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I was recently invited to a zombie convention in Seattle, not surprisingly called ZomBCon. Not being one to follow the trend of zombies vs. vampires, I only attended because I had a free ticket, and was happy to spend time with the friend who invited me. Having very little knowledge about the guest speakers and horror movie references sprinkled throughout the convention, I didn’t expect to see much that would interest me, but as luck would have it, I walked past the booth occupied by Anathema Photography and my impression of horror was instantly changed.

Wandering past the booth, my eye was immediately caught by a picture of a nude woman hanging crucifixion style, with several bags of blood above her, imitating a blood transfusion. She had no nipples and wore a crown of thorns atop her gorgeous red hair.
Everything about the photograph was immaculate and I found myself mesmerized. In fact, it was so beautifully done, I couldn’t tell if it was a painting or a photograph. It took me walking behind the booth and right up to the print to see what medium was used. Even then, I wasn’t sure and I sought out the photographer to pick his, or her, twisted brain.

I was surprised to find that the photographer was a ravishing, raven-haired beauty named Danielle, who humbly handed me a calendar of images she had recently taken. As I flipped through the pages, I was repulsed by the depravity of the shots…and oddly aroused. Danielle’s work is truly a blend of horrific nightmares and gut-wrenching beauty. She has somehow taken the macabre, added her own perverse twist and turned it into a thing of loveliness. This artist is in no way for the light-hearted and as I spoke with her, I was amazed that something so disturbing could come from this innocent creature of beauty before me. Her sweet smile was deceiving, as my mind raced with images of severed limbs and mouths agape with terror.

Before I had even gotten halfway through her calendar, I was asking for her card, knowing without a doubt that I had to share this woman’s gruesome imagination with our readers. It is a rare person who can encapsulate our darkest fears and portray them in a realistic, convincing way. Especially in an age when Photoshop is so misused and zombies are made into children’s toys, it’s difficult to find a balance between being terrifying and cheesy, convincing and obvious. After speaking with Danielle at length about her work, I found that her inspiration comes straight from her own morbid imagination.

**H ow do you describe your work to people who have never seen it?**

It really depends on who is asking. If it’s someone that I think won’t appreciate the content, I tell them I shoot darker-themed portraiture. Then they’ll ask if I do weddings, I respond, “of course! If you let me splatter blood on the bride…” Otherwise, I usually describe it as horror fine art and that I try to capture a moment like a movie still.

**PERSONALLY, I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND OUT THAT THE ARTIST OF SUCH DEPRAVED IMAGES WAS A WOMAN. AM I THE FIRST PERSON TO SAY THAT?**

Not at all! Actually, in the beginning, I wanted to keep my sex anonymous and go by DKL Anathema. As I met more people, I decided to release my full name, Danielle K. L. Anathema, but it is amazing how many people still assume I’m a dude. I think it’s funny.

**YOUR WORK IS SO UNIQUE, ARE THERE ANY ARTISTS WHO HAVE INFLUENCED YOU?**

So many artists have inspired me to indulge my dark side. One of my biggest loves is H.R. Giger. His twisted, dark imagery mixed with bio-mechanical sexuality has always left me in awe. Other artist talents that have moved me are: Frances Bacon, Tom Savini, Sarah Moon, Erlend Mork, Takashi Miike, Eli Roth and, of course, David Bowie.

**WHAT ARE YOU HopING TO CONVEY IN YOUR WORK?**

I want to convey a story, an emotion, something that the viewer can look deeper into after their initial response, be it “eww” or “ahaha.” I want to show that the darkness inside everyone can be beautiful and terrifying at the same time; it is not something that we should hide or run away from.

**WALK ME THROUGH YOUR PROCESS, FROM CONCEPT TO FINAL PRINT.**

Depending on the shoot, it can be quite a lengthy process. I have a “concept book” that I’m always adding ideas and random thoughts to. When I’m approached by a model or client who I feel would suit one of my concepts, I then fine-tune, which includes writing down anything and everything I might need. Then I draw a horrible sketch of what I think the frame will look like. Deciding on a suitable location can be difficult, especially because the movie industry here likes to dominate the really cool spots, making the areas impossible to use without a lot of cash. Also, the subject matter I shoot isn’t always popular in public. From there, preparation includes the finding and making of props—this can be very time consuming.

I used to do all of my own makeup FX and hair for shoots, which is exhausting when the setup and shooting is on top of that. I finally found an excellent and RELIABLE makeup artist (Nightshade Beauty) that I use for most of my shoots and it has been such a treat! On the day of, setup and makeup can take a few hours, but the actual shooting time is quite minimal because of all of the precise planning.

Post production can sometimes take days, depending on the complexity of the desired outcome, but most of the time it is only a few hours. A lot of people assume there is quite a bit of Photoshop, for instance (fake backgrounds or gore brush tool), but this is not the case; 99% of the time, everything you see was there during the shoot.

I have a great relationship with my print shop. I oversee each piece to ensure a perfect print.

Altogether the entire process can take anywhere from two to six weeks.

And voila! All that work for ONE art piece.

**DO YOU EVER SCARE YOURSELF? LIKE “WHERE THE HELL DID I COME UP WITH THAT?”**

Haha! Yup! Just recently, I was doing a shoot and halfway through smearing gore and goo everywhere, I turned to my makeup artist and said “this is kinda fucking up isn’t it?” She responded with “definitely,” and we laughed and carried on. When I went to check out my test prints of this piece, the girl at the counter said, with a big grin, “that’s fucked.” I looked at the print and realized “yup, didn’t quite realize how twisted that really is.” So yes, it has happened a few times.

**HOW DO YOU FIND YOUR MODELS?**

To tell you the truth, they find me. I have been so fortunate with the people I’ve worked with. These are not your stereotypical models, these are powerful women who truly just want to be a part of an art piece. They are passionate about the subject matter and are not afraid to look “ugly” to get the shot. I’ve actually had to turn down a few models because I felt they did not fit, or they really didn’t get my humor. I have to be able to laugh with my models!

**WHAT’S YOUR NEXT STEP? IS THERE ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR WE HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO FROM YOUR WORK?**

I’m always shooting or planning shoots. I just released a 2012 Calendar in collaboration with Morrismore Models, so that was a huge project. My next big step is to get my work into larger galleries. Then, I was thinking of taking over the world, but don’t tell anyone…

To see more of this artist’s beautifully gory work, or to order prints and calendars, visitanathemaphotography.com, or find her on Facebook at facebook.com/AnathemaPhoto.
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PER-BOTTLE SPECIALS
UNTIL THEY ARE GONE!
THE FLASHBACK

Good Lord, another year has come and gone. After eleven years of service to Exotic magazine (okay, maybe, there was an interruption or two), I am technically the resident long-term contributor to Portland’s longest-surviving adult industry publication. So, with all these years under my belt, I can’t help but get a little nostalgic when the New Year approaches.

When I first started here at Exotic in January of 2000, I was a refugee from the now-defunct SFX magazine (a publication produced by a former Exotic minion). With my original assignment as delivery boy, I would spend my days contaminating every strip club, jack shack and porn shop across every corner of this city with our complementary porn for the masses. Just a few months later, I would receive a new partner in crime named Bryan to “assist” me as a porn paperboy. Little did I realize, that my accomplice would later become owner of the magazine (more about him later…).

After my associate eventually commandeered the deliveries and took over the management of Exotic (so the owner could build his strip/nightclub empire), I was shuffled into the sales division, where they eventually shoved a digital camera in my hand and told me I was a photographer. At the time, that camera was the first of the digital generation and sold for about $1,200 (today, you can get it on eBay for fifty bucks). Shortly after (in the fall of 2000), the first “Spookyville” production, Ink ‘N’ Pink, launched. I was on top of the world Ma!

So, I did what every porn-addicted freak who was now being paid to hang out in strip clubs would do; take strippers home to photograph them naked and parade tattooed dancers across Portland (all the while, judging them and smashing their fragile self-esteem into oblivion). I got myself a wicked drug problem. Pair that up with a crazy, alcoholic-stripper girlfriend and I was on a highway to hell, baby. After a couple years of progressive self-inflicted abuse in every sense of the word, I eventually melted down, quit Exotic, swore vengeance on my Exotic enemies and launched two laughable attempts at my own spin on Exotic, (a franchise of Xcitement and a pathetic, stillborn publication called Temptation). Now through with the magazine game, I pursued far-greater careers in the industry, such as Strip Club DJ and, god help me, booking agent. Within a year, I was looking at total overdose and approaching a home under the Burnside Bridge. Exit stage left.

Two years later, clean and pretty much sober, I reunited with Bryan and Exotic to give the magazine game one last try in Seattle, Washington with Exotic Underground Magazine, a toned-down version of Exotic that would focus more on music and mainstream club nightlife. After a four-year publication run, Underground shut down, and wouldn’t ya know it, Spooky got called back home to Exotic to revive important cultural needs such as Ink ‘N’ Pink. By this time, my old paperboy buddy Bryan was now the owner of Exotic magazine.

So, what’s the moral of the story? Fuck if I know. But, even a lowly paperboy can be somebody someday. Hell, he might even own the magazine you’re holding in your hands right now! But, if he’s not careful, he might end up using the glossy pages to package his white-trash drugs for individual sale out of a Motel 6. Choosing a career in the adult entertainment industry can be risky, but if you keep your head on straight, it can be a very lucrative business. This holds true to all potential positions in the skin trade, from the dancer to the DJ, the bouncer to the bartender.

A ROCK & ROLL CHRISTMAS

I would like to thank all of our contributors this month for the outstanding job they did on making our music issue a success. Statutory Ray, in particular, took the theme to heart and provided a substantial portion of the rockin’ editorial in this issue. We’ve got an Artist of the Month that is literally to die for, Anathema Photography of Vancouver, B.C. and a rather unexpected submission from Miss Sex Talk herself, Sheena G (who announced this month as the swan song for her column, as she plans to pursue her career in the music biz). Apologies go out to Alabama Black Snake and Toxic Zombie who were scheduled to appear in this month’s issue, but ended up on the cutting room floor when the author (me) became consumed by Miss Exotic Oregon and failed to meet the deadline. Look for these two local monsters of rock in the January issue.

MISS EXOTIC OREGON

At press time, we had just completed our first semi-final round to a packed house at Mystic Gentlemen’s Club, following a four-show qualifier run across Portland at Club Rouge, Boom Boom Room and Mystic to assemble twenty of Oregon’s sexiest entertainers. The semi-finalists are:

- **Honey** – Club Rouge
- **Kellani** – Club 205/Heat
- **Annie** – Jiggles
- **Lily** – Mystic Gentlemen’s Club
- **Envy** – Mystic Gentlemen’s Club
- **Daisy** – Club Rouge
- **Adele** – Club 205/Heat
- **Lady Stockholm**
- **Marlee** – Lucky Devil/Devils Point
- **Carmen** – Mystic Gentlemen’s Club
- **Luna** – Club Rouge
- **Laila** – Club 205/Heat
- **Vayden** – Lucky Devil/Devils Point
- **Soren** – Union Jacks
- **Lark** – Sassy’s
- **Orchid Souris Rouge** – Pallas Club
- **Elyse** – Mystic Gentlemen’s Club
Exotic down, and wouldn’t ya know it, Spooky got called back home to Underground version of Washington with, a toned-down god help me, booking agent. Within a year, I was looking at total (Now through with the magazine game, I pursued and a pathetic, stillborn publication called Exotic esteem into oblivion). I got myself a wicked drug problem. Pair land (all the while, judging them and smashing their fragile self-
top of the world Ma!

When I first started here at SFX Exotic in Janu-

More Exotic: The SFX Exotic magazine 4 year anniversary.

**DECEMBER EVENTS**

**Fri 2 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - Miss Exotic Oregon Semi-Finals (Wildcard Round)**

**Sat 3 - Wild Orchid** - Digital Playground Porn Legend Jesse Jane (also appearing on December 2)

**Ash Street Saloon** - IHRx Entertainment Bands vs MCs Showcase, hip hop emcees against live bands and DJs

**Sat 10 - Stars Cabaret (Salem)** - Naughty List Celebration with 100 free gifts, presentation of “The Naughtyes” & DJ Chad’s going away party

**Thu 15 - Mystic Gentlemen’s Club** - 2-year Anniversary Party with stripper boxing & live music by Falling Closer & Heart Attack High plus drink specials & prize giveaways all night long

**Wild Orchid** - Bad Santa Party hosted by Barfly’s Jedediah

**Fri 16 - Dante’s - Miss Exotic Oregon - The Finals** 15 finalists will compete for $7,000 in cash & prizes plus the cover of Exotic magazine

**Sunset Strip** - Pajama Party - sexy pajama contest, wear your PJ’s and get in free

**Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)** - Annual Toy Drive - free entry with an unwrapped toy & a special appearance from naughty Mrs. Claus giving away presents all night long

**Sun 18 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport)** - Naughty Santa Party - Santa’s helpers return with naughty gifts of free porn & more

**Wed 21 - Club 205** - Covergirl Dance Contest

**Thu 22 - Pallas Club & Dream On** - Xmas Party with gifts that keep on giving - win a DVD player, DVDs and lots more

**Sunset Strip** - XXX-Mas Party 2011 - all 3 nights, win huge prizes: flat screen TV, cameras & more

**Fri 23 - Jody’s Bar & Grill** - Safari Showclub - Xmas Dinner Party

**Sunset Strip** - XXX-Mas Party 2011 - all 3 nights, win huge prizes: flat screen TV, cameras & more

**Sat 24 - Cabaret** - Xmas Eve specials all night

**Grand Café** - Statutory Ray’s Xmas Eve Bash with live music, DJs, comedians, dancers & more

**Sunset Strip** - XXX-Mas Party 2011 - all 3 nights, win huge prizes: flat screen TV, cameras & more

**Fri 30 - Stars Cabaret (Salem)** - Live music with AC/DC

**Sunset Strip** - XXX night - free porn courtesy of Taboo Video

**Sat 31 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)** - New Year’s Eve Party - all-inclusive package includes entry, VIP table, dinner and champagne

**Cabaret** - New Year’s Eve Party with champagne toast at midnight

**Stars Cabaret (Salem)** - Live music with River Rats

**Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport)** - NYE Zombie Apocalypse Party with balloon drop at midnight plus special prizes & giveaways

**Jody’s Bar & Grill** - New Year’s Eve Bash with champagne toast at midnight

**Safari Showclub** - New Year’s Eve Party

**WEEKLY EVENTS**

**MONDAYS**

**Jody’s Bar & Grill** - Monday Night Football with a new Monday night menu, beer & spirit specials, raffles, prizes & games

**Pallas Club** - Football on 4 new hi-def big screens

**Devils Point** - Fire & Burlesque Night

**Cabaret** - Monday Night Football on 5 big screens

**Dante’s** - Karaoke From Hell - sing with a live band

**TUESDAYS**

**Pallas Club/Dream On** - Two-fer-Tuesdays with 2-for-1 dances every hour, on the hour

**Lucky Devil Lounge** - Tiny Tuesdays with your host 3’6” Nik Sin Club 205 - 2-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows

**Heat** - Authentic mexican menu plus IPA draft specials

**Jody’s Bar & Grill** - 2-for Tuesdays with 2-girl shows for the price of 1

**Bottoms Up!** - Happy Tuesdays with food and drink special all day and night plus 2-for-1 private dances for the first 15 minutes of every hour

**WEDNESDAYS**

**Devils Point** - 80s Night

**Heat** - Wild Wednesdays - drop in from 8pm-10pm for wild beer specials

**Jody’s Bar & Grill** - Kali’s House of Pain from 9am-4pm

**Stars Cabaret (Salem)** - Whiskey Wednesdays with 50¢ wings

**THURSDAYS**

**Heat** - Double Trouble Thursdays with 2-girl shows & new Asian menu

**Jody’s Bar & Grill** - Taco Thursdays with all-you-can-eat tacos for $2

**SUNDAYS**

**Dante’s** - Sinferno Cabaret

**Club Rouge** - Absolut Party with special prices on all Absolut flavors plus Absolut giveaways

**Pallas Club** - Free pool all day & night

**Devils Point** - World Famous Stripparaoke!

**Cabaret** - Football on 5 big screens
It was another night in an unfamiliar club.

I marveled at the dance cage in the center of Heat, adjacent to a circular swing hanging from the ceiling. It was "Two Girl Thursday," and beautiful ladies littered the room. The dark metallic dance cage held a slender black dancer that I recognized from the previous preliminary round at Club Rouge. She swayed in her heels and stockings while the older man in the hat stood rapt only inches from her. She smiled and winked at him before peeling off her thong.

The shiny spinning pole held two ladies as they circled in the air, and the dark-haired girl with strong legs reached slowly for the inner thigh of the tattooed blonde and held her gently for a few spins, before the blonde unhooked her arms and inverted smoothly to the ceiling. The brunette climbed higher, still circling in unison, until their faces touched. Suddenly, I felt a tickle on my bare shoulder and I jumped and turned.

It was a competitor, looking for the dressing room. I offered to find it with her. After the solemn-faced bouncer pointed to a door and swung it open, women of all shapes and sizes in various stages of nudity turned to examine us. Who was this fully-clothed stranger, infiltrating their place of privacy? I was asked, "Are you competing?" I laughed in spite of myself, and explained that I was judging instead.

Some of the other dancers chimed in. I had to get out of here; these girls were too likeable. I wished the contenders well and returned to the judging table.

Later, seeking refuge from the blaring speakers, I stood near the entrance. One of my bosses asked me if I had seen the girl “making her pussy talk.” He motioned to a nearby dancer, one of the more outgoing performers of the evening. Without hesitation, she propped her leg up on a nearby chair and reached for her pussy, grabbing a hold of her inside labia and pulling them wide. “Feeeed Me!,” her pussy demanded. “I’m hungry for some cock!” I liked her immediately.

Later, a less-than-memorable performer danced to a song where I distinctly identified lyrics about rape (not necessarily currying favor with my feminist alter-ego). Still, I envied her ass bounce and scored her objectively.

A petite, feathered-wing-tattoo dancer shyly dug her heel into the polished floor twice, before effortlessly inverting to a wide-legged hold—the smile never leaving her face. Add extra points for agility/grace.

I have it pretty rough. Having to sit freely and score beautiful, smiling dancers is certainly the hardest part of my life at the moment. By the time that you are reading this, you can still catch the final show at Dante’s on December 16th. I hope to see you there.
A lot of guys are stumped when it comes to gift giving, especially during the holidays. Other occasions are easy, because they can be fulfilled by a drink at the bar. December occasions are trickier (notice that I didn’t say Christmas? Hanukkah? Kwanzaaaaaaa? I’m so politically correct).

Some strippers have lots of friends, some have fans, some have stalkers, but it’s always a surprise when a gift is spontaneously received. Some are self-serving to the gift-givers themselves, such as the striped, thigh-high toe socks that I got from the foot fetishist (but hey, I’m not complaining—I appreciated the thought).

The ladies that are consummate hustlers are more likely to be showered by high-end gifts; I’ve seen one stripper decked out in jewelry that easily cost more than my car, all purchased for her by an adoring sugar daddy. Being a tad more modest and always the pragmatist, I’ve compiled a list of items commonly overlooked, but often over-utilized by us ladies of the stage. If your favorite stripper has a sense of humor, she’ll likely not mind any of these stocking stuffers.

**Hair spray.**
A curling iron or hair straightener because, in many clubs, this WILL get stolen if they are left plugged in the dressing room overnight.

**Hair pins.** I’ve probably lost two hours of my life scouring the floor and lifting up the rugs in the backstage of Lucky Devil Lounge seeking one. And it’s not just me. So many times, I’ve turned the corner to the downstairs dressing room, only to find a ladyfriend crawling on the floor, half naked and trying to find a hair pin. There’s almost nothing cuter.

**A giant pack of gum.** Seriously. One of my favorite birthday gifts I received this year was a 100-pack of mint bubblegum. Hours of shouting, talking and whispering into people’s faces means that you need to not stink like PBR/Jägermeister/Tequila/Carbombs/Coffee. During my going-away party at Lucky Devil, I danced a set, went backstage, puked into the trashcan, shoved my mouth full of gum and gave three dances immediately after. No one was the wiser. Thank goodness for chewing gum.

**Gift certificate to spa or masseuse.** It’s true, most sex workers don’t have health insurance. And while a lot of us more enthusiastic performers tend to share the same types of injuries as football players, such as bursitis, cracked ribs, calloused hands, carpal tunnel and various joint problems, the best that most of us can hope for is a semi-decent rubdown by a professional.

Are all of those porn shop punch cards starting to stack up in your wallet? Lots of ladies will gladly take ‘em and use the bigger discount to buy pretty, new lingerie for which to strip out of! Everybody wins.

Otherwise, just ask her what she wants! She might suggest that you get a private dance. Again, everybody wins.

There are princesses of the pole that might turn their nose up at my list, and those are likely the ladies that demand only the highest-quality, overpriced perfume. But hey, I’m not that diva and most of my coworkers aren’t either.

While I’m in the spirit, another great way to get festive is by adding some holiday music to the stage. For regular club-goers, songs for the season can break up the monotony.

Santa Baby is an obvious classic—originally sung by Eartha Kitt, also covered by Madonna and Kylie Minogue. All of these versions are cutesy and are quite suited to the stripper with the burlesque aesthetic:

**Merry Christmas – The Ramones**
I Wanna Be Your Dog – Iggy Pop. This might be a stretch, but there is the unmistakable sound of jangling bells for the entirety of the song, and personally, it has always reminded me of reindeer. Naughty, dirty, humping reindeer.

One longtime dancer that I know swears by TransSiberian Orchestra. She said that the “more kitschy and hokey the music, the more fun you have. Resulting in a happier crowd and more tips.” I respectfully disagree. I’ve always considered that song nothing but a boner-killer, but maybe that’s just my opinion. Strippers, use at your own risk. Also, management might get pissed. I wouldn’t blame them.

For all those hip hop kids, can I recommend Yin Yang Twins’ *This Christmas*? It’s so undeniably dorky, yet gangster, especially with lyrics like this, “Ridin’ through the hood / Grippin’ on my wood / Mean One, Mr Grinch, to which the dancer angrily stomps around and points at people who are stiffing her (this is, unfortunately, a regular occurrence during the holidays). It probably wouldn’t earn you any points with anyone, though. I’d consider this one with caution.

Last December, I witnessed a girl dancing (humping the pole and floor for four minutes) to Adam Sandler’s *Chanukkah* Hanukkah song. This is easily one of the most disturbing associations I could ever make with stripping, and I actually tried to escape from the sound of it. I wasn’t the only one. Besides the two aging frat boys who loved the entire spectacle, I’ve never before seen a room become empty so rapidly.

To anyone who uses holiday songs sung by the cast of Glee, I will come out of retirement, find you in your club and kill you onstage. Happy Holidays!!!

Elle is a former dancer of Lucky Devil Lounge and can be found on Facebook, or contacted at elleynnstanger@gmail.
The second-stage tent was finally full of concertgoers and Rick the Sound Guy was still fucking with his mixing board—fixing whatever mess was left by the previous stagehand. I was on stage with a live mic and standing next to me was a visibly anxious-to-perform dude who stood a foot taller than I did, sporting dreadlocks and a noontime hangover scowl. The only thing we seemed to have in common was our Two Kils IPs and live mics. I stared at the Rasta. He stared back at the white rapper/host. The tension in the air was enough to justify a rolling tumbleweed, but instead of turning North Plains into 8 Mile, I slowly brought the microphone toward my taco hole and began whistling “Patience” by Guns N’ Roses. Suddenly, but without a lack of grace, my microphone toward my taco hole and began whistling “Patience” by Guns N’ Roses. Suddenly, but without a lack of grace, my adversary took his cue and bridged immediately to the chorus, reminding the sad woman in question to take it slow. In unison, Julius (Rastaman) of One Movement and myself continued to sing through the second bridge of “Patience” until Rick had the band mic’d up.

One Movement ripped the stage in half, as did the following six or seven acts (whom I cannot recall, thanks to Two Kils Brewery). Julius introduced himself, we swapped info and vapors, all seemed well and the sun was just beginning to cool down. Since everything seemed to be perfect, Murphy sent one of his lawyers my way in the form of one of the festival’s promoters to fuck up my high. “Hey Ray, fair warning… it’s diva hour.” “Diva hour,” I asked, hoping for a drag show or perhaps an out-of-state band with a slutty lead singer. “Go meet the band,” promoter said, and I proceeded to step backstage. I was greeted by an act that will remain nameless, simply for the fact that any promotion is good promotion, but in short, let’s just say it was the archetypal Holoscenester act featuring skinny, pale guy with Macbook, a slew of backup dancers and an “I’m not unattractive, I’m different” wannabe Peaches. Since the people at the Mercy Corp booth (as well as a slew of legitimate sponsors) were funding the festival, I took the extra five minutes that Band Name Deleted needed for “preparation” and began my pitch regarding local media, starving children and the brown acid. Somewhere between “…portion of the proceeds” and “AIDS relief funds,” my speech was interrupted by the femi-gnome that was expecting to take over the sound system. “Just shut the fuck up and give me the mic, dude,” she said. I paused, looked at the crowd, and did exactly what she requested… but not without inviting everyone to the main stage for free blunts and beer while Cool Nutz played. Skipping all the unnecessary details, let’s just say that next time Portland police have issues with hippies in tents refusing to leave a public park, I’d recommend they book this band.

Halfway between the Cool Nutz set I was trying to enjoy and the piss I had to take, I stumbled (literally) into Phil (one of the festival’s more industrious and knowledgeable organizers) and asked him when I needed to be back at the second stage to host. I was delighted to hear that not only were my MC duties scheduled to end at 8pm (it was currently 7:45 and I gave two fucks about promoting to the vacant lot that had become Stage Two), but the relief host was even more shitfaced and boisterous than I was (meaning...
that I would still look good in comparison, which is really the only thing I look good in). Instead of grabbing a complementary meal, taking a nap or just finding time to enjoy a long walk amongst stars, peacocks and Lafa Taylor, I went ahead and asked the person closest to me if they had any mushrooms.

This is really how all good trips begin. Sure, you can plan all day long (burning Ween and Massive Attack to CDs, stocking up on orange juice and calling in sick for work ahead of time), but none of that usually makes a difference once good drugs kick in. I had cigarettes, two days before I was needed back in Portland and a vague idea of where I was. This was all I needed.

Four or five hours went by and I had one of those “Oh shit, I had something I was supposed to do before I took drugs” moments. I ended up hitching a ride (hijacking the back of a golf cart and telling the driver I was security staff in need of a lift) to the second stage. The night’s scheduled festivities were wrapping up, and my two favorite potty-mouth princesses, Delaney & Paris, were there, discussing the idea of an impromptu show with Rick (who had evolved from “sound guy” to “stage manager, artist liaison and provider of all things unattainable, such as RCA cords) and Anthony (another of the festival’s main organizers and generally professional sort of guy). I offered to resume hosting duties (my relief had apparently bailed two sets into Diva Hour), mumbled something about the tent being too illuminated for my visual handicap (it wasn’t until this day that I realized why fog machines and laser machines still exist) and introduced Delaney & Paris as my illegitimate daughters to whom I had birthed after sleeping with. This was roughly eleven thirty or so in the evening.

An hour and a half later, both girls had their boobs hanging out and had already begun digging songs up from their “what else can we play” catalogue to extend the performance for the largest crowd to form in the second stage tent all weekend. Maybe it was the drugs, but shit was magical at this exact moment in time. So magical, in fact, that the following morning I decided to bring DP back onstage to fill in for yet another late-for-their-Noon-soundcheck act. Pro-tip: never assume that what works under the influence of hallucinogens at midnight in a dome full of drunk hippies will also work the following afternoon.

“Okay folks, we only got an hour left for the Mercy Corp raffle and Blah Blah Bandname didn’t show up, so let’s give it up for Delaney on my left, Paris on my right…gentlemen, every dollar on stage will go toward Mercy Corp…Feed the children by tipping your dancers!” Rick turned up his iPod, and the afternoon crowd of toddlers, “real” hippies and old people unloading their son’s DJ gear were introduced to Quiet Riot’s “Cum On Feel The Noize” as D&P shook their T&A. It was at this point in the weekend that I decided Rick was my favorite person ever.

Anthony rolled up in his golf cart, thanked me for my weekend’s work, politely relayed six or seven complaints regarding DP’s tee tees in the presence of wee ones, and asked that the next act be allowed to take stage without his arguably sexy and voluntary go-go assistants. I spent the majority of the afternoon flushing drugs and IPA out of my system by consuming as much water as my bladder would allow, caught one last set from Raise The Bridges, spent an hour looking for my car and returned to Portland for my scheduled shift at the club. I learned a lot that weekend, forgot most of it and ignored the rest. I’m sure I could spend another six pages discussing the piles of backpack rap CDs, free beer coupons and phone numbers for chicks with names like “Oakbranch” that followed me home from Fire In The Canyon, but that would spoil all the fun. After all, the festival is happening next year, and I’ll be more than surprised if I’m invited back to host (let alone step on the premises; I think I was “warned” by security at least twenty times that my medical marijuana card doesn’t allow me to smoke blunts with kids), but I highly recommend that anyone with three days and a ride to North Plains catch Fire In The Canyon 2012.

(Statutory Ray is a syndicated columnist in more than two papers worldwide and is currently running for Mayor of Portland.)
SIX TIPS TO ACHIEVING SUCCESS IN UNDERGROUND HIP HOP

The Pacific Northwest, known for being home to such things as rain, trees and the occasional Sasquatch, also harbors another prolific denizen which is often overlooked, the world of independent music. In the Rose City especially, you see musical projects form and dissolve more often than most people get haircuts (for people in Portland, I’d say maybe three time as often as they get haircuts). In my time ignoring the stickers on dumpsters by playing in, on or around the underground hip hop scene, I’ve noticed some things that may be of interest to anyone choosing to get involved in it.

Before I get to my handy list of helpful hip hop advice, I believe I should note that I’ve been involved in various hip hop and rap projects for a good ten years (that’s seventy Dogg years), and I’ve known a great deal of people from the East Coast, the West Coast, the Dirty South, the Midwest and the North coast, as well as some rappers who claimed to be from a fictional land called “Australia,” so I think my experience speaks for itself when handing out advice to the hopeful.

(Heh, “Australia,” what will they think of next?)

I know that there are a lot of you out there who are trying to make a name for yourselves, but aren’t clear on how or where to begin. That’s okay. Nobody can know everything about the mysterious world of hip hop and rap—especially when you’re first starting out. That’s why I’ve decided to put together this list; to help the rappers out there who don’t necessarily know what side of the salad fork your gat goes on at a formal gangsta dinner and other such nuances.

Let’s get started, shall we?

1. PICK A GOOD NAME

You can’t really have a “band name” as a hip hop-type person, so be certain to choose an individual stage name that will be memorable, or at least sound menacing. The more menacing, the more likely people will attend your shows for fear that you’ll go apeshit if you find out that they didn’t. This worked very well for MC Holjadownen Tebagaya and DJ I’ll-Club-You-If-You-Don’t-Pay-Cover.

Consider what would intimidate the majority demographic and go with that. MC WhiteGuy Beater-Upper would be a good name for the Portland scene, but it loses value the closer one gets to Detroit.

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Consider what would intimidate the majority demographic and go with that. MC WhiteGuy Beater-Upper would be a good name for the Portland scene, but it loses value the closer one gets to Detroit. That’s just an example, though. I’m not here to do your thinking for you, I’m just here to share helpful hip hop tips (or “tip hops”). You’ll find out that they didn’t. This worked very well for MC Holjadownen.

2. IDENTIFY YOUR GENRE

If you don’t have a defined style or sound, you can’t really get away with the indie-rock standby of calling your project “experimental,” because nobody has the patience to sieve the corn out of that massive dump when it comes to the world of hip hop. I’d recommend just pretending you’re taking one of those fill-in-the-blanks tests from back when you were in school and toss adjectives at it. Where people might not want to deal with “experimental” hip hop, they might be more than willing to listen to your “ghetto fierce low-down salted pork rap” or a group who perform “gruntymessmaker slip hop,” so throw darts at a dictionary until something sounds pleasing to the ear.

3. DEVELOP STAGE PRESENCE

Can you dance? No? Don’t worry about it.

4. BATTLE IS HALF THE RAPPING

If you can’t remember your lines on stage, just make up new ones. If anyone calls you out on it later, you can just tell them you were giving them a taste of your fresh freestyle skills, and that said skills often pay your bills (so, they should feel privileged to have been a part of the whole experience). If you’re not actually good at freestyling and need to get out of being called to freestyle someone in the parking lot after your show, then call it “expensive style” and claim that you’d require a deposit to be put down beforehand for insurance purposes.

5. SHOUT OUT YOUR “PEEPS”

Where other types of music try to hide their influences, hip hop (especially underground hip hop) usually attempts to reference as many other influential acts as possible. White kids from the suburbs trying to make a go with their new flavor of “waffle batter boater hip hop” might do well to list N.W.A., The Geto Boys, Public Enemy and Warren G as influences, even if they sound nothing like any of those groups and are only fourteen years old. It builds so much cred, it’s not even funny. Also, you have to make sure to list at least one person as an influence who has been dead for at least ten years, and periodically shout this out as you end a track or stage show to let everyone know what’s up (RIP Buff Love, y’all).

6. REP YOUR HOOD

Be sure to claim a “set” in your music. You know, a group of people who you allegedly represent (regardless of your past involvement with any such group or if you’re even meeting the basic membership criteria). This is important, as it can get you an inbuilt fanbase once people find out that you’re “reppin’” their own. However, you should be wary of choosing allegiances from a hat, as you can get yourself in a heap of trouble when some gang you’ve never heard of looks to “break you off some” for choosing to side with their enemies. The reverse can also be true when you are, say, claiming to rep the West Side 67th Street Mob and that’s just four guys with a tough name who sit around and play Dungeons and Dragons all day. Gang fights are generally not settled in your favor when one side is hunched down and trying to roll twenty-sided dice to determine the winner. On a side note, one should never throw bones in an alley with people who carry twenty-sided dice on their person; your odds, as well as the general decorum of the game, just go right out the damned window. A mistake I’ll never make again. Fortunately, I was able to pay my debt using chocolate coins covered in gold foil by calling it “the currency of the realm.”

So, by always keeping in mind my six tips, you should be well on your way to excelling in the world of hip hop. While I’ve gathered these tips as a result of my time involved with independent music in Portland, they can really apply to anyone from anywhere.

Wombstrectha the Magnificent
onethourpharmacy.com

(Wombstrectha is a retired rapper, computer programmer and co-owner of One-Hour Pharmacy [1HRx] Entertainment; he currently resides in Compton, OR)
but Biz Markie. Listens to nothing Myspace, this guy. According to his mend just pretending you're taking one of those fill-in-the-blanks massive dump when it comes to the world of hip hop. I'd recom-away with the indie-rock standby of calling your project "experimen-childhood and just call yourself that. It worked for Snoop Dogg, so of hip hop is to pick an annoying and diminutive nickname from your Frontalot. A popular standby when choosing a moniker in the world you, I'm just here to share helpful hip hop tips (or "tip hops"). You'll That's just an example, though. I'm not here to do your thinking for go with that. MC WhiteGuy Beater-Upper would be a good name for people will attend your shows for fear that you'll go apeshit if you or at least sound menacing. The more menacing, the more likely be certain to choose an individual stage name that will be memorable, (Heh, "Australia," what will they think of next?) I know that there are a lot of you out there who are trying to make why I've decided to put together this list; to help the rappers out there hip hop and rap—especially when you're first starting out. That's okay. Nobody can know everything about the mysterious world of (Wombstretcha is a retired rapper, computer programmer and co- onehourpharmacy.com)

1. PICk A gOOd nAMe

2. resiDe frOm A frICTIONAL LAnD

3. deveLOP StAge PReSenCe

4. bAttle IS hALf the RAPPIng

5. fIgUrE OuT THe rElAtIOnshIps

6. CReaTE An dInnOvAtIOn

Before I get to my handy list of helpful hip hop advice, I believe on at a formal gangsta dinner and other such nuances. Where people might tests from back when you were in school

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ignoring the stickers on dumpsters by playing in, on or around the pay your bills (so, they should feel privileged to have been a part of them a taste of your fresh freestyle skills, and that said skills often If anyone calls you out on it later, you can just tell them you were giv-

DANTE'S

WILDCARD ROUND
9950 SE STARK ST · 503-477-9523
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2ND @ 9PM

3rd & Burnside
portland, oregon

FINALS
3RD & BURNSIDE
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16TH
9PM - $20 COVER
During a particularly heated and violent masturbation session last weekend, I found myself becoming soft due to the cheesy light jazz that was drowning out the moans and grunts from the actors involved in “HOT COLLEGE CHICKS FISTING IN LAUN-DROMAT—FULL LENGTH FREE DOWNLOAD,” a feature film running approximately seven minutes in length and produced by an unaccredited team of obviously skilled professionals. For some reason, the production team had a sound guy directly out of college radio, who had obviously never scored a documentary involving same-sex love or close-handed penetration and, as a result, I was forced to settle with a film from a competing film company, COEDCARPETMUNCH.com, LLC. Had the fine folks behind the lighting feature decided to use sexy background music to blend with the sounds of knuckle-loving, my hand may still be on my dick and this article would still be the target of angry voicemails from my editor regarding deadline.

Your job as a stripper, in most cases/clubs, probably doesn’t involve getting strangers off or fisting (and if it does, I already know your DJ and he plays damn good music, so don’t bother reading this article), but the goal of presenting a sexual, sultry and seductive atmosphere is just as important for dancers as it is for professional “actresses.” No matter how nice your areolas are, a shifty back beat will ruin your ability to make blood rush to your customer’s groin area. Fear not though, as my expertise on damn near everything involving music and tits will, once again, save the day.

**WHAT NAKED SHOULDN’T SOUND LIKE:**

Four Sure-Fire Strip Club Song Types

**The Downtempo Slow-Fuck**

Puscifer, Massive Attack, Peeping Tom and Love & Rockets all feature a slow, jazzly sloop of aural ejaculate that, if used appropriately and sparingly, can turn an otherwise run-of-the-mill stage set into an under-the-speed-limit auralgasm. With appropriate skills, the right stripper can make brothers and jocks feel like fucking Mike Patton or Maynard, without knowing exactly why they want to. This is the power of pussy combined with bass reverb and a suggestive atmosphere is just as important for dancers as it is for professional “actresses.” No matter how nice your areolas are, a shifty back beat will ruin your ability to make blood rush to your customer’s groin area. Fear not though, as my expertise on damn near everything involving music and tits will, once again, save the day.

**Dirty Bay Area Rap**

Everyone I’ve ever worked for in the strip clubs, staff wise, hates Mac Dre, Too Short or anything “degrading and repetitive” that originates from the Bay Area. I see their point, too. One of the more capable and experienced security guards I’ve worked with says it best; “you don’t want to deal with a room full of drunk guys who are looking in the mirror and making fart faces while chanting ‘get stupid.’” However, most people don’t stroll into strip clubs looking for staff work, and as much as it sucks to corral hyphy in the wild while checking IDs and calling cabs, there is really nothing more rewarding than being shiftedace and watching a cute girl do the Thizzle Dance, mouth every word to Gangstas n’ Strippers or questioning whether or not a specific demographic of urban youth are, in fact, able to get a table dance. That “let’s do it on the first date and call each other dirty names while taking blunt rips” kind of sex comes to mind whenever I hear “Blowjob Betty” or “I’ve Been Down.” As long as the crowd in question is capable of making it rain instead of repeatedly predicting the weather, tip your door guy an extra twenty bucks and let Celly Cel or Luni Coleone serenade your customers.

**Song Choices**

**Robotic Hatesex Thump Music**

KMFDM, Lords of Acid, some Skinny Puppy and a good deal of Combichrist, all serve up hotter-than-room-temperature dishes of gritty, industrial beats that can be analogously aligned with the kind of break-up sex that makes you wish you hadn’t dumped your alcoholic ex. Although potentially alienating to certain crowds, many of the Cocoon extras that inhabit noontime hours and traditionally-classic-rock strip clubs don’t seem to appreciate Enjoy the Abise or We Eat Your Flesh. Although a large handful of the older dudes at edgier clubs like Devil’s Point and Sassy’s seem to dig the Pill Brigade, there is technically hope for everyone. Robotic Hatesex Thump Music is a nine out of ten on the fuckworthy scale. Pounding kick drums, catchy synth and lyrics that describe bondage, destruction and anti-establishment politics have a way of making a guy like me prepay for breakfast. An added bonus of this genre is that it can complement “alternative” (read: archetypically unattractive) strippers in a manner similar to piling hot sauce onto a cold Enchirito. One warning: be careful about industrial music fans. Whereas too much Nickelback can attract the local college quarterback who won’t stop discussing his love for sports and hatred for Penn State, the exact opposite can occur when discussing bondage and submission with a KMFDM fan who hates sports but, well...

**TalesFromTheDJBooth.com**
many of the classic Dammmmmmn, Woman songs feature "that horn good music that doesn't feature rappers or samples (and from this, limitless amount of younger customers who have yet to experience shirt actually likes, as well as the exponentially of the most under appreciated artists in any given strip club DJ's The Dammmmmmn Woman!

A terrible accident and needs a ride to the emergency room. a surprise text message from a non-existent sister who just got in a
gategory as, well, like slow fucking. If done correctly, there is nothing bumpin' Friday night. Think of the Downtempo Slow-Fuck cat-
watch a newbie stumble around while Portishead kills an otherwise
a woman melt during "The Mission," it is equally yawn-worthy to
go from "appropriate" to "boring" if played for a busy crowd (or
Caucasian soul singers. However, this genre of music can quickly
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The Downtempo Slow-Fuck

What Naked Should Sound Like: Four Sure-Fire Strip Club Song Types

- The Mission
- My First, My Last
- Blowjob Betty
- I've Been Down.

As long as whenever I hear "Blowjob Betty" rips" kind of sex comes to mind

Tip your door guy an extra twenty

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We Eat Your Flesh

Weel…

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genre is that it can complement "alternative" (read: archetypically
making a guy like me prepay for breakfast. An added bonus of this
bondage, destruction and anti-establishment politics have a way of
scale. Pounding kick drums, catchy synth and lyrics that describe

Digest the Pill Brigade, so there is technically hope for everyone. Ro-
older dudes at edgier clubs like Devil's Point and Sassy's seem to

Dig the Pill Brigade, so there is technically hope for everyone. Ro-

Well…

It's not just the music that's important. It's the vibe, the lighting,
the mood. If you're looking for a place that caters to the younger set,
look no further than The D-Bomb. With lights that span the entire

COEDCARPETMUNCH.com, LLC. Had the fine folks behind

I was forced to settle with a film from a competing film company,

The D-Bomb is the place to be if you're in the mood for some good

The D-Bomb is the place to be if you're in the mood for some good

I've worked for in the strip clubs, staff wise,
Your job as a stripper, in most cases/clubs, probably doesn't

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SEX TALK

SHEENA’S TOP TEN SEX SAFETY TIPS

Have you ever yet had to go to the emergency room or call 911 during your sex adventures? I have compiled a few true stories from real people, who either called 911 or almost did!

“Hi 911, you need to come because I’m on fire. I mean my privates are on fire! I put this sex cream on and it’s burning me! Help! I have washed it off and it hurts so bad…I have a rash all over and it’s getting worse! I’m hanging up and coming in!”

My close Asian friend told me she almost had to call 911 the first time she had sex with an African American. She explained to me, “everything was going fine, then, as I was slowly taking all of it in, the biggest penis I had ever seen in my life swelled up even more inside me and I couldn’t move! Then I dried up and we were literally stuck together! I was totally freaked out and about to call 911!”

A male friend once told me, “I panicked and almost called 911 when having wild sex with my girlfriend with her girly-sex power tools. She had this one that was a helicopter type of shape get stuck up there! I thought I was going to have to call 911 or take her into emergency room that night! Seriously! Shit got serious once she was in pain and the toy was lost and stuck in there somewhere. Her face looked like she had seen a ghost! How do I explain this on a call to 911?”

We all want to get kinky with it to keep our relationships alive. Let’s face it, you can only do so much in the bedroom and then it’s time to get “creative” (and a few sessions later, even MORE creative). Some of us can get way out of hand sometimes when the adrenaline is pumping and the excitement makes us lose control. Don’t forget that even though it may seem like a good idea at the time, we are in another world mentally while we are horny and in the act. There are some people who like to play with no rules and spontaneous suggestions, tools and moves! While there are others who are so organized, it’s like rolling a medical table into surgery. Whether you are an extreme foreplay queen or a lazy receiver, you need to make sure to think of safety first while experimenting. So, with that said, here are a few sex safety tips that should help you avoid having to call 911.

1. Don’t try the creams or lubes unless you test them. Duh, that one is a no-brainer. Would you drizzle acid on the head of your privates are on fire! I put this sex cream on and it’s burning me! Help! I have washed it off and it hurts so bad…I have a rash all over and it’s getting worse! I’m hanging up and coming in!”

2. If you are playing with chains, handcuffs, etc., put the damn keys in the same place and don’t add fire or wax when you are playing with restraints. Think first before lighting, locking or clicking. If you are playing with cages, swings or simply your own invention, test drive slowly before using!

3. When experimenting with piercing, hanging by huge hooks or any type of act of passion that will draw blood (including genital piercing), you need to have a professional at this type of thing present, period! And of course, all the appropriate disinfectant solutions (and possibly a Band-Aid or two).

4. Sex games in the water (not to be confused with watersports) are some of the best sex stories we can remember, but they can get extremely dangerous! While playing in the pool, jacuzzi, shower or tub during, or before, sex please remember that soap, oils, lotions and water are slippery.

5. Don’t be too proud to stretch out all your muscles before having sex. You can even start before you have the date and maybe do some stretches with your sex partner. After all, good sex partners do new and inventive sex moves! Many chiropractors make a serious living from people simply getting in crazy positions and pulling a hamstring or messing up their back.

6. Another popular tip to keep 911 from being called, is for the people who have a problem with fidelity. Getting caught cheating on your significant other can result in a very unhappy person sharing their displeasure by threatening you with a knife, or even worse, a gun. The simplest solution to this is to simply not get caught.

7. When using gas masks or any type of choking, definitely discuss limits. There is nothing worse than an accidental hanging or choking gone bad!

8. My last, and most important, sex tip is to wear a condom! Ladies, don’t be afraid to go to the store and plop a 24 pack of condoms on the counter! Be proud and practice safe sex with a smile!

There is a popular saying that says, “all good things must eventually come to an end.” This is true, as this will be the last column I write in Exotic magazine for a while. If you all really miss me, I will be back to give you more of my Sex Talk. But, for now, I will be traveling and focusing on my lifelong dream of pursuing music and other business adventures. However, before I go, jot down my email one last time (sheena@pdxgirls.com) in case you still want to stay in touch! To see where my destiny takes me, follow me on Twitter (@sheena_g) or Google “Sheena G” for more! I wish you all wonderful holidays and a Happy New Year!! It has been my pleasure to write for Exotic for over three years now and I will still be judging and supporting their events! Do stay in touch and, as always, take care of yourselves and live your sex life to the fullest! Until we meet again…

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A Brand New, High End Gentleman's Club
is looking for female bartenders, servers and entertainers. Also hiring cooks/barbacks. Dancers call (503) 737-7180. Everyone else, please submit your resume to WildOrchidCabaret@aol.com.
Here cum the fucking holidays. The time of year full of unforgivable disappointment, being hit on by somebody’s creepy uncle and power drinking to numb the sound of your mother’s voice. Every year, people prance around in Portland acting as if they are doing the “right thing” by hanging out with the family they hate, buying shitty presents and getting fat off of eggnog and sugar cookies. This makes me want to scratch my fucking eyes out. It is time to stop torturing yourself and make the holidays a real fucking holiday. Do things that make you excited and get you off. The holidays are supposed to be full of bad choices, lots of fucking, lots of drugs and alcohol, and a real reason for a New Year’s resolution.

In order to help you spark some ideas on how to make your holidays unforgettable this year, I have been kind enough to put together Ramblin’ Broad’s 12 Days of Christmas: twelve tips to keep this holiday season naughty instead of nice.

**RAMBLIN’ BROAD’S 12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS**

On the first day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...a steamy quickie with that dirty slut in the mail room during the office holiday party.

On the second day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...two salty nuts and a vaccination for HPV.

On the third day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...three fingers shocking and rubber gloves to clean up the pee.

On the fourth day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...four lines of cocaine and midget versions of the cast of Glee.

On the fifth day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...five golden cock rings.

On the sixth day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...six cougars preying and a horny elf to record the DVD.

On the seventh day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...seven blondes-a-squirting and a can of whip cream.

On the eighth day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...eight swingers swinging and a flasher giving holiday shoppers everything to see.

On the ninth day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...nine inches growing and a young virgin pussy.

On the tenth day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...ten strippers stripping and some seriously stiff martinis.

On the eleventh day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...eleven minutes on Santa’s lap and finally being naughty.

On the twelfth day of Christmas, Ramblin’ gave to me...twelve hummers humming and a sticky facial with a man out to sea.

To go with your 12 “Lays” of Christmas, here are 12 tips to keep your holidays jolly...

1. Instead of spending time and energy on that white elephant gift, share an eight ball with them instead. How much more of a white Christmas can that be?
2. Find ways to make your stiff drinks stiffer. Stir with a hard cock, take shots off of body parts and enjoy sugar-rimmed areolas.
3. Wear a yamaka on your penis, or as pasties at the next Christmas party you attend.
4. Keep mistletoe on you at all times. Who can resist?
5. Drink during the day. Put a shot of something in your coffee every morning to keep you warm on your drive to work. It makes traffic much less stressful.
6. After a family dinner, take your cousins from out of town to a goddamn strip club and show them what pussy and Portland is really about.
7. Don’t bring a date to any party you go to. You never know who you might want to shag in the janitor’s closet.
8. Go and enjoy every holiday specialty cocktail in town. I highly recommend going to Huber’s (take a taxi home, you’ll need it).
10. Buy yourself something! When the holidays come around, people always forget to buy themselves something that they really want.
11. Visit adult shops. Everybody loves to fuck, and who doesn’t want to make sex more enjoyable? Go to your local adult shop and pick up the bare essentials: double-stick body tape, wireless vibrating panties and pocket pussies!
12. When the New Year rolls in, kiss as many people as possible in the room, attached or not! Everybody is allowed a free-for-all kiss when the clock strikes midnight.

Now that I have provided you with tips to make your December as indecent and jolly as possible, don’t fucking let me down. Start tonight! Go get yourself in trouble and put the holiday back into the holidays. “Eat, drink and be merry” in Ramblin’ world means: eat pussy, drink semen and don’t get married. Oh, and don’t be a dumb cunt and remember to take your birth control!

Have a safe and drunk holiday season! As a present to me, I would appreciate at least one good porking to end 2011 on a high note and please, don’t take their phone number when you leave.

Can’t wait to be face fucked by me every month? Check out my blog (ramblinbroad.com), follow on Twitter at @ramblinbroad or search for Ramblin’ Broad on Facebook.
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Can’t wait to be face fucked by me every month? Check out my blog (ramblinbroad.com), follow on Twitter at @ramblinbroad or search for Ramblin’ Broad on Facebook.
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Open At 4pm. Free Dinner 4-8pm.

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