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by wombstretcha
page 42

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pillow fights with my pretend girlfriend
by elektra luxx
page 26

ART WITHOUT BOUNDARIES
visual contradictions of perception
with than monk
page 36

CA$H, TITS & PHILANTHROPY
all in a day's work for the dj
by statutory ray
page 24

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THE RISE AND FALL OF A QUEEN

Now that PoleroticA is back in action, it all starts coming back to me again. Producing Exotic events might seem like a dream job, but I’m sorry to tell you, that it really isn’t always all it’s cracked up to be. After coming down off the high of Miss Exotic Oregon 2013 at the end of the year, it was kind of satisfying to sit back and relax after a job well done. The event broke any previous attendance records; entertainer participation was at a high, the performances were stunning (most of them) and the end result of the event was a shocker to everyone. The underdog won. The one time they all said, “Wow, I guess it really isn’t fixed!” I didn’t seriously think too much of that, since it had never been fixed in the first place. But, since The Queen of The Hipster Geek Squad had won, apparently our contests now had some kind of seal of approval from the masses. Was I surprised? Sure I was. Our winner was one of the girls that always made it to the finals, but never quite got in the top ranks. I had never expected her to win.

I let a lot of things go throughout that evening. When the first contestant annihilated the stage with baby powder and milk, I stomped out on stage and mopped the shit up. Next? How about a treasure chest full of dildos and bad, sloppy lesbian sex amongst fish? Whatever. When the eventual winner of the title’s drunken stage slut/prop/wife was ejected from the event for spitting venomous insults and throwing trash at other contestants, I shook it off as I tossed the bitch out on the street. Just another day at the office. The winner was announced, and I congratulated her downstairs, as I presented her with her prize purse.

One thing that will stick in my head from that moment, was when I half lectured/half warned her that since she was now Miss Exotic Oregon, she had to do her best to be a true role model to all the other magnificent and beautiful creatures in this city of sin. At that time, I wasn’t aware that our winner had also captured the biggest title of the night at the Strippeeeze Awardz. But looking back on it all now, I should have been able to foresee a rough road ahead for this young “lady” and the title we had awarded her.

In a business such as this, we have no real right to judge on moral values, public behavior, drug/alcohol use and abuse or online shit talk and slander. Unless, of course, a contract had been signed agreeing to the following...

During the reign of Miss Exotic Oregon, a contestant can be eliminated from the competition for the following reasons: Misconduct by the contestant or encouraging their “fans” misconduct, un-sportsmanlike behavior, use or possession of drugs, disregard of house rules, and excessive abuse of alcohol during the competition. (Basically, just about every single one of these rules was broken by our winner that night.)

And yeah, she signed it. But still, I had let it go. I cringed every time I saw a post on our new Queen’s Facebook—wondering what new level of trash awaited me. I wanted to delete her and free myself from the embarrassment, but then, that would be like leaving a rabid dog in my backyard without a chain. What finally brought me to this point was when I read an “exclusive” interview with our favorite little train wreck in a local online lifestyle magazine. The blood started boiling as I read our Queen’s pridelful ranting about her (admittedly) black-out drunken behavior throughout the course of the Miss Exotic Oregon finals. After reading a bit deeper into her insults (that were targeted at past winners and the overall integrity of the contest itself) it became painfully clear what had to be done.

“(To be continued in next month’s issue in, “A Game of Thrones, or Musical Chairs?”)

Other, more pleasant news in Erotic City showed Portland, Oregon in top standing amongst.

THE 25 HOTTEST STRIPPERS ON INSTAGRAM

Following dancers used to get you in trouble or even arrested if you were a seasoned stalker, but nowadays, they have an app for everything—including spying on your favorite strippers. I gotta admit, I watch way too much TV, but a one-liner from Kat Dennings (of 2 Broke Girls) is the perfect lead in to this segment, “Twitter is stupid, and Instagram is for people who can’t read.” Be that as it may, Instagram is apparently an awesome networking tool for exotic dancers to lure their potential patrons into the club by sharing backstage PG13 naughty pics via their iPhones and Androids. (Note: Miss Exotic Oregon is also banned by Instagram for continued abuse and inappropriate content...hmmm.)

Take a look at what you might be missing—4 of Portland’s finest scored top honors on this list of Instahotness.

Malice (@MaliceXXX) - A Portland-to-Los Angeles tattooed and Mohawk-rockin’ stripper and metal head. Her Instagram fans love her fantastic shots from the dressing room, rock shows, and her adorable miniature pinchers on walks in Runyon Canyon.

Number of Followers: 14,865

Lark (@LarkPDX) - A motorcycle-riding, fire-dancing, pole-climbing, traveling stripper with a great sense of humor and no reservations about dressing room candid shots.

Number of Followers: 546

Kole Jane Marie (@KoleJaneMarie) - A Portland stripper with plenty of cute mirror shots and backstage pics.

Number of Followers: 2,370

Last and certainly not least, is our very own...

Elle Stanger (@ElleStanger) - Elle is a Portland stripper, Suicide Girl, writer and sex work activist who posts amazing shots from the dressing room, like one of a nearly naked woman in a Stormtrooper
to delete her and free myself from the embarrassment, but
every time I saw a post on our new Queen’s Facebook—
(winner that night.)
(Basically, just
abuse of alcohol during the competition.
session of drugs, disregard of house rules, and excessive
“fans” misconduct, un-sportsmanlike behavior, use or pos-
reasons: Misconduct by the contestant or encouraging their
this young “lady” and the title we had awarded her.
I should have been able to foresee a rough road ahead for
creatures in this city of sin. At that time, I wasn’t aware that
Oregon, she had to do her best to be a
now Miss
as I presented her with her prize purse.

One thing that will stick in my head from that moment,

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they all said, “Wow, I guess it really isn’t fixed!” I didn’t se-
a shocker to everyone. The underdog won. The one time

And yeah, she signed it. But still, I had let it go. I cringed

Exotic
During the reign of Miss

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MAY EVENTS
THU 2 – Kit Kat Club - Polerotica - The Ascension - Qualifier Round III - 5 More Contenders Will Qualify for the Semi-Finals & the Chance to Win $5,000 in Cash & Prizes, Plus the Cover of Exotic’s 20th Anniversary Issue.
SAT 4 – Cabaret - Cinco de Mayo Party with Corona & Tequila specials & Mexican food all day (also on May 5)
SUN 5 – Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Cinco de Mayo Party with Tequila / Margarita specials & $1 tacos
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Cinco de Mayo Celebration with Mexican food & piñatas
THU 9 – Rose City Strip - Polerotica - The Ascension - Qualifier Round IV - Last Chance to Qualify for the Semi-Finals & the Chance to Win $5,000 in Cash & Prizes, Plus the Cover of Exotic’s 20th Anniversary Issue.
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Naked Dodgeball
FRI 10 – Pallas Club - $1,500 Pole Contest final preliminary
SAT 11 – Stars Cabaret (Salem) - KAPOW!!! A Superhero Costume Party
Pallas Club - Julie’s Birthday Party
Dante’s - 12th Annual Pimps-N-Ho’s Ball with Smoochknob
WED 15 – Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Mystic Boutique Coupon Event
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Adult Star Taylor Vixen Club 205 – Covergirl Dance Contest

THU 16 – Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Adult Star Taylor Vixen
FRI 17 – Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Polerotica - The Ascension - Semi-Final Round I - 10 Semi-Finalists Will Compete for 5 Spots in the Finals & the Chance to Win $5,000 in Cash & Prizes, Plus the Cover of Exotic’s 20th Anniversary Issue.
Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Adult Star Taylor Vixen
SAT 18 – Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Military Appreciation Party
Stars Cabaret (Bend) - Adult Star Taylor Vixen
Dante’s – I Can Lick Any SOB in the House CD Release Party
SUN 19 – Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Hunks! The Show (male revue)
TUE 21 – Stars Cabaret (Bend) - Hunks! The Show (male revue)
Dante’s - Detroit Cobras
FRI 24 – Kit Kat Club - Polerotica - The Ascension - Semi-Final Round II - 10 Semi-Finalists Will Compete for 5 Spots in the Finals & the Chance to Win $5,000 in Cash & Prizes, Plus the Cover of Exotic’s 20th Anniversary Issue.
SAT 25 – Front Avenue Strip - Open House Party for industry employees & affiliates, with free apps & specials
SUN 26 – Dante’s - Firestarter! A benefit to get fire performances back at Dante’s
Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - The Glitter Party
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Hot & Wet Party with indoor pool, water balloons & squirt guns
THU 30 – Rose City Strip - DJ Dick Hennessy presents Strippo de Mayo with prizes, giveaways & specials
Dream On Saloon - Cowboy Night
FRI 31 – Kit Kat Club - Hopeless Jack & The Handsome Devils CD release party
Skinn - Best Legs Contest
Pallas Club - $1,500 Pole Contest finals

WEEKLY EVENTS
MONDAYS - Dante’s - Karaoke From Hell
Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Free Prime Rib with paid admission 6-9pm
TUESDAYS - Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays
Club 205 - 2-for-Tuesdays
Devils Point - Soul Night
Safari Showclub - Taco Tuesdays 2 for $2
Cabaret - Tijuana Tuesdays
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Taco Tuesday

WEDNESDAYS - Heat - Wild Wednesdays
Devils Point - 80s Night
Safari Showclub - Jell-O wrestling & Jell-O shots with free pool
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Free Prime Rib with paid admission 6-9pm
THURSDAYS - Heat - Double Trouble Thursdays
Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Tropical Thursdays
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Giant Thursdays
Golden Dragon - Dance Contest with cash prizes at 10pm
SUNDAYS - Dante’s - Sinnerno Cabaret
Club Rouge - Throwback Absolut Industry Party
Pallas Club - Free pool all day & night
Devils Point - World Famous Stripparaoke
Safari Showclub - Free pool all day & night
Skinn - NASCAR Sundays
Star Theater - Church of Hive
(For additional or expanded listings, email editorial@xmag.com)
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...Pimps smack bitches around if they get out of line, whereas, Strip club DJs smack customers around if they don’t respect the bitches.

Last night, I finished up my shift with a few lines of exceptionally good cocaine before stepping into the dressing room and taking my pick of the litter, deciding which two teenage bisexual women I was going to bring home and have sex with before I took off to Vegas for the international DJ competition that I was destined to win. Then I woke up.

 Tales From the DJ Booth: Strip Club DJ Myths

Not everything you hear about the profession of strip club disc jockey is true. Although a bad economy and a surplus of freeware DJ software has resulted in an increase of auditions from incompetent would-be moonlighter dance commanders, a few rumors should be put to rest—serving as warnings to anyone interested in becoming a titty bar DJ. Of relevant note, this article is written from a male perspective, but the general rules-of-thumb are gender irrelevant.

MYTH: STRIP CLUB DJS ARE UP TO THEIR NECK IN PUSSY

The phenomenon of not wanting to echo one’s workday duties during leisure time, goes for pretty much any vocation and is not limited to the entertainment industry. Most “regular” DJs are already familiar with the pleasure of post-gig talk silence. Although talk radio or down-tempo jazz are easy to digest after a long night of dubsteppery and flashing lights, any disc jockey who gets in his car and bumps “Rack City” after spinning shitty mainstream rap music for six hours, is either a Zen master or a complete douchebag.

Strip club DJs are surrounded by money, tips and other philanthropy-oriented vices, all day, for free. To ignore the obvious stressors associated with herding coked-out kittens into corrals run by fratboy farmers, my job is a cakewalk. It consists of staring at naked women, playing music and getting paid cash to do so. However, I’ve seen about five thousand pairs of boobs in my lifetime. If you’re a dude from Portland, I can probably tell you what your girlfriend’s vagina looks like—both wet and dry. Better yet, I know exactly what type of music can turn her on. Too bad all I’m going to want if I get her naked is a back rub and someone to pass the joint to.

After a year of working as a strip club DJ, you will stop having accidental erections. At this point, you may wonder if you need to take a little blue pill. Fear not, however, because five years in, you realize that you’re not impotent. The accidental erections start up again...only now they happen as a function of your depraved subconscious mind. As of 2013, the following things result in raging boners for yours truly: homemade tacos, video footage of multiple-alarm fires, previews for upcoming Batman films, the girls who work at Dutch Bros. Coffee, the music of Mike Patton, the lifestyle of Tom Waits and the occasional porno (but, it’s gotta be something really artsy and all-female, like that god-awful Andrew Blake shit). When you get to the point where you remember more stage names than real names, your sexual history has become stripper-fied.

I’m not saying strippers are easy, or that you are going to fuck a ton of them if you decide to invest in a microphone and side-ways cap, but the reality is that everyone fucks people in their industry and people in my industry get seriously sick of fucking (or at least the basic, get-naked-get-wet stuff that the rest of the population enjoys). I’m not gonna lie and say I haven’t had amazing, Hollywood-worthy, make-you-jealous-you-decided-to-go-to-college-instead-of-being-me sex with gorgeous, perfect women. It’s just that it usually happens once or twice before quickies, followed by bong hits and The Office. The good news is, that once you discover your sex drive, it becomes an adventure and your shopping list starts to look extremely interesting. Did you know they sell leather strips and grommets at Home Depot?

MYTH: STRIP CLUB DJS ARE MISOGYNISTS

Pseudo-feminists and other Liberal Arts majors may dismiss the strip club industry as exploitative, thus assuming the same of the men who assist in the disrobing of their female classmates. However, two arguments prove that this line of thought is as counterproductive in intent, as the guy who raped Tori Amos before she was famous.

First of all, the difference between a pimp and a strip club DJ (aside from the services offered by the women who pay them at the end of the night) is that pimps smack bitches around if they get out of line, whereas, strip club DJs smack customers around if they don’t respect the bitches. Last time I checked, feminism is defined as “the act of showing bitches respect.” Second, the vast majority of amplified announcements regarding mandatory
tipping at the stages are directed at female customers (see February’s issue). Men don’t typically sit on their girlfriend’s laps while trying to stuff dollars in holes that only women know exist. No one fears bachelor parties (let alone have signs prohibiting them; some downtown Portland male strip clubs do not allow bachelorette parties). In eight years of wrangling dollars from drunks, I have yet to see a male customer remove his clothes and give his girlfriend a lap dance. The day a dude freaks out on his guy friend in a jealous rage because he decided to tip someone prettier, I will eat my words. Literally. I will wad up pages of this magazine and consume them.

All joking aside, Portland-area strippers are among the hardest working and most genuinely-real human beings I have ever had the fortune of knowing. Ninety-nine percent of Rose City strippers have been put through multiple rungs in their personal, social and economic lives at one point, yet they continue to compete in full-on Vegas-worthy performances like Polerotica and Miss Exotic. A vast majority of our girls brand themselves as professional entertainers by running their own websites, promoting their own production companies and making the rest of this Bohemian hellhole look even worse in comparison. Stated bluntly, this isn’t a peepshow town. The average stripper goes without health insurance, W-2 forms, decent credit scores and legit rental applications—while exhibiting more initiative and work ethic than the average small business owner. Meanwhile, the shitty feminist zine published by a neoliberal date rapist with dreadlocks is quick to dismiss the “sex industry” as exploitive—one that puts women in a box and caters to a male-dominated audience.

As a strip club DJ, I make ten percent of what the average dancer walks out with. If this isn’t feminism, then I’m not a DJ. And, on that note...

**MYTH: BEING A STRIP CLUB DJ IS A STEP TO BETTER GIGS**

I did a “regular” DJ gig last month, in which I was asked to play a short, one-hour set of 80s music. I asked the promoter if I could use this opportunity to flex some mixing, juggling, key matching, all that good “DJ” DJ stuff, and he was not only down but stoked. “Hell, see how many songs you can fit into your set” he joked. Flash to the gig night and I’m able to put my money where my mouth is, in a rare display of sobriety-fueled performance talent. Squeezed about thirty songs into an hour, mashing one up over the other while matching beats, keys and keeping a reasonably consistent crowd dancing. The promoter was pleased, I took off to another gig and all was well.

Later, I checked the Facebook event page to see what folks thought of the 80s night. Everyone seemed to have a good time, except for one guy who commented “That first DJ blew ass. You shouldn’t hire a strip club DJ to do dance music. He cut his songs way too short!” Granted, the comment came from a new-unemployed goth DJ who ironically used to DJ titty bars, but it was enough for me to respond, simply asking him “Well, I cut songs short, but did I mess up the beats, transitions, keys or flow?” “No,” he responded, “…real DJs just don’t do it like that.” Aside from the fact that, at most strip clubs, I run off an internal mixer and don’t lug in a pair of Techniques like some sort of Mixmaster from NYC, everything I did at 80s night was representative of any other “regular” club DJ. I couldn’t figure out what it was that was pissing this guy off or why I usually don’t generate the same complaints from customers or club owners.

The answer is in the numbers. After doing some research, it turns out, that on an extremely profitable club night at a standard dance-floor-and-bar venue, a weekend night Booty Bump Nightclub DJ makes about a fifth of what I pull in on a Tuesday night in Southeast Portland. To summarize, we strip club DJs get paid a shitload more than “regular” DJs, but we are required to do a lot less. Therefore, other DJs hate us in the same way while rappers in backpacks hate Lil Wayne: we suck because we get paid, and any chance to dismiss our abilities is greeted with zeal from what the swag fag YOLO kids call “haters.” This is not to say that some strip club DJs aren’t on par (or above) even the best and most famous bass-droppers. Castor Pollux, Kenoy, Pierre...these guys (and myself) frequently headline some of the most “legitimate” DJ gigs in town. It’s just that we are paid from strip clubs what the average dance club DJ feels he, or she, deserves (but doesn’t get)—give or take a few dozen supermodel fuckbuddies, memberships to exclusive after-hours clubs and magazine columns in which to brag about our social status. Yes, I cut my songs short. I also just paid off my car.

**HONORABLE MYTH-TIONS**

**MYTH: STRIP CLUB DJs ARE ALL ON COKE**

Cocaine is an addictive drug that, if not consumed on an hourly basis, results in mental breakdown or sleep. We don’t have any. Quit asking us for it. We talk fast and act high-strung, because we have ten-second gaps to convey more information than the average post-drug-commercial warning rant, to rooms full of drunks.

**MYTH: STRIP CLUB DJs HAVE ON-CALL STRIPPER SLOTS AT OUR DISPOSAL**

Do not text us asking if any of “our girls” would be interested in having sex with your buddy for his bachelor party. We will refer you to a hooker, and she won’t look nearly as nice as the 82nd Avenue variety you should have approached first.

**MYTH: STRIP CLUB DJs WILL PLAY ANYTHING YOU WANT**

Your guarantee is worth less than your dollar when it comes to song requests. Any “promises” of the heavily-tattooed dancer with the biker friends liking the latest Drake song should be directed toward the dancer, the president of the Rose City Riders and the pile of cash separating them. We are not risking our asses for your bad checks.

For more info on free drugs and cuddling in bondage, visit TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

"THE AVERAGE STRIPPER GOES WITHOUT HEALTH INSURANCE, W-2 FORMS, DECENT CREDIT SCORES AND LEGIT RENTAL APPLICATIONS, WHILE EXHIBITING MORE INITIATIVE AND WORK ETHIC THAN THE AVERAGE SMALL BUSINESS OWNER."
DATE 1: Miss Brown is unsure if she is a Progressive Christian or an Atheist. I let her know she cannot be both at the same time, but she can switch off on a weekly basis depending on mood—even worship Cthulhu when she is feeling feisty. To figure this out for the day, we will head to the Portland Apostolic Faith compound. After, we'll stop by the grocery store to buy some argyle socks.

DATE 2: By the second “friend” date, I have decided that Miss Brown is almost the weirdest person everyone knows, just before it becomes offensive. I will demand that she only wear skinny jeans and never wear a shirt, just a pea coat over her boobs. This won’t be too awkward (if she wants to take her jacket off) as we will probably only go out to strip clubs for the rest of our friendship. Unfortunately, this demand will result in our first fight and cut the “friend” date short. Nonetheless, it will be decided that she WILL play dress up with me and she WILL go to strip clubs with me.

DATE 3: I will teach her how to ride a horse, so she can tell all her “other” friends in horse masks, that she really knows how to ride a real horse. While on the horse, she will be inspired but then complain about how it’s, “so hard to be original anymore.” I will be completely baffled. Changing the subject, she will have just read Still Life, which totally captured the jizz of the taxidermic world. Of course, this conversation will happen well after she has eaten, because you can’t talk about taxidermy while eating. In the end, I will smile, and then she will smile, because when I smile, she smiles.

DATE 4: We will use her 10-year bottled dandruff collection for tree decoration (my idea). We’ll laugh at the dumb hippies that knit socks for trees and instead decorate the vile trees with her dandruff. At this time, I will discover that she has a cough, like tuberculosis, and a deep-raspy singing voice that she sometimes uses in bands. I propose thrift store shopping, but it’s turned down because Macklemore ruined that fun. Instead, we will just play the ukulele.

DATE 5: She will get her first neck tattoo and maybe even a tongue tattoo. At this time, I will discover her vast knowledge of tattoos—she knows all the different styles of tattooing since Ötzi, the Iceman’s time. We will briskly discuss her reasoning for quality tattoos and yawn about how lame knuckle tattoos are. As may be guessed, she only wears word rings, which say stuff like “fuck off” or “fuck it,” so she can fake punch the air, a lot.

DATE 6: She comes over and is upset because she wanted to critique that dance move her “other” friends did in a Harlem Shake video, but alas, I don’t have Internet. Instead, we shoplift from Walmart, but only organic produce and action figures, before jumping in her crapster Saab to listen to that one band that no one else has ever heard before and something else called “dubstep.”

DATE 7: She will share her owls with me, in deep conversations that keep us up all night giggling, which will turn into a slow-motion pillow fight. Eventually, we want to live in a castle by the ocean together and have lots of birds. When we wake up from our two hours of sleep, she will have sculpted my profile in a cube of butter for breakfast. She will spend all morning adding me to her social networking circles (five hours).

DATE 8: Unfortunately, by our 8th date, something will have happened and she will have cut off our newfound friendship via text message and sad face—with something like “I just don’t feel like our friendship is going where I want to go with my life.” This will make me very lonely and alone, again, yearning for her sweet return—daydreaming about people being like waves. If only we had gone to a tanning salon.
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Krissy Summers
KrissySummers@BunnyRanch.com

University Of Michigan Cheerleader

The REAL “Girl Next Door” Loves To Party At Dennis Hof’s World Famous Moonlite Bunny Ranch!

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IN WHAT MEDIUMS DO YOU WORK?

For my flat work, I usually use water or alcohol-based media such as acrylics, watercolors or inks. I am also a big fan of the pencil and have been known to use charcoal and chalk, as well. Generally, it’s anything that will give the desired effect. I can use oils if necessary, but I find their extensive drying time frustrating. I prefer to use unconventional materials in my paints like soot, ashes, dirt or rust. These are actually the first human pigments—I just mix mine with a modern vehicle. It’s part of the reason I love acrylics—they will accommodate just about anything.

The Mummy and Hand of Glory are made of paper and resin glue and the anatomical hand is mostly Crayola Model Magic and hemp twine. Did I mention that my 3-D work is usually scented? There is a wonderful-smelling oil (my own mix, of course) in the mouth, nose and wrappings of the bust, and the lit hand smells like burning black pepper. I consider it just one more level of realism to enhance the work.

For the sculpture, I prefer air-drying or self-hardening media such as paper, epoxy and resin glue and Model Magic. Much of my 3-D work is constructed from plywood or plastics, although I am also partial to found objects as they lend an additional sense of realism to the finished work.

My recent works are primarily digital art. I use Photoshop extensively, both for drawing and photo manipulation. I actually bought a digital camera for the primary purpose of making my own stock material. Most of my commercial work was produced in this way.

I have also delved into costumes and props, body painting and theatrical makeup, tattoo design and body mods, toys, masks, building furniture, boats and musical instruments, pop-up books, body casting from life and framing exotic insects. I like to keep busy and inspire myself with new challenges.

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR WORK?

Wow, where do I start? As for style, I am a realist, although some of my subject matter would be considered unreal or fantastical. I strive to make my renderings believable and am delighted when people confuse them with the real thing. The burden of a realist is that if you can’t see my work, I’ve done it right. As to the purpose, I like to create a reaction in observers of my work; to reach out and touch them in a personal place and let them decide how that makes them feel. Much of my work could be considered objectionable and I am always fascinated by what exactly it is that someone will find offensive. I think good art should generate an emotion while making you question yourself and your perceptions or prejudice.

I create because I enjoy it, both the process and the results. If others can appreciate it as well, so much the better.

ARE ANY OF YOUR PIECES AVAILABLE FOR SALE?

Well, yes and no. Most of the physical work I have already made is not for sale, although I have and occasionally still do take commissions. I sell prints of my digital works—sometimes in limited runs. I like the flexibility this offers in size and price, as it allows me to accommodate everyone from millionaire collectors to working people with families.

WHERE CAN PEOPLE SEE MORE?

I don’t usually show my work in public venues. I have actually had one of my pieces defaced while on display, presumably by someone who found it upsetting. Though, I am open to private showings.

I am currently building a private online gallery. In the meantime, I have some of my art and photography at ThanMonk.SmugMug.com.

HAVE YOU GOTTEN ANY FEEDBACK FROM THE PUBLIC?

Not really. I don’t go in much for public exposure, other than my commercial work, which is strictly utilitarian. The people who have seen it, generally appreciate what I do. I am much more interested in using my art for personal communication than for public appeal. That said, anyone interested in discussing my work can email me at ThanMonk@gmail.com.
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I’d like to dedicate this column to the mommies who strip. The ladies who shut down the club at 3 am—only to awaken to breastfeed a few hours later. The chicks who alternate G-strings for G-diapers and the women who cart the kiddies off to school before heeding to the noon shift to crack jokes with strangers while in their undergarments. The gals who can kiss “boobies” and “ouchies,” all while dealing with their own calloused hands, cracking joints and stage-burned skin.

“How is your daughter going to feel knowing that her mom was a stripper?” Bloody hell, I do loathe this question.

The next person who asks me “How do your parents feel about you being a stripper?” will be met with, “How do you feel about your dad being balls deep in your mom?” It’s a stupid question. Nobody should like to think of their family members behaving sexually. Nobody has to “feel” anything about it.

My mother visited me last month, and while searching for a lost television remote, her hand brushed against the wand-like vibrator that I had left plugged in to the wall. In her blind grab, she managed to turn it on and plugged in to the wall. In her blind moment, my mother has stepped back into the mainstream. Things that are kept shushed are done so out of shame. But living in the mainstream has given me insight that I consider being a tremendous opportunity. Yes, your mother danced naked for the entertainment of others, and they show their appreciation in tips. Yeah, your mom has some really interesting stories, and you can learn a lot about your own personal awareness and confidence if you listen. No, I never did anything that I wasn’t comfortable with, and you should never have to either. Yes, your mother is a sexual creature. Yes, I know, it’s super gross. But listen, kiddo, how do you think you got here? Americans seem to punish men and women (mostly women) for having any kind of postpartum sex appeal. Strange double standards like these are the reason why Jenna Jameson can’t post a photo of her children on Instagram without being berated for being a bad mother, because of her former profession. In a society we are either demonized for expressing sexuality after giving birth, or berated for becoming unattractive postpartum.

Maybe my breasts nursed a baby, but they also aroused an audience. Do you not urinate out of the same orifice of which your lover puts their mouth? Nature is gross: you can either deal with it, or cry yourself to sleep while you masturbate in disgrace.

Actually, I think I could write a short story of all the life lessons I’ve learned. I would call it, Everything I Needed to Know About Life I Learned as a Stripper. A few excerpts might include:

Wash your hands. Before you eat, before you give a lap dance, after you use the potty, and after you jam your tampon so far up your vagina that you’ll need needle-nosed pliers to remove it at the end of your shift. (I might be joking about that one) But really, wash your hands, because I’m not opposed to building up a good, healthy resistance, but strip clubs are germ factories. Don’t even get me started on why body shots are disgusting.

Show up on time. I can’t think of a single occupation that encourages tardiness. Don’t steal. It’s tacky, cheap and so unclassy. If you don’t get your ass beat or fired, it will certainly become real awkward, real fast, around all of your co-workers.

Learn how to give and receive compliments. There’s nothing wrong with thanking someone while looking them in the eye. It indicates confidence and intelligence.

Give a good handshake. A good handshake. So many a time, I have made introductions and been handed a limp wrist, to which I half-teasingly inquire about. It seems preposterous to tell me, “I didn’t want to hurt your fingers,” to the lady who has been lifting her own body weight upside down, sideways and around in spirals—all night long.

Save your money. Treat your body with respect. Exercise, but don’t equate being thin with being healthy. There are literally hundreds of thousands of people who are starving to death at this very moment. If you feel icy, run a few laps twice a week, but don’t subject your peers to whiny rants about the dire need to lose a few pounds. Some people have real problems.

Don’t focus only on money. If you’re only looking at the cash, you’re not looking at the bigger picture. Yes, dollars make the world go round, but peace of mind and a good attitude will help maintain your sanity. Some of my worst shifts were more valuable to me than the good ones, because there is knowledge to be gleaned from every unfavorable experience.

Don’t be ashamed of your sexuality—none of us would exist without sex.

Maybe I have high hopes. But, I look forward to the day when I can sit down with my daughter and tell her whatever she wants to know. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have to go change a diaper.

Elle dances Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings at Lucky Devil Lounge.
I the settlers and miners of early America, there were tavern girls, entertainers and trade existed. Since the beginning of life, humans have been using their bodies for entertainment and trade. To understand that human beings are sexual creatures, it's a small fact of life that humans are not to be ashamed of her body or genitalia. My parents had selected Firefox to a recently saved tab of pornography that I can only assume one of these situations was pleasant. Although neither one of these situations was pleasant, it reminded me of the time that I used my daughter’s bed. The look on her face was sickeningly buzzing in her hand beneath her wand-like vibrator that I had left and while searching for a lost television remote, she managed to turn it on and feel the spirals—all night long.

The next person who asks me "How is your daughter going to feel about it, or cry yourself to sleep while you have to either. Yes, your mother is sometimes unclassy. If you don’t get your ass beat resistance, but strip clubs are germ factories—none of us would exist without sex.

I would call it, a few pounds. Some people have real intelligence.

Everything I Needed to Know About Life I Learned as a Stripper? will be met with, "How do you do your parents feel about you being a stripper?" will be met with, "How do you feel about your parents being ashamed of you?"

To understand that human beings are sexual creatures, it's a small fact of life that humans are not to be ashamed of her body or genitalia.

The chicks who alternate G-dipers and the women who cart the kiddies off to school being healthy. There are literally hundreds of non-erotic sport Mallkhamb, which is a series of pole tricks.

In Japan, there were geishas. In ancient Greece, there were entertainers. In India, men compete in the non-erotic sport Mallkhamb, which is a series of pole tricks.
BRAD PAISLEY & LL COOL J – “ACCIDENTAL RACIST”

Southern heritage is not something to be fucked with...period. Whether or not you believe that a confederate flag is a thinly-veiled icon of socially acceptable racism, both sides of the “heritage versus hate” debate are pretty set in their ways. From genuinely not-racist-just-white-and-proud bands like Pantera, to recently-outed rednecks from Detroit adopting the persona as a way to hide the fact that their first album featured Too $hort (see: Kid Rock), the rebel flag is a subject of decades-old controversy that revolves around the only issue second to abortion and religion on the list of “things people might feel strongly about,” cultural heritage.

Stated bluntly, the auto-tuned remix of the “Bed Intruder” song has done more to prevent violence against women than anything Brad Paisley has done for Southern pride or racial relations (between rich whites and rich blacks). At least the song contains an opening verse about some barista from Starbucks getting pissed off about Brad Paisley’s confederate t-shirt. Am I the only one that doesn’t think the South will rise again from inside a fucking Starbucks? Is there anything less intimidating than a double Venti Soy Latte with foam? Perhaps a terrible collaboration between your daughter’s favorite band and a hip hop artist fits the bill...

JONAS BROTHERS AND COMMON – “DON’T CHARGE ME FOR THE CRIME”

Stop reading right now and ask yourself what a Disney-friendly boy band and a backpack rapper who pissed off Maya Angelou by dropping N-bombs all over a song about her and “exquisite-ly thick bitches” are doing in the same building. If you answered, “recording shitty music,” you are partially correct. Strip the terribly forced Jonas Brothers vocals from this track and you actually have a fairly decent song about a bank robbery. Now, add in some terribly forced Jonas Brothers vocals... about A FUCKING BANK ROBBERY.

Let’s pretend “Hannah Montana feat. Immortal Technique” was a phrase commonly (no pun intended) seen in one’s iPod and that we lived in a world where rappers who spit verses about destroying the commercial media machine were somehow given a pass to collaborate with boy bands so squeaky clean that priests wouldn’t bother trying to get backstage at their shows. The fact that there is a good song buried under the piece of shit Jonas vocals means that Common didn’t bother swooping it up and cutting out the girl on the chorus. A wasted track that will be heard by a handful of flat-chest ed preteen girls, Don’t Charge Me For The Crime is not only another example of how anyone can feature a legitimate-my-boy-band rapper for the right price (rant about purchasing black people to do the dirty work for a white family omitted), but an insult to the clean, suburban Christian families who don’t want their WASP children being exposed to big words like “government,” while listening to wholesome Jonas Brothers tunes. After all, Disney would never approve of underground rappers with a history of violent and profanity-laden music. Unless, of course, they were...

THE INSANE CLOWN POSSE – “SONG TITLE FEAT. (TOO MANY TO NAME)”

There is a certain appeal to Juggalo culture that I have never been able to completely detach myself from, mainly, the collectability and comic-book schtickiness of the merchandise. ICP, easily the world’s most-hated group (for good and bad reasons), has a dedicated fanbase who lives, breathes and1

ICP just signed Vanilla Ice to their label. Nice work, boys. Nice work.
The text contains a mix of topics and phrases, including:

- Jonas Brothers and Common collaboration on a song.
- The song contains elements of their respective genres and could be seen as a mix of hip hop and pop.
- There is a mention of a Disney-friendly boy band and a hip hop artist, suggesting a blend of different musical styles.
- The text touches on cultural references, such as the rebel flag and Southern heritage.

The overall theme appears to be about the nature of collaborations between artists from different musical backgrounds and the cultural implications of such collaborations.
It seems like there's been a recent resurgence in societal appreciation for costumed heroes. There are scores and scores of new movies out there, which feature people in all manner of funny outfits who are taking the fight to epic injustices. This has even inspired people to take on the role of masked heroes in real life. Notable examples being "Phoenix Jones" in Seattle or "El Superbarno" in Mexico City. These are all regular citizens who have empowered themselves to make their municipalities safer by donning a costume and carrying various implements of ass-beating tools, so as to deal with street thugs.

That's all well and good. Maybe it seems a little kooky, but as far as I know, it's not hurting anything to have them out there. However, as the trend builds to live out one's dream of being a masked do-gooder, I am not without some dismay knowing that people have likewise not applied the same logic to crime. Why not? This is real life. The good guys don't always win. I'd say you have a better chance at success as an oddly-dressed criminal with some kind of weird theme than you do as a crime-fighter. After all, you can commit crimes at any opportunity, but you can only fight crime if you happen to know where the crimes are happening (and can show up in time to do something).

That brings me to why I'm writing this. I think more people need to become costumed villains, so I have come up with a few ideas for all of you out there who might be considering a career in over-the-top criminality. Most of these involve no special skills or tools—just IKEA-style supervillainy, based on common fears.

### 1. Bee Theme

People hate bees. There are really very few people who like bees and lots who don't. Some people are allergic to bees and will die if stung. With that in mind, it might make sense to harness the power of bees for use in crime. You could wear a bee costume and release clouds of bees when you perform your capers. "Where do I get bees for this?" you may ask. Well, you'll be happy to know that you can get 10,000 bees delivered right to your door for about a hundred bucks, plus shipping (FastBees.net, look it up).

Bonus points for hooking your box of bees to a snow-blower and using it in a daring midday robbery.

### 2. Clown Theme

I bet more people would say they are afraid of clowns than bees. Sure, there's already a popular comic-book villain who has an affinity for clown makeup and mayhem, but this is real life. No, purple suits and greasepaint aren't going to cut it. It's time to go whole-hog, down to the floppy shoes and everything. You might look silly (duh), but you'll strike fear into a large slice of the population while you're out stealing unnecessarily large gemstones from some museum.

### 3. Dentist Theme

People are incredibly afraid of going to the dentist. So what would happen if the dentist...CAME TO THEM? This is an easy theme: lab coat, tooth paraphernalia, an arsenal of metal pokey-things, etc. You could quite easily commit crimes with a dental theme and people would tremble at your mastery of oral terror.

Bonus points for gassing people with nitrous oxide in the commission of a crime.

### 4. Needle Theme

Also on the list of common fears, is a fear of needles. You could cover your costume in needles, throw needles at people or put needles in some kind of crossbow. Go nuts! Nobody wants to get stuck with a needle, especially if they don't know where it's been (or if you seem like some kind of insane, needle-stabbing maniac).

Bonus points for implying that the needles have AIDS on them. That's two fears in one stab. Helpful tip: Avoid robbing tattoo/piercing shops.

Some additional villain perks you might want to consider when exploring your newfound career in evildoing:

A. Be sure to have an adequate evil laugh. It cannot be a belly laugh or the laugh of actual humor. You have to laugh with contempt. Contempt comes from the diaphragm, people!

B. Costume. A good costume will make your victims both afraid and confused. The ideal balance of ludicrous over-specialization and fearsomeness should have them concerned about just how sane you really are. The answer to that question, regardless of your actual mental stability, should be "just enough to be dangerous."

C. Verbosity plus succinctness. Seems like a contradiction in terms, but you need to be able to explain your origins or your evil scheme (or your hatred for the society that made you this way) to anyone willing to listen. However, such explanations have to be both long-winded and megalomaniacal enough to get the point across, but not long enough to allow for meddling super-types or the police to show up while you're waxing on about it.

So then, with these ideas and a little of your own imagination, certainly you can rise to the challenge presented by those smug "super" heroes in our cities. They want to play the costumed hero game? Well then, they need to deal with the garish and over-the-top lunacy-slash-larceny which can only be brought on by a madman in a funny outfit.

Will you answer the call?

-WSDM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a retired rapper and professional troll. More of his helpful articles can be found at OneHourPharmacy.com
This month’s offering will launch a new feature here at Guy Stuff. Every once in a while, I am going to profile a real guy’s guy, a Hall of Fame-type badass who epitomizes all things manly. The criteria are pretty simple; the candidate can be fictional or non-fictional, but must spend his life extolling the virtues of The Way of Men. So without any further ado, Guy Stuff’s first profile is the one and only, Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.

I would imagine most readers’ first and probably only exposure to Nick Fury, Director of S.H.I.E.L.D., is Sam Jackson’s portrayal in the excellent Marvel superhero movies and possibly, The Ultimate Avengers comic books the movies are loosely being based off of. But O! One Eye has been around a lot longer than that.

Nicholas “Nick” Joseph Fury was born and grew up in the Hell’s Kitchen section of New York City. He studied boxing and marksmanship under the tutelage of the NYPD athletic league. He then enlisted in the Army and was trained under the British Commandos. After America entered the war, he became the leader of a ragtag group of soldiers known as the Howling Commandos. The Howlers frequently fought the Nazis, alongside the resistance, Captain America, Bucky and even with Wolverine. Along the way, he lost an eye and began to rock an eyepatch better than anyone else ever would. He then transferred to the OSS, and later, the CIA. This should have been enough for any red-blooded male. Nicky could have stayed in Marvel’s war comic and eventually faded away, as old soldiers often do. But a phenomenon occurred that changed all that.

Bond, James Bond. In 1962, MGM released a film version of Ian Fleming’s Dr. No and quickly followed it up in 1963 with From Russia with Love. Suddenly, the United States (along with the rest of the world), was crazy for super spies, secret spy organizations and evil entities for them to battle. In the ensuing years, movie theaters and television screens were suddenly bombarded with spy-related content such as Our Man Flint, The Mat Helm Series, Man from U.N.C.L.E., etc. The legendary team of Stan Lee and Jack Kirby at Marvel, decided the House of M needed their own super spy organization and a badass to lead it. Thus, in 1965, Strange Tales #135 debuted S.H.I.E.L.D. (Supreme Headquarters, International Espionage, Law-Enforcement Division) a floating headquarters called a Helicarrier and its new director, Colonel Nick Fury.

Under Fury’s reign, S.H.I.E.L.D. grows into one of the world’s most powerful organizations; reaching covertly into national governments and forming strategic alliances with the Avengers and other superhero groups, while always maintaining independence and deniability. Fury soon becomes the superhero community’s main contact when government-related information is required in order to deal with a crisis. Along the way, Nick developed a reputation as the spymaster—always at least five steps ahead of the other guy. He’s the type of guy who is always playing chess, while those around him are playing checkers. Fury is always impeccably dressed, either in a suit or his S.H.I.E.L.D. combat gear of the trademark, dark blue body suit with the white webbing (you have to be a secure badass to be confident in that outfit). Sporting his trademark perma-five o’clock shadow and the ever-present Panatela cigar, Nick is always heavily armed with either the .15 Caliber S.H.I.E.L.D. issue needle gun or some other top-secret exotic weaponry. He has impeccable taste for good bourbon, fast cars, especially Porsches (that could also fly) and spy gadgets that would make Bond’s Q-branch envious. As for his preference with the ladies? The more dangerous the better, of course!

I discovered the world of Nick Fury and S.H.I.E.L.D. through comic books I had found in the barber shop as a boy. In the 1960s and early 70s, nothing could touch Marvel. Before I could even read, I would sit for hours and be drawn into this incredible fantasy world through the eyes of Jim Steranko’s amazing artwork. I remember thinking the Helicarriers and all the insane gizmos the bad guys came up with were just too cool. As I grew older, and my taste matured into graphic novels and more serious fare, I maintained my soft spot for Fury and S.H.I.E.L.D.—always appreciating how he evolved through the changing times and geopolitical climates.

Fury has seen a couple of incarnations on screen, but the cheesiest of them has to be the Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D. television movie, (starring David Hasselhoff.) To this day, I don’t know whether to love it or hate it. Various Marvel animated series feature Fury and S.H.I.E.L.D. making an appearance. Yet, the closest I have seen to an actual old-school Nick Fury-type in a movie was Charlton Heston, as the head of an unnamed spy agency in True Lies.

Then, we come to the Ultimate or Marvel movie versions of Fury. In the early 2000s, Marvel launched the Ultimate line of comic books. It gave new readers a cleaner starting point and writers a chance to do something fresh with old characters. From the beginning, Ultimate Nick Fury was drawn to look like Samuel Jackson. Jackson was, at first, surprised by this and later became enthralled enough to secure the rights to play Fury in any movie adaptations. I have to admit, I geeked out a bit when Fury showed up for the first time at the end of Iron Man. I now have old school Fury in print and Ultimate Fury up on the screen. I am totally cool and at peace with that.

So, there you have Guy Stuff’s first Guys’ Guy profile. To the ultimate cold-warrior, Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D., I lift my glass of Makers Mark and salute you!
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