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A guy came into the porno store. As soon as I saw him look around, I knew he was out of his league, so I sprung into Super Pornclerk action. He was looking for a vibrator—for her, he stressed. I assumed it must be a gift.

The biggest problem with men buying vibrators without their female counterweight to set them straight, is that men tend to approach the whole ordeal as if they’re buying a piece of machinery that will help them build a deck. The vagina, clit and other girl bits are very particular about what it likes and its individual to every woman. When left to their own devices, men generally gravitate to the biggest and the cheapest.

This 40-something bro was no different. He was a walking cliché and of course picked out the biggest wad of latex crap with a motor. I tried showing him other and better products but this guy’s face was fixed. After about 45 minutes of putting batteries in things and debating, he seemed to give up. I felt relieved, finally I’d beaten him to my will and he’d realized he didn’t know what he was doing. He sighed and said, “Ya know, why don’t I go out to the car and ask her.”

Confused, I got sick to my stomach. This guy must have been 40 years if he was a day. I didn’t get it. “What?” I said, before I could stop. “What? Your girlfriend is under 18? ARE YOU SERIOUS?”

He laughed and replied with a shit-eating grin, “God no. She’s too embarrassed to come in.”

He must have seen my jaw drop. He practically tripped over himself making excuses for his ding-dong girlfriend.

“She’s 30. She has issues.” No shit.

Quite frankly, I would have been more comfortable had he told me he had his mail order child-bride outside, waiting like a good girl knows how. Anything would have been better than the sad reality that a grown woman is too ashamed to buy her own sex toy.

Then it hit me: This guy is a prick. I hated him. “But Kristine,” you may ask, “What’s wrong with a man buying a vibrator?” Oh, other than it’s like an Amish man at Circuit City? Nothing. Maybe it’s a gift. Maybe she’s tired of being with the kids all damn day, doesn’t feel like putting on her good sweats to go out. Maybe she just put it on his list along with Oreos and lighter fluid, “I don’t CARE what you bring home as long as it buzzes!” Or, maybe it’s not for her at all, but for him. Those scenarios are always a possibility and no, there’s nothing wrong with it.

But this guy, this guy was a prick.

What kind of man leaves the woman he loves (or even his dog) sit outside in the cold, in the middle of the night, in a porno store parking lot for almost an hour? This man was no knight in shining armor, he was a macho fuckstick and he relished it. Obviously, the woman asked him to go in for her (and we will deal with her in a minute), but why would he say yes? Why would that ever be okay with him?

Because he sees her as weak.

Because she’s embarrassed and “can’t” do it herself? She needs him. She’s so lucky a big, strong, strapping mid-life crisis came to her rescue. What a sweet, delicate, little princess she must be. She’s trapped in her tall Tower of Chastity and it’s adorable. Why, she’s so modest, I bet she’s practically a virgin!

For the woman in the car, I have even less respect for her. As a woman, I do whatever I can to further our cause. By example, I strive to assure men that women are strong and capable and that we can be their equal. And in being equal, we will make a better, more effective partner. But now, this dizzy bitch...what am I supposed to do with that?

I can’t burn enough of my bras or have enough abortions to undo the damage she did in under an hour. She managed to set us all back 150 years and all she had to do was sit in a car and wait while a douche buys something for her own vagina. Why is a woman like this even considered mature enough to have sex? How does she do other adult activities like drive or vote or even buy her own tampons? Women cannot earn the respect of men as long as there are still those of us outside, waiting in a car like a child. Without apology, I believe that if you are not mature enough to buy your own vibrator, you aren’t mature enough to have one.

In all my years as a pornclerk, I have never seen a man send a woman in to buy him a sex toy or even porn because he’s “too embarrassed.” But the fact is men get embarrassed too. I deal with flush-faced boys every day. Men have just as many issues with sexuality as women do, and yet men find a way to suck it up. They pull themselves together and bravely do their own dirty work—because men don’t have anyone else to fall back on.

We all know at least one woman who’s a car sitter. We all know a woman who says, “Oh, I’d never” and “Oh, I couldn’t.” This is a new year and for that woman, it could be a new start. For the sake of all women, tell our car-sitting sisters: no one ever said owning your sexuality was easy, but it is a necessary function of every adult. The outside of the adult store might be intimidating, but inside is a fat, middle-aged mother of three who’s prepared to walk you through the wilderness.

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You did the impossible. You got her real name and you convinced her that you weren’t like other guys. Now you’re going through a stack of Cosmopolitan magazines and Depeche Mode CDs while your newly-acquired, stripper girlfriend sleeps quietly under a Powerpuff Girls bed sheet littered with cigarette butts and condom wrappers. You have two options here: put your pants on, change your number and head home or prepare for the toughest relationship you’ve ever had.

Like, I’m in a Band:
Statutory Ray’s Guide to Dating Strippers

There are a few simple rules that anyone must follow when attempting to make a girlfriend (yes I’m writing this for heterosexual men and lesbian women—I, unfortunately, have very limited experience with male strippers and I’m not discussing that incident at the Viewpoint) out of a stripper. I used to think they were as simple as Gremlins (don’t feed them after midnight, don’t get them wet and don’t expose them to bright light), but it’s more complicated:

Do Not Play Captain Save-a Ho.
If you meet her in the club, don’t try to take her out of the club. Save time by looking at yourself in the mirror and repeating, “I was just another douchebag at the rack when she met me,” until you get the point. First and foremost, you must never forget that a person’s self-worth is often defined by what they do for a living. If you try to convince your stripper girlfriend that what she does for a living is disgusting, demeaning and immoral, you’re basically saying that the same applies to her decision making process, personal goals and, most importantly, self-esteem. There are plenty of disgusting jobs, many of which are deemed normal by the masses (fast food worker, janitor, makeup artist for the cast of The View) but few of these are performance-oriented, and even fewer are performed while naked and vulnerable. Thus, by attacking your stripper girlfriend’s choice of occupation, you’re not only making yourself look like a hypocrite (remember when you were buying dances from her that first night, Romeo?), you’re insulting a vocation she might actually enjoy.

Secondly, if a pet store is a metaphorical singles’ bar, one in which you can bring home a cute low-maintenance companion for the right price, strip clubs are zoos. Make friends with the tiger, feed the tiger, gain trust from the tiger and eventually sneak in after hours and sleep with the tiger, if you must. But whatever you do, don’t try to take the tiger out of its cage or it will rip you to shreds, fuck all your friends and relapse on coke before taking a shift at an even worse zoo (one with a jukebox instead of a DJ). Not every stripper is dancing because she woke up sober one day and told herself, “I’d love to show my labia to gang members in Gresham for a few bucks an hour.” On the rare chance that a stripper is hugging the pole as a result of, say, a history of severe psycho-sexual abuse, it may not be the best idea to convince her to quit dancing and babysit children for a living.

Do Not Hang Around The Club
If you were a cop dating a drug dealer, do you think it would help your girlfriend’s sales if you hung around quietly in the back of the crackhouse while she tried to slang rocks? Don’t try to be the downlow boyfriend in the club unless you plan on acting like a customer and not batting an eye when your woman ignores you to go sit with the fat, smelly and rich regular that pays her 20 bucks a song to smell her feet. The only type of people that fantasize about watching a girl strip naked in front of her boyfriend hang out at swinger’s clubs, places where it’s legal to get your fuck on. Not one dude in the strip club wants to deal with the pressure of getting a lapdance in front of baby daddy, and you’ll be costing your woman money by lurking around and watching (which will, in turn, cause her to work more shifts). Instead, introduce yourself (once) to the security guard, exchange numbers and offer him a hefty tip if he keeps an eye on your woman. Unless the security guard is trying to bang your girl (which he probably is), she’ll be safer than a job application at a Phish concert.

Do Not Mention Fight Club
What your woman does for a living is much like what anyone does for a living and she probably doesn’t want to talk about it when she’s off work. How would you feel if halfway through a pro-quality blowjob your woman pulled your dick and asked you about the customers at your workplace, telling you that it makes her nervous when cute chicks come in for a Big Mac or whatnot? Chances are, if you’re dating a stripper, you’re probably unemployed and involved in a really lame band and/or shitty art. Since neither your hand nor your hand can draw worth a shit, you’re probably not a full-time artist, so what you do all day isn’t considered “working.” Keep in mind that your stripper girlfriend is not as eager to discuss the intricacies of hiding a tampon during a private dance as you are to boast about the ten people that showed up to the Tonic for your concert. Further, don’t introduce your stripper girlfriend to your friends as your “stripper girlfriend.” The Hello Kitty tattoo and home-altered Motorhead shirt give it away.

I’m Fucking 30
Speaking of burnout losers who like to date strippers, yours truly is turning 30 and would love for you to join me during my two-day bender that stretches from Portland to Salem on January 2nd (45th St Pub) and 3rd (Hard Candy). More info in the “Erotic City” column of this magazine.
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To kick off the New Year (or wrap up the Old Year), a number of our editorial staff chose to roll with a best of/worst of type scenario for their columns, as many publications often do at year’s end. I was going to try and get away with turning this month’s Erotic City into a greatest hits about all the awesome things I have said over the past 12 issues—something kind of like a Spooky Talk with Spooky for Spooky and by Spooky—but unfortunately, another contributor beat me to the punch on that one. So, I’m sitting here trying to figure out what in the hell I’m going to pull out of my ass as I’m battling the countdown to the climax of the holiday crunch. I check the headlines to see if something inspires me. Brittany Murphy died. That’s sad, but not worthy of a rant. She was a little bottle that pretty much flew under the radar. She was a little bottle that pretty much flew under the radar of any scandal, never shaved her head, showed her vag in public, dangled children off balconies or made a bad sex tape. For some reason, she died at 32 of cardiac arrest while other Hollywood trainwrecks (see Lindsay Lohan) are allowed to go on living their lives.

I’m still sitting here scratching my head and trying to figure out what the fuck this column is going to be about. After my alter ego (that thinks he’s an editor) finished cleaning up all the other writers’ editorial (which are often submitted on cocktails napkins written in eyeliner) he turned his sword on me to force the literary icing editorials (which are often submitted on cocktails napkins written in eyeliner) he turned his sword on me to force the literary icing on the cake that is called Erotic City. But wait a minute…what if Spooky had to write all editorial for Erotic (Jesus Christ, don’t tell me I just spoke to myself in the third person?) I’m just going to consider what the magazine would be like if I took over everyone else’s contributions and did ‘em Spooky-style, while hopefully paying tribute to our writers at the same time.

Let’s start with a writer that is second only to me in his refusal to go away, Statutory Ray. You see, this kid was brought on several years ago as a local music correspondent, but once we realized what a total asshole he was, we couldn’t help but think he just might have Goadal-like potential. Once the big Goadal meltdown occurred, we activated Ray’s G-Virus and hoped for the best. I have to admit, Ray delivers some of our hardest hitting editorial month after month, but sometimes he’ll try and turn something like sitting in a fleabag motel with a cracked-out hooker and a bag of dirt weed after month, but sometimes he’ll try and turn something like sitting in a fleabag motel with a cracked-out hooker and a bag of dirt weed into something that inspires me. Brittany Murphy died. That’s sad, but not worthy of a rant. She was a little bottle that pretty much flew under the radar of any scandal, never shaved her head, showed her vag in public, dangled children off balconies or made a bad sex tape. For some reason, she died at 32 of cardiac arrest while other Hollywood trainwrecks (see Lindsay Lohan) are allowed to go on living their celebrated lives. That’s all I have to say about that.

Now to the next victim, Ms. Kennedy. Imagine the angst of Statutory Ray pumped up with estrogen, and enhanced with the ability to make a reasonable wage and you would have our dear Ms. Kennedy. I think Ray offered her up to us after telling me, “This bitch thinks you’re an asshole, she’ll be great for the job!” After meeting her and realizing I had been hounded by this woman in a past-life in Seattle where she insisted on talking business while in- toxicated, I decided that apparently I couldn’t get rid of her either. We started her off with a little monthly rant, which blossomed into The Kennedy Letters. Now Kennedy is a very complex personality who has shared her pages with multiple personalities as well, so I’m going to spare too much detail on these side-projects in order to preserve her livelihood. Writers are a curious lot. They want to be appreciated for their work, but often don’t necessarily want to be directly associated with it (Statutory Ray being an exception). That’s probably why we all come up with these ridiculous pseudonyms to sign our work with. But in Kennedy’s case, she’s pretty much exposing more of herself in her column than she does on the stage in front of a bunch of horny frat boys. I have to give her credit for that. I couldn’t write her column, nor would I even want to try. But a while ago, we used to have this contributor by the name of Penelope who wrote a short-lived piece called Confessions of a Lesbian Stripper. Now if I was in charge of that one, it wouldn’t be about things like realizing that lesbians have fucked up concepts of relationships just like boring old heteros. It would be filled with detailed encounters of all the hot lesbian sex the strippers are all having with each other in the dressing rooms. Yeah, that would be awesome wouldn’t it? But first we would have to get them to actually like each other long enough to consider how rad a group claiming expedition could be. Kennedy was also somehow involved in hijacking a short-lived...
I would like to thank all our regular (and irregular) contributors and editors that I didn’t get to mention as well. Together as one, we deliver something that not only helps the strippers, bouncers, DJs and degenerates of this town pass away the long hours while trapped in the blacklight prisons we call home, but we also have been known to make them smile. Hopefully, my writers will forgive me from any pokes or jabs I threw in their direction this month, but I’m sure that if nothing else, this column will give them something interesting to talk about in their next column for a change. To all of you out there that think you can write something of value, I’ll tell you the same thing I tell every drunken stripper that thinks a day in her life is entertaining enough for print: all submissions are welcome at editor@xmag.com. Happy New Year Portland!

FEATURED EVENTS

Dante’s – Appetite For Deception (G*’n R tribute)
Sun. Jan. 3 - Hard Candy (Salem) - Statutory Ray’s Birthday Bash Part 2 with Wombstretcha, Hybrid & MC Travieso
Fri. Jan. 8 - Club Reno’s – Grand Opening Party – all-new strip club on Foster
Sat. Jan. 9 - Dante’s – The LBC (Sublime tribute)
Thu. Jan. 14 – Dante’s – Steve Aoki
Sat. Jan. 16 - Dancin’ Bare – Amateur Night with $300 in cash prizes – open to all ladies
Hawthorne Strip – Warm Winter Night’s Party with red-hot ladies, feverish giveaways and sizzling specials
Tue. Jan. 19 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Slayer/Megadeth Concert After-Party
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Mr. Black’s 40th Birthday Bash with live music by The Russian Brides & American Bastard
Dante’s – Zepparella (All-female Led Zeppelin tribute)
Thu. Jan. 28 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) – Frost – An Ice Party with ice sculptures, luges and 25 hot vixens
Clinton Street Theater – “I Am Virgin” red-carpet premiere (film will run through Feb. 3rd)
Lucky Devil Lounge – “I Am Virgin” premiere after-party
Fri. Jan. 29 - Dante’s – The Motels
Sat. Jan. 30 - The Viewpoint – Pole Erotica –Exotic’s Pole Dancing Showdown – compete to win a trip for two to the Playboy Mansion and the cover of Exotic Magazine
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P I N K  P A G E S  2 7
As a freelance writer, being on location is always a useful and enjoyable part of the job. So when Portland filmmaker Sean Skelding invited me to the set of his latest film, I Am Virgin, to profile the erotic horror/sci-fi feature, I enthusiastically agreed. The fact that the film is crawling with beautiful nude women doing beautiful nude things may have added to my enthusiasm a little bit.

Indeed, I Am Virgin is teeming with Portland strippers. The film is a spoof of I Am Legend, the 2008 science fiction release that pitted the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air against millions of pissed off, bloodthirsty vampires. In I Am Virgin, Portland actor Adam Davis plays Robby, the last uninfected man standing in a world ravaged by a virus that has transformed all of humanity into horny, sex-crazed vampires. As the title suggests, Robby is a virgin. So instead of watching Will Smith battle countless menacing vampires that want him dead, we see young, innocent Robby eluding hordes of gorgeous naked vampires who want his virginity.

When it came time to cast the dozens of women who would chase Robby’s cherry in the film, Skelding knew he needn’t look too far for able-bodied talent. “Portland has some of the most beautiful strippers in the country,” says Skelding. “I never for a second considered going to L.A.
Skelding himself is no stranger to the film business. He worked in L.A. for years on movie sets before returning to his native Portland to start Cheezy Flicks, an online distributor of B-movies on DVD. Cheezy Flicks sells over 250 cheesy movies at www.cheezyflicks.com.

“We started Cheezy Flicks back in 2000 to make our own distribution company so we didn’t have to shop our movies around to buyers,” says Skelding. “Now, Cheezy Flicks covers 85 percent of the world market, and any movie we make or distribute is out there less than 90 days after completion. There’s no middle man between us and our customers.”


Written by local screenwriter David Wester, I Am Virgin was filmed and produced in Portland. The film was co-produced by Skelding, and filmed and produced in The Rose City. All of the actors are locals from the Pacific Northwest who jumped at the chance to be in a film destined for DVD and cable TV greatness—all of the actors, with one famous exception.

“We got Ron Jeremy to come up and do a scene for the movie,” proclaims a proud Skelding. “He plays an aging vampire, complete with fangs. Jeremy doesn’t have sex in the movie, but he says some really funny stuff. Adult film fans will get a huge kick out of his character.”

Skelding expects big things from I Am Virgin, and lights up like a proud father when discussing its potential. “When we first started this thing, we thought it would be a good softcore adult feature,” says the director. “Watching the rough cuts of what we’ve shot so far, it’s clear that we’ve got something special here. It’s actually going to be a very entertaining film that just happens to have some sex scenes in it. I couldn’t be happier with the work we’re doing, all right here in Portland!”

One instantly apparent quality of Skelding’s set is how relaxed it is. “The thing I like most about the I Am Virgin shoot is how much fun it is,” says Berlin. “Sean is always amazing and his crew is hilarious!”

Blu, who dances at Acropolis, also found her time on set rewarding. “I had no idea what I was doing,” she says while taking a break. “I was bad. Really bad. However, I got better and better because I felt like I was among friends. I must have heard ‘You’re doing great’ 400 times. They were being kind, I wasn’t doing great. Most importantly, out of this experience I made several friends.”

Germany, a fire dancer who performs at Dante’s Sinferno Cabaret, lights up the screen with her performance. “In the film, I was blowing fire while surrounded by beautiful ladies, not to be confused with giving a blow job while holding fire,” she says. “Just good old-fashioned Germany business.”

There was one day where Skelding’s low-budget independent project crossed paths with a much more prominent, mainstream production also filming in Portland. Brad McCray, a local actor who shares a high-energy hospital room sex scene with Rachael Reckless, tells the story with a naughty grin stretched across his face. “During part of the shoot, I Am Virgin was sharing a location with the crew from TNT’s Leverage. I thought I was finished for the day when Sean asked me to carry a woman on my shoulder and run off in the buff. I agreed, imagining it would be inside or some place discreet. Instead, it was about 40 feet from the Leverage catering tent during their lunch break. There was full frontal shaking, right at them. It was surreal.”

I Am Virgin will hold its world premiere for cast, crew and media January 28th at the Clinton Street Theater in Southeast Portland. The film will run at Clinton Street from January 29th to February 3rd giving locals ample opportunity to catch this triumph of Portland filmmaking before its release on DVD and cable TV. I Am Virgin will be released on DVD February 13th, and it is already available for pre-sale on Amazon. Trailers can be viewed on the film’s official website, www.iamvirginthemovie.com. Skelding will begin shooting his next project, Stripperland (a spoof of Zombieland) in March.

Skelding expects big things from I Am Virgin, and lights up like a proud father when discussing its potential. “When we first started this thing, we thought it would be a good softcore adult feature,” says the director. “Watching the rough cuts of what we’ve shot so far, it’s clear that we’ve got something special here. It’s actually going to be a very entertaining film that just happens to have some sex scenes in it. I couldn’t be happier with the work we’re doing, all right here in Portland!”
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A teenage fan of the “horrorcore” music genre by the name of Syko Sam kills his girlfriend and her family. Instead of talking to psychotherapists or close friends, the media flocked to the suspect’s biggest idol, a musician by the name of Mars. An underground rapper one day and the subject/participant of nationwide discussion the next, Mars is no stranger to abrasive and ignorant journalists. Thanks to my buddy Phat T, I became the most recent of such journalists to grill the poor guy about horrorcore, Syko Sam and, of course, sex.

You’ve recently been all over the news, including CNN and Fox, discussing the “Syko Sam” murders. What is the connection between your music and the murders?

The kid went out and killed his online girlfriend and her mom and dad. He pretty much took out a whole family. Dude used to come to my shows, so I knew who he was well before all of this. He was a fan of my shit from the Bay area, and I’m a horrorcore artist and fan from the Bay, I was easy access.

So were you a convenient scapegoat for the whole thing?

I wouldn’t really say a scapegoat, but I would say that they’re trying to make the music look bad, as they should. It gives me an opportunity to speak on the music at the same time. I wouldn’t say it’s a blessing in disguise because it’s a horrible thing that happened. But, it takes shit like this to get our music out there. If you’re going to talk about horrorcore, you have to know the fucking facts and I’m the guy who’s going to speak them.

How do you feel about the exposure that this coverage has given you? Do you agree that all press is good press?

Yeah, and the news knows that shit too. I mean, we discuss the facts beforehand and they know what the exposure does for me. Both of us have a job to do. They’re a form of entertainment too. I’m a form of entertainment to weird white kids who cut themselves and they’re entertainment to nine-to-five fuckers or old people who have nothing else to do but watch other people’s drama on TV. They’re entertaining people and so am I. When we get together, we know what each other’s role is and we both do our jobs. They know that they’re putting me on TV to thousands of people, and they know that I’m not going to say no to that. They know they’re promoting me more than anything, even though they make it look like they’re shunning me.

Do you think horrorcore, as a genre, can ever reach mainstream acceptance?

You know how old people are always like, “This country’s going straight to hell?” Well, it really is. The more time goes by, the more people get into death and violence. Just think about Grand Theft Auto, that game is a mainstream game. Years ago, if you were to put that shit out people would be like, “No, we can’t sell this.” But now it’s accepted because violence is getting mainstream. It shocks people, but they still want to see it. That’s why the news covers shit like this. That’s why people like to be shocked, they need something to be pissed off about. Right now, I’m the person everybody’s pissed off at. But fuck it. I will totally be that guy. I love to be that guy.

How has horrorcore evolved since you first started?

I grew up as a fan of my genre, but back then there were fewer groups. When I first started, there was Halfbreed, House of Krazees, ICP and that was pretty much the scene. There were a handful of good-ass artists—you could buy every tape and it would almost be dope. Now, I think it’s fucked up. With horrorcore all over the news, what if they Google it and one of those piece-of-shit groups pop up? You know, Crazy Bill or whatever, and they find that fucker and think, “What the hell is this shit?” Instead of a good group, like ICP or Esham or myself. I’m always afraid that music itself is so fucking saturated with bullshit that it makes it hard for people to go out and buy a real decent CD. They have to sift through bullshit and that’s fucking stupid, I wish we could just go back to cassette tapes.

With so much saturation, how do you keep your music fresh?

I just update my sound every album and it’s not what you say, but how you say it. Too Short’s been rapping about pimpin’ bitches since I was a baby and he still sells platinum and gold albums. He keeps it simple. He doesn’t have one of those New York flows where you can’t understand what the fuck he’s saying, know what I mean? He dumb it down. People like that. It’s over a fresh funky beat and people buy it because he hasn’t changed. I’m from the Bay area, so I love Too Short. I keep my shit simple, I kill a bitch, rape a bitch, fuck a bitch, you know, whatever the fuck. My last album was a 70s funky album, before that was a West Coast album. This next one I’ll be working on might be a dark album. I keep changing the sound, but there is no simple, I kill a bitch, rape a bitch, fuck a bitch, you know, whatever the fuck. My last album was a 70s funky album, before it makes it hard for people to go out and buy a real decent CD. They have to sift through bullshit and that’s fucking stupid, I wish we could just go back to cassette tapes.

Do you view your involvement in music as a business or a hobby?

I’m always working. I’m actually working on a bunch of shit. One thing about horrorcore, people think that it’s so small, that these artists have McDonald’s jobs, come home, and when their mom’s asleep they record an album. But really, I’m making money off this shit. I support a family doing this. I don’t think a lot of people realize that.

I think ICP made it so that there’s a hunger for new merchandise all the time. I think that helps the rest of horrorcore too, because a lot of their fans are my fans and my fans are their fans. In horrorcore, we press up so much stuff and I think ICP made it that way. It’s genius, and they make millions of dollars
a year. I think they have more merchandise, and more fans that buy it, than any mainstream artist. Miley Cyrus probably has a whole shitload of stuff you can buy, but ICP has a whole warehouse. I think any group in the horrorcore genre with money behind them can have that.

When Marilyn Manson was asked what he thought about rap music, he said that he wished horrorcore would come back, and if someone like him were to back a horrorcore artist, the shit could go mainstream.

**Compared to other media, slasher films or television shows for instance, do you think music has a unique persuasive effect?**

It has a drum pattern. Have you ever heard of somebody “beating something into ‘em?” meaning, like common sense? I think music beats can totally get someone going. Like, if you put on a Barry White album, bitches get wet. If they put on my album, they might not get wet. Hopefully they do, but maybe they just want to fucking kill. I don’t know what it is but people that have that in them already had it in them before they heard my album. I don’t bring it out of them, maybe it’s their time to fucking snap. I watch porn all the time and there’s different scenarios and shit, like pizza man gets to fuck the first person that opens the door, but I’m not going to go get a pizza job because of it.

**What is the strangest sexual encounter you have ever had?**

I have strange sexual encounters all the time, so it’s hard to pick just one. When I was a kid, say 15 or 16, this lady called for my uncle, he wasn’t there. I don’t know why I kept talking to her but she mentioned that she was renting a place for 100 dollars a month. So, I was like, I want to go check that shit out. When I got there, she was a crazy, Ewok-looking lady. She was like 50 years old, short and crazy. She showed me the house and then sat down on the couch and gave me a beer and then she ends up just throwing her head in my lap. I was like, “What the fuck?” I could have fucked this bitch for comedic purposes alone, but I was thinking, “Darn I can’t do this, I got to go home.” I told her my parents would be pissed if I was late because I had a flight the next day, which I didn’t. She offered to book me a later flight if I just chilled with her. So, I fucked this lady in the ass. First time I’d ever fucked anybody in the ass, Ewok, ugly, short-ass bitch. Afterwards I was like, “My mom’s going to be mad, I need 200 bucks for a later flight.” She was like, “I ain’t giving you no 200 bucks.” I told her my mom was a police officer and I made that lady’s dad drive us to an ATM. I made 200 bucks and got to fuck some Ewok bitch in the ass. That was pre-fame.

**You got paid to fuck some chick that was 35 years older than you, in the ass?**

Blackmailed her, actually.

**If you could have any of your songs played in a strip club, which one would it be?**

I would say “Stalking You.” By the way, my favorite strip club is Main Street Cinema* in San Francisco. I can’t put anyone on blast, but let’s just say you get your money’s worth at Main Street*

I’ll use a fake name.

Oh yeah. That’s the one. But you know what? I used to pay to fuck strippers and shit when I was young but that was before I knew you could fuck fine chicks for free. Or that you could pimp hoes. If I had known that when I was young, shit...

**You would have chosen a different career path?**

Yeah, you know if music isn’t doing too good, I’ma do that.

**You got a back-up plan.**

Oh yeah.

**Could the “real” Mars or the character ever kill someone in real life?**

I think both sides have it in me. It’s a survival skill. If you push somebody far enough or you’re put in a situation—me or anybody else.

**If shit goes down, do you have a place to hide the bodies?**

If you’re going to kill somebody, you better think about it hard and have a backup plan. Like Syko Sam, he killed somebody and he didn’t think about it first. Now he’s caught, he’s gone. If you’re going to kill somebody, sometimes you have to think about it for years.

**Any last words to the folks in the Portland-area strip clubs reading this?**

First of all, I want to say I love Oregon, I love going out there. It’s beautiful and the people are great. To all the porn stars and working girls out there, if you come to California you got a place to go, hit me up, look me up, know what I mean? Sup to all the Juggalos and horrorcore fans out there… all the psychos. New album is Schoolhouse Glock Extra Credit. That’s about it. Go kill somebody, blame it on my music. Fuck it.
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SEATTLE

When I think of all the things I am grateful for, one thing that always makes the list is that I am working in Portland and not, for example, Seattle. Paradoxically, the reason I was in Seattle was because it was not Portland. I had two valid reasons for not wanting to dance in Portland. The first was that I didn’t think the money would be as good and the second is that I’m from here. I was actually born and raised in Portland proper—I’m one of those snobby natives. I don’t like crossing the river and I don’t go past 50th Street in any direction because I think if I do, I will suddenly find myself in Beaverton, Tigard, Milwaukie or Hillsboro. Why is stripping in your home town problematic? You know that nightmare about going to high school and then realizing you are naked? That is my life. And it’s always the last fucking person from your past you want to run into while wearing only rhinestone pants.

At the time, Seattle didn’t seem like the worst idea ever. I am now reasonably certain Seattle is the most miserable place in America to be a stripper. The main reason is the extremely high stage fee. Oddly enough, I’ve never been overly bothered by having to pay a fee to work, as soon as I have it I hand it over and don’t think about it anymore. Anything significantly lower than the $130 a night charged in Seattle seems reasonable by comparison. The year I worked there I gave the Déjà Vu Corporation no less than $20,000 in total, probably a lot more. I think about the car I could have bought with the money I gave those bastards and I get really pissed.

Because the girls working essentially have to do seven dances to walk out of the club at the end of the night with nothing, the customers get over-hustled. Every three minutes or so a girl asks a customer for a dance, and they can get a little testy when he says no. The girls are cranky, the customers are understandably cranky and this could all be so easily remedied if the clubs could serve alcohol, but there’s no booze.

This club in Seattle had “lady’s drinks.” In case you are fortunate enough not to know what a lady’s drink is, it refers to a perfectly normal beverage you pay a lot more for because it’s for one of the entertainers. The club gets a cut and the dancer gets a smaller cut and you are out ten bucks for a small paper cup full of Sprite, twenty bucks for a large paper cup full of Sprite. If the waitress asked the customer to buy me a drink, I wasn’t allowed to say no to a total waste of his money and a bunch of carbonated sugar that doesn’t even get you drunk. Here’s the really stupid part: at any given time I could walk up to the soda fountain and get my own paper cup of fizzy, tooth-disintegrating, corn-syrup poison. For free. There wasn’t even a rule against it.

Here’s how you drink alcohol if you are a stripper in downtown Seattle. Step 1: Bribe the deliciously bitter and indifferent DJ to skip you onstage in case you don’t get back in time. Step 2: Put on clothes. Step 3: Sneak past evil, fire-breathing dragon of a manager, lest he demand that you pay your $130 stage before getting shit-faced. Step 4: Run across the street to the nearest bar, in this particular case the Noc Noc. Step 5: Order shots and try once again to convince a seriously inebriated Spooky X that you’ve actually met before about a dozen times. (ed note: That’s not quite how it went. I believe it was (an equally intoxicated) you who were constantly pester me about writing for our Seattle publication, to which I responded time and again, “Call me when you’re sober.”) Steps 6, 7 and 8: Run back across the street pulling your clothes off as you go, sneak past the manager and run on stage which is exactly when those shots really hit you. A serious drawback to the rapid, sneaky drinking was that I found myself getting talked into doing a dreaded “shower show” entirely too often. A shower show involves shaving cream, dollar bills, a shower that seriously didn’t have hot water and the further deterioration of my soul. You try acting sexy in the midst of a cold shower. Then there is the half-hour wasted in the dressing room draped in five towels, shivering and promising myself to never again mix Long Island Iced Tea with Jäger shots or get suckered into doing another shower show ever.

In addition to not being able to drink, there was also no smoking. The manager chain-smoked Marlboro Lights in his office until smoke literally billowed out of the door. The rest of us were forced to go down a flight of stairs and stand shivering in a vile alley in downtown Seattle. This particular alley was often confused as a bathroom. Crackheads sometimes mistook it as a good place to try and sell McDonald’s hamburgers. The bouncers were periodically required to spray the alley down with pressurized perfume and inform inebriated people that the dumpster was not actually a toilet. Despite the fact that I had just pulled jeans over my stripper shoes and pretty obviously worked at the strip club I was huddled in front of, I was once propositioned by three street walkers with gold teeth being followed by a squir- relly little guy I can only assume was their pimp. I just wanted a fucking cigarette.

The best thing about Seattle was the customers. Dot-com-ers, commercial fishermen, adorable Fort Lewis Army boys who said “yes ma’am” when you asked them for a dance. They were fantastic considering the crap they had to put up with. Like paying twenty dollars to get in to sit in uncomfortable metal chairs while waiting their turn for some patented stripper abuse and being force-fed Pepsi.

Even though it doesn’t feel like two fucking weeks go by without me looking at the audience and realizing that guy with the glasses was my high school teacher, I love dancing in Portland. There is less money in Portland, but at the same time I’m not wasting an extra 100 bucks a month on car insurance for living in a “high liability” area. Not spending four hours a day sitting in Seattle traffic hammering the steering wheel in frustration really frees up a lot of time. When girls complain about stage fees in Portland, I sip my easily-begotten alcoholic beverage and laugh.
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It is the New Year and once again, it’s time to reflect on last year’s adult highlights and also express the importance of making New Year’s Day sex resolutions. Everyone is always forgetting their sex life when they make up their end of the year list. So, here are some of the top Sheena G moments of ’09 to help inspire your resolution. Let’s make 2010 the best sex year of your life!

In 2009, I had a blast with all the emails I received. In 2010, I want to hear from you at sheena@pdxgirls.com. One of my favorite columns was “Talking Dirty.” I remember seeing all the filth and thinking how much naughtier it looked in bold, bright red print, especially the “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.” I still really think it is imperative to talk dirty in a good sex session. I went on the Ed Forman show and gave the crowd an example of talking dirty live and randomly picked a stranger from the crowd to seduce. Not really knowing exactly what I was going to say that night at Dante’s—Ed really put me on the spot by saying, “Can you give us an example Sheena G?” all the while holding the microphone in my face with an Exotic Magazine tightly gripped in his hand. Instinctively, I knew once I grabbed the mic and picked my victim that the seduction light was on. Apparently, I was so convincing with all the dirty filth and sexy sounds that were flying off my lips that Ed Forman thought I actually knew the guy. He won’t ever forget it, I guarantee it. In 2010, Sheena G strongly suggests you go see Ed Forman at Dante’s. It’s a free show every Tuesday and guaranteed to be hilarious. You never know what he will do next! It’s a great place for couples, so make it a date.

One of my most memorable and unforgettable 2009 adult moments was being a judge at the Miss Nude Oregon Pageant©. After that event, I was never the same. With three weeks of being a judge under my belt, I can safely say that I can’t wait until the 2010 Miss Nude Oregon Pageant. This is a definite must be there to believe. It’s like the top of the top—Portland’s hottest chicks competing for the MNOP title. Once you look at the beautiful and talented women, you never look at a strip club the same again. It’s like drinking top shelf then trying to drink Grandpa’s moonshine. Big props to Pistolita, Jackie, Atheena, Gypsy, Bea and Ling. There were so many amazing, amazing moments, but you ladies really stood out. Much love and I hope you all re-enter in 2010. I have never, I mean never, seen anybody make it rain the way the Spyce owner and his entourage did at the 2009 MNOP. Someone should try and beat that record in 2010. It stormed and poured buckets of buckets all over the damn place on those hot Spyce chicks. Spyce gets the “Made It Rain Harder Than the State of Oregon” award of 2009.

All ladies, divas and women, I have something special for you. In 2010, I will be hosting The Exotic Male Dancer of the Year contest at the Viewpoint in honor of us females needing our demands met. There are so many places for men to go, but what about us? I am handling this issue for all of us. We will have hundreds of hot women drunk, whistling, screaming and partying while watching a whole smorgasbord of hot men shaking it for us. Get ready, in 2010 your male dancer dreams will come true—live and direct with love from your girl, Sheena G. By the way, you men need to get your shit together and enter the contest. We deserve it.

In 2009, I did videos for Cathie’s Adult Shop featured on YouTube. I will be adding more to the toy series after I test them out for you. Don’t worry I will do your homework, just stay tuned and I will let you know what’s good. If you go to Gspot Sex Talk on YouTube you will see detailed descriptions of a lot of items you might want to try this New Year as well as a few you might want to stay away from. Like the inflatable butt plug and the fist. Yeeoow, I’m serious!

There are a few sex resolutions you should concentrate on. I want to encourage all of you to make your own porn. This, of course, should not be done with someone who is vindictive, evil or still watches Jerry Springer. Find a good playmate, bust out the camcorder and go for it. I cannot stress enough the importance to remember your lines, and simply be nastier than you have ever been. Then get the popcorn and watch it together. It will improve your sex life and turn you on more than any other porno available. No, cell phone videos don’t count. If you can record oral sex with your phone, it can’t be that great. Step it up next year and make your own porn. Another good sex resolution is fucking in public. If you get arrested, just show them this article and they will totally understand. Okay, maybe not. Just don’t end up in “Busted” with a public sex charge. That’s the worst ever. Definitely a don’t do for 2010.

I want to thank everyone for all their support on my “Smell the Money” CD release and strip club tour. Stay tuned for the next stop, coming soon. Thanks to the clubs, judges, ladies and industry. I love you all! The year 2010 will be the best ever, so do it big. Fuck as much as possible and smile everyday that you are getting some good sex in. Be well!

All good things,
Sheena G
Trends come and go. Some are worse than others, but lately I've been noticing several trends that just need to go. Let's start the next decade off right. I am personally declaring a few things no longer acceptable in 2010. I'm ready to wish some trends away, so some new ones will come to stay. Perhaps some of these can inspire a New Year resolution for you. What are you ready to kiss goodbye?

1. Wearing Shades Indoors: Why the fuck are you wearing glasses inside? The club is already dark! Do you need to be that cool? Are you that afraid of letting people see who you really are? Trust me, we won’t hate you; just show us your face. It’s annoying and pompous. If you’re not Rick Ross or legally blind, it is not acceptable to wear shades all the time. Look, we all know you’re cool and important, but please know when enough is enough.

2. 80s Fashion: It’s all over the mall. It’s like there are warehouses of this crap they made back in the 80s, unsold and waiting to make a comeback. Most of it wasn’t cool in the 80s and is even less cool now. In fact, it may have been the worst dressed decade in history. My closet remains safe from such trends, but my eyes are tired of seeing it on all of you. No more neon, no more loud obnoxious t-shirts and tacky accessories like those dumb neon-colored glasses (if you can even call them that) that are just several slits. What function could they possibly have? I mean really people, you have to know how dumb you look wearing those.

3. Skinny Jeans: If you wear them, congratulations on graduating from the 80s and getting stuck in the 90s. I don’t like them on men or women. What’s even worse is sagging in skinny jeans. It looks like you’re trying to wear your little sister’s jeans. I realize the whole big baggy jeans look is a bit high school but what happened to wearing clothes that fit you? Fitted is good but super skinny has to go! I don’t need to know what side you’re hanging on, nor do I want to see some camel toe. Loosen it up a little bit in 2010.

4. Scarves: Since when was it the look to wear a scarf in the middle of summer? Every day I see at least one super trendy guy wearing a scarf that matches his checkerboard shoes and shirt. Come on people. Maybe Jim Jones and Pharrell can get away with it, but that doesn’t mean you have to try to as well. Next time you feel compelled to wrap that brand new cashmere or silk scarf that matches the panties you’re secretly wearing underneath those skinny jeans, just go ahead and hang yourself with it instead.

5. Kanye West: Kanye has done some pretty asinine stuff in years past and is pretty much responsible for all the above bad trends that need to go. This past year, he outdid even himself at the VMAs. Come on man, picking on little girls stopped being cool in elementary school. Maybe Kanye has a little kindergarten crush on Taylor Swift. I don’t dispute his musical talent, but I don’t think he should be invited back this year. I was going to ban Lady Gaga too, but she’s like a train wreck you can’t help but watch. I can’t wait to see what kind of weirdness she will bring this year.

6. Graphic T-shirts: If your t-shirt has the words Ed Hardy, Christian Audigier, Affliction, or has a couple of lions on the sides, there is a high chance you might be a douchebag. I dare you to watch the Jersey Shore on MTV and then see if you want to continue to wear that crap. Here’s a clue, if it’s all over Ross and Marshalls it’s probably not cool anymore. I will give credit where it’s due, thanks to Ed Hardy, I can recognize a douche right away.

7. Social Networking: 2005 called, it wants MySpace back. Creepy people I don’t know sending me messages to hook up and photos of white girls with their lips all pushed out throwing gang signs (aka the MySpace Face) absolutely need to go! Now we have moved on to Facebook and Twitter. What’s next? When will it end? What am I, a stalker? Why the hell do I want to know what you’re doing 24/7? I don’t need to know what my favorite rapper is doing all the time—what kind of ketchup they like or how many pairs of shoes they tried on this morning before picking one to match their outfit. I just don’t care. It’s time to get off the computer and put down that cell phone app and get back to real socializing like people were meant to do—in person. Go out, pick up the phone and have some real human interactions this year.

8. Haters: Who are these people and where can I find them? I think they all live in the social networking system. Let’s rally a lynch mob and go get them. Trust me, you’re not that important. I don’t want to hear you hating on people nor do I want to hear how people are hating on you. In fact, I don’t want to hear about haters period—it’s overdone. Let’s all just worry about ourselves in 2010.
that you can’t just hold the phone in your hand? Just because Russell Simmons can do it, doesn’t mean you can. First off, you look like a Star Trek reject or like you’re talking to yourself. Not a good look. The only exception to this rule is when you are in your car driving—safety first after all. Personally, I use speakerphone. But if you are walking around with a Bluetooth headset on, I hope you are married and your wife loves you.

15. Ugly Footwear: This includes but is not limited to Uggs and Crocs. They are called Uggs for a reason, it’s short for ugly. Just because there is a song about them doesn’t mean you need a pair. Be original and find your own style of boots. There is no excuse for wearing Crocs. They just may be the ugliest shoes ever created. Crocs are so fugly that it can cause the people you’re with to not get any. Friends don’t let friends wear ugly footwear in 2010.

16. Spidey: I’m not talking about your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man. I’m talking about D-list celebs Spencer Pratt and Heidi Montage. After watching “The Hills” and “I’m a Celebrity, Get Me out of Here” I can’t think of two people that deserve each other more. While I have to admit I am greatly entertained by the couple, that does not mean I want to keep following that mess that is Spidey. I’m sure he owns many, many graphic Ts and a scarf or two. Don’t mess with his shampoo and whatever you do, don’t listen to her album. Why do we keep feeding this monster? Don’t worry, I am not hating I’m just over this douchey duo.

17. Bad Reality Parents: It’s one thing if you want to sign yourself up for a reality TV show and whore it up to a national audience but it’s another to sign up your whole family. Don’t these shows break some kind of child labor laws? I find it horrible that parents would rob their kids of a normal childhood just so they can gain fame and fortune. Are you hooked? If you really need to know what the daily ins and outs of having eight plus children is like, then go have in vitro fertilization yourself and pray for your own litter. Don’t even get me started on the whole Balloon Boy. I do not support these actions and ban them in my 2010.

18. The Recession: It has affected us all, and it sucks. Where is our government bailout? This year, let us spend less and save more. A little sacrifice never hurt anyone. Why not recession-proof yourself for the future and put money in savings? That does not mean stop having fun, it just means we have to change the way we view purchases. Help keep more of your dollars circulating in your own community. Be sure to shop local and support your local strip clubs. Remember, the recession in no way excuses you from tipping. If you are

19. Swine Flu: I’m so over it and I have not even had it. I’m tired of hearing about it on the news, but even more, I am tired of people using it as a reason to get out of work or other obligations. Just because you don’t feel good doesn’t mean you have the Swine Flu. It was the cop-out of 2009, but in 2010 I want a doctor’s note. If you didn’t really have it, shame on you for using it as an excuse. What’s next, faking cancer?

20. Following Trends: It is time to start thinking for ourselves. Be an individual this year. It’s okay to do things even though no one else is doing them. Become a trendsetter in 2010. If everyone else is doing something, dare to be different.
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