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sex to die for volume II page 50 by austin wilde

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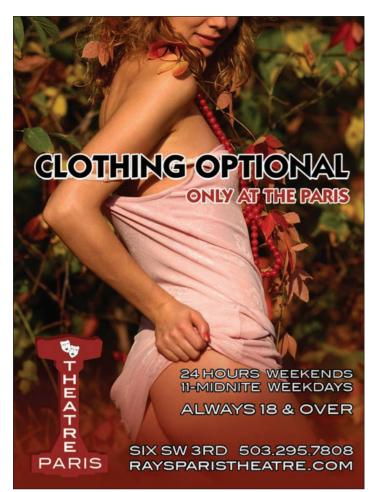
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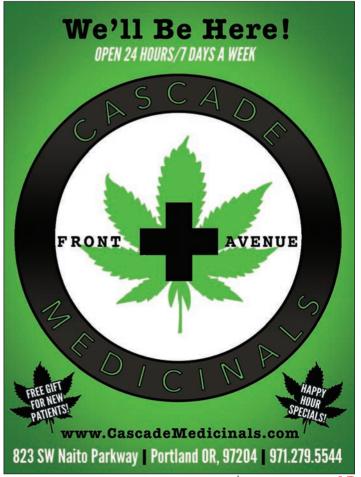
















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SURVICE A HORROR MONTE BY RICHTE STRATTON

The primary rules of surviving a horror film were clearly laid out in the iconic horror film Scream, by the truly non-iconic actress, Jamie Kennedy. The rules are:

3. You may not survive if you say, "I'll be right back."

- 1. You may not survive if you have sex.
- 2. You may not survive if you drink or do drugs.
- These are solid rules, but not all of them. After extensive research watching any movie that involves slashing, bashing, biting, burning, or blowing apart, I have found a few more dos and don'ts, in order to keep you out of the body count, if you find yourself in a horror film. Before we begin, I want to nip the "black guy dies first" in the bud. After watching what is technically called a "fuck-ton" of horror and gore movies, I don't think this assumption holds true. Black people aren't in enough horror movies for that to be cliché in any way. It's usually a bunch of white people doing something stupid, and we all

DON'T BE A DICK!

cringe with delight as we watch them get picked off

one by one. I think one of the greatest moments we

all have in watching horror, is that there's usually a

character that meets a grisly end that we are happy

to see go. That brings me to my first tip.

This is not some Gandhi-like, do unto others, hippie-dippie bullshit—this is for your survival. The douchebag always dies—usually in the worst way. Mind your manners and be polite if you find yourself in a zombie-infested mall or underground catacomb. It's true, that the nice guy finishes last, but that's really good in horror. So, just be nice, and though you may not survive, you won't get it like that asshole with you is going to. Of course, this rule has one exception. If you are three weeks from retirement, I'm sorry, there isn't a please, or a thank you, in the world that will save you.

AVOID VIOLIN MUSIC!

Just as it's true that, every time a bell rings an angel gets its wings, it's true that every time a violin shrieks, someone is getting stabbed with a kitchen knife. If your path takes you past a concert hall, it would be best to find a new route. If you find yourself on a lone street with a violin player under a streetlight in the distance, don't worry about him, he's just there for ambience. Nine times out of ten, the killer will be in the alley you are running into. I'm sorry to say, if violin music starts playing out of nowhere, while walking towards the door slowly—your fate has already been sealed. If the horror film doesn't have violin music, then people are usually getting killed to absolute silence, so be afraid of silence too—be very afraid.

BITCH! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU

All killers sneak up behind their unsuspecting victim. This is a simple fix. Always be looking in the mirror. Vain people have been using this safety tip for years. The mirror technique should work in every situation—except, if you're the target of a vampire. I honestly don't think you'll need to worry about vampires though. With the way vampires have been interpreted recently, I'd be more worried about a 500-year-old vampire banging an 18-year-old teenager. Seriously, the pussification of vampires, is the worst thing to happen to the horror genre, since the remake of Psycho.

There's one sure-fire method that will save you from evil sneaking up on you. That is to spin around constantly, while wildly stabbing with any sharp wood or silver thing on hand. When anyone asks from afar what you are doing, you simply say, "being safe!" They will be sure to leave you be, as you fight off all potential monsters, werewolves, zombies or homicidal maniacs. That is until you get dizzy and pass out. Then, your only worry is Freddy Krueger, and that's just one guy.

DON'T BE THE HOTTEST ONE IN YOUR GROUP!

This has never been a problem for me, but I could see it being an issue for some lucky people. Though lucky in life, hotness is incredibly unlucky in the world of horror movies. The pretty people must die, so the likeable and more relatable characters can live. As you lie there bleeding, beautiful person, please remember, "Take the compliment." Your washboard abs and quarter-bouncing butt are going to leave a great looking corpse. That is, as long as Jason leaves you intact enough for an open casket. I think the next rule will help, if you can't find a better-looking friend to come with you.

DON'T GO IN THERE

Why are you going into that abandoned insane asylum? There's no way to disturb a restless spirit, if you don't go into the place—it's doomed to walk eternally-tethered within the asylum walls. Now.if your curiosity can't be squashed, a possible way to scout ahead, is talk to your friends with less sense than you. Mention in conversation, that you know of a great place for urban exploring, photographic opportunities or buried treasure—whatever. After the seed has been planted, you just wait. If they come back and their hair hasn't turned ghostly white, then it's probably safe to check it out. If they wind up being brutally murdered by an unknown source, in a ghastly, seemingly-impossible way, pat yourself on the back—your suspicions were justified. It's like, when old-time miners would send down canaries, to make sure the mine is safe. It's just like that, but the canaries are your stupid friends.

DON'T OWN A DOG!

A dog will not live through a horror film. It's just that simple. Name a horror film where the dog lives 'til the end...!'Il wait...you can't, because it doesn't fucking exist. There is no better way to prove you are dealing with a homicidal lunatic, than to have that homicidal lunatic murder a furry little loved one.

Richie Stratton is an accomplished comedian, cabaret host, actor, writer and producer. In 2013, Richie's short film, Looked After, won the Best Picture, Best Actress, Best Cinematography, Best Editing, Best Writing, Best Effects, Best Gore/ Blood, Scariest Monster/ Villain and Scariest Moment of 2013, in the 5th Annual Guignol 72-hour Film Festival. He will be competing in the festival again this year, which will debut at the 6th Annual Guignol Film Festival on November 2 at The Clinton Street Theater.



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GREEN ROOM DIARIES:

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF WEED By Saltvalory Ray

Marijuana is awesome—simple and blunt (intended). However, the world's most ancient and sacred herb, has the ability to turn its distributors (and consumers) into some of the most useless n00bs on the face of our good green nugget. Here is an itemized list of the seven deadlies of potheads, adjusted numerically for an audience with a short attention free codes to that new game on Xbox live if you download this code from my buddy's dealer's blog. Did you hear they're making another Friday movie?

WRATH

"You can eat my food, sleep on my couch, fuck my woman and drive my car...but, if one gram of the trimmed stuff shows up missing, we're gonna have problems," and with these words, I was welcomed into my first trim scene a few years ago. Growers are ready to pack up and bail at a moment's notice, and that means a good percentage of them are never really committed to their personal belongings, social ties or residence. However, there are a lot of holes in the Redwoods and lots of bodies are buried in those holes. The majority of these bodies were guilty of one thing—pilfering pot.

I'm not much of a thief, as in I only "steal" things via torrent sites, but if things got really hard up, the absolute last thing I would steal is weed. For some reason, a drug that has a street value just above that of a 1982 Dodge Dart seat cover, is responsible for, like, a bunch of murders (sorry, I'm not one for citing statistics). Eureka, CA, the biggest town in Humboldt County, has more murders-per-capita than Oakland or Detroit...and no gang graffiti. Logically, this math means wrath, or at least the ability to dispel any rumors of "peaceful" potheads (at least when it comes to those who get their stash trimmed by the wrong strangers). Oh, and don't ever fuck with a grower's dog. They feed those things raw veal.

SLOTH

I was too high to do an entry for this sin.

GLUTTONY

Rolling papers cost about as much as rolling papers. Yet, for just under sixteen-hundred bucks, you can purchase this awesome triple-percolating

inside-out glass dragon pipe that breathes smoke out of the nose and hits through the ass. Plus, you can put it on your shelf and tell all of your friends not to touch it and never to smoke out of it. This is, of course, after you order twenty dollars' worth of Taco Bell and buy an entire season of Entourage on DVD, with no plans on ever watching it. Are we getting the point yet?

LUST

This is the sin that makes you actually consider buying the dragon pipe.



ENVY

There you are, enjoying straight up bombastic Northwest-grown weed, when suddenly your buddy comes over and shows you his latest batch of BHO. "This stuff is extracted using unicorn tears and contains 200% THC that cannot be detected in drug tests and prolongs erections for more than two hours," he says before globbing up the dab rig. You become jealous of Dabber Dave's special blend of indica crack and butane, but why?

Until the mid-1990s, weed had reached somewhat of a plateau in terms of potency, taste and anything else related to "bag appeal" (general bombasticness). It was nice for us stoners to be disassociated with things like overdoses or news exposés on "the latest, most dangerous drug to hit the streets." But, goddamn if concentrates didn't fuck this whole game up for us old-school smokers. Every bit of rhetoric regarding "natural" this and "sacred" that, is tossed (for the most part) completely out the window, when you have kids blowing each other up in trailer parks, trying to alter a substance chemically for purposes of getting the ultimate

high. Thanks to a constant game of one-upping the next guy, we can attribute the sin of envy to the new wave of growers who are more Steve Jobs than Bill Gates, in terms of entrepreneurial morality.

GREED

Much like the wrath associated with a pilfered nugget from a trim site, the pay scale for (some, not all) trimmers (many of whom are expected to distribute or arrange buyers for the processed weed. taking the same legal and physical risks), is enough to make Karl Marx roll over in his grave and write about a new underclass of workers. Washington's "legalization" "problems" are enhanced by reports that trimmers for the state's licensed growers get paid minimum fucking wage. So, on one end of the trailer, you have a dude who eats gold watches and shits BMWs, while on the other end, you've got a guy named Treebranch, who can't afford deodorant until he offs three pounds during harvest season (which is like a fat stripper stealing customers from a bisexual covergirl duo that charges two dollars a song).

PRIDE

There are more cannabis cups than there are unnecessary entertainment industry award shows, and nothing inflates an herb farmer's ego like taking credit for the sun, soil and water. Much like how new parents pretend that a broken condom in the back of a station wagon, is somehow able to be classified as a "miracle" after it's able to poop and cry, weed growers are amongst the most Kanye-ish of those who partake in self-pats on the back. Worse, the names given to marijuana strains, make strippers look like Biblical-era prophets in terms of ridiculousness. I smoked some stuff called Bigfoot's Dick last month, and this month, I attribute my abuse of oxford commas to a strain called Golden Goat. I often wonder if God just sits up there on her throne, looking down on her wonderful creations "Cannabis" Indica" and "Cannabis Sativa," wondering why they insist on going by "Bumbleberry Skunkfuck Statu-tory Grape Drink Supreme" and "John Lennon Fleshwound Yoko Rifle Kush," like some suburban parent who just found out why her daughter works late.





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HEADLESS BODY IN TOPLESS BAR

I first met Dylan Hillerman, when then-fledgling Miss Exotic Oregon 2012, Lady Stockholm, had invited me to the Bossanova Ballroom to see her in an all-female theatrical interpretation of Reservoir Dogs appropriately titled, Reservoir Dolls, My lifetime experiences in theatre, to this point had been limited to seeing Phantom of the Opera twice, but I figured what the fuck—it's Tarrentino's source material so, why not go check it out? When I left the Bossanova that night, my newfound appreciation for independent theatre, had changed me. In the intimate setting of the Reservoir Dolls performance, the removal of the screen allowed the actors to take their characters beyond third dimensional. The performance was riveting, even captivating at times. As I left, I shook the hand of the man who put the play together, Dylan Hillerman. On the way out, I promised myself I would not be a stranger to the theatre.

A year or so later, I ran across Hillerman in a different circle, although through the same connection now officially, Miss Exotic Oregon 2012, Lady Stockholm. She was exploring her dark side as a production assistant to Dylan, in the 5th Annual 72-Hour Guignol Horror Fest, After that, Hillerman wouldn't go away. The gears never stop turning with this cat. Exotic featured him as an artist of the month last year, but he's like one of those artists that

asks if he can crash on your couch for a few days...weeks...months. But, you let him stay cause you want to see what he's going to do next.

I eventually got around to keeping that promise I made to myself several years earlier, when Hillerman solicited Exotic to sponsor his upcoming return to the theater. He was rambling about some news headline that a mutual eccentric genius of ours, Angus, had shown him, about a headless corpse in a strip club being held at gunpoint and he was wondering if there were any clubs in town he could do a theatrical performance in, which would allow menacing strippers with guns at Lucky Devil maybe, all in the name of art, or something like that. Yeah, sounds great Dylan—let me know how all that works out.

He did. A lot, and six pages worth of production note/editorial-ish kinda stuff later, it was opening night for Headless Body In Topless Bar. "I've done more than 100 shows," said Hillerman, "and this adaptation is my toughest." The story is set in a Portland strip club. A normal, mundane night is turned into a scene of drugs and violence for the strip club's staff and regular customers.

Based on the most-notoriously-celebrated tabloid headline in history, Headless Body In Topless Bar ran for six nights of packed houses and standing ovations at the Tonic Lounge.

As the production took place within one of my favorite dive bars, witnessing the transformation of their stage, to a seedy, divey, deep-Southeast PDX lookin' strip club, wasn't a stretch at all—except the pretend customers were actually tipping. As Julia Reodica (Hillerman's production manager and lifesaver - a role Stockholm had played earlier in our story) introduced the play, she invited us to be a fly on the wall and take part in an average evening in a strip club, where things can, and will, go horribly wrong. With only 44 seats and 30

standing room only spots, seating was extremely limited and the intimacy of the Tonic lended itself brilliantly to this tense thriller.

The cast included Dylan Hillerman as The Man (Hillerman stepped in as the lead role, after the actor originally cast as The Man decided the content was too much for him.) Layne Fawkes as Bunny (Kit Kat Club, The Dancer Diaries, PDX Strippie Award Winner-Best Stage Performance), Richie Stratton as Anthony/ Creamface (Comedian, Dante's Sinferno, Kit Kat Club, Bad Sex consultant for Exotic magazine), Angus Vieira as Willard (Author-Murder on a Two Lane Road and The Snake Swallower of Cochin), West Ramsey as Decker (Badass Monster Killer), Stephania Rae as Eris, Seantos McDonald as Rick/Burnout and

> John Marble as Jack The Bartender, Along with a rotating drunk that got ejected at each showing, (on closing night, he was played by Danny "Machete" Trejo's nephew, Art Rios).

Since I have worked with and am "somewhat fond" of a number of the cast members of Headless Body, one enjoyable nuance to the performance,

was the fact that my friends were so comfortable in the skins of their roles. The script allowed them to be themselves and take a little more ownership of the character—but, maybe, a little bit more murdery in the case of Hillerman. Bunny/ Layne's hypnotic silhouettes of erotic grace on the stripper pole in the background of the opening scenes, were later challenged, as Stratton was forced to strip and dance at gunpoint. Surprisingly, Richie matched most of Layne's signature moves almost flawlessly, except a little sweatier and squishier. Angus Vieira's dialog was golden and genuine, as a gruff-crippled seadog with an affinity for earless bunnies, (most all of this is true of both Angus & Willard the only difference is, Angus walks a little better).

Coming up next for Hillerman (and most likely, the majority of his cast) will be the 6th Annual 72-Hour Guignol Horror Fest, which will begin filming on Friday, October 24 and completed by Monday, October 27, in swampy bogs, abandoned haunts and condemned slaughter houses across Oregon. To view the decayed fruits of their twisted labor, public screening, judging and the awards ceremony will take place on Sunday, November 2 at the Clinton Street Theater, where Miss Exotic Oregon 2014, Brodie Grody, will be representing as a celebrity judge. The winner of this year's film festival will also be receiving a full-page editorial feature in an upcoming issue of Exotic. For more info, visit GuignolFest.com

P.S. Dylan, you can't crash on my couch—that was acting, in an editorial sense. Keep doing what you do.

and...Scene

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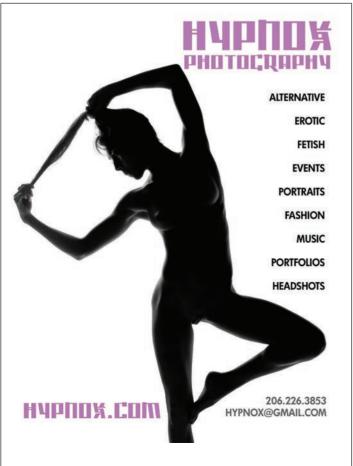
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club zone

UNION JACKS

Union Jacks arguably boasts one of the hippest looking exteriors in Portland. The old building, standing near Hippo Hardware at 10th and E. Burnside, is one of the most well-known PDX clubs.

If you've heard of it, you'll refer to it as "that place owned by the Russian mafia." Out front, a sign reading "Godfather Parking Space" only reinforces those rumors. In speaking with a man at a different club last week, UJs came up in conversation. "As a client and as a man, I feel safe going there. Nobody is gonna fuck with those huge bouncers. Nobody will start trouble there."

My male friend and I pulled open the heavy entrance door at 10pm on a Saturday night and the friendly bouncer scanned our IDs to check their authenticity. I was braced for some ruckus, but the place was pleasantly only about one quarter full. The small front stage has been updated since my last visit and now

boasts some precarious-looking poles that are reminiscent of copper piping, but still seemed quite capable of holding up even the heftiest dancers.

One man reached to snap the underwear of Delaney as she spun on her heel and kicked his hand away. He laughed and sat back. I threw a couple dollars on her stage and went to drink water at the bar.

During our short fifteen minutes in the club, I witnessed five dancers lead men to the lap dance area, which is a good sign of a prosperous environment. The mood was positive and the club looked clean and sparkly. Mirrors and lights are everywhere and there are approximately eight lap dance rooms of various sizes. Lap dances begin at \$25 a song, but some entertainers charge more. Tall, slender ladies Bijou and Echo were smiling big, as they led a pair of men away for a bachelor dance.

At UJs, you'll see some of the finest pole work in town, but also some of the newest (and most inexperienced) dancers in town.

Union Jacks will hire new ladies and put them on night shifts, even if they can't keep the beat of the music.

The club has a beautiful layout, but the dance rooms are heavily curtained. This is a pitfall, because you can't see which booth is occupied, unless you open it — surprise! Food offerings are mostly fried—ranging in price from \$3 to \$7. Union Jacks does not have a drink minimum, and no, there was no cover fee on the night of our visit. The DJ doesn't speak very often, rather, he simply names the girls clearly and succinctly as they go to and from the stage.

Union Jacks lets the girls pick their own music and wear what they want. Back before nearly all clubs offered tattooed dancers, it was one of the first clubs to claim "alternative" status. But, to this day, Jacks is truly the kind of strip club where you can explore the widest range of diversity in dancer aesthetic.

CLUB ROUGE

Some clubs you might stumble into, not really knowing what they are, especially if you're really drunk. But, there is no way you could unintentionally enter Club Rouge. For one, the bouncer is outside, under the tented entrance. He saw us coming from a block away and quickly ended his conversation with the cigarette-smoking woman. He checked our IDs with a smile, while wearing a suit. When asked, "How many girls do you have dancing tonight?"—he thought for a moment and answered honestly, "About 15 to 20, but not all of them are here yet." It was 8:45, so, fair enough.

I bought a bottled Guinness and a juice drink for \$8, dropped a few dollars on a stage and sat down on a red bench seat. Having visited Rouge before, I was pleasantly reminded just how stacked many of these women are. I feel that having a great derrière might just be a prerequisite for getting a night shift. My favorite dancer was Tiana, whose physique was curvy, slender and muscular all at once. She moved slowly and deliberately and her two-song routine consisted mostly of floor and rack movements.

Three young men in baseball caps, sat in the rolling chairs and leaned forward in order to get closer. After catching

sight of the \$5 that I'd put on her stage, she lithely removed her strappy, waist-high panties and slowly opened her knees to briefly display a pierced clitoris. I grinned and she smiled. I think she likes me, guys!

Music is flowing from one song to the next, and in Rouge, you'll typically hear thumping R&B and heavy radio rock. One television was in view while in the main room showing sports recaps. Lap dance rooms are located near to the bar behind mostly solid black curtains. VIP is indicated to be upstairs. In the main room, the minors' cage, ahem, stage, looks like a jail for ladies less than 21. This allows the dancers to be seen and to converse with patrons—instead of having to shuffle back to the dressing room when not on stage. It also serves as an easy method of finding the youngest strippers in the club—if that's your thing.

"I wonder what he tipped her." I looked to see what my partner was referring to; a smiling dancer was giving a lap dance to a man at her stage. I hope he tipped her a \$20.

The blonde, slender cocktail waitress checked on us four times in twenty minutes and presented a menu from the kitchen, after I requested one. Surveying the menu, I noted 15 kinds of flavored vodka and 12 kinds of champagne, and yet, only 12 food items to choose from.

But, then, who needs sustenance, when you can drink your fruits?

One downside of Club Rouge, is the bathrooms. They are inconveniently located at the back end of the club, where you stand in a starkly lit hallway. For this, you have a couple of options; lean against the wall and avoid staring at the other patrons in line or thumb your phone with your head down and hope that other drunks don't cut in front of you. The strippers share the bathroom with patrons, which is unfortunate for everyone, because a club with a capacity of a couple hundred needs more than two loos. There's a reason why stripper bathrooms should be located away from civilian bathrooms—you don't want to see my razor burn any more than I want you to see my razor burn. And, if I wanted someone to hear me peeing, I'd charge for that. Oh well.

Club Rouge is not ostentatious in any way. There are no gimmicks or themes. There are not any quirky theme nights and you'll not find any outrageous costumes. But, you will see classically-good-looking strippers, and better than adequate service from the staff. Which, in this city, is certainly its own novelty.









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REQUESTS

I learned about sex by watching two grown mBeing a DJ, is like being in a band that sounds like Skynyrd and knowing that the "FREEBIRD!!!" guy up front at the show is there on a Make-A-Wish grant. Tip jars, however essential for one's supplemental income, are both a blessing and a curse. Inherently useless from a pragmatic sense, all a DJ booth tip jar does, is say to the non-tipping customer, "I take song requests." While it's easy enough to ignore the swaggots in the backwards hats with no money, who try holding their cellphones up to the booth, the guy with a half-folded twenty in his hand, is a lot tougher to shun. Nine-times-out-of-ten, a DJ will accept a tip before hearing the request, and ten times out of ten, said request will be absolutely terrible. "Hey DJ, here's half of your average nightly dancer tip out, can you please play my shitty local band via our YouTube channel? K, thx." And, like that, Floater happens at a strip club.

DRUGS

There is obviously no love for the coked-out, but when it comes to drugs that aren't reserved for assholes, 'shrooms or acid (for instance) are a powerful tool that can be used to generate amazing mixes and infinite playlists. However, the same drugs that make a DJ a blessing, in terms of song selections, can also ruin his or her ability to function outside of the booth. It's one thing to be completely in the zone, while mashing up the latest dubstep crap with 80's glam rock, but it's an entirely different experience to wrangle a dozen naked girls into stage sets and tip outs while unicorns and lawn gnomes dance carefree on the ceiling.

FACEBOOK

Is it going down tonight? Did I check in at that club you're afraid to go to? Is there a formulaic new remix of whatever 140/70 BPM song Zeds Dead ruined this week? The only way to find out, is by friend requesting DJs on Facebook and following their shamefully soulless newsfeed of self-promotion.

PRIDE

Last month, I had the pleasure of performing at a very relaxed, private function. Through my miraculous ability to not continuously play the exact same instrumental techno song for hours in a row, I was able to draw a significantly large (and intoxicated) crowd to the dance floor by using techniques such as "Regulating" or "Biggie Smalling." Because of this crowd, the DJ slated to follow my set, became antsy wondering when he was going up and eventually demanding that I cut my set short (so he could get in on "prime time"). Three songs and ten repetitive minutes of dubstep garbage later, the crowd had emptied back out into the makeshift bar area, where Adult Swim DVDs were being shown on someone's

"That's my crowd" is something that, oh, Journey or Michael Jackson have the right to say, but definitely not the druggie, who's simply paid to play their music for drunk white people. Further, said room full of middle-aged hammered crackers has zero (as in literally not a drop of) interest in the new genre of Latin-mumba-gangsta-trap-no shit that's taking over half-empty after hours warehouse spots in SE Portland. Yet, if you try to explain this to a DJ who has a brand new laptop of remixes by his famous producer friend in Seattle, it won't register.

Thanks to the advent of technology that allows for seamless transition, looping, key-matching and diverse arrangements of song selections, DJs are now able to toss all of this to the wind, in favor of an autopilot playlist, while we browse TMZ and download porn. Further, the "compatible songs" option in most current DJ software, pretty much tells its operator "hey, last time you followed this song with this other song and it totally worked, so don't even bother digging through the virtual crates to find something you haven't already overplayed."

Working in strip clubs is a piece of cake, at least when it comes to not fucking co-workers or customers; it's an unspoken rule that, if you're gonna work with hot, naked women, you're gonna need to keep your needle off of the company vinyl. However, DJing in suburban bars, is a whole 'nother story, and there is nothing more impossible to resist, than an attractive woman who is sending the "I will fuck you in the parking lot if you play my songs" vibe. This deceptively-ambiguous attack, cuts to the core of your very being—the fabric that keeps your biweekly gigs at Billy's Sports Hole tied together in a lucrative knot. Slowly, "anything by Snoop" turns into "that Miley Cyrus song with Ludacris on it," followed by "Whitney Houston for my sister" and eventually, "Journey again!!" By the time you're explaining to the owner why the bar hasn't stopped believing for three hours straight, song-request skank is leaving with the buff dude in the rhinestone-bedazzled Affliction shirt.

MONEY

`The moment in my DJ "career," that resulted in a loss of quotes surrounding that word, was both monumental and tragic. A club owner was bitching about my performance, when I asked him what I was doing wrong with my mix or announcements. Instead of informing me that I wasn't the god-like King Shit dance commander that I know I am, he simply reminded me that the cool kids and the kids with money are two entirely different groups of customers. Sure, the Pabst-milking hipsters might enjoy hearing the Black Keys, but they don't tip the dancers, nor do they attract patrons who spend money on noncanned alcohol.

Money is the root of all Black Eyed Peas. When you walk into a packed nightclub and hear a terrible song selection from an obviously-talented disc jockey, you can blame the owners for paying their DJs an excellent wage—one that is dependent on a streamlined playlist, generated by whatever major label record ompanies are in charge of mainstream radio at the

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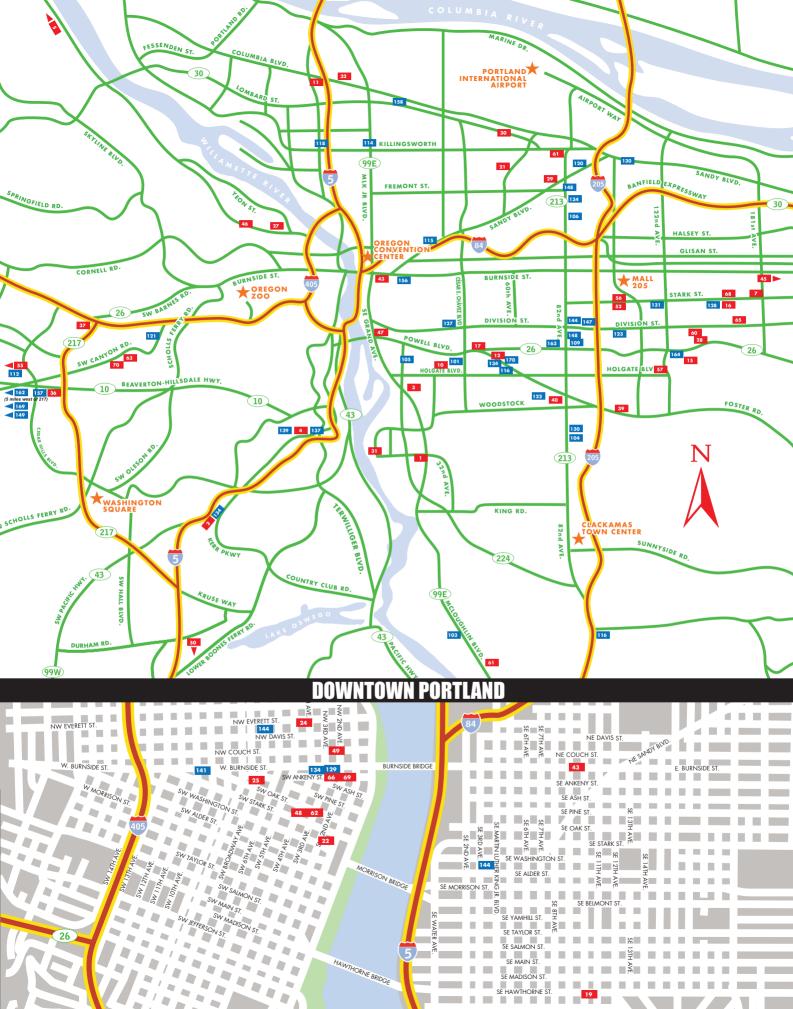


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ARIES

(March 20 — April 19)

The problem with Aries's is that... Wait, is it Ari? Arieses? Those both sound like stripper names, and every time a goddamn stripper reads this column, she takes it personally. So, yeah, if your stage name is Arieses, you're perfect in every way and the whole club loves you. There, are you happy now?

TAURUS

(April 20 – May 20)

Taurus, you suffer from a bout of too much pride. Thankfully, there is a very easy solution to this problem—accepting reality. See, the truth is, that you have virtually nothing to take pride in, and once you accept that your close friends and family only dole out those compliments out of pity, you will be on the path to self-realization. Give up on your dreams and sell any of the shares you hold in related hopes. Lucky number: 23,383,510.

GEMINI

(May 21 - June 20

You suffer from envy, which is weird, because your sign signifies the twins. Therefore, you most likely are envious of yourself. Have you ever made a taco that was so good, you couldn't believe that you were the one to make it? Or, perhaps, you've pulled off some insane athletic feat that other white guys just can't seem to tackle? That's because none of this is real and your schizophrenic nature is the only thing keeping the state from discontinuing the meds. Be glad you're on disability, Gemini. Otherwise, they would toss you on a Max stop and be done with it.

CANCER

(June 21 – July 22)

The sin most associated with Cancer, is that of greed—but only because of that Susan G Komen bitch and her relentlessly-opportunistic campaigns attempting to capitalize on the world's worst disease, in an attempt to make NFL players dance around in pink spandex. It's not your fault, however. We're pretty sure she's a Scorpio.

LEO

(July 23 – August 22)

Your sign is characterized by a rare union of pride and wrath. Instead of thinking things through before taking to the streets and totally fucking shit up, your style is one of "shoot first, ask for more ammunition later." Instead of seeing this vice as a sin, however, you should simply consider a profession that enhances (as opposed to restricts) your talents. Suggestions from the stars include police officer, MMA fighter or teenage goth kid.

VIRGO

(August 23 – September 22)

We forgot your birthday column last month, Virgo! Thus, you suffer from the sin of irrelevance. Don't worry, though. It's not a deadly sin per se. It just means your birthday is no longer important, and any attempt to celebrate it, will be seen as an un-American attack on the victims of the September 11th attacks. You don't want to shit all over ground zero, do you? Didn't think so. Maybe we can celebrate it again, in like, two or three more national tragedies.

LIBRA

(September 23 – October 22)

Your sign suffers from a poisonous combination of lust and greed. Sure, you have a safe approach to sex and can handle your substances, but the FroYo store that you trashed last week, in an attempt to use only red gummy bears and the inside of Oreos, is planning on taking your ass to court. Lawyer up, Libra.

SCORPIO

(October 23 — November 21)

Most readers would assume that the sin associated with Scorpio would be lust, simply because none of you little desert insects can keep your stingers dry for more than a week, without taking to Facebook and posting about how fucking lonely you are, because you haven't been laid in six days. The thing is though—lust involves a target. Since you Scorpios are basically aimless skanks with standards lower than lkea (in terms of the stability you seek and/or provide), the stars will toss you the sin of pride—hoping that you clean up your act, before Maury calls you again.

SAGITTARIUS

(November 22 – December 21)

We forgot your birthday column last The sin of wrath is that which is most associated with Sagittarius—simply because none of you can get anything done on time and it pisses everyone (including yourself) off. Plus, your sign is based on, like, some weird warhorse with fire breath and horns for shoulder blades. Hell, I don't know...I'm new to this whole astrology thing. Don't get pissed off, okay? Seriously. Put down that qun, Sagittarius. It's just a column!

C'APRIC'ORN

(December 22 – January 20

Capricorn is the most prideful, envious, lustful, greedy, wrath-ridden sign of the zodiac, which makes you a gluttonous sloth—knowing that you have nothing more to obtain in life that cannot be found on your couch or laptop.

AQUARIUS

(January 21 – February 18)

The sin most associated with Aquarius, is drowning. Well, it's not technically drowning, as much as it is sloth. See, being what appears to be a water sign, one would think more Aquarii would learn to swim, but alas, you are really an air sign, which is ironic, considering how quickly most of your lungs fill up with water, whenever you try to venture outside of the shallow end.

PISCES

(February 19 – March 19)

Pisces are most known for gluttony. However, this is fortunate for the rest of the zodiac, because Pisces are usually too drunk to even consider food. Think of all the warm, nutritious, home-cooked meals that don't go wasted on some shitfaced fish twin. Thank you, Pisces, for avoiding those A.A. meetings like a school zone speed trap.

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FLAMPTON

THE ART OF SI7N

By AmbeRed

The origins of our sometimes abysmal past, now consumes us in the modern glow of Portland's city lights. It's not often that, when you peel back the layers of undissolved flesh, you start to realize the dark depths of the situation at hand. We are dripping in our sins like spoiled milk heated to a septic temperature. Amidst the churning of the flaccid putrid smells—we are thriving in our society built on lies and insincerity. We hide behind our masks of ill proportion and wait to hear from those who once seemed intelligent enough to overcome such hurdles. Some of the most infamous and most elaborately portrayed images of our sins, were painted and etched by the masters of artistry themselves—a collection of mad men of indiscriminant talent, that created the artworks we

still view to this day. Left in the wake of their artistic genius, these now-distant memories have cast a long shadow to step out of.

No one better illustrates the oozing decadence of today's seven deadly sins, more than an artist like **Judy Fox**. An embrace of the human form, sculpted into fascinating combinations of phallic-like statuettes surrounding their naked damsels in distress. These irregular, yet familiar, blends of the almost eerie to sinfully erotic art pieces, draw forth the sadistic question, "Can you make these little guys into latex?" A collection created in 2007, labeled Snow White and The Seven Sins is delightfully provocative and takes this classic Disney fairytale into a much more sinfully-appealing adult category.

Judy Fox





























Gina Martynova

As the world continues to spin on its axis, the next two artists take the time to focus on dreamlike, starry-eyed whimsy. Gina Martynova's series, Sins, are wrought with ornate, intricate detail, pinned to slightly-alien beauty with dainty expressions, that divide and place each little, unique oddity in its own private world. Complimentary and uniquely-individual to Martynova, are the artworks of Sveta Fedarava. This graphic design artist and illustrator, has developed a twist on the everyday wall poster with textures, colors and swirling curves, that evoke the need to look beyond the foreground, into the background and back again. Drowning in the impervious depths, this siren is thrown from poster to poster in paintbrush-like strokes.

Interpretation of each artist's works, is subjective and to each their own. I have been thrust into a world of uniquely-odd and completely-complex designs that often inspire and provoke strongly-opinionated statements, much like the belief in the spirit world. That's right, I went there and I will go back again. When it comes to divine intervention, Amanda Reily knows how to represent. Her kinky tarot cards embrace the deep inner core of our sins and lay them out on the table for all to see—literally. As I perused through the last of these visionary works, I couldn't help but feel slightly strangled. The inert ability to make the viewer bring their hand to their throat or swallow a smidge harder than normal, is an achievement in its own right.

Every artist is a visionary looking into a world of rapid decay. Each individual's perception of what they see, how they feel and how they emote these glimpses into their soul, is truly a gift they share with the rest of us. Every sin composed of flesh and bone, requires equal parts thirst and hunger. We live it, we love it, and all too often, we find ourselves reveling in the excess of it. So, have a drink, load a bowl and eat your chocolate-covered-bacon waffle, 'cause life's too short and we're all going to die.

Sveta Fedarava















Amanda Reily















AUSTIN'S LIMITS BY AUSTIN WILDE

SEX TO DIE FOR - VOLUME II TERMINAL MASTURBATION

Hello, I'm Austin Wilde and I'm a masturbator. If everything I heard as a child was true, my palms would be thick with fur and there wouldn't be a kitten left in this world. I enjoy masturbating in a variety of ways. Sometimes, I use my hand and sometimes, I use my Rabbit. But, I'm particularly fond of taking my waterproof bullet into the tub with me (perhaps with a scented candle or two). I watch a LOT of porn, although I usually have to mute, it because all the fake-moaning kills my

orgasm. Perhaps, all the viruses on my computer are God's way of punishing me for petting my pussy... but, I have it easy. As a follow-up to last year's Sex To Die For column, I've been reading up on cases in which people have actually died while spanking the monkey. Read, enjoy and please, don't try this at home.

Asphyxiophilia is a very popular way of masturbating that, unfortunately, has an extremely high death rate. In the United States alone, anywhere between two hundred

and one thousand deaths occurs per year, due to people suffocating themselves in various creative ways. Although deaths have been recorded in people of both sexes, ranging from 11-75, the most common practitioners are males aged 12-25. Auto-erotic asphyxia is so popular, that there is even a "Hanged Man's Club" in London, for men that proudly practice the dangerous game of asphyxiophilia. For those that don't know, autoerotic asphyxia is where the masturbator chokes themself (often using some convoluted contraption that can go horribly wrong) while pleasuring themselves. The restriction of oxygen flow, causes the masturbator to become light-headed and intensifies their euphoric feelings during orgasm. The "operator" often passes out during this process, and therefore, must rely on an emergency safety or back-up device into their choking mechanisms. These vary widely, from lemons in the mouth to smelling salts lodged in the nosebut, sometimes, shit just doesn't go as planned. For a truly touching fictional account of this type of deadly masturbation, watch World's Greatest Dad starring Robin Williams.

On June 3, 2009, Kung Fu star, David Carradine, was found dead at the age of 72, by a maid in a Bangkok (no pun intended) hotel room. He was

discovered half naked in a wardrobe, with a cord wrapped around his neck and body. Confucius say, "Grasshopper, he who can walk across rice paper without a single tear, still may not survive without air."

In another celebrity masturbatory death, original INXS frontman, Michael Hutchence, died at the Ritz Carlton hotel in Sydney, Australia. Reports indicated, that after failed attempts to buy drugs, Hutchence went through his hotel trash bin looking for baggies with dregs or remnants of cocaine. In this same trash bin, the last lyrics Hutchence had written, to an unfinished INXS song, were found crumpled and discarded. He then filled his bathtub, before hanging himself with a belt. A maid found him, while trying to clean the room. After having trouble opening the door (where Michael was hanging from the frame just inside), the belt snapped and the maid discovered the impediment had been his body. There is still much debate as to whether Hutchence died from suicide or Asphixiophilia. Bandmates insist that this was not suicide and that Hutchence frequently

> spoke about his enjoyment of autoerotic asphyxia. They also point to the filled tub as evidence he had intended to live past the belt hanging. The moral of the story may be—If you're going to kill yourself and don't want to leave embarrassing questions, don't do it naked.

In New Orleans, during a shift change at a non-descript warehouse, a relief guard was having trouble finding the night shift security guard. After looking around for a time, he finally stumbled on the 34-year-old

man naked and wrapped in many layers of clear plastic from head to toe, save a snorkel protruding out the top. Unfortunately, the mouthpiece had slipped out, causing the man to suffocate while pleasuring himself. He died...like a fish out of water.

of water.

In Rubiato Town, Brazil, a 16-year-old boy (name unknown—due to minor status) died after masturbating 42 times without stopping. He had started jacking off at about midnight and compulsively spanked his monkey the entire night. His addiction had been known by the boy's mother and even his schoolmates—some of whom, had requested he connect to a webcam, so he could be observed. He died of a heart arrhythmia brought on by severe nutrient-deprivation. Apparently, a great deal of pornography was found

his computer. The mother reported that she had considered taking the boy to the doctor for help with his addiction and, un-

in his bedroom and on

fortunately, was too late.

One day, a 60-year-old man (name unknown—probably to save the family embarrassment) did not show up to work. When concerned friends went to his house to check on him, they discovered his urine-soaked body wrapped in fourteen different blankets, partially sewn together. After they had removed two pairs of hot pants, one pair of long johns, socks and an undervest, they found his penis (and accompanying semen) in a plastic bag. Police found 60 blankets in his apartment. It seemed that the man covered the floor in the room with several layers of blankets, affixing tape to the distant blankets—then rolled himself up in them, while the tape held him immobilized. Cause of death was suffocation.

Nichola Paginton, a loved and trusted nanny, did not show up for work one day in October. Concerned, the children's mother went to her house to check in on her. When there was no reply at the door, she enlisted the help of Nichola's neighbor, Michelle Grant. They were able to see Paginton through the curtains, lying on her bed with her cat lying on her chest. Nichola was found lying in bed, naked from the waist down, with a sex toy clutched in her hands and still vibrating, her cat on her chest and a porno movie still playing on her laptop.

All of these stories go to show that even the most responsible, successful and well-respected people can make deadly and dangerous mistakes when it comes to sexual pleasure. Be careful out there, folks. If you're going to go creative while rubbing one out, perhaps consider having a masturbation spotter. Because, you know, if you say your safe word in the woods and there's no one around to hear it...you're still dead.





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