows the station itself sponsors, it has left many hip hop fans clueless about who is playing in the coming weeks. The information is still available, it just takes a lot more personal incentive to find it and many listeners are not interested in researching show calendars. It creates a vicious cycle that makes everybody lose. The less the radio advertises, the fewer people hear about shows. Less people attend and then less artists tour through Portland. We had Young Buck play in Portland a few weeks ago and the show was only 10 dollars, but the total turn out for that show was around 30 people. When a label sees that, it creates zero motivation for them to ever schedule a show in the Portland area again. When music leaves the city, it takes with it cultural significance and creative power. It also denies artists the opportunity to make their passion into a vocation. There is not a venue in this city where you can support yourself by playing 10-dollar shows for 30 people.



The decline in the local music scene is not the artist's fault—it is the fan's fault. Without the resource of radio advertisement, artists have taken new approaches to promote. They put flyers out at every location that hip hop heads might be lurking: record stores, barber shops and other venues. They plaster the poles of Hawthorne and Belmont with posters. They advertise on Myspace, Twitter, Facebook and whatever other online networking site they can find. To the few that can afford them, there are ads printed weekly in *The Willamette Week* and *The Mercury*. The local artists use word of mouth—I can't even guess how many texts I receive weekly about shows. Still, the results are unsatisfactory. They are making the information available in every way possible and in my opinion that alone deserves support.

It would be nice if we still had the convenience of switching on our radios, but we don't. It is your job as a listener to put in some effort to receive information and support artists. Attending shows tells the artists that you still want to hear live music and have it available, even if it means going a little out of your way to find it. If listeners refuse to step it up, venues will close, artists will stop being able to play in Portland and you will have to commute all the way to Eugene or Seattle for live hip hop music. There is a tremendous amount of talent in the Portland area and it is a loss to everyone when it is not supported.

If you are looking for shows in August, here are some that may interest you:

August 1st, local artists Francheyes, Lil Face and Sessions (better known as the Rydaz Committee) are putting on the Pardon My Swagg (P.M.S. Party) at the 720 on Hawthorne.

August 5th, local artist Jerz503 from Thorn City Records plays Get Your Weight Up Wednesdays at the Greek, hosted by Rich Jame\$ and DJ Fatboy on the turntables. No cover charge (www.myspace.com/jerz503).

August 6th, local artist Illaj is having a First Thursday party at Electrique. Cover is \$5 when you email your name to info@illa-baby.com (www.illababy.com).

August 12th, local band Among the Weeds is playing at the Fez to promote their new album Frail Tin Beauty (www.myspace.com/amongtheweeds).

August 15th, underground artists Reflection Eternal (Talib Kweli and Hi Tek) are playing at The Roseland Theater with Slum Village, Slaughterhouse, Raekwon, Supernatural and Pete Rock.

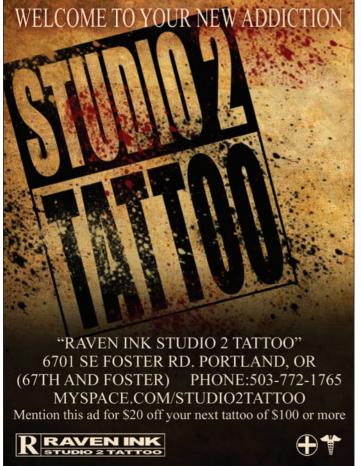
August 20th, Rydaz Committee comes back with the I'm That B.I.T.C.H (Beautiful Individuals That Cause Hate) Party at the Whiskey Club.

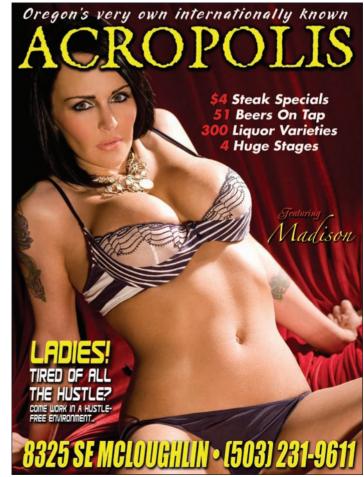
August 29th, Illaj is playing again at Massive 10, \$3 or free cover when you send an email to leighfeldman 3@gmail.com.

September 4th, underground artists De La Soul comes through The Roseland with the High and Rising Tour.

Good music is out there if you choose to look for it. If you want to know about more local shows, drop me an email at LavishLanguage@gmail.com and I will gladly inform you of what I know is going on. There's still hope for local hip hop if the listeners start doing our part to keep it around.

















This month, we are blessed with the lovely Jody and Sharai, demonstrating a Guillotine Choke from the Closed Guard.

Frame 1

In a Crown-and-7 frenzy, Sharai has knocked Jody to the mat. As soon as they hit ground, Jody pulled Closed Guard and by utilizing a Gable Grip, established strong head control. (For details on the Gable Grip, please see previous issues of *Exotic Magazine*.)

Frame 2

The pressure Jody exerts on the back of Sharai's neck is very uncomfortable, causing Sharai to push herself up and away from Jody. As Sharai attempts to sit back, Jody releases the Gable Grip and explosively sits up into Sharai. As Jody sits up, she reaches her right arm across Sharai's body towards her right shoulder.

Frame 3

Sitting up to Sharai's right shoulder, Jody comes up onto her left elbow, drives her right elbow into Sharai's neck and aligns her forearm with Sharai's spine.

Frame 4

Now, Jody opens her legs as she scoots her hips away from Sharai's hips, straightens her left arm and brings her right elbow to her own right rib cage, pinning Sharai's head against her body.

Frame 5

To initiate the Guillotine Choke, Jody snakes her right arm around Sharai's head, slices her right forearm across Sharai's throat, grabs her right wrist with her left hand and pins her elbows to her ribs.

Inset A

Note how Jody cradles Sharai's melon and how she grips her own wrist.

Frame 6

Jody gleefully relocks her legs around Sharai's yummy little waist, leans back while extending her hips and machetes the blade of her forearm through Sharai's neck.

Frame 7

Note the anguish and terror in Sharai's eyes as her head is separating from her body and pints of Crown Royal and 7-up prepare to evacuate from her belly.

Big hugs to all of our sponsors!

Please support our generous sponsors: Cathie's Lingerie, Dave's Killer Bread, Diego Images, Foster Fitness, Full-Blooded Fighter, Good Karma Productions, Last Empire, MuckChiller Inc., Noel Fuller Training & Warpath Boxing!

For a more detailed study of these techniques, contact Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu at www.myspace.com/thirdeyejiujitsu or (503) 839-5010.

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, Jody and Sharai 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.











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