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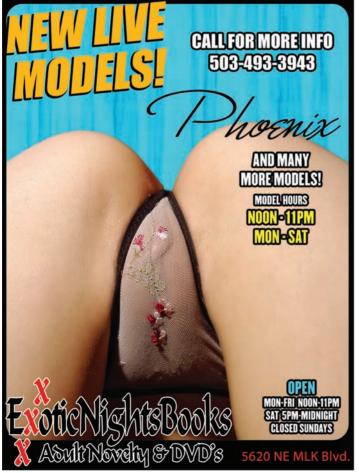




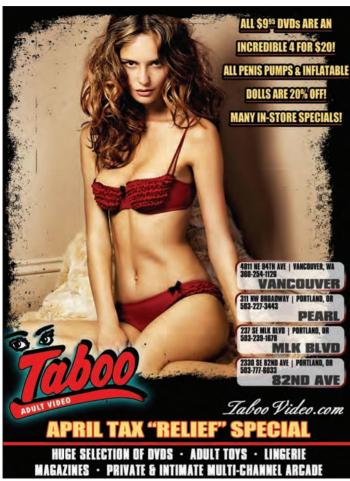
















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JUST 10 MINUTES AWAY FROM DOWNTOWN PORTLAND
Photography by Doug@rotironfantasy.com

exotic

Issue #214 • Volume 18 • Number 10 April 2011

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Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503,241,4317
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Publisher XMAG LLC.

facehook.com/xotica

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INSIDE STUFE

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THE ROCKET REPORT
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Inspired by the incredible true story of producer Christopher Mallick's, (owner of ePassporte) business success in the early days of the World Wide Web, Middle Men tells the story of three everyday guys who got rich quick by figuring out a better way to jack off. Told in an almost Casino-style narrative, this flick brilliantly portrays the story of porn, money, crime and the Internet in the '90s.



At the dawn of the 21st century, porn merchants had a whole new marketplace ripe for the picking with the rise of the Internet. This whole new marketing world opened up before their eyes almost before they knew what do with it. It was a vehicle that could bring porn home, on demand, 24/7 with the simple click of a mouse. From the moment a man figures out his hand can reach his cock, he's figuring out a new way to pull on it. Every ten seconds, he has some sick and perverted thought racing through his head, so it's no surprise that today the internet porn industry has become so successful. It rakes in over 57 billion dollars a year worldwide and all the while no one even wants to admits they're watching it.

Middle Men is the story of Jack Harris (Luke Wilson), who's a respectable family man from Houston with a talent for fixing people's business problems. After saving a struggling nightclub in Los Angeles, Jack is introduced to two drugged-out yet brilliant head cases, Wayne Beering (Giovanni Ribisi) and Buck Dolby (Gabriel Macht) by sleaze-ball attorney, Jerry Hagerty (James Caan). Buck (who has an IQ of 187) was fired from NASA after one too many cocaine-fueled rides in the zero gravity chamber. He'd also been dismissed as a veterinarian for scheduling unnecessary dog surgeries in an attempt to fulfill his raging addiction to canine barbiturates. Once he moves to LA to hang out with his childhood friend Wayne, the two inadvertently come up with the idea for the Internet's first third-party billing system while on a bender. By scanning pages from their personal stash of porn, they created the Internet's first pay-for-porn site, billed at \$9.99 a month. Within 30 days, the profits were over \$7,000. Once new memberships started to flat line, they realized their site needed new content and chose to pursue it in a Russian mob-affiliated strip club owned by the infamous Nikita Sokoloff (Rade Serbedzija). They took the mob boss on as a partner and shared a piece of their profits. After the new content hits the site, Wayne and Buck's profits skyrocket to a whopping \$25,000 a day.

With the overabundance of cash, lack of self-control and exorbitant substance abuse, they predictably fall out of favor with their Russian mob partners and are soon looking down the barrels of mob henchman's guns. Jack comes to the rescue and attempts to set things straight with the Russians, but of course, things always seem to go wrong when negotiating with the mob, don't they? With a shaky, temporary truce in place, Jack spins his magic on the business into the true inspirational twist of Middle Men. Rather than taking all the responsibility for providing the content themselves, they would connect the subscriber to the providers, and their company (aptly called 24/7 Billing) would enable the pornographic content to be billed anonymously so that God-fearing Christians could jackoff without the fear of ever being exposed for the sinners they were. 24/7 Billing collected 10% of every transaction, and soon they were effortlessly amassing profit from nearly every porn site

on the web that was using their billing service.

Jack gets drawn deeper into the alluring world of pornography and grows distant from his wife as he falls for rising porn star Audrey Dawns (Laura Ramsey). Soon after, Jack and Audrey are approached by Federal Agent Curt Allmans (Kevin Pollak), who explains to the pair that Audrey's popular porn site has acquired quite the following in terrorist cells throughout Hamburg, Afghanistan and Pakistan. Jack convinces Audrey to cooperate with the feds when they request her to start doing specialized one-on-one cam shows that they suspect will appeal to the terrorists (no guy-on-girl stuff, these terrorists are big homophobes). The film gets quite brilliant in exposing the power and the pitfalls of internet porn usage. When Jack's teenage son is busted hacking into the school computers to change his grades for a more desirable GPA, Jack confronts DA Frank Griffin (Kelsey Grammar) with a history of his internet subscriptions to services (such as tightyoungpussy.com) to resolve the conflict.

Luke Wilson puts on one of the strongest performances I've ever seen from him. Though at times, I had a hard time accepting him as such the badass he portrays in the film. The rest of the cast, while thoroughly amusing, was all rather cartoonish and more so just used as props to Wilson's lead.

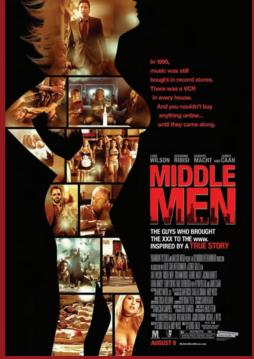
Middle Men is now available on BluRay and DVD through Paramount Pictures.

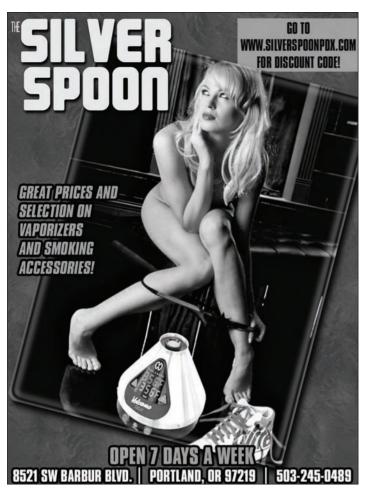
Middlemenmovie.com























First and foremost, congratulations to Trinity from Riverside Sports Bar and Grill for winning PoleroticA and Elle, from Lucky Devil Lounge, who was voted "Portland's Sexiest Sex Industry Worker" recently by *Mercury* readers. It is so awesome to live in a city that embraces and celebrates it's naked talent.

So, this lurid issue of *Exotic* is all about fetish—something that most seasoned strippers have plenty of experience with. Many strip club customers view the club as a place to safely explore a fetish interest. For dancers, accommodating these customers can be very lucrative. In my experience dancing, I've come across a few fellas (and ladies) who have asked me to indulge them...

It was a packed Saturday night at the club when the DJ announced my name. Most of the guys sitting stageside were part of a big bachelor party and they were piling money in front of their betrothed buddy to get him as much attention from the dancers as possible. I was dressed in a black PVC bra and panties and a black fishnet dress, wearing a thick chain around my neck and carrying a little crop. I had the DJ play some Ministry and vamped it up dominatrix-style. The bachelor's friends loved it. "Get him! Spank him!" they said, pointing at the bachelor. I obliged by roughing him up a little bit, telling him "Bow down!" He turned red in the face, laughing, but embarrassed...his buddies were out to get him that night. I noticed a short, shy-looking guy with a shaved head sitting a few seats over. He was transfixed by what I was doing. His eyes were sparkling with interest.

When I emerged from the dressing room, short shy guy was waiting right by the door. "May I have a dance *please*?" he stuttered, looking at the floor. I towered above him. I'm 5'8, and that night I was wearing 5 inch black platform stiletto boots. As we walked into the private dance booth, he didn't say a word. He quickly sat down and produced a \$20 from his wallet. I started

dancing, and when I put my boot over his shoulder and braced it on the wall behind him, he suddenly *licked* it. I was stunned and I didn't move for a few seconds. He took this opportunity to continue licking my boot. I moved my foot, he pulled out \$5 and let it fall to the floor. I danced for a few more songs, towering over him and playing the part with a scowl on my face. He never made eve contact with me. "Sit still!" I velled at him. When a song ended, he'd move to get up and I'd say "What the fuck do you think you're doing? I didn't tell you to get up. Sit the fuck down." More bills dropped to the floor. Finally, I relented. "Ugh. I'm tired of looking at you. Get out of my sight," I growled. When he was done getting dances that night, he was smiling as he scurried off. The floor was littered with bills. He came into the club sporadically after that, but when he did we had a routine. He'd get dances and I'd boss him around while he licked my boots. It was really cathartic to yell at him too—especially if he came in on nights when I had some pent-up anger in need of release. "Shut up! Did I say you could talk to me? Give me another twenty. I'm not done with you yet," I'd say. I enjoyed it so much, I have seriously considered a career as a dominatrix!

I'm certainly not the only dancer who has experienced these bizarre (and often lucrative) types of customers. One of the most common fetish customers we seem to get in the club are foot fetishists. These are the fellas who just love to see the arch of a lady's foot nestled in a beautiful open toed heel, skin silky smooth and toenails perfectly painted. I've also heard of guys who really love the smell of them—especially after a dancer's feet have been cramped into uncomfortable, hot boots, stifled by thick socks. Other guys tend to simply fixate on one physical feature. The definition of "sexual fetishism" is "the sexual attraction to objects, body parts or situations not conventionally viewed as being sexual in

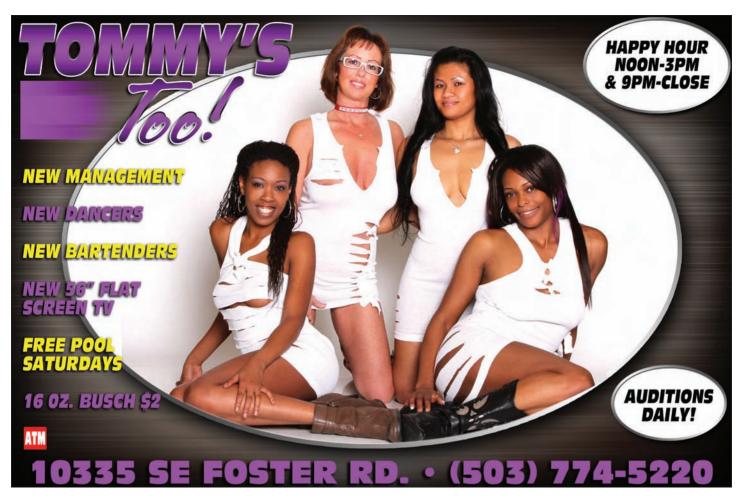
nature." So, I'm not talking about guys who simply prefer looking at butts versus breasts. I'm talking about the guys that drool over how many freckles and moles vou have, or tell you there's no need to undress in a private dance, but instead ask if you could drape your long hair over their faces. I once had a customer who told me jokes to make me laugh during dances just so he could see my teeth. He'd never look at my naked body writhing in front of him. he'd just stare at my mouth. Instead of being weirded out by these fetish requests, I see them as a fun challenge. I recognize that the interaction with me might be the only outlet for someone to explore an interest they might be shy or embarrassed to admit having to other people. I try not to judge or make them feel odd about their special requests and this approach is often met with a lot of customers showing appreciation through verbal praise and cold hard cash. As long as it's something within the lines of the law, club rules and my own personal boundaries, it's game on.

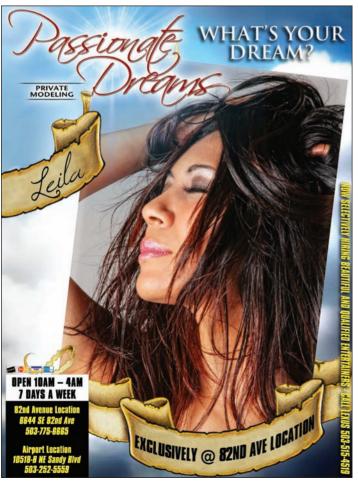
If you're a strip club customer looking to explore a fetish, here are a few guidelines to help you find a stripper who will accommodate you:

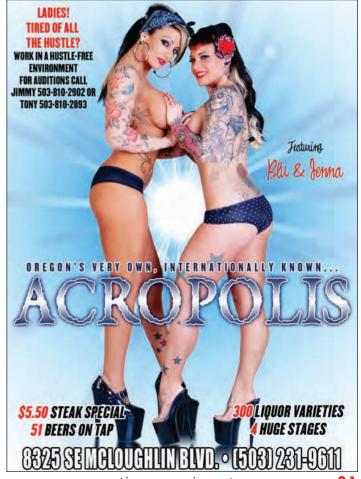
- Don't ask us to do anything illegal. No bueno.
- Expect to pay more. Asking us to do anything out of the norm is going to cost you extra. Politely negotiating a price is best.
- Don't be shy, strippers have heard it all. You probably won't shock us. Just put your request out there. If it's something the dancer is not comfortable with, it's appropriate to ask if she knows another dancer who might be interested. (Tip her for her help!)

Good luck!

P.S. Join me as I host a special 4/20 SIGN OF THE BEAST METAL BURLESQUE SHOW at Dante's on Wednesday, April 20! Live metal bands and babes for your entertainment!

















BY JOHN VOGE EXOTIC SINE

When I received this assignment, there was one simple fact that made this film a selection we simply could not pass up reviewing: Exotic magazine was a major element of the plotline. Cold Weather (written, edited and directed by Portland's own Aaron Katz) is a film that was featured in last year's SXSW film festival and was made available to view in limited theatrical release in February. Filmed entirely in Portland, Cold Weather is labeled as a "humorous drama" that tells the story of a man who becomes entangled in the mystery of his ex-girlfriend's disappearance.

After dropping out of college in Chicago while studying forensic science, Doug (Cris Lankerman) moves to Portland to live with his sister Gail (Trieste Kelly Dunn) and ends up in a dead-end job working the graveyard shift at an ice factory. It's here, that he befriends co-worker Carlos (Raúl Castillo) who moonlights as a psychedelic-funk DJ. The two end up bonding when Doug shares his fascination for the stories of detective Sherlock Holmes. When Doug's ex-girlfriend Rachel (Robyn Rikoon) arrives in town, he introduces her to his sister and Carlos at a poker game. The plotline accelerates when Rachel fails to show up for a buddy-date with Carlos a few days later.

Newly fascinated with Sherlock Holmes, Carlos immediately suspects foul play and sets the detective case in motion with Doug and Gail. Ironically enough, the inciting clue that unravels the mystery is a promotional flyer for Exotic magazine they find in the trash at Rachel's abandoned room at the Crown Hotel. They pursue the investigation via xmag.com, where they discover that the girl on the flyer (Amanda Brooke) is actually Rachel. The story of a girl disappearing into a secret life as an exotic entertainer in Portland? Very accurate. Doug purchasing a shrink-wrapped copy of *Exotic* magazine at a mini market to assist in the investigation? Not so accurate. The plot takes several twists and turns in uncovering Rachel's disappearance. One particularly amusing lead, reveals that the mysterious stranger at the core of the potential foul play is a photographer from *Exotic* who may be using desperate models as couriers for laundered money.

Throughout the film, you will enjoy the screen portrayal of our fair city. The gripping camera angles and cinematography captures Portland in all of its gloomy magnificence. Of course, it rains through 80% of the film. Local skylines and landscapes are beautifully scattered throughout Cold Weather and notable Stumptown landmarks such as the Bagdad Theater and Montage (the location of the story's climax) make the film all that much more entertaining to the sightseeing Portlander in you.

At press time, Cold Weather is playing in a limited run at Living Room Theater (341 SW Tenth Ave) and Hollywood Theater (4122 NE Sandy Blvd).





Fri 1 - Safari Showclub - April Fools' Day Benefit Party for Chaos

Mon 4 - Pallas Club - NCAA Championship Game on our 2 giant flat screens with \$1 hot dogs & crazy drink specials all night

Fri 8 - Dante's - Zeperella (female Led Zeppelin tribute)

Sat 9 - Dante's - Death Angel with Stonecreeper, Excrutiator & Spellcaster

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Motocross Mayhem with extreme giveaways including AMA Supercross tickets plus the Dirty Gurl Launch Party

Thu 14 - Lucky Devil Lounge - Portland Pin-Up of the Year Contest 2011 - open to all dancers with \$500 in cash & prizes, full page ad in Exotic magazine & a pinup session with Ronnie Werner

Fri 15 - Pallas Club - Monthly Friday Feature Night with Blaze & Veesha Hoffa (as seen on TruTV's Full Throttle Saloon)

Sun 17 - Dante's - Holy Grail (early show before Sinferno)

Wed 20 - Dante's - Sign of the Beast Metal Burlesque hosted by Vera Mysteria, Rocket & Nik Sin featuring burlesque & fire dancers with live metal

Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Post-Masters Golf Party - free admission when you wear golf gear, putting contest & cash prizes

Thu 21- Mystic Gentlemen's Club – April Showers with 2-girl shower stage shows plus food & drink specials

Club Rouge - Sheena G's Smell the Money Dance Contest

Fri 22 - Dante's - Dengue Fever

Sat 23 - Dante's - Hell's Belles (female AC/DC tribute) with Alabama Black Snake & The Dirty Birds

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Winning! The Party - Do it like Sheen does

Sun 24 - Mynt Gentlemen's Club – Easter Sunday drink specials & egg hunt

Pallas Club - Easter Sunday specials all day long with homemade deviled eggs, \$3 breakfast specials & Bloody Marys

Fri 29 - Dante's - Afroman

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Spring Fling - free admission when wearing summer clothes, a bikini or board shorts plus a wet tshirt contest with cash prizes

Sat 30 - Dante's - J Mascis with Black Heart Procession

WEEKLY EVENTS MONDAYS

Devils Point - Fire Strippers

Stars Cabaret (Salem, Bridgeport) - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

TUESDAYS

Club 205 - Two-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays with your host 3'6" Nik Sin Heat - 50¢ Slider Tuesdays

WEDNESDAYS

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

Devils Point – 80s Night

Heat – Wahoo Wednesdays - Check out our famous beer specials from 8-10pm

Bottoms Up - Construction Worker Wednesdays with happy hour prices all day long with business card

Jody's Bar & Grill - Ladies' Night with rum & coke, margaritas & beer specials for the ladies

THURSDAYS

Boom Boom Room - The Boom Boom Burlesque Revue - hosted by 3'6" emcee Nik Sin with special feature acts Miss Berlin & Tana the Tattooed Lady plus magic by Reed McClintock

Jody's Bar & Grill – Extended happy hour & all-you-can-eat for \$2 Devils Point – Rock 'n' Roll Thursdays

Heat − Double Trouble Thursdays with 2-girl shows and 50¢ tacos

Spyce Gentlemen's Club - \$9.99 steak & lobster from 3pm-9pm

SUNDAYS

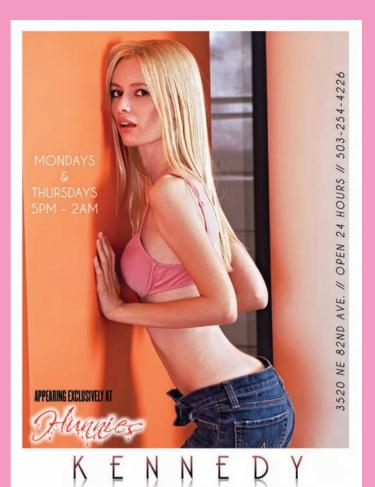
Dante's - Sinferno Cabaret

Club Rouge - Join us every Sunday for an Absolut Party with special prices on all Absolut flavors plus Absolut gear giveaways **Devils Point** - World Famous Stripparaoke!











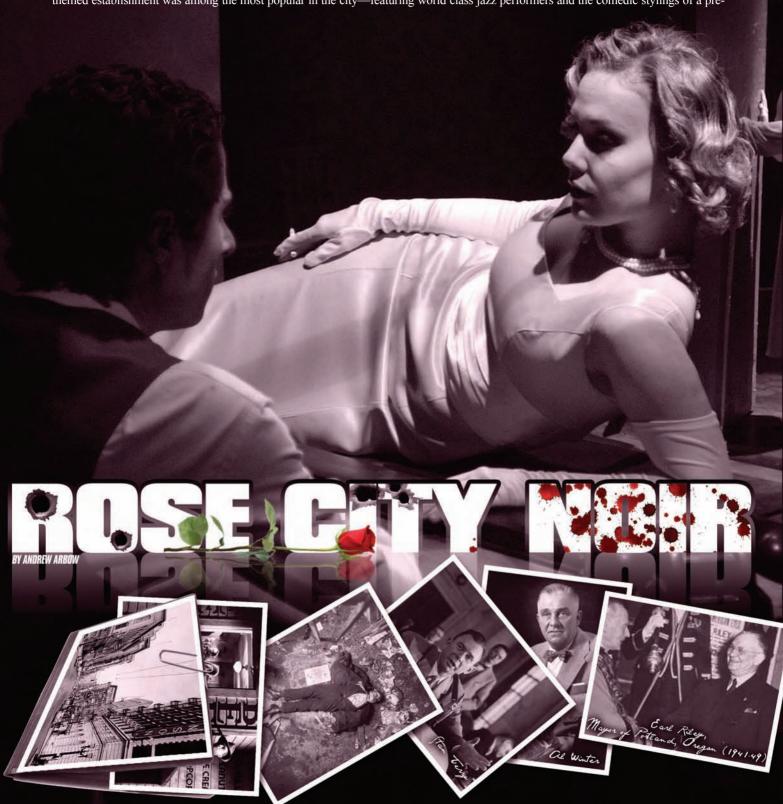






The 1950s: The war was over and Eisenhower was elected president. Television was introduced into the American home. Fears of the atomic age of destruction were in the national collective consciousness and a major American city was firmly in the grips of vice, public corruption and racketeering. But, this isn't the setting for a James Ellroy novel or the newest Xbox release from Rockstar Games. This was an everyday reality of post-war Portland. Long before there were athletic shoe empires and doughnuts topped with pork products, Portland's reputation for harboring organized crime defined its image to the rest of the nation and caused enough of an uproar to gain the attention of some of the biggest names in twentieth-century American history.

Sophisticated illegal activity in the Beaver State area dates all the way back to the Oregon Trail and has been in the city of Portland since its founding in 1851. The Rose City provided cheap slave labor for Chinese trading ships with shanghaied sailors via downtown's underground tunnel system. By the First World War, rampant prostitution dominated the areas around Chinatown and West Burnside. During prohibition, Portland became the predominant west-coast provider for Canadian whiskey and was reported to have over one-hundred speakeasies. The summit of Portland's criminal history began to peak after WWII. In the late 40s, illegal gambling and prostitution were the most popular of the day's vices. The Portland epicenter of these vices was the Pago Pago nightclub on East Stark Street. This Polynesian-themed establishment was among the most popular in the city—featuring world class jazz performers and the comedic stylings of a pre-



Rat Pack Sammy Davis, Jr. The most popular aspect of the Pago Pago was its second story gambling den known as the Turf Club that included a national mob-controlled racewire that allowed it's patrons to illegally bet on horse races. The Pago Pago was owned by Al Winter, who began most of the gambling rackets in the city and had direct ties to famed LA gangster Bugsy Siegel, as well as the then unknown Mickey Cohen. Winter even attempted to set up high-profile illegal gambling dens in cooperation with Bugsy Siegel in St. John's Landing in the late 1940s.

Al Winter split for Las Vegas in the early 50s, but his absence didn't put an end to Portland's racketeering problem. When the city of Portland took legitimate steps to take control of its crime syndicates, racketeers needed only to set up shop in Clackamas county (which had crime syndicates in Milwaulkie and Oregon City) run by county kingpin Lonnie Logsdon. Logsdon had close associations with highlevel criminals in Portland. Among these was convicted armed robbery suspect Jim (or "Big Jim") Elkins, who relocated to Portland fresh out of Arizona State Penitentiary. Elkins initially ran half of the rackets in cooperation with Winter before he left. By 1953, Elkins ran a lucrative gambling racket and a handful of highlevel downtown brothels. He also partnered with the LA mob to take part in the drug trade of Mexican brown heroin, which was in high demand in the busy Jantzen Beach jazz clubs.

Lester Beckman would go to Chicago to supply Elkins and other racketeers with the top gambling devices of the day; pinball machines. But, these certainly were not the same kind people would play these days at Ground Kontrol. The pinball machines of the 40s and 50s worked similarly to slot machines and video poker. In fact, pinball manufacturers would later put flippers on their machines to beat gaming ordinances and be legally defined as "games of skill" rather than "games of chance". A good thirty years before the state lottery was initiated, it was unregulated pinball, slot machines and other gambling devices that could be bought privately with profits collected tax-free by whomever owned them. Elkins, like other organized criminals, used these devices as the basis for financial foundations of his rackets and didn't hesitate in using force when problems arose collecting game machine profits.

Even the highest levels of city government were aligned with Portland's criminal infrastructure. Portland mayor Earl Riley reportedly had a separate safe in his city hall office that was designated specifically for his illegally obtained kickbacks. Most of Portland's prostitution and gambling rackets went relatively unnoticed by the Rose City's boys in blue. Elkins himself, had some control over city businesses, and in 1952, he bribed the city council to appoint "Diamond Jim" Purcell as the Chief of Police. Purcell made his way though the ranks of the Portland PD with set-ups and bribes using the cooperation of the city's high level pimps and car thieves—usually retrieving stolen vehicles planted by his associates in car theft rings. On any given day, Rose City's finest could take up to sixty thousand dollars in payoffs (referred to as "smile money") at police headquarters. The city's first female mayor, Dorothy Mc-Cullough Lee (also known as "No Sin Lee" and "Dotty Do Good"), demanded a crackdown on Portland's gambling and prostitution rackets in her 1952 re-election platform and made sure that the police would take full responsibility for enforcing it. Purcell would take it upon himself to personally inform the city's racketeers about police raids before they happened.

Mayor Lee was voted out of office in 1953 and it was no coincidence that organized crime in the Rose City began to rise following her departure. The spike in criminal activity gave way to some unwanted competition for the city's crime bosses. The tensions in Stumptown began to rise. After being released from federal prison for tax evasion, the now famous LA gangster Mickey Cohen became a frequent visitor to the Rose City. He could be seen in the city's burlesque reviews and dance halls with the city slot machine and pinball provider, Lester Beckman and his nephew (future car dealership kingpin, Ron Tonkin). However, Cohen's most trusted source for gambling in Portland was none other than "Big Jim" Elkins.

The newsroom at The Oregonian helped put a twisted spin on stories to keep the Portland mob scene in the shadows. The paper's staff writers had also been receiving kickbacks, paid to them by the city's mob bosses and dirty cops. However, this wasn't the case with one determined Oregonian reporter, James Burr Miller. Miller attempted to work closely with Police Chief Purcell to uncover Portland's seedy vice world. Purcell offered Miller honorary membership in the Footprinters Society, a fraternal organization for police officers and civic leaders (aka crime bosses) that held drunken meetings in the city's burlesque theaters. They were becoming suspicious about information leaked out of the Portland PD and hoped to learn who Miller's source was. Purcell had an associate arrange a meeting with Miller and Elkins at the Multnomah Hotel downtown, where Elkins attempted to give Miller a payoff. When he refused, Elkins coldly informed Miller that he and his entire family could end up being found dead floating in the Willamette

Hot on the heels of Jim Elkins in the gambling rackets, was a man by the name of Stan Terry. Terry attempted to match Elkins with his own pinball syndicate. Elkins, however, would have his associates raid any establishment that carried gambling devices owned by Stan Terry. To take a strong hold on the Portland pinball syndicate, Elkins sought assistance with crime bosses in Seattle. It was there, that he was introduced to teamster boss Tom "Blubber" Mahoney. Elkins, and the characteristically obese Mahoney, created a worker's union specifically for gaming device distributors and wrote the statutes to make sure that Stan Terry would be excluded. The pair presented their plan to District Attorney candidate William Langley, who was already involved in the kickback system and hoped to see to it that their plan would pay off. Terry countered by petitioning the city of Portland to get rid of its gambling laws against pinball machines, which he claimed were unconstitutional. The problem for Elkins, was the fact that his own teamsters put most of their dirty money into his competitor's pinball machines at the Mt. Hood Café, which was owned by Stan Terry. Elkins' plan backfired and most of the cities gaming devices end up under the control of Terry.

Once Elkins no longer had the same authority he'd once possessed (and the Oregonian no longer received kickbacks or had to fear threats made by his syndicate), Oregonian writers Wallace Turner and William Lambert exposed the Portland Teamster scandal as front page news in April of 1956 and fully opened the floodgates of the hometown mob to thousands of unsuspecting Portlanders. Now that everyone involved was exposed, including the police chief, the district attorney and even the mayor, the bureaucrats down in Salem had to take Portland's crime problems to the next level. That's when the State Attorney General's office issued over 100 high-level indictments.

These indictments caught the attention of the highest level of prosecutors, The Senate Rackets Committee. Its members subpoenaed DA Langley, Jim Elkins, Tom Mahoney, Joe McLaughlin and a number of Elkins' associates to testify in front of a Senate jury panel. Elkins sat before a panel that included Arizona Republican and future presidential candidate Barry Goldwater, communist hunter Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, as well as the only brothers to share the Senate floor; Robert Kennedy of New York and Massachusetts' John F. Kennedy, who was gearing up for a 1960 presidential bid. Kennedy would make his way through the primary season ranks by clearing out the skeletons in the closet of his labor union voting base. If Kennedy could take down such a corrupt teamster racket as the one in Portland, he could confidently set his sights to take down national teamster leader, the infamous Jimmy Hoffa.

In the nationally televised hearing, Kennedy hoped for an incriminating testimony from Elkins that would expose his racket as being under the protection of the DA, as well as revealing the fact that he used Seattle teamsters as enforcement to seize control of the gambling and prostitution rackets in Portland. Elkins managed to skate around the questions, hoping to further destroy Tom Mahoney. Of the few resulting convictions, most were slaps on the wrist due to the fact that that city's infrastructure was so embedded in the vice economy that the city could not operate with its key figures in jail. Elkins skated away on a legal technicality and spent the 60s as a petty criminal before dying in 1968.

In a city with a once-tarnished national image that would later be overshadowed by Cinderella-story basketball teams, microbrews and rampant liberalism, it's hard to imagine that such a lurid network of corruption ever existed. But, to the few Portlanders who were around during the time when the dark underworld of Portland was a reality, it's a time they most likely want to forget.



The term "fetish" has various connotations stemming from psychosexual (Freudian) to socioeconomic (Marxist) schools of thought, but for all intents and free-porn-magazine purposes, let's accept a generalized definition of "fucked-up hang-ups that orientate around one or more specific sexual turn-ons that do not fall into the general 'vanilla sex' category associated with boring mainstream sex." Broadening the term to be more applicable to the strip club environment, fetishes manifest in both physical and idealistic contexts. A "thing for chicks in schoolgirl outfits" may be one customer's fetish, while purchasing dirty socks from day shift girls may be the preferred fetish of another.

With the above being stated (and ignoring strictly academic categorizations of the term "fetish"), let us now explore the ever-so-sticky territory of common customer fetishes. Not every strip club customer is an ass-or-tits type of dude, considering the wide range of gender orientations, drug habits, personality disorders and general examples of "weirdness" that exist in Portland, learning to cater to a niche genre is not only a wise business decision for any performer to make, but is especially crucial if selling one's naked body to a sea of eyeballs in a market as bizarre as the Rose City. The question thus becomes, "How do I put up with panty-eater guy without losing my lunch or income?" Part 2: Fetishes

By no means exhaustive, the following was comprised as a result of recognizing each of the following archetypes on dozens of occasions while working in Portland-area strip clubs. With a little tact (and a lot of intuition), savvy dancers will learn how to turn "that creepy guy in the gray jacket" (the one being avoided by the rest of the girls on shift) into a walking cash crop.

Type of Fetish: Orifice Enthusiast

Assumed Conflict: If you let him look close enough, he might see a partially-formed foot sticking from your womb (or, more likely, you just don't want to be a spread-eagle stripper).

Proposed Solution: Learn the fine art of getting naked on stage without ever showing your taint. Drop your panties while spinning around the pole, and do as much windmill/scissoring as possible with your legs while on the floor or the rack. But, and this is very important, make it clear that you are willing to turn your thighs into a virtual Grand Canyon viewpoint in the private dance area (for the right price). The Playboy/Exotic/NC-17 customers sitting at your stage won't become offended as a result of seeing two sets of lips open up at once, and the Hustler/Swank/OBGYN Monthly/Penthouse enthusiast will feel as if he or she is getting a special show. In addition, you can gauge your private dance performances by the amount of additional tipping that Jack Shack Jim throws down during your dance. Twenty bucks gets you into the V.I.P. area, yes, but who's to say that additional dollars won't yield a more intimate performance?

Type of Fetish: Casanova / Life-Saver

Assumed Conflict: You would love to ride off into the sunset, but not on this guy's broken-down Harley.

Proposed Solution: Instead of attempting to fill-in-the-blanks regarding your faux life outside of the club, switch the game up and

make it apparent that dancing (and anything remotely related to strip club activity) is your life. This is all you do, inside or outside of work. At home, you installed a pole in your living room. In your closet, thousands of slutty outfits are neatly arranged next to dozens of sex toys, whips, chains and oils. Your boyfriend is not, I repeat not, a "really nice guy who you would rather not talk about." No, you are married to two men, both of whom are currently in your dungeon taking turns playing gimp. The following will occur to Casanova while he's plotting on how to buy you a pony and a new car: you are completely lost cause and horrible candidate for a Save-A-Ho (remember, Romeo wants to woo you, not tie you up). Thus, the only hope of getting your attention is to feed into it by, you guessed it, buying private dances and patronizing your stage. Never get tricked into the monogamy sales pitch, which can cost you hours of valuable hustle time with more important customers.

Type of Fetish: Garment Sniffer / Panty Collector

Assumed Conflict: Having to explain to your boyfriend why you came home without your g-string and/or not wanting to part with your brand-new Hello Kitty thong.

Proposed Solution: Become a lost-and-found reseller. The dressing room is a wonderful place for entrepreneurially-minded strippers. In most clubs, you will have a lost-and-found collection that consists of found objects that don't belong to customers. Certain clubs may have a bin or box labeled as such, while others just have that one corner of the dressing room counter that no one uses. Regardless of how you acquire them, remember that used panties are used panties. If you encounter a customer who actually wants to purchase your fish-scented undergarments, he or she is probably not concerned about the size or design of said undergarments. Snag the least-crusty pair from the lost-and-found pile, sell it for a good fifty to a hundred bucks, and if the original owner of the panties ever turns up, offer her a cut of your earnings while politely defending your logic (that you assumed no one would want to reclaim crotch-area clothing that has been sitting backstage in a strip club for weeks).

Customer Fetish 101: An Overview

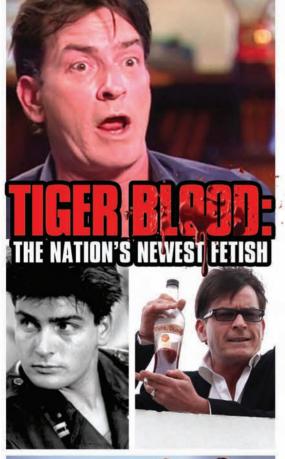
As a word of general advice, remember that you are working in a strip club. Industry workers tend to get so used to flashing lights and exposed titties—we often forget that, to most people, we still represent a dark subsection of entertainment culture. Of course, some of your best-tipping customers are strange/awkward/bizarre/annoying. If they weren't, they wouldn't be in a titty bar alone on a weekend. If all they wanted was a good piece of ass to stare at, they would just stay inside with a bottle of lube and a copy of whatever Deputy Andy suggests this month. The bottom line is simple. You are not your customer's fantasy, you are to become your customer's fantasy. If this means stealing some dirty panties, saving the gash-flashing for the V.I.P. and pretending that you want nothing more in life than to get drunk and naked for a living, then so be it. I'm not even about to whine about the DJ cred I've lost by adding Britney/Bieber et al to my playlist, but I will brag about the tips I've received as a result. Cater to your customers.



PINUPCALENDAR2011 APRIL













ccording to an undisputed consensus among broadcast journalism organizations and social networking websites, there have been two equally relevant news items that have graced 2011 thus far. The first was an unpredictable hailstorm of insanity and destruction that forced a significant percentage of otherwise technologically-advanced individuals to desperately succumb to the televised chaos unfolding in front of their very eyes, and the second was an earthquake in Japan. Since my religion forces me to accept that the natural disaster hitting the northern coast of Japan was an act of divine intervention (notably due to Sony's malicious decision to remove backwards compatibility from all new Playstation 3 consules), I will use the limited space allotted to me monthly for purposes of exhibiting journalistic integrity to address the concern of the greater majority of our readers that being, the man of the decade, Mister Charlie Sheen.

The first four decades of Charlie Sheen's life can be summed up in ten words: Wall Street, Ferris Bueller, oblivion, Denise Richards, sitcom, coke habit. It has been a mere two months since the Sheenster was nothing more than another pimple on the face of TMZ, yet the phrases "tiger blood" and "winning" have since taken on near-household vernacular. Having held a steady career presence in that "famous without fans" genre of celebrity (i.e. Bill Pullman, Sally Field, Owen Wilson, etc.), Charlie Sheen recently broke his irrelevancy streak—gaining the attention of literal millions as a result of his disproportionately epic response to otherwise minor Hollywood gossip interviews and news tidbits. Wasting two-thousand words to reiterate the time line between Charlie Sheen's first sexual encounter (which, according to Playboy, occurred in Vegas when he was fifteen years old and stole his father's credit card to purchase a hooker) and most recent series of career-redefining wins (the first of which, occurred when Sheen skipped out on work to have a small orgy in the tropics with his multiple live-in pornstar girlfriends) would be redundant. If you aren't yet hip to the Adonis DNA, put down this magazine and Google the word "char" (autocomplete will take care of the rest for you). The proceeding hour of websurfing will redefine your entire outlook on B-level actors, drug addiction and droopy-eyed armless children.

Now, to those of us lucky enough to have witnessed the second coming of Sheen, let me propose a question: what is it about Charlie Sheen's slow-motion downward spiral into drugs and depression (copyright VH1) that has turned otherwise profane celebrity gossip into sacred celebrity gospel? B-level actors who do B-level drugs and fuck B-level porn stars while making B-level television shows are a dime a dozen. No one (save for a few entrepreneurially-minded drug dealers and paparazzi pornographers) gives two peanuts of a shit about Lindsay Lohan's latest DUI or the fact that Britney Spears probably has a kid or two that we haven't yet seen photographed alongside their visibly intoxicated legal guardian. Gary Busey could probably drop N-bombs while freestyle battling Flava Flav and the resulting media backlash (and

subsequent YouTube remixes) would last for no more than a week.

Charlie Sheen, on the other hand, has a gift. Somehow the entire world has been eagerly supportive of Chuck's quest for glorious episodes of winning, and judging by the fact that this article is nearly a month old if you are reading it on anything other than my laptop, Sheen's dream hasn't even hit its second REM cycle. In order to better understand the Tiger Blood Phenomenon, I have done some research that has led me toward a concise list of arguable explanations behind Sheen Fever 2011. Listed in ascending order from least to most probable, here are four hypotheses that may help explain why Charlie Sheen is currently bigger than the Beatles and Jesus combined.

Charlie Sheen Knows How to Exploit the Internet

Before the man even finished banging his first seven-gram rock, Charlie Sheen had signed up for a Twitter account, launched a live webcam show and, by providing a consistent stream of quote-worthy psychobabble, allowed himself to become the biggest meme since Rick Astley. Shortly after he began threatening his co-workers with multi-million dollar lawsuits and homicidal rages in which armless children would bear witness to the murder of their parents, Sheen assumed an omnipresence over Facebook news streams, humor websites and message boards. Although, similarly undeserving ultra-celebrities like Justin Bieber and Ke(I refuse to put a dollar sign here)ha are able to brag about unwarranted 24-hour sellouts for their (albeit feigned but recognizably professional) live performances, Charlie Sheen, a man who has declared himself a rock star in spirit but has yet to form anything resembling a band (or even a solo rap career), announced a "live national tour" that sold out in eighteen minutes. By wasting no time whatsoever before signing up for the fly-by-night attention garnished by the millions of tweens living online, Charlie Sheen, a man with no history of live performance outside of canned laughter and the occasional late-night talk show appearance, was able to sell out a tour of "maybe he does standup or something" tour dates faster than the last three Rolling Stones tours combined. Remember, when he won an Oscar for playing a stockbroker in a movie—he "wasn't even trying." Now that he's investing in blue chips of the social capital variety while outperforming his veteran peers, the man has finally come around.

Charlie Sheen is Unapologetic

In between xenophobic commentary and fear-harvesting news reports, the local talk radio station airs some of the most randomly amazing public service announcements you will ever hear. A common variety of PSA is the celebrity-misdemeanor-diversion genre, in which a recently arrested star will make a scripted plea for listeners to donate a few bucks to endangered animals, habitat restoration or some other bullshit charity that they didn't know existed until they had one too many drinks after the awards show and got popped with a DUI. If you can find the culprit of the latest petty crime report on PerezHilton.com, you can usually spot the same offender in a commercial for autistic whales in Uganda or whatnot. That is, unless the culprit is Charlie Sheen.

"I used to bang seven-gram rocks and finish them," Sheen stated confidently to Andrea Canning during his ABC news interview. "I just blinked and fixed my brain... I will never die. The only thing I'm addicted to now is winning... yes I'm on a drug—it's called Charlie Sheen, and if you tried it once your face would melt off." Compare these statements to any statement ever made by any celebrity regarding their past or present drug use. Ranging from utter denial ("I was completely sober when we recorded *Chinese Democracy*) to formulaic ("I'm glad I stopped

doing _____ or I would be ____ right now"), the vast majority of bad celebrity testimonials are followed in predictable episodes of relapse or boring displays of sobriety.

Sheen, on the other hand, makes two legendary assumptions regarding the world of substance abuse. First, that everyone else is familiar with death-defying drug binges, or at least the associated nomenclature. It takes a special sort of charisma to assume that a mainstream journalist not only ap-

preciates the triumph that comes from ingesting an entire month's worth of cocaine in a single sitting, but that her ability to recognize slang ("rocks") and serving size (seven grams of any legallyingestible substance is rarely a brag-able offense) should be seen as a given. Second, that rehabilitation programs are, in fact, the enemy, and that addiction recovery is best fostered amongst porn stars who can appreciate one's affinity toward #winning. Just to clear the table, Charlie Sheen, in all of his substance-fueled Twitter-happy press-friendly quote-me fests, has made attacks at no more than two specific people/entities: the producer of "Two and a Half Men" and Alcoholics Anonymous. Instead of reaching out to other addicts (as Slash once did for him, way back in January) with pleas for active participation in rehab, Charlie Sheen attributes his sobriety (in February Sheen passed four drug tests and allowed weapon-seeking police to search his home) to X-Men like superpowers and a hatred for trolls. It's not as if Sheen's habit of #winning was fit for the average weekend warrior, either. We're talking seven gram rocks. That he finished. Whether or not Charlie Sheen is really Charlie Norris is an issue that has yet to be investigated, but regardless, you have to admire the unapologetic air that surrounds Sheen like weed smoke at a Snoop Dogg show.

Charlie Sheen Represents Freudian Perfection

Freudian psychology for porn mag readers can be summarized hastily as follows; within all of us exist three distinct selves, the "id" (our innermost carnal desires), the "ego" (who we are in function to the world around us) and the "superego" (who we are after six shots of Jack and a free ride in the company limousine). When not masturbating to photos of his mother, Freud advocated a highly-respected position asserting that human psychology, for the most part, is a function of the relationship between these three parts of our personality. Put simply, your superego compensates for what your id is trying to get your ego to fuck/eat/snort/etc., and the internal imbalance between these elements manifests in what is otherwise known as "being human."

Charlie Sheen is a literal manifestation of harmoniously-aligned Freudian archetypes. Operating as a functional sex-crazed ex(?)-addict who is constantly the subject of public (and, thus, career) scrutiny, there is no visible distinction between Sheen's id, ego or superego. The id takes a quarter ounce of blow to the face, the superego reminds the ego that there is nothing wrong with this and Sheen tells the reporters responsible for his reputation that "getting fired was all part of the plan." That's the equivalent of George W. telling Fox News, "Yeah, I knew Bin Laden was gonna do that shit and now I'm on top of the fucking world with my oil business." Charlie Sheen has somehow learned to successfully supplement his diet by shitting where he eats.

Charlie Sheen is a Simmering Pot of Homicidal Lunacy

Okay, so this is the most probable line of reasoning behind the daily "Japan vs. Sheen" debate that is occurring hourly in our remote controls and Facebook posts. The most famous people in the world have always been killers. For one reason or another, the only species with the non-instinctual conscious ability to opt against murdering their own kind enjoys nothing more than the spectacle that surrounds those who do. Call it a hunch, but something tells me we are gonna see "The Sheening" any minute now,

and it won't surprise a soul when Tiger Boy decides that all work and all play makes Sheen decide to turn his next orgy into a snuff film.

Charlie Sheen is inches away from becoming the focus of the next Ann Rule novel. If you don't believe me, compare some of his more memorable quotes with those of another, equallyfamous Charlie:

"Look down at me and you see a fool, look up at me and you see a god, look straight at me and you see your-

self." - Charles Manson

"You either love or you hate. You live in the middle, you get nothing." – Charlie Sheen

"I can't dislike you, but I will say this to you: you haven't got long before you are all going to kill yourselves, because you are all crazy. And you can project it back at me ... but I am only what lives inside each and every one of you." – Charles Manson

"You have the right to kill me, but you don't have the right to judge me. That's life. There's nobility in that. There's focus. It's genuine. It's crystal and it's pure and it's available to everybody, so just shut your traps and put down your McDonalds, your vaccines, your Us Weekly, your TMZ and the rest of it." – Charlie Sheen

"In my mind's eye, my thoughts light fires in your cities." – Charles Manson

"I have defeated this earthworm with my words. Imagine what I would have done with my fire-breathing fists." – Charlie Sheen

"I hope your dreams take you... to the corners of your smiles, to the highest of your hopes, to the windows of your opportunities, and to the most special places your heart has ever known."

Charles Manson

"I think my passion is misinterpreted as anger sometimes. And I don't think people are ready for the message that I'm delivering, and delivering with a sense of violent love." – Charlie Sheen

"Living is what scares me. Dying is easy." – Charles Manson "Dying's for fools. Dying's for amateurs." – Charlie Sheen

"I will have you removed if you don't stop. I have a little system of my own." – Charles Manson

"I live inside the truth and you cannot debate me." – Charlie Sheen "I don't wanna take my time going to work. I got a motorcycle

"I don't wanna take my time going to work. I got a motorcycle and a sleeping bag and ten or fifteen girls. What the hell I wanna go off and go to work for? Work for what? Money? I got all the money in the world. I'm the king, man... The game is mine. I deal the cards." – Guess who, then Google...



midst widely-publicized tourist hotspots, so-called "underground" music videos and overplayed niche-marketed restaurants, Portland still holds claim to a significant amount of genuine, non-assimilated counterculture. In order to actually locate said counterculture, however, one must move beyond the realm of disco jockeys and food cards, and into an area of strange devices and dragon-less dungeons. Keeping with this month's theme, I am proud to offer a completely unpaid endorsement of one

of the rare local events that makes me feel as if I still live in

last decade's Portland; Deacon X's Fetish Night.

The "goth night" may be one of the most underappreciated varieties of after-dark entertainment. Even the darkwave dance scene in Portland has become tired, non-inclusive and predictable (which is ironic considering the fact that most goth-industrial fans tend to seek creative, open-minded and unique environments). Although it may seem as if the scene is dead (bad pun intended), Deacon X's Fetish Night (DXFN), Portland's longest-running BDSM/fetish performance show, is a consistent source of unassimilated, leather-bound entertainment. Far from an exclusive environment, DXFN is arguably the classiest place in Portland to watch someone get their ass beat. Although the event appeals to everyone (from the BDSM enthusiast to folks who just want to "see a great show for cheap"), it is BDSM, so make sure you know what you're walking into.

Presented as "Portland's original dance, play and performance art event (with) the best in erotic entertainment, patron kink play and pounding sex beats," DXFN's website, promotional material and social networking pages emphasize mutual respect among attendees and participants (who range from "curious" to "extreme" players). The list of prohibited activities (which, in any context, always begs the question regarding whether or not said list was generated as a preventative or retroactive measure) is minimal, but does make note (in much more appropriate terminology), that there will be no blood, piss or shit involved in any of the performances. Now, I don't know about you, but I am always pleased when a website advertising pain play and extreme spanking clearly states that participants are at minimal risk of being pissed on or catching pinkeye.

Set to a soundtrack of DJ-arranged goth-industrial music, DXFN is a fully-staffed production in which audience participants are allowed to do a tad more than the Time Warp. From suspension shows to bondage play, DXFN is a place where, according to one patron, "the kinky ones (get) their asses beaten and everyone else (absorbs) the scenery." The monthly event (which was moved to Whiskey Bar after the closure of the Berbati's Pan, the previous location of the event), is held (appropriately) on the third Sunday of every month. Pick the kids up from Sunday school, take a walk in the park, dress down to your best form-fitting leather outfit and relax over a nightcap of suspension hooks and Skinny Puppy. Hell, if you're really into it, I'm sure you can arrange for a fellow attendee to nail you to a cross and whip you senseless.



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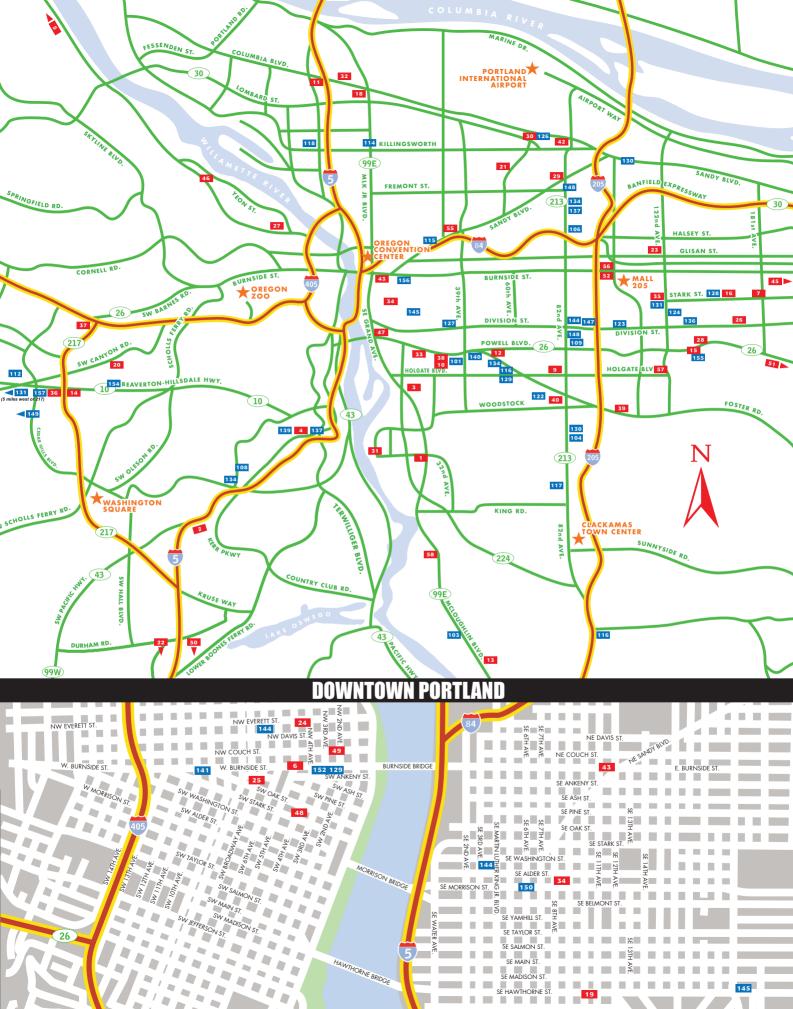
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It's that time again my friends, to get the scoop on the hottest things crackin' in the town! As 4-20-2011 approaches, I got the perfect spot for you to check out if you're a medical marijuana card holder. Plus, everyone loves new music to roll to when the weather starts to warm up, so I have a brand new CD from a local artist I'm so impressed with that I've been bumpin' it since I got it! Wild Wednesdays returns to Club Rouge and much more. So, roll up a fat one, fire it up and let's go!!!

FIRST UP: "CANNABLISS"

This is Portland's newest spot where medical marijuana card holders can go and medicate in a cool, hip environment. I was recently introduced to Cannabliss by my homeboy, Randon, and I was quite impressed! This place has it all—from the music they play, to the leather sofas and the flat screen it the lounge area, to the pool room. On display, they feature some unique paintings by Randy Boogie. One of my favorite areas was the farmers market. In this room, you can meet various growers like Rose City Remedies, Rotating Head and High Quality Meds. Trust me, they have some of the best medical marijuana around! I was seriously trippin' because they had more flavors than Baskin & Robbins! No joke!!! There were over fifty different strains on deck and it was all fire! A couple of weeks ago, I tried this honey oil butter that was like pure condensed THC. I'm still high! Damn, it had me feelin' it! The other day I caught up with the owners of Cannabliss, Matt and Josh. Matt told me that the name "Cannabliss" was the first name that came to his mind. He said, "We wanted to bring the medical marijuana community closer, and give them somewhere nice to come and socialize." They have only been open since January 2011 and are gaining more popularity each day. Cannabliss is open 7 days a week. Monday-Friday 10am-8pm and Saturday-Sunday 12pm-8pm. On 4-20-2011, they are having a Grand Opening Party for their new movie theater located upstairs above the lounge. Wow, a place besides home where you can smoke big while checking out a flick! That's what's up man! For medical marijuana card holders, your first time visit is free! There is a \$5.00 charge after that or you can pay \$20.00 for the entire month. Cannabliss is located in southeast Portland at 1917 S.E. 7th Ave. On Saturday, April 23, DJ "X" Factor will be spinning cutz live at Cannabliss. He will be joined by Big Dub of Trillion Cuts performing songs off the new



Heavily Medicated CD. Plus, the heavy-hitting hip hop producer C-Note, will also be making a live guest appearance! The live music and performances will be from 7pm-10pm. For more info on Cannabliss make sure to check out their website at thecannabliss.com, Keep it crackin' ya'll and I'll be back in the building real soon!!!

NEXT UP: "JUMA'S HITTIN' HARD!!!"

Recently, I was pleasantly surprised by the hard hittin' tracks on Juma's new CD "Strictly For My City"! It was a breath of fresh air to hear a local artist come so real with every track slappin'! His lyrics are a testimony of his trials, tribulations and the journey he is currently on. There should be more artists like this cat that aren't afraid to share their true-life stories with their music fans! Juma will also be performing live at Wild Wednesdays on April 13 at Club Rouge. To get his music, go to iTunes, CD Baby and Rhapsody. You're right on point with this one Juma—thanks for givin' the town some true shit!!!

SWINGER HOT SPOTS

After weeks of hearing about Ron Jeremy's Club Sesso swingers' club, I finally got the chance to check it out. It was one of the best times I've had out in a while!!! On top of that, the night I was invited, it happened to be Ron Jeremy's birthday party, so you know it was goin' down real big!!! The place was packed from top to bottom, with freaky situations happening in several of their private rooms! The club in general had a real sexy vibe! Ron Jeremy was in rare form and was kissing and signing all the beautiful boobs in the house. We had a blast Ron! Big ups!! I will definitely be making a return trip! (Ed. If you're looking for swinging action on the southeast side, be sure to check out Angel's Sensual Social Club.)

HONEY OF THE MONTH

This month's winner is the adorable and sexy "Gabby" of Club Rouge. Make sure you come in and check her out! She puts on a real spicy stage show.

MACK'S JOINTZ

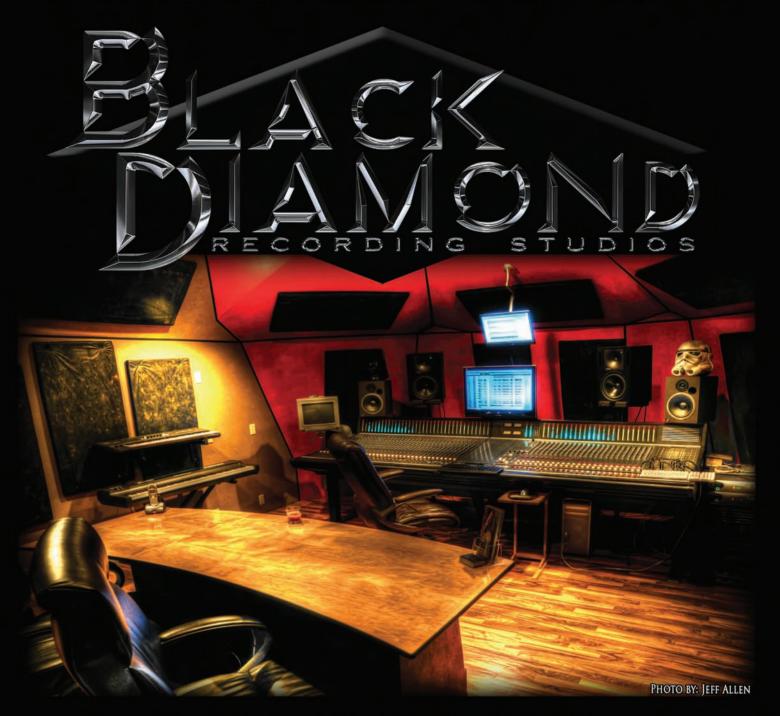
Wednesday Nights-Wild Wednesdays @ Club Rouge

Saturday, April 23, 2011- Cannabliss "Live" featuring Big Dub, C-NOTE and DJ X Factor spinnin' cutz!

Until next month, ya'll keep it crackin'!!! One love, J.Mack



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he last girl I was with wanted me to choke her," he said. I looked at his face for a hint of either disgust or arousal. When I saw traces of both, I realized this was a test. He was asking for my approval. I blushed and told him that my jaw had been dislocated by a boyfriend once. He smiled and whispered, "hot," instantly realizing we had a satisfying sexual chemistry to look forward to. When people's fetishes are compatible, it's a wonderful find. It's the perfect connection, where, for example, the Dom can command power over a willing and eager sub, or two biters can happily tear each other to shreds.

But what happens when someone's kink isn't up the same alley, or even in the same city as their potential lover's? There was a reason this guy didn't offer the info up right away. He needed my approval or rejection before he would fess up to actually being the instigator of the choking. Why? Because people are very judgmental by nature, especially when it comes to sex and deviancy. There's a huge amount of hypocrisy when it comes to fetishes and kink. Furries, for example (people who like to dress up as animals before mating) get a lot of criticism. A lot of individuals think it's "too weird." Yet those same individuals dress up as babies on Friday nights and breastfeed off their Daddies before being tucked in to bed! People who like to have their balls squished by stilettos may realize their fetish is a little fucked, but it's nowhere near as bad as people who play with poop. The people who play with poop join scat parties and judge the blood sports going on in the next room... and everyone, fetishists nationwide, band together to hate on the animal fuckers.

There are lines to be crossed, with varying degrees of acceptability. When asked, a lot of people will say, "I'm pretty much into everything except poop, or anything to do with animals or children." Ok, let's take a quick breather and remember that bestiality and kiddie porn aren't fetishes, they are crimes. The parties in question (animals and kids) cannot legally give consent. Furthermore, since sodomy was still illegal in 14 states up until 2003, I'm sure there are laws that prohibit scat play as well. It's important to note that the only reason these activities are illegal is because of our current society's tastes, or distastes. I am in no way condoning child porn or animal fucking, but it does call into question the desires behind the actions. If a man desires his horse but doesn't ever act on it, he's still considered a disgusting human being. He couldn't ever admit his equestrian passions in polite company. Why is that? Too many people say, "It's unnatural," but how is it any worse than people who like to be tortured before they fuck?

There are chain retail stores tailored to meet the needs of numerous fetishes, as long as they're within the boundaries of being "socially acceptable." There are entire communities, websites, blogs, meet ups, and buttloads (so many fun word choices here) of porn sites, tailored to the most depraved kinks you can think of. It's not like the people who stray "too far" past the line are only made up of a handful of freaks who ruin it for the rest of us. The truth is, that the more objectionable a kink is, the more intriguing it can be. We've become desensitized to porn, sexual images, and acts of immorality. Unless clowns are fucking donkeys in a nunnery, it's considered "run-of-the-mill" porn. Like everything else, we need bigger, better and more. Don't believe me? I have four words for you: "Two Girls, One Cup."

"Fetish" is defined as "sexual attraction to objects, body parts, or situations not conventionally viewed as being sexual in nature." First, we need to remember that "conventional" is "established by general consent or accepted usage," and we all know that what the general population does behind closed doors is vastly different from the images they portray to the public. Talk to the Catholics if you don't agree. More importantly, however, is the reality that fetishes are compulsions. They are not things we choose in childhood (although that's where a lot of them develop). It's not like people wake up one day and make the conscious decision to have a particular fetish. "Hey mom, when I grow up, I'm gonna let men who are twice my age shove unusually large objects into my ass!"

Just as we don't choose who we love, we don't choose what turns us on. I often ask myself, "what if someone I love came to me and confessed an attraction to something I found repulsive?" I'm not talking about S&M or something that's accepted openly even in some circles. What if your partner, your best friend, your daughter or someone you really truly loved, admitted that they masturbate to horse porn? Once you realized that they weren't joking, what would you do? Would you ever be able to look at them the same? If you love someone, aren't you supposed to love all of them, especially things they have no control over? Ok, maybe that's taking it a little far. What about judgments we make on the desires of complete strangers? How many of us laugh at people we deem "chubby chasers?" Why are Cougars acceptable but Sugar Daddies are dirty pervs? Why do men check out hot women, only to freak out when they find out "she" is a "he"? Why are women who wear sock garters so hot, but men who wear panties under their jeans sick?

Fetishes are no different than culinary tastes. It's a proclivity we're born with. Some people like tomatoes. Some like being pissed on. Whether or not I like my salad tossed or my "salad tossed" is up to me, and no one should judge me for it. If nothing else, we should all be free to express our sexual desires to those we are considering having sex with and it shouldn't be an agonizing game of dropping hints and second guessing. Unless, of course, you're into that kind of thing.



ve dabbled in the art of entertaining fetishes and have failed miserably. My toes too closely resemble hands, which was a turn-off to the foot fetish guy I dated. On the flip side, it was a total turn-on to my go-go wifey, Nikki, who actually has a hand fetish. She likes to put far too much lotion on my hands and squeals in delight as I struggle to rub it all in. It can take up to half an hour sometimes. ► She makes me do this while watching *The Labyrinth* and anything resembling David Bowie will make go-go London's britches fall down, Literally. The girl goes bananas, Our exhibitionist go-go, Pistolita, gets extra hot and bothered by having sex on film or in front of a mirror. She's kinky like that. Rumor has it that her go-go tip money will be going toward getting mirrors placed on her bedroom ceiling.

In attempts to tap into my own dirty raunchy side, I've learned I smile too much to be a dominatrix. In addition to my so-happy-and-gay ways, my short-term memory loss caused me to forget my own safe word which was "tickle party." But in my defense, tickling is still fun, even if you are bound and gagged in a cheerleader's outfit. Talk about "Go, Fight, Win."

When faced with this month's fetish theme, I really had to dig deep. The initial word association reminds me of the song What's Your Fantasy by Ludacris. You know, the one where he goes, "I wanna li-li-li-lick you from yo head to yo toes." I suppose words can be a bit of a fetish for me, because describing the act can feel like the real thing. That's why I'm a writer; literacy turns

me on. While sex is the only messy, sweaty, naked workout that can be rewarded with a post-climax turkey sandwich. I find the idea of sexual desires and fetishes to be far more exciting than the act itself. Is it possible for a fetish to be a profound fascination with fetishists? If so, that would describe me, Miss Hendrix. The animalistic desire of human beings really revs my engine. I can get off just by being in the same room with a sex addict itching for their next fix. Perhaps I'll even assist in the instigation by teasing, all while pretending to be completely oblivious to your "suffering." My sinister smile will be a sure sign of my innocently wicked ways.

Fetishes should be embraced in all magnitudes—as they are much better than their extreme opposites, phobias. My phobia is a crippling fear of the childhood pastime, Slip 'n' Slides. I cannot watch or participate in this slippery wet summertime fun. Speaking of wet, Nikki won't dare swim in wild water and London avoids dipping into deep water. Both go-gos will pose in bathing suits looking totally fly on the beach, but good luck getting much further than that. Pistolita's phobia is watching people shave as she doesn't trust anyone with a razor. Don't test her on this, shit could get bloody.

> Phobias are crippling, making you feel weak and inferior to whatever you are afraid of. Fetishes, on the other hand, provide a feeling of exhilaration, pleasure and excitement. Watching the Dante's Sinferno go-go dancers, for instance, is an act of fetish in its own right. A gang of pseudo-teenage girls dancing in underoos, bedazzled to the max in glitter and costume jewelry. To the patrons viewing our naughty displays of awesome, we are just the right fix for sexual healing. We are a sexy illusion, like hologram stickers. I might be going out on a limb here, but I'd say that makes us desirable—irresistible even. When you're jonesin' to see hot, scantily-clad, barely legal tenderonis resembling your teenage daughter's best friend booty-bopping around to bombastic beats, you know where to find us. Fetishists welcome... and encouraged.

> > "I HAVE A FETISH FOR DAMSELS IN DISTRESS."

"DON'T BE SEXIST."

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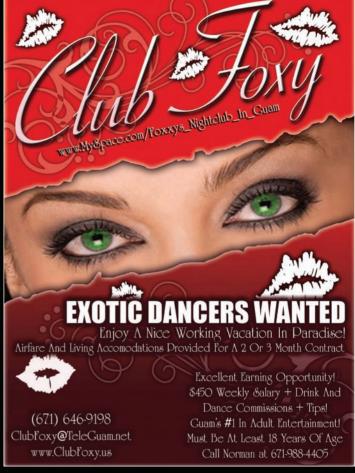
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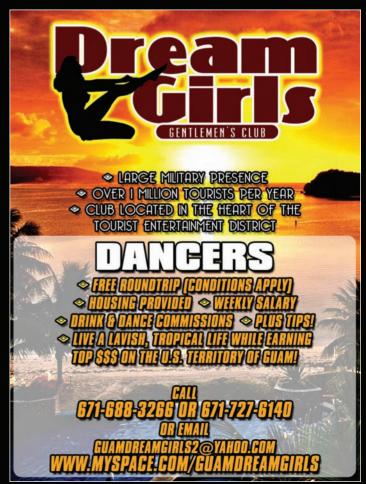
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Dennis Hof's World Famous



This year's PoleroticA 2011 (hosted by Ed Forman and Nik Sin) at Dante's on March 12th was by far one of the best pole competitions I've ever judged. And let me tell you, as the fierce competition got stiff, so did the members of the audience! This contest has convinced me, without a doubt, that pole dancing should be an Olympic sport! After watching one amazing performance after another, it just kept getting better and more extravagant! From the sexy little lion tamer disciplining her six foot six tall "lion" on roller skates to the innocent white bunny who transformed into a wild woman with leopard body paint, the contestants really went out of their way to do new, creative, exciting and expensive acts! None of us will forget the blow-up doll that got stabbed to death by a Predator or any of the other fantastic contending performances for the big prize. Wow... what a night to remember! At one point, I said to host Mr. Ed Forman (or maybe I should call him "Ed Foreskin"): "Did you really just flash me your 'Swedish belt buckle'?" I think the answer to that might be on my twitter! Go view my twitpics at twitter.com/sheena g and you make the call. Tell me, does it look like it's a 'Swedish belt buckle' or 'Swedish meatballs'?

Let's get down and dirty with some "Sex Talk" emails from my readers! Remember that all email addresses are changed to protect your identity. So don't be shy, dig into your sexuality and feel free to ask! Here we go:

Hey Sheena, (or as I would like to call you the "Goddess of all G-girls") I'm just hitting vou up on some quick advice. It may sound a little weird, but I'm sure you've had some crazier ones, so here it goes. Do you know of any stuff that could increase the amount of my ejaculations? See, the thing is, I had the unfortunate case of overhearing my girlfriend talking to her friends about how huge of a load her ex shot out all the time and wished I was the same. So, if you know of anything that could help me with my situation, I would greatly appreciate it. Get back to me when you can. I love your music, you've got a great voice...and yes, you're smoking hot. I would love to spend all night finding your g-spot (no pun intended). I'll shut up now. Later babe.

Thanks, Marcus

Hey Marcus,

Thank you for writing in. I appreciate all the compliments. I'm sure that many men have had that very same question. Here's the quick answer. From what I hear, balls perform best when colder than body temperature. So, my advice is to keep them icy. Don't wear tight jeans, speedos, leotards or any banana hammock-type of underwear! Occasionally, while you are in the car, put that icy Big Gulp cup right up in between your balls and let them produce! I will be doing more research, but in the mean time, no asparagus (it supposedly depletes your reserves) and keep them gems chilled! This is a great question and I thank you because I'd bet that many fellas have wanted to ask, but don't have the balls to write in (pun intended). Please write me an update on how it goes!

Dear Sheena,

How can I avoid being a 'two-minute man' in the bedroom? Every time I put my game face on, but when it comes down to it, I get so turned on with my girlfriend I blow right away. Plus, I rarely can go twice. What do you suggest? How can I make it last a little longer? Thanks for your columns. I enjoy reading what

you have to say from a girl's point of view.

Harry

Hello Harry,

Let's revisit this age old question on how to last a little longer. Everybody has their own tricks that they believe will make them keep it up in the bedroom. Now, you'll have to see which one works for you, but I'll give you a few good ones. Hopefully they will help you out!

- Get the first one out of the way by masturbating before sex.
- Do math problems in your head.
- Try the old squeeze your ball or pinch your penis trick.
- Bite your tongue.
- · Slap yourself.
- Think of an ugly girl.
- Kama Sutra techniques suggest requiring a long foreplay session (my personal favorite!)
- Put your finger in your ass. This tends to slow down most ejaculations dramatically. (If you like beads in your ass or other ass-stuff this may not work.)
- Do not do doggy-style or any other movements that are fast, hard or deep. These types of movements are critically damaging to your quest for endurance. Take it slow.
 - Think of her orgasm, not yours.

Last month, I checked out Ron Jeremy's Club Sesso before his huge birthday party. I went to interview Ron Jeremy for Stripperland TV! Believe it or not, it was my first time at Club Sesso (which might surprise and baffle all of you). You can see this interview up soon on YouTube. For my faithful and sexy readers, I feel the most important thing I can tell you are "the rules". In case any of the couples would like to visit a swingers club and are curious... this is what you need to know!

SWINGER CLUB ETIQUETTE:

- No cell phone use (including texting)
- · Ask before you touch.
- No means NO. Do not ask again.
- Do not stalk people.
- Treat everyone with dignity and respect.
- Do not open closed doors.
- Do not interrupt others.
- DO NOT BE CREEPY!
- Do not masturbate outside the play area.
- Clean up your own mess.
- Use common sense.

So, if you can follow these simple rules and you like to swing, then swing your way to your favorite swinger's club! You can check out where I am next on sheenag.com and take a listen to some of my music. Thanks to all of my readers for your emails. I am so happy I'm able to give each of you a little taste of some healthy sex talk tips! You can write to me at sheena@pdxgirls. com. Have a great month full of sex in the city!

All good things,

Shum of





(The Ed Forman EDition)

There are a lot of interesting things that go down at the corner of SW 3rd & Burnside. It's home to a lot of cool places, like Dante's and Voodoo Doughnut. It's also headquarters for Exotic magazine. Anywhere I can get doughnuts next door to a porn theatre is the place for me! There's a giant mural on the back of the Dante's building with the famous slogan "Keep Portland Weird." How appropriate, since there's never of shortage of people doing more than their fair share of weird around here. If you are into people watching, this is one of the best spots in town at all hours of the day and night. You never know when 1,000 naked bicyclists might ride by or a conga line might break out. If there is any place in Portland deserving of its own TV show, it's this particular spot. That's why I've decided to dedicate this article to the various entertaining things that take place on 3rd & Burnside.

This month, I'd like to talk about my new favorite night of the week, Tuesdays. When you have a job like mine, days of the week don't really mean much. A Saturday and a Tuesday are pretty much the same. Except on Tuesday nights, there happens to be some really fun things to do in town. My favorite activities are at Dante's, and the best part is that they start early, so I can get home early if I want to. I like to start my evening off with DSL Open Mic Comedy hosted by my girl, Rochelle Love, starting at 8:45 to get my laugh on—that is just an appetizer for the evening. The main course at 10 pm is Mr. Tuesday Night himself, none other than Ed Forman presenting *The Ed Forman Show*.

Who is this Ed Forman you may ask? Well, his face is on the new giant billboard on the parking lot side of the Dante's building. He is a motivational speaker and Portland's very own uncensored late night talk show host. He's animated, salacious and lewd with a distinctly funky Portland style. It looks like he bought his suit and stage set furniture at Goodwill. Devoted to most things Portland, each week he brings us special themed EDitions with local guests. Sometimes, he mixes in a few celebrities as

they pertain to the times, the most recent being Charlie Sheen. Like any real talk show, Ed Forman's gig comes complete with a staff of writers, co-hosts, audio-visuals and his own house band, "Them The Band".

It's the real deal: songs, monologues and sketch comedy bits combined with improv, music and interviews... all while teaching the audience how to be the best possible you. You never know what will happen! Depending on the guests or even the right audience members, sometimes the show runs away with itself and takes on a life of its own. This creates priceless moments you just can't write or pay for. The predominant sponsor of the show is Jameson Irish Whiskey. Ed really throws them down throughout the show, encouraging the audience to join along. Like The Jersey Shore, if you add in the right amount of alcohol, then anything can happen. You might see guys getting hit with chairs or gorillas getting punched in the face. It doesn't matter if you come every week, came at the beginning of the show or walk in somewhere in the middle of a bit, I guarantee at some point, you're going to ask yourself, "what the fuck?"

As for his guests, who are they? Mr. Forman often invites obscure celebrity guests such as Hank Williams Jr. or Adam Richman from Man vs. Food to take the stage. Ed Forman even has the moxie to raise them from the dead, with guests like old Portland icon Ramblin Rod, Bob Ross the painter and James Jameson. There are also local celebrities and characters. He's had the Mayors of Portland, Eugene, Salem. Tualatin, Beaverton and Vancouver on the program. He's hosted the Blazers' Channing Frye, Jeff Pendergraph and Patty Mills. He's had a lot of musician guests too, including colorful characters like Working Kirk (the guy who does magic tricks and plays trumpet downtown dressed in a white tuxedo and Mickey Mouse ears). He's also had local favorite, Elvis, who plays guitar and charms the ladies down at Saturday Market. For his 250th Edition, Tres Shannon and Cat Daddy of Voodoo Doughnut made Ed his own

doughnut. Lots of strippers make it on as guests and club owners too. I've even been a guest myself!

There are a few things you can expect every week from the Ed Forman Show. One of those is a special motivational moment that's intended to help get a male audience member laid, preparing him with the proper lesson and attire, some liquid courage and pre-written pickup lines. Ed sends the lucky guy out into the crowd to prey on chicks. One night, I watched him motivate a Greshamite by teaching him to be a Portland hipster—complete with black frame glasses, Portland wallet, messenger bag, and moustache makeover. He even equipped him with vinyl from bands such as "The Novemberists" and "Life Truck For Ugly" and made sure to teach him the lingo of Portland, "Recycling: If you don't recycle in Portland you're a racist!"

While Ed can resurrect relics of the past, he cannot predict the future as far as guests go. But, he does have a future wishlist. On that list are Gus Van Sant, Storm Large, the cast members of Portlandia and Leverage as well as potential guests from out of town, especially touring bands. He'd also love to have the Mayor of Portland on again. Maybe you're somebody Ed Forman needs to get to know? If you're looking for a terrific Tuesday, then go down to Dante's and catch an episode of Portland's own late-night reality talk show, The Ed Forman Show. While you're down there, look around... the entertainment might just be coming around the corner right at you on 3rd and Burnside.









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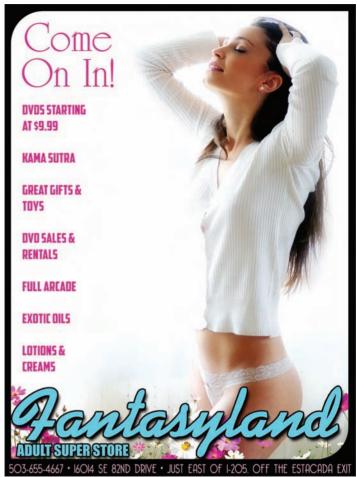
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