



Fetish (right) is caught Red-handed

## IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE HEAVEN

### Strip club virgin loses it at the E Club

by Hadley Scott

Imagine my surprise when friends decided to take me to my first Stripper Night experience at the Egyptian Club—my toes tingle just reminiscing!

OK, let me start by saying the Egyptian is primarily a lesbian dance club and bar, but on Tuesday nights it comes alive with exotically erotic women pulsating sensually. As I entered this establishment, hazy with smoke, sexy music and even sexier women, I had an epiphany: "I have arrived in lesbian heaven."

The Egyptian Club felt more like a local hangout where women just happen to be stripping. The scene was intimate and very comfortable—even to a girl like me, who, until my 30th birthday party, was a virgin to the concept of coupling nudity and money. It wasn't sleazy, just a lot of lascivious fun!

Now, if anyone tells you stripping isn't an art,

they are crazy! This is a bevy of beautiful, creative, sexy women with enough brains and curves to suit almost any dyke's lust.

The first woman to accompany me on a trip to my own secret fantasy world goes by the name Fetish. A tall woman bordering 6-foot-3 with her heels on, she immediately captivated me when she stepped on stage.

She became a gothic creature in an ornate black rooster feather headdress and a strappy S/M outfit rounded out by killer razor heels that were nearly 8 inches tall. I was lost in her as I watched her slink to Siouxsie and the Banshees' "Peek-a-Boo."

Wide-eyed and almost fearful, I found myself more than slightly turned on as she prowled like a languid deathrock sex kitten across my table. My mouth watered as I waited for her to move in for the kill.

Then it was Pauline's turn. Whoa! Raw sexual energy, electric eyes, a melting smile, pigtailed and absolutely the best tummy ever.

I went into full drool mode for her. She was riveting.

Her presence and charisma stopped conversation, traffic and anything else in her way. If you're lucky enough, you'll catch her doing cartwheels down the length of your table.

If it's a younger-looking, bubbly, all-American girl who bakes your cherry pie, look no further than Daphne, dancer No. 3. I caught her in her signature sequined nurse outfit—very comforting. Daphne is someone who definitely loves to verbally engage the customers, which seemed to put people at ease.

Something of a cross between a belly dancer/gypsy and a superfly warrior goddess, Red lured me in the moment she slunk on stage. She wore a peasant skirt and had drawn ornate silver designs on her belly, which was framed by amazing bells that, believe you me, she had no problem shaking.

Another night I also caught Tiffany, a sexy butch who loves to play with fire. I was totally mesmerized by her fire dancing; it was an origi-

nal act, and the crowd loved it. With her bandanna-wrapped head and a take-charge attitude, she's definitely the toughest dancer I've seen at the E Club.

So, whether you prefer a vicious vixen or the sweet innocent girl next door, you'll find her at the Egyptian. If it's silicone you want, though, you'll have to look elsewhere. The women at the Egyptian are all-natural, and I'll take ink and metal over silicone and saline any day.

Admission is free at the door, but to fully experience the evening, the wise and courteous connoisseur will come with some spare cash in her pocket. These lovely ladies are not paid by the club and are worth every crisp green bill you can slip into their G-strings.

"I really like dancing; it's fun," explains Daphne, who has been at the club for nearly two years putting herself through midwifery school. But she's quick to add: "In any job there is a balance between enjoying it and doing it for



Tell Daphne where it hurts

money...it's not volunteer work. Would I volunteer to be a stripper? Fuck no!"

It is polite and expected to pay the dancers at least \$1 a song while you are sitting on the "rack," the front row of tables bordering the dance floor.

If the rack isn't intimate enough, you may opt for a table dance.

These are for you and you alone, off to the side with a dancer of your choice; just be clear it's not OK to touch the girls. They cost between \$15 and \$20 a song, but the dancers don't hustle them, as might happen in other clubs, so you won't end up feeling like you're at a high-pressure car lot.

Daphne discusses the difference between dancing for women and men. "Men, all they care about is seeing women naked. But with women, they pretty much have what you have. The goods may look a little different but...they feel more from making the connection than seeing you naked...women are harder to impress."

Fetish adds: "Women treat me with more respect and appreciation than men...from women, I seem to get more respect and honor. They prefer beauty over vulgarity. It's more about celebrating the woman and her beauty than crude lusting."

Pauline puts it best: "If you just get up there and bend over and show them your pussy, the women are not going to be very impressed if you've got a girl going on after you setting her nipples on fire or roller skating or juggling or doing something really cool. Women need more than just a naked body; they have a naked woman's body. I'm sure they're interested in your pussy, but it's not everything."

One thing Pauline finds frustrating about dancing at the E Club is how people are flirtatious and brave at the rack but go all shy later. "If I'm sitting at the bar, no one will come up to talk to me. I understand that I look very femme and I don't look like a big ole dyke, but I think that's kinda dumb. Lesbians come in all different sizes!"

You'll find the EGYPTIAN CLUB at 3701 S.E. Division St. The nudie bootie action gets going about 9 p.m., and the dancers usually are going strong until 1 or 2 a.m. If it's butches you want to see takin' it off, then the monthly Butch-Boi Tease Night might be more your gig; the next one is scheduled for Aug. 23. A Fetish Night is planned in September, and you can look forward to a Goddess Night in October.

HADLEY SCOTT is a Portland free-lance writer who enjoys naked women as much as the next dyke. She can be reached at hscott@bestweb.net.

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