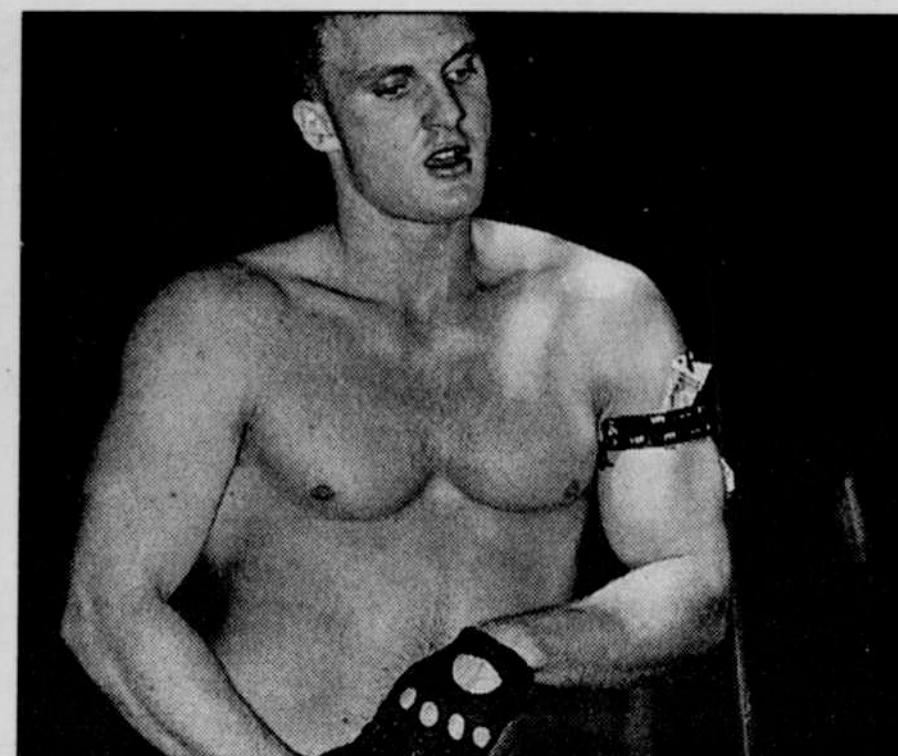
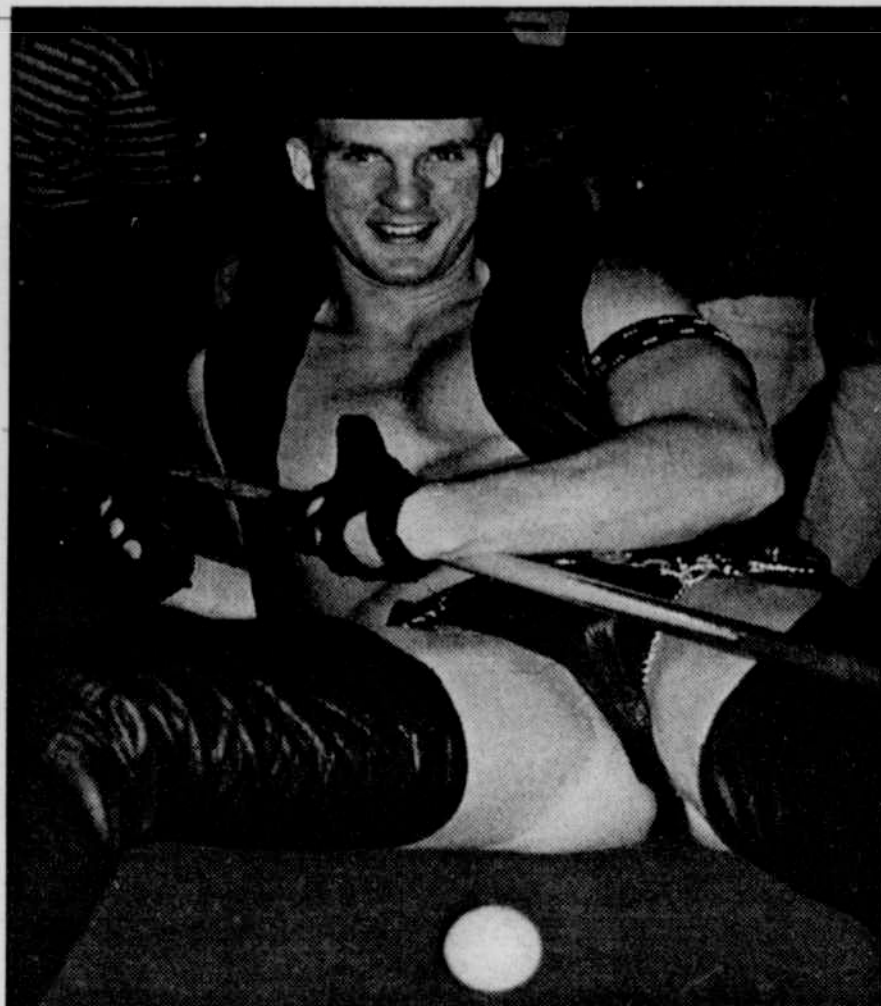


Kurt take it all off



## THE NAKED TRUTH

Continued from Page 23

heard: "If they don't like me the way I am, then they don't like me," "If they judged it, I'd have to judge them, and trust me, they wouldn't want that," or my favorite, "Hell, my family judges me no matter what I do."

Young Chance tells me his roommate kicked him out when he started dancing because he thought that meant he was—you guessed it—a drug addict and a prostitute.

In light of these pressures, if you don't have fun as a stripper you won't last. And the strippers at Three Sisters (fondly referred to as Three Blisters by some regulars, Six Tits by others) are determined to outdo their more well-known neighbor one block to the west. The crowd is more mixed (the place is not gay-owned), but the showmanship is impressive and fun.

I must confess that before writing this story I didn't even know Three Sisters was a bar. I assumed it was some kind of mission run by a trio of nuns determined to convert the sinners on Stark Street.

Man, was I wrong.

My buddy Buddy brings me. Buddy is one of those cute hard-bodied guys I mentioned earlier who stripped for a few months in the past just for fun. However, he's been short on cash lately, so tonight he arranges to get on next week's roster.

Every time Buddy leaves his chair some queen rushes over to ask me if I'm his boyfriend, then gushes about how hung he is.

He'll do just fine, I think. And yeah, bitch, he's with me, I tell them.

We watch a dancer pick up a dollar bill by scooping it up with his penis like an elephant grabbing a peanut. By bucking his hips backward at just the right moment he then can stand up, the money wedged between the frank and the beans, and proudly display the cash for the appreciative crowd.

"It happened accidentally the first time," he explains. "I was sweaty."

A number of the guys have mastered the art of picking up a bill using only their butt cheeks (you never know when that'll come in

handy) as well as swinging above our heads from a ceiling pipe, giving us views only proctologists get to see.

I ask Paper Boy, a thoroughly charming stripping veteran of three years, his secret for longevity. He gives me a heart-melting smile and says, "Find me a job this much fun that earns this much and I'll do it."

Paper Boy literally bends over backward to please his audience and demonstrates by doing a backbend off the bar in order to remove my belt using only his teeth. Then it's my turn to bend over so he can give me a little spank with my own belt. (The things I do in the name of investigative journalism!) I stuff a couple of bucks into Paper Boy's G-string, then wonder whether I can write the tip off as a business deduction.

## Schmooze Control

Back up the street at Silverado (sometimes called the Silver Dildo by the regulars), JR is whipping the crowd into a lather by jumping into full splits, while downstairs Kurt gets another new costume ready. "The sailor outfit always gets the most tips," he tells me, "but I'm always trying to make the act new."

Ambitious and smart, he tells me about his new Internet site KurtCam.com and lobbies to get his picture on the cover of the paper. (Note that it worked.)

Upstairs, JR waves at me from across the room. I love when gorgeous men do that. I don't care if he's doing it out of sincerity or because he understands that networking matters as much here as any other business, if not more. It also works, and I'm the first to tip him on his next set.

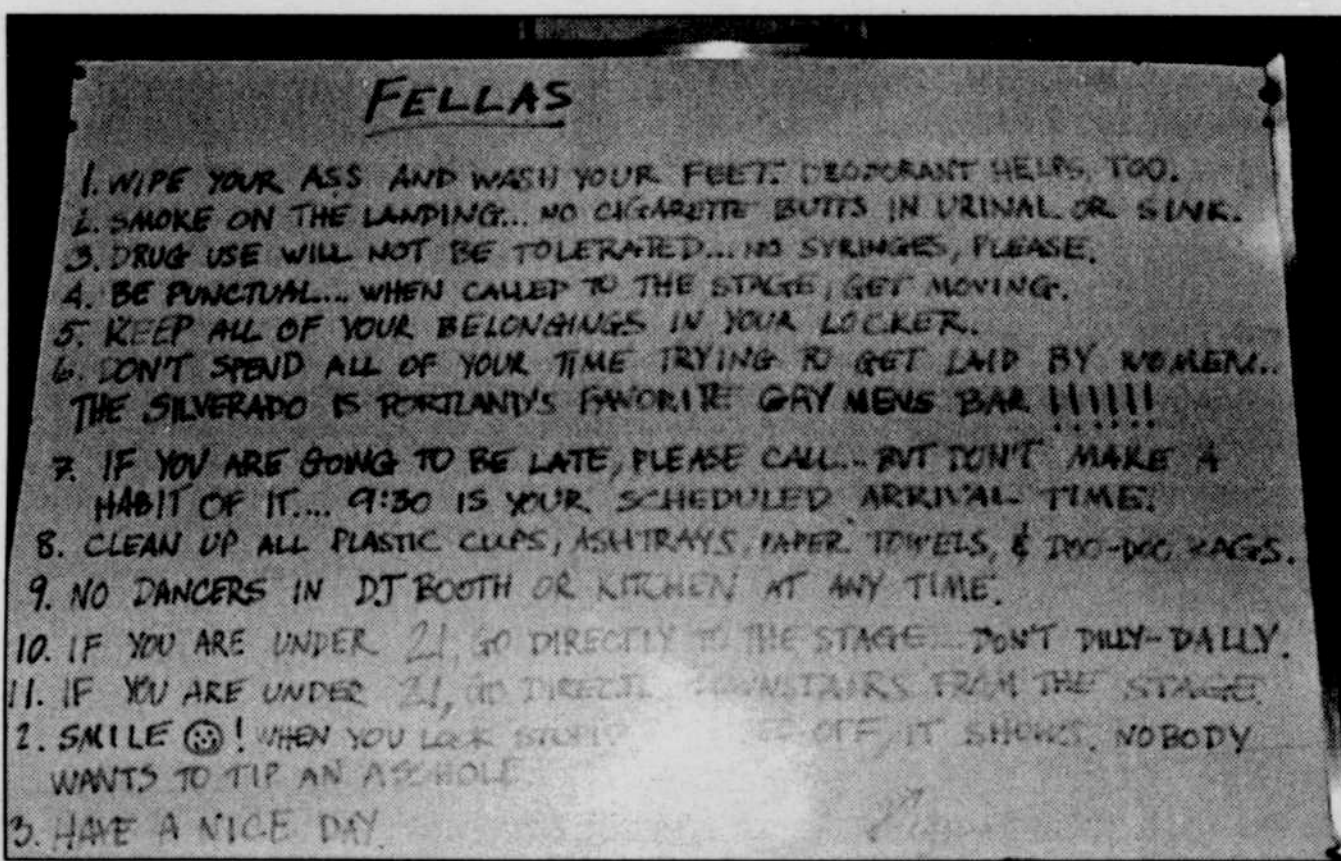
"It's not about what you do up there or even what you look like; it's who you know," one stripper complains downstairs. The management of both Silverado and Three Sisters encourage their dancers to conduct themselves as the club's official hosts, buying regular customers drinks, for instance, rather than the other way around.

The best come by the skill naturally. "I don't think of it as working the crowd," Jewell says. "I love people. That's just mingling."

So the next time you're stuffing money in someone's G-string, remember to say "hello" while you're at it. There's a person in that thong.

"You can look at me like I'm a piece of meat," Kurt says, "but don't treat me like I'm a piece of meat." ☐

MARC ACITO couldn't have written this article without the help—and permission—of his partner, Floyd. Send e-mail to MarcAcito@home.com.



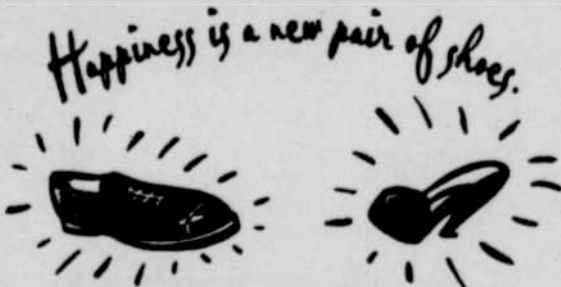
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