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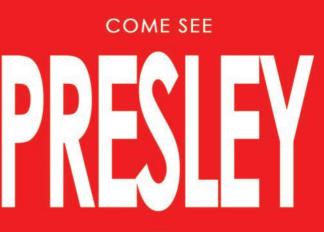


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Issue #315 • Volume 27 • Number 4 October 2019

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> Publisher XMAG LLC.

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<u>FEATURES</u>



PROBLEMATIC COSTUMES

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INK 'N' PINK FINAL Rounds

the finals, in photos, complete with high-quality ink page 28 photos by hypnox



THE HORROR OF LOCAL GIGS

ever wonder how your favorite haunt would look as a venue? page 34 by blazer sparrow



STRIPPERS ON THE SCREEN

an honest review of dancer diaries, the film page 46 by ray mcmillin

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ASK A BARTENDER GREEN ROOM DIARIES PG. 27 **EROTIC CITY** PG. 24 SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS PG. 26 TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH PG. 27 PINUP CALENDAR PG. 30 HALLOWEEN PARTYING ADVICE PG. 32 EXOTIC MAPS (PDX/OR/WA) PG. 36 PG. 38 MADNESS IS LIKE GRAVITY PG. 42 PG. 48



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THE MONTHLY

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

10 TOPICAL HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

It's that time of year again—that time when we all go to social gatherings, with the intent of cutting loose and becoming inebriated. But, unlike your usual Thursdays, people get decked out in costumes, both simple and complex.

Foregoing the standard stuff like monsters, boo-ghosts, demons and Patrick Swayze, are those who choose a costume based on more-or-less current events. Whether you regard this type of costume as creative, lame or creatively lame, there are always a few people whose sense of levity pushes the envelope into the thoroughly tacky, coarse or played-out. This list chronicles the most popular of those topical costumes for 2019.

Molester Michael Jackson

Okay, one would think the topic of the

King Of Pop being into the wee ones as being played-out, even as early as 25 years ago. Not so, however—the recent, in-depth documentary on just how disturbing his relations with children really were, has brought the uncomfortable truth into the spotlight once again. Gone are the days of the Jheri curl wig and red "Thriller" jacket, in favor of his court outfit, shiny sunglasses and children's crayon drawings of what his penis looks like. At least you don't have to spend money on fake nose putty.

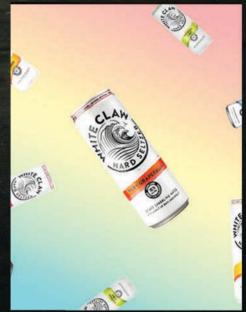


Popeye's Chicken Sandwich

Available in both spicy and white people flavors, the Popeye's chicken sandwich has been the subject of much fuss, over-consumption and violence. Dressed up as one (ideally accompanied by someone dressed as a large drink or, at least a buttered biscuit), you will assuredly be able to be responsible for all those things and more, as you sandwich the night away. Beware of hungry drunks, though.

The Cloud

With many, many tufts of wispy cotton or polyester glued to your body, you stand as the perfect representation of ubiquitous, dubious, online media storage. Be sure to bumble around comically, attempt—and, fail—to hold everyone's drinks by yourself and periodically drop nude photos of various celebrities. Strangely, nobody trusts you, but they will happily let you hold their valuables, because it's convenient to do so. Be sure to go through them.



White Claw Can

Ever wanted to be a chick magnet? Well, with the right construction items, you can be the latest and greatest trendy drink for women aged 18-30, and, inexplicably, men over 50. Move over, LaCroix—this is also LaCroix, but it gets you drunk! Be sure to fill your costume with wholesome liquids to pass out to those you meet at the costume party and tout your low-calorie nature.

New Star Wars Costumes

From the main girl, to the whiny emo bad guy, to that cool black dude, to... uhh...that obnoxious purple-haired lady? The forgettable characters of the most recent *Star Wars* films are sure to amuse people over 11, at the adult party you're getting drunk at. You know, the best costume would probably be Emo Bad Guylo Ren's Cool-Ass Lightsaber. Just the saber—not the rest of him. I lumped these all together, because, otherwise, they would make up the rest of this list.

Orange Man

Cheeky jabs at the president are never



out of fashion. There's nothing people love more than someone who thinks it's clever to put politics into every goddamned thing they do, including having a "good time" on Halloween. Fortunately, for people who opt to take this route, it's fairly easy. Just get a shitload of bronzer, a bad rug and a hilarious parody Twitter account. Those never get old! Maybe tote around an invoice from one Stormy Daniels for "services rendered."

San Francisco

Yes, dressing as an entire city is very much in favor these days and wacky ol' San Francisco edges out previous champion (Columbus, Ohio) this year, by a wide margin. The costume is simple—you just get one of those poop emoji costumes (yes...not only do those exist, but there are dozens of them on Amazon) and, then, you cover it in used needles! This costume is sure to be a hilarious reminder of the contemporary state of the west coast's most expensive city.

Game Of Thrones Season Eight Costume

Can't pick one of the many cast members of the now-defunct HBO show? Just dress like Season Eight...all of it at once. Basically, just build your costume up via series of social media posts and generate massive speculation as to how good you're going to look, once you show up. Then, simply arrive—looking like a confused, hot mess.

Non-Ally Pennywise The Clown

The most commonly seen incarnation of the hideous monster from Stephen King's pre-mediocrity cocaine novel, *It*, Pennywise is a clown who tortures children. However, this psychotic clown, as recently seen in the latest installment of the reboot, has been accused of not being as much of an LGBTQ ally as it was apparently originally suspected (I'm not kidding—Google it). Costume suggestions for this include...dressing as a killer clown and, I dunno, burning Elton John records or something?

Bernie Sanders' Colon

Has a lifetime of bad food choices left you feeling like you'll never be able to stomach decent food again? Well, meet Bernie Sanders' Colon: the little segment of the large intestine that CAN! It can absolve you of the pain of processing years of Taco Bell, Burger King and whatever that horrible gelatin thing your aunt makes every Thanksgiving (that you eat anyhow). You'll have nothing but the most solid, healthy bowel movements, thanks to its mighty digestive prowess. Be sure to get lots of tubing, pink paint and hope, and your costume will wow everyone under 40, who is really feeling like they shouldn't have eaten six bags of flamin' hot Cheetos for dinner. That said, calling this costume "Colon-el Sanders" would just be in poor taste.

So, there's the wrap-up. The most popular topical Halloween costumes for 2019. Me? I'm going as a carton of expired milk that is also somehow a werewolf.

Stay safe out there.

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is an awkward pasta chef, guy who makes "moo" noises at cattle from his car, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR, who is not usually very topical. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook / MeWe as "Wombstretcha The Magnificent."



Should Hund ASK A BARTENDER

They say a bartender acts as a therapist. So, I decided to make it official. My only credentials are listening to hundreds upon hundreds of people's problems, over more years than I can admit. Let me wipe the bar down for you, put down a fresh coaster, then pour you a drink. Pull up your stool and tell me all about it. Remember, I've heard it all. If you have a question, please email DiscountTherapist@Yahoo.com. You will remain anonymous. Also, you get what you pay for.

Love Is Hard To Find

How do I deal with an abusive partner (physically or mentally) who was also the victim of sexual and physical abuse in their adolescence?

-Lover

Dear Lover,

When we invite another person into our lives, we allow a lot that we inevitably take on. When you love someone, the natural instinct is to nurture—to absorb the problems they face, as well as try and help. It's also extremely easy to make excuses for someone when you love them. We fool ourselves

BY DISCOUNTTHERAPIST

with the rhetoric of saying someone is doing something because they faced a certain hardship or come from a certain circumstance. We all want to find love. It isn't easy. I can certainly see why you want to make excuses and overlook your partner's behavior, to make your dream come true. Love is elusive. I think most of us have been there, in some form or another.

When I was in college, I had a boyfriend I'll call "C." This was back in the '90s. We met completely organically, at a coffee shop. Our first year together was great. He moved in and it was really fun. Everything was as it should be. Shortly after our first anniversary, he punched me in the face for the first time—over forgetting to pick up salt at the store. "C" told me he was sexually abused by his father, and in turn, watched him abuse his mother. So, I made excuses. I convinced myself that someone in his position had problems and I allowed that behavior. Every time he hit me, I told myself it was because it was all he knew. I told myself his past was something he needed to work through. We were young, had no money and couldn't afford therapy. I told myself, that because I love this person, this was the baggage I needed to help carry.

It is NOT.

If you are even saying the word "abuse" in regards to your relationship, you need to leave. I don't care if it's emotional, physical or otherwise. You need to leave now and don't ever look back. Abusers are manipulative and they will use every fucking trick in the book, to make you feel like it's your fault. It is not. Their baggage does not excuse them hurting others. There is no background trauma that allows for a person to do it to another. Whatever horrible thing this person experienced is awful. I'm hoping that they are seeking professional help, in learning to cope and heal. That being said, they are NOT allowed to abuse you. You do not have to to take it. Love should never hurt. Someone who loves you should create a barrier of softness around you and provide a nice place for you to land. Love is helping you to achieve your goals and supporting you in your life. Love is growth, being able to be your weird self and enhance everything around you. Love has zero place for abuse. No one would purposely hurt anyone they love.

Please find the strength to break away from this. Please know that love can be found without any pain. Please know that just be-

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ing alone is so much better than being hurt. Abusers target nice and caring people and turn their best qualities against them. If you have any friends left, reach out. I know firsthand that an abuser will isolate you—that's pretty much their first order of business, to cut off your resources. If you can, try reaching out to former friends. They WILL understand. I promise. I'm sure your abuser has made you feel like you are worthless...like people don't like you. That isn't true. It's merely a tactic they use, to keep you all to themselves and stop anyone from whispering in your ear. Try coworkers, acquaintances, your bartender... you'd be surprised how many people are willing to help. You'd also be surprised how many people have actually been there. The statistics are unreliable and constantly fluctuating, but they say that one in three college students report being in an abusive relationship. Remind yourself of what you CAN control. Your abuser can only abuse you if you give them access to you. That's the thing you can control—yourself. Don't let them do this to you anymore. If you need a dog-haircovered couch to sleep on, you message me.

National Domestic Violence Hotline (800-799-7233). Call-To-Safety Portland (888-235-5333). Oregon Coalition Against Domestic & Sexual Violence (503-230-1951).

-DiscountTherapist

Guilt

Some years ago, my (then) wife and I lost our son. I was her support system, even with my broken heart. I was strong for her—the best I could be. But, it finally did kill our relationship. All these years later, it's come back on me, because I didn't seek a grief counselor or any help at all. I'm seeing a counselor now, but that's why it's come back on me. Is there anything else I should be doing? I don't want to be dealing with it all over again.

-Dad

Dear Dad,

First of all, I am so sorry for your loss. That might sound contrite, but I mean it. That is a pain I cannot imagine. You didn't say how your son died and I'm sure it's too painful to talk about. I'm really glad you are seeking professional help. Sometimes, it takes a long while to know we need guidance and that is perfectly okay. Please forgive yourself for taking a while to arrive there. Grief is tricky. It creeps in like a fog. Before you know it, you can't see. Sometimes, you don't know you needed that flashlight, until there is zero visibility. The hard facts are that 80% of marriages or partnerships end after the loss of a child. What a fucking tragedy. People have individual ways of grieving, and navigating that path together can be difficult. Grief is so incredibly personal. Doing it with someone else is near impossible.

I can hear the guilt in your guestion. You feel a sense of responsibility by not going to see a therapist sooner. Perhaps, if you had, you could have been a better partner and saved the relationship. The bottom line is, after this, the cards were stacked against you. The relationship probably wouldn't have survived. If it had, what would it have looked like? When people experience extreme trauma and grief, they aren't good partners. They have so much work to do on themselves, they can't offer much to anyone else. I would wager that, even if you had been in therapy at that time, the relationship would have still failed. Not because of a lack of want or desire, but the trauma for the both of you was too great to overcome. Not everyone knows to turn to therapy, nor knows its benefits. Not everyone can even afford to pay for it. Also, it doesn't work at all for some. Don't dare judge yourself for not seeking it as an option immediately. Who knows if it would have helped anyway? I can't even imagine how she feels-or you-nor do I ever want to.

What can you be doing now? Accepting yourself. You are imperfect. Life is hard and unpredictable. I'm sure you did the best you could at the time with the tools you had. As life goes on, we grow like a tree. Hopefully, we grow stronger. This is a ring in the trunk of your tree. A huge one, but you aren't cut down. Not yet. Keep growing. This life is not over and you still have new stories to write.

-DiscountTherapist

Pregnancy And Alcohol Do Not Mix

My now ex-best friend and I got into a fight a little over a year ago...physically. I was seven months pregnant and she was still drunk, without sleep from the night before (I was renting a room from her for short period, when I moved back to Fresno). The fight started as an argument about a stupid Facebook post I made, which I apologized for later. Anyway, I recently started thinking of her and thought about reaching out, considering we had just been good friends for many years. Should I give it a shot or are some bridges that were burnt, not able to be fixed? My friends and family say "HELL NO," especially the father of my babies.

-Mom

Dear Mom,

Part of getting older is knowing when to cut toxic relationships out of your life. I had dozens upon dozens of friends in my twenties. Well, I thought they were friends, but really, they were just people to party with and to like my MySpace pictures. People you run in to at the bar and hug, but you really don't know them well and they certainly wouldn't come help you move. Now, at 40, I have three and I like it just fine. They are more than friends, they are chosen family. The people that you can call when you are at your very worst are also the ones that you share your very best life with. It's okay, to cut out friendships that don't enhance your life in a positive way, as hard as it may be. Let's start from the beginning. Is this the first incident you've had with this friend? Is this the first time they have lashed out at you, got too drunk, embarrassed you or made you feel like you had to make excuses for them? The fact your baby's daddy feels so strongly about it says to me there were other things besides this incident. Or, perhaps this incident was so damned bad, he was like "NO." My first challenge to you is to reflect on your relationship and interactions with this person, then evaluate their value to your life.

Do you really miss them or just a former version of yourself, that you hope to reconnect with by being with them? Remember, we can't go home again. This may be a low-blow observation, but, honestly, is this person really your friend, if they would physically attack you when you are pregnant? When my friends were carrying their children, I only wanted to help. I wouldn't EVER dream of distressing them or hurting them. You have to wonder about the mentality of someone who would try and attack a pregnant friend, even if you said something that upset them. Words do not deserve a physical attack (usually). That is concerning, no matter how drunk one might be. They say that booze drops the veil of who we really are. Your friend is someone who has one too many and puts their hands on someone who is pregnant (and who they call a friend). Hmm...I know it's hard to let go of people. Cutting off friendships has been one of the hardest tasks in my journey of personal growth. Only you know whether or not this is a union worth cultivating. Your friends shouldn't be attacking you—especially when you're in a vulnerable state. Are those friends? Of course, we should all forgive, but ask yourself this: would you have attacked her if she were seven months pregnant? If the answer is no, well...

-DiscountTherapist

HOW TO BE HIGH ON HALLOWEEN

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

Candy, horror movies and "it's not slutty because it's just supposed to be a kitten" costumes. I fucking love Halloween. And, much like any other day of the year, I plan on being super high on it. But, weed is a tricky substance—cross-fading isn't limited to other drugs, as any "enhancement smoker" knows. Certain holidays (particularly those oriented around over-consumption and acting like a kid) can bring out the best—but, also the worst—in any stoner who tries to partake in them. So, this year, I provide to you a couple good ideas, a bad idea and a terrible idea, when it comes to planning your weed-infused Hallow's Eve.

Good Idea: Bad Horror Movies

If you're over thirty and remember video rental stores, you probably recall a section of horror films that consisted of rows upon rows of films that you've never heard of. This is for a reason-throughout the '80s and much of the '90s, direct-to-video companies like Full Moon churned out thousands of "horror" films that were essentially softcore porn flicks with blood. And, more often than not, very little "porn" was actually present these films seem to rely on formulas made famous by softcore porn (filler plot, topless shot, filler plot, repeat) and slasher horror (filler plot, gore, filler plot, topless shot), but with none of the redeeming gualities. What makes films such as Curse Of The Puppet Master or Dollman Vs. Demonic Toys stand out from their more established peers-which also boast direct-to-video titles (such as the Hellraiser franchise)—is the unapologetically bad production value, poor acting and hole-filled plot. These films know they're bad, and years (decades, even) before Sharknado, video stores were full of "we know this is dog shit" entertainment. Much like the No Limit records that don't involve Master P (or, more specifically, the movies that No Limit rappers put out), bad horror movies are perfect background noise and surprisingly entertaining, if you're baked out of your mind.

Bad Idea: Good Horror Movies

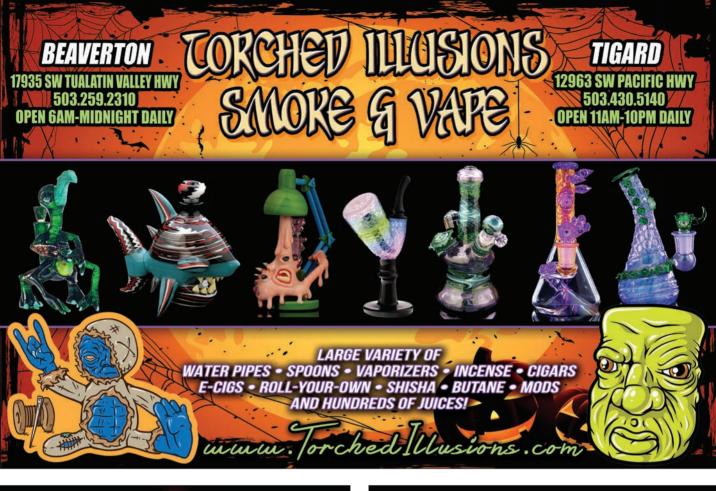
Remember how scary horror movies were when you were a kid? Well, with the right type of weed, they're just as scary as an adult. Poltergeist. Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Jaws. Garden State. These titles may have been terrifying when you were younger, but that was back when it was still socially acceptable to sleep in your mom's bed if you got scared. At 39, it's not as easy to ask for such a favor (at least if you don't live in the south). Another problem with smoking weed and watching, say, 1408 or The Shining, is that good horror movies will stick around in a stoner's brain longer than they will for the average audience member. Hours (or, in some cases, days) later, you'll either still be trying to figure out the movie (like how John Cusack was able to speak to the camera in a horror film and not break character) or just replaying an awful scene over and over again (like that old lady in the bathtub, who aged ninety years in under a few seconds). Bottom line, it's hard to explain to your co-workers why you're so skittish around the coffee grinder when they're not as scared of Leatherface as you were the other night and a good horror movie will stick around in your system about as long as weed does.

Great Idea: Enjoying The Candy That Was Just "Stolen" From Your Front Porch

Here's a fun way to get around the guilt of not answering your door for the children begging for candy: go buy a bag of treats, eat a few pieces, toss the wrappers into a bowl, set the bowl in front of your door, leave a hand-written note that says "take one" on top of the wrappers, then knock the bowl over. This way, it looks as if you made the effort to leave the candy out, but some asshole kids must have ignored the rules and took all the candy. This teaches children an important lesson about honesty and the dangers of socialism. Forget about toothbrushes and religious pamphlets—if you really want to provide kids with a healthy alternative to candy that also doubles as a valuable life lesson, this is easily the best way to do so. Plus, you'll be inside your house, watching *Dollman Vs. Demonic Toys* and eating piles of miniature Snickers bars, without being bothered by intermittent knocking. This "trick" (ahh...now I know where that phrase comes from) works most effectively in apartment complexes and urban areas.

Scary Idea: Anything Catered Toward Adults

Anything catered toward the adult audience is always a bad idea. Halloween involves dressing up, going out, drinking with people you probably don't like (but your girlfriend is buddies with, so you kind of have to), arguing with strangers over whether or not your costume is racist, etc. And, aside from fantastic "adult-adult" attractions (like DJ Dick Hennessy's Haunted Strip Club at Spyce), anything geared toward giving the adults something to do is, by definition, catered toward people who don't have kids. That's right—think about it, if you have kids, you'd be taking them out for Halloween. But, since you're a childless, alcoholic thirtysomething, you're stuck at some shitty-ass bar that has been poorly decorated with last year's discount Halloween crap, dancing to an EDM remix of "Monster Mash" and wondering whether or not the girl you're trying to take home is as hideous (or, even more so) than her costume makes her out to be. And, if things do turn out well for the evening, they will likely have a lasting hangover (much like the good horror films I mentioned above). A few years ago, I actually met a girl at a haunt I was working at (as a DJ and playing an EDM remix of "Monster Mash"), we went home and decided to engage in one-night-standery. Well, her costume was a sailor and she was... how would I say this ... a tomboy? So, to make a long and drunk story short, I now have a Navy fetish. As a straight dude. And, it only works if the chick looks like a boy. Thankfully, fleet week in Portland is lit.





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DE VARIETY OF



Happy Halloween, everyone! I've been celebrating for about three months now, in preparation for the best holiday of the year. Of course, it's time for the seasonal favorites, such as Dick Hennessy's Strip Club Haunted House (happening at Spyce), Spirit Halloween's Recently Closed Small Business Haunted By Capitalism or, my personal favorite spooky fall attraction, Watch Transplants Try To Drive In The Rain. Regardless of how you're going to spend October, you're still here and it's almost 2020. Can you believe that shit? The future is now and we still don't have a fucking headphone jack for our twothousand dollar iPhones. But, thankfully, our magazine doesn't require an internet connection, a charger or any headphones to enjoy. So, here's what's new in the town of homebrew and roses...

Ink 'N' Pink Winner, Katniss, Is An Amazing Person (And Performer)

As I tend to repeat after most of our competitions, the dancers who made it to the final round of Exotic's latest contest, Ink 'N' Pink 2019, are among the best of the best (and, in this case, the tattooedest of the tittied). If you took place in the event and made it to Dante's, consider yourself a winner. And, if you even took the leap to stage, only to not make it past the first rounds, you're still leagues above any dancer who doesn't have the drive to get on the pole in front of a live, judging audience. So, if you had anything to do with the event, we want to sincerely thank you. With that being said, our readers can see photos of every finalists on page 28 in this issue (be sure to show that shit off if you're in the spread).

On to the winner, the lady who took home the title (and prize money) did so for a good cause. Katniss, representing Team Blu, donated her stage tips (which were quite hefty), as well as her compensation for winning the championship, to Mission22 (MI22ION), an organization that seeks to eliminate Veteran suicide. Here is their mission statement (no pun intended), taken from the organization's website, Mission22.com:

"Mission 22 is a non-profit that combats the ever-rising veteran suicide rate. Every day, more than twenty veterans are lost to suicide. Mission 22 wants to bring that number to zero. It does this with three main programs; veteran treatment programs, memorials and national awareness. Mission 22 provides treatment programs to veterans for post-traumatic stress, traumatic brain injury and other issues they might be facing."

I've seen a lot of shit in my day, but a dancer using her prize money for good, after climbing the contest ranks and winning, is pretty damn cool. So, a huge shout out to Blu for putting together a team that includes Katniss, *Ink 'N' Pink 2019* winner and the covergirl (and pinup) for this month's *Exotic*. It's amazing that, in the supposed "underbelly of entertainment" that is the strip club scene, we have some of the most decent, upstanding and selfless people among us.

Oh, I almost forgot...*Miss Exotic Oregon 2020* qualifiers start this month! Check the calendar at the end of this column (as well as the ads) for dates and locations.

Taboo Treats The Newly Legal With 18th Birthday Gift Baskets

Do you know someone who is turning 18 soon (or, have you recently turned 18)? Well, the Northwest's favorite taboo-literally, we're talking about the video store, Taboois running a special for the newly legal. Come in during your birthday month (don't worry... if you missed it by a day or two, they've got you covered) and receive a free gift basket from the storel I remember when I turned 18 and some friends joined me for my first "trip to the porn store," which was one of the best memories I've had, simply because turning 18 feels like getting let out of prison. However, said porn store was shady, the staff didn't care that it was my birthday and they didn't have much of a selection. Taboo, on the other hand, is the complete opposite of what I experienced at Shady Dave's Porn & Things-clean, well-lit and spacious stores, friendly staff, a huge selection of outfits, toys and, of course, porn movies. So, if your friend is almost 18, plan a night out for their birthday and make sure to include Taboo in your plans.

Dancer Diaries Of A Madman: Q & A With Filmmaker Andy Norris

Holy shit...there's a movie about (and starring) Portland strip club family and, well, I gotta brag—I play "club owner, Eric." On page 46 of this issue, you can read my official review of *The Dancer Diaries*, a film based on, starring and written about Portland-area exotic dancers. But, while that falls more into the "Ray's Dumb Opinion" section of *Exotic*, you're currently reading the news portion. So, I took the time this month, to catch up with director and writer, Andy Norris, for a brief interview.

BY RAY MCMILLIN

Exotic: How did you get the idea to make the jump from gritty, real-life documentaries to fiction based on strippers?

Andy Norris: The idea for The Dancer Diaries came while I was working on my anti-war film, Targeting Iran (Brighteon.com/Targetinglran). Making that film had many emotional and psychological challenges-from sorting through disturbing war images, to trying to understand why the war-makers in Washington, Saudi Arabia and Israel wereand continue to be-so intent on attacking and destroying Iran. At the coast, where I lived part-time, I would go for a walk on the beach and smoke a joint after a long day of working on the film-immediate mind shift. When working in Portland, I would go to a strip club down the street-immediate mind shift. One night at the club, there was a dancer at the top of the pole, looking down at the roomful of disparate Portlanders and I thought, "What a great way to start a story!" That story came out rather quickly, so I wrote four more and intertwined them, with the idea of publishing the stories as a book, then pitching the book as a feature film. Six months later, we started shooting.

is this the first film to accurately portray strippers on screen, at least in our neck of the woods?

Mainstream media has, more often than not, portrayed strippers as downtrodden souls, drug addicts and such. I think strippers get pigeon-holed-mostly because addressing sexuality in a public way makes many people uncomfortable. So, insecure folks revert to humanity's puritanical roots and pick on them. Such media portrayal seems to be changing, though, possibly due to fair and accurate coverage of late, from bloggers, journalists and strippers, who have written articles and books themselves. Due to my documentary background, I wanted The Dancer Diaries to more or less accurately portray the work and nuances of being a stripper. This was largely achieved by casting the film with actual, working strippers and giving them the space to be real.

While the film has some quality, sexy performances, I did notice that there is no nudity. Is there a reason for this, other than to reach a wider audience?

The formula for *The Dancer Diaries* brand is as follows: no nudity, no sex scenes and all lead roles are to be played by actual strippers, who also do a stage routine. These were instinctual, gut-level decisions made while I was developing the brand. There were no focus groups or audience tests—it just felt right. As it turned out, all of the actresses are incredibly beautiful and sexy as hell on stage, so the film is not lacking sexuality.

What was is like working with people who have limited to no acting experience?

I was definitely blown away by the natural talent of the actresses and actors, none of whom are professionally trained. From Elle's ability to summon tears on command, to Toxic nailing a break-up scene, to Ray employing his talents as a stand-up comedian, there are some very impressive acting moments. I can't take credit for any of that natural ability.

Where does The Dancer Diaries go from here?

The plan now is to develop The Dancer Diaries brand by opening up submissions to other writers/producers/directors. The formula mentioned above would need to be followed and the pieces should come in around 10-15 minutes, but those are the only constraints, story-wise. Pay would be on the back end and tied to the success of the brand. There is potential to extend well beyond Portland, but the success of the brand is entirely dependent on this first installment. Five-star ratings go a long way on Amazon Prime Video's platform, as do good reviews. Those are the things future backers will look at, as well as the number of views. So, if you're feeling it, please rate and review the film on Prime (even if you are not a Prime member, the film can be rented or purchased for a few bucks on their site). Other platforms will be coming online soon and the distributor will be taking the film to several markets overseas in the coming months. But, right now, success on Amazon Prime Video is the focus. Folks interested in helping to develop the brand and/or submitting a completed 10-15 minute film can contact me via DancerDiaries. com.

Xeroliccity spotlight

SAT 5 – CLUB SINROCK - MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND I

TUE 8 - SCARLET LOUNGE - CHLOE & VIOLET'S DOUBLE TROUBLE TUESDAY BIRTHDAY PARTY

FRI 11 - CLUB OASIS - KALEAH'S BIRTHDAY PARTY SAT 12 - KIT KAT CLUB - JADE NILE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION SAT 12 - THE VENUE - MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND II

FRI 18 - DESIRE - WHITE CLAW WET PANTY CONTEST

FRI 18 - XPOSE - CHYNA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

SAT 19 – STARS CABARET (SALEM) MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND III

SAT 19 - CLUB 205 - AMATEUR NIGHT

SAT 19 - SHIMMERS - KITTEN'S RETIREMENT PARTY

THU 24 – KIT KAT CLUB - MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND IV

THU 24 - LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE - ZOMBIE STRIPPER NIGHT

THU 31 - SPYCE - STRIP CLUB HAUNTED HOUSE

THU 24 - THE SUNSET STRIP - VIP PINK PARTY

FRI 25 - THE FIREHOUSE CABARET - VIP PINK PARTY

FRI 25 - REVEAL LOUNGE HALLOWEEN BASH & COSTUME CONTEST

FRI 25 - TOMMY'S TOO - DAISY DUKE CONTEST

FRI 25 & SAT 26 - GUILTY PLEASURES - HALLOWEEN PREFUNK

SAT 26 - DREAM ON SALOON - HALLOWEEN PARTY

SAT 26 - STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT & SALEM) HEAVEN & HELL HALLOWEEN PARTY

TUE 29 - KIT KAT CLUB - BJ MCNAUGHTY'S BIRTHDAY BASH

THU 31 - CHEETAHS & CLUB 205 HALLOWEEN PARTY

THU 31 - CABARET - HALLOWEEN COSTUME CONTEST

THU 31 - DEVILS POINT - HALLOWEEN NIGHT '90S THEME PARTY



FINALS

PHOTOS BY

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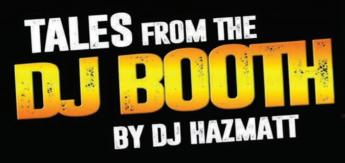
Katniss Team BLU 1st Place MoryJane Sylvias PlayHouse 3rd Place

...

Blazer Kit Kat Club 2nd Place

D







A BAD CUSTOMER FIELD GUIDE

It is a calm, profitable, mid-week night at the strip club. Dancers are busy with their regulars, giving dances to them as the DJ is playing a curated list of unpopular-but-excellent alternative music. The bartender is busy catering to a pseudo-anonymous local tycoon, who is allowed to bend certain rules (hugging dancers, helping himself to extra napkins, etc.), because he's a generous tipper and a well-known, respectful regular. The bouncer is bored and thankful for this fact. Everything is going smoother than a baby stripper's butt...until the bro-nado arrives at the door.

Six dudes, in half-buttoned suits and/ or costumed in oddly specific, custom shirts-all of whom are exhibiting suspiciously over-polite gestures and acting a little too respectful of the rules—approach the door in a calm manner. Of course, this is because they have one ulterior motive: to cause utter chaos, destroy the vibe of the club and get thrown out. Before everyone in the group can get their wallets out, one dude in a car salesman haircut cuts to the front of the line. His puka shell necklace and Ross brand cologne give him away...he is the leader of the would-be-bachelorparty (which is actually just six dudes who will never find a woman to marry them), arriving at the strip club after being tossed out of Dirty or Dixie for calling the bouncer a racial slur and

grabbing the butt of a waitress. He is, of course...

Part 4: Douchebag Joey

If there was ever a stereotype that does not deserve debunking, it is Douchebag Joey. Regardless of skin color, this guy embodies all of the worst character traits associated with white suburban kids. Likely a trust fund baby, definitely a daddy's boy and undoubtedly unaware of the real world, Douchebag Joey packs all of his "bros" into an \$80,000 car, that gets 30 miles to the gallon and was built in Korea for seven cents on the dollar. Then, he turns up the latest, overplayed "rap" (read: mumbling over a kick and a snare) "song" (read: one minute of the same hook, over and over again), merges onto the 217 at 120 miles per hour and declares to his posse, "We are gonna get laid tonight."

An off-screen narrator interrupts the scene—reminding the audience, "But, they would not be getting laid."

Joey and the crew then hit five or six bars and/or nightclubs, each of which ejects one member of the crew for "wack ass bullshit," such as calling a bartender a slur or asking a female customer for her phone number, address, Tinder bio, Facebook page, exboyfriend's name and some cocaine. Oh, she doesn't have cocaine? Time to call the bouncer a "homo," before getting tossed onto the piss-stained pavement. Rinse, White Claw, "TIME FOR SHOTS," new bar, repeat, until the clock strikes drunk-thirty, then it's time to hit the strip clubs.

Of course, the image I've conjured up thus far probably doesn't need any more details—even for people who have never been in a strip club. But, for shits and giggles, let's just add some more qualifiers to the "What Makes A Customer A Douchebag Joey" list:

* Waving money around, but not parting with it. Joey and his buddies will sit at the stage, holding a brick of cash, but they will not share any of their tip budget until the dancer makes it clear that she will blow the entire group for ten bucks (the narrator interjects again, reminding the audience at home that the dancer will not, in fact, be blowing anyone—let alone for ten bucks).

* Requesting the absolute worst (read: overplayed and bad) songs from the DJ, insisting that "the bitch on stage" will love them. Selections include "Crazy Bitch," "Get Low," "anything by Tech N9ne" (even though Joey doesn't know the good Tech songs), "Old Town Road" and "that song by Crazy Town." Then, after requesting these songs, Joey will walk away from the DJ both without tipping.

*Getting in front of the single-file

line of his bros at the bar, then asking the bartender for a "strong drink," forgetting that since this drink is a measured shot of hard alcohol, mixed with a splash of off-brand cola, it is just as "strong" for every customer. The bartender then asks the whole group what they're drinking, to which they all answer the same thing. One of them tips a dollar.

* Loudly proclaiming disgust and/or tactless, crass appreciation for dancers. "That bitch has a bruise on her inner calf...I wonder if her boyfriend beats her," Joey tells the closest person. The narrator attempts to explain to the audience that pole tricks cause bruises. Joey ignores this and further declares, "The fat girl is pretty cute for a fat girl," referring to a 90-pound dancer. "I'm going to give her some money for cocaine, because she clearly needs some."

* Asking the restroom attendant for cocaine, then being told "no," before doubling down and insisting that the restroom attendant must have access to drugs, because he's black. When the attendant bites his tongue to keep his job, Joey pushes the issue, by asking where the restroom attendant is from. The narrator reminds everyone watching, that the attendant is from 12th and Burnside, ten blocks up the street. The restroom attendant tells Joey, "Compton." Upon hearing this, Joey tips the attendant a large sum of money that would have, in theory, gone to the dancers on stage.

All of the above culminates in what I will call "the moment." Anyone who has ever worked in a bar (strip club or otherwise) knows what I am referring to—at some point in the evening, the bro-nado will be clustered around a table, standing up with their heads down, looking at their phones. There is a palpable silence as the calm before the storm gives everyone else the signal to leave—but, no one does. Suddenly, the dancer on stage stops her routine, in shock. No one knows what happened (yet...but, here's a hint: it involves a poorly lit Snapchat photo of a dancer's right buttocks), but she points at Joey's table and yells out, "That guy! Right there! He just..." And, without missing a beat, the bouncer who has been eyeballing Douchebag Joey all night long lunges into the table, tackling one of the bros and causing a Worldstar-worthy display of whiteboy violence (chest patting, yelling, holding their bro off so he doesn't "do something," etc.), which comes to a complete stop as soon as the bouncer decides it does.

After being kicked out of the club, Joey and his bros gather outside, to intimidate customers and harass passersby, telling them that the strip club they just got tossed from is "full decides to diffuse the situation by saying, "Come on guys, someone could get arrested." Smoking stripper puts out her American Spirit and goes back inside. Another fight grows in the alley outside, as drunk people behavior is quite viral. The bouncer realizes why he gets paid on slow nights. Then, the cops (or, rather, *a* cop) shows up, slaps Joey and his friends with a warning and then lectures the door guy about letting in drunk customers.

As their reign of terror comes to a slow halt, Douchebag Joey's posse of Tylers and Chads return to Joey's 2019 Kia Turbo, where a six pack of White Claw and a bottle of shitty vodka await them. No lessons learned, no decisions regretted. Tomorrow, they will do the same thing again, because



of ugly bitches" and that the "bouncer is a fag." One of the passersby, a gay man, hears this and punches Joey in the face, causing him to hit the ground and be out cold for a few minutes. The remainder of the bro-nado comes to a frozen stop, staring at the random gay dude who just knocked their friend out. A stripper, who is smoking on the patio, witnesses the whole thing and decides to escalate the situation. This leads to a soft-R (or hard-A) N-bomb from one Joey's goons, which causes a black passerby to pause, pivot and stare. A momentary race war breaks out, before the last of the Bro-hicans bloggers (and razor blade companies) who focus on "toxic masculinity" are too busy lecturing their allies (and customers), while ignoring the actual cause of the problem, that being the suburbs. Meanwhile, outside of every nightclub in the downtown area, a pile of broken puka shells drown in a puddle of blood and neo-Zima, waiting for a street sweeper to push them aside for another day.

For more of this series, visit TalesFromTheDJBooth.com or visit Facebook.com/TalesFromTheDJBooth.







Portland has more haunted houses than strip clubs, come the end of September [ED: Don't forget DJ Dick Hennessy's haunted strip club at Spyce]. Okay, that's not true, but Jesus Christ, it sometimes feels just as saturated. Once again, adult hipsters who refuse to grow up have taken over something meant for children like coloring books or onesies.

I'm not hating, I'm one of those adult children. I fucking love haunted houses, but now they're like I.P.A. at a new Portland brewery. Do you really need seven, when you only have six taps? Long story short, it's hard to stand out in this industry, unless you have a hell of a budget or a shit ton of people willing to take all of October off and violate people's personal space.

For the budget side of things, you have stuff like Fright Town, where it's honestly more impressive as an art installation than something that will actually scare you. For the other end of the spectrum, head out to Gresham to one of the fullcontact haunted houses, where you don't even get a safe word. And then, there's like five zillion variations of those extremes all over Portland. The point is, nowadays, if you want to open your own haunted house (or escape room, 'cause they're like twins separated at birth, at

BY BLAZER SPARROW

this point) you gotta have a very distinct angle.

I read about a sex-themed haunted house in San Francisco last year, which just sounds like Dante's on Halloween, only more expensive. I kid. Still, being frightened and being aroused is a fairly short bridge to cross, psychologically. Also, depending on who's working, the full-contact House Of Shadows in Gresham kinda becomes a twisted horror orgy of sorts, so this isn't that strange a concept.



The haunted house concept really got the new spin it needed, when Christians co-opted haunted houses into hell houses, where you are basically taken on a tour of people JUST LIKE YOU, who succumb to the horrible, deplorable, make-Jesus-cry actions of homosexuality, abortion, drug use and rock music. I am not joking. Most of these hell houses that I read about end with the actor in these progressively sinful series of vignettes, killing themselves for the grand finale. Suicide is a big no-no in Christianity, I guess.

Either way, these hell houses gave me an idea that Portland might be able to get away with, for a haunted house that targets a very specific demographic: musicians! You may think these pitches are silly and honestly not that scary, but, I ask you, dear reader, is it any less ridiculous than trying to terrify you with a little scene of two people who happen to have similar genitals making out? Or, decide that they don't have the emotional maturity or financial stability to bring a human into the world and decide to spare that hypothetical human an unnecessarily traumatic upbringing?

Behold! Blazer's House Of Real-Life Horrors (For Idiots Who Decide To Make Music Their Career)

As is the custom with most haunted houses, the horror show must start while you're waiting in line to get INTO the actual attraction. While you stand in a zigzag line that sprawls out past the easyup canopy, into the freezing cold rain, an actor dressed as the most trendy version of the trendiest hipster will harass you with fliers to his super cool show. Just as Christians are grossed out by same-sex marriages, musicians will be perturbed by the sad example of their own pathetic attempts at self-promotion. Cringe in horror, as the hipster douchebag promises how "It's gonna be a real cool time, man. I promise you!" before doing finger guns or some bullshit at you.

The attraction properly begins when you're loaded into a noisy, shaky van. The fake van will shutter and break down. A fog machine can probably stand in for the radiator going out. The actor driving the van (band bitch, manager, whathaveyou...), will ask you if anyone has any service on their phone, money or any practical knowledge about how an internal combustion engine works. You'll want to leave, but you cannot, as more actors surround you with complaints in the whiniest voice possible.

They won't let you out of the van. Once you feel like you can't take any more of some sweaty manchild screaming, "Why didn't you get gas before we left?" into your ear, the doors open and you're shoved in front of some mock-up of the local watering hole. The bouncer will come up to you and ask for your I.D., which you don't have, because you had to leave your wallet in a locker, before coming to the attraction. As you panic, another actor comes up and gets mouthy with the bouncer about what a big deal you are. Watch in horror, as the punitive little shittalker convinces the bouncer of how you can kick his ass with your social media following.

This part is fun. The bouncer turns into a maniacal, chainsaw-wielding demon who chases you down a (hopefully) wellconstructed, dark corridor—taunting you with phrases such as, "How many likes do you have on Instagram?" and "How many followers do you have on Spotify?" as he makes a lot of noise and stuff.

This scary corridor run pushes you onto a mock stage, similar to that weird one they used to have at the EMP Museum in Seattle. You stand on the stage and look out at no one. An empty, kitschy bar with a small handful of actors that scoff at you for interrupting their cocktails. Another actor, posing as a sound engineer, tells you to turn it down, even after you've stopped talking and crawled into a ball, weeping silently. Your friend that you got to come out (another actor) complains about the three-dollar cover charge, as you keep trying to be quieter.

Chainsaw bouncer door guy returns at this point and tells you to stop crying and feel safe. Some actor dressed as a clown or something offers you a drink ticket for your troubles and the flood-lights above illuminate a bar, where you think the haunted attraction finally ends with a refreshing alcoholic beverage.

It doesn't matter what you order, because the bartender says that the ticket you were just given isn't good for that. Chainsaw man appears from under the bar and chases you to the final vignette.

As you fall into yet another mock-up venue, after another hot, chainsawed pursuit, you are confronted with another stage, yet you are not on it. The trendy hipster who harassed you in line earlier is on stage, playing whatever it is you think is sellout bullshit—whether it be a uku-



and berates you for how much you've drank. He tells you to get off the stage, because the owner overbooked and the next band (round of haunted house enthusiasts) needs to set up.

Another horrid, strobe-lit corridor serves as the maze, which you must evade chainsaw man as he screams "get off the fucking stage!" at you.

At a certain point, you escape this maze

lele, two turntables (and a microphone) or a zydeco quartet. A swarm of actors come out and throw down for hipster flier pusher, while chainsaw bouncer shows up, yet again, just to give you the chainsaw, so you can off yourself for being the fraud you are.

It's not for everyone, but it would scare the living shit out of some. Happy Fucking Halloween.

HALLOWEEN PARTYING APVICE

Unless you're an eight-year old or a parent who is thanklessly shackled to escorting an eight-year old, then you're probably not going to be trickor-treating this year. You may as well stay home, turn your lights off and hide in the attic, vengefully eating a bowl of candy, as kids mournfully pass by your door, wishing they could take your sweet, sweet candy.

Chances are, though, if you're not an agoraphobe or a serial killer, you'll probably end up out with friends, hosting your own party or taking part in some sort of angry mob for Halloween night. Here are some important things to remember, when participating in any kind of monster mash.

Costumes

This is a big topic, but I'm just going to breeze over this. Wear whatever you please, but remember to make sure it completely obscures your appearance—so whatever crimes you commit (and likely won't remember) will remain unsolved. Gloves couldn't hurt either.

Transportation

If you're going out at all, I highly recommend that you leave your car at home and either walk, bike, bus or Uber it. Not because I don't believe that your chosen designated driver won't drink on the sly (they will), but because your car is possessed and I have it on good authority that Halloween will be the night the demon that inhabits it will be able to reach through the dark veil and strangle you with its seat belt.

New Friends

Be on the lookout for creatures of the night. Halloween is the one night when real ghosts, goblins and demons can wander among the living. Is it a werewolf or Gary from I.T. on a bender? Is that a real slutty vampire or just your ex, Tricia, in a corset? Is that a ghost, or did old Mrs. Sheridan forget her pills and go wandering into the street nude again? The only way to know for sure, is to be prepared for battle. Bring your stakes, silver bullets, crosses, Voodoo gris gris and holy water along for the night. Be prepared to inflict mortal

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

damage on any suspected fiends, and if they act scared, you know they're the real deal. Aim for the heart and feel no remorse—the world is a better place without Tina and her vampire herpes. Or, just regular herpes. Either way.

Imbibing

While it can be fun to utterly demolish the few brain cells you have left, it's prudent to remember that Halloween is the perfect time for a vampire to buy you some "wine" and before you know it, you're a bloodsucking monster, too. Sure, there are other dangers from overindulgence, such as alcohol poisoning, profaning the back of an Uber with your ill-advised chocolate sauce/gummy bear/teguila combination or waking up in a jail cell and being told you tried to recreate the scene in Say Anything, but you forgot all of your clothes except the trench coat (and, instead of a boombox you had a giant zucchini). While all of these seem unlikely fates, I can guarantee from personal experience that they're not. Just keep it safe, kids-and, always remember to bring a towel, for whatever bodily fluids may need a-moppin'.

Inclement Weather

The Pacific Northwest is well-known for its constant, depressing, monotonous gloom. Anyone who has ever tried to incorporate paper or cardboard into their costume here knows it just... won't...fly. Gandalf's Glamdring looked great made of boxes and duct tape at first blush, but it's a sad sight after 20 minutes in the rain. That's why I advise thinking well in advance of the inevitable downpour, come Halloween night. You can certainly doll yourself up to be the sexiest clown, sexiest Al Franken or sexiest Ebola volunteer health worker around, but make sure you wrap yourself entirely in trash bags and duct tape, over top of your elaborate ensemble. No, you won't be able to see your costume, but no one else can either, so when it comes time for the best costume contest, you can all whip out the scissors in anticipation together (and admire one another for the ten minutes it takes to announce the winners, while they close the bar).

Candy

There is not a single soul in our fair nation who doesn't quietly jam handfuls of diabetic encouragement into their craw on the ween of hallows, but let's all take a minute to remember the amazing propaganda of yesteryear, about the dangers of razors in apples, LSD on temporary tattoos and poison in your Snickers. Let us reflect—and, like all good fads, bring it back into style. You don't need to abuse neighborhood cats or anything truly inhumane, but testing your drug lab creations on neighborhood kids is innocuous in comparison. Everyone's night will be far livelier and E.R. nurses need to get paid somehow, right?

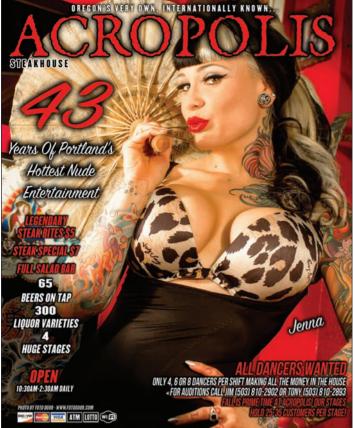
Summoning Demons

While it's the perfect night to do it, I recommend not trying to recreationally call forth the Mind Flayer or whatever your evil of choice this night. I've tried it and you've heard the saying, "don't meet your heroes," right? Well, I'm going to sound like a square, but while a night in the cemetery with a Ouija board is all well and good, a lifetime of demonic subservience is less cool than it might look. I spent all night giving a pedicure to an ancient nameless evil and my back is just so sore today.

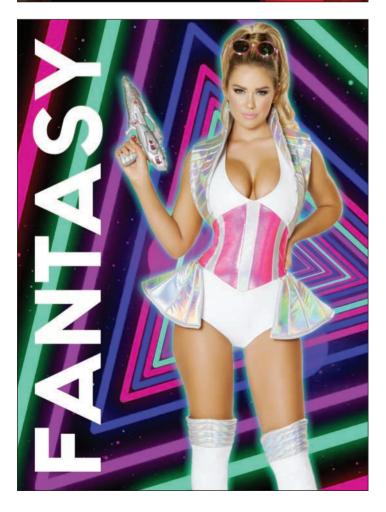
Finally, if you *are* going to take part in an angry mob, carry a pitchfork or a torch—but not both, as it's overly cumbersome and prevents effective pillaging. Trust me on this one.

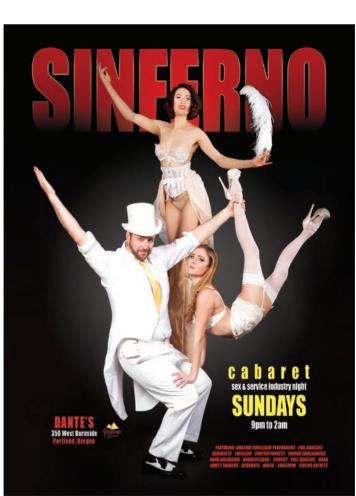
All in all, I wish you a safe and Satanic All Hallows celebration, Dias De Los Muertos or excuse to chuck bible tracts at kids. Whatever your cup of tea, just remember that anything that's fun can kill you and to exercise moderation in your evil. Hail Satan.

Esmeralda is a gypsy from the planet Dagrovoteth. She wishes she could go home, but hasn't been allowed back for generations, due to an oversight in taxation regulations. She can be found on Facebook by name or Instagram at @EsmeraldaSilentCitadel



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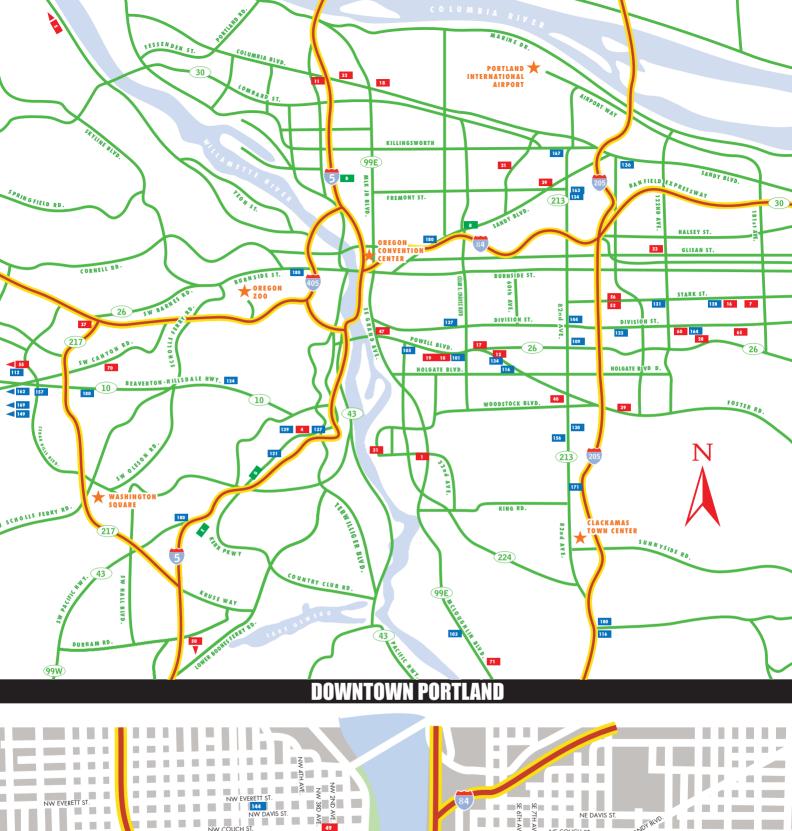
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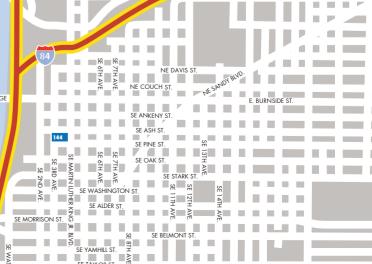
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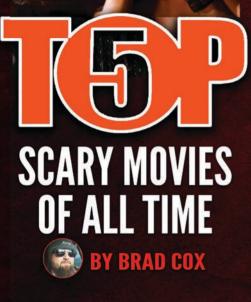


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I wonder at what point things will just stop mattering. Those things we hold onto, that allow us to have a sense of hope and forward motion. For white women, that thing is pumpkin-spiceo-ween...I mean, Halloween. The best thing about Halloween is the fact that it normalizes murder, porn and evil. So, of course, just like every other month, I am here to tell you my *Top 5*. But, this time, we have the top scariest movies of allgoddamn-motherfucking time.

1) The Conjuring (James Wan, 2013)

The Conjuring is a fucking masterpiece and a great example of how to creep me the fuck out. It's my favorite modern ghost story movie and one I have seen a dozen times, because it's possibly my wife's favorite scary movie. The sequel is even pretty good, but I haven't watched the spin-off called *Annabelle*. If you're a person who likes haunted shit, then you owe it to yourself to watch this movie with the lights off.



2) Hellraiser (Clive Barker, 1987)

Pinhead is, hands down, my favorite BDSM demon. And, Hellraiser is, without a doubt, my favorite horror franchise. I even love the straight-to-DVD sequels, which are pretty much universally hated by everyone who has eyes to watch them. This franchise hits home in a very specific way for me, because I was raised by a very Christian mom, who made me go to official church three times a week. In addition to the actual church services, I also went to the private school in the church and participated in the church-sponsored athletic activities. So, the message that my most taboo kinks would summon a literal demon, given a little black magic to grease the wheels, was a very real idea to me. When I first watched this movie, it invoked a very lizard-brain fear in me, because I was programmed to believe that shit like that was real. Talk about fuckin therapy, man...l still pray for forgiveness after l ierk off.

3) Lord Of Illusions (Clive Barker, 1995)

The premise that magic is real can be a real fuckin' double-edged sword sometimes, and one of the times it goes really sideways is in *Lord Of Illusions*. Imagine if a world-famous magician suddenly discovered that magic was real, and when he tapped into it, he went crazy and started a redneck murder cult. That's kinda what you get in this movie. It's also sort of a noir detective movie in a few ways. It's really an underrated film and I am surprised how many lists it doesn't make its way onto. I guess it's a good thing I write lists, though, because Lord Of Illusions, today is your day to shine, my little, creepy diamond.

4) House of 1000 Corpses (Rob Zombie, 2003)

Rob Zombie is a real horror fan and, coincidentally, also a legitimate creative genius. He made this movie in 2000 for seven million dollars. The movie was paid for by Univeral Studios, but it's a pretty fucked up movie, so they decided to shelve it. It did eventually come out-in 2003-and critics just shat upon it, pretty much across the board. But, horror fans fucking love this movie and it has lived on, since its release on DVD. Rob Zombie has gone on to make a bunch more movies, and at one point, he helped design a haunted house attraction at Universal Studios Hollywood. based on House of 1000 Corpses. Heres a quick highlight reel for you: blood, sex, torture, masturbation, necrophilia and weird accents for no reason at all. Oh. I almost forgot, Rob Zombie also coscored the film, in addition to writing and directing it.

5) Halloween (John Carpenter, 1978 and Rob Zombie, 2007)

I had to put this one on the list, because it's a fucking classic two times over. The first Halloween was released in 1978 and directed by John Carpenter—you may have heard of him before. That movie scared the shit out of people before I was born and it inspired an entire horror cinema movement during the '70s and '80s. Rob Zombie got ahold of it and with more money (and modern techniques), made the same movie somehow better. Michael Myers is a supernaturally evil killer who just refuses to die-and he fucking hates it when teenagers fuck. Rob Zombie managed to flesh out the killer with a backstory, who makes his gore-porn rampages even more unsettling than they were in the first film.

What are your favorite spooky movies to watch during the spookiest time of year? Reach out and tell me your top scary movies at NextGenerationRetro@Gmail.com or fuckin' DM me on Twitter via @Next-GenRetro. And, remember, you can also find me on YouTube (@NextGenRetro) and on Twitch (/NextGenRetroPDX).



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FILM REVIEW: THE DANCER DANCER DIARIES

I never thought I'd live to see the day that I actually used Amazon Prime to rent something, as opposed to just sailing the high sees with an eye patch and a parrot. But, here I am, \$2.99 poorer and extremely happy that I made the decision to spend that money. Writer, director and friend, Andy Norris (Targeting Iran and Source To Sea: The Columbia River Swim), has finally (after years and years of putting the project together) released his film, The Dancer Diaries, which is based on a book of the same name. And, as much as I like to go into anything strip-club-related with a pessimistic eye and a jaded attitude (even if one of my friends is the creator of said project), after ten minutes of The Dancer Diaries, I was sold like a private dance to a lottery winner with a terminal illness. This is a good film, and I say that having already been paid for my involvement. You'll catch some of your favorite Portland-area dancers acting (not pretending to act, but actually putting on a performance worthy of the big screen), see some of your favorite locations, watch some amazing pole tricks, witness me try to act and, most importantly, notice that the weed used in the film is real weed (this is my litmus test for whether or not a movie deserves a genuine review—hops get onestarred immediately).

The first thing that caught my eye about

the The Dancer Diaries was the professional, sleek camera work and excellent editing. To be blunt, lots of independent movies suffer from shit quality cinematography, bad audio levels and a vibe that says, "This is a crowdfunded passion project-deal with it." However, I'm a stickler for professionalism—especially when it comes to indie films-because it's not about your budget, but how you use it. Remember back when flicks like Clerks and Friday The 13th did the most with what they could, given their limitations? I miss that era of film making, and Andy Norris clearly does, as well. But, this film is not "low budget" looking by any means of the word, and thus does not rely on black-andwhite or conservative use of sets (like the examples I gave above). The Dancer Diaries is polished—clearly an "indie" film (niche subject matter, unknown actors, etc.), but still, extremely polished. To me, this is part of the reason it's available on Amazon and likely to develop a cult audience to appreciate it, once the film gets out to a wider audience. The point here, is that The Dancer Diaries looks fucking great, and if I didn't know anyone involved, I would assume that it was produced for ten times the budget that it was.

Next up, let me say that the story and acting are phenomenal. I mention them simultaneously, because they are both worth recognizing for their realness. Contrary to popular Hollywood belief, strippers aren't all Vegas-bound gold diggers and hustlers with daddy issues and cocaine addictions. Not only does *The Dancer Diaries* provide a realistic, genuine set of characters, but the "not an actor" actors do a fucking amazing job at acting. I mean, it makes sense that women who are often forced to put on a front while dealing with customers of all varieties are natural actors,

but there are times in this movie where I felt like I was, well, hanging out with real-life, off-duty strippers (something I've been doing for almost two decades). Unless I missed a Facebook post or something, I'm pretty sure that no one in this movie (who plays a dancer) has prior acting credits. But, you wouldn't know that. In one particular scene, audiences get to see the most realistic and natural-feeling portrayal of a strip club dressing room that has ever hit the screen—I am not exaggerating. It may come as as disappointment to the Showgirls fans, but it's not a lesbian drug orgy, back behind the dressing room doors. The conversation between dancers in The Dancer Diaries feels unscriptedbut, again, it's not.

Something worth mentioning is that, while there are some quality pole performances by Portland-famous dancers (some of whom many viewers will recognize), there is not a single drop of nudity in this film. On the same token, there is also not a single unattractive or non-sexy performance in the film, either. Let me point out what I'm getting at—there is a middle ground between exploitative, B-movie sex appeal and super G-rated and politically correct themes. Why? Well, neither of these themes apply to the real world, let alone the strip club industry. Portland strippers, while feminist and progressive in many, many areas (usually the good ones, such as being open to various sexual orientations, genders and body types) are also realistic, in that they're attractive, in-shape and, well, worth watching on a pole. So, by avoiding both the "she better show her boobs in the next scene" and "these are unattainable standards of beauty" extremes, The Dancer Diaries yet again scores a point in the "real, but in a good way" category. This may be an odd example, but if strip-



pers were serial killers, this film is *Henry*, not *Texas Chainsaw*.

My last point of praise (for this review, at least) is that this is a film to be enjoyed by industry vets *and* people who would nev-

er set foot in a strip club. Due to things I've already mentioned (great acting, a believable, accurate portrayal of dancers, a lack of explicit nudity, polished visuals and sound, etc.), The Dancer Diaries should appeal to fans of the subculture genre, as a whole. If this was a film that followed, for instance, a handful of punk musicians, skaters, circus performers or any other subculture, it would work. More often than not, films try too hard for mainstream appeal, thus losing the demographic they attempt to cater to (SLC Punk) or they flat-out assume that everyone watching a film will already possess a ton of knowledge regarding the topic at hand (Avengers: Endgame). On the other hand, I look forward to inviting friends over-the ones who refuse to come to watch me "yell at naked ladies"—showing them this film and then telling them that this is who I work with and what I do for a living (swap club ownership for hosting and DJ duties).

Now, it wouldn't be an honest review if I didn't mention some things that make the *The Dancer Diaries* less-than-perfect. Sure, I'm friends with the writer/director and star in the film for a few scenes, but honesty is what keeps my writing career afloat, so I'm gonna be as impar-

tial as possible here. First of all, there is lots

of well-written, quality music in the film but, it's unlikely that you've ever heard it. This, to some, may distract from the film. Familiarity is why certain mainstream songs ("Born To Be Wild," "Spirit In The Sky," etc.) are used over and over in Hollywood

> ONCE UPON A TIME, IN THE STRIP CLUB CAPITAL OF THE WORLD...

The Dancer Diaries

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films. But, considering that it costs roughly a million dollars to license a few seconds of any popular song, there was no way that *The Dancer Diaries* would exist if it relied on Guns 'N' Roses or Lady Gaga to complete the soundtrack. So, this is more of a complaint that I have with the music licensing industry, than I do the film itself.

Secondly, this film is based on a book, which means that exposition is used in place of narration. Again, this is an unavoidable consequence of the film's struc-

> ture and style, but there are certain aspects of the source material (the book, *The Dancer Diaries*) that I would have liked to see in the film. Yes, the visual version of the story does a great job introducing the characters, but having read the book, I was able to notice certain portions of trimmed fat. So, again on the "this isn't Andy's problem" note, my second complaint is basically that the film wasn't six hours long. Boo hoo.

> I recommend that anyone in or around the Portland strip club industry visit Amazon Prime, pay the three dollars (that's a one-song tip) for the rental and take a look at the first motion picture to ever accurately portray strip club life in our neck of the woods. The Dancer Diaries is more than a film—it's a love letter to our industry, one that will hopefully lead to a sequel. I mean, Tales From The DJ Booth: The Movie would work, right? Okay, that was cheap. But, so is the rental charge—go watch the film, which can be viewed on any device that plugs into the wall.

Visit *DancerDiaries.com* for more info if you are interested in distributing the film, or to contact directer and writer, Andy Norris.





MADNESS IS LIKE GRAVITY words by w. bill czolgosz, art by sean simmans

Batman has one rule. I'm not sure what it is, exactly. He either doesn't kill people or he doesn't use firearms—the movies and comic books are all over the place, and he seems to bend or break this rule constantly (I don't even need to cite *Batman Vs. Superman...*watch the Caped Crusader burn a fucker alive in *Batman*

Returns or pop a specialized cap in Darkseid's ass in *Final Crisis*). At any rate, Batman has one rule...

I, too, have one rule and it also involves a shooting device, capable of firing an anti-life bacterium into one of the New Gods. My one rule is this: I never send a dick pic.

Nestled somewhere between decorum and fear lies the idea that prospective women partners don't really want to see snapshots of my junk. Women's minds work differently than men's. Men are capable of fetishizing a pussy without even knowing who it belongs tooften with disastrous results. A man does not need to know whether a woman prefers Beatles over Stones before he decides to begin composing epistles to her slick box. A woman is exactly the opposite. She wants the answers to Beatles/Stones, Roses/Crue, Dylan/Cohen, Dia-

mond/Sedaka, etc. Before she chooses to suck on a fellow's Bat-pole, she wants to know why he owns two copies of Paul McCartney's *Ram*, but has no opinion whatsoever on George Harrison's post-Beatles career.

This is an evolutionary gimmick. The male desires to spread his seed far and wide, indiscriminately, into as many or-

ifices as possible (even the ones that will in no way contribute to evolution's genetic pool). The female, conversely, wants the best possible partner to dump his seed into her birth canal. She wants the fella who fingers her tenderly to "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," then flips her over and gives her a dose of "Mr. el and blood clots. No chick wants that, no matter how freaky she claims to be.

Women don't want to see your junk. They don't want to see mine—not yet, anyway. They want to judge your genetic compatibility based on the merits of your sturdy, square face. Then, they want your poetry, your flowers, your wishes,

> your stability and your dirty talk. Instead of seeing your cock, they want to hear about what you'd like to do to them with it.

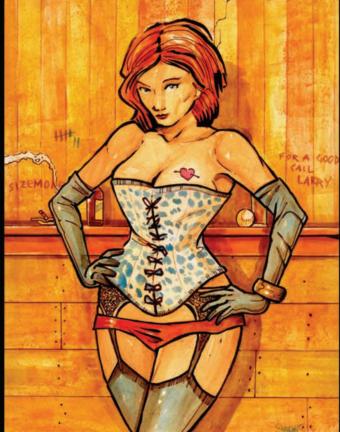
So, I never send a dick pic.

Let's have some raw honesty, too. I ask myself, "Does this thing look its best? Can I do a better angle? Do I need different light? How come this thing doesn't seem as big as the one in that film I recently viewed? That guy went all the way to the lady's pancreas! She seemed surprised and delighted. Maybe she was crying, a little bit. How do I compete with that? Should I shave my bag? Will that help?"

It's my one rule.

Life goes sideways, sometimes. Like when Anne Hathaway discovered that Bruce Wayne had machine guns mounted on his Bat-pod. "What a strange contradiction," she gasped, ass arched

tastily in the air, before blowing Bane the fuck away. "Why does a man who eschews firearms also happen to own firearms? Are these for deer hunting? On another note, I just saved your hide by killing the guy who was strangling you. And, you seem to be okay with it, despite having a very nebulous rule about killing. You're wearing a hydraulic knee brace that can kick someone's skull



Brownstone." She wants the pure DNA of the tall, dapper Bruce Wayne and not the fetid gunk of the small, whiny Dick Grayson, who may be so sloppy and inexperienced, that he spuzzes on the bedsheets before he even gets his circus tights off. I mean, who hasn't done that? I mean worn circus tights. It rocks. And, what about Joker? You just know, on some level, that his semen is flecked with gravclean off, for fuck's sake! For being such a super-conscientious objector, you sure have a weird way of walking the walk."

Recently, I entered into a creative partnership with a gal who lives some miles away...

Allow me to re-phrase that: I am currently in a "long-distance intellectual relationship" (so many semantics at play). We write things together. We make artworks. We have big ideas about becoming wealthy and famous. She has a real knack for concepts, flow, design...it balances my chaotic, messy output. She wants to compose a graphic novel for palliative care patients, to ease them into the beyond. I thought that idea was so Bat-shit nuts, that I had to climb on board. Neither of us had any intention of pursuing anything beyond artistic collaboration.

Do you sense where this is headed?

Things quickly went to hell during a phone call, when we were supposed to be discussing the salient points of our comic book for the dying. I wanted more zombies and innards. She wanted more unicorns and butterflies. Note what I said about "balance," above. And, it hit me, probably when she was describing the aesthetic of the afterlife ("lush, sen-



sual, a tiny electrical vibration in your nerve stem") that I found myself declaring, "Holy shit—your voice is so fucking sexy!" Not one of my better lines, but she must have sensed the earnestness in it all.

"I like your voice, too," she said. "It's rough and growly. It makes me think of angry forest creatures. It makes me think of Batman." I'm actually more of a Superman guy, but I'll take what I can get, when I can get it.

There may have been purring on the other end of the phone. It's all a blur. There was jacking off. I won't lie about that. Phone sex used to be a foreign concept to me, even when I was married. And, maybe, the lack thereof is why I'm no longer married. Who can say? Chicks are weird. Instead of designing a fourcolor comic, we both ended up discoloring our sheets.

"I've never done that before," I said.

"Masturbation?" she asked.

"No—wanking with a woman on the phone!"

"Oh. Me neither."

Within days, we had graduated to video streaming. Just fill in all the blanks. I've only got so many column inches to work with and I've already wasted a few. The lady was stunningly pretty and evolution demanded that I deposit my genetic material all over her whatever. She felt more-or-less the same. Once we got beyond my sturdy, square face and my excellent poetry (and moved well into the dirty talk), she whimpered, "I want to see your cock."

This was a full-stop moment. A movie moment. A defining fork in the road of life. Go left and you're nothing but a Robin, ashamed of his minisculus dingus and spraying his circus tights with shameful fluid. Go right—like when Batman leaped after Rachel Holmes when she was dropped from the penthouse terrace—and you're suddenly the Dark Knight of Dick.



"You want me to what?"

"I want you to show me your cock. Hurry! I'm almost there!"

"Almost where?"

"Shut up! Show me! I'm so close ..."

"I need to clean my bedroom before I turn the camera around. I have a load of laundry that I still haven't folded. My duvet has no cover on it and there's dog hair all—"

"Show me your fucking cock!"

In that one film, Joker leaned real close to Batman and said, "Tonight, you're going to break your one rule..."

I don't recall how that all played out. I think Rachel exploded. I don't recall Batman using a gun, nor murdering anyone. Harvey Dent caught on fire, but only on half of his face. And, the Joker got away, just like in the Christmas song. But, Batman stuck by his one rule and kept his dignity intact.

I, on the other hand, did not.

"Shall we discuss the comic project now?" the lady asked, catching her breath.

"Shortly," I said. "After you send the pussy pics..."





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