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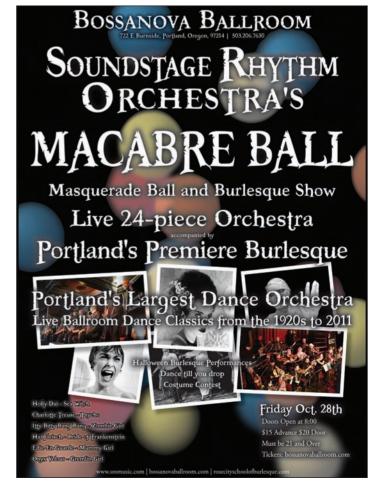
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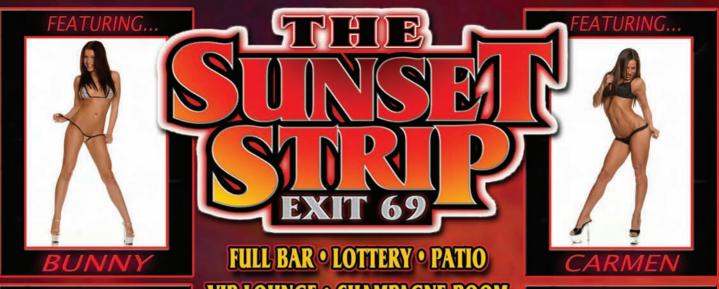
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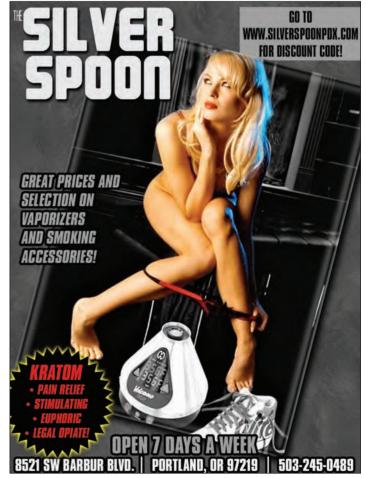


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HALLOWEEN HOOCHE

The weather is turning colder, the leaves are starting to redden and the inevitable feeling of fall is slowly creeping into the air. One of the most anticipated holidays of the year is approaching, and with it, comes that glorious time of year where (for one day) women embrace their inner tramp and dress as slutty as possible.

ty as possible.

We've all heard the discussions and arguments about the costume choices women make on Halloween. We've heard the feminists ranting about equality and parents complaining about their teenagers becoming hoochies overnight. We've heard from the men and their unabashed support for the Halloween Slut. We've even heard from the gays about how Halloween has become a straight holiday. The idea is that the gays are "out" and have no need to wait until Halloween, but the closet hedonists on the other hand... And, we've certainly heard from the Christians about how Halloween itself shouldn't be celebrated, as it promotes communion with the devil.

All of this fiery debate and opinionated discussion about the rights of women to dress slutty on Halloween still does not address the most important question: why do they want to dress that way to begin with? Are women really naughty little devils and Playboy Bunnies on the inside just waiting for their chance to shine? Further, do women who dress like sluts on Halloween BECOME sluts on Halloween? If a woman struts her stuff in four-inch heels, thigh-high stockings with little bows and shows more flesh than a Wal-Mart fitting room, does she then give herself permission to act the part, just for that one night?

In a real sense, Halloween costumes are about masking your true nature and disguising the person you present to the world for one magnificent, sequined night. As much as we have open dialog and try to change the tides, the idea that women are taught to hide their voracious sexuality is not a thing of the past. They are still shamed for being overtly sexual, and it's only when you get them in the bedroom, that their primal nature comes out—if you're lucky.

One of the complications with Halloween costumes, is that when you meet a sexy maid at a party, you have no idea what her personality is like in real life. While one woman might be hiding an honest-to-god nun habit under her dominatrix outfit, another might simply change her shoes and look the same as she did the night before. It's one of my favorite things to see the morning after Halloween—the costumed walk of shame; little red riding hood with lipstick still smeared and whiskey stashed in her covered basket.

And, what about the men? I've heard the argument from the feminists; women are expected to dress provocatively and men can get away with more creative costumes. But, there is another kind of mask that men remove on this day—the facade of masculinity. In this pro-gay era (at least in the Northwest) it is no longer necessary for men to keep their feminizing ways behind closed doors. However, homophobia still exists, and just as females are allowed to express their sexual deviancy on Halloween, men are also allowed to play out their innermost fantasies without being called a fairy (unless they happen to be wearing a pink tutu and pixie wings and then, well, they're just asking for it).

Are women overly sexualized through the "limited selection" of costumes? C'mon. Do you suppose a year isn't enough time to come up with something less revealing or sexualized? This is the one day they can let their guard down and not have to worry about "leaving the house looking like that." And, based on the sheer number of fishnets sold on that day, it's pretty obvious they've fully embraced the opportunity. Instead of using the remaining 364 days to come up with something interesting or unique, their creativity comes out in other ways, like how to look as sexy as possible in as little clothing as possible, sometimes resorting to even more revealing things like pasties and Saran Wrap. This is not a question of intelligence; some of the smartest women I know dress the sluttiest on Halloween, because they are smart enough to know that sex sells (or at least gets the most attention).

Believe it or not, this is not a new concept. When All Soul's Day used to be celebrated in the UK, it was with wild parties, celebrations of fertility rites and debauchery of all sorts. Think Carnival. It wasn't until the Puritans got a hold of it, that Halloween was stripped of all the sexual elements and restored to an evening celebrated primarily by children. The Puritans screwed up a lot of things for us, didn't they?

Thankfully, there are things like sexual revolutions and Halloween has, once again, been embraced as a hedonistic holiday (and damn it girls, you deserve this day...you have earned it). Some of you successfully spend 364 days a year quelling your inner desires, convincing yourself that you are one of those devils the Christians rant about or one of the hoochies your mother warned you about. If this is the one day out of the year that you are comfortable setting yourself free from the facade of a mask, then by god, I support that and only ask that you send me pictures.



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Welcome to a special edition of a column that's been passed around more times than a case of herpes at Burning Man. Call it what you want, but plain and simple, it's just someone talking about a porn film they probably watched for about 15 minutes (if they watched it at all). The most recent author to pen this column was apparently possessed by demons and unable to submit his contribution in on time, so it was passed on to me. I tried to talk the wife into it, but every time we start talking about porn, we just fuck instead, so I digress.

Had I been more prepared to put this piece together, I would have run right down to see our friends at Taboo Video and gotten hooked up with a fat stack of some horror porn. But that didn't happen, I watched nothing more than clips and trailers for the majority of the following porn titles that promise to titillate while they mutilate. The majority are simply the latest overdone trend in uninspired porn—the parody film. Over the years, just about every TV sitcom or blockbuster flick has received a jizz-filled makeover, but I have to admit, I haven't stumbled across many of the following nightmares in my surprisingly limited porn-viewing adventures. First up, I'm gonna talk about what I'm about to talk about in the next paragraph, so let's twist one up and get crack...wait a minute, what the fuck just happened? I think I was just possessed by another former writer. Scary shit, man. I better get on with this before I start talking about go-go girl nipple-tape etiquette.



FRIDAY THE 13TH - THE OFFICIAL PORN PARODY ZERO TOLERANCE PRODUCTIONS

When Susie arrives at the Crystal Lake Nudist Camp to be the resident masseuse, she meets the randy, young camp owner, Kyle, who can't wait to get an orgy going with his nymphomaniac staff and guests. But, when people start inexplicably disappearing, Susie and Kyle are forced to fight for their survival. This parody actually looks like it could be a well-shot

sequel to the legendary *Friday the 13th* franchise and genuinely captures the "campy" factor of the original films (just with a lot more snatch and sack). In this version, poor Jason was drowned in the lake due to his enormous penis, and I quote, "he went for a swim, and it was so heavy that it sank like a boat's anchor. Legend is that huge cock fermented at the bottom of the lake, and they say that it turned him into some kind of monster—with flesh-eating jizz!" Directed by Gary Orona and starring Sara Vandella, Kagney Linn Karter, Courtney Cummz and Asa Akira paired up with a bunch of stunt cocks I couldn't care less about.



SCREAM XXX - A PORN PAROD' VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

Someone has taken their love of porn parodies one step too far! Do not answer the phone, do not open the door and do not forget the lube! Making porn parodies can be murder! Reviews on the net praised this porn parody as being better than the recently released *Scream IV*—even if you removed the sex scenes. But rest assured, that doesn't mean you would

want to sit through *Scream XXX* without the sex. One highlight is porn-dinosaur Ron Jeremy yawning his way through the film surrounded by a rather average porn cast while he waits for his paycheck. The film makes an attempt at capturing actual moments from the previous *Scream* flicks (including the Rose McGowan garage-door execution), but decided to go off the map by adding a clown nose to Ghostface. Directed by Eli Cross, and starring Lily LaBeau, Zoe Voss, Sarah Shevon, Scarlett Fay, Jesse Andrews, Angelica Lane, Evan Stone, James Deen and Rocco Reed.



OFFICIAL SILENCE OF THE LAMBS PARODY ZERO TOLERANCE PRODUCTIONS

After doing my minimum fifteen minutes of research on this title, I actually had the desire to see the whole movie. Not for the stroke material mind you, but due to the fact that the *Official Silence of the Lambs Parody* nails the original in so many ways. Ben English absolutely slays the character of Hannibal Lechter, while Kagney Linn Karter delivers a

breakout performance as Clarice Starling, the junior FBI agent sent to pick Hannibal Lecter's brain for information on serial killer Buffalo Bill's whereabouts. The actor playing Bill also delivers a grand-slam performance as the gender-twisted psycho fucktard who meets his match while trying to torture a masochistic victim who would much rather have his dick in her ass than a basket of lotion (but as she says, "whatever it takes to get laid..."). Director Gary Orona captures the dark and sinister cinematic nature of the original with a perverted twist around every corner. Two severed thumbs up on this one.





HALLOWEEN

HALLOWEEN XXX - A PORN PARODY SMASH PICTURES



John Carpenter's version has always held a special place in my heart—as it was the first R-rated flick I snuck into at the tender age of thirteen. But after viewing the trailer for this parody, I was unfortunately let down by what I saw and researched. Though the film attempts to stay true to the source material, a 5'4" Michael Myers in a cheap, poorly-fitting version

of the Halloween mask just ain't gonna "cut" it for me. Halloween set the modern standard for slasher films, laden with violent sexual innuendo and phallic implications of thrusting butcher knives into the teen harlots, while saving the virgin for the final victim. It's common knowledge that when an actress in a horror flick gives up the poon, she's usually impaled by something far more deadly than a penis thirty seconds later. So when you transfer this formula into a porn film, well, you're gonna run out of sluts real quick.

In some cases, having the slasher involved in actual pornographic scenes just doesn't work. The Jason character in the *Friday the 13th* parody flapping his oversize gangrenous penis at teen campers was laughable, but not entertaining. As unconvincing as the Michael Myers character is portrayed in this parody, it pretty much loses all credibility during the film's climax. (SPOILER ALERT) Was it really necessary to see Michael fuck the virginity out of our heroine (and his sister) Laurie as our final sex scene? I'll pass. Directed by Jim Powers and starring Andy San Dimas, Lily LaBeau, Lexi Belle, Raven Alexis and Britney Amber.

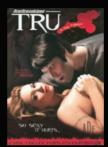


SAW - A HARDCORE PARODY BLUE CIRCUS ENTERTAINMENT

The porn biz is in a panic. A killer is on the loose, putting porn stars in diabolical sexual situations. While being interviewed, the sole survivor (Amber Rayne) gives a clue which delves viewers deeper into the story of the madman behind the puppet. It's up to Detective Roush (James Bartholet) and his partner, Detective Humpsey (Syren DeMer), to catch him in this

all-star comedic-thriller adaptation...or so the box cover promises. From the clips I witnessed, this parody took what could have been a promising theme and wasted it on sub-standard sex scenes, trying desperately to merge the *Saw* landscape into the porn genre. Instead of the brilliant puzzles and murderous traps that Jigsaw presented in the *Saw* series, his porn doppelganger forces victim Evan Stone

(who has an explosive device placed in his chest) to keep it up with Asa Akira and Britney Amber for 40 minutes as punishment for his years of making "men feel inadequate." Ron Jeremy is back for more horror porn nonsense as the killer, who admits the reason he is doing this is because modern porn has "lost its passion and artistic attitude of what is hot." A perfect example of this is the appearance of porn legend Ginger Lynn. The first porn I ever spanked it to starred this nubile goddess back in the 80s. Ginger Lynn was the queen of 80s porn until she decided to pursue mainstream acting (don't they all) in 1986. However, watching a 47-year old Lynn return to the bump and grind in this parody was the scariest part of the film. Directed by Dick Chibbles and starring Lexi Belle, Asa Akira, Amber rayne, Syren Demar and Emy Rayes.



TRU - A XXX PARODY NEW SENSATIONS

From the team who brought us *The Big Lebowski XXX Parody* comes a porny campadventure based on HBO's hit vampire series, *True Blood. Tru: A XXX Parody* spoofs on the southern vamp drama about fanged creatures that dwell in the swamps of Bon Temps, Louisiana. As a faithful fan of *True Blood* since the first episode aired, out of all the flicks

mentioned on this page, True Blood is probably the easiest horrorthemed subject to transition into a porn parody (every episode of the HBO show is full of blood-drenched sex—just without visible penetration or money shots). For the most part, Tru follows Alan Ball's True Blood storyline featuring vamps, humans, shape-shifters and telepaths tangled in mysterious supernatural and sexual situations. However, even though we're dealing with pornstars that one would expect to exude sex from every pore, the characters on the original show do it a hell of a lot sexier than the actors in this porn parody. Ashlyn Brooke, as Sookie Stackhouse, makes a decent effort, but the ridiculous wigs on Tru's Eric Northman and Bill Compton are downright laughable. You can take a schlocky horror flick like *Scream* and sex it up, porn it out and people might notice. But, if you try to sex up a smutfest like True Blood, you better bring your A-game. Directed by Lee Roy Meyers and starring Ashlyn Brooke, James Deen, Misty Stone, Shay Sights, Gracie Glam and Lana Violet.

The Blue Review will return soon. Who knows, maybe just maybe, it might be written by one of you naughty little bastards. To apply for the gig, send a sample review of your favorite spank flick to editor@xmag.com.





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It has been established that persons who have recently died have been returning to life and committing acts of murder. A widespread investigation of funeral homes, morgues and hospitals has concluded that the unburied dead have been returning to life and seeking human victims. It's hard for us here to be reporting this to you, but it does seem to be a fact. There is an epidemic of mass murder being committed by a virtual army of unidentified assassins. The murders are taking place in villages and cities, in rural homes and suburbs with no apparent pattern nor reason for the slayings. It seems to be a sudden general explosion of mass homicide. We have some descriptions of the assassins. Eyewitnesses say they are ordinary-looking people. Some say they appear to be in a kind of trance. Others describe them as being misshapen monsters. At this point, there's no really authentic way for us to say who, or what, to look for and guard yourself against. So far, the best advice they are able to give the public is this quote from Chief T. K. Dunbar from Boring, Oregon (where the outbreak is believed to have originated) who is quoted as saying, "Tell the people, for God's sake, to get off the streets! Tell them to go to the nearest strip club, lingerie modeling shop or porn store! We don't know what kind of murder-happy characters we have here, but they appear to be Christians!"

They're coming to get you, Portland, and they're naked.

OCTOBER EVENTS

Sat 1 - Exotica International - Hawaiian Luau Party VIP Event with complimentary food, feature performances, prize giveaways and beverage specials

Sun 2 - Dante's - Mike Thrasher presents Crossfade plus guests (early show)

Tue 4 - Dante's - Electric Six w/Kitten

Wed 5 - Dante's - Goddamn Gallows w/The Independents & Jayke

Thu 6 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - Miss Exotic Oregon - Preliminary Qualifier Round I - It all starts here! 9pm, \$10 cover (To enter call 503.816.4174)

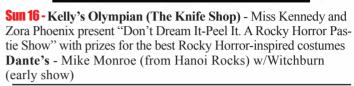
Fri 7 - Groove Suite - DJ Hazmatt (aka Statutory Ray), DJ Twinkletits and more (late night show)

Sat 8 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Oktoberfest Celebration with exotic beers, gourmet sausages and themed entertainer sets Dante's - Cash'd Out (Johnny Cash tribute)

Wed 12 - Ash St. Saloon - 1HRx Records Showcase: Pill Brigade, Public Drunken Sex, Ditch Digger and Syndica: Zero 8pm, 21 and up, \$5.00 cover

Fri 14 - Boom Boom Room - Miss Exotic Oregon - Preliminary Qualifier Round II - 9pm, \$10 cover (To enter call 503.816.4174)

Sat 15 - Wild Orchid - Grand Opening Party



Wed 19 - Stars Cabaret (Bend) - Little Sassy Cassie (34" tall exotic entertainer)

Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Talladega 500 Party with tire changing contests, R/C slot car race with cash prize and themed entertainer sets

Thu 20 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Little Sassy Cassee (34" tall exotic entertainer)

Fri 21 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Little Sassy Cassee (34" tall exotic entertainer)

Sat 22 - George's Dancin' Bare - Portland's Original Amateur Night Contest with cash prizes

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Little Sassy Cassee (34" tall exotic entertainer)

Thu 27 - Dante's - The Dwarves w/Zeke

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - True Blood - The Halloween Party with costume contest for big \$\$\$, theme sets and drink specials

Fri 28 - Club Rouge - Miss Exotic Oregon - Preliminary Qualifier Round III - 9nm. \$10 cover (To enter call 503.816.4174)

Pallas Club - Halloween Creepy Costume Party with over \$500 in cash and prizes, dress to impress (no masks please) Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Live music with Toxic Zombie

Sat 29 - Hawthorne Theater - Taboo Video presents Halloween at the Hawthorne featuring Erotic City, Audi Syndicate, burlesque and more with thousands in cash prizes and giveaways

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Halloween costume contest with cash prizes

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Live music with Crazy Train (Ozzy tribute) George's Dancin' Bare - The first annual "Fuck Going Downtown" VIP Halloween Party - invitation only

Cabaret - Halloween party and costume contest with prizes, cash and much more

Heat - Halloween Party

Jody's Bar & Grill - Halloween Party with costume contest, games, prizes and specials all night long

Wild Orchid - Halloween Party with free gift for all guests in costume

Sun 30 - Kelly's Olympian (The Knife Shop) - Miss Kennedy and Zora Phoenix present "Don't Dream It-Peel It. A Rocky Horror Pastie Show" with prizes for the best Rocky Horror-inspired

Mon 31 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - Halloween Party with drink and food specials all day & night

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50









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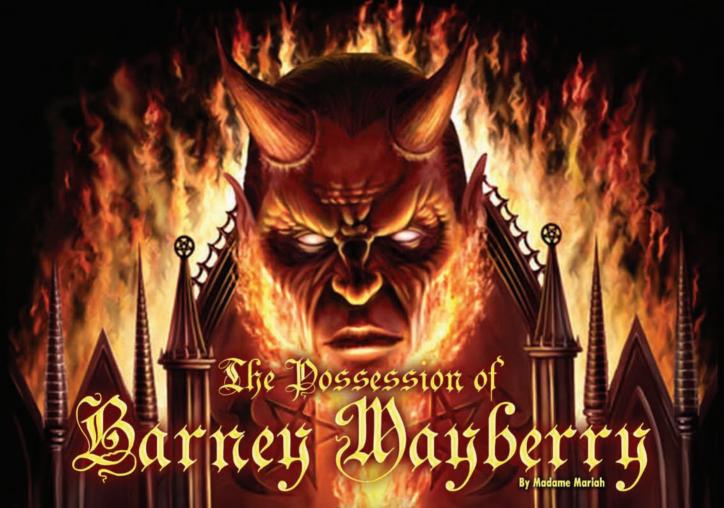


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Just when I thought my life couldn't get any weirder, I was invited to go on a real, live ghost hunt. And what could make that even more awesome? I think I witnessed an actual possession. It was amazing! That's right, Taboo Video thinks they have poltergeists in their Pearl location. People ask me how come situations like this always happen to me, and my response is —because I'm receptive to it! I was invited to visit on behalf of *Exotic*, because Taboo wanted us to share the story with all of you. So, I brought along a fellow (former) writer from the magazine (who we will call Barney), because he had previously expressed interest in working for the Taboo chain. What a perfect opportunity for introductions, I thought. When the porn store calls you to go on a ghost hunt, you go! For one night only, Taboo closed their doors from midnight 'til six in the morning so we could conduct our search pervert-free (wait... we were there, so maybe not).

I started by asking why we were there, what made them think they had a ghost and what the night was going to include. I got a little background on the story, and the history of the over hundred-year-old building from the owner and employees, including their own paranormal expert Dave (who also happens to be the founder and director of the Paranormal League of America and the author of a book on America's haunted locations). Dave had visited the Oregon Historical Society to dig up what he could on the location, and discovered that the next door over was, at one time, a segregated blacks-only hotel. Also, Taboo may have been the location of a blacks-only barbershop with the Shanghai Tunnels running directly beneath the building. Dave explained that he had brought some friends along who were sensitive to paranormal activity, and that we were going to conduct an investigation using some basic ghost-hunting equipment including audio recording devices, video cameras, motion sensors and temperature/humidity gauges. Dave believed the spirits were there because they liked the adult material, and that they were of no harm to us. We would also be filming this event for a web series.

I asked Ken (the owner of Taboo) how he reacted when his employees first came to him with stories of the haunting experience. He admitted that he was skeptical at first, but after a year of sightings from several employees, he relented and decided to give in to the nonsensical notion that his store may be haunted. Doyle, who worked at the location in question for six months, said he felt weird mentioning it to anyone at first, but was relieved when he realized that he wasn't the only one who was sensing it. Doyle explained that he has been sensitive to paranormal activity since he was young, but had never felt anything like this before. He claims that he has felt more than one presence, and that they were all males. Once, while mopping, he sensed a figure close behind him, as if he was being watched over. I asked if he ever talked with them and he said that he had let them know that he knew they were there, and that this somehow relieved some of the tension. He told me a story regarding a customer who had once ran out from the back, pants down, and fled the store. The customer later returned with a tale of the horror that caused him to flee so abruptly. He said he had taken his shirt off and laid it on the back of the chair, like a jacket. It then fell to the floor and went sweeping off under the door into the hallway in a manner that didn't seem possible. Many of the employees mentioned seeing full-figured apparitions on the security camera, and they all kept mentioning the curtain which leads into the den of iniquity that is the arcade. This heavy-beaded curtain will apparently move and make noise, as if someone had run their hand along it, even though no one else is in the store. There is also something very unsettling about a particularly creepy mannequin they have in the store.

Properly informed of the haunting history of Taboo, it was time to let the hunt begin! Barney and I sat back and let the experts do their thing. We watched as they filmed Christina, a member of the ghost-hunting team who is sensitive to such things. They recorded her while she gave the play-by-play of her emotions, and her temperature spiked and dropped as she walked about the store. I began to grow a little skeptical myself. We then tried to stay out of the way—snacking up in the front of the store, laughing, joking about the ghost and various dildos. We were in a porn store, after all! I even spoke out loud to the spirits in hopes of instigating some action. I then did

something that I would later regret; I gave Barney a whole cannabis cookie with the advisement to only eat half! He, of course, proceeded to eat the whole thing anyway. Now, you doubters are probably going to use this fact to discredit any certainty I have that I participated in a possession.

While the real ghost hunters were on a smoke break, I convinced Barney to go in back with me (to the booths) to check things out. We went in there laughing, joking until Barney walked to the center of the room, touched the middle column and said,

"I can't be in here. I have to get out of here. These are the gates of Hell!" He then shrieked "I'm going to Hell!" as he bolted out of the store. Wouldn't it figure that the gates of Hell are in the jack booths of a porn store in downtown Portland? Any proper right-wing Christian fanatic would agree to that —ghost or not. Barney then began what I'd like to call the Rain Man freak-out; he kept repeating "I'm going to kill myself," much like a scene from one of the Paranormal Activity movies. Barney confessed to me that he had PTSD from a dark situation in his past. So, as I'm out there alone with Barney at 4am, outside of a porn store on NW Broadway and Everett, he proceeds to reveal to me many lurid secrets from his past, spewing out shit like diarrhea of the mouth. Now, I've seen people eat weed cookies before, and I have even seen acid and mushroom freak-outs, but I had never seen one like this. I was on the same thing after all, so why was I the only rational, responsible one? "Freak-out" may be an understatement. He had what could only be described as a full-on, demonic possession. Leave it to me to bring the dude who gets possessed at the ghost hunt.

I'm now coddling Barney, patting him on the back and feeling bad for doing this to him. My awesome friend Leah shows up in a cab just in time to witness Barney making a weird noise and she asks, "is he drooling?" I reply, "yes, a little!" He continues to have biography-based Tourette's and repeatedly threatens to kill himself, no matter what I say. He then tells me that "if you have sex with me, and hold me after, I won't kill myself." Now that's a new one! The ladies love the sensitive stuff, after all. I explain to him that his pick-up line is horrible and it just won't work on me. I proceed to tell him "you never know, but if you kill yourself, we can never have sex because I don't fuck dead guys!"

It was when Barney confessed talking to his dead grandpa that I went inside and explained that they were taping the wrong stuff. Nothing was happening inside, while all the good stuff was outside. The ghost was making Barney confess all his deep, dark secrets. I briefly explained the situation to them but they didn't seem interested, due to their knowledge of the cookie. The Taboo guys kept routinely checking on us and, at one point, a pimp and ho (the usual colorful characters found downtown in the early



AM) join us. I explain the freak-out as best as I can without freaking them out. And, how do you explain to strangers on the street that you are in the middle of a ghost hunt in the porn shop? Barney would mumble, and with each repetition, get a little louder. He would shout out things like "I grew up in a trailer park," and "I'm going to castrate myself!" That was too much for the creepers, so they creeped off. I find that the best way to avoid the creeps is to bring your own creepier creepo.

As we huddled, trying to come up with a game plan for what to do Barney, someone said we had no compassion because Leah and I just wanted to

catch what was left of our Sunday Funday. I had just reached my limit. After all, Barney, a grown man of twenty-four, had just threatened to poop his pants. That's when I found myself outside a porn store in downtown Portland at 4:30am, yelling "Barney, you're a grown man - not a child. There is a toilet inside. Weed cookies don't make people shit themselves!" He then made the weird noise again and threw up. And just like that (as I had seen in several movies), the possession was over. Barney then began acting like a seven year-old autistic child. I paid a cab driver a lot of money to get him home safely, holding back the laughter with fears of what he was going to say in the cab. Will he get home safe? After two hours of babysitting a grown-up, do I care at this point?

After several failed attempts to reach Barney, I'm now a bit worried. This is a guy who just threatened to kill himself. In the meantime, I sent an email to the owner of Taboo (this is, after all, a client, and I did recommend Barney for a job). It said, "Dear Ken, I went to Hallmark and they didn't have a 'Sorry I Brought a Possessed-Creepo to Your Ghost Hunt' card, so I am sending this email instead. Barney will not be coming around again, and it's best to find these things out before someone ends up in the freezer."

Later, Barney finally turns up and he doesn't remember much. After telling him he was possessed by a demon, he argues "no, I wasn't!" and says he "doesn't believe in that stuff." It's now over twenty-four hours later —the weed cookie should be out of his system. Barney is on the phone with us, communicating with ghosts in the porn store from home. He tells us "a black man was inside me." He describes the one that went through him as a "large black man, in a black suit and a derby hat." Barney got the sense that he was shot in a chair. Creepy? It did supposedly used to be a blacks-only

barbershop. He said he could also sense an older Jewish guy who was short, like 5'3" and liked to fuck with the mannequin. With this new information, Leah and I returned for round two of ghost hunting - this time, bringing our own security, Jared (aka The Fist). We phoned Barney while at the column in the center of the room where Barney said the dark





figure in the derby hat lurks. We talked to Austin (the porn clerk) as we came in, and he shared his experiences regarding the poltergeist, mostly talking about how a curtain moves and bringing attention to the mannequin, saying the hands once fell off

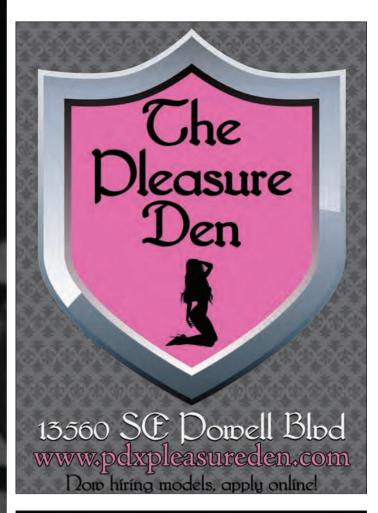
when he was in the back room. Jared then suggested we play a little trick on Barney - I screamed, hung up and then didn't answer for an hour.

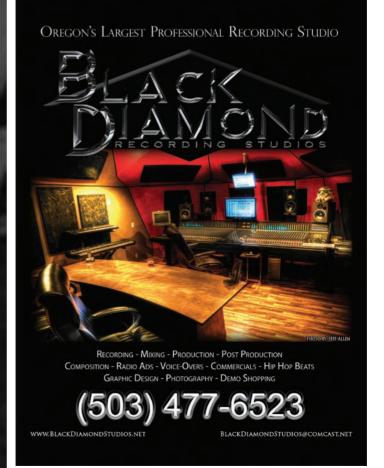
The next morning, I was up early and starting to research what the ghost hunter had told me. Starting with a blacks-only hotel in Portland, I proceeded to dig deeper into Portland's African American History. I started to realize that the center of it all was connected to this building.... It wasn't just any hotel. As the railroad was being built to make this port town, a lot of blacks helped to make it happen. There was only one hotel that would rent to them, The Golden West Hotel, as this was the epicenter of black entrepreneurship and commerce in Portland. Not only were some of our future prominent black leaders of the Pacific connected to this building, but our African American Western History is connected to it as well. Who knew I was going to get a history lesson? The further I got, the harder it was to stop researching. How did people ghost hunt before the internet? That's when I found the photo that gave me chills; a picture of the men in the Waldo Bogle Barbershop of the Golden West Hotel, particularly the large man in the back wearing the black suit and derby hat.

Was Barney doing the same research I was? Was Barney fucking with me? I'm going to keep researching this - it's my newest addiction. It's contagious. Ghost hunting is all the rage these days. Everybody's doing it now (including me). People are even starting their own clubs and making a hobby out of it. Reality TV is booming with paranormal shows, poltergeist movies never get old (especially this time of year) and stores are even selling basic ghost hunting kits to make it easier. In my investigation, I even found that there is an app for ghost hunting! In fact, I'm going to spend my birthday doing it because, on that night, Ken has invited Leah and I to another ghost hunt —this time with basement access and more filming! Who needs a reality show when you can create your own reality and live it with your friends?

We are going to dress up in vintage costumes (complete with derby hats) and have a private birthday party in the porn store. This time I'm bringing a Ouija Board, but not Barney! I will also be going to the library and doing more research. There are so many questions to be answered... Is there a ghost? Was Barney possessed? Was it the weed cookie? Was it just Barney? Was this all just ones man's quest to get laid, gone horribly wrong? Any way you look at it, it was best ghost hunt ever! It had drama, it had creepy, it had an element of doubt —I loved it all! Portland has a lot of old buildings (with a lot of history haunting them), and I can't think of a better place for a porn store. In fact, for Halloween, put Taboo in the Pearl on your Trick-or-Treat list and pick up something fun while you are there. They have treats, like Halloween vampire and zombie Fleshlights, dildos and masturbators. Hunt for yourself, but be respectful and beware of ghosts! Tell them *Exotic* sent you.

And don't forget to join Taboo for Halloween at the Hawthorne Theater on Saturday, October 29th. For more info, visit TabooVideo.com.







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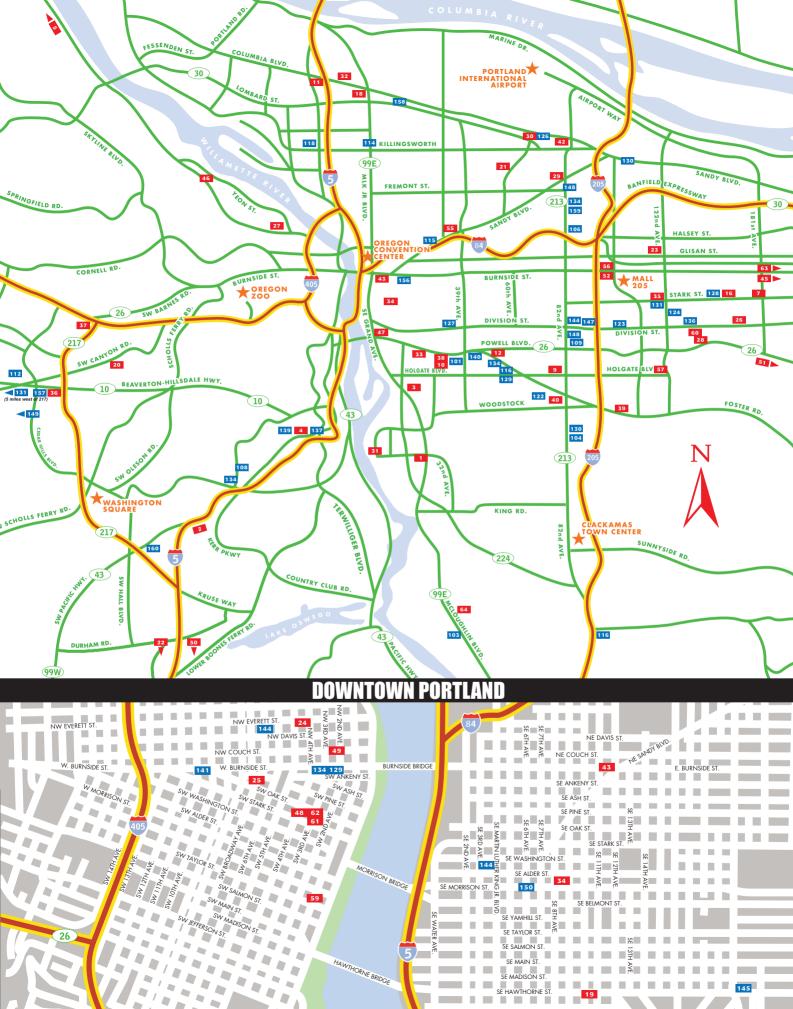
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Halloween isn't scary enough. Rational adults know that demons, ghouls, witches and monsters don't appear for one night in October. Everyday interactions with the world that surrounds us can be far more disturbing, and nobody understands this better than sex workers and smut-peddlers.

I really have to try to think back to the last several Halloweens that I've been working in adult businesses to remember anything outrageous and terrifying that occurred on those shifts, but I really can't recall much.

Quite simply, when you are selling sex (or the illusion of sex), the real horrors are in the everyday and are definitely not limited to the 31st of October.

In honor of having semi-retired from the sex-industry, I'd like to recount some of the most disgusting and horrible moments to which I've been privy.

PORN CLERKING

The handsome young man returning his European scat videos (which smelled suspiciously of feces) who then asked me on a date...nothing says "romance" like shit-vids.

The older man who had semen on his sweater, still wet and drippy, and when he was speaking to me, complaining about the quality of the audio in his viewing booth, I could smell hot jizz escaping from his mouth. It's difficult to stifle a gag while still offering good customer service.

Witnessing customers discover their girlfriend/boyfriend/ husband/wife in an adult film endeavor. Somebody always cries or throws merchandise.

People attempting to return items that they have stuck up their orifices. I can't tell you how frustrating it is to have to explain on a daily basis, "I'm sorry, we can't refund your money or exchange that toy because it appears you have already put it deep inside you, as is evident from its sodden appearance."

Even better is, when I had to explain to the middle-aged construction worker, "I'm sorry that you didn't like the taste of that banana-flavored dental dam, and regardless of whether or not your girlfriend was having a herpes outbreak, I can't accept it back."

The most inexpensive of sex toys will likely be very porous; this means they will absorb bodily fluids (i.e. cooter-juice and poop). I've had so many men and women try to return ten-dollar dildos that they couldn't get the stink out of, it's stultifying.

I could always rely on the occasional Jesus-freak bible-thumper to pester me on the job, toting pamphlets and bibles. Having those notes stuck on your windshield so regularly will certainly, at some point, incite any good porn clerk to snap. "I'm sorry, but if you continue to harass this shop and its employees, I will stab you with my HIV-infected box cutter and drink your blood," followed by chasing Jesus-freak out of shop with said box cutter. I found this quite eathartic.

Even doing 'checks' on the arcade room booths, alternately referred to as the "jack booths," I saw countless numbers of

penises—entirely unsolicited on my behalf. The problem is that these men are cruising for other penises, so they masturbate with the door cracked or unlocked. When the unsuspecting employee goes to do the routine checks of these rooms, they are likely to instead be greeted by a dick, smiling at attention.

The blow-bang I walked in on. I'm still impressed by how many adult males can fit inside a three-by-three video booth.

After four years of smut-slinging, I decided to sell myself instead. Or rather, rent myself out by the song. Stripping was the obvious transition, and after having spent a year of my porn-clerkingdom on 82nd Avenue, I discovered the clientele at Lucky Devil Lounge were decidedly more refined (but still had plenty of weirdos to offer).

STRIPPING

Getting your period on stage. It happens to all of us.

Sharing a stage/dressing room/bathroom with a girl who has open sores. Bonus points if they are varying in shape, size and stage of healing.

I recall a stripper with multiple vaginal piercings and a penchant for unplanned pregnancies. On several occasions I heard her utter the phrase "I'm just having another miscarriage. Does anyone have an Xtra Super tampon I could use?"

The dozens of men and women who have attempted (or succeeded) in kissing my cheek, licking my back, poking my ass, grabbing my shoe, patting my head, poking my dimples, pawing at my tattoos or coming up with a more creative way to invade my personal space.

The woman who grabbed the strings of my halter and began neighing like a horse while she whipped at me furtively: reminiscent of the Exorcist, I do believe that my head spun around twice.

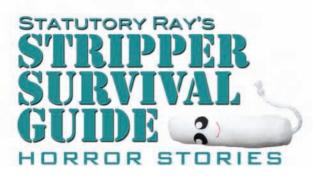
The dozen men who have begun crying while in the private dance room. Seriously, alcohol and repressed traumas do not equal a good time. I've heard everything from "my family doesn't respect me" to "my mommy doesn't love me" to "my wife hasn't given me a blowjob in 17 years" to "I'm a failure at my job" and, like Dr. Drew, I really can't cram an entire therapy session into three and a half minutes.

Alternately, being vomited on while giving a private dance TWICE, and by two different patrons (one of which had indulged in ten tequila shots and a Chinese buffet prior to coming in).

And so, twenty-seven months, seven ads, one Mercury cover, one *Exotic* cover, countless bruises, three hospital admissions, dozens of alcohol binges, a few tears and one attempted restraining order (against me) later, I've "retired." Or rather, taken a sabbatical. I plan to return. Even with all of the grossness, the horror and the depravity, stripping was a great job and I'm not finished with it. You'll see my face, tits and bush again. Now, *that's* scary.

Elle is a former dancer of Lucky Devil Lounge. She writes for *titsandsass.com* and *Exotic* magazine. Email her at elle-lynnstanger@gmail.com to comment or complain.





Disrespectful customers, that guy from class, dead nights and early mornings... You've encountered them all and your g-string is still in one piece. Yet, there exist certain horrors on the horizon that cannot be avoided, regardless of how much experience you have under your quarter-inch-wide studded belt. Keeping with this month's theme of Spooky X (novoge), it is entirely appropriate that the "survival guide" gets real. After polling a few pole dancers on the subject of what they fear most, I am able to present the following guide to battling real-life stripper demons.

TAMPONS

After working a consistent schedule for months at a time, you're already aware of which week you are most likely to feel the red tide part the Labian Ocean,

and chances are, your fellow dancers are just as likely to be experiencing the scarlet wrath during the same time period. If strippers were allowed to take time off to bleed it out, clubs would be empty for no less than a quarter of the calendar month and, thus, "menstrual leave" is not included in the health-care package that comes with an independently-contracted job in which clothing is prohibited and alcoholism is rewarded. Taking all this into account, the question remains: how does one successfully get naked in front of strangers when the mouse tail is hanging out of the pussy's mouth?

I have been exposed to enough backstage banter to be able to write "Menstrual Stripping for Dummies" ten times over, yet few of these strategies seem to work for all dancers. Whether tucking the string in, wearing panties all night long, letting the bush grow out or simply not giving a shit and braiding the damn thing with a colorful assortment of beads, only one strategy is a sure-fire solution to the problem of Kotex exposure: cut the string. Yes, it may get messy, but not while you're on stage. Much like the advice given by Jack in the film Speed, you can cut out a lot of bullshit by simply "shooting the hostage." I'm not saying you should reach inside your nether-regions and remove the entire string—simply trim the damn thing as if it were a hair and set aside a few minutes after work to dig it out. Hell, you may find some laundry money while you're at it.

REPULSIVE DANCERS

"I won't let her eat any of my food because after every set, she plays with herself and licks her fingers." "Yeah, she came to work and told everyone that she was sorry if she smelled bad, but had been part of a three-way the night before and forgot to shower before work." "The bouncer doesn't know that's her boyfriend sitting at the end of the bar, but he's also my neighbor and I overheard that he owns a ton of guns so I'm sort of afraid to say anything." I was fortunate enough to overhear all of these statements in a single week, and each one, although muttered in fear by different dancers, all applied to the same girl. An attractive, quiet and punctual chick that, aside from shockingly risky personal habits and disgusting attitudes toward hygiene, was an otherwise normal dancer with zero risk of getting fired for anything serious.

When your worst nightmare is sharing the pole with which you wax your vag in artistic fashion, and she doesn't fall into the "raging psycho bitch that will get fired as soon as the manager sees her" category, shit can get sticky. In order to keep such a situation from becoming literal, you should take proactive measures against your own physical and mental safety by taking one of two easy steps... Your first option is to simply "pair" with this girl (aka be on one stage while she is on the second). This eliminates the possibility of following Syphilicious directly in the rotation (and thus, increases the total amount of cleaning solution that will touch the pole between her and you), but it also puts your co-worker dancers at a disadvantage and you may lose respect if you make obvious your decision to distance yourself from the gross girl. Hence, I recommend you take my second suggestion—the Everclear strategy. No, I don't mean to build a career off of a few hit singles you recorded fifteen years ago and have the gall to act like a celebrity, but rather, two-hundred proof shots. Alcohol, when not mixed with copious amounts of sugar or diluted with hops and barley, is a sterilizing agent. Get the sticky girl a few shots, be sloppy when handing them to her, and by the end of the night she will either be covered in ghetto antiseptic, or passed out in a stationary, contained pile of vomit.

SUBSTANCES

Okay, so even though drugs are strictly prohibited in the club, and although the DJ, bouncers, bartenders and waitresses can go six fucking hours without a bump or a bong hit, you get naked for a living and thus may partake in occasional consumption of mood-altering substances in a responsible fashion. Yet, after partying like Scarface on Cinco De Mayo one day, you realize that you are scheduled to cover a shift, and that missing said shift will result in a trip back to the ol' booking agency. With nasal cavities burning and eyeballs that seem to be responding with dial-up lag, you fall out of the taxi and make your way to the dressing room. What now?

There is only one way to hide the fact that you're on drugs: act like you're on drugs, theming your sets accordingly. Most people forget that dishonesty is a lot easier to spot (and a lot harder to hide) then pure, unapologetic imperfection. If you try to act "normal" by crawling around the stage like a horny salamander, while attempting



the occasional off-balance pole trick, you will be discussed by the rest of your co-workers, staff and customers. Take the alternative approach, and play it up (without being too honest, of course). Coked out of your mind? Have the DJ play goofy 80s songs and bounce around. Stoned? This is one of the only appropriate times to ask the DJ to put on dubstep. Drunk as hell and unable to do anything but nod your head and smile at customers? Regulate (G-Funk Era) was written and recorded for this reason. The point is to go with the flow. If that flow is laced with so many chemicals that you're literally sweating new Daft Punk albums, dress up in a Tron suit and get jiggy.

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CRambin CRambin CRambin

No matter what woman you meet on Halloween, you are guaranteed to get pussy. Something about Halloween makes a woman feel like a dirty skank and encourages a need to dress like one. The ladies that typically don't wear shorts skirts or fuck dudes in the copy room at work, finally open their legs and remove their underwear in the backseat of a random dude's car on Halloween. There is just something about this dark and seedy holiday that forces a good girl to become a very bad girl before the strike of midnight. This is the year for all single men in Portland to go out and get yourself some serious two-in-the-pink and one-in-thestink. Don't be fucking stupid-get out there and find yourself a drunk and sloppy cheerleader or a wasted wicked witch.

WHAT DOES HER HALLOWEEN COSTUME SA ABOUT HER?

A Disney Character: This bitch is fresh off of Bible study and wears pigtails on a regular basis. This hot piece of ass hasn't had cock in quite some time. Her vagina is so tight, you will need to get her good and marinated before becoming her Prince Charming. This shy girl will most likely not make the first move unless you get her several shots of whiskey and out on the dance floor. Have some patience, be a gentleman at all times throughout the night and you will be guaranteed to land this Cinderella before she turns into a pumpkin.

The Cheerleader: This hot mess is a true slut. This chick is dreaming of the days when she got fisted under the high-school bleachers while wearing her high-school colors. Her short skirt and high kicks throughout the night will make it easy for the boys to line up for a gang bang. With school spirit and determination, you better be quick to telling stories of your days of football and how you plan on giving her one great touchdown.

Hot Tip: Make sure she does a cheer topless. It will be good spank-bank material for when you decide not to call her back after fucking her.

The Vampire: Give this gothic beauty something to sink her teeth into. This chick is not only confident, but she is used to having things her way and likes to take charge in the bedroom. If you aren't careful, this smokin' hot bloodsucker will have her way with you in the ladies' room when you are too drunk to say no. This little vampire will suck you dry and leave you wiped out while she continues to drink the night away.

Hot Tip: Bite her lip and let her scratch your back, you will make all of her Twilight dreams come true.

French Maid: Not only is the French Maid every man's dream come true, but this traditional beauty will dust your nuts and always let you put it in her ass. If you see a French Maid at the bar this Halloween, make sure you let her know how much of a dirty boy you are while buying her several stiff ones. I can almost guarantee that a French Maid will not only have thigh-highs on, but if you are lucky, she will put her moist panties in your pocket. Do not take your eye off of this one, or the next dumbass dude will make his move.

Hot Tip: Spill beer in your lap and ask her to help you clean it up.

The School Girl: This chick is trying way too fucking hard. This bitch picked the most desperate costume because she is the most desperate out of all her friends. You know when this girl walks into the Halloween party this year, that she not only has some serious daddy issues, but is most likely older than you think and can't even read a whole book (or hold down a job). This chick is by far the stupidest girl in the room, and the easiest. All you need to do is tell her she looks smart in her glasses and the dumb bitch is sure to be blowing you under the table. Try to fucking close that deal early in the night, because there is a good chance she has already taken a shot in the mouth.

Hot Tip: Use her necktie on her wrists and a sock for that mouth of hers.

The Nun: Any chick who decides to wear this sleeping bag for a costume is much more confident than you think. She doesn't need to wear a slutty costume to get the attention of a man. This is the one chick out of the whole place that is the nastiest and craziest with your cock. Strip that good girl image off of her and she will prove she is no sister. This costume screams "I am obviously wearing no underwear under this get-up and will let you fuck me with every possible item in your house."

Hot Tip: Go confess your bad-boy sins to her and ask her to spank you hard with a meter stick.

Roller Girl: This skanky costume not only means she is one fucking party girl, but she is also one hell of a fuck. Any chick that can drink and spend all night on roller skates is a goddamn keeper. Not only should you be fucking that later, but you should be getting her fucking phone number and taking her out on some dates as well. You will spend a pretty penny on booze, but being able to cum all over her face later will make you forget everything.

Hot Tip: Make sure you have her wear those roller skates all night long.

It is time to make the Ramblin' Broad proud this Halloween! Go find yourself a guaranteed-to-get-laid-costume, because there is nothing worse than fucking blue balls.

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







We've all heard the classic stripper horror stories: the dancer who drunkenly fell off the pole in front of a crowd, the girl who went onstage with her tampon string hanging out, the wasted customer puking all over the babe giving him a lap dance...the list goes on. These are cringe-worthy tales for certain, but in the spirit of Halloween, I've collected some truly atrocious strip club horror stories from my naked comrades to share with Exotic readers. Prepare yourselves, because these are brutal!

One of the fine establishments where I dance has a very short stage pole. Despite its diminutive size, the dancers at this particular club go all out to perform some pretty incredible acrobatic feats. We pride ourselves on our pole skills, and I am no exception. One chilly October night, the club was packed with people. It was so busy, in fact, that the rack was full and patrons had snagged chairs from the surrounding tables to create extra seats at the stage. I get an incredible high when I perform for crowds. I don't hold back. When I took the stage, I was ready to impress them with a performance that included some very challenging pole tricks. The first song of my set flew by and the crowd cheered wildly. The second song began and I mentally prepared myself to pull off some of the more difficult moves. As I swung myself upward and around the pole, I had that performance high. I felt proud. Then...THUD. I felt my head make hard contact with something metal protruding from the ceiling of the stage. It fucking hurt! I kept my game-face on and finished the pole trick. There was more wild applause from the audience. Good, I thought, I don't think they even noticed what just happened. The song ended and I began collecting my bills and thanking each customer. They were looking at me funny. One guy said "um, are you okay?" He pointed at my head. "Oh yeah, totally!," I replied as I rushed off the stage and into the dressing room. I looked in the mirror. A river of blood was running down the bridge of my nose and was about to reach my mouth. I felt dizzy. It seems that I'd busted open my head on a metal eye hook that had been installed in the ceiling for a dancer who did aerial silks. My coworkers rushed to my aide with a bag of ice. In the end, nothing was seriously injured, except for my pride.

Another dancer I know had a funnier experience with that same eye hook. She loves to change her appearance and was always wearing wigs to work. One night, she climbed all the way up the pole (and was about to go upside down) when her wig got snagged on the hook! She flipped upside down, and the faux hair went flying off her head in a flash. She'd had a few drinks, so she didn't realize what had happened right away. She continued dancing for a few more seconds before it occurred to her that her neck felt cooler than before. She lifted her hands to her head to feel for the wig, and when she realized it was gone, she ran off the stage mid-song (leaving her wig dangling from the hook on the ceiling). One of the other dancers had to climb up and retrieve it for her. Mortified, she refused to come out of the dressing room for over an hour.

Like the first story, this next one also involves blood. Disclaimer: if you are squeamish, you may want to stop reading right now. I heard this tale second hand from a dancer who regularly flies to the island of Guam to strip. Apparently one of her Guam dancer friends wears a menstrual cup instead of tampons. Menstrual cups collect what your body deposits and can be worn for up to twelve hours. This dancer went on stage and performed for a crowd of Japanese businessmen who were in Guam on vacation. While she was doing an inverted pole trick, the menstrual cup slipped out and spilled hours' worth of collected blood down her body and onto the stage. The horror! The poor woman ran offstage in tears, but the Japanese businessmen apparently loved it and proceeded to shower the stage

with money!

This last story is proof that only trained professionals should perform with fire in front of an audience. I've worked alongside many such professionals in my time as a stripper and have great respect for what they do. Performing with fire is a real crowd pleaser, so it's no wonder that so many dancers want to train to be able to do it. Yet, it takes years of practice to be able to master a skill like spinning poi. The term *poi* refers to both a performance art and the tools used for it. In a fire poi performance, the dancer swings tethered weights through a variety of rhythmical and geometric patterns in the air. The tethered weights are lit on fire and are therefore very dangerous. Performing in front of a crowd of people (some of whom are under the influence of alcohol) makes it imperative that you are extremely skilled with fire and hyper-aware of your surroundings so that nobody gets hurt. Taking on such a task before you are ready is a bad idea, but that's exactly what I witnessed a novice dancer do. I was in the audience as a spectator and cringed as she started swinging the poi around. It was obvious that she was not very skilled at it, and that she was nervous. It showed in her face; instead of a professional performer's excited smile, she was grimacing in fear. As she moved across the stage, the poi flailed unevenly as she spun them and then it happened; she lost her grip. The flaming instruments went hurtling into the air at an alarming speed and landed at the feet of a person in the audience. Fortunately, everyone was okay and she was pulled offstage. I hate to imagine what would have happened if the poi had hit someone in the face!

I hope you've been entertained by these stories and I wish everybody a fun and horror-filled Halloween. Join me and some of the finest performers PDX has to offer for MASSACRE: Curves of the Damned at Bossanova Ballroom on Friday, October 21st!

AURAL STIMULATION BY STATUTORY RAY FOR THE STIMULATION BY STATUTORY RAY FOR THE STATUTORY

Last month, Chops came into Sassy's and kindly offered to take me to a metal show at Dante's. The following Wednesday, we went. Afterwards, I went home.

...this is the archetypical Statutory Ray metal band review. Thanks to Chops having outstanding taste in music, you will not be getting that this time around.

Before I go into any further detail regarding a subject I generally have minimal knowledge of in terms of conversationallyappropriate usage of the terms with which it is associated (that being rock music), I will make my journalistic biases transparent. First of all, the only way I can distinguish between the terms "black metal," "death metal" and "doom metal" is by asking the closet guy in the crowd, preferably one who is wearing a shirt for a band I've never heard of, like Sepultura or Floater. Usually, said guy knows absolutely nothing about the different metal genres either, or I would tend to leave more shows in ambulances. Second, I'm a fan of lyrics. Whether unintelligibleunless-translated punk rock or all-up-inyour-grill hip hop, it takes good lyrics to catch my ear. That being said, Jucifer (or any band in louder-than-Satan genres even remotely related to them) may as well be singing about the Teletubbies for all I know. Thus, I was not anticipating a mind-blowing experience before I entered Dante's that night (if I had a nickel...), but was willing to give Jucifer an fair shot considering the fact that, on any other Wednesday night in Portland, I would normally be striking out with a bike-riding bar slut or busy working on one of the thousands of projects I will most likely never complete.

The first good sign that sludge-metal outfit Jucifer was worth waiting for was the combination of Stevie the sound guy's kidin-a-candy-store smile and the (literal) wall of speakers that had stretched from both sides of the stage, ceiling to floor. Typically, a guitar store's worth of amps and a visibly pleased audio tech are never seen in the same room (unless said audio tech is training the new guy, of course), and judging by the look on Stevie's face, I assume that he had already witnessed the Jucifer spectacle prior to last month's show. Second, but equally convincing, was the crowd of attendees. Although limited given the effect of Portland's yearly ten days of sunshine having nearly reached its anticipatory end (and thus, forcing music fans into tents and wristbands miles outside of downtown), the Juci-fans were a refreshing combination of recognizably old-school PDX punk/metal fans (including "guy with spikey hair who starts fights but never gets tossed out," "cute fat chick with excessive knowledge of metal" and "that underagelooking dude who is always at the good shows but never talking to or with anyone") and current-generation fans who brought their hot (but obviously clueless) girlfriends to the show for our viewing pleasure.

Nothing, however, and I mean nothing, prepared me for the epic spectacle that Jucifer brought to Dante's on Wednesday, September 7th. Consisting of two members, Gazelle Amber Valentine (guitar, vocals, wife) and Edgar Livengood (drummer, vocals, husband), the "band" took stage without a single drop of stereotypical rockstardom. No bells, no whistles, barely a horns-up and definitely no over-produced orchestral intro track. With one stroke of her demonicallypossessed guitar pick, Valentine introduced roughly three dozen speakers to nearly as many people staring slack-jawed with pizza sauce dripping from their empty gaze, and at this exact moment in time, shit got real.

Before going any further, I would like to note the various definitions of the word "loud." There's booming-bass "looks like the neighbor kid discovered Tupac" loud, high-pitched screeching loud, painfully loud (aka police sirens, MIA's wardrobe, etc.) and over-compressed radio-static new Metallica loud. Jucifer is none of these things. Rather, Jucifer is "Satan just devoured half of Mexico, two dozen great white sharks, an ocean's worth of cheap whiskey and is currently having a reactionary bowel movement" loud. Yes, there was shrieking. Sure, there were a few earplugs being tossed into otherwise virgin aural cavities. But above anything else, Jucifer felt loud, and with a shockingly warm-and-fuzzy tingle that is similar to that of good sex with an ugly person. After Jucifer started, they didn't stop for a second...and I am not exaggerating this statement in any way. Instead of sucking up between-song applause, Valentine let singlestrum notes flatline through a reverb-driven compound of wire-and-grating for minutes at a time. After Livengood knocked one of his symbols into the crowd, he didn't miss a beat (which is impressive, considering that the man is legally deaf), even as two roadies

and a sound tech risked a violent drumstick beatdown in the process of attempting to reposition the snare stand while Jucifer was raising every circle of hell available for comment at the time. In fact, I'm pretty sure I counted at least two dozen drum sticks on the floor after the show, this tally obviously excluding those taken home as souvenirs.

Aside from a jaw-dropping spectacle of low-end high frequencies, demonic distortion and unabashedly honest energy, Jucifer brought something to Dante's that I haven't seen on a concert stage for far too long; musicians expressing a genuine appreciation their own talent and craft. Although the crowd was obviously feeling them, Jucifer didn't seem to be seeking approval from anyone and while the doesn't-give-a-fuck persona seems painfully forced when adopted by the majority of musicians (rock, metal or otherwise). Valentine and Livengood seemed to be refreshingly lost in the experience of providing the show that they came to put on—not a performance dependent on audience response, crowd size or anything aside from a ginormous stack of eardrumthrobbing speakers.

After the hour-and-a-half set, I headed over to the merch booth and hounded Valentine for details on upcoming shows, contact information for an interview...basically anything I could get, considering my status as newly-de-virginized fanboy and hers as married-to-scary-drummer-guy. I was politely given a brief rundown on a whole bunch of shit that would have probably provided for better reading than the words I put in this particular article, but I was able to get a brief backstory (the band is not only a happily married couple, but they also live in their tour bus alongside their three dozen speakerbox-enclosed children).

Basically, if you don't hate yourself, give Jucifer a chance. If you do hate yourself, I can think of no better soundtrack for your downward spiral into depression and self-destruction than Throned In Blood (the latest release from this decades-old hellspawned duo) available on Nomadic Fortress / Relapse Records.

www.Jucifer.com

(Note: Part 2 of last month's column, Fear and Loathing in North Plains, will appear in next month's issue of *Exotic*, and eventually, TalesFromTheDJBooth.com)



Devils Point - Halloween Costume Party with costume contest at 1am plus fire performances by Ivizia and amazing pole acrobatics by Cricket

Exotica International - Halloween Party with prize giveaways. costume contest and beverage special all night

WEEKLY EVENTS MONDAYS

Jody's Bar & Grill – Monday Night Football is back! With a new Monday night menu, beer and spirit specials, raffles, prizes & games Devils Point - Fire and Burlesque Night

Pallas Club - Metal Mondays with DJ Stockholm

Stars Cabaret (Salem, Bridgeport) – Monday Night Football with game-time specials and free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

Cabaret - Monday night Football on 5 big screens

Dante's - Karaoke From Hell - sing with a live band

Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays with your host 3'6" Nik Sin and Portland Pin-up of the Year Elle

Club 205 - Two-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows

Heat - Authentic Mexican Menu plus IPA draft specials

Jody's Bar & Grill - Two-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows for the price of 1, plus a free poker tournament at 7pm

Dante's - The Ed Forman Show

WEDNESDAYS

Jody's Bar & Grill - Kali's House of Pain from 9am-4pm Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

Devils Point - 80s Night

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

THURSDAYS

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

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

Jody's Bar & Grill – Taco Thursdays with all-you-can-eat tacos for \$2

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

SATURDAYS

No Events

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 and night

Devils Point - World Famous Stripparaoke!

Cabaret - Football on 5 big screens

It was a rowdy night. With the fireball shots unloaded (and then reloaded) into my double fists, my game face was on and money was on my mind. As a male clothes-shedder, drunken bachelorettes, birthday parties and divorce parties are my livelihood, and all were in attendance at the club that night. Now, in larger parties like this, there is often a lesbian or two dragged into the "helicopter hangar" by their sisters, friends or coworkers. Normally, they are good sports. As their peers get drunk, they



like to not only drizzle money on the bachelorettes, birthday girls or whoever the girl of the hour is, but without fail, they also like to propose the game of trying to turn the lesbian straight. It can be fun, but it can also be very dangerous. In the nightlife entertain-

ment world, I love a challenge.

As the night and shots drew into drunken naked festivities, I was heavily tipped and pulled from the stage into a particular dirty conversation. The mark was a three-hundred-plus-pound lesbian who was giving me half-compliments with her curious questions on the subject of what turns me on. As the words "pleasure spiked with pain" slurred from my mouth to her ears, her eyes lit up. Heavily intoxicated as well, she asked about prices for private dances. As I walked her to the bar to discuss this, I was caught off guard as she bit me and latched onto my lower neck. I pulled away, only to feel her teeth sink deeper into my flesh. Don't get me wrong, biting can be cool, but what the fuck was that?!

Rolling with the freak flow, I shrugged it off with a smile and turned back to the bar to refocus on the task of drinking and arranging our future private dance negotiations. To my amusement, everyone in the bar had a look of horror and disgusted confusion on their faces. I really didn't want to make a big deal out of it, but these shenanigans were playing out for a live audience. So, I negotiated the price of thirty dollars a song and told her that after a shot, I'd be ready. The woman obliged and was excited for her experience. She shoveled the bread down my pants and, as she did, I was taking it with my shot in trade. I slammed my empty glass down onto the bar to announce that it was GO TIME. Moving like a cheetah in heat, she got me again, this time on my cheek and lip, HARD! It is at this moment (as it is with many dancers), that you say to yourself, "what the fuck did I just get myself into?!" After retrieving my flesh back, I said to her "I'm cool, but most dancers don't like that. I don't want to get into trouble, so please don't do that again." I told her that she could still get the dance from me, but if she bit me again, the show was over. She seemed convincing enough to me when she assured me that she understood.

I made good on the private dance cautiously and, with part of the business taken care of, she paid for two more songs. As I relaxed and got more into the show, I thought her oral aggression was all behind us now, so I mounted the chair to maneuver into another more intimate move, with my money/baby maker at her eye level. The DJ broke my concentration when I heard his voice over the microphone warning, "BE CAREFUL REMINGTON. SHE LOOKS HUNGRY. YOU MIGHT NOT GET THAT BACK". My distraction provided her a window of opportunity to strike. In pain, all I could do was yell, "No! That's not what you do with that! Let go!" as I flicked her in the forehead and pulled back. There was blood. Not a lot, but enough to scare a guy. The point of my story? Be careful not to bite off more than you can chew!

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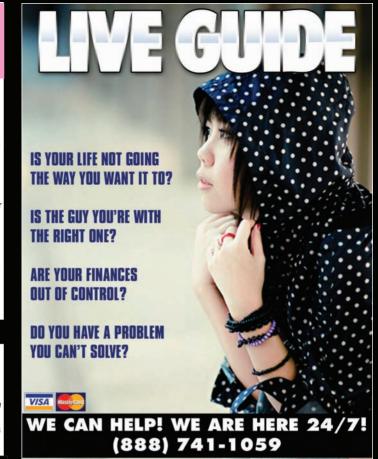
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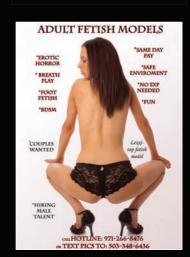
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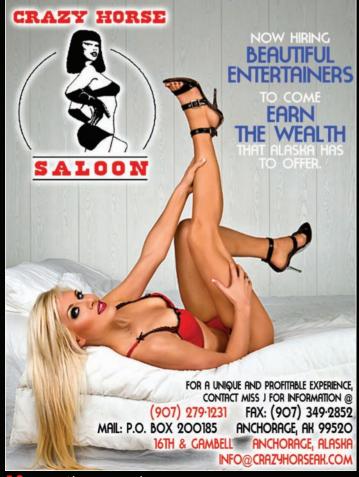


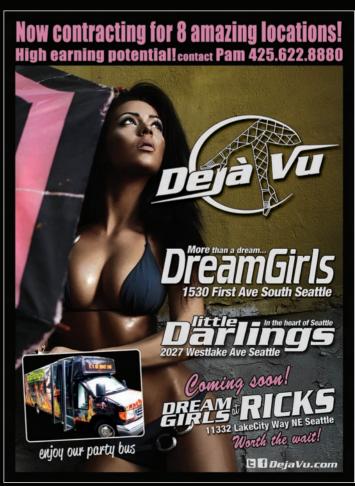


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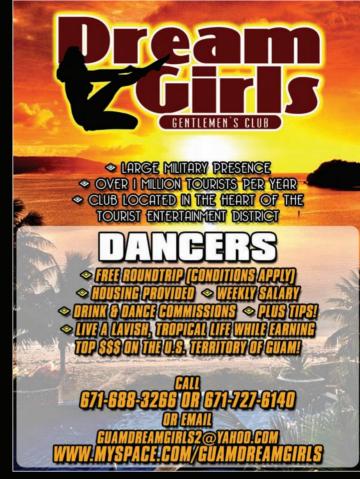






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