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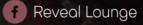
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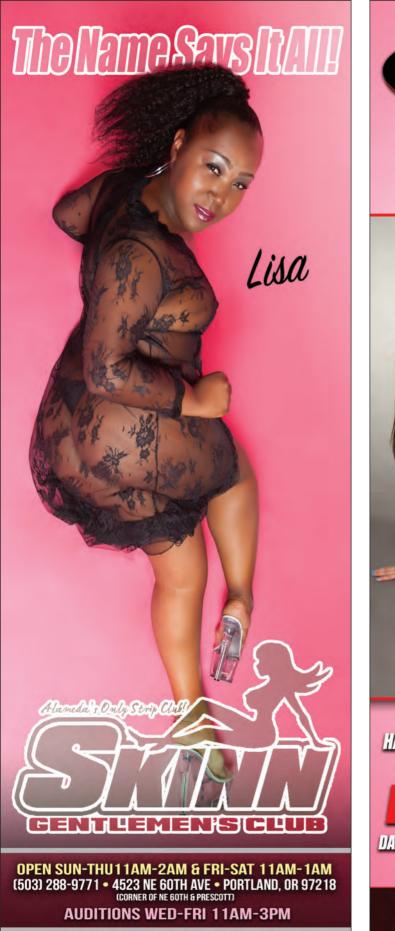
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EXAMPLE ALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

The season for sexy costumes and crazy theme parties is here. And, what better way to hook a guy or girl, than by looking your absolute best? Plastic fangs askew, smeared with fake blood and smelling like candy and booze??? I certainly can't think of one, short of revealing your fetishes to polite—but, uneasy—strangers on the bus.

Costume Pointers

This year, make your costume stand out from the rest, by using real blood. It'll be utterly and completely unique, and even though it smells like death, it will definitely get you noticed. Also, Countess Bathory taught us that blood is great for the skin, so that's a bonus!

If your costume is any kind of demon, devil, vampire, gas station attendant or whatever, you should definitely file your teeth to points. People are on the lookout for someone eager to settle down, and nothing says "commitment," like permanently altering your appearance, solely for the sake of one night. Sexy costumes are great, but in this new era of awareness about sexual harassment and transgressions, you have to balance social concern when you plan your outfit. That's why "Sexy Louis CK" is off the table, but "Proud, Confident, Genderfluid Social Worker" is *in*.

Covering your body in candy is a fun costume idea. As people pull them off, one by one (trick or treat!), your body becomes more exposed. However, if you do this in public, and are creepily aggressive enough about it, you may also get a free ride to the police station (and, possibly, a complimentary beating).

Meeting People

Blind dates can be lots of fun, and Halloween is a great time for your friends to set you up with a stranger for the evening's festivities. The general idea of the masquerade costume party is that you keep your disguises on throughout most of the evening, until midnight, so you can figure out if you like their personality (or, at least, what you can see of their ass). That way, when you take your masks off and see that your date is a slagheap of ugly, it can be weighed against how amusing they were beforehand.

Parties can be a huge bummer, if you're feeling lonely. It's hard to be social with people you don't know, or even sometimes with people that you do know. If you see a foxy babe or a handsome dude, sometimes it can be hard to talk to them. We've all felt awkward and shy from time to time, and that's why god invented booze. You should—if you're on the hunt for romance this spooky season-get drunk. Get drunk and stay drunk. Ideally, between now and...oh, let's just be safe and say New Year's Day. Not too drunk, though, but juuuuust buzzed enough, so that you're 5% funnier, 10% louder and 30% more tolerant of idiots. This way, your personal bar will be lowered just to the point that a guy dressed as a meme with the tattoo of a religious symbol he saw in his therapist's office, or a girl whose big tits and sexy cat costume can't hide her severe acne and pungent halitosis, will do just fine. Until you sober up, of course. But, that's months away, and is a problem for "future you."

Giving out candy can be a great way to meet new people. Unfortunately, all those people are parents and their horrible, demon seed children. Nevertheless, if you're not into going to parties, you should take advantage of the opportunity to meet single parents and wear a costume so revealing, that if you went outside any far-



ther than your porch, you'd be arrested immediately. Their kids don't know what's going on and have eyes only for candy. But, you'll definitely get noticed, if you give out treats in your "Three Pieces Of Tape And Nothing Else" costume.

Getting The Internet Involved

Everyone's doing app dating now, so it's easier than ever to find a person you're into. This season, show your dedication to Halloween, by changing all your dating profile photos to ones of you dropping a garbage bag wrapped "body" over the side of a boat, into the dark, cold water below...or, maybe, one of you in a bathtub filled with "fake" blood and viscera. Is it fake? Only you know for sure! Everyone loves thematic comedy like this and it's guaranteed to get all the right swipes.

App and internet dating can be tricky, because you're never certain of what you're getting yourself into. This random person you're meeting could be an ax murderer for all you know! That's why it's best, for your own safety, to bring your own hatchet, ax or splitting maul with you on any dates, as a precautionary measure. You

> could even make your costume "Ax Murderer" and be done with it. Just make sure that if you do, you clean it really well first, so there's none of the last "date" left on it.

Troubleshooting

Having trouble telling if someone is attractive under that mask? Look for other markers, to tell if you're on the right track. The appearance of hands and feet can be a good indicator, if you want to measure someone's age or health, as well as general posture and their height and weight. To be sure, though, just grab their crotch unannounced and exclaim "pass" or "fail," loudly enough that everyone in the vicinity can hear their grade clearly. Assertiveness is hot.

If, at the end of the evening, your very attractive date takes off their human face and reveals themselves to be a demon, zombie or rotting corpse, don't immediately shut them down. Acceptance is in and bigotry is out. Follow your heart—you never know if you could grow to love the smell of decaying flesh, unless you try it out.

Plus, you'll be on the front lines, to help increase awareness about inter-mortality relationships.

Hopefully, these tips will help you have a romantically productive Halloween, regardless of what you end up doing.

Happy hauntings!

-E

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle wishes she were qualified enough to give dating advice, but she definitely isn't, which is why you should follow the above to the letter...To. The. Letter.



SPICE OF LIFE BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

The history of Halloween has its roots in the long-forgotten Irish immigrants, who came to America in the 1900s. The wave of Irish that flooded the United States after the country's

potato famine helped popularize the holiday, which had traditionally been celebrated as "Samhain" in parts of Europe—Samhain marked the end of the summer season and the beginning of winter. It has traditionally been celebrated with bonfires, silent suppers (which honor the dead), dressing in orange and black, costumes and rituals.

Along the way, other traditions became incorporated with Halloween. The tradition of "guising," which originated in Scotland, gained popularity once sugar rations were lifted in the late 1940s (after WWII ended). Guising allowed kids—and adults—to dress up and go door to door for candy and treats. While it seems innocent enough these days, the early days (or nights) of Halloween became terror-filled, dreaded evenings in some parts of the United States. Youth and adolescents would often use Halloween night as an excuse to destroy property, riot and participate in "criminal mischief." Things grew so disruptive, that, in 1950, the Senate Judiciary Committee recommended Halloween be designated "National Youth Honor Day." It was during this event, that children who pledged to refrain from destroying property were rewarded with participation in a Halloween dance or party.

Halloween really gained momentum during the 1970s, during the LGBT movement. Costumes and the art of dressing up gave female impersonators freedom from their sexual identities. It was during this period that New York City's infamous Village Halloween Parade was born. The annual parade is also billed as a street pageant, with more than 50,000 partici-

pants and two million spectators. Then, in the 1980s, something happened. A

magician named Chuck Martinez convinced his mother to help him finance a Halloween costume specialty pop-up shop in a local Sears store. The store generated almost \$100,000 in sales, during its 35 days of existence. By the mid-'80s, there were more than three hundred Halloween-themed pop-up stores in the country. Martinez eventually sold his stores for \$6 million dollars, ten years after he opened them. Today, Spirit Halloween Store dominates the holiday, with more than 1,000 throughout the United States. It is estimated that revenue from Halloween generates more than \$8 billion dollars annually.

Locally, the Pacific Northwest is an ideal backdrop for Halloween. Cold, dark nights, rolling mist and quintessential Portland weirdness create the perfect vibe for Halloween events. Portland's signature tagline, "Keep Portland Weird," is kept alive through one of the city's signature events—this year, Portland's historic Crystal Ballroom is hosting the 19th annual *Portland Erotic Ball*. The event features a full fetish demonstration stage, burlesque performances, aerialists, stilt walkers and contortionists. Plus, there is a cash prize of \$5,000 for Best Costume.

Portland also hosts one of the area's oldest Halloween events, from mid-September through October 31st, called 13th Door Haunted House. This event is among the best in the Northwest. If haunted houses aren't your thing, there are many other events catered to those who plan on enjoying Halloween, including a long list of pumpkin patches and other seasonal harvest-themed attractions. One of the most notable is the "Davis Graveyard," a reconstructed real-life graveyard, hosted on Milwaukie, Oregon couple Jeff and Chris Davis' lawn. According to the couple, they picked their home with the full intention of dressing it up every Halloween. This year will make the 20th year the couple has recreated the graveyard.

"It started when I was little," says the couple in PDX Monthly. "Living in Southern California, our family never did much for Halloween. But, one year, we went to Disneyland's Haunted Mansion. I went through six times—in a row. Fast-forward to 2018 and there's a semi-truck load of Styrofoam strewn all over our driveway and yard, more than 70 tombstones of all shapes and sizes popping up, one by one, in our half-acre lot and a backyard workshop, full of caution tape, ghost projections and LED lights, being dusted off for action."

The couple's graveyard has attracted fans from all over the country. They now teach workshops on how to create Halloweenthemed attractions. The Davis Graveyard opens October 1st. Check their website for the full schedule of events at DavisGraveyard. com.

And, who could resist visiting the town of St. Helens, which celebrates Halloween for the whole month of October? In the late 1990s, Disney filmed the movie *Halloweentown* in St. Helens. Afterwards, the city decided it would keep the tradition of a month-long Halloween celebration, going from the beginning of October, through October 31st. The festival features bonfires, the lighting of the "Great Pumpkin," street performances, a paranormal convention and a hot rod hearse rally. For more information, visit DiscoverColumbia-County.com.

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Starlight Patio Sessions by Blazer Sparrow

First off, you know how the Star Theater has that bad-ass patio with the fire pit and the outside bar that's sometimes open if shows are busy enough, and the food window? So, that's sort of it's "own thing" now. They call it the Starlight Patio, which doesn't really make sense in the summer, since the sun doesn't go down 'til like midnight in the mighty Pacific Northwest, and when it does, this patio is plopped in the literal center of downtown, so starlight is tough to come by. Still, neat name, so points for that.

While you'll mostly likely find yourself on this patio during a smoke break for one of the rad shows held at this venue (I'm not pandering—I honestly like it better than Roseland), they are now establishing themselves as a separate, low-key entity, with Christopher Worth's Starlight Patio Sessions spearheading the new side stage.

Worth already has guite the pedigree in the Portland music scene and I appreciate someone with even moderate success in the industry who makes an effort to help cultivate Portland's precarious scene. The Starlight Patio Sessions is actually an extension of another songwriter night Worth curated in 2016, called The Atlantis Underground, at the Atlantis Lounge at Missisippi Pizza—a fall and winter event. This is the summer twist. Worth is also an actively touring and recording musician and even has to sub in a host sometimes, to keep these Wednesday sessions going. Still, it's pretty neat that he otherwise takes on a weekly happening (which is a huge commitment for any musician trying to eek out a living) to help promote other talent in this city.

They key word here is "talent." These Patio Sessions are a showcase. This is not an open mic. I'm not trying to shit on open mics (and, thus, be banned from any-and-all in this city, since I'm still at the bottom), but there is a substantial difference between an open mic and a showcase. "Songwriters who polished their craft," as Worth puts it. These are pros like Worth and the main reason for hosting this thing is 'cause he "wanted to create a scene, where we could host touring songwriters to come through and play for a full house, get paid a bit and use the night to promote what other shows they have in town."

So, you'll be seeing artists here in a cute little intimate setting that'll be playing White Eagle and the Whitaker Block Party in Eugene. This is the kind of venue where you could possibly say you saw the next Taylor Swift or Bon Iver.

That being said, if you are an aspiring singer-songwriter that doesn't suck too much, don't hesitate to try to muscle your way into this showcase. The acts are selected by Worth, but there are sometimes some light nights. Last time I attended, the guest host, Wil Kinky, was asking if anyone in the audience wanted to get up and play some songs before the headliner. So, the feel is loose and friends-and-family-style and if you think you don't sound like garbage, it could be a night like this, where you get up and get put into the rotation. "70% curated songwriter night, 20% open mic and 10% free-for-all." This isn't the case every week, but something to keep in mind, if you're looking to get a step above playing open mics.

I must reiterate the loose feel. Worth clearly has a tight little circle of musicians and their on-and-off-stage banter is pretty witty. Chemistry is quite obvious. Plus, you'll see a lot of the artists get up on stage during other people's sets. No one ever steps on the others' toes and collaborations usually turn out entertaining. One such night, Worth ended the evening with a cover of James Brown's "It's A Man's Man's Man's World," acknowledging the chauvinism beforehand (I mean, it's still a good song.) One of the featured performer's that night, Cassandra Lewis, was egged on stage to accompany him and successfully morphed the lyrics of the song to be about vaginas. Fairly soon, the entire audience was singing about vaginas. It was a good night.

Regarding that feel, this is a very hippie, tiedye, hemp bras, nose rings and dreadlocks crowd. If any of the above bother you, I highly recommend not attending and being a downer—just know, that's the vibe going in and enjoy it. I attended the showcase after Oregon Country Fair and it was honestly

pretty entertaining how wiped-out all the performers were, after they'd all literally just gotten back from the event. Everyone was sunburned, mind-fried and hoarse from all the goddamn dust at that thing—solidarity. I should also clarify, that although the scene is very 1967-forever, there's still guite a bit of diversity in the performers. It's not all acoustic guitars. Worth brings a Fender Rhodes (spelled it right this time), which is half the reason I stuck around the first time I attended. Unkle Nancy, of Eugene fame, busted into an impressive hip-hop freestyle. There was some perfectly-fine-regular-not-slam poetry by Willow Emmett, later accompanied by interpretive dance and guitar on a whim. You're probably getting a sense of what to expect.

In terms of diversity, Worth does a good job getting people from around the country, rather than just a Portland singer-songwriter circle jerk. Plus, although it is mostly a guieter, acoustic affair, these are artists that also have working, touring, recording bands. One of the more recent performers, Trill LeBeau, hails from New Orleans and currently lives in Hawaii. His band, Cosmic Serenity, has, like, music videos and shit. The above-mentioned Cassandra Lewis fronts The Foxxtones out of San Francisco. Her set was really what sold me on the whole thing, since most of her banter was about whiskey and vaginas. Literally, my two favorite things, with mac 'n' cheese being a close third.

The last, and perhaps most unique, thing about this little shindig that I would like to mention is the location. If you've been to that patio, you know it's clutch, but converted into a proper venue, there is something really aesthetically pleasing about the whole experience. It reminds me of something that would happen in the Bay Area. Live music in a relaxed patio, topped with those neat triangle shade structures. You look up and there's Big Pink, looming above. Look out the gate and there's a bunch of homeless people, arguing about who the jar of mayonnaise belongs to. On a good night, cop cars speed by, red and blue lights flashing, sirens blaring. There's something to be said for the comfort of a laid back, acoustic, non-claustrophobic, open and friendly atmosphere—immediately surrounded by a dirty, suffocating, intimidating city backdrop. I think it's neat.

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GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

Halloween should be any stoner's favorite holiday. To hell with 4/20, October is a time when the buds get trimmed, the candy is given away freely and it's actually socially acceptable to scare children. But, for me, it's special because I hate doing shit with other people, but I do enjoy getting out. Thus, Halloween makes it less awkward for my loopy self, as the options for marijuana-friendly entertainment are abundant. Sure, you can't smoke up in the parking lot of *every* haunt or cemetery in the area, but that's what vape pens are for.

With all that out of the way, here are the places I plan on getting stoned and attending this Halloween season...

House Of Shadows (Gresham, OR)

So, I normally don't plug Halloween haunts in my columns, but my friend Crystal is working out at House Of Shadows this year, and I promised her I'd mention it in my column. But, it turns out, House Of Shadows is one of those super popular, award-winning type of haunts that features "full contact." Sadly, I really don't like a lot of people touching me (except for people that I know, like my friend Crystal), so I probably won't be hitting up that haunt. However, if you think you're too badass to get scared, I suggest you trek out to Gresham and peep their haunt. Trust me, being in Gresham will be the least scary aspect of your trip to House Of Shadows. This place gets better and better every year, to the point where, by 2020, they will be feeding people to pigs and forcing their loved ones to watch.

The Nightmare Factory Oregon School For The Deaf (Salem, OR)

Okay, I may be an awful, awful person for saying this, but I think this event is scary for the simple fact that, in this particular haunt, literally no one can hear you scream. One also has to consider the seemingly peaceful state that the deaf participants must be in, compared to other Halloween haunt actors. Plus, if someone actually makes one of the actors cry out in fear, it will likely be very distinguishable from the rest of the screams, adding to the ambience of terror and the unexpected. I wish I could learn more about the haunt, but the YouTube videos for Nightmare Factory are all done in sign language, with no captions! It's almost as if the deaf have either a weird sense of self-hatred or the most fantastic sense of humor around.

Halloween Town (St. Helens, OR)

For the entire month of October, St. Helens transforms into a real-life version of whatever Disney movie they filmed there (I'm at a loss for the name). Last year, I rolled out with some buddies and we mingled with the locals. The bad news? Their haunt isn't that scary, most of the "attractions" are just shit you can get in any near-coastal town in Oregon and the Mexican food place took over an hour to serve up three Cali-style street tacos. The good news, on the other hand, is that the entire town resembles Halloween—every day of the year. You can trek through downtown St. Helens on a Tuesday in February and you're still just as likely to run into a creepy old man who warns you to stay away from the cemetery, as you are any day in October. In fact, I'm pretty sure the "Pet Sematary" sign they put up for Halloween Town is stuck into a pile of actual dead cats that the city just forgot to clean up.

Lafayette Cemetery (Lafayette, OR)

Now this shit is legitimately scary: way back in the day, the townspeople of Lafayette burned some chick at the stake (or whatever they did to witches back then). Wait, no...it was her son that they killed, and then this chick who claimed to be a witch burned the whole town down. Perhaps, I'm getting my stories mixed up, but I'm too high to Google that shit right now. Regardless, some crazy bitch in Lafayette told the town that it would burn to the ground three times, and so far, it's burned down twice! This lady is apparently buried at the Lafayette Cemetery and she supposedly haunts the area late at night.

I'm planning on hitting this place for a few blunts and some photography, so I did my research. And, sure enough, the place is "totes def haunted AF," according to a white girl YouTuber who provided me with my muchneeded research. At first, I didn't believe her, but if you watch the rest of the videos on her channel, she clearly goes from being in a relationship, to breaking up, to visiting the cemetery, to being in a totally different relationship with an equally camera-unfriendly boyfriend. In other words, visiting this place can launch you from the peaceful realm of singlehood and freedom, into the dark and desolate land of relationships and commitment. This is why I'm going here, hoping to meet the love of my life. Then, if I'm ever killed by the locals, she can burn the town down for me. Two birds, one stoner.

An Actual Slaughterhouse (Newberg, OR, probably)

I'm sure there's a way to ask a polite, old farmer for a tour of his cattle death camp, and, goddamnit, I'm gonna find out how to do so. This will not be a repeat of the Goonies house fiasco, in which I was escorted away from some old lady's porch by the meanest cops Astoria has to offer. No, no, no...I am fucking doing this. Headphones on, loud-ass Slayer playing South Of Heaven, while I watch the biggest domesticated creature of our time have its blood drained from its neck, all in an effort to put steak on my ungrateful table and milk in the shitty coffee that the girls at Dutch always ruin-total immersion into the cycle of life and death, all while inhaling the scent of decay and rotting flesh, and listening to some sick guitar riffs..

Plus, the farmer probably has a really nice wife named "Agnes," who makes cookies for her visitors. I fucking love cookies.

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Holy shitty kitty on a stick, it's time for Halloween! Granted, I've been on one of those "only seven more weeks until October" kicks for a bit, but it's finally here. Why is this such a fantastic achievement? Well, it's the first year that I won't be working—anywhere. You heard me, club owners and underground sex club managers: I'm going to wake up at noon (earlier than usual), eat a handful of acid and binge watch a few horror movies. Then, I'm gonna do our bouncers a favor and skip the strip clubs, to go howl at the moon in the woods. But, that doesn't mean you should miss out on all the Halloween action. Check out the Spotlight section at the end of this column for listings of all the cool parties, but for now, let us discuss what is possibly the best Halloween-themed idea to ever come of Halloween-themed ideas...

DJ Dick Hennessy Presents Dicky Wonka's Haunted Strip Club Factory

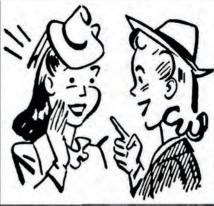
Spyce, one of downtown Portland's fine strip clubs, is a two-level mini-mansion of a brick building. Without even trying, it manages to give off an "Old Portland" vibe. This is always cool, strip club or not, but it's a *perfect* place to host a haunted house. And, who better to do so, than the guy who is responsible for roughly 75% of our advertising revenue—DJ Dick Hennessy? This year, Dick is taking the haunted house to a whole 'nother level of creepy by incorporating the Willy Wonka theme in his event.

Now, I always thought that *Charlie And The Chocolate Factory* was basically *Saw* for kids—it's toned-down torture porn, targeted toward an audience that is likely adult, intoxicated or a combination thereof. So, the idea of taking this theme to the next level and incorporating tits is, well, something Dick would do. I love this guy and his entrepreneurial spirit, but more importantly, I really dig Halloween-themed strip club events that incorporate child murder factories and large amounts of chocolate. Here's to hoping that this version of Wonka's Chocolate Factory doesn't have a fourperson body count that ends up in an old dude smashing through the ceiling. The event runs from Thursday, October 25, all the way through Halloween evening. If the Ghosts Of Dick's Events Past (there's a suggestion for your Christmas show, dude) is any indication, the event will likely fill up quickly, so be sure to get in line early and often.

Take A Shot At The Whiskey Club

One of the newer bars to open up in downtown Portland, The Whiskey Club is merging the strip club approach with the VIP experience, while offering a relaxed vibe and a huge selection of, well, whiskey (but, not "well whiskey"). I swung by and checked the place out a few weeks ago-so, I'm sure some things have been added and/or upgraded—but, from what I was shown, it's my kind of place. The Whiskey Club has two floors and is laid out in a longstyle format (as opposed to a square or "open" type of layout), which creates an intimate environment, without being small. There are upstairs VIP rooms, a DJ, spacious seating and one of the best selections of whiskey I've seen in ages.

Staff informed me that one goal of the club is to facilitate a more one-on-one experience, when it comes to on-staff entertainers and customers. There is a small stage, but that is not the primary focus—rather, customers are actually encouraged to hang out with dancers on the floor, chat, relax and possibly arrange time alone in the VIP area. While I love every aspect of stage-centric clubs, I do enjoy knowing that I can get a cozy, upscale lounge experience that just happens to have a whole roster of soon-to-be-nude women available for paid entertainment. Plus, they have lots of whiskey (that's your excuse, guyswhen the wife asks where you were after work, just say you visited a top-shelf club to sample a certain type of bourbon).



Let's Talk About Sex

Did you know that some of your favorite writers, past and present, are also very vocal, outside of these pages? Well, now you can meet a select few and hear their original, unique and audible contributions to the downtown Portland creative community. Oh, and there's gonna be stories about sex—graphic ones, even! *Let's Talk About Sex*, a monthly event featuring readings by writers, starts on the second Monday of October.

Participant and organizer Daniel DePrez had this to say:

"Let's Talk About Sex is now a monthly event at Jack London Review, beginning Monday, October 8 at 7:00pm. Reading, will be Daria Eliuk, John Shirley, Julia Laxer, Anna Suarez, Jamie Dunkle and Dan DePrez. Cover is \$5.

What began as a meeting of current and former Exotic writers is now an ongoing event in Portland. We hope to showcase as many talented writers—with as many different takes on sex-as possible. We try to make the lineup as inclusive as possible, meaning that whatever you find sexy, it should be represented at Let's Talk About Sex. This also means that you will be exposed to others' versions of sexuality—the stories are sometimes graphic, sometimes coy, dead serious or playfully frivolous. Many of the writers have had experience as sex workers; all of them have highly individual takes on sexuality. You'll laugh, you'll cry and

hopefully we can make you blush once.

Regarding the October readers, Daria Eliuk is known for her many years on Portland radio and television. She is concentrating on the writing that was such a popular feature of her time on KNRK radio. Novelist John Shirley was one of the first writers in the "cyberpunk" movement and lead singer for early Portland punk band, Sado Nation. He co-wrote the screenplay to the film *The Crow* and has written lyrics for Blue Oyster Cult and other groups."

I'm hoping to swing by this event and check it out, hope to see you there!

Slutwalking Out Loud

Holy positive reader feedback, Batman! We never get this...not because we're assholes or anything, but rather, because it takes time and effort to send an email. Here's one I woke up to, from Jason Savage, creator of Stripping Out Loud trading cards.

"Hey Ray,

I just wanted to let you know, that I liked your article in *Exotic*, about Slutwalk (*Erotic City*, September 2018). This was my fourth year as a volunteer for the walk. Usually, I (just) do photography for them, but this year, (event organizer) Elle asked if I could be a peacekeeper. I was right there when the fight broke out, and was one of the people helping to break it up and keep it from happening again. Elle had to call the cops to show up.

I am a big supporter of Slutwalk and I understand why it is important. That is why I will be donating half the profits to (Slutwalk), after all of the Stripping Out Loud (card sets) are sold, with the other half being donated to Dance Naked Productions

I find myself constantly explaining to people what Slutwalk is and why it's something that is needed. The fact that Elle was asked what people there would be wearing, shows its importance in a glaring light. I have told (Slutwalk) that when they do get the donation, they are free to use it however they feel would be best. I have one suggestion that I had mentioned to (Elle), that being using the money to make some sort of thirtysecond commercial or PSA—explaining what Slutwalk is to those who may not understand—and have it broadcast on local television (if stations will air it)."

Regarding the Stripping Out Loud card set, which we covered a few months

off when I see guys who go to strip clubs to have a good ol' time, but then immediately start talking shit about strippers as soon as they leave the club."

It's always good to see other folks in the sex industry doing good things. If you or someone you know is involved in a local, sex-positive project, go ahead and shoot me an email (Ray@Xmag.com) and I'll be sure to cover it in this column.

Miss Exotic Oregon Is Herel

Okay, that may have been a little prema-



back in these pages, I asked Jason to give us an update and he said this:

"One of the main goals of this project is to show strippers in a respectful, powerful light. I am hoping that it will influence other men to maybe re-examine their own views on sex workers and start to see them as legitimate professionals, who do not deserve to be looked down on because of their chosen vocation. I also want people to see the 180-degree difference, between chosen work in the sexual professions and actual trafficking. The latter is something that needs to be stopped and too many resources are wasted on harassing people who choose to do sexual work. I get pissed

ture (but for my exes, this should come as no surprise). The event known as Miss Exotic Oregon is here, but the winner won't be announced for several weeks (months, technically). This contest is the top of the top, the prime cut, the \$18 per gram top shelf...you get what I'm trying to say—it's fucking Miss Exotic Oregon. Every year, performers from all over the area flex their skills, in a chance to win thousands of dollars in cash, plus a spot on the cover of Exotic. Former winners of Miss Exotic Oregon have gone on to start their own businesses, act in movies, write for other publications (how dare they), the whole nine—not only is it a step up from Karaoke Contest And

Bingo Night at whatever pub you frequent, but *Miss Exotic Oregon* is a title. It's something that you can take to your family and say, "Hey assholes, remember when you told me I'd never be an award-winning stripper?" Then, your family will likely remind you that they never told you that, but it's cool—you're in it for the kill.

If you want to enter, you must attend one of the qualifying rounds. No, you can't buy your way to the top in this contest, but yes, it really, really helps to have a supportive fanbase at your disposal. Yes, you can come out and have fun, but it's still a competition, so expect to get sweaty and make sure to prepare a show that the judges haven't seen before. Think about it...if you win this, you could win anything (as long as Russians don't get involved—no offense to the sexy one who always hangs out with Dick Hennessy). And, for those who have never considered becoming a stripper, it's the perfect time to try out some amateur nights-Columbia Strip offers one every Sunday night at 6:00pm, so that's a great start for those looking to hit the pole in a discreet location. By this time next year, you, too, could be competing in Miss Exotic Oregon!

I'm Featuring At Harvey's Again!

Why am I plugging a feature set at a comedy club, in a magazine dedicated to adult entertainment? Because, I can, that's why. These are the things you get to do when you have a media degree from a state school. So, I'll keep it short—Don Frost is one of Portland's most beloved comedians and he's headlining a weekend at Harvey's, as part of "Scary Nights With Don Frost." Naturally, nothing is scarier than having to perform to a room full of people who just dealt with my annoying ass for 25 minutes, so it's a good fit that I'm on the bill as the feature act. The first show is Thursday, October 25, with two shows on Friday and Saturday, then concluding on Sunday, October 28, for an all-ages show...the scariest of them all. If you want on any of these shows, shoot an email to Ray@Xmag.com and I'll get you one of those "you and fifty people" tables—just remember to buy something and tip your staff.

Seroficcity spotlight

SAT 6 – CLUB SINROCK MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND I

SAT 13 – THE VENUE MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND II

WED 17 – SILVER DOLLAR (EUGENE) LACEY RAIN & SIMONE DANALUSTROUS

THU 18 – THE FIREHOUSE CABARET (SALEM) LACEY RAIN & SIMONE DANALUSTROUS

FRI 19 – CLUB SINROCK DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 3RD ANNUAL THRILLER PARTY

> FRI 19 & SAT 20 – THE SUNSET STRIP LACEY RAIN & SIMONE DANALUSTROUS

SAT 20 – STARS CABARET (SALEM) MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND III

THU 25–SUN 38 – HARVEY'S COMEDY CLUB DON FROST W/ RAY MCMILLIN

THU 25 – KIT KAT CLUB MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND IV

> THU 25 – LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIE STRIPPERS

THU 25-WED 31 - SPYCE DICKY WONKA'S HAUNTED STRIP CLUB FACTORY

THU 25 – STARS CABARET – LIL' SASSEE CASSEE

SAT 27 - KIT KAT CLUB - BAD GIRLS & BLOODSUCKERS

FRI 26-SAT 27 - GUILTY PLEASURES HALLOWEEN PARTY WEEKEND

FRI 26 – SYLVIA'S PLAYHOUSE VEGAS-STYLE LINEUP HALLOWEEN PARTY

FRI 26 – STARS CABARET (SALEM) – LIL' SASSEE CASSEE

FRI 26 – TOMMY'S TOO WORLD FAMOUS DAISY DUKE CONTEST

SAT 27 – CABARET & REVEAL LOUNGE HALLOWEEN COSTUME CONTEST

SAT 27 – STARS CABARET (BEND) LIL' SASSEE CASSEE

SAT 27 - XPOSE - HALLOWEEN PARTY

WED 31 – CHEETAHS CABARET (SALEM), STARS CABARET & THE WHISKEY CLUB HALLOWEEN PARTY



BY JONAS BARNES

I can honestly say that working with *Ex*otic has been great—I love you guys and I love writing for you. And, now, I'm happy to bring yet another awesome layer to the table. As it turns out, one of the biggest conventions in the adult entertainment industry is happening the first week of November, in New Jersey, and would you have guessed that this motherfucker got a press pass? So, for three days straight, I'll be representing *Exotic* at *Exxxotica*! Now, what exactly is *Exxxotica*, you ask? That's what we're here to talk about.

Exxxotica is coming to Edison, NJ, from November 2nd through the 4th. The convention covers all aspects of the adult entertainment industry—from mainstream film, to camming, to dancing, to sex toys—it's all over the fucking map, in the best way possible. I've seen the convention from the outside perspective, thanks to friends that were booked on it, and from everything I've seen, it looks like one hell of a good time. I'm happy to rep *Exotic* on the floor, but I want to get into what we'll be seeing this year.

Let's start off with the main stage, showcasing the Team TexAss Twerk Contest, sponsored by Chaterbate. I'm gonna repeat that—a fucking twerk contest! If you don't think I'm gonna have a full report on that ass clapping glory, you're insane. There's also going to be an Ariel Silk Contest and a Pole Championship Contest on top of that, along with feature performances from adult film legend Tera Patrick. But, don't think they forgot about the ladies, because they're also rocking the Men Of Risqué Dance Troupe. It's gonna be rounded out with hip hop performances, DJ features and more. The main stage looks to be on fire this year.

One of the other badass things about Exxxotica, is that they teach, along with providing entertainment. All weekend long, they'll be showcasing seminars for convention attendees. I wanna cover a few that I'm personally looking forward to. I do photography on the side. So, of course I'm looking forward to "Let's Take Dirty Pictures," an Erotic Photography Seminar. How about "Spank Someone Happy?" You're goddamn right, I'm into spanking! Don't overlook the celebration of G-Spot stimulation, called "Squirtshop." I have a special love in my heart for squirting and you should too. Then, there's probably the most Portland seminar of the whole weekend, "Crystal Sex: Using Crystals For Masturbation." I don't think aligning your chakras has ever sounded more fun. On top of all that, there's at least 20 more seminars. covering everything from BDSM to Sex Positive Parenting to Sexual Health and everything in between.

What would an adult entertainment expo be without the stars? Exxxotica is PACKED with stars this year and I can't wait. Shine your fucking beautiful eyes on this scheduled lineup of stars: Brandi Love, Honey Gold, Phoenix Marie, Abella Danger, Christy Canyon, Alexis Texas, Asia Anderson, Tori Black, Tera Patrick, Darcie Dolce, Katie Morgan, Jill Kassidy, Kagney Lynn Karter, Lisa Ann, Monique Alexander, Evan Stone, Adriana Chechik, Vicki Chase, April O'Neil, Tanya Tate, Jayden Cole, Mia Malkova, Jynx Maze, Penny Pax, Dakota Skye, Bethany Benz, Luna Star, Zoe Clark, Lenna Lux, Emily Addison, Veronica Vaughn, Zelda Morrison,

Casey Carter, Goddess Lilith, Olivia Leigh, Tiffany Watson, Jade Kush, Sara Jay, Cee Jay Strokes, Kimberly Chi, Tia Cyrus, Ramona Flour and Kimmie Kaboom. The lineup is absolutely insane. It's a fantastic mix of legends & current stars. That group of appearances alone is worth the price of admission to me.

One thing that makes Exxxotica stand out, is the access that fans get to the stars. The free-roaming setup gives fans full access to meeting the stars of the industry, but there's so much more than that. For some, the real party starts when the convention closes each night. After each day's festivities, Exxxotica attendees are invited to come out to the after parties. Are you shitting me? Is there really a night of dancing and drinking with pornstars three nights in a row? I swear to fuck, if I weren't sober, I'd be dead after that weekend. I honestly have no idea how anyone survives the weekend every year, but I'll be fisted if I'm not going to try my hardest.

To wrap this up, I want to tell you guys all something—you're the reason I'm doing this weekend of coverage. This is all your fault and everything that happens falls on your shoulders. That sounds like a threat, but I promise it's a good thing. See, all the fun I'm going to have that weekend and the interviews I'm going to do and the pictures I'm going to take and the videos I'm going to film are all for you. So, stay tuned to the *Exotic* Facebook page (Facebook.com/XoticMag) for updates. I'll be going live and letting you all into *Exxxotica* right along with me.

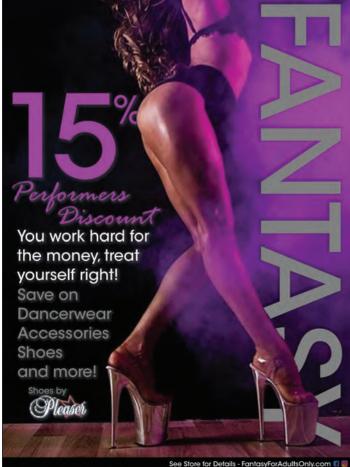
















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THE MONTHLY

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

HALLOWEEN DOS, DON'TS AND COLDEN RULES

It's that time of year again! No, not time to have your kids deloused for the year—time for Halloween! That means costumes, sweets and drug-addled, drunken cavorting (not to mention what the *adults* get up to). However, as with anything, there's a right way and

a wrong way to proceed during Spooking Season. So, I've come up with a list of various dos and don'ts, to firmly abide by, lest you disgrace the honor of your forebears or something like that.

Do...

Dress appropriately. It can get cold out, and the last thing you want is to be breaking into your cache of prescription painkillers early for that numb, warming blan-

ket of opiate haze.

Be sure to dress in a costume that won't get you shot, such as "50 Cent" or "black guy minding his own business." Make certain that your costume hides your identity (bonus if it also hides or obfuscates your fingerprints).

Bring a flask or, failing that, a Big Gulp[®] cup full of malt liquor, for when you take the kids trick-or-treating. baked goods from any house. Your safest bet is to whip them at passing cars, instead of eating them.

Encourage child "fight clubs" to sap the kids' energy after all that sugar.



Have all trick-or-treat candy X-rayed or checked for drugs...if you're a colossal wuss.

Use extra caution accepting freshly

Pre-game for, like, the whole day before Halloween. It's a special occasion, so you need your liver and kidneys throwing their "A" game.

Know the laws in your area. It is generally illegal to have exposed genitalia in public, even as part of a costume.

Remember that black powder firearms are not legally considered real guns*, so your cow-

boy, revolutionary, Civil War, steampunk or pirate costume can be super authentic without legal issues, and if someone tries to rob you, a half-inch musket ball will ruin their day worse than a "real" bullet. Put effort into it, if you dress up. People can tell you're just there for the beer, if you're dressed as "guy without socks."

Remember that if your costume is potthemed, you better bring enough to go around, Bluntman.

Don't...

Be stingy with treats, if you end up "working the door" for candy-seeking youngsters—unless they clearly didn't try, at which point you can give them very little (or, just hurl it at them as hard as you can).

Go trick-or-treating before sundown, unless you want absolutely everybody to be unhappy.

Forget a sack of dogshit (and gloves, for hygiene) to place in the mailboxes of anyone who would dare to hand out raisins or other non-candy items. Double the amount if they hand out toothbrushes. Goddamned dentists...

Have sex with a stranger in the bathroom at a costume party. Well, unless their costume is really A-plus.

Let any children walk alone. If you see any kids out on their own, incorporate them into your own group of trick-ortreaters, haze them mercilessly and divide their candy among your kids.

Use Halloween as an excuse to "dress sexy." If that's your thing, you could be doing that *every* day. Taking regular costumes and making them "sexy" is for amateurs. Make people afraid. a supporting character in a tale of drug addiction. You're *already* doing that every day, and dressing like Sid Vicious isn't fooling anyone.

Dress like Hitler (or any Nazi). People are unforgiving, due to their historical rottenness. Dress like Stalin, Mao, Lenin or any other given Communist—they are far more likely to get a pass on the whole historical rottenness thing, for some reason. Bonus points if people recognize your Pol Pot costume.

Dress like a contemporary political figure. It's not cute. It's not clever. It's just a depressing reminder of reality. You're candy—you will have to bring your own.

If a stranger invites your kids into their house, let them go in on their own. The fun doesn't *really* start until nobody can see what's going on.

Sugar exacerbates hangovers and increases the likelihood of having one. With that said, you don't get hangovers if you stay drunk.

If you're going to dress up, do so with passion. People will overlook that you're a skinny, white kid from Beaverton, Oregon, if your Ol' Dirty Bastard

costume is heartfelt enough.

If you get complimented on

your Guy Fieri costume, but you're not dressed up, you

should go home and weep

softly into the open bell of a

So, there you have it. A simple

cluster of guidelines, to help

make your Halloween more



not whining on social media this night for a *reason*, and that reason is mirth and escapism.

Forget that if you're taking a cab or car service like Lyft, children ride free if they're stuffed into sacks and put in the trunk.

Dress like Batman, unless your gravelly Batman voice sounds like you're waiting for the Imodium to kick in.

Golden Rules

The drunkest adult has to take the kids trick-or-treating, so pace yourself.

enjoyable, whether or not you have kids, go to a party or get in a horrible accident that maims your face. Stay safe out there, people.

tuba.

*This is 100% true, federally, but check your local laws, just in case. Additionally, they're expensive, just like "real" guns are.

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a writer, parallel porker, glee club opponent, beef jerky connoisseur, reformed lacrosse hooligan and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook as "Wombstretcha The Magnificent."

Use Halloween as an excuse to dress as

Nobody really puts drugs in Halloween

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 Daily 2pm-2:30am REVEAL LOUNGE 4 FOOD LOTTERY 8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 477-6628 8345 SW Barour Bivd | (503) 477-6628 Daily 2pm-2am RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 F001 LOTTERY 545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813 Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am ROSE CITY STRIP 10 F001 LOTTERY 3620 SE 35th P1 | (503) 760-8128 Daily 3pm-2:30am AY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 FOOD LOTTERY
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 1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
 Mon-Wed Noon-1am, Thu-Fri Noon-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am & Sun 4pm-1am
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 Scale Fil THE R Daily 11am-2:30am MERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 FOOD LOTTERY 8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
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 4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
 Sun-Thu 11am-2am, Fri-Sat 11am-1am
 Sun-Thu Train-2am, Fri-Sat Train-Tain SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49 FOOD LOTTERY 33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646 Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am STARS CABARET BRIDGEPORT 50 FOOD 17939 SW MCEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403 Map Set 41am 2am Curr form 2am

Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am THE SUNSET STRIP 37 FOOD LOTTERY 10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466 Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am,

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 Sun 5pm-2:30am
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 Daily 10am-2am THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 FOOD LOTTERY 9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523 Daily 10am-2:30am

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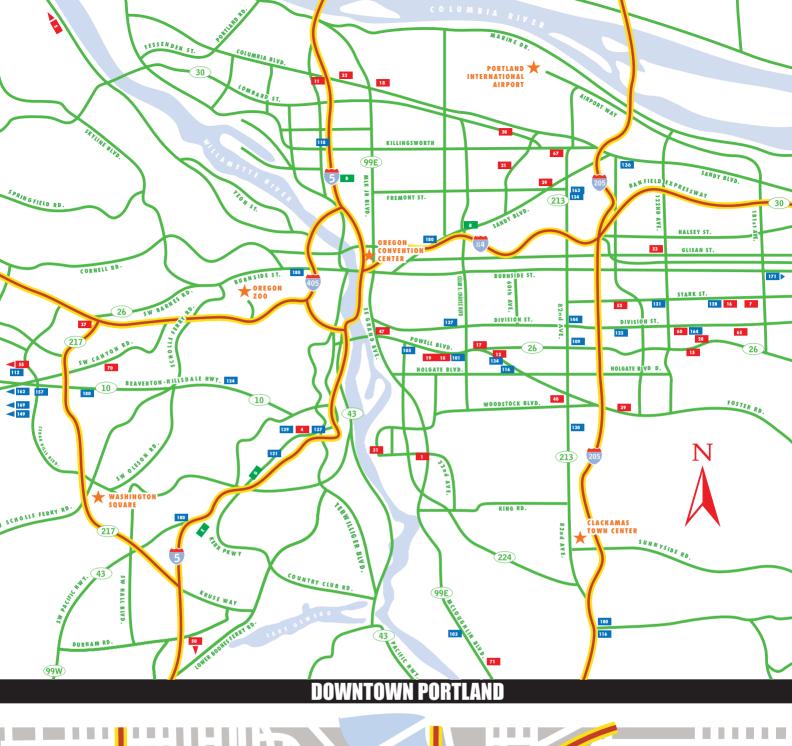
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THE FANTASY SHOP

Sun 12pm-8pm





It was Halloween, because of course it was. Heavy clouds hung low and held their breath, as lightning shattered the silence. I should have known to turn back, but I don't always pick up on hamfisted literary symbolism. So, I got out of my parked car and traversed the sopping leaves that covered the Hawthorne sidewalk, ducking underneath awnings whenever I could, and made my way inside Bar Of The Gods.

Stepping inside, the sludge of doom metal hit me between the eyes, obscuring the senses, until my vision slowly adjusted to the cavernous dark before me. I scanned the room looking for someone I hadn't met. She wasn't there—at least, I didn't think she was. But, how would I know? All I had to go off of was her OkCupid profile picture. I took a seat on a barstool, coddling a cocktail.

A woman stepped in from the rain, dressed in something darker and more cumbersome than the music. A narrow nose protruded from beneath her cloak, which she left on, eerily, as she ordered a drink. Then she looked my direction and I felt my testicles instinctively withdraw in fear.

"Not us, not today," they seemed to say.

"But, I'm doing this for you guys," I wanted to tell them. But, they had already clocked out for the night.

The witch sat a table away and twirled her finger around the mouth of her glass—eyeing me like she was thinking about feeding me an apple. The headlight from a passing car splashed against her face. I couldn't tell if it was my date, because she looked about 20 years older than the woman I was expecting. She kept looking at me, like she was expecting me to approach her. But, maybe that was because I had been staring at her since she entered. Then I heard a disembodied voice say my name. It was coming from elsewhere, not from the witch. From an apparition?

I turned and saw a younger, prettier woman—the woman from the dating site. I sighed in relief. "I thought you were that old woman," I said, nodding. My date seemed offended. "You think I look like her?"

"Not now, but maybe in a few decades," I said. I do not know why I said that.

She changed the subject. "What is the worst date you've ever been on?" she said. Come to think of it, maybe she hadn't changed the subject.

"I don't think I've had any," I said.

"Then why are you still single?" she asked.

That hadn't occurred to me.

Then she told me hers:

"I met a man on OkCupid—Kyle, we'll call him. He was from San Francisco, but was in Portland for business. We met up, had great chemistry followed by great sex and then he offered to fly me down the following weekend. It seemed a bit extravagant, but he was an extravagant man. He didn't stay over after we had sex and said he sleeps better in hotel rooms. He's done this before, I could tell. But, so had I. I knew the routine. He said 'goodbye' without a kiss. I didn't think I would hear from him again. But, I did—the next day. He was back home, buying me a plane ticket. I had that uneasy feeling that you get...you know the feeling?"

Oh, do I. I let her continue, despite wanting to follow the example of my testicles and leave the premises.

"He mentioned that his girlfriend would be joining us. I didn't know he had a girlfriend, but he sent me pictures of her—nudes which told me that it would be strictly a sex weekend. I knew it would be anyway, but I guess the fact that neither of us had explicitly discussed sex (or, his partner) led me to think that maybe we were going to beat around the bush and let it happen naturally, instead of it being a programmed activity. Nevertheless, I consented and he bought the ticket.

It was my first time in San Francisco—the only time I've ever been there. I wanted to

explore the city, but Kyle had sent his driver to pick me up. Kyle was about business. When I arrived at their apartment, the doorman led me to their private elevator. The only one in the building that went to the top floor—their flat. The elevator opened directly into their apartment—there was no hallway.

The first thing I noticed was she didn't look like the photo. She had legs and arms in the photo. But the woman before me was a quadruple amputee. 'You won't believe what she can do,' Kyle said, as he stood behind me and clasped his hands over my shoulders. Then I got drunk, fast, and we did all the coke.

And, he was right, about what she could do. My memory of the night is incomplete, but at times she was spinning, at times airborne. And, before I knew it, I was back home in Portland, where I gradually sobered back up—unsure of whether it all had even happened."

Then, my date went silent.

"And...so, that was the worst date?" I asked.

A pause. Then she continued.

"A couple days later, I got a phone call from Kyle. I didn't answer, but he left a voicemail and he sounded distraught. So, I called him and he told me that his girlfriend had committed suicide that morning. While he was in the shower, she used her teeth to drag herself across the carpet and onto the balcony. Then, she threw herself to her death."

Silence again. I looked around the room for anything to change the subject to, but the only thing in sight was a photo of the Golden Gate Bridge, leering above us as we sat at the bar. She followed my eyes to the photo and she gazed at it, mesmerized.

Then she said, "Wow. And, to think, I was just there last weekend."

I took my testicles and left.



Pyram

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PUSSYFOOTIS

THE SCARIEST THINGS I'VE S

Much of bartending is people watching watching for intoxication levels as our friends at the OLCC force us to do, looking out for all-around bullshit and tomfoolery and just general voyeurism during our downtime. Alcohol and humans make a fascinating mix. Everyone has stories. I, of course, have seen horrible bar fights, blood, unspeakable things in the bathroom...these stories are the ones that still personally haunt me. There are some stories I can't tell you about, due to police involvement and open cases. But, some stories I can legally tell you about in print. I'm just one bartender, who's worked at a handful of bars in Portland. These are some of the scariest things I've experienced while working as a bartender.

The Domestic Violence Incident

It was my first week working at this par-

ticular bar. One busy night, a very tall guy with the most intimidating eves I have ever seen was standing next to my water station with his girlfriend. She was petite. Even in heels, she stood maybe 5'4" at most. They were in a conversation. I only was paying attention to them, because of the guy's appearance. He just looked scary-the kind of guy that, if he was walking behind you on a dark night, you might start picking up the pace into a run. He was at least 6'5", with a massive body and looked like an MMA fighter.

They were standing, talking and it was clear that it was an argument. Suddenly, I see him wrap his massive hands around her throat. He begins choking her. She was so small, she basically crumpled in his hands. Her feet came up off the ground and one of her shoes fell from her foot. I called the police. He did about a year of jail time.

The next time I saw him, I was on the other side of the bar, in my neighborhood. It was just a day off and I was having a drink. He sat down next to me. His figure was like a mountain. He recognized me. He

let me know that, because of me calling the cops, he had to do jail time. He asked me why I thought a woman would choose to cheat on a man and why are all women whores? He then asked me why my hands were shaking. A friend came into the bar. I closed out and I made them walk out with me. I will never forget how his eyes looked. He's the sort of guy, if you saw him on the evening news saying he committed murder, you wouldn't be shocked. I think about the tiny common story for most bartenders. Sometimes you have to work in a shithole that no one else wants to, in order to get your experience and upgrade. That's what I did. This particular bar was owned by a drug dealer—in a bad part of town—and





girl all the time.

I hope she's gone—far away and safe.

Firearms

Before I got my legitimate bar job, I worked at a place that was a roadhouse. This is a

the clientele reflected this. I worked in there alone.

One night, during the closing shift, a man walked in. He had a strange look on his face. He reached into his pants,

pulled a handgun out of his waistband and aimed it at my face. He was looking for someone who used to work there. It was over a drug deal gone wrong, or some other circumstance where he felt he was owed money—something about a large amount of cocaine. The man with the gun walked the entire bar, Glock drawn, insisting the person materialize,

EEN FROM BEHIND THE BAR

with crazy eyes bulging out of his skull. Someone finally called the cops. Something this particular group of people are not prone to do. This guy was not leaving and he was getting increasingly agitated. Out of options, I popped the regiser worked at before, to help out a friend. The guy working in the kitchen seemed pretty nice and we spent the slow day shift talking about all sorts of things, but mostly bar stuff. He discovered that I worked my regular gig at a bar right by



his house. He wanted to know what it was like working there and I disclosed to him that I really didn't like closing there, because I'm in there by myself and there's no real security system. I mentioned I felt like a sitting duck in there, especially because the night shifts were really slow. He said that if he was around, he'd come in for a drink while I close and walk me out. I thought that was a nice gesture.

This guy did just that over the course of the next month. This may already seem like a red



ter open and gave him what was in the till, which was somewhere near \$100. He was not satisfied with that. He started asking for patron's cellphones and wallets.

The police arrived after a few minutes, but it felt like an hour for that moment. The guy ran, but they got him and no one was hurt. I'd never realized how vulnerable you can feel in a room full of people, when one of them has a gun.

The Stalker

I was working a few shifts at a bar I'd nev-

flag, but when you're in the industry, it's not uncommon to meet other bartenders and such and go drink at their bars. It's sort of an unspoken custom, that if you serve a fellow bartender and they tip you generously, you should go by their bar and do the same. Anyway, also he was married and talked about his wife a lot. I was grateful to have someone walk me out at night—getting robbed was always a concern with this gig.

One night, he showed up as usual, only this time he was absolutely wasted. Usually, he would be pretty sober and just have a beer. The vibes coming off him that night were very dark. He was the only person in the bar. He told me very calmly that he had caught his wife cheating on him and she had left him and their daughter to stay with the new guy. He said he was going to set their house on fire while they slept. People say things like that all the time, when they are angry and hurt. But, when he said that, it did not sound like a threat—it sounded like a plan. He was quiet for a long time after that. I changed the subject and started to close up early, so I could get out of there. He then, very unceremoniously, asked me if I wanted to go fuck. I declined. He started laughing to himself. I asked what was so funny. He said I looked like a desperate slut who likes to take it any way she can, so he was surprised I didn't want to.

He then stood up and headed for the door.

Before he left, he reminded me that he knew I worked in there alone with no cameras. Also, he knew my closing routine and what my car looked like—he'd walked me to it several times. He then punched the wall hard enough to leave a blood smear from breaking his fist open on it. He left, but left me in sheer terror. If I tell my friend

that employs him and he gets fired, will he come after me? I needed that job at the time. My then-boyfriend switched his schedule at work, so he could sit with me during my close every night, until I could find another job. I never saw the guy again, but he's out there somewhere probably working at a bar. Maybe, one I might walk into.

The Masturbator

Closing shift on slow winter night, just me and another female coworker-everything is business as usual. A man I'd never seen before came in, sat down and ordered a cheap beer. His appearance was disheveled. His long, silver hair was greasy and hadn't seen a comb in a while. He was wearing a brown, '70s-era polyester suit-non-ironically. The strangest thing about him was that he was carrying a plastic bag filled with what appeared to be bread and bread scraps. My grandparents used to pick up day-old bread like this when I was a kid and take it to the park and feed the ducks. That's the best way I can describe what was plunked on the bar beside him.

rooms of this one bar I was working at were right off the front door. I was pouring drinks for the group of waiting customers, when I see a man come in the door and go straight for the bathroom. I go back to what I'm doing. A while later, I notice a line forming outside of the bathroom door. I pop over there and people tell me that the same person has been in there for a very long time. I knock on the door and ask if everything is okay. I don't hear anything. I press my ear to the door. Silence.

This happens. Sometimes people get drunk and decide to nap in the bathroom. It's not fun to deal with, but not uncommon. I banged on the door and kicked it. No response. I called for the cops and

The Escaped Mental Patient

It was a very slow Sunday night. There were just a handful of people in the bar, all of whom I knew. Sunday night was typically all just regulars. I was working with another female. There was only one person sitting directly at the bar. Someone I knew and have served often—I'll call him J. J is a quiet type. Not unfriendly, he just likes to keep to himself. A man I'd never seen before walked in and out of all the seats to choose from, he sits directly next to J. In addition to that being odd, there was definitely something off about this guy. I couldn't tell what it was, exactly. Something about the look in his eyes, I guess. He ordered a beer. It was getting near closing time, so my coworker and I

> were busying ourselves with our cleaning duties. I noticed the guy was watching us both very intently. I also noticed that he wasn't really drinking his beer. J looked extremely uncomfortable, but I assumed it was because the guy chose to sit down right next to him.

> Like I mentioned before, J likes to keep to himself. I was stocking the beer cooler, when suddenly J leaps out of his seat and runs behind the bar to me. I was shocked. J was upset and nearly in tears. He said the guy was muttering under his breath—every

time my coworker and I walked pastabout how he was going to rape each of us, with graphic detail of what he would do. He also mentioned cutting off our heads and "playing with them." J was so upset, he could hardly get the words out to tell me what was wrong. I looked up horrified, just in time to see the man walking out of the bar. It was then, I saw he had a hospital bracelet on and he was barefoot-it was the dead of wintertwo things I didn't see while he was sitting down. We called the police and had them escort us out that night, as we were afraid he'd be out there waiting. They drove around looking for him but never found him.

When you work with the public and serve

alcohol, you see a lot of different sorts of people. This was odd, but not even the weirdest person I'd served that month. He hung out all the way until last call with that one beer, not saying a word just fingering and massaging his bag of bread. Time came to kick everyone out. He was the last one and didn't want to leave. This happens. I got the impression he may be homeless. My coworker was sick of his weird vibes and verv tactfully told him to go. He did. We locked the doors. I started counting the till and she began doing the floors.

Suddenly, I hear her scream.

There he was, pressed up against the window, polyester pants around his ankles, staring at us and masturbating. He was smiling too. The creepiest smile I've ever seen. Dick in one hand, bag of bread in the other. My coworker and I ran to the bathroom, locked ourselves inside and called the police. We didn't come out until we heard them bang on the door. They didn't find him. All that was left was a pile of bread on the sidewalk in front of the bar.

The Junkie

It was a busy Saturday night. The bath-

an ambulance. By the time they arrived, he'd been in there for over an hour. By the time they got the door off its hinges and open, it was close to two. When this happens, what lies behind that door is not anything you want to see. For whatever reason, I looked. The man was on the toilet, pants down, genitals exposed. His face was ashy and his lips were blue. His arm was still tied off. There was blood everywhere from him trying and failing to hit a vein. They took him away—he was still alive.

After they left, I had to clean up the bathroom. It took nearly all night. The horror of picking up and disposing used needles and scrubbing sprayed blood across the wall is one I will never forget.







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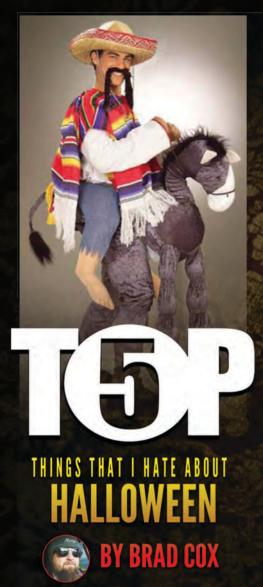




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It's that time of year again, when fall is upon us, the trees are changing color, and for us here in the Pacific Northwest, the rain is back. Pumpkin spice flavoring will be put into everything white people buy, and soon, Halloween will be upon us. I haven't been a fan of Halloween since I was told I wouldn't be getting any more free candy and I wouldn't be dressing up as superheroes anymore. There is a strange repose in this holiday, between childhood and college age, where it isn't cool anymore. Once a person hits about 21, it suddenly becomes cool to dress up and use it as an excuse to get shitfaced and hammered. So, without any further delay, I give you all five reasons I hate this holiday as an adult.

1) The Tradition Of Giving Kids Free Candy Is Crazy

This is the only time of the year we knock on strangers doors and they give our kids stuff for it. Any other time of the year, if we knocked on strange doors, we'd be met with considerable aggression, I'm sure. But, during Halloween, we as an entire culture, dress up our kids and let them rob our neighbors. Now, our neighbors know this is coming, so they prepare for it. They answer the door with a bowl full of candy in hand. When you really think about it, though, it's as strange as trying to imagine the first person to see a cow udder and think...if I suck on this, something delicious will surely come out and my thirst for bodily fluids will be sated. Most other times, adults preparing to give children free candy would be considered a felony—and, those kids wouldn't be coming back from the houses they are lured into.

2) College Halloween Parties Are The Worst

When I was at Purdue University, I went to a few Halloween parties and they were all fucking awful. We didn't have Dollar Tree back home at the time, but they were always adorned with the cheapest decorations Walmart could offer. There would be a five dollar cover charge, for which you would get an orange plastic cup and access to the cheapest keg beer money could buy. These parties would always take place in the shittiest college apartments you can imagine, with stains from God-knows-what all over every surface you could find. In retrospect, I am aware these parties were also the hunting grounds for young rapists, but not being of the rapist variety, I just got blackout drunk for cheap and went home. In retrospect, that would have been an ideal time to dress up as a superhero and actually save someone... but, I was young and naive then, and actually believed that most frat boys weren't rapists.

3) As We Get Older, Our Costumes Get Closer And Closer To Being Naked

This is nearly universally true, so much so, as to be a trope—or, a meme, as we would call it now. Young ladies start out dressing as a nurse or a kitty cat. But, as they get older, those costumes contain less and less fabric (and, more and more lace). Men aren't getting off free and clear, either, as kids, we dressed as heroes, policeman, firemen and all manner of things we wanted to be when we grew up. As adults, we dress like assholes, which, if you think about it, was always what we were going to end up being anyway. I am not here to slut-shame women for their costumes though-your body, your clothes, your rights as a human-you do you, booboo. I do want to criticize those dudes wearing giant dick costumes, though. You bros are the worst and I don't care for your kind one bit, at all. Y'all ladies out there shaking what your momma gave you, though? To that, I say, keep the faith and dress up however you want, but you don't need a special day...in America, every day can be Slutty Kitten Day.



4) White People Dress Up In Dumbass Ways

Every single year, without fail, I see at least a dozen viral "news" reports about a bunch of privileged white kids wearing blackface, or Native dress, or God knows what. If you have a culture, white people are going to appropriate the shit out of that culture during Halloween, with absolutely no regard for social norms and conventions. I mean, seriously, who in their right fucking mind thinks a bunch of bros from Zeta Reticuli Ki can wear blackface? They do it, though-they do it every fucking year, like clockwork. Other people's cultures are not your playground white people...get your shit together...get all your shit...get it together...put it in a backpack... whatever...just get it together, for fuck's sake.

5) We Get It—You Wear Black And Worship Satan

The holidays are my least favorite time to use social media. I mean, I hate holidays on social media more than I hate 9/11 on social media-and, boy howdy, do I hate that a lot. Given that I have a certain personality that draws in a certain type of person, I have a ton of people on my feed who are Wiccan, Pagan, Satanist or some other kind of fringe religion or cult member. These people take this time of year to remind us all about how our holidays are stolen from Pagan traditions, or some other condescending shit that every single person who has ever seen a history channel special already knows. They make extra sure to remind you that they never take down their Halloween decorations, because, in the dark, black heart of an edgelord, every day is Halloween. They Google some shit and talk about All Hallow's Eve or the Salem Witch Trials, then proceed to be even more annoying than people that put up Christmas trees in September (or, people who think 9/11 wasn't an inside job). We get it, Becky, you worship the dark lord and drink blood...but, you should still wear sunblock, 'cause melanoma comes for all, even the wards of the darkest powers. Also, 9/11 was an inside job.



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Six COMPLETELY Tasteless Dead Musician Costumes You Can Ruin Halloween Parties With

BY BLAZER SPARROW



Kurt Cobain With Missing Back Of Head (optional: shotgun)

Yeah, yeah. I know...cheap shot. But, you gotta start with something simple. It was either this, or Elliott Smith with a knife sticking out of his chest, and I feel like this costume would take less explaining. The worst thing about this costume-besides the poor taste-is the random misogynists that will come up to you and be like, "Actually shouldn't Courtney Love be holding that shotgun? Huck, huck, huck." [ED: Actually, it was El Duce]. No, asshole, Kurt Cobain suffered from chronic debilitating depression and the bottom finally gave out. How dare you trivialize such a great artist's tragic suicide! Then, turn around in a huff and walk away, revealing the mess of fake blood and brains dripping from the back of your cheap, blonde wig.

Mama Cass With Cartoon X-Ray Over Chest, Depicting Broken Heart

Because she died of a fucking heart attack, not from choking on a goddamn ham sandwich. The only point of this costume, is to repeatedly inform partygoers of this fact, in a very indignant tone, when they ask what the hell you're supposed to be. While this costume is not particularly tasteless, it does grant you an opportunity to ruin the party, by constantly reminding everyone about the correct and documented circumstances of Ms. Elliot's death. A good bonus of this costume, is that it could double as a tasteless depiction of Adele and the lyrical content of her first two albums.



Elvis Presley With Pants Around Ankles

I mean, why not, right? It's perfect. It gets the point across. No reason to lug around a fake toilet with you all night—just penguin about the party with your pants around your ankles. I suppose you could go for broke and also drop underwear and freeball it, with chocolate fudge smeared up and down your legs. That might be going a little too far, but, remember, we're trying to ruin this Halloween Party here, not make friends. Carry a bottle of pills with you as well. I said tasteless, remember? Go G.G. or go home.

Billy Murcia Holding A Cup Of Coffee

This one is a little obscure. And, by a little, I mean a lot. Billy Murcia was the original drummer for the New York Dolls. So, your best bet is to go in full drag (blonde wig) and stick a pair of drumsticks in your sash or something. It'll take some explaining and people are going to assume you're in Twisted Sister. Regardless, this proto-punk pioneer did not die of a heroin overdose, as was the industry standard (although, he did suffer from one at an after party in London, while on tour). That's not what killed him. Seeing that Billy was unresponsive at said afterparty, his bandmates did the most punk rock thing you could do, and poured hot coffee down his throat, in an attempt to revive him. The coroner's official report for the cause of death, was drowning-by coffee. I wish I could make this shit up. Either way, the three people who "get" the costume will find it very tasteless and offensive and at the very least, you'll ruin the party for those three humorless assholes. The perk of this costume is you'll have a nice cup of coffee for the duration of the party.



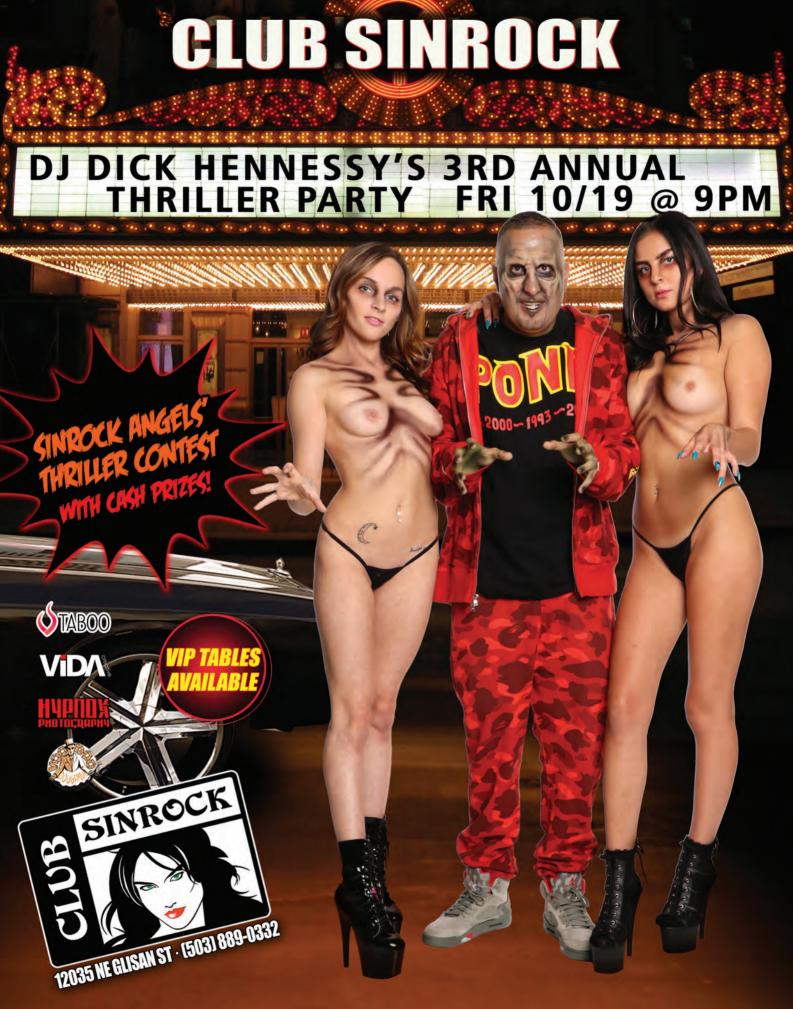
lan Curtis With Noose Around Neck (optional: copies of Iggy Pop's *The Idiot* and Werner Herzog's *Stroszek*)

I mean, not much else to say about this one. If anything, this is probably the least tasteless costume of the bunch—and, really, you'll just bond with a bunch of Joy Division fans. I initially had this idea for a Halloween party. where we just watch Stroszek and listen to The Idiot on repeat, while we all wear nooses around our necks. It'd probably be just me and two other people, but we'd have a swell time. The annoying thing about this costume is having to carry a vinyl record and VHS tape around all night, but it'll be worth it for those three peeps you bond with, and the rest of the party, that you make feel very uncomfortable. If you feel like you're not getting enough of a response, just drop to the floor and fake an epileptic seizure. Someone will get offended.

Sam Cooke Wearing Only A Sports Jacket And One Shoe, With Bleeding Hole In Chest

Regardless of whether or not anyone gets this costume, I think this is just a good party outfit (and an even better going-out outfit). Hopefully, a group splits off from this Halloween party to head to a bar and you force yourself amongst them, just to see the look on the bouncer's face. And, for people who do get the reference, you will be bombarded by both sides of the story, and quite likely erupt the shindig into a civil war, thus successfully ruining it. Watch and laugh, as people who insist that Mr. Cooke kidnapped and attempted to rape Elisa Boyer at the Hacienda Motel fling racist insults at the Soul Legend, while sexist slut-shamers insist that Ms. Boyer was a dirty whore, who seduced Sam and attempted to rob him. Either way, everyone loses and you win, because they're arguing over the integrity of someone they own some records by (and don't know personally), and you are at a party wearing just a sports jacket and one shoe. One thing they can't argue is this is exactly what Sam Cooke looked like when he died.

Happy Halloween.



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