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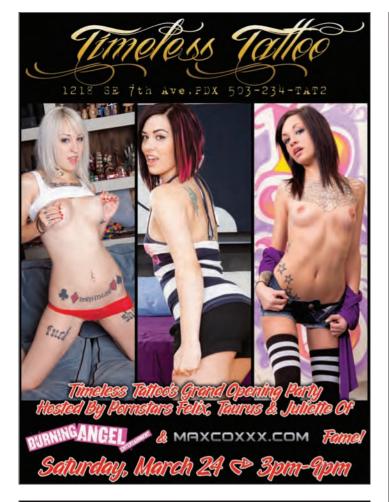
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FRI MARCH 30 LEAD SINGER OF THE SUPERSUCKERS EDDIE SPAGHETTI WITH THE TWANGSHIFTERS

I love having the kind of job that requires a lengthy explanation. It was the same when I was a "modern-day stripper" or "dancer." I would state my job and then dash the stereotypes our lovely media had infused on whomever I was talking to. Now that I'm a burlesque dancer, I find that conversation lasts even longer. So, this is for all of you who are still curious about all this "burlesque stuff" you keep hearing about in Portland.

A lot of people ask me what the difference between a "stripper" and a "burlesque dancer" is. Of course, the answer varies depending on who you ask. Some people will jokingly say "props," while other people will say "strippers make money". Others insist that they really are just two heads on the same glittery beast. It is true that what burlesque dancers are doing now in 2012 is what folks in the 1940s called "stripping," and what modern-day strippers are doing now is just an evolution of that same thing. I spoke with Rayleen Courtney, owner of SinnSavvy Productions and producer of Portland's longest running monthly burlesque show (Rosehip Revue) about her thoughts on the differences and similarities of both worlds. Says Courtney, "Portland's erotic arts community is full of bridge-builders and there are a few ladies in town who are very successful in both scenes." She also points out, however, that there is one big difference, "Nude entertainment is something done primarily to make a living, while burlesque is done to feed some relentless creative beast inside the performer." Quick to point out that she is in no way implying that modern-day strippers don't feel creative while performing, or that burlesque dancers are all spare changing for pasties, but the amount of money put in to props, costumes and set pieces can easily reach well into the hundreds (and sometimes thousands) for just one number! Add to that, the fact that the majority of these ladies (and men) are constructing things firsthand and you start to get the picture of the difference between the preparations involved.

There has been a recent influx of Portland strippers who are performing what is more commonly known as "neo-burlesque." The current Miss Exotic, Lady Stockholm, proved she was more than just a beauty queen and a fabulous pole dancer when she performed her "Elephant Man" number at The Star Theater's "Black Lodge Burlesque" show. Wearing an elephant man costume (you know, the David Lynch "I'm not an animal" guy?), she strutted onstage and tap danced before stripping down to her elephant man boxers. Neo-burlesque performers generally use music and themes that are more modern. Bayou Bettie's Christmas-themed number to "Oi to the world," or my Pagan ritual number to Black Sabbath's "Solitude" while I burn my clothes off, are just a taste of what neo-burlesque promises. A great example of a local



neo-burlesque production company is the highly successful and amazing "Sign of the Beast Burlesque," ran by Vera Mysteria and Rocket Ship. They were the innovators who put heavy metal and burlesque together and changed history here in Portland. When Itty Bitty Bang Bang came on stage and rode a life-size tiger to Ronnie James Dio's "Holy Diver," I knew these chicks meant business.

There are also a few strippers who are currently performing "classic" burlesque as well. Sandria Dore, of Mary's Club and Sassy's, is one of those dancers. She takes it all off one night, dances a gorgeous fan dance another and performs a hardcore neo-burlesque number to GG Allin the next. She notes that the difference between the two worlds lies in what the customers are there to see. "With burlesque, they're there to experience how the person is presenting their act, whereas with stripping, sometimes the patrons don't even acknowledge you. The attitude is totally different."

Another difference that has become a mark of the neoburlesque movement, has been the wide acceptance of all body types and ages. It is not uncommon to see women into their fifties—even seventies! And, many of the women performing do not have the stereotypical "perfect" body. Sandria notes, "One thing with (strip)clubs is that if you don't meet a set standard with the clubs, then you're not going to get hired and that really is not how modern-day burlesque is because it's so welcoming to everybody and I really dig that. That's the biggest difference I see. Any woman can go up and dance and perform burlesque, but in the stripping world, you can still get fired because they don't like your hair."

Since we are fortunate enough to live in the skin-friendly land of Portland, it makes sense that we would become one of the cities that has contributed to the huge explosion of burlesque's grand comeback. This year's Burlesque Hall of Fame Weekend in Las Vegas featured three Portland performers! However, as the burlesque fever is growing, the community is experiencing the same over-saturation that happened to stripping in the 90s. What Portland has experienced since the 90s, is the unfortunate idea that everyone who wants to strip, should. Sure, everyone should have the opportunity to express themselves, but not everyone deserves to be on stage. The growth of interest in burlesque has caused a surge of performers and producers, causing what

Rayleen calls "growing pains" in our community. "Our pool of both producers and performers has increased more than tenfold, rendering quality control a bit of a challenge." That's a nice way of putting it, wouldn't you say?

Still not quite sure what to make of all this razzle dazzle? Get out there and be hypnotized by twirling tassels! There are tons of opportunities for you to quench your glitter thirst around town. Just flip open *Exotic* for my sparkly reviews and tips on where to go.

Miss Kennedy is the producer of Miss Kennedy's Cabaret, a bi-monthly revue at Dante's the 3rd Sunday before Sinferno. She is also a performance artist, neo-burlesque dancer and twenty-year veteran Portland stripper.





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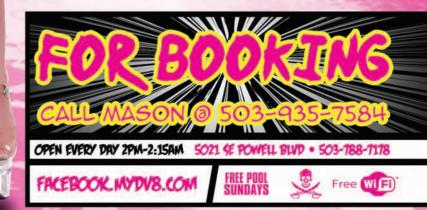
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As a 16-year veteran of strip club DJing, I have seen music trends come and go. In the 90s there was the Grunge phenomenon, the early 00s had nu-metal, hip hop emerged as the front-runner of horrible club music round '08 or '09 and then, in 2011, an evil so vile and disgusting that even Satan himself has turned his back on it appeared. What is so vile and disgusting that even the Prince of Darkness refuses to listen to it? **DUBSTEP!**

Many of you are now saying, "What does an old Christian, white man like you know about our urban youth music?" Let me tell you what I know. Dubstep is not music. Dubstep is a computer vomiting random bile over once great music and sometimes even over the top of sub-par music like hip hop. Dubstep sounds like two fax machines fornicating on top of an unevenly loaded washing machine. I used to listen to dubstep in the 90s, every time I tried to log onto the Internet with my dial-up modem. All these crackling, whirring and "wub wub" sounds coming from the speakers at a club is **NOT** music, it is garbage.

This "music" started in England, a horrible land filled with toothless British people, curling-loving Canadians, frijole munching Mexicans and Packi-Muslim Terrorists. It was played in underground "rave" parties and gay disco bath houses around the country. Everywhere this stuff was played, instances of rape and teen pregnancy rose by 173%. Drug use went up a staggering 3000%. These "rave" parties are known cesspools of drugs and homosexual sin-docking. Everywhere you look, someone will be either injecting marijuana, taking LSD-dipped liquid heroin filled ecstasy droplets or performing either a mouth sex act or a fecal frenzy attack on some unsuspecting victim's backside. The sheer number of ass assassins at a "rave" party is staggering. If you go to one of these events, make sure to wear an anal chastity belt or you will be penetrated.

I have been a DJ in strip clubs for 16 years doing undercover work for my church to figure out the best way to save strippers' souls and keep our young men from getting their laps ground up like hamburger meat by some harlot in a wig and pasties for \$20 a song. In all my time as a DJ, no "music" has ever made my blood boil and cause vomit to rise up in my throat as much as dubstep. Every single "new" (read 18-23 year old) dancer that comes in the club, when asked what type of music she likes to dance to, instantly states "dubstep" followed closely with "or hip hop, if dubstep is too underground for this club." *Underground???* Are kids today really this naïve and stupid? Dubstep is no longer "underground music." If a dubstep "artist" named Skrillex (which is Latin for "homosexual Satan wasp," BTW) can win a Grammy award, that means your "underground music" is about as underground as the sky.

I long for a time when music meant playing instruments and singing, harmonizing and creating melodies. First Auto-Tune came along, and we had T-Pain and Lil' Wayne on every single song ever released between 2008-2010. Now we have people taking other's hard work (that they pour their souls into writing), adding computerized diarrhea over it and calling it music. I feel bad for this generation if this is what the future of music looks like. We need to get back to simpler times, put four men on stage with a microphone, guitar, bass guitar and a set of drums, and let the music flow. All this Auto-Tune, dubstep, EDM, drum and bass stuff needs to end. The only people that can properly dance to dubstep or techno are people suffering from the epilepsy you usually catch from Japanese bukkake anime, ("anime" is the communist Japanese word for porn). If you are a lap harlot that caught the epilepsy, I actually suggest dubstep just in case you have an attack while on stage, no one will notice.

In conclusion, join with me to put an end to the depravity of dubstep and the drug culture that follows it. We don't need more marijuana-addicted dancers popping out welfare babies in order to get food stamps and child support to buy their next hit of LSD-laced ecstasy droplets or Mexican black tar hemp to smoke. So let's get started on banning dubstep in all strip clubs, bars, coffee shops and gay bath houses around, so that our children and our children's children will have a chance to know what music actually sounds like.

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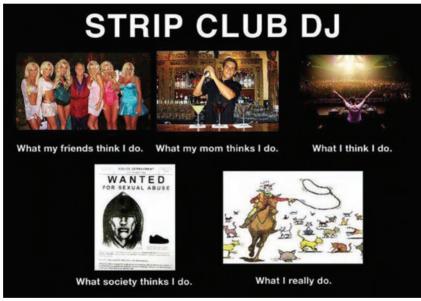
Last month, Erotic City launched its first in a series of tributes to the unsung heroes of the strip club. I figured it would be best to get the obvious out of the way with the lowly strip club DJ first (although this month in *Exotic*, DJs seem to be responsible for about 60% of the editorial...go figure). In part one, we discussed the advancement of technology's benefits and the resulting disadvantages to the strip club DJ (which may, eventually, lead to his downfall all together). What sets a strip club DJ apart from a regular DJ? Well, DJ Jason Demain of Union Jacks summed it up pretty well with his following DJ glossary:

There are three distinct types of DJs and they all have extremely different jobs. A radio DJ spends his time reading announcements, interviewing guests, doing promos, etc. But he

doesn't have much say in the music, as that is the program director's job.

A vinyl or beatmix DJ never speaks a word. However, he focuses on matching the right songs and BPMs for a fun environment. This is mainly for dancing or room atmosphere. There are a lot of these guys, from moron to amazing. I don't know how to do it, so I'd be a moron in this respect.

A strip club DJ has the role of always being an upbeat musical database, announcer and therapist. In some cases,



he's also the bouncer, janitor and punching bag for everyone's bad day. It's a fun job being a strip club DJ and there are perks, but it's one of the least understood jobs to the public, as well as to new guys out there who want to be in this industry. All they have is a laptop and no knowledge of the right kind of music for that environment. Most of these new guys are just hungry to see naked girls and hoping they get their dick wet.

In last month's issue, you were warned of the DJ striking back. Well you see, it's already been happening...behind your backs. Yes, we've been talking about you. The PDX strip club DJ movement has gotten organized through a secret society known only as...THE BASTARDS GUILD. This network (consisting of nearly every single DJ in Portland) spends every free moment they can spare posting information about the secret goings on both behind the scenes and out on the floor within our fair city's exotic hotspots. If a stripper walked out and didn't tip her DJ, THEY ALL KNOW! If an owner forces someone to play Black Eyed Peas every hour on the hour...THEY ALL KNOW. If a stripper offered up a rimjob in exchange for stage fees...THEY ALL KNOW. They are not just a guild, they are Legion. They know how many girls are in each club, how many customers are at every rack and which drunk manager is fucking which stripper in his office right now.

They also share trade secrets about important information, such as how exactly a strip club DJ is able to take a reasonable shit with only 3.5 minute breaks. The founder of this guild (who we'll just call "Dastardly") actually goes through a three-step preparation of the act before he can actually get down to business. Personally, when it's time to drop a load, I just say it's time to take a Stranglehold and play Ted Nugent's 8.22 minute long epic to allow myself adequate break time (while making sure that the dancer I left to flop around to a 4.5 minute long guitar solo is one that never bothers

to tip me anyway). Dastardly's database of wisdom is not simply limited to bodily functions, as the next quote demonstrates:

Attention PDX DJs! Making girls with shitty music taste think you love their music isn't helping anything. You are actually encouraging them to dance to MORE of that shit if you don't take the moment to explain why men like Led Zeppelin and fucking hate most pop music (especially artists like M.I.A.). I know we work for tips, but you are actually costing that girl and

yourself money in the long run. Stand up for the fact that we are trying to entertain men. The customers will just lie and say "Yeah, I love the new Lady Gaga single. It's better than any of the stuff performed by talented musicians that I listened to in college." If you don't exert demographic-influenced format on your dancers, you are a jukebox, not a disc jockey.

In the quotes below, I've shared a few more great moments in postings within the Guild which will give you a pretty good idea about their potentially formidable threat.

(Stripper) "I don't think this is working out for me, I'm not making any money at all."

(DJ) "Well, you're a petite, antisocial redhead dancing to shitty hip hop & R&B and making no attempt to talk to anyone. Your appearance doesn't appeal to hip hoppers and your music doesn't appeal to old guys. And, you're making no effort to talk to them either. I sure hope you brought my \$10 with you to work today, though."

"So far tonight, three guest spots, two two-girl sets, two



bachelor/ divorce dances on stage and one big fight. Seems like things are getting back to normal, finally."

(When explaining how to keep strippers out of his booth) "I always turn on my fan and point it where they wanna stand in the DJ booth...It's too cold...They leave...Success"

(Patron) "Play me some metal!!"

(DJ) "I'm not sure if I can go heavy enough for ya man...I got rules to follow."

pause

(Patron) "Play something as heavy as this girl's ass!!" (DJ) "I KNOW I can't go heavy enough for you then." New rules...

No Ass: No Hip Hop

No Style: No Underground Music

No Rhythm: No Fast Music

No Extra Tip: No Requests

"I was taught to never punish a girl with music. That affects your show by giving her a valid reason not to try at all, and gives any complaints she has about you weight. I'll just put them in rotation between the two hottest girls and pair her with the third hottest. If she hates going up last, she's last. If she loves going last, I don't put her last. The only effect it has on music is they start getting the stuff they danced to six months or a year ago, instead of new stuff.

This network of musical assassins has even spread its wings and expanded outside of Oregon across our fifty states and going national (maybe even international by press time). So, remember my friends, DJs are people too. We're not all there to roll around in a big pile of pussy and twenty dollar bills for the nightly afterhours orgy. If the strip club was a spaceship, we'd be the pilot. We're fucking Han Solo with a laptop and our Millenium Falcon is fully loaded with 2 terabytes of warp drive. We have just about anything you could ever need and much more than you deserve for a dollar. We are the Bastards.

Next month, we investigate another unsung hero of the strip club...the bouncer. We'll see ya then.

The Cupcake Girls are coming to a club near you and to next month's *Exotic*. Check them out at cupcakegirls.org.

MARCH EVENTS

Thu 15 – Pallas Club - Statutory Ray presents "Statutory 80s Night"

Wild Orchid – Adult film star Kagney Linn Karter (Mar. 15-17) **Heat** - VIP Party with free food & prizes for VIP patrons

Fri 16 – Pallas Club - the return of the XXX Grindhouse with the Stripping Dead featuring PDX's sexiest entertainers in undead feature sets to die for with all your favorite zombie classics on 4 big screens - plus babes, blood booze and brains!

Sat 17 – Cabaret, Doc's, Hawthorne Strip, Mystic Gentlemen's Club, Safari Showclub, Stars Cabaret (Salem & Bridgeport) -St. Patrick's Day Parties

Wed 21 – Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

Sat 24 – Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Spring Fling Party with Dance Maxx

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Pink Party – wear pink to save some green and celebrate the world's sexiest color with pink drink specials, prizes & giveaways

Sun 25 – Club Rouge - \$1,000 Amateur Contest - open to all hot girls ready to get naked & compete for the cash - bring your friends to make some noise & score high with audience response - stop by club for more info

Fri 30 – Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Spring Fling Party with a Popsicle suck, wet t-shirt & air guitar contest

Weekly Events

MONDAYS - Rose City Strip - Metal Mondays with DJ Krista spinning only the truest of metal Devils Point - Fire & Burlesque Night Dante's - Karaoke From Hell - sing with a live band Dream On Saloon - Double Up Mondays with 2-for-1 private

dances every hour on the hour 9pm-12am

TUESDAYS - Rose City Strip - Free lap dance given away every hour starting at 7pm

Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays with your host 3'6" Nik Sin **Bottoms Up** - Happy Tuesdays with hard liquor, beer & food specials all day long plus 2-for-1 private dancers for the first fifteen minutes of every hour

Club 205 - 2-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows Habebi Hookah - Ladies' Night

Heat - Authentic Mexican Menu plus IPA draft specials

WEDNESDAYS - Pallas Club - White-Trash Wednesdays with Buttrock Bingo, music trivia, white-trash whiskey & beer specials plus \$1 private dances at midnight

Heat - Wild Wednesdays - drop in from 8pm - 10pm for wild beer specials

Jody's Bar & Grill - free poker tournament at 7pm

THURSDAYS - Heat - Double Trouble Thursdays with 2-girl shows & new Asian menu

Dream On Saloon - Dress the Banana Contest - win a free stage dance with 2 girls

SUNDAYS - Dante's - Sinferno Cabaret

Club Rouge - Absolut Party with special prices on all Absolut flavors plus Absolut giveaways

Pallas Club - Free pool all day & night

Jody's Bar & Grill - Nascar Sundays are back with domestic pitcher & pint specials during the race & an all-you-can-eat spaghetti buffet for only \$3

Devils Point - World Famous Stripparaoke!





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STRIPPER DATING: (PT. 2)

Last month, I discussed men who are seeking a stripper girlfriend, for whatever reason. Some dudes have it in their minds that dancers are better looking, more confident and more sexually expressive, and for these reasons, prefer to date them over nonstrippers, aka "civilians."

Other individuals, however, never consider the idea until the unthinkable happens and they fall for a lady who subsequently reveals to them the big, deep, dark secret: she is a stripper.

The horror! The scandal! What would your mommy say?!

Perhaps, you are a truly daring individual and decide to forge ahead. Stripper dating is not a choice, or even an option, for many men. The short-term issues are jealousy and insecurity, while the long-term things to consider might be how you plan to integrate your new lady with your family and address those inevitable inquiries, ("...so, what does Brittany do?") because, let's face it, your girlfriend can only be a "full-time student" for so long.

But she's so awesome! You figure you can carefully repress that part of her person by not allowing your imagination to run away with itself on those evenings when you're at home alone and she's out earning an income under the black lights. And so, you tell yourself and her that you are "cool with it," when, in reality, your testosterone is going to get the better of you at some point.

Strippers, there are a few indications that your boyfriend/girlfriend is NOT secure with your chosen profession. Such as, bringing up what you do for a living every time there is an argument, or moping about as you pack your American Apparel onesies into your suitcase as you prepare to leave for a shift. These are signs that something is bubbling underneath, and it needs to be addressed. Maybe the fella is trying to keep quiet about his discontent and that's admirable, but still requires some kind of resolution.

Some things that register on the Douchey Boyfriend Behavior Radar are:

Showing up at her work and lurking. There is no excuse for this and it is horribly disrespectful. Not because she has anything to hide, but because it can put a huge hole in her money-making for the night, it could piss off her management (some clubs have a strict no-boyfriend policy) or it could just demonstrate to her the level of your insecurity. Consider if she wasn't a stripper. Would you feel comfortable ordering a cup of coffee from the barista whose boyfriend is leering angrily from the corner during the entirety of her shift? I doubt it.

Expecting her to be sexual at all times and throwing a hissy fit if she isn't. If I just spent 6-8 hours arching my back, prancing around in lingerie and making sexy-face, I most likely want to shower, eat a sandwich and watch CNN in my giant sweatpants. If this seems unfair, too bad. There's nothing attractive about a guy with a boner asking for sex while whining like a toddler.



Determining that she hates her job any time she complains about it. Stripping (or camming, hooking...whatever) is a JOB and sometimes jobs suck. We deal with the public, we don't earn a reliable hourly wage and the dancing can be stressful on our bones. Venting is normal. Would anyone expect you to quit your retail gig every time you bitched about your boss or aching feet? Surely not.

Assuming that I hate all of my customers and expecting me to talk shit on them. Or, if I have patrons of whom I'm fond of, thinking that I'm going to start cheating on you with them. For all of the dickbags and douche-nozzles that we interact with, there are some truly amazing personalities that grace the club and I like to spend time with those. This means that I have no obligation to reveal details about their personal lives, or to make fun of them.

Treating your girlfriend like she's a walking ATM. I'm not a loan company and I don't do charity for grown men who I'm fucking. Sure, I have cash on me, but I also have bills bro.

Masking insults as helpful suggestions: "You could make money using your brain instead." This one really makes my blood boil. Yeah, that's great in theory, but look at the starting wage of a lawyer, special needs teacher, nuclear technician. It's typically comparable if not less than a successful stripper. Yet, are these not intellectually-based careers? And besides, last time I had to coerce the sociopathic businessman to pay me accordingly, without seeking security intervention, or convince the Gresham wannabe-thugs to tip me \$2, I was using my brain. While it's true that you don't need to be intelligent to sell your body, it certainly helps.

Using the "would you like it if I was a stripper?" argument. Go right ahead, I invite you, because not only would you cease to pester me, I might even respect you more for having the balls to bare your balls. Apparently, it goes both ways. Since I lack literal gonads, I have an obviously limited knowledge and experience in the Male Stripper world. I'll take the word of Remington Reignz (naked male dancer extraordinaire) who recently told me that not only do most male dancers have female dancer girlfriends, but they entirely prefer it, because there are rarely problems with jealousy.

Dudes, Dykes and Ladies: if you don't think you can deal with it, don't. Human animals are wired for jealousy differently, and if you don't feel comfortable with a significant other who uses her body as her business, don't even attempt it. There's absolutely nothing wrong with stating quite simply, "I like you, but I don't think I would be able to be secure dating you."

If she's a true professional, she should appreciate your honesty. You are sparing the two of you lots of arguments and turmoil. And, in all likelihood, she's heard it before.

Elle is a former dancer of Lucky Devil Lounge. See her in Hustler's March issue of *Real College Girls*.



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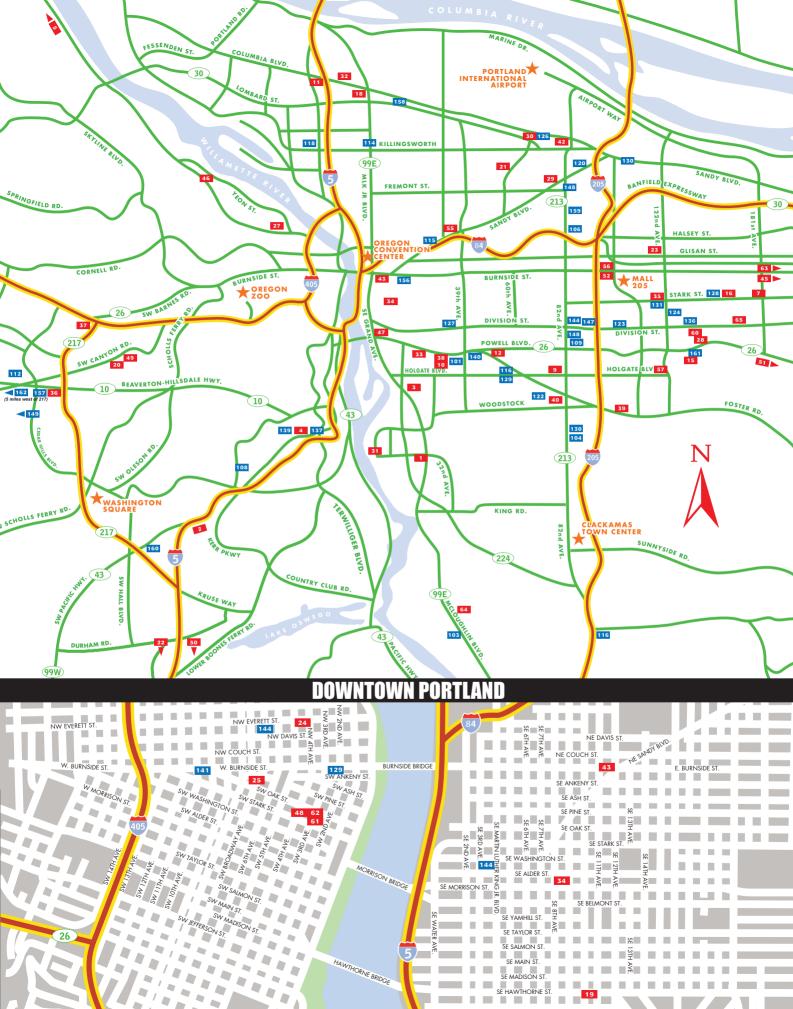
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Yes, I want you to be my backdoor man.

The term "backdoor man" originally came from a woman cheating on her husband and the other man exiting from the back door of the couple's home. But, since the dirty, slutty 1960s, it has been a double entendre also referring to practicing anal sex.

Whether Robert Plant and Jim Morrison sang about a cheater, or some alone time with a woman's chocolate starfish, it is still damn sexy. Anal sex shouldn't be such a naughty taboo sexual experience; it can bring a sense of power, trust and excitement. Fuck it, if you think a little anal is taboo, then do it. Every woman, no matter who they are or where they come from, has a little naughty in them that wants to come jumping the fuck out. Let your freak flag fly!

Why are so many women not giving up the ass? And I mean, literally, their asshole. What the fuck are these stupid chicks scared of? It isn't always the ladies either. I have also realized how many dudes actually don't like anal sex with a woman. Really? Get a hold of your fucking sexuality already! Look, I can understand that it isn't everybody's cup of tea, but don't knock it until you try it.

If you do it right, anal sex can be rewarding for both partners. There are so many dumb fucking assholes out there that give this act a really bad name! Not only do some assholes barely understand what the fuck they are doing with the vagina but given an opportunity to put it in the ass, without will really fucking ruin a girl for life. If both partners communicate, and can laugh and have a good time in bed, then anal sex shouldn't be embarrassing or disgusting.

Ramblin's Anal Sex Tips: Here are a few tips from the slutty straight girl's point of view:

• LUBE! LUBE! LUBE! Don't just stick it in without it. No fucking way. My recommendation is silicone-based lube. Water-



based lube works, it just doesn't last as long as silicone-based. Whatever you do, DO NOT use flavored lube. They usually contain sugar which is only good for oral sex. I mean really...if you didn't "cleanse" as much as you wanted before taking it where the sun don't shine, who knows what that

strawberry flavored lube will smell like once you are finished.

• The clit is there...fucking use it! Whether or not your lady touches it, or you man up and do it yourself, find time to make sure the clitoris is getting attention during this process. Most women will not get off during anal, but if a couple can multi-task, it can be

a win-win situation.

• As one of my friends so nicely puts it...sometimes you gotta play poop. Don't be embarrassed...just try to understand your body and have some common sense. The average size penis and average size toys can really only go so far. Don't be a dumb fuck and assume every time something goes up your ass something is going to come flying out. If you are in tune with your body, this shouldn't be an issue.

• No back and forth! Once you have put your cock or toys in somebody's lucky bum, don't do anything else with it until you clean yourself off. Back to fucking common sense here people... don't be fucking dumb. Nothing kills a fun sexual experience like getting some sort of infection a few days later.

• Slowly make it happen, inch by inch. Don't just shove the fucker in! The asshole isn't a goddamn vagina, take it fucking easy! You don't always have to put it all in at once, work your way up with fingers, smaller toys and more.

• KEEP IT IN. Once it is in, keep it there. You can move it around, but try to not completely pull out as quickly as you would a vagina. Once you pull it out, you have to start all over again with being slow and easy. Don't pull out until you and your lucky partner are finished.

• Positions. Don't get on all fours in the beginning. My recommendation is to warm up with a more comfortable and easier position and then work your way to doggy style.

• Teamwork! Make sure each person feels like they have equal amount of control and that they are each comfortable. Work together to make anal sex as dirty or as sexy as you want it to be.

• I recommend that you don't watch hardcore porn and think anal sex is just like that. Give me a fucking break already! The pornstars that traditionally do anal are very professional about it. They are smart about preparing their bodies and they do it on a regular basis. You will not be as good as they are.

• Wear a condom...I know sometimes you get fucked up and become interested in just having a good time and the last thing you are thinking about is a condom. Just because it is going in your ass doesn't mean anything. Take the same safety precautions as you would with vaginal sex.

I always say don't judge something you haven't even tried. If you think letting some guy be your backdoor man is out of the question, stop being a dumb cunt. I have been surprised in the past at what I thought wouldn't turn me on and in reality, it is something I very much keep in my fucking spank bank to this day. Now man the fuck up and try to expand your horizons to spice things up. Nobody likes a boring, dumb bitch.

Like my dad always said...you can't get pregnant if you swallow or take it in the ass (always the foul comedian, it must run ir the family).

Can't wait to be face-fucked by me every month? Check out my blog ramblinbroad.com, follow me at twitter.com/ramblinbroad or Ramblin' Broad can be found on Facebook.



(Note: This article should be read in conjunction with this month's Stripper Survival Guide, page 40, as both musicians and titty dancers alike can learn from my vast, unparalleled knowledge of all things entertainment.)

The lights dim, the stage spotlight becomes visible and the room is all but silent as your drummer slowly begins to tap out the crash symbols responsible for leading into your overlyrehearsed guitar solo. You emerge from behind the curtains and an auditorium full of fans erupts like a volcano with blue balls, filling the room with so much noise that it's tough to make out the first few notes you play as you approach the mic stand with your phallic Fender in hand, ready to earn another fifty grand in under an hour. Bras hit you in the face, filled with miniature bags of cocaine and phone numbers for loose, unpredictable female fans. And then, you wake up.

AURAL STIMULATION: CURING THE THREE TYPES OF "LOCAL MU-SICIAN SYNDROME."

You wake up to a typical musician hell. Top Ramen wrappers pile up on the box of 1,000 full-color CDs that you have all but refused to give out to your friends or industry gatekeepers, your girlfriend's car is gone (which means so is she, your income and transportation) and the neighbor down the way filed their second noise complaint in a week when you fucked up another 4am Led Zepplin play-a-long session. The text messages in your prepaid 7-11 phone don't seem to indicate that any shifts need covered at the donut shop, and the guy who owns the venue downtown still hasn't replied to your emails. This is not a picture of failure, however. Like substance addiction, mental psychosis or fans of the Saw franchise, you are sick, and most likely suffer from one of three curable diseases that require an initial first step, that being acceptance, to overcome...

The Pseudo-Celebrity Syndrome

So your YouTube video reached 50,000 hits, huh? This doesn't mean it's time to start showing up late to gigs, introducing yourself to strangers by your rap name, demanding top billing at local shows and ignoring your friendbase. Chances are, no one cares. This doesn't mean you should start calling your best friends "haters," bitching on your Facebook page about how not enough people are supporting your act, spouting stories of potential major label deals and burning bridges as if they were joints. Rather, it means that, up until this moment in your career, your product/ act has been so shitty that no one ever mentioned to give you the props you deserve for your first (and likely accidental) success.

The best way to summarize the ridiculousness of instant bigheadness acquired from momentary success is as follows: would your favorite established, mainstream artist even notice if they achieved the same thing (lots of internet video hits, airplay on an FM station, one-month-sober A.A. token, etc)? Kanve West eats fans and shits Grammys. Lil Wayne wipes his ass with baby seal skin. Jay-Z owns a tank. Can you imagine if Kanye interrupted Jay-Z at an awards show to be like "I'm happy for you Jigga, but unless I get another 100 fan page likes, I'm not gonna let you finish." As I type this article, I'm watching legally questionable lesbian porn in another browser window. This particular piece of cinema was uploaded last week, features shaky Flip-cam production and has 12,848,004 views. You are not the next Justin Bieber, and unless you learn to be humble in your achievements (dozens of which you will have to obtain before leaving your roommate behind to visit Capital Records A&R department), your "glory day" will remain un-pluralized.

How does one cure pseudo-celebrity syndrome? By becoming a real celebrity. Once you aren't able to go anywhere without being recognized by other people, or perhaps when your YouSpaceBook account reaches a traffic limit that results in a warning from the parent company, you will wish you hadn't ever bragged about being famous, as real celebrities don't have the time, nor the means to even access their own ReverbNation page.

Over-Saturation/Under-Promotion Syndrome

Although packing a dozen similarly ambiguous no-name artists onto a single bill may seem like the first step toward establishing your semi-annual John's Landing hip hop festival, doing so serves two counterproductive purposes. First, your mini-Rapstock flyer is likely filled with no more than one or two recognizable names, the rest of whom serve as irritating filler to the majority of ticketholders. Sure, it may stroke your ego that you, G-Dub, Dub Spot, Lil' G and Lil' Dub are all opening for whatever retired Bone Thug needs rent money this week, but to the casual fan the flyer reads "doors at 6pm, show at midnight." You and the rest of your suburbanite buddies will get the privilege of showcasing your talents for the sound tech, bartender and door guy while the majority of the night's paying attendees drink cheaper shots at the bar next door (where Dog-E Bone is hanging out). Since a performance under ten minutes does not typically allow for stage theatrics or light shows, you're going to have to



rely on your talent to impress the two or three people who might actually show up to see your set, and this performance has to outshine the headlining act that's slated to perform six hours, eight beers and two blunts later. Do not expect to wake up to a full inbox of friend requests on your band's MySpace after performing at one of these shows.

Secondly, one crucial factor sets your no-name act aside from the headlining act whose fanbase you're hoping to steal: draw. The paradox of hoping to make it big by association lies in the fact that if you're giving up a whole night's worth of Family Guy and bong rips to do a ten-minute set, you're probably dying for exposure. The same goes for the other openers, all of whom will end up giving you dirty looks backstage while one-upping each other with stories of record deal offers and industry connections that don't exist. Your audience is not oblivious to this fact. A week after the show, when you're bragging to the bus driver that you "played a show with Coolio," it won't sound impressive unless placed entirely out of context. The phrase "I spent two months of my mom's rent money to play a quarter-hour set for a room of uninterested non-fans" isn't as empowering, but it is enlightening and should be spoken out loud as a daily affirmation if true.

How does somebody cure themselves of the oversaturation syndrome? By opting for quality over quantity in terms of fan outreach. Who fucking cares if 2,000 uninterested people sat through your set when E-40 came through last time? It's more impressive to have 20 actual, know-your-songs, like-your-music type of fans. Why? Because people share interests with their friends, and if Steve likes your shitty nu-rap project, so will Steve's girlfriend, Sarah, Sarah's roommate, said roommate's best friend and potentially the guy who sells all of them pot. On the flipside, I'll give you fifty bucks if you can tell me the name of half the folks who opened for the last over-billed show you overpaid for, let alone the title of any of their songs.

Blind Entitlement Syndrome

You saved up all year, bought the most expensive equipment, took a community college course on ProTools and finally recorded your first hit single. Upon playing it for your soon-tobe-soaking-wet girlfriend and already-a-fan-roommate, the following exchange occurs:

"What's wrong with the treble? It sounds muffled."

"It's supposed to sound like that, dude, you gotta adjust your levels. Listen closer."

"Why do the guitar volume levels keep changing?"

"Dude, it's called dynamic, man. Don't you know anything about music?"

"Why are you packaging it in Kinko's stationary?"

"We're underground man, we don't have to follow masscommercial, mainstream standards."

"Umm...cool, I guess. Hey can I borrow a Sharpie to label this?"

"Bro, I told you, we can't be labeled. Our band name is a glyph and I don't think you can draw it."

If you've never asked these questions, you've probably been on the receiving end of them at one point in your musical "career." Everyone knows the rapper who just saw 8 Mile and immediately turned his mother's basement into Battle Rap Central, or the three-chord punk rocker that just learned to use his ring finger while playing bass. Instead of the big-head syndrome, these folks usually suffer from delusions that distort the reality of the music industry into a politicized, corporate machine that fucks over the little guy from the get-go, hence preventing them from achieving success.

Sure, Lil Wayne's latest collaboration with LMFAO may make the average music professor want to commit slow, painful suicide at the edge of a dull fork, but the fact remains: the mainstream loves it. It's accessible, polished, catchy and agreeable. Your antigovernment backpack rap, on the other hand, makes people feel uncomfortable, is under-produced, features unnecessary, equallyabrasive guests, can't be bought at stores, has more negativity than a Ron Paul Bot blog and, to make things laughable, has "copyright 2012" written on it in permanent marker with "contact info" that includes a prepaid cell phone and Hotmail address.

It doesn't matter how good you sound live, how much you think your music "speaks for itself," or how many hours, dollars and girlfriends you threw away to purchase a home studio that rivals that of Rick Rubin's. The world doesn't owe you anything, and if six years in college earns someone a place in a tent next to a picket sign, then your two weeks of DJ Academy won't get you much farther.

The only cure for blind entitlement syndrome is euthanasia. I'm not referring to the Megadeth album either, as it's spelled differently and I'm too lazy to Google. I mean, really... kill yourself. On the off chance that you do make it big, you're going to be the awards-show-ruining, speech-having, post-prime buzzkill that people don't like to begin with.



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STATUTORY RAY'S S'TRIPPER SURVIVAL GUIDE

(Note: This month's Stripper Survival Guide fits with Aural Stimulation, page 36, which is applicable to entertainers of any variety. Although both articles stand alone, it is recommended that both are read as one, single unit.)

Okay, so you've decided to give a few more shits about what you do for a living and, while many of your peers spend their days off watching reality television shows and sup-

porting their boyfriend's band, you have opted to take this whole getting-naked-for-cash thing to a whole new level. One that involves a future beyond Monday night shifts in Estacada. Looking through event calendars, Facebook posts and past *Exotic* articles, you may notice the likes of Malice, a Portland native who is currently doing music video shoots for L.A. rock bands, or Viva Las Vegas, a stripper-turned-author-turned-New-York-Times-journalist and you wonder if perhaps you too, are capable of turning a stereotypically countercultural lifestyle into one that justifies the taboo associated with it.

The good news is that you probably don't have a chance in hell of achieving celebrity stripperdom. Simply put, the numbers don't allow it. Since aesthetic individuality in Portland is not the exception to the rule, but the rule, a trip to the piercing studio or tattoo artist won't help you establish a unique, easy-to-identify style. The fact that you're taking career advice from a guy named Statutory Ray doesn't help much either, so if your dream isn't worthy of a Hollywood reboot, let it die.

That being said, a select few of you possess enough skill, determination and connections to land somewhere between Vivid all-star and Portlandia extra before your body and spirit start to reflect the decades of single motherhood and A.A. meetings that kept you from being a ballerina in the first place. To those of you seeking to be the next *Exotic* covergirl, Vegas attraction or reality show prize, the following list of dos and don'ts should be taken as gospel:

Do: brand yourself.

Lady Stockholm, Veesha, Ty Fyre, Malice, Viva Las Vegas... how many of these names do you see used by multiple performers? Stated bluntly, if your alias is shared by anyone else, either drop it or kick the living shit outta your career so that you're known as the "real" Crystal/Porsche/Baby/etc. Get a blog and post as many pictures and boring, trivial stories as your cigarette breaks allow for. Spend a whopping fifty bucks on a run of glossy, self-designed business cards that feature your photo and a clever pose, tagline or design...anything to make yourself stand out. If you have to buy shitty, pre-designed business cards, take out a loan and spend the extra three bucks to get the company's URL taken off the back. Become "predictable" in the sense that every one of your customers, friends, co-workers and ex-boyfriends are sick of hearing about your latest event/blog/homebirth/addiction/etc. However...

Don't: deviate from your style.

If the drunk customers responsible for paying your rent until Gus Van Sant discovers your pole tricks don't remember your name, they most likely have an alias (or at least a descriptive phrase) by which they remember you. Play this up and don't change. As a DJ, I'd say

THE DOS AND DON'TS OF BEING A CELEBRITY STRIPPER



one out of ten customers requesting a dancer does so by her stage name, and this dude is rarely in the market for a private dance (more often than not, they're a personal friend). On the contrary, most folks ask for "Mohawk Girl," "the chick who does the nipple thing" or "whoever was on back stage last, you know, with the tattoo." If you're constantly switching up your look, or adopting the trends of whatever current girl(s) are making the most money (*cough*, dubstep), then you've positioned yourself to exhibit all the mediocrity of a pop star without any of the income. On the flipside, I've met some batshit crazy (read: openly human) dancers who operate under the guise of predictable insanity, and compared to the chameleons, most of these "oh, that Paris" dancers go miles farther up the ladder in terms of social standing, regardless of how many club owners they piss off in the process. The reason is simple, be yourself and you will eventually get in where you fit in.

Do: set your bar high.

Enter every competition offered by this magazine as well as any open showcases, award shows, video premiere parties and high school talent shows willing to let you strut your shit.

Don't: forget to set new goals after you achieve the old ones.

The only thing worse than a sore loser is a sore winner. If your trophy for Miss Whatever was taken this year by a younger, more industrious and determined dancer, learn from her. Step your game up, get back on the treadmill (or off the coke), work twice as hard at what you do and, if you're feeling really saucy, enter a whole new competition in an entirely different arena. Make the cover of *Exotic*? Kick ass! Make the cover of Newsweek? No? Well, you can, but it doesn't involve shit talking the current younger, hotter covergirl nor does it require that you keep your April 1976 issue of SFX in a frame next to your tampons and cigarettes.

Do: provide something of substance.

It is expected that if, in theory, people pay money to see you naked on stage, you are physically attractive, able to work a pole, professional, clean, motivated and at least partially sober. These are the standard job requirements, none of which make you special. You cannot ride the night train to Cruetown if you're just another wideeyed stripper in search of backstage passes, and unless you learn to theme your stage sets, present physically unique stage performances and consistently find new ways to freshen up your sna…er, sets, you're not gonna see the East Coast, let alone the eastside.

Don't: be a cunt.

I wish there was another word to use here, but "bitch" is often a compliment in an industry that requires at least some degree of cattiness to survive. I can think of a handful of talented, well-known celebrity strippers who have mastered the art of being condescending, smug, self-serving and rude to the point where their name alone will turn away attendees to whatever event they are currently billed on. These are the same people who have to remind you that they are, in fact, celebrity strippers and that yes, you should have already heard of them. The antithesis of this archetype is often the most successful. Cricket, a Portland-based dancer and pole performer, is currently a competitor in Turkkusex International. As in, super brag-worthy overseas type baller status shit. Yet, you wouldn't even know the girl was a big league dancer if it weren't for her fans, peers and otherwise genuine supporters. It is possible to be humble and determined at the same time.

Statutory Ray provides unsolicited advice to strippers from a biased, male perspective. He is the author of several traffic court appeals and most likely the father of several wonderful children. Ray can be reached at talesfromthedjbooth.com







On March 17, the American people will come together to do what they do best, look for any excuse to party. St. Patrick's Day is an occasion that is highly anticipated, cited by some as their favorite holiday though, like most traditions in America, it has lost most of its original meaning.

I myself am guilty. I'm a quarter Irish, yet when I envision St. Patty's day, I think of shamrocks, beer, green bagels and a good excuse to do the local pub crawl where I'm sure to be adorned with beaded necklaces comparable to Mardi Gras. I have a vague recollection of my full-blooded Irish friends being bitter and angry about the fact that the day is celebrated. So, this year I decided to do some research to find out what the big deal is—why my mick friends are so pissed, and what exactly the true meaning of St. Patrick's Day is.

To begin with, who is this "Saint Patrick" guy—is he a hero or a villain? And what did he do that deserves such recognition in a country not of his origin? When I reach into the recesses of my childhood education, I recall something about snakes and Christianity, but we all know by now that our education system is far from educational. As it turns out, St. Patrick's Day in America (as with most of our holidays) is based in misconceptions and outright American gluttony.

Let's start with the basics:

With a name like Saint Patrick, one could assume two things, the man was religious and he was Irish. Both of these assumptions are wrong. Saint Patrick was born in Britain around 390 AD, and though he was born of a Christian background, he was not of a particularly religious nature. It wasn't until he was kidnapped and sold into slavery in Ireland that he found Jesus and after escaping back to Britain, it was the voices in his head that convinced him to return to good old Eire to set up permanent residency as an ordained priest.

So now we have a 36-year-old Brit roaming around Ireland trying to convert everyone to Christianity—sounds like the type of guy you might run into on the back of the Metro. Cynicism aside, he was dedicated to his life's work and he had plenty of opportunity to prove it. He suffered abuse at every turn, from the Irish authorities, the British royals and down to the local Irish thugs who didn't like what he had to say. It really was him against the world and, as far as sainthood goes, he's looking pretty legit thus far.

The history gets even more complicated. St. Patrick is credited with ridding Ireland of snakes and while it's true that there are no snakes in Ireland today, you can blame melting glaciers, not St. Patrick. Ireland, after all, is an island, one that happens to be surrounded by frigid waters (making it impossible for snakes to migrate there). It's not a question of how he got rid of the snakes on Ireland...they were never there to begin with. This is where religious symbolism comes into play. In Christianity, snakes are representative of evil. After all, it was a snake that lured the misbehaving Eve into temptation. In St. Patrick's time, snakes were used as a representation of his efforts to banish Paganism from the hearts of his Christian brethren.

Next up, in the word association with St. Patrick's Day game are shamrocks. Luck o' the Irish and all that. While it's a cute little symbol that's easy for school children to color during the month of March, once again, the history here is a religious one. Originally recognized in the Pagan religion as a representation of the "Three Goddesses," Christians took it over when they adopted the symbols as their own, and as it often happens, all mention of the past was wiped away. Saint Patrick is credited for popularizing the shamrock because he used it to signify the Holy Trinity in his teachings, each leaf representing the "father, son and the holy spirit." I can't help but laugh as I think of the shamrock plastered all over Ireland as a symbol of religious conversion from the religion it actually represents.

So far we're 0 for 3 on the Irish icons as pertaining to our friend Patrick. No snakes, no shamrocks, not even an Irishman. All that remains true is his devotion to Christianity (aha, the pieces are starting to come together). I'm beginning to see why the Irish are so upset.

If we look at how St. Patrick's Day is celebrated in Ireland, it becomes crystal clear.

In Ireland, St. Patrick's Day was revered as a religious holiday. A week-long celebration was spent attending mass, having family

get-togethers and serving traditional Irish chicken or bacon—not the stereotypical corned beef and cabbage. It wasn't until the 1970s, when America hijacked the holiday and started throwing parades and beer pong contests that Ireland gave in to the hype. In fact, up until a couple of decades ago, all Irish pubs were closed on St. Patrick's Day.

So how did this turn into a beer-guzzling excuse to dye rivers green and make a complete mockery of Irish culture? Oh yeah...this is America. We have once again created our own version of a culture's history and used it to our gluttonous advantage. We have stripped it of its meaning, doused it in booze, dressed it in green and called it Irish. Some stones are better left unturned, eh? Have fun on St. Patty's Day, but when you're lifting your Guinness to toast the Irish, remember to say a little prayer and give thanks that capitalism is alive and well.



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In the surrounding darkness and depravity, I can smell money like a fart in a parked car. Led, almost like the pull of a tractor beam to the money ship, I located the source and was shocked to find a grandma treating her daughter and granddaughter to a night of Captain Remington's heli-cock-tering performance. Freaks being my specialty, I confidently approached this trio knowing I was exactly the man for the job. With terms discussed and deals made, I began my domination of the generations beginning with grandma.



Whipping my belt violently from my

waist to her neck, I asphyxiated her before stuffing her face with my sin snake. Placed strategically at the center of this *ménage à quatre*, I primed all 3 at once as the wet smell of geriatric pussy grew stronger with every whip of my belt. Holding grandma's gaze, I piously turned to her daughter, dropping to my knees with thunder and beginning my ritual of seduction. Licking my skin, daughter unable to contain her arousal, I continued to work grandma into a frenzy, staring innocently into her eyes while unpeeling my meat banana. Reminded of 1942, I watched as grandma became the sexual beast of her youth. I almost see the years dropping from her face and (I could only assume) from her vagina as well.

Bridging the generational gap, I slithered onto the nether regions of the youngest. Growing increasingly out of control, she clawed my flesh, ripping my torso to hers. Feeling my own belt ferociously whipping across my back and ass, I continued my dark art of undistracted pleasure.

DJ Shane, my musical genius accomplice, announced "only fucking Remington, you are the fucking man, brother," and informed the ladies the safety word of the evening was Jell-O before blasting the music even louder.

Amused by his comment, I turned and was shocked at the realization that it was grandma delivering the corporal punishment. Ever the professional, without missing a beat, I politely reminded her to wait her turn. As she paused the beating, I reassured her, "But you don't need to stop!" The sadistic rhythm commenced.

As I shoved the youngest of the three deeper into the chair, reminding her that I never lose control, I ripped my belt away from grandma and tied the young woman's hands together. Forcing them first across my body, I then restrained them above her head, teasing her as I exposed my cock with my free hand.

A family who clearly never misses an opportunity, it was no surprise when I felt the mother attempt to rip my knickers further down my thighs. Feeling the bar had been raised, I had no choice but to turn on her. Uncoiling my weapon of choice for the evening, I freed the youngest and cracked the belt across my thigh. There was no questioning who was in charge, this was my game. Backing into submission, the mother offered up her hands for binding. Refusing to play, I sank to the floor, bound her ankles, forced her backwards and raised her feet towards the ceiling. Helpless, she was forced to endure my taunting and teasing as her family watched.

As the song came to an end, I couldn't help but respect the challenge this family had issued me. I was generously rewarded for my deviance and the ladies took their leave. Finally left to discuss the events of the evening, the entire staff agreed that they had witnessed an extremely rare and unheard-of phenomenon in the strip club world—a true encounter of the third kind.

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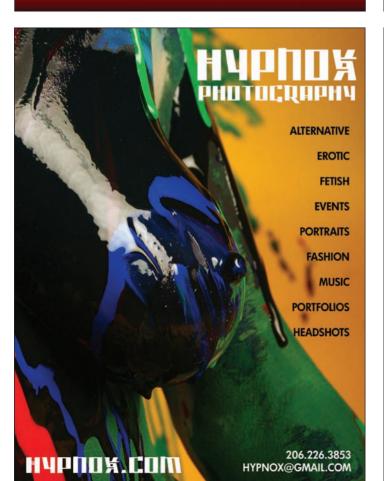
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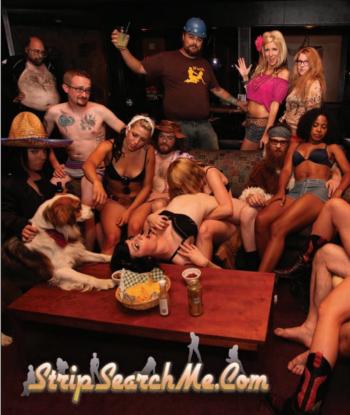
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