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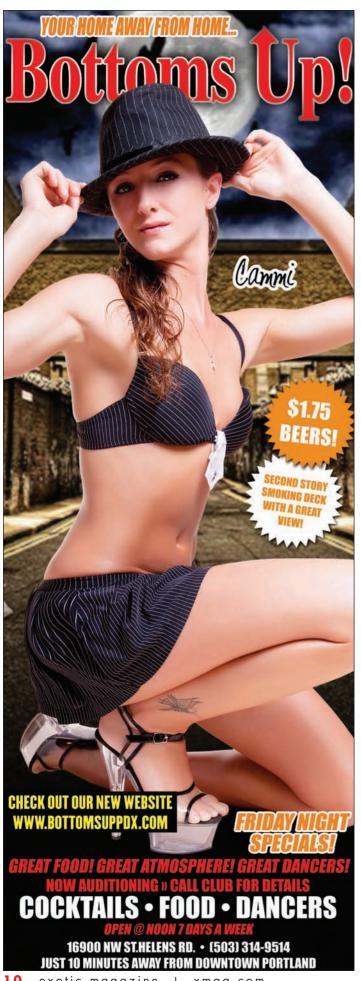
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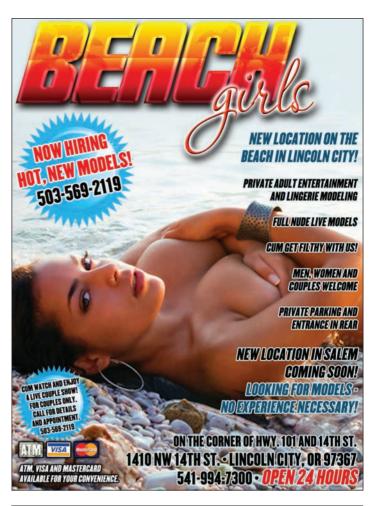












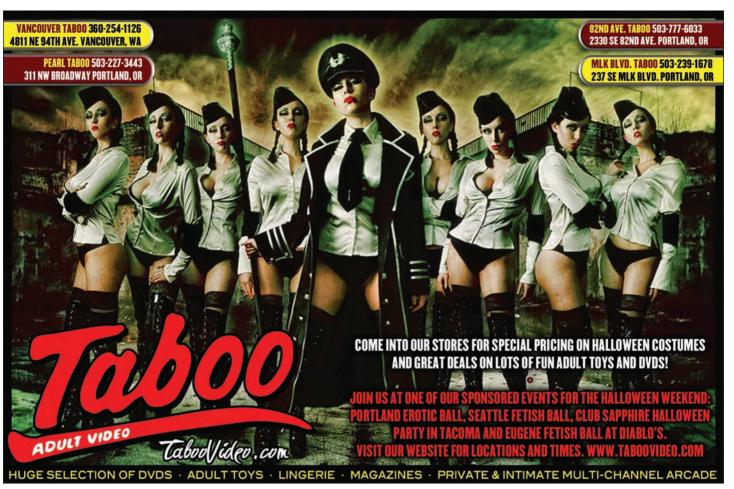
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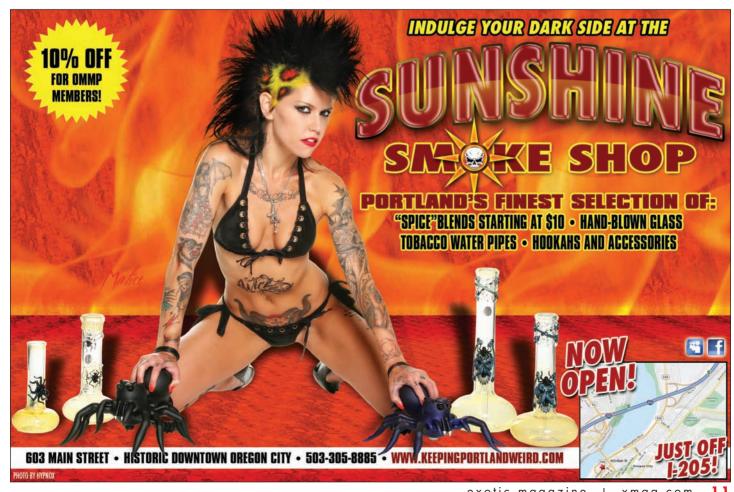
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Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: info@xmag.com
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher XMAG LLC

General Manager Bryan A. Bybee

> Editors John R. Voge Katie

Production / Design Guru Diego

> Graphic Design Darkstar Graphics Shawna

Contributing Photographers London Lunoux • HYPNOX AmbeRed • Scooter RayGordon.com

Advertising Adam (503) 804-4479 Mariah (503) 827-8018 (ESCORTS) John Voge (206) 498-3056

Distribution Enrico Carrisco •Diego Period• Adam

Contributors Spooky X • LaShon James Scarlett X • Statutory Ray • Sheena G

> Cover Photography AmbeRed

Cover Model Hezzy - Miss Ink 'N' Pink 2010

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SATAN IS IN THE HOUSE!

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This month, Toxic is cranking up the music, kicking back in her favorite easy chair and pulling out all the stops. I'm filling my bowl full of every tooth-rotting gummy drop and tootsie roll to lure you readers to sit on this dirty girl's luscious lap for a killer drink or two. That's right ladies and gentlemen, screw the cheesy house party your buddy threw last year and take a trip down my delightfully demented drink menu full of debauchery, hot pants and boobies filled will Jell-O shots. Not only will we celebrate with naked flesh candy and "boos," but also with my all-time favorite horror flicks.

To kick off this party, we're going to go back to 1970 to Taste the Blood of Dracula with Christopher Lee.

2 oz Blue Curação

l oz Jägermeister

1 oz Squirt

Mix contents in chilled cocktail glass and ravish this beast!

And since I'm hell-bent on the classics, we're going to spend the better part of our evening finding out which dress looks better torn off by Lon Chaney as the original (1941) Wolf Man.

½ oz scotch whiskey

2 oz Beefeater Gin

Twist for garnish (lemon)

Pour scotch over ice in a mixing glass. Stir to coat the ice and pour out the scotch. Add gin and strain into a cocktail glass, garnishing with the lemon twist.

Twisted up by the last two, I'm feeling like I could fall apart—so let's hit up Mary Shelley and see if 1931's Frankenstein can help piece me back together with a monster orgasm.

½ oz white Crème de Cacao

½ oz amaretto

½ oz triple sec

½ oz vodka

1 oz light or heavy cream

Shake all ingredients with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass

I got so wrapped up in cocktails I decided that Boris Karloff of 1932's *The Mummy* might have just what it takes to satisfy that last call for alcohol shot.

1 oz Kahlua

l oz Myers's Original Dark Rum

Top with Grand Marnier

Fill a shot glass halfway with Myers's Rum, pour Kahlua to just beneath the rim, top with Grand Marnier and serve.

Pretty awesome collaboration of generally horrific masterpieces, but I did promise candy hot pants and boobies with Jell-O shots. So here's the deal: I'm giving you the makings of a Jell-O shot that tastes like candy and can be used on any hot pants-wearing lady's boobies. If you have a half a brain and know how to lick Jell-O off a hot girl's tits, that is.

3 oz raspberry Jell-O (one 4-serving package)

8 oz boiling water

3 oz cold water

3 oz peach schnapps

6 oz Everclear

Combine all the tasty ingredients into large mixing bowl. Take prebought plastic syringes and fill. They're self-contained, less messy and you can squirt the contents all over a victim of your choice.

That's it for this month's list of mouth-wateringly wicked concoctions, but I'll be back next month to dish the newest in chemical combinations. 'Til then...

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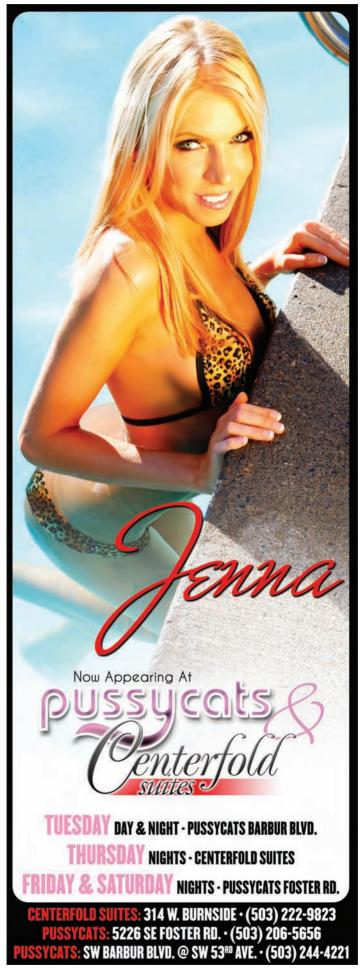
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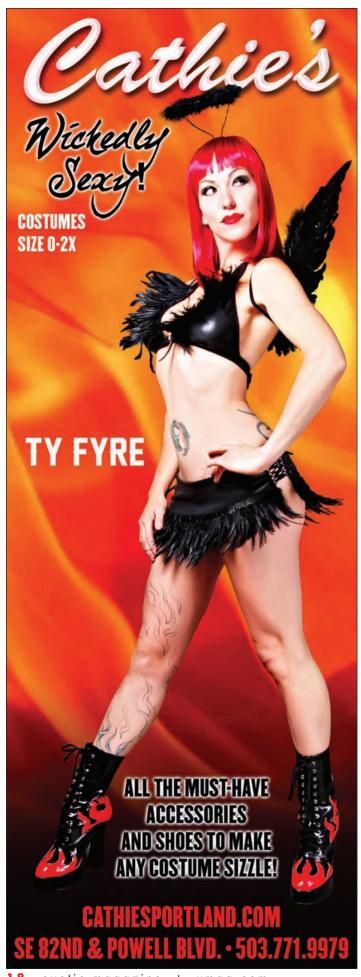














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TALES FROM I



As I sit in front of a plate of tacos, a laptop, a half pack of cigarettes and five years of memories that would make Timothy Leary seem uncultured, I am aware that the one thing I have forgotten to include in my monthly rants is the perspective of other strip club dance commanders. Although typically avoided in conversations between guidance counselors and students, the "career" choice of becoming a strip club disc jockey retains a universal appeal that will forever remain clouded by a veil of mystery to the outside world. Before I begin moving this column to its online format (Tales-From The DJBooth.com will be up by the time you're reading this in print), I will leave you with a hybrid eulogy-testimonial to the career that has made me count my blessings while counting out ones. The following are true, unedited submissions from local Portland dance commanders. Enjoy, and I will see you all on the flipside...

One Saturday night we were pretty full up and, for whatever reason, both of our bathrooms decided to clog up and spew shitwater everywhere. This was bad enough, having to tell customers, repeatedly, that the bathrooms were out of order. However, the next night yielded even more hilarious results.

For reasons unknown to just about anyone in the fucking universe, the plumbers decided to show up around midnight. They began fixing the toilet with an industrial auger powered by some kind of camping-trailer sized monstrosity. The noise was unbearable. To make matters worse, one of the two (yes two) dancers I had on shift had a seizure on stage, likely due to cocaine withdrawal. Awesomely, the three customers we had witnessed this spectacle and threatened to call the police, thinking she was OD'ing.

After dragging the seizing dancer to the dressing room, quizzing her on who to call to come get her and finagling another dancer on stage, the owner of the club shows up. Pissed off about the noise the plumbers are making and generally being a grumpy owner type, he notices the passed out stripper in the dressing room thanks to the fact that I forgot to shut the door. Then, after inquiring why we have a passed out stripper in the dressing room, and, after informing him that she had a seizure, and, after informing him that I wasn't the one who did the booking, he asked me why we had an a epileptic dancer. Then, he left the building, only to return 30 seconds later to inform us that the police had arrived. However, the cops hadn't shown up because the customers called them. They showed up because they tailed my dancer's ride all the way to the club because he's a sex offender and not allowed to be in bars, let alone strip clubs. We literally had no customers for the rest of the night and I went home and drank myself to sleep.

Truly, this is a glamorous industry.

Regardless if you have, act like or wish you had pussy, you're looking at one—you need a dollar. Once your dollar is gone, you need another seat or another dollar. Seriously, Portland ... ditch the chairs at the rack. You stand at the rack with your dollar. When the dancer visits you, put your dollar down and then go sit back down with your pals. In return for this, dancers, get your lazy rears on stage now. The words "stand by" are short for "stand by the stage and wait for your turn." This is said during the previous girl's first song, at which point you tell your customer that you are up next and you will be back in just a few songs. I know of inbred, redneck, meth-smoking alcoholic entertainers in Houston that have no problem with this. That's all I have to say about that.

It is a regular occurrence that some guy holding a PBR with his cap's bill flatter than a six-year-old boy and twisted to one side will come up to me to remind me of how awesome my job is. I pick the music, see more naked girls than Ron Jeremy on a daily basis and get more free drugs than Tony Montana's wife—so, yeah, I have an awesome job. Then comes the obvious question, 'How do I get your job?

The answer is simple: you don't. Seriously, your chances of getting my job are so unbelievably, astronomically small that you would literally be more likely to get elected mayor of Annapolis without even running. "But, Castor," you exclaim, "you became a strip club DJ! How?" I can honestly tell you that it was by an astronomically random series of events with an outcome which had similar odds to me getting a call notifying me that I was sud-

denly responsible for managing Snoop Dogg's weed farm.

If you have great faith in yourself and still want to attempt to score the sweetest occupation known to man despite the insurmountable odds, here's what I would do. This will be a three-step process that requires absolutely flawless timing and perfect ex-

ecution. Good luck!

Step 1: Start dating a stripper. This is a daunting task in and of itself, but Statutory Ray has written an instruction guide on the subject, which should be a great place to start. Once you are in a committed relationship with a dancer, this will give you the opportunity to be in the club frequently and also affords you the luxury of not having to tip many of the dancers while vou're there. It is important that your stripper girlfriend work at a high volume club and that the owner of the club is there often.

Step 2: Tip the DJ and become his very good friend or associate by any means necessary. Hang out with him, swap demo CDs, show him magic tricks and go on tour with his white rape-rap "band" and the other three shitty acts on his label. Hock his merchandise, put his stickers in the bathroom stalls of other clubs and bars while dropping hints that you'd love to have his cushy

stripper gig, and then...

Step 3: Wait. At this point, your search for a life in which the strip club transforms from an expense to a source of income becomes a precarious waiting game. What you are waiting for is the off chance that the boss will piss off your DJ friend. If and when the glorious day arrives that the owner of the club starts charging an unnecessary fee to the DJ that he absolutely refuses to pay due to a deep-seated disgust for authority and fear of change, he will quit his post. Under normal circumstances, the owner or manager of the club will just call a few applicants to come interview for the job, but if you played your cards right, the DJ will just call you in to cover for him on the day he walks out! With an hour of training under your belt and a list of fake names to announce, a microphone with which to do so will be placed into your nervous and shaky hands. Make it through that shift and vou're in.

Over time, you will master your mixing technique, ability to wrangle strippers like sheep and invent a few catch phrases like "this next song's going down like my girlfriend on my birthday!" or "as Mercedes leaves the stage, she becomes available to dry hump the shit out of you in the back.

Enjoy living the wet dream and someday, when that same DJ quits writing his column, try to replace him there, too. By then you'll have plenty of your own crazy tales from the DJ booth.

Johnny Shiitake explains his perspective, illustrating the all-too-forgotten factor that is the customer:

On more than one occasion, some random inebriated douche has commented on how much I must love my job because "Hey man, you get to look at naked chicks all night bro...that rocks!" Every time I respond, I start with a feigned smile, slow head shake and a vague "Well, sometimes it's cool, but there's a lot of bullshit you gotta deal with just to get through the night, just like every other job." Immediately, the douchebag retorts with some asinine, misogynistic comment about crazy strippers and I give the upturned hand shrug and throw a halfhearted, "Yeah, somethin' like that."

The truth is, it's not something like that. It's really not the dancers that have ground me down over the past six years and turned my binge drinking into full-blown, after work memory-retarding therapy sessions. Sure, my co-workers have thrown me some interesting "well, that's going in my autobiography" moments. I've seen the meltdowns, the catfights, the drug use, etc. Shit, the first couple years I did this, I would tell people my job title should actually be "in-house therapist." But all that comes with the territory. You get used to it. All those wacky, cringe-inducing, mother-worrying, "wow, no one will ever believe this" anecdotes are actually what make my job interesting. Enjoyable, even.

No, the reality of it is that the twenty-something, Lake Oswego living, middle-management heading TOOL spouting his broseph B.S. is my future coronary. It's you, Heir Douchenbaggen, not the dancers that make me poke that IV of Jack into the first visible vein the instant I clock out. Cheers.

And last (most likely least) is the opinion of your very own editor-in-chief, *Exot*, magazine's Spooky X:

And here I thought this was going to be a tribute/farewell to Statutory Ray's "Tales from the DJ Booth," yet apparently, it seems like more of a collection of DJs auditioning for his column. If I was going to try and imitate Ray's scandalous slam sessions on the strippers and clubs that all of you hold so dear, I would do it in my own column, "Erotic City." Wait a minute; I already have been doing that for the past 10 years now haven't I? In the past decade, (outside of a couple of years off for rehab and a year in therapy for stripper-related health hazards) I used "Erotic City" to highlight those behind-the-scenes nightmares and horror stories that one is exposed to as a strip club DJ. On occasion, I have stepped over a line and cost us an advertiser or gotten bitch slapped by some raging twirler for exposing her vaginal odor in print. In extreme conditions of narcotic oblivion, I would use my column as some twisted form of self-medicating therapy by torturing our readers with self-indulgent anecdotes and forced incoherent ramblings I wouldn't remember writing until I saw them in print (pretty much the same thing we are all doing right now).

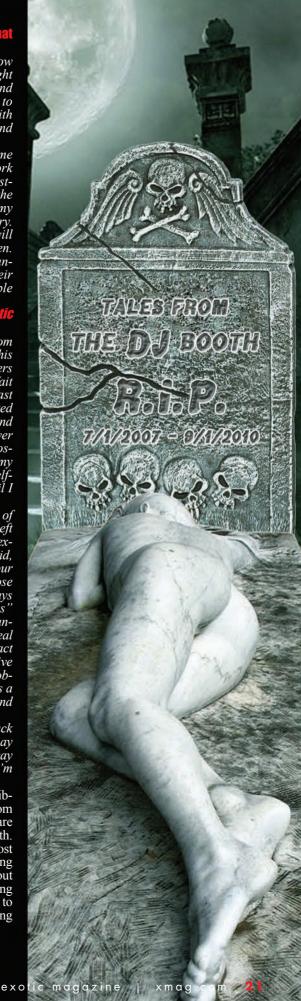
As a writer for this magazine, it gets a little difficult to stay inspired month after month of eternal deadlines. You try to regurgitate an incident or event that was probably better left unsaid, while trying to use your sarcastic wit and superior attitude to transform it into excusable entertainment. At the same time, you are forced not to cross the line, or god forbid, be too passionate or inspired about the point you're trying to make lest ye dare cost your employer advertiser revenue. This publication has many fallen editorial soldiers whose contributions eventually led to Exotic exile. I gotta be honest Ray, exile is how I always expected you to go out, with a big fuckin' bang. So now, you're gonna take your "Tales" online and ride off into the cyber-sunset? All as a noble gesture of saving Exotic any scandalous fallout (should you actually decide to reveal that the Bada Bing was actually a real club here in Portland on Barbur Boulevard)? I think I'm going to call bullshit on that. Fact of the matter is, you're not working in shithole strip shacks anymore and you actually give a rat's ass about losing your job from not one, but two A-list clubs. Actually, you're probably more likely to lose your job by ODOT running a freeway through your club than as a consequence of writing about your boss' favorite stripper simultaneously blowing you and puking behind the DJ booth.

Whatever the reason, I (and our readers) have all enjoyed the ride. I wish the best of luck to you in blogdom my brother. I can't wait to read what you've always wished you could say right here. As for me, I'm just gonna live dangerously and see how much I can get away with right here at Exotic without getting shit-canned. I've got plenty more to say, but I'm was the good street for this more here.

saving the good stuff for this month's "Erotic City."

What can I say? I would like to thank the five hundred-plus strippers that have contributed to my psychological state as well as pocket book, but there's just not enough room (a.k.a. brain cells) left to do so. I'd like to thank all my loyal readers, but most of you are scumfucks like myself that would simply take such thanks to be more than they are worth. I'd even like to thank all the clubs that have put me on, but the ones I value would most likely lose customers on association with yours truly alone. So I'll thank you by swinging by post-limit for that nightcap pint of whiskey. The one group I'd really like to shout out is this very magazine. *Exotic* has allowed me an opportunity to rant my way into a writing career, an opportunity that no other living human being can profess to. I look forward to seeing you all at TalesFromTheDJBooth.com, and to clear up the rumors, I'm not leaving the magazine, just moving "Tales" to a non-advertiser-supported format.

What a long, strange trip it's been.









Unlock this door with the key of a twisted imagination. Beyond it is another dimension—a dimension of nudity, a dimension of dressing room nightmares, a dimension of damaged sex organs. You're moving into a land of both shadow and depravity, of erotic misconception and illusion. Next stop... "Erotic City's House of Horrors."

After a bit of a sabbatical, I'm back to wreak havoc on your fragile psyches. With the passing of *Tales from the DJ Booth* this month, I guess the responsibility of telling you all those things about the dark side of exotic entertainment that you really didn't need to know (and will probably be scarred for life after reading) now falls on my shoulders. And what better time to share these horrific accounts than Halloween? Don't expect any candy in your goodie bags kiddies, the following is going to be about as appealing as a sack of flaming dog shit left on your porch. Those of you faint of heart or sensitive in the stomach might wish to move on to the next article. But to my fearless readers, enter if you dare. The following are real accounts, by anonymous workers in the entertainment industry, of incidents that took place in anonymous venues. In no particular order of repulsion, we shamefully present:

The Six Most Horrific Tales of the Stripped & Peeling

1. An obviously agitated customer approached me in the DJ booth to inform me that one of our day shift girls had allegedly purposely projectile lactated in his eye. I informed the customer I would look into this further, apologized for the unwelcome dairy discharge and bought him a drink. After observing the accused milk maid's next set, I discovered she was indeed targeting a number of customers seated at her rack with an occasional squirt of motherly love. Now I'm not saying there aren't guys that don't get off on this, but I think it should be a choice to be lactated upon, not an unexpected "gift." So as soon as the dairy queen got off the stage. I took her aside and informed her that her milky showers were not acceptable. She complained that it was sometimes beyond her control and that it was painful if she didn't express an occasional discharge. Somewhere in between compassion and I don't give a fuck, we settled on the fact that her discharges were to be expressed anywhere but on the club floor. About a week later, I stopped by the club when I was off shift, bellied up to the bar for a shot of whiskey and observed a "gentleman" across the bar sipping a creamy looking liquid out of a rocks glass. "Nectar of the gods!" he sighed as he slammed the now empty glass down on the bar. "What's your poison, friend?" I asked. He smirked, crudely licked his lips and said proudly, "Breast milk." I looked at the schedule and wouldn't you know it, the dairy queen was on shift. I cornered her in the dressing room and asked about the addition to our beverage menu at the bar. Knowing her little scam was exposed, she admitted that yes, she not only provided him the milk, but she had sold it to him. "What!? And exactly how much did you sell it to him for?" I asked. "\$8.50," she responded. I continued the interrogation with, "And how exactly did you arrive at that price?" She exotic magazine | xmag.com

looked somewhat ashamed and informed me, "Well, I started at \$20 but then he negotiated me down to \$8.50." I wasn't sure which was more disgusting in my mind—the fact that she was selling her breast milk on the floor or that she was doing it at almost 60% off.

MENSTRUATION

- Yeah, this is a subject most men generally avoid like the plague. So picture, if you will, a brand new DJ on his first day of work at a new club with a fancy dressing room. I remember my excitement as I strutted downstairs to a land where few men are allowed passage. I was almost giddy as I witnessed the behindthe-scenes whirlwind of naked flesh, hairspray and sequins as the girls frantically prepared their war paint in preparation for the start of their shifts. Almost forgetting why I was in the dressing room, I snapped out of it and remembered my goal of assembling the rotation. One girl barked that she was ready and that I better put her on the fucking main stage first and not after that bitch that stole her shoes and copies her pole tricks. I graciously, and a bit fearfully, obliged and strolled up to the next entertainer and asked what time she would be ready. Now remember, this is my first time in the dressing room as well as the first time I've ever met this girl (who we will call Smokey). Smokey smiled at me and said she was just about ready as she raised her leg and balanced herself in a Captain Morgan pose on the vanity stool. Without blinking an eye, Smokey lowered a lighter to her vagina and flicked her BIC. After a spark, a trail of smoke and a faint aroma of singed pubes, Smokey happily announced she was ready for her shift. Shaking off my stunned reaction, I asked her, "What the fuck was that about?" She giggled at my apparent ignorance and informed me, "I'm on my period, silly. I had to burn the string off my tampon!" and sashayed upstairs to share her vagina with all the unknowing perverts upstairs. Such was the beginning of my loss of innocence.
- 3. A couple of years ago, I used to work with a friend who was a dancer/dominatrix. She was obviously a very good one too because a number of her dom clients would also come to see her dance. One day she told me this story about a customer who would see her once a month and had been for several months. He always had the same, very specific request for her. He would pay her generously each month for her used feminine products. As if that weren't strange enough, he would then take these tampons and store them in his freezer to keep them "fresh" until he was ready for their intended purpose. He liked to dip them in his coffee to give his morning caffeine fix a little extra "kick."
- 4. When I first started dancing, I always wondered how girls were able to work on their periods. There was a girl I would watch all the time at my first club because she would do these amazing

tricks. One day in particular, I was watching her do a shoulder mount completely naked. Now in these moves, you really squeeze your ab muscles to push yourself up. Well I think she squeezed a little too hard, because her tampon popped out and landed on the stage in plain view of every customer at the rack. The sad part was she didn't even realize it had happened until she was done with her set and saw it on the floor of the stage as she was collecting her tips. That day I learned that, yes, you can dance on your period, just don't do pole tricks without your bottoms on.

MUTILATION

5. On one of my first few days on the job as not only a DJ, but a booking agent, I noticed a dancer (who we'll call Starfish) strolling into the club who had no-showed on her past two shifts and was about an hour and a half late for her current scheduled shift. Okay, I needed to make an example out of this one; if the other girls thought I let Starfish get away with it, they would all see me as weak and show up for their shifts whenever they damn well pleased—so this bitch was going down! I stormed up to her and snapped at her to get into the dressing room so I could discipline her in front of the rest of the girls. We went backstage where about three other dancers were gathered complaining about the losers that weren't tipping, so I had my witnesses in place. "So what in the fuck makes you think I'm gonna let you work tonight Starfish? You flaked your past two shifts, didn't answer your goddamn phone and then roll in an hour and a half late," I shouted. She whimpered that she had an acceptable excuse to which I barked, "I have a business to run here and I don't give a rat's ass about your excuses. You owe me \$60 for cancellation fees. Now get ready and get your ass on stage before I take you off the schedule for the rest of the week!" After realizing she wasn't gonna win, she pulled her trump card and shrieked back, "I'M SORRY, BUT MY MAN FUCKED ME IN THE ASS SO HARD TWO NIGHTS AGO THAT I THOUGHT I SHOULDN'T EVEN BOTHER TRYING TO DANCE!" We now had the full attention of our

witnesses and it was my turn to react to her sodomy mishap. I sighed uneasily and gave it my best shot by saying, "Look, I've dealt with cutters who took things a little too far, girls who've been whipped like dogs all weekend long and they still find a way to show up for their shifts..." and stopped dead at mid-sentence as Starfish dropped her sweat pants, bent over and

spread her ass cheeks to show me the most horrific

and mutilated asshole I have ever seen. You could hear a pin drop for the next 30 seconds, followed by the clicking of stilettos as my three witnesses decided the spectacle had just become a bit more than they bargained for. I was staring at the floor, trying to erase what I had just seen from my memory and said "Okay, forget the cancellation fees; I'm going back out front to try and bleach my retinas. Take the rest of the week off and call me when your asshole doesn't have an echo." She was back to work two days later. There was a footnote to this story, but I really don't want to get into the topic of defecation, so let's just

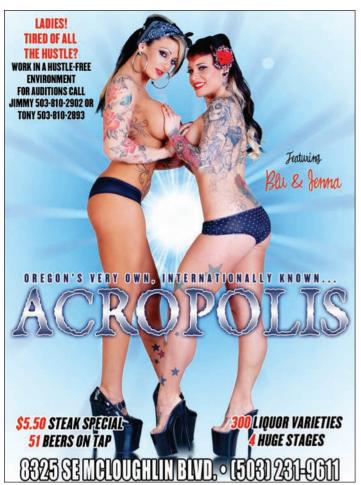
leave it at that.

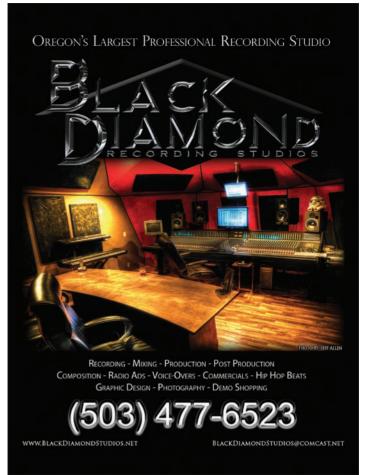
EJACULATION

6. No one liked to follow Preshuss. She always used too much lotion, had a huge ass full of expired cottage cheese and loved dragging her unusually slimy vagina across the brass pole as often as she could. Preshuss stumbled into the DJ booth with the grace of Sasquatch and asked if I could play some nasty, freaky slow jams on her next set because her boyfriend was there to pick her up and he wanted to sit at the rack for her last set. I agreed to her request simply to get her out of my booth and queued up LL Cool J's "Doin' It" followed by Prince's "Get Off." About halfway through song one, at a low volume moment, I—and everyone at that rack—heard a prominent SPLAT as Preshuss twirled above the room at the top of the pole. Preshuss looked a little confused, slid down the pole and retreated to the sanctuary of the dressing room. I called up the next dancer in the rotation and warned her to hose the stage down thoroughly because Preshuss had just been on. The dancer shrieked when she got on stage and told me the floor was soaked. She called up security to get a mop as I popped back into the dressing room to have a word with Preshuss. "Are you feeling okay? What was up with bailing in the middle of your first song?" I asked. "I'm sorry," she said as she scrubbed her vagina with a tube sock, "but I got a little too excited and I made myself cum when I was up on the pole." As I fled the dressing room in disgust, she called out to me, "You don't know what a yeast infection looks like, do you?"

Enjoy your Halloween my friends and take comfort in the illusion that none of what you have just read ever actually happened. Embrace the fantasy and you just might make it out of this House of Horrors with your libido intact. Sweet dreams.

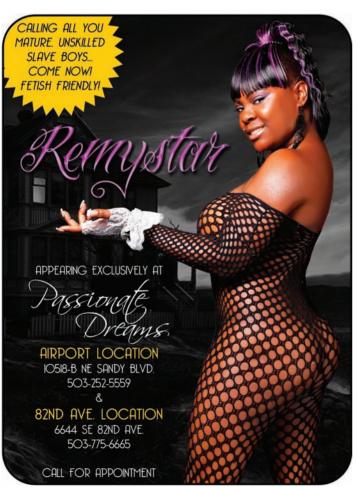


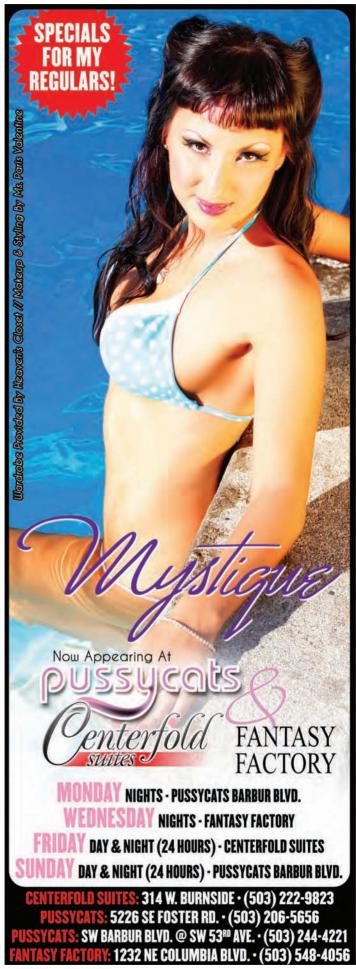












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october 2010



PIN-UP CALENDAR

EXOTIC ENTERTAINMENT NEUS

BY THE DISSASOCIATED PRESS

Strap on your strap-ons, bend over and enjoy the ride—it's once again time for yesterday's news repackaged as today's hot gossip! There's a lot going on in the inseparable world of music, politics and entertainment, including 50 Cent's gay-bashing rant, an actual pinup calendar of sexy Mormon men and, most importantly, a Barry White biopic in which the dead R&B singer will play a ghost who guides a young boy in his quest for love. No, none of the previously mentioned statements are false, but it doesn't matter because none of that stuff is nearly as important as the following tidbits of brain spittle.



First on the platter: who's ready to fuck some plastic? In hopes of being the first company to ever publicly clone an exact replica of a living human being, Pipe Dream Products has just released a Kim Kardashian blow-up doll, complete with a gigantic bubbly ass and expensive price tag. After looking over the list of future blow-up doll replicas to be released by Pipe Dream, including Lindsay Lohan, Britney Spears, Paris Hilton and Beyoncé, it looks as if the company is preparing for the upcoming zombie apocalypse by cloning the most structurally basic and substantially void humans available. Watch your back, Bieber!

Speaking of Justin "holy shit this kid is still newsworthy?!" Bieber, the sexually promiscuous teenager has been supposedly engaging in tweet-sexting with the blow-up doll herself, Kim "oh my god, Becky" Kardashian. Making

a statement to those branches of the media that have been ignoring our deteriorating political system and post-war economy in order to bring us more news regarding prepubescent boys and their singing "careers," Justin Bieber stated that he is "happy with the single life," most likely due to the fact that Billy Ray Cyrus is already loading his shotgun in anticipation of his daughter's 18th birthday and potential marriage proposal from the Bieber himself.

If Justin Bieber's "here for dating" status isn't enough of a reason for the Jackson family to be really, really pissed about Michael's predictable and unsurprising death, "Son-less" Joe Jackson has rallied against aging producer Quincy Jones (who is asking the courts and media to drop any charges against Michael Jackson's former doctor), claiming that any allusion to potential drug use amongst rotting, fortysomething child molesters is simply false. A posthumous remake of the "Thriller" video, however unnecessary, is the only chance of MJ ever making a legitimate comeback. George A. Romero is currently in a bidding war with Michael Bay regarding who gets custody of Jacko's corpse once the remaining ten percent of human flesh dissolves into a plastic, performance-ready zombie. None of this will be possible, however, until Jacko Sr. decides to quit being a bitch and cough up the loot from his dead son's estate (which is limited mostly to a few cum-soaked toys and three of the four Beatles)

In other racially ambiguous people news, Politically Incorrect host Bill Maher was recently under fire from superficial, overly sensitive liberal whites for apparently using the word "nigger" in an interview with Larry King. Although some reports have claimed that this is not true, naming a mysterious "N-word" as the culprit, the exact word in question remains unclear. Whether "necrophilia" or "nostalgia," the elusive word





(whose only known attribute is the letter "N," a consistent sponsor of the public television show Sesame Street) was used in a context describing right-wing politician's use of racially-charged euphemisms against black leaders. Whether the word "nigger" or "ninjitsu," the verdict is in: it is officially unfashionable to talk about controversial socio-political issues in the open...

...unless, of course, you are referring to masturbation, AIDS and Jesus! Tea Party candidate and prude bitch Christine O'Donnell (R-Del.) has recently been the subject of church group and porn store gossip due to comments regarding the supposed moral inappropriateness of jerking off and wearing condoms. According to Christine "might as well be Rosie" O'Donnell, fucking people outside of marriage is prohibited by the laws set forth by a dying religion, yet fucking people out of the right to marry is a highly encouraged practice. With the support of Sarah Palin (MILF-Alaska), O'Donnell, an otherwise worthless blip on the political radar, will likely remain newsworthy until her sex tape is made public. One thing is for sure, this lady's snatch is probably tighter than an asthmatic toddler's throat. Perhaps a blow-up Virgin Mary is also in the works from the good folks at Pipe Dreams, but only time will tell.

If the thought of a fuckable religious figure turns you off, perhaps you prefer the "strange homeless girl" type instead. Smashing Pumpkins front-thing Billy Corgan sure does and he loves the orphans so much that he recently

professed his fetish for vagabonds half his age. Stating that Veronicas front-girl Jessica Origliasso is his "new girlfriend," Corgan is happy enough with the fact that consensual sex lies within his grasp that he doesn't mind the fact that his woman sleeps on the streets (when not "touring" for purposes of food and shelter). Speak for yourself, Billbo, but we don't swing by the Goodwill when shopping for "new" stuff unless it's the latest Smashing Pumpkins album.

For those of us that would rather not visualize Billy "not quite a pirate" Corgan having sex with a homeless girl, perhaps the thought of Taylor Swift will help your mental palette clean itself of the remaining brain stank. Although it sounds like an essay from a student in a remedial alternative school. "Who You Are is Not What You Did" is actually the title of the latest Taylor Swift song, which contains a diss of Kayne West for his Kavne-ish behavior at last year's VMAs. Helping to establish herself in the country-western genre, Taylor Swift has successfully held the longest grudge against a successful black man since John McCain. Although Exotic Entertainment News staff was unable



to attend this year's Video Music Awards, rumor has it that Kanye stunned crowds by not being a douche, claiming that his next album will be an "experimental journey" into the territory of recording and producing music for the sake of art and art alone. Although we are calling this a ridiculous publicity stunt comparable to Glenn "I had a nightmare" Beck's Two-Hundred Man March, hip hop journalists warn of a feud between the Swift and West camps resulting in a possible server overload for both Twitter and TMZ Online.

'Til next time, we're out like George Michael in prison!



PORTLAND NATIVE DANGER EHREN SPILLS THE BEANS ON MOVIES. MISSING TEETH AND EATING PISS BY LASHON JAMES



The following article features dangerous, crude, ridiculous exercises performed by either professionals or under the supervision of professionals. Accordingly, Exotic and the editors must insist that no one attempt to re-create or re-enact any stunt or activity mentioned in the article.

Local celebrity Danger Ehren is known from the hit TV show Jackass as the guy who drinks piss, gets taken hostage in the back of a taxi (with pubes glued to his face) and always seems to lose a toothall the while with a smile on his face. I sat down with Ehren over cigars and "Brass Burnsides" for an exclusive interview to discuss the little things in life that make us happy.

So Ehren, Let's start off by asking how you get the nickname "Danger Ehren?"

Well, I came up with the nickname Danger because one year I didn't have a Halloween costume, so I took all the braces from my injuries [Ehren snowboarded professionally and had some serious crashes], a mechanic suit and a helmet and created a costume. I'm dangerous because growing up in a mortuary and being around so much death made me realize I wanted to be ALIVE, not just live. And sometimes living in the moment of being alive is dangerous.

You're known for some pretty fucked up stunts. I've seen you drink your own piss...

For the record, I've never drank it. I ate it.

But I have broken my arm blindfolded while skateboarding and sunburned my entire body while laying in a tanning bed covered in baby oil and a Jackass stencil on my chest. It burned me so bad it took three months to heal. And to this day, I still have my Speedo line burned into my skin. I've also lost three teeth.

Ouch.

Tell us a little more about some of your injuries over the years.

I've had sixteen surgeries—nine knee, one neck, two left pinky... Is that your stinky pinky? Touché to you.

Go on Ehren.

Four broken noses, three lost teeth, one broken back and a shit ton of mental health issues. You should see my psychologist bill.

Speaking of your stinky pinky, there was a rumor that you were asked to cut it off for a stunt in the new movie. I see it's still there. How come it didn't happen?

I was never asked; it was my idea. That just means there's more to come. For now you can have my tooth.

How did you get hooked up with the

They heard about me and some of my ideas and how stupid and willing I am. They came to Portland to film me about 10 years ago, the rest is history. Were you amazed at how successful Jackass has become?

I'm not amazed because who doesn't want to see a train wreck with nine naked dudes?

Tell us a little about what we should expect from Danger Ehren in Jackass 3D?

I get kicked in the nuts by a real jack-

ass, I get my tooth ripped out, I broke my back and was a part of the revolution of real human 3D.

Who's the coolest person you've been able to meet as a result of your Jackass fame?

Ozzy Osborne. I've stayed the night at his house three times and he's cool as shit. I love Ozzy. That was the first concert I'd ever been to. Did you step in any dog poo?

I don't step in dog poop, I cannon-

ball into it.

So, what was your first concert?

I popped my cherry at Neurosis at La Luna when I was 15.

I miss that venue. I saw Marilyn Manson there for five bucks. What's been the toughest part about doing the show and the movies? The injuries—the pain sucks. Having to leave my friends and family in Portland to go make magic is probably the toughest part. I love

Most of the Jackass crew lives in Los Angeles and you live in Portland. Why is that?

Because I love Oregon. I was born and raised here, my friends and family are here and the people are amazing.

You obviously like to wet the whistle. What is your drink of choice

I like Jack Daniels and a little concoction I made up called "The Patrick Swayze" [Jack and Coke with a splash of OJ]. Another drink I have most often is the "Brass Burnside" or the "Foster Mimosa." It's another drink invention of mine. It's PBR [Portland's Best Refresh-

ment] and a splash of OJ. I like my vitamins.

In a town that has more strip clubs per capita than any other city in the country, which strip clubs are your favorite?

Lucky Devil, Devil's Point, Sassy's, Magic Garden and if I'm hungry for a steak, Acropolis. But I don't go to strip clubs.

Do you eat your steak at the rack or at the tableNo, the rack comes to me.

Do you like your fun bags real or fake?

Real. But I won't turn down a nice pair of boobies either way. What's your favorite stripper move?

Anything that involves me and my boner.

What has been your craziest strip club moment?

I rammed my friend's head through a fence on his birthday while he was tripping balls on fungus and it got stuck between the boards and he couldn't get it out.

That was me you idiot.

Oh yeah. At least one of us remembers that night. Once again, touché. And remember: safety first.

We have a pretty sweet music scene here in Portland. What are some of your favorite bands and venues in town?

Red Fang, Toxic Holocaust, Poison Idea, and Mike D., just to

name a few.

I noticed you were wearing a Toxic Holocaust shirt in the trailer of

Yes, I did, and I get hit in the face with a giant tuna. And what about venues?

Dante's has the best sound and bands in town. Berbati's is fun

and I love the family. For bigger shows, I like the Roseland and the Hawthorne Theater.

Man, I hope some of these venues buy you a beer next time you're there. Other than being in the Jackass movies, what else does Danger Ehren do in

For the past six years, I've owned and operated a skate shop in McMin-nville called Danger Valley. I do video production, go to shows, ride my Harley, surf the coast and enjoy long walks on the beach where real boobies bounce on my face like in Weird Science. Oh shit, I just remembered those aren't real. So maybe I like fake boobies.

You're a good man Ehren.

Jackass 3D premieres at local theaters Friday, October 15. Don't miss the official Jackass 3D Portland after party at Lucky Devil in October (date to be announced).





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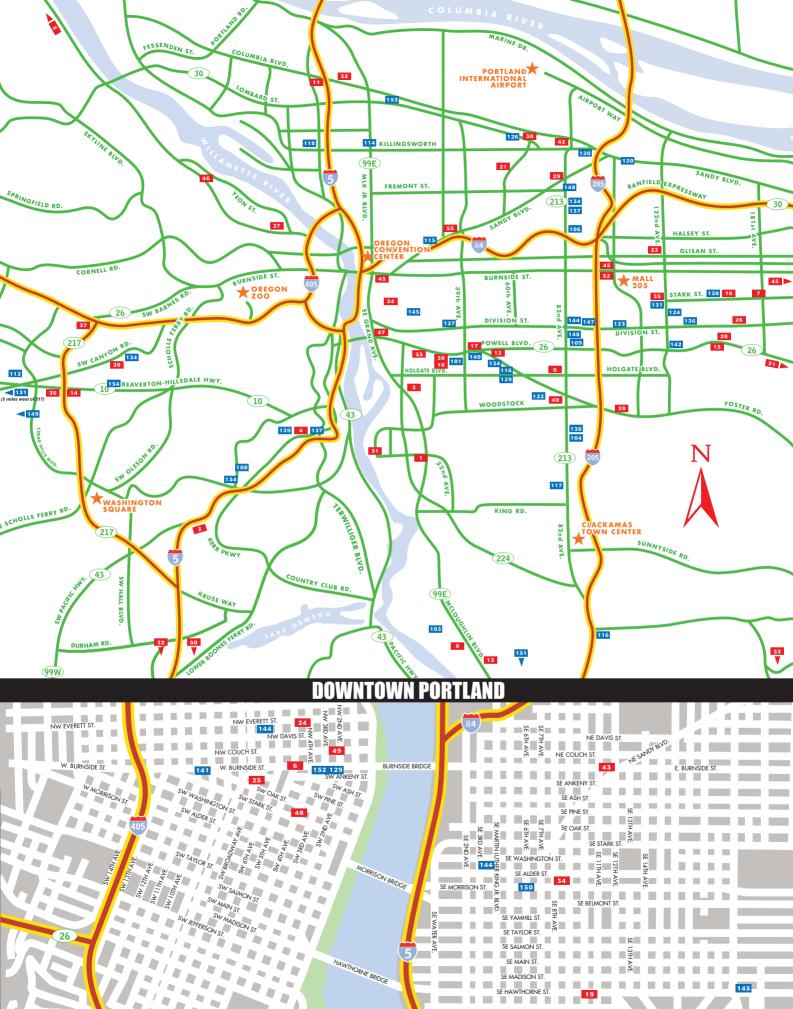


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up or au natural, I thought I would start off by sex talking about it.

Dear Sheena,

Where is the bush? I am tired of looking at the perfect Barbie with the per-

fect Bermuda Triangle. I want bush!

Looking for Bush

I have been flooded with emails asking me where to find the fur. Since my column on the bush shortage in Oregon, I am even more convinced it is time for Portland to pioneer the movement to rock the bush, to grow it out, let it hang and keep Portland weird! So to all of you asking, I am not your bush information center. I am just a supporter of people getting the most out of their sex lives. However, I will keep you posted if there is a bush sighting reported. If I were you, I would go to Union Jacks to find the women that dare to rock a bushy bush.

Hi Sheena!

I'm trying to find gentlemen's clubs in Portland that have bigger women (BBW, more to love), but it's hard to find. Are there any plus-sized clubs in Portland?

BBW's Club

I thought this was a wonderfully worded question and quite a unique idea. I do not know of any clubs of the sort. I do know there are occasionally more voluptuous women working in some clubs. But I really never thought of this idea. Maybe someone should step it up and open one. There are plenty of men that like bigger women and are not turned on at all by the model type.

Dear Sheena.

I have been in a relationship with this man for a year now and when we argue, he punishes me by not having sex with me. He even went so far as to tell me he doesn't want to spoil me by giving me the goods all the time. When I talk to him about my frustrations, he tells me he's not my little fuck boy! Who says that, Sheena? I want to give him the power, but the lack of dick is really starting to make me want to move on. I love him, what do I do?

Your Desperately Lacking Dick Diva

Dear Diva.

There is no such thing as "spoiling" the one you love with too much sex. Sex is a unique thing but will always work itself out as long as he wants you as much as you want him. Sex should never be used as a weapon for either a man or a woman. Women must be

satisfied with their man's performance to be "all in" and faithful. The sex is either there or it's not. He is either a lion or kitten. You are either happy with the system of "dick on lock down" or not. Do not change your sex needs for love. Love will only get him cheated on for not satisfying you! Is he satisfied with less pussy? Why does he have no problem restricting himself from gratification? In the end, it will be his fault you go somewhere else. You already sound bored—he needs to give it up or you need to move on, Diva!

Dear Sheena.

I met this hot guy and had a lot of chemistry going. I knew I was strongly attracted to him and was excited to have an amazing sexual experience with him. The first time we slept together was also our last! This man was so horrible in bed I wanted to start laughing! The sad thing is, he REALLY thought he was putting it down. NO rhythm, NO moves, NO aggression, NO passion...just nothing! The best was that after falling asleep, this man proceeded to pass gas all night! I wanted to die and could not get out of there fast enough. He is gorgeous, successful, outgoing and a really cool guy, so how is this possible? Should a woman let a man know after the first time they sleep together that he was wack as hell plus a little gassy?

Sincerely,

Tooted & Booted

Wow, I was not expecting the passing gas part of this story. I think he needs to know of his gassy problem because that is just flat out gross! When people have sex for the first time it is usually not perfect. I don't blame you for being disappointed. If you didn't call back then he must know he was not a good fuck. It's up to you how much time you are willing to put into teaching a hot guy how to be good in bed. Being straight up honest works. He might surprise the hell out of you next time if you mention he sucks.

If you missed the opportunity to send in your question or comments this round, no worries—there is always next month. Remember to write sheena@pdxgirls.com.

I really enjoy my column and am happy you all like to share

Big shout out to Barracuda club for hosting some of the hottest shows I have performed at! I am still on my Smell The Money Strip Club Tour, so log on to sheenagmusic.com to see where the next stop is!

Everyone should go to the Miss Nude Oregon Pageant® finals at the Dolphin II on October 14 and support the hottest competition of the year! I will be there as a judge. My advice to the contestants who are in this year's MNOP is to make sure that you smile at the judges and audience! Everyone gets so involved in costumes, music, set etc. they forget to have eye contact and

Now that fall has arrived, get in there and hibernate in the bedroom and do some kinky new moves! Keep being inventive and your sex life will increase daily. Many happy orgasmic screams to you all. Happy Halloween!





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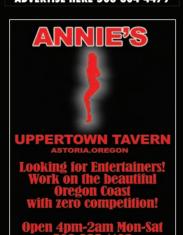
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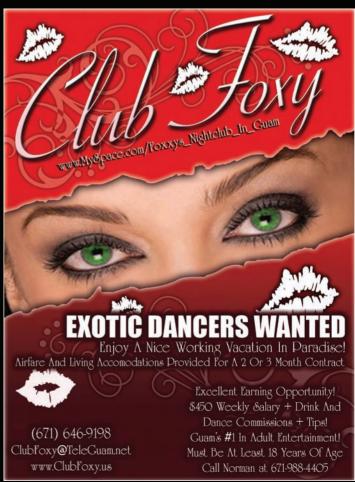
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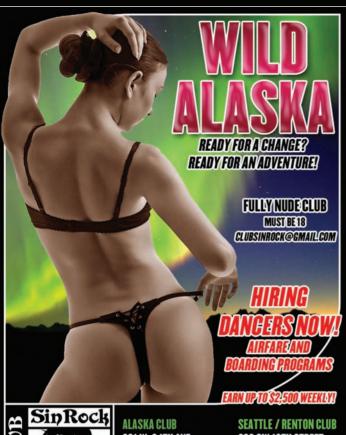
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Classifieds



houghts of severed goat heads, blood-soaked sex orgies and ritual human sacrifices are the mental images associated with the word Satanism. Ultimately, the popular notions of this philosophy are perpetuated by Christian propaganda, daytime television and the lyrics of Scandinavian black metal. After it was associated with the high-profile cases of serial killer Richard Ramirez and homicidal teenager Sean Sellers, the link between Satanism and murder was a hot button issue in the late 1980s. The link became so sensationalized it was referred to as "The Satanic Panic," especially after it was featured numerous times on the *Geraldo Rivera Show*. But to the people who actually are Satanists, those perceptions don't represent their religion any more than a teenager with a pentagram sticker on his skateboard or a Led Zeppelin album played backward. Unfortunately, it is still as misunderstood as it was forty years ago. Satanism is alive and well throughout the western world, even right here in Portland. In fact, you're even able to find it in a place that buys ad space in this magazine.

Timothy Bishop has been both a security guard and maintenance man at Rose City Strip since it was known as Cocktails & Dreams, and since 1992 has fronted the metal band Blood Ritual. While he might seem like anyone who'd be found at a Portland gentlemen's club, there is one thing that puts the articulate forty-one-year-old in a class of his own. Timothy Bishop is a Satanist—a card-carrying member of the Church of Satan for the past fifteen years. He explains how Satanism is not what many people believe it to be. "We fully believe in law and order," Bishop proclaims. "Hell, I don't even drink alcohol."

Bishop holds membership in the only official organization in the world of Satanism, the Church of Satan. Former carnival worker and crime scene photographer Anton LaVey founded the Church of Satan in San Francisco on April 30, 1966 (a date annually commemorated by Satanists and also known as Walpurgisnacht). Often referred to as "The Black Pope," LaVey created the ideas and philosophies of Satanism in his book *The Satanic Bible*—the rudimentary text for the religion's beliefs. "The biggest [core belief in Satanism] is personal responsibility as outlined in *The Satanic Bible*'s 'Nine Satanic Statements.' It's stepping up to the plate and taking responsibility for your own salvation."

The Church of Satan has attracted members in every part of the world, of every race, class and occupation. The church has never of-ficially revealed the number of members it has, however some of its more notable members throughout history have included Sammy Davis Jr., Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Manson, Mercyful Fate front man King Diamond and Alkaline Trio lead singer Matt Skiba. Bishop says that there are many more public figures affiliated with the Church of Satan. Although he cannot reveal those members' identities due to confidentiality issues, he is quick to assure that "you'd be surprised."

But what makes a native of Aberdeen, WA like Bishop want to join the Church of Satan? "I have always been attracted to the darker side of life, as well as mythology. For instance, when I was a child, my favorite comic book series was *Dracula* by DC Comics. I've always been more comfortable with vampires, werewolves and such than people. I'm also extremely knowledge hungry and have studied many religions as well as psychology, sociology, astronomy, biology and physics," he states. "It's been that way all my life. Satanism was the only religion that fits all of these things, as well as the only religion that made any logical sense to me."

One of the mistakes most often made about Satanists is referring to them as "devil worshipers." According to the writings of Anton LaVey, Satan is the Hebrew word for adversary and is used as a metaphor in Satanism against the sheep flock mentality of Christianity and other organized religions. "Satanists identify with the symbol of Satan. Satan worshipers worship the symbol. They believe in both god and the devil," says Bishop. "They're basically bad [versions of] Christians."

Misconceptions about this religion and its members are still apparent even in today's more morally liberated society. In the earlier part of the last decade, representatives of the Church of Satan said to a late night talk show on Canada's CBC Network that the FBI has no evidence to conclude that there are any cults linked to Satanism that are responsible for ritual sacrifice of livestock or people. Bishop has faced people's own misconceptions about him personally when they realize what religion he practices. "I get varied reactions. Some curious; some very positive reactions from the most unlikely of people." But for him, it's understandably not as accepted as if he were a member of any other religion. "Unfortunately, I have had some negative reactions as well, even had a few people get hostile and a couple of them got violent." When asked what he'd like people to understand most of all about his affiliation with Satanism, Bishop had this to say: "If by some chance, you see or meet me, please keep in mind there's nothing wrong with me. I don't need your prayers. I don't need your help. I'm not out to get you and unless you go out of your way to wrong me, you have nothing to fear. I'm not interested in why you don't agree with my religion, nor do I wish to examine yours. I have the right and freedom in this country to believe as I see fit, as do you."

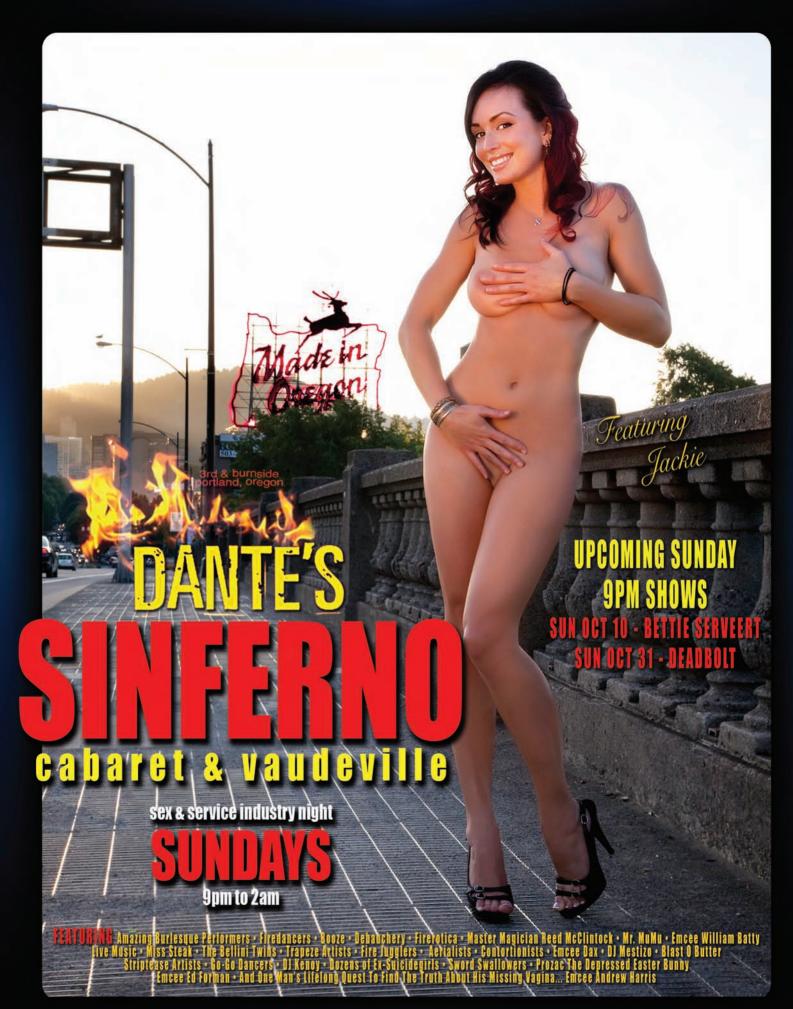
After all is said and done, Satanism is still, and will continue to be, a misunderstood religion. But even if Satanism was like its popular culture counterpart, it still makes a lot more sense than Scientology.





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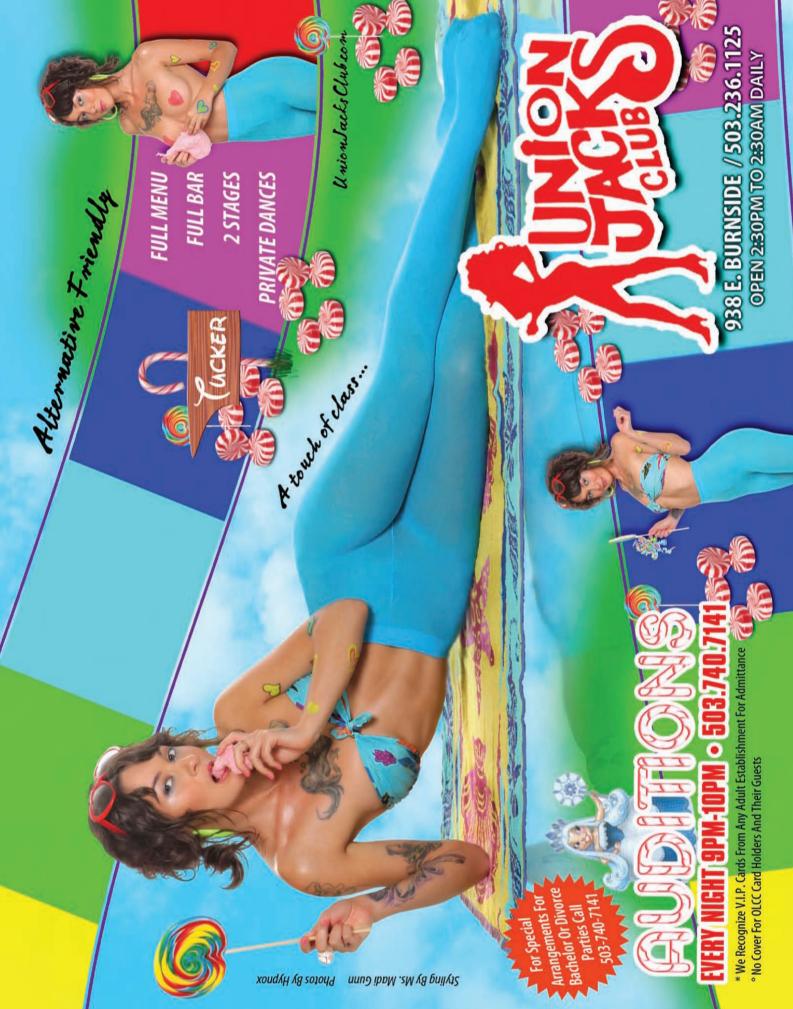
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17939 SW MCEWAN RD. · 97224

· SATURDAY, OCT. 16TH
PIRATES VS. NINJA PARTY

Pick A Side. Find A Costume

· THURSDAY, OCT. 28TH

PORNOWEEN

Horny / Devilish, Ghouls And Goblins

· TUE-FRI

Free Dinner Buffet w/Carving Station

Salem 503.370.8063

1550 WESTON CT. NE · 97301

· SATURDAY, DCT. 16TH

The Rolling Tones

(Rolling Stones Tribute Band)

SATURDAY, OCT. 30TH

Crazy Train

Halloween With Ozzy (Ozzy Tribute Band)

Please Visit The Calendar On Our Website To View Full Details Of All Events Listed Here.

\$5 LUNCH SPECIAL MON-FRIL 11AM-4PM ALLICGATIONS HAPPY HOW APMETEM AND UTENTONE

PRIME RIB
6-9PM WIPAID ADMISSION
Mon-Salem & Rridgenort

Featured Act

Shyla Stylez

Fri

Salem

Beaverton's

Weekly Promo's

Titan Tuesdays

"Sweat" Thursdays Freaky Fridays

Mon.-Salem & Bridgeport Wed.-Beaverton

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