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BLING DADDY CADDY is one of the most dynamic and exciting MCs to emerge from the Dirty, Dirty South in literally weeks. Along with other hip-hop superstars such as T.I., Yung Joc, Ludacris, and Outkast, Bling Daddy makes his home in Atlanta, AKA “Da ATL” and “The Chocolate Peach.” His 2004 debut album, Don’t Be Hatin’ on My Rims, was a breakthrough multiplatinum-seller and hardcore street sensation that yielded now-classic dance-floor hits such as “D.R.O.P. (Ya Drawers),” “Bling It (If Ya Can’t Sing It),” “I Wanna Bone (When I’m Drinkin’ Patrón)” and “In Da Klub (Where the Bitches At?).” His highly anticipated sophomore effort, Ain’t No Fakin’ Da Funk, is set to drop in late March. Ain’t No Fakin’ reveals a more lyrically mature artist willing to tackle more complex social issues, with titles such as “Knock Knock (Ya Teef Out),” “She Got the H-I-V (And Won’t L-L-V-EL),” and the debut single, the highly controversial club smash “Anal SexX (Takin’ It 2 Da Hoop).” We caught up with Bling Daddy at a local chicken-and-waffles establishment, and he didn’t hesitate to plop some street knowledge straight into our laps.

HOW DID YOU GET THE NAME, “BLING DADDY CADDY?”
Man, I’m gettin’ tired of bein’ asked that shit. It’s simple, dog: I got bling, I’m gonna be a daddy soon and I drive a Cadillac. To call myself anything else but Bling Daddy Caddy would be fuckin’ retarded.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CALLED ANYTHING ELSE?
Oh, I got plenty of aliases: They call me Bling Daddy, Bling Daddy C., B.D.C., B.D. Caddy, Bling D. Caddy, B.D. Cadillac, and my friends just call me Bling. My real name is Philometrius Collard, but like I said, my friends just call me Bling. I’ve been rollin’ with the same crew since Don’t Be Hatin’ on My Rims dropped: DJ Chikkentaint, MC Duck Butter, and my erotic dancer Miss Lady Red Velvet Cake. People see us walk in the club, and they know the club is gonna get H-O-T. The weather gets smokin’ down here, the club starts bumpin’, you drink some shots of Patrón, your feet start stickin’, and you just fuckin’ know you’re gonna have a good time once Bling and his crew walk in the club. That’s a fuckin’ guarantee.

WHY DO YOU PLACE SO MUCH IMPORTANCE ON YOUR RIMS?
Because rims are fuckin’ important. Dog. Ladies love rims. And I got me the best fuckin’ rims in the business. We got a lotta chop shops down in the ATL, and I know some criminal mechanics that are like fuckin’ evil scientists, man, and they make me the most space-age rims you ever done seen. There might be some ATL rappers that are more famous than me, but they all jealous of my rims. Like I sing on the title track to Don’t Be Hatin’: “Y’all be suckin’ on my Slim Jim/and hatin’ on my fly rims.” Try to snatch my rims, you get a Desert Eagle pointed at your dome. I don’t take shorts when it comes to rims. Recognize!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST’S HIP-HOP SCENE?
The Pacific Northwest? That where they got all the trees and the rain and shit?

I GUESS YOU COULD LOOK AT IT THAT WAY.
Portland and Seattle are like a house divided against themselves, dog. Portland is poppin’, but Seattle is slammin’. You know it’s a Portland cut on the radio because it pops, and you can tell a Seattle track because it never fails to slam. The problem is that it never pops and slams at the same time like it does here down South. It’s like you want to order rice and beans, but one city only has rice, and the other city only has beans. Seattle is rice, and Portland is beans. Dog. Down South, we got rice and beans on the same plate.

ANY LAST WORDS?
Praise be to God Almighty the most high who’s been my biggest fan since I started in the rap game, and if the playa-haters and rim-friends don’t like that, I’ll whip out my Tec-9 and blow y’all’s fucking heads off. PEACE!
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Stripper Kombat

Regardless of how many bouncers a club employs (or fails to employ), sooner or later every strip-club DJ ends up witnessing a fight between dancers. More often than not, something no larger than Biz Markie’s fan base is to blame for the cause of the fight: a “stolen” (aka misplaced) outfit, a “stolen” (aka hustled) customer, etc. Just as often, the outcome of the fight ends up in buckets of blood and/or alcohol (interchangeable terms for most of the dancers involved in at-work fights), and the wahhhh-ambulance pulls in to pick up whichever girl is “not at fault” (aka, whichever one’s fucking the manager on duty). The pattern repeats itself like a Nickelback song regardless of the club where it happens.

Being the responsible, caring adult that I am, I like to restrict violence in the workplace to male-on-male action (go ahead and take that out of context...I could use a gig at the Viewpoint), so it was no surprise when I became the peacekeeper between two girls who “knew each other outside the club” (aka, ate box lunches before and after work) but were on really, really bad terms. Over what? Both of them had forgotten. But in the words of one, the other was a “trick-ass bitch.” The other accused the first one of being a “bitch-ass trick.” It was on.

Knowing both of these girls (one being nicknamed “Bulldog,” and not for her looks), I realized quickly that any water I threw on the fire would most likely turn to gasoline in mid-air. So I decided to allow the girls to fight if, and only if, they did so onstage. The rules were simple: Rip each other’s clothes off, and winner keeps all of the tips obtained during the set.

Fuck, I have like ten seconds until this song is over, and then “Bulldog” is up. The girls would have to come onstage together, during Maria’s set...

...C://Mp3/Soundtracks/Mortal Kombat Theme.mp3...
...and if Asia wins, then Maria is going to be even more pissed about it, so customers would have to cough up some serious cash.

What to pick for the second song?

...C://Mp3/Soundtracks/Joe Esposito - You’re The Best.mp3...

All ready for the fight, I announced that so-and-so was stepping off after blah-blah-blah and available for a whatever, and then I cut the music. If there’s one thing I’ve learned from working in this industry, silence gets people’s attention quicker than anything you can say over the mic. “You fuckers listening? OK, for Maria’s set...we will have...STRIPPER KOMBAT! Dollars on the racks, winner takes all! Maria. Asia. Round One. FIGHT!”

For the first time in months, both Maria and Asia were completely cool with “dancing” to what I had picked on my own, and the Mortal Kombat theme music was more than fitting. A copout, actually, but hey, I’m cheap. But there was no “dancing.” No more than fifteen seconds into the bum-pada-bumpada techno crap that is the MK theme (great game, horrible movie, soundtrack a reason for KMFDM, et al., to make more money, etc.), these chicks were not only tearing off each other’s clothes, but I can swear I saw the girls throwing actual punches to the face.

The fifty-plus bills of various denominations didn’t exactly motivate the dancers to stop fighting. Plus, it doesn’t help the cause when your club’s booking agent/bouncer is more entertained by fighting strippers than you are. By the time “You’re the Best” (circa Karate Kid) started playing, though, we had a bigger problem. The girls were completely naked, and there were no more clothes to remove. And so far, the song had only made me the story (raymcmillin@hotmail.com), of you out there actually pull it off, email what they’re getting into. However, if any

Bottom line? Either stick with an 80s-night format or play rap music. It’s a sad state, but it’s better than endorsing redundant rip-offs of songs that were never good to begin with.

At Least Call it a Remix

If you do the math, a limitation of eight musical notes (twenty-four if you want to be a dick) recorded in four-minute increments means that only a certain number of songs can be performed, and subsequently, genuinely “new” music gets rarer and rarer. This is probably why DJ/techno/hip-hop/BPM/sampling is getting so big; the reuse of previously recorded material is considered to be original.

However, don’t rewrite a fucking song and call it your own. “Paralyzed” by Finger Eleven was better when Skid Row did it as “Youth Gone Wild.” Dandy Warhols’ “Bohemian Like You” rips off a Stones song that was basically a rewrite of another Stones song (“Gimmie Shelter” vs. “Jumpin’ Jack Flash,” aka Gary Busey vs. Nick Nolte). And what the fuck happened to AFI? Remember when they wrote original Oi music that centered around straight-edge lifestyles and not taking shit from the opposite sex? Either way, “Miss Murder” might as well be a Green Day B-side.

Bottom line? Either stick with an 80s-night format or play rap music. It’s a sad state, but it’s better than endorsing redundant rip-offs of songs that were never good to begin with.

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March 2008

Here we go, Portland: The rain is starting to subside, and before you know it, spring is gonna be breakin’. It’s a time of year when all those feelings of lust and desire that have been buried under a dark cloud get to crawl to the surface and bask in the sunshine for a change. Aside from the regular fare, Oregon’s finest adult establishments have plenty of holiday-themed shindigs in store for you all to get lucky on St. Patty’s Day. Not to mention some particularly odd events on the calendar this March—things that are so damn odd, I think I have to give an award to their creators! But more on that later. Let’s get snappin’, peepin’, and crackin’, shall we?

IN THE CLUBS

Over at Cabaret I & II, be sure to check out their St. Patrick’s Day parties at both clubs on Monday, March 17th, with prizes, giveaways, and specials. Carnaval will be tearing it up with Miss Mondays from 10 PM-4 AM, where girls dance for girls! Cheetahs of Salem will be greasing up the babes for their oil-wrestling contest on Saturday, March 15th. Cheetahs is keeping it moist with a wet T-shirt throwdown on Saturday, March 29th, with a $50 prize. All ladies are welcome to compete.

There’s big news on the horizon for the Dolphin Clubs. That’s right, boys and girls, coming soon…it’s the mother of all pageants, Miss Nude Oregon. Stay tuned for more details in these pages. Exotica is heading to the islands this month for their 9th Anniversary with a Hawaiian Luau V.I.P. Event on Saturday, March 8th at 9 PM. They’ll be celebrating nine years of Exotica excellence with feature shows, prize giveaways, and a complimentary food buffet.

Welcome to the all-new Casa Diablo, now open Monday through Saturday from 2 PM-2:30 AM. Dream On Saloon will be getting festive a little early for this St. Patty’s Day on Saturday, March 15th at 9 PM, where they will be celebrating good times and green beer!

And over at Jody’s, you can get your green on for their St. Patrick’s Day Bash on Monday, March 17th.

It’s time to tip the hat and present the award for some of the oddest events on the books this month. The gang over at DV8 is no stranger to unique adult entertainment, but this month, aside from their St. Patty’s Day Party with green beer and a free Irish buffet starting at 6 PM on the 17th, they’re unleashing a few little tricks that deserve some extra-special attention. On Saturday, March 15th, Palla’s, will be greasing the oil licked babes for their oil-wrestling contest. And then on Saturday, March 29th, be sure to stop by for the Spring Break Panty Auction. But my particular favorite is the Rock, Paper, Scissors Tournament. Then on Saturday, March 22nd, for an erotic, psychedelic experience with Portland’s top rave DJ, comedians from Shades of Comedy, suspension acts, singing by Rachael Royal, and tattoos, tarot-card reading, and much more. Stars Cabaret will also be presenting “A Star is Born,” where you can win a contract with Vivid Entertainment. Call for details. And be sure to stop by Stars Salem, where they will be breakin’ it down with a Pimp-’n’-Ho Party on Saturday, March 29th.

Head on out to The Nile (in Eugene) and pay a visit to our Exotic Covergirl Tassy. The Nile offers no cover charge, 152 different beers, and the largest liquor selection in town—plus the hottest girls Eugene/Springfield has to offer! The Big Bang will be having Cabaret Nights every Friday night and free pool on Sundays. And when you’re hungry for some fun, stop by the Pirate’s Cove, where they are now open for breakfast at 7 AM.

ELSEWHERE

Pussycats Lingerie Modeling has just opened their new Portland location, open 24/7 at 3655 NE 82nd Ave. B.A. Video is featuring “Farmed Out” (two 2-hour amateur DVDs at $10 each or three for $25, plus other $5 DVD specials or half off for $25). If that sounds a little confusing, let me translate...DAMN CHEAP PORN AWAITS YOU.

Spice Video of Salem invites you to check out their stimulus package, featuring 978 different vibrators, 203 cock rings, 199 anal toys, 157 dildos, 126 pocket pussies, 81 strap-ons, 79 pumps, and a partridge in a pear tree, just for starters. For selection and price, pay them a visit, won’t you?

Taboo Video’s specials in March include all Sin City Studio DVDs regularly priced at $14.95 will be two for $20. Visit their website for more offers and events at TabooVideo.com.

NOW HIRING

Exotic magazine is looking for a new writer/correspondent to cover art, entertainment, and special events. Interested parties should email us at editorial@xmag.com. All emails should be accompanied with writing samples.

TheBestDancers.com is now looking for the United Kingdom, and Velour Lingerie Modeling is seeking new models with full-time benefits. That’s it for this month; enjoy the naughtiness, and I’ll see ya next time.
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We have a bad case of sex on the brain this month, so it made perfect sense to examine the pixelated lust in the world of gaming. Gaming as a whole is not just for kids anymore, so we figured why the hell not; let’s take a look at games the twisted kids would be into.

Generally, sex is something you would not associate with a gaming world primarily populated by “children.” About as sexy as it ever gets is the unspoken lust in Mario’s heart for the Mushroom Princess or the innuendos of romance between PacMan and Ms. PacMan. Before the development of the home-gaming stations, gaming sex first became available for PCs in the form of CD-ROMs that offered cybersex with porn stars. The CD-ROM games let you select the position, the environment, and the kink of choice, but all these games truly delivered were clips from porn videos that supposedly put “you” in the action. Another pioneer of gaming sex was Leisure Suit Larry. LSL followed the poorly animated exploits of a sleazy playboy as he wandered aimlessly through strip clubs, bars, and swinger spots in search of 8-bit T&A.

If you had to mark one inciting incident that began the gamer-geek sexual revolution, it could all be placed on two words: Lara Croft (1996’s original female video-game heroine of the Tomb Raider series). It’s not that Lara was the first cyber-sexy woman, mind you. Games such as Mortal Kombat gave you the option to play with little hellcats such as Sonya, but in a predominantly male-character-driven gaming community. Sonya probably wasn’t the most popular character (at least not until puberty kicked in). When MK was released for PC, rumors led to a modchip (a small electronic device used to modify or disable built-in restrictions and limitations of many popular video-game consoles) that would enable you to quest for a flawless victory with a nude Sonya. Tomb Raider sequels also provided various “wardrobe modifications” for its busty animated star as well in upcoming years. Most modchips are the creations of gaming geeks with way too much time on their hands and a complete absence of pussy in their real lives.

Seeking passion in the virtual world of gaming really isn’t that much different from searching for porn on the Net when it comes down to it (which we know just about everyone of you reading this has done plenty of, and yes, we know you’ve jerked off to it as well—we have pictures). But where does one draw the line on what’s acceptable? Is it bad to rub one out to Lara Croft’s heaving breasts as she blasts her payload of...
5. Forty-three percent of all game players are women. In fact, women over the age of 18 represent a greater portion of the game-playing population (28 percent) than boys from ages 6 to 17 (21 percent).

So once you’ve absorbed that info, isn’t it pretty acceptable in a society predominantly led around by our genitalia that sex in video games is natural? I’m not saying that it’s OK to see Pokemons doing the nasty on Game Boy Advance in our children’s hands, but if an 18-year-old kid wants to stop off for a virtual knob job after he gets done putting some caps in the rival gang’s heads, what’s the harm? Violence has always been a dominant element in gaming; it’s an obvious result that sex should follow. Case studies on both sex and violence in gaming have proven NOT to show increased criminal outbreaks among those that play them; if anything, it seems to simply alleviate the need to pursue like behavior in the real world. (Although I have to admit, while sitting in traffic on I-5, I often fantasize that my vehicle is equipped with some arsenal as the cars I drive in Twisted Metal, but I digress; it’s a fantasy. I’m not actively pursuing vehicular modifications at this time.) So I say, bang away on the virtual sluts without guilt. It’s a game, and you won’t need to worry about real-life pitfalls such as STDs or unexpected offspring. At least not yet, anyway, though that could make for some interesting storylines in future gaming.

With that said, what does the future hold for sex in gaming? Let’s just say that the ESA is going to have their hands full in the coming years. Developers are plugging the Os and Is into the drives relentlessly, bringing you games such as Warriors of Elysia (a Mortal Kombat-style game that replaces pixelated female warriors with actual top-heavy, video-driven characters battling it out in skimpy swimwear). For a more pornographic experience, there are online gaming sites such as 3dsексgames.com, where you have absolute control over creating your cyber sex partner, right down to details such as pubic-hair styles or genital piercings. Hell, they’ve even got you covered if you have a transvestited-schoolgirl fetish.

As the sex in gaming heats up, so will the need for party crashers to ruin it. The ESA just put the hammer down to vendors at E3 (the ESA’s Electronic Entertainment Expo) who employed the use of booth babes (scantily clad busty models used to attract attention) and has imposed fines of $5,000 to vendors who violate the ESA’s code of conduct. Another recent scandal of sex in gaming involved the very popular online gaming community of World of Warcraft. WOW discovered that one of their gaming-geek buddies, Mia Rose, was an adult-film starlet (who incidentally has starred in multiple episodes of a Web-based series of films, World of Whorecraft, as a slotty elf). After a verbal altercation with a fellow WOW geek, Rose was reported to the game moderators as a porn star, and her account was suspended. The film’s producer Dez is actually an avid WOW gamer himself, and legal action was threatened. Dez had this to say: “I’m sure it’s fair use, but I don’t want to rack any boats, it’s no biggie so I changed the name of the movies...I don’t want to lose my characters; I’ve got two probably worth $5,000.”

Let’s go ahead and wrap up this report with the top 10 babes that make pleasing yourself to pixels an acceptable possibility...

10. Nariko of Heavenly Sword...A redheaded warrior sent from the heavens with a godly blade to protect us from evil. She inspires us to show her our own godlike blade in hopes that she won’t go Lorena Bobbitt on us.

9. The Babes of God of War...With the relentless violence and gore throughout this smash hit, it was always a nice diversion in the cut scenes to ogle the busty concubines and goddesses lounging about in the nude and on their knees at our hero’s feet.

8. The Girls of BMXXX...Into BMX bikes? How about hot strippers? OK, well, how about hot strippers riding BMX bikes? Or better yet, unlock some of the codes to have the hot strippers ride the BMX bikes in the nude? Pure genius!

7. The Girls of Dead or Alive...All of them; that’s right, I refuse to pick just one. Genetically enhanced with lethal curves, these Manga-inspired babes will invoke impure thoughts in the most innocent hearts.

6. Joanna Dark of Perfect Dark... Have we noticed that redheads kick ass yet? Joanna is an elite mercenary specializing in industrial espionage; perhaps we should send her after The Stranger.

5. Ivy Valentine of Soul Calibur...Probably the most outrageously proportioned video game vixen EVER! Do you really need any other weapons than her enormous jugs to stop the enemies in their tracks?

4. Tala of Darkwatch...A game that didn’t receive half as much attention as it should have if you ask me, it mixed up the wild west with the vampire scene and introduced us to the dark and lovely Tala (who in one sequence unexpectedly rips her clothes off and humps the main character silly). Big thumbs up, among other things.

3. Ada Wong/Jill Valentine of Resident Evil...What’s more fun than blasting your way through an army of the undead? How about staring at the perfect assets on these two babes as you blow your load on the zombie nation? Now, if they could only put Milla Jovovich’s character into the mix...

2. Rayne of BloodRayne...Of course, another redhead. I couldn’t give her anything less than the runner-up spot. This half-vampire babe rips through her competitors with dual blades and sucks her foes dry like a porn star.

1. Lara Croft of Tomb Raider...She was the first and in my opinion is still the best. The fact that Angelina Jolie brought her to life on the big screen certainly didn’t hurt much, either. But Lara will always have the best set of guns in my book.

Honorable Mention: Ms. Pac-Man. I couldn’t resist—she swallows. I mean, how can you not love the way she gobbles those dots down like a woman possessed and the way she can deep-throat four ghosts back-to-back without skipping a beat?
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CELEBRITIES I ACTUALLY HATE...
...INSTEAD OF MERELY FINDING THEM DISTASTEFUL

Morey Amsterdam used to PISS OFF MY FATHER something fucking serious. Whenever Morey entered the room, my dad would become visibly angered and start cursing under his breath. If he could have gotten away with murdering Morey Amsterdam, he would have sliced his throat without flinching. He absolutely, resolutely, goddamn fucking HATED Morey Amsterdam.

This is strange for several reasons. For a few years in the 1960s before most of you porno-gobblin’ whippersnappers were born, Morey Amsterdam played the greasy, bug-eyed, wisecracking comedy writer “Buddy Sorrell” on TV’s The Dick Van Dyke Show. But although Buddy’s character may have been abrasive, obnoxious, and, frankly, Jewish in a Moe Howard sort of fashion (which could be a problem if you don’t swing that way), my father’s animosity toward him was entirely unreasonable. It seemed deep-rooted and personal.

This is compounded by the fact that my father had never met Morey Amsterdam. But this didn’t stop him from loathing his living guts and wishing harm upon him.

Now, I can understand not liking a certain celebrity. I dislike almost all celebrities, and not only because they have it easier than me. But my father would get flat-out, full-blown, irreversibly, late-stage UPSET over Morey Amsterdam.

So I began thinking about the handful of celebs I don’t merely dislike. There are a select few I actually HATE. There’s a small, annoying coven of public figures the very mention of whose names will send my blood pressure rocketing up fifty points. It’s not that I merely dislike their alleged “creative output,” although that’s true in each of the following cases. I actually hate THEM as people, and not for anything they’ve ever done to me personally. I hate them so much, I actually get upset when any of my friends likes anything they’ve ever done or has anything positive to say about them...ever.

Even I was surprised there were no females on this list. Make of that what you will. But these four shmoes, without ever intending it, piss me the FUCK off. I’ll try to articulate why...

QUENTIN TARANTINO
I always had him pegged as the worst sort of drooling film-school geek. He can cram as many “F” words and bullets into his films as he wants, but he’s still a fake. I fell asleep while watching Reservoir Dogs on video. And I walked out of Pulp Fiction about forty minutes in—the only time I’ve EVER walked out on a movie. I disapprove of him. I summon the ancient Nordic demons to molest him as he tries to sleep. I hope his coffee machine, blender, and toaster all break on the same day.

MARC BOLAN
Glam rock has been my favorite type of music since the early 1970s. I especially dug the hilarious spectacle of fat, hairy-chested ogres such as Gary Glitter and Noddy Holder wearing high heals and makeup. But Marc Bolan smelled too strongly of real bitch, and for this I naturally want to slap the shit out of him. He called one of his albums My People Were Fair and Had Sky in Their Hair...But Now They’re Content to Wear Stars on Their Brows, and no one killed him for it right then and there. I’d like to “bang a gong” on his skull.

JACK BLACK
If you were to gather together all of the ball cheese in the world, mix it with the scrapings from every unwiped ass across the globe, and combine it with every dirty, curly, scrotal hair on the planet, then give it a spastic, Robin Williams-like inability to NOT be muggin’ it up and actin’ wacky for even one merciful mother-fucking second—ta da!—you’d have Jack Black. If he died tomorrow, it would be the only thing he’s ever done that made me laugh.

MATT GROENING
In the early days of the Fox Network, I used to love The Tracey Ullman Show—everything except the annoying, unfunny cartoons they’d show before commercial break. A year later, to my severe dismay, Tracey was canceled and those wretched cartoons became the teeming jizzload of barkingly unfunny pop-cult references called The Simpsons, which I’ve never been able to stomach for more than five minutes. If you think there’s anything good about The Simpsons, Futurama, or Groening’s should-be-punishable-by-death comic strip Life in Hell, I don’t like you, even if I liked you before learning that about you.

...and I hate these guys.
In the early days of the Fox Network, I used to love MATT GROENING, and toaster all break on the same day. I hope his coffee machine, blender, forty minutes in—the only time I've EVER walked out on a movie. Reservoir Dogs as he wants, but he's still a fake. I fell asleep while watching a Geek. He can cram as many "F" words and bullets into his films it, piss me the fucking serious. Whenever that what you will. But these four shmoes, without ever intending...
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THE HAUNTED EBAY PAINTING

It was the middle of the night a little over five years ago, and I was awake instead of doing what I'd normally be doing—namely, having bad dreams that I'll never remember but somehow take to heart and integrate into my day-to-day attitudes and actions.

Drowned in my computer monitor's cold sepulchral glow, I checked my email and got a message from a friend who, like me, was known as a purveyor of "transgressive" literature that tended to glorify the sort of grisly, violent, irredeemable phenomena that outraged and sickened your normal, average, everyday, run-of-the-mill, red-blooded, straitlaced, boring-ass cocksucking motherfuckers. We'd seen it all, and not only were we unfazed, we enjoyed subject matter that made other people vomit. We considered ourselves impossible to offend and disturb.

His email's subject header was a simple but intriguing five words: If it creeps ME out...

The email had no personal message. It was only a link to an active eBay auction for a reputedly "haunted" painting. According to the eBay seller, her four-year-old daughter claimed that at night, the boy and girl depicted in the painting would fight with each other and leave the canvas to enter her room. So the woman's husband set up a "motion-triggered camera," which yielded the photo you see at the lower right side of this page. After viewing that photo, the woman decided to forever rid her house of the painting. She put it up for auction on eBay, with a sales pitch mostly in SCARY all caps:

WARNING: DO NOT BID ON THIS PAINTING IF YOU ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO STRESS RELATED DISEASE, FAINT OF HEART OR ARE UNFAMILIAR WITH SUPERNATURAL EVENTS....ONE QUESTION TO YOU EBAYERS. WE WANT OUR HOUSE TO BE BLESSED AFTER THE PAINTING IS GONE, DOES ANYBODY KNOW, WHO IS QUALIFIED TO DO THAT?

Response to the "haunted painting" auction was intense and viral. Over 13,000 unique visitors viewed the auction page, and the painting sold for slightly over a thousand bucks. The sellers claimed to have received over 30 suggestions for how to exorcise their house, as well as seven reports of "strange or irregular events taking place" after viewing the painting. One person claimed they heard a demonic voice and then felt a strong, sudden blast of hot air. Another said that when he tried to print out the JPG images, his printer ate the pages every time. Others said they cried.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS. What I do believe is that anyone who believes in ghosts is a little bit stupid—if not generally, at least when it comes to ghosts. I also believe in a real collective unconscious as well as my own savage, dark, lush 'n' loamy unconscious. I believe that both can be tormented by nightmares rather than ghosts, and this painting is a rusty arrow shot straight through the public and private nightmare worlds. From the grim, thin-lipped boy...to the hollow-eyed robot doll girl clasping some metal object like a weapon...to the awful disembodied hands reaching from the darkness to scratch at the window behind the half-dead boy and the never-alive girl...this is a singularly unpleasant image that somehow manages to rise above cheesy teen horror-movie clichés to fill me with dread every time I see or think about it. There is absolutely nothing nice about it. Like the live televised suicide of politician R. Budd Dwyer, or the song "Frankie Teardrop" by the band Suicide, this painting is an experience forever branded on my brain which probably couldn't even be cleansed by electroshock.

I wish I could exercise the personal ghosts that are conjured every time the painting crosses my mind, but that's a doomed wish at best. Last night when I awoke in darkness to go pee and thought about the painting, my eyes watered a bit from raw animal fear.

The schlocky publicity surrounding the "haunted eBay painting" eventually burned a path to its creator, an Oakland-born artist named Bill Stoneham. He'd painted it way back in 1972 and called it "The Hands Resist Him." He claims the boy is based on a photograph of himself taken when he was five and the eyeless girl-doll is a spirit guide who will lead him through the dream world represented by the hands clawing in darkness behind the glass. Stoneham also claimed that the owner of the gallery where "Hands" was first displayed, as well as the first art critic to review it, both died within a year of first seeing the painting. Stoneham now sells prints of "The Hands Resist Him" from his website and has finished a sequel, "Resistance at the Threshold," which depicts the same scene, only forty years later.

Bill Stoneham, you've scared the shit out of me. After having "seen it all," I realize there are some things I wish I hadn't.
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First Up… “Bone Thugs Rip it up at The Roseland”

If you weren’t at the show a little while back, I’m sure somebody told you about it by now. It was packed from the main floor all the way up to the balcony! Bone Thugs gave the crowd their money’s worth with their well-known style. They also dropped a lot of their classic hits. When they performed the song “1st of the Month,” you should have seen all the baby mamas in the crowd rejoicing! My homeboy Aaron from Liquid Assets threw a post-party at The Greek, and me and my catz invited the whole crew to our Big Boyz & Girls Party, and we kicked it ‘til 6 in the morning! I’m still recuperating! Big ups to Savage Productions and Jus’ Family Records, who were also on point that night!

Next Up… “Steady Locc is Making Moves”

I recently had the chance to pop it with one of Portland’s rising stars, Steady Locc. This 22-year-old has been rapping since the 6th grade and is currently finishing up his new album. Here’s how our conversation went:

Mack: How would you describe your style of music?
Steady Locc: I got a steady flow, and I would describe my style as money-motivated music.
Mack: How is your new album coming along, and what can we expect?
Steady Locc: I’m dropin’ 16 tracks with an intro and an outro….it’s all real shit with no skits!...I don’t rap about things that aren’t me.
Mack: Who produced this new album?
Steady Locc: Illaj from Hi Rollrz and K.T….They both produced half the album each….The World Famous DJ also added some scratches on it as well as doing the mixing on the whole album.
Mack: What other artists will be featured on your new joint?
Mack: Do you have anything coming up that you want to let the people know about?
Steady Locc: I’m having my album-release party in April, 2008, and I’ll be performing live at Safari Showclub on Thursday, March 27th.

R.I.P. 2 Portland’s Own Blu Crush

Recently in Houston, Texas, Portland rapper Blu Crush was found shot to death in a motel room. His sister said that he was on the road promoting his album and trying to get radio play in different cities. These types of tragedies must stop! This cat worked his ass off and was loyal to his craft. My condolences go out to all of his friends, family, and many fans! One Love, my friend...

Two-Girl Stage-Show Contest!

Last month at The Nile in Eugene, Oregon, was an event for the ages! The Nile was packed to capacity with everyone full of anticipation! I have never seen anything like it in all my years of promoting. Each couple that entered had unbelievable skills! Congratulations to the first-place winners Keyanna & Whisper! Second place went to Isha & Luxx, and third place went to Una & Corin. Much love, ladies! That was mind-blowin’! Stay tuned for the next event at The Nile!

Mack’s Spots

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Honey of the Month

This sexy Honey is one of the sweetest ladies you ever want to meet! Taneka is one of the members of the ALL-female promotion company, The Prime Time Dimes. Congrats, sweetheart, on being March, 2008’s Honey of the Month.

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Mike “My Photo Man”…”If you need it snapped, he’s the one to call at 503.936.4035. Make sure to tell him you heard it from Exotic magazine!

He’s the best!
Until next month, y’all keep it crackin’!

One Love,
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Dear Bottom Line,
The other night I brought home a woman for my husband and I to have a little fun with. But when it came down to the heavy interaction, my husband didn’t last for much more than five minutes and wasn’t even able to rise to the task for a second round. He’s been “short-lived” in the past, but this concerns me even more. I mean, shouldn’t an experience like this have an opposite effect from the norm?
How do I ask him about this without making it awkward?

First off, let me start out by saying I fully encourage sexual exploration in couples. Things get boring, dude. In the very fine words of Dante from Clerks, “Insert some place warm, preferably moist, thrust, repeat.” No one wants a relationship like that.

Seeing how you’re surprised he didn’t swell back up, I’m assuming the ability of encouraging a lover is lacking with you ladies. Sure, there are two girls. Sure, he doesn’t get that all the time. However, you can’t assume that since he has double the stimuli that he will be Rock Hard Johnson all night long. After all, he’s only a man. It may have been a good idea to maybe give him 20 minutes to relax and watch the pair of you play tongue-twister, then tag-team him with oral stimulation.

It also sounds like a few boundaries may need to be established. He may not know what you are comfortable with him doing to someone else. In fear of making you jealous or insecure, his downstairs brain gets scared. “If I fuck up this threesome, my twosome is doomed!”

He’s your husband, right? You should be able to carry on a conversation without pushing any buttons or causing conflict. Be sure to let him know that you are satisfied with his performance when you are intimate alone. Avoid the word “you,” and don’t be patronizing. This is the man you married in order to love and honor. Be sensitive and remember that bringing in a third person is a big deal, especially if it’s his first time or yours as a couple.

—Pantera

Men are stimulated by visual appeal more than anything, so I ask you: Was the gal hot? Is she his type? Also, how old is your man?
Hormones change...it is a universal joke that when women are seriously horny in their 30s, men have long surpassed their early twenties peak (unless you are with a younger man, in which case, cheers, my friend!). Then there is performance anxiety. You did spring this on him. What if he brought someone home for you and you hadn’t shaved in a week? You might have trouble getting in the mood. Ask him what he enjoyed about the experience and what he would want to change. Focus on the positive and get him talking. Most likely he is aching to admit how much shame he feels about his limp friend. Be nice and focus on eating out together more often. As long as he can get the job done for you via mouth, hand, toy, etc., then all is fine. Unless, of course, you want to try the little blue pill.

—Wildflower Power to Ya!

Relationships work in stages. The stage you seem to be in is called the DATING stage. You’re NOT a couple; you’re just seeing each other and are allowed to see other people—which is exactly what you should be doing as well. There was a time when I had several suitors and, unsure of what to do, I asked a friend. His response was to date them all. You are in the hunt for someone to spend the rest of your life with. Why would you want to spend this time with only one option? You’re not getting any younger!

Since sex is so available these days and women are no longer holding out they way they used to, my main concern for you is STDs. You know the drill. If he’s fucking her (or him—you never can tell) unprotected, and he fucks you, you’re fucking a whole lot more people than just him. This concern should be addressed immediately, especially if you are already active or planning to be sexually active with this guy.

Stop being a possessive and paranoid pair of nuts (which are way more sensitive and delicate than any pussy I’ve ever seen). The only thing it does is make me think you are up to no good. Pot calling the kettle black! Focus on what you want out of a mate instead of whom he is mating with, and you just might find someone you don’t have to stress over.

—Pantera

Don’t be a cunt. Just ask him. If you aren’t sure about the status of your relationship, then you don’t have grounds to stand on regarding him seeing other women. That said, if you are suspicious about his behavior at this early stage, then either he is someone not to be trusted or you are a possessive and paranoid pussy. If you don’t want to share, then grow some ovaries of steel and ask for what you want. If you can’t tell him you don’t want to share, then you probably can’t tell him what you want in bed, and that will eventually lead to misery.

—Wildflower Power to Ya!
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Il confess my prejudice and bias and bigotry right up front: I don’t like idiots. I am by no means an idiot myself, I have never been an idiot, I don’t empathize with the whole idiot experience, and I don’t even like to associate with idiots. I try to avoid them as much as I can, but unless you’re an idiot, you realize that’s impossible. Idiots are like air. They’re everywhere.

But even though my life has been far from idiotic, I can still tell someone else is an idiot within three seconds of hearing them talk. Most of the time I can tell merely by looking at them. And their very existence induces agony in me. The slim sliver of society not infected with the Idiot Germ suffers untold, unending horrors and indignities at the cold hands of the idiot majority.

I’m a discerning man of carefully sculpted tastes and streamlined refinement. I realize that, unlike me, you may be an idiot and not even realize it. Or maybe “idiot” is too harsh a word to describe how stupid you truly are, but you have a lot of telltale behaviors that no one but an idiot would ever want to pose for a snapshot with Ron Jeremy. What would be the point? “Look! I’m really fucked-up, and I’m giving a thumbs-up while standing next to a hairy, potbellied porn star. And we’re both SMILING, dude!” Even the president of Mensa couldn’t help but look like an idiot in such a scenario. I don’t care if you subsequently discover a cure for cancer—if you’ve ever posed for a photo with Ron Jeremy, you are forever banished to Idiotland...unless you’re one of our advertisers. Then it’s cool.

POsing for a picture with Ron Jeremy
It is scientifically impossible to offer an intelligent explanation for why anyone would ever want to pose for a snapshot with Ron Jeremy. What would be the point? “Look! I’m really fucked-up, and I’m giving a thumbs-up while standing next to a hairy, potbellied porn star. And we’re both SMILING, dude!” Even the president of Mensa couldn’t help but look like an idiot in such a scenario. I don’t care if you subsequently discover a cure for cancer—if you’ve ever posed for a photo with Ron Jeremy, you are forever banished to Idiotland...unless you’re one of our advertisers. Then it’s cool.

POsing for a picture while hoisting a drink and going, “WOOOOO!!!”
Pretty much the same principles as posing for a picture with Ron Jeremy. Wow, man—you drink! How original! Do you eat food, too? So why don’t I see you posing for pictures while holding up sandwiches and going, “WOOOOO!!!”? Because you’d look like an idiot!

USing “666” as part of your email address
I’ve coined a word for people like you: You’re Satarded. You’re retarded about Satan. The Devil doesn’t exist, but if he did, he would screen your cell-phone calls because you’re a fucking dork.

BElieving in astrology
I’m not sure whether a belief in astrology results from mental retardation or is the cause of it. The idea that “the stars” are somehow aware that humans arbitrarily divide a year into twelve segments, each with a cute symbol assigned to it, much less the notion that “the stars” give a fuck about it, is evidence of hunter-gatherer cranial simplicity. When anyone asks me what my “sign” is, they’ve already held up an invisible sign to me, one which says, I’m retarded.

I share a birthday with warmongering coke-dealer George Bush, Sr., homo crooner Jim “Gomer Pyle” Nabors, and Nazi hippy George H. W. Bush, Sr., homo crooner Jim “Gomer Pyle” Nabors, and Nazi homophobe Anne Frank. And I share no other personality traits with any of them. This alone disproves astrology. Case closed.

If you need a horoscope to tell the future, you HAVE no future.

A nyone who doesn’t like me or has ever said or thought anything negative about me
Of everything on my list, this, truly, is the only absolutely 100% foolproof evidence of idiocy. Only an idiot wouldn’t like me.

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BY STATUTORY RAY

Being from Portland, the only references to Tacoma’s Hilltop area I know of are rooted in Sir Mix-a-Lot songs. With due respect to the area’s infamous G-Spot (a steady source of free concerts, complete with living room and bitchy neighbors), any neighborhood that advertises itself as the “worst part of Tacoma”—a phrase similar to “the smoky part of a cigarette” or “the naked part of a stripper”—is unlikely to attract yours truly. However, bad decision-making combined with a semi-failed attempt at a booty call resulted in a quick visit to the area. Sadly, I was not greeted by brothas shootin’ dirty looks as I had expected. Instead, mah hoottie passed by several Thai restaurants and gay bars, finally ending up in front of Hell’s Kitchen, a Pabst-stained punk dive that reminded me enough of home to feel inviting. As with any post-gentrification hipster haven, the one remaining dive bar had seemingly co-opted hip-hop culture into their typically trash-punk atmosphere. Less than a day before Dr. Know and Accused took the same stage, a lonely hip-hop emcee was putting maximum effort into entertaining a crowd of no more than twenty heads. As if the irony of watching a hip-hop show in a punk-rock bar wasn’t enough, the performance was actually good. Related to the incident only through the venue, I also picked up some pretty bitchin’ death metal.

Saints of Everyday Failures

Appropriately enough, the emcee on stage at Hell’s Kitchen, D-Scribe, handed me a CD titled True Meaning of Survival. The disc features a solid and inspired verbal presence from emcees Eephyme and D-Scribe, production from some familiar names (including members of Portland’s Oldominion crew), and a solid contextual structure that helps tracks flow together (the disc does not sound like a collection of singles). Fans of Living Legends, Atmosphere, Aesop Rock, and Wu-Tang Clan will instantly appreciate S.E.F.’s DJ-driven beat styles and inventive lyrical content that refrains from being silly without coming across too hard.

Although the songs on True Meaning of Survival blend together well as a whole with regard to content and style, a degree of variance regarding production quality and mastering is noticeable to the trained ear. At times, it is apparent that the two emcees recorded their verses at different times and, possibly, locations. Further, the difference in production techniques between songs hinders the individual qualities of each producer. Although each style sounds good on its own, the differences between production quality on individual tracks unfortunately serve to illuminate each producer’s flaws in addition to their skills. However, unless you’re a DJ, producer, or music snob, you probably won’t notice a considerable difference in quality between S.E.F.’s LP and the typical Wu-Tang album.

Unable to speak for the duo and gauging the following statement from a solo performance by D-Scribe, I would highly advise catching a Saints concert. The energy and passion clearly visible on the Survival LP is not lost in D-Scribe’s stage presence, and unlike most rap artists who don’t know how to use a low-pass filter, D-Scribe’s lyrics were—gasp—consistently audible and powerful. In fact, the “Wow, this shit in the other room actually sounds decent” factor is what drew me away from Simpsons pinball and into the venue area.

Most likely, you’re reading this article after March 1st, but if you’re one of the lucky (lonely?) few who manage to pick up this wonderful magazine on the first of the month, head on over to The Clipper in Olympia, WA, to check out Eephyme’s solo-album release party for the Punklezmerap 7”, dropping on K Records.

Church of Hate

Another Tacoma-area band that is also likely to play Hell’s Kitchen (again) sometime soon ended up getting a disc into the dirty, unwashed hands of Statutory Ray. I can’t quite remember how (this statement sponsored by Bulleit Bourbon), but Church of Hate’s The Third Six EP ended up in my car’s CD player and somehow managed to stay there from the first track all the way through the finale. If Al Jourgensen was still shooting up and, for whatever reason, decided to mentor four alcoholic homeless youths in the art of rocking to the extreme, the resulting product would most likely resemble Church of Hate.

Bringing the evil to small-town America with a style that would make even the most entrepreneurial Wal-Mart executives jealous, Church of Hate is every angst-ridden teen’s wet dream. Instead of describing the Third Six album for what it is, it is probably more useful to describe what it is not: Subtle, Quiet. Family-friendly. Smoove. Under-produced. Sensual. These words would not count toward any points in a game of Church of Hate Scrabble. I imagine that The Third Six is what Satan sounds like while taking one of those been-camping-for-days-with-no-paper shits. Louder, viler, and easily more unintelligible than any other local band I can think of, Church of Hate is not another black-metal Lamb of God clone. The band’s use of actual rhythm pays homage to bands such as Slayer and Cannibal Corpse while still maintaining the signature death-metal Cookie Monster growling of more modern and Über-evil Hot-Topical bands.

The only thing I’m not sure of regarding Church of Hate, as with any band in the same genre, is the lyrical content. The track listing rules, with such lovely cuts as “Mugger the Homeless,” and band-member-name-of-the-year award is stolen by drummer Owen Money, but I can’t tell whether or not the band is singing from a hate-people-because-they-have-a-circulatory-system perspective or a hate-dem-darn-colored-folk perspective, the latter of which I would hesitate to endorse on any level. On the flip side, the band could be singing about rainbow-colored unicorns and they would most likely still serve up a dish of extremely obnoxious and relentlessly awesome licks.

Websites:
www.EverydayFailures.com
www.ChurchOfHate.com
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