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In 2012, fire dancing was extinguished from Portland. An overzealous fire marshal targeted a network of performers—stemming from an incident at an unrelated Portland outdoor event. A civilian was injured during a First Thursday and this prompted the fire marshal to impose new rules, which in the current infrastructure of Portland venues, made fire dancing impossible. These new rules, included a 25-foot space between audience and performer, despite zero injuries in a full decade of fire dance. Fire-centric venues, such as Dante’s Sinferno and Devils Point felt the sting and until this month, have been without fire. But, the flames have returned! Exotic magazine speaks with some of Portland’s finest fire performers, who will all be coming together on January 31 for an evening of incendiary insanity at BurnDown Stumptown.

What can you tell us about the event?

Dutchess: BurnDown Stumptown is a celebration of fire, brought to the community from Dutchess The Clown Entertainment. We are bringing together various performance artists from all over the West Coast, who support, love and have been shaped by fire. The show will present a wide range of fire performances, burlesque acts, sideshow curiosities, and will excite all who attend.

Germany: The show will feature the lustfully-delicious talent of superstar Masuimi Max, alongside amazingly talented performers from California, Las Vegas and Arizona—all connected to our beloved Portland’s finest. Originally, the show started the planning process prior to the new sprinkler system being installed at Dante’s.

Losing fire as performance art certainly had a ripple effect on the nightlife industry, by affecting bars, sales, tipped staff and customer attendance. In a decade where unemployment is such a big issue, why take away more jobs and break something that has been working just fine?

Germany: What we had, was a city full of supreme fire talent and no venue to perform at, except for a couple of special event spaces. So, a special event was created and contracted with Bossanova Ballroom. Now, with Sinferno Cabaret back to its beautiful self, we are here to celebrate these artists (some who have been in retirement since fire was practically banned here) and pay honor to our strong community, bringing fire back to the stage. We are all on the same team and just want to collaborate and create together.

Ivizia: As many people know, Dante’s is a signature venue in Portland that always featured fire performers. It took years, but through multiple fundraisers, dedication from the entertainment industry and a supportive community, we were able to raise enough money to install the sprinkler system that allowed us to gain our fire permit back.

Michael Price: The last time I performed was October 2012, for Night of Kink. For this event, we had to provide the fire marshal with a signed letter of permission from the club. Dante’s requires all fire performers to carry insurance now.

What makes this one special?

Germany: We all get to come back together and introduce some old to some new. There will be joint performances and solo talents. Seeing a goddess’ flaming colors again, is another highlight, while some sexy men with flames are another and everyone putting their best work forward. There is no theme other than fire. All involved get to focus on their individual talents and what makes them shine. I can’t wait to watch it all be presented beautifully.

Ivizia: And, there are different types of fire performance, such as poi, fire fans, staff, fire eating, fire breathing and hula hooping.

Safety is important, but some of these restrictions seemed inane. Several years ago, a new ordinance required 12-foot ceilings; Devils Point was two feet short of that requirement. In order to continue hosting their dancers, management underwent a massive construction of the ceiling, in order to raise it those 24 inches—despite no injuries having ever occurred.

Ivizia: I’ve been doing this for over ten years and no one has ever gotten hurt or required medical attention. We run a really tight show and any injuries to performers, can be treated with basic first aid knowledge. Just like pole dancers that perform acrobatics, they do so without insurance. Interestingly, some fire performers actually do carry insurance. And, really, a burn is easier to treat than a broken leg or cracked rib.

And, performers like to push their limits. Portland audiences are difficult to shock.

Dutchess: I’ve been performing in The Bedlam Sister Sideshow since the winter of 2011. I started as a human table, in a bug eating competition, where my clothing was cut off with a knife. I then had a feast of fresh night crawlers placed on my stomach and chest, that was soon devoured by two hungry women. I have since moved on to performance art with a goth esque bent. I tend to disturb the spectator by pressing limits in art and in life. In my opinion, if it doesn’t stir you in some way, it isn’t art. Awe or shock, attraction or disbelief, I want to evoke an emotion in my audience—to leave them reeling from my performance.

Ivizia: It’s important for us to have venues such as Bossanova and Dante’s in our city, because these are outlets in which the creative fire arts can be expressed. Without the availability of these venues, a very large part of Portland’s creative culture is lost. This is part of the battle we faced over the past few years and we are quite proud and pleased that, through persistence, we have been able to maintain and establish our fire performance culture.

And the performers are thrilled to be back in action.

Germany: My only trepidation is, that we will sell out and people will be crying in the streets or that I’ll miss my turn on stage because I’m too busy licking every inch of Masuimi’s beautiful being. I mean, really, those fears aren’t too bad. I can see the positive in both of them.

BurnDown Stumptown will take place at the Bossanova Ballroom on January 31st, from 9 pm until 2am. Performers include Masuimi Max, Germany, Ty Fire, Ivizia, Surka, Micheal Boyer, Fireativa, Micheal Price, Cherry, Melody Kay and Sandra Daré.
BURN DOWN STUMPTOWN
A CELEBRATION OF FIRE
Featuring Masumi Max

Bossanova Ballroom • Jan 31, 2015
BurnDownStumpTown.com • Presented By Dutchess The Clown Entertainment
How many fucking trailer parks have to blow up, before stoners realize we're botanists, not chemists? Fuck dabs n' slabs and all that shit. I say we use nature to make nature, and with all the fantastic technology ranging from GMOs to whatever they sell in bottles at the garden supply store, there's no excuse to lag on the following ideas:

**SCENTLESS-SIMILLA**

I was digging through the garden (aka my grower friend's kitchen) last week and homeboy showed me a few new strains, from which I could choose to grow in the next batch. "This shit, it's stoney, but it doesn't have any fucking smell man, I think it is garbage," he said. I took two rows. The nug was by no means odorless, but when it comes to being a man of frequent travel, I am not a huge fan of un-maskable dankness. Sure, good ol' Skunky Blumpkin is fun for show-off, but the entire process of being a stoner avoiding suspicion, is kind of shot to shit when the cops can smell it from two car lanes over.

With the previous taken into account, why have we not seen a strain of weed that doesn't reek of, well, weed? I've smoked some stuff that smelled like cake frosting mixed with vagina, and just last week, I took a few bong rips of what I believe was strawberry licorice Febreze. Why the hell haven't we seen such a strain? Because we're not trying hard enough. With the previous taken into account, why have we not seen a strain of weed that doesn't reek of, well, weed? I've smoked some stuff that smelled like cake frosting mixed with vagina, and just last week, I took a few bong rips of what I believe was strawberry licorice Febreze. Why the hell haven't we seen such a strain? Because we're not trying hard enough.

**EVERLASTING BUDSTOPPER**

There's a dispensary near my house that takes all of my money and forces me to write magazine columns to make up for it—and they sell some shit they call “hash plant mix.” This stuff is basically a strain called hash plant, mixed with actual hash and then rolled in kief. One bowl of it, will last you for what feels like days, but the hash kind of makes it taste like burnt rubber and, by the time you make it to the center of the footsie bowl, you're left with a hefty amount of ash. The solution would be a bowl of pure nuggetry (no concentrates) that lasts for hours without turning into nastiness.

I figure this is possible with some sort of crazy MacGyver-like technology that most high-level runners probably have laying around in pieces. One part vacuum sealer, one part high-volume pump and one ounce of weed... then you just suck that fucker until the ounce fits into a pipe with a big-ass bowl. How one would keep it from getting ashy is somewhat beyond me, but maybe the trimmers could poke holes through the nug or something along those lines. Holy fuck, this is good weed. And, I'm only like 449 words into this piece.

**FIRST-TIMER KUSH**

As the years get shorter, I find myself going on more dates with Mary Jane than anyone else. When the rare "hey, I think strip club DJs with two-thousand dollar cars are safe people" thought crosses through an attractive girl's head, I want to be able to prime said date for a threesome with Mary. Now, living in the Northwest, one rarely meets a potential partner that is adamantly opposed to weed. However, I'm 34, and a lot of women my dating age haven't smoked weed since they were young enough to jerk off to. This means, that I get the privilege of either being a dick and withholding the weed, or being a nice guy, and babysitting a passed-out adult. Since I'm not in a fraternity or a screamo band, the thought of having sex with someone who isn't awake is a huge turn-off. But, you can't just share shitty weed with the girl of this month's dreams, can you?

Enter here First-Timer Kush. I want an extremely tasty, light green, seedless, frosty version of low-THC weed, to share with dates who think they can still relive their flannel days, but won't end up passing the fuck out, before the PJ Harvey tape in her Volvo gets to the good songs. Even better would be a low-THC version of the same high-THC stuff that I have to smoke to feel a head change. If you can go to a bar and ask for a heavy or light pour, you should be able to do the same shit with weed. No bartender has ever looked at their customer and said, "If you want a low-alcohol beer, you're gonna have to order crappy-ass PBR." Oh wait, this publication runs in Portland. Well, point tossed to the wind, I guess.

**ST. ANTHONY SATIVA**

What a nice night for a walk, huh? Too bad I left my fucking keys inside the house, right next to where I gave them a good stare, like "ahh, such nice keys," before walking through the door (but, not forgetting to reach back and lock it as it was shutting). Various strains of marijuana are supposedly good for different ailments (pain, arthritis, whatever it is I said I had when I signed up for OMMP, etc.), so why the hell can't we invent a strain of weed that doesn't directly go to the short-term memory bin in our brains and piss gasoline into it, while smoking a lit joint? It's one thing to forget your kid's name for a few seconds or just space out and run a stop sign while no one's watching, but when it comes to the point that you just stop listening to people's names when they shake your hand, because you know it's a waste of time, it may be time for some weed that doesn't do to one's memory, what Lil Wayne did to hip hop.
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I arrived at Dante's at 8 pm on Saturday evening, for the finals of Miss Exotic Oregon 2015. Hordes of twenty-somethings were trekking down Burnside, the line to Voodoo was as mighty as ever and the patrol officers were looking bored. It was early. Chaos would come later. A man in a banana costume puffed on his cigarette with his eyes downcast and shivered as he passed me by. Tourists flashed their cameras at the entrance to Chinatown.

Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch’entrate,
"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."
I read the words above the entrance to Dante's and stepped through it, to relative warmth and safety.

DJ Dick Hennessey was hosting the event and carrying a clipboard. "Did you get drink tickets?" he asked and passed me enough blue stubs to ensure intoxication. Hennessey is known for his explicit shows, such as the Vagina Beauty Pageant and the two-girl sex competition, Double Trouble. I asked Hennessey, "Is there anything off limits, tonight?" "Nope. In my events, anything goes."

Juliana, the coat check girl, gave me a quiet smile in greeting as I descended to the musty cavern that is the Dante's green room. Once at the bottom step on the old, familiar carpet, a dozen women were in various stages of undress and scurrying about. An interloper, I was neither half-clothed, nor hurried and some of the naked strangers eyed me warily. The dressing room was a packed maze of performers and extras, making last minute costume additions.

A barefoot woman wearing a wetsuit strolled past, her long brown hair braided to the side. Looking indistinguishable from Katniss Everdeen from the Hunger Games, I learned she was actually Katniss from Casa Diablo.

In the sticker-laden mirror, Billy (the evil clown puppet from the SAW films) was perfecting her red cheek makeup circles. A mostly-nude, flannel-wearing woman, watched quietly on the couch—blood dried down her body in rivets.

Toxic, from the Lucky Devil Lounge, bounced down the stairs, "Sober people don't get me and drunk people love me—especially, when they're down to party with their wallet." I burst out laughing. Her attire and makeup was an exact replica of David Bowie's Labyrinth character. She even wore a codpiece.

Charlie Foxx strutted past in studded wedge heels, walking like she was born in them, as Stevie the Sound Guy thumped down the stairs, tossing his hair to the side, "Alright I need everybody's lighting requests!" Women lined up, to put the final touches on what each hoped would be a winning performance.
The floor of Dante’s was filling up as the noise level increased. The Dead Kennedy’s “Too Drunk To Fuck” was blaring, as the laughter and shouting punctuated the air. As I sat in front of the full-length mirror, a dancer bent before me and I eyed her lower back—sure if her lower back bruises were very convincing stage makeup, or real. Taking one last look at the backstage, I counted one red tricycle, one genie, two soldiers, one medusa and a live snake. Two tequila shots later, I was seated at the judges’ table. The panel of judges was comprised of Nik Sin of Lonesome’s Pizza, Mariah, Anthony Quayle of the Portland Beardsman, Shawna and Adam of Exotic, Fadi of Triple Nickel Pub, and Sadie of Pink & Black Waffle Shack.

Melrose, from Mystic, looked positively stunning in her Playboy bunny attire with her razor cut bangs framing her large, heavy-lidded eyes. Some of her leg tattoos peeked out from beneath her knee socks and sneakers. When I learned that she would be the stage assistant, my inner pervert knew to anticipate her sheer, one-piece costume to slide down her breasts—each time she climbed the pole to wipe it between contestants. Host Hennessey introduced the show and each competitor took the stage. It was time to begin.

Baby-faced Belle from Salem had obviously studied and practiced performance choreography, a la Christina Aguilera’s “Genie in a Bottle” music video. The crowd cheered in support. Next up was Blake from Stars. The lithe dancer, also barefoot, danced to the Deftones “Change” and moved like a rubber band—smooth and springy. Blake seemed to be enjoying herself and lip-synced the entire second song, the singer pleading, begging to ask, “How do you want me?” Blake’s flexibility indicated that she could be had in many ways.

Slender-heeled Audrey, from the Boom Boom Room, performed a Reserve Dogs set for the crowd wearing a white button-down shirt and black heels. Audrey smiled, while she fiddled with duct tape on her victim. Moments later, she perfected her backward pole bend to pour gasoline on that person.

“AMERICA! FUCK YEAH!” Next up, was Trinity from Umatilla’s Riverside Lounge. This award-winning pole dancer looked strong and scary in a gas mask, camo vest and shorts. She wasted no time and leapt to an inverted handspring. A true performer, she exhibited enthusiastic pole work, barefoot and with her toes pointed. When Trinity ripped her gas mask off to reveal that she was indeed pretty, the crowd roared in approval. Tearing her wife beater off in one smooth motion, to reveal an anarchy symbol spray-painted on her bare breasts, as the crowd screamed once again. Miss Exotic 2014, Brodie Grody, stood nearby “Kudos to her, for dancing in the mask, it’s hard to breathe in those!” Trinity’s second song was a cover song of Bad Company’s “Final Stand,” and she concluded her heartfelt performance, she peeled her leaves open, to reveal a fully-nude body, with glitter applique pot leaves on each tanned butt cheek. Nearby, a female Cheech and Chong danced with giant blunts.

Taking a break from major theatrics and themes, Tony from Spearmint Rhino showcased some major flexibility, as she danced barefoot in a black body suit, which she removed with ease. The lovely brunette slid into the splits on the judges’ table and not a single drink was spilled.

Katniss, from Casa Diablo, proudly took the stage in her wetsuit and braid, and lifted her three fingers to recognize either the 3rd District from the Hunger Games, or some Casa Diablo gang sign of which I’m unaware. Once stripped of her wetsuit, her beautiful booty-full of jeweled butt plug, glimmered in the lights.

Lyrik Allure arrived next, in full body paint as Medusa—her nudity hardly recognizable under layers of makeup and scales. She treated her snake tenderly, who cooperated like a perfect assistant for the entire two songs.

After the break, Toxic, from Lucky Devil Lounge, a la David Bowie gave a lap dance to a brunette, and when Toxic was finished with her, she pole danced fantastically to Bowie’s “Let’s Dance.” Her trademark self-slap on the left butt cheek, broke the noise barrier and my ass clenched up in empathy.

Charlie Foxx, the winner of Lucky Devil Lounge’s Pinup Girl Contest 2014, took the stage with two go-go dancers—one male and one female. All three were scantily clad. My props to the male go-go dancer espe-
cially—the heart of downtown isn’t quite as welcoming to men in thongs, as it is to women in thongs. Each performer exhibited a lovely display of choreographed booty popping and her two assistants helped her out of her clothes. Charlie smirked, as she mouthed “Bow down bitches,” and ascended the pole. The audience loved this live Beyoncé performance.

Miss Prys, from Kit Kat Club and Mary’s Club took the stage next and the room turned gold. Amber light shone on her body, which was an expertly painted sheen of metallic. Her small harem of two bare-breasted women approached slowly, waving their silk fans in unison. The eyes of the women shone sharply beneath a partial face cover and the two kneeled like obedient slaves. Prys commanded the stage—looking positively regal in her slick, high hair and gold pointed heels. Suddenly, with sublime finesse, Prys placed one knee on the back of each of her harem girls and kneeled on her human throne, as the slaves dipped in unison. Her eyes never leaving the audience, she reached her arms, outstretched and swayed a few times. The audience was screaming in excitement. The stage set was luxurious, artfully-constructed and a perfect sensory overload.

Next up, it was time to lighten the mood with some disco pop! Alice from Stars in Bridgeport rolled on stage. Like a perfect Barbie, straight out of the box, blonde, slender, tan and wearing pink roller skates, her stage-side team of supporters shouted and whooped. On stage, Alice climbed the pole easily, despite each ten pound skate—which is probably a good portion of her entire weight.

Armani, from Spicy, was gorgeously statuesque in her carnival mistress costume. Accordions could be heard over the speakers as the American Horror Story song, Carousel, was playing. Circus goers held balloons in bunches, while Armani pole danced and pulled a chair to the side. When the chair uncooperatively fell apart, she set the cushion back and pushed it to the side—using the pole instead. Making good use of wayward props, the banner fell from the ceiling and the carnival assistants ran to pick it back up. If I were a judge, I would have scored higher for stage malfunctions—because, in this situation, it matched the theme—a very dark circus. She almost couldn’t have planned it better.

When Vanessa, from Casa Diablo, came on stage, everything went red. It was time for SAW fans to be delighted. Billy the clown, aka Vanessa, pulled her victim by blond hair, with her prey kicking and screaming. Vanessa took to her tricycle—riding it across the stage, before dismounting and pulling off her black blazer coat. White, flashing lights blinded us all. The judges clapped when her victim was dragged away for the second time—the tormented body dragged effortlessly and well rehearsed. Once alone on stage, Vanessa ran down the stairs to do a headstand, naked, on the judges’ table. She dismounted smoothly. “She’s definitely from Casa—those girls are crazy,” said one nearby onlooker. Vanessa finished her set by climbing the pole to the ceiling, which she then humped like a beast. Vanessa either obviously had stage experience, is quite an exhibitionist or both.

Host Dick Hennessy announced a five-minute break, so that everyone could empty their bladders and fill up their glasses. The reigning Miss Exotic Oregon, Brodie Grody of Devils Point, performed to Oingo Boingo’s, “Weird Science” wearing gaudy goggles, white smiling and flexing her breasts at the bemused audience. Off to the side, a Dante’s bouncer waved a giant, inflatable penis on a stick at the crowd in jest.

It was feature performer, Ivizia Dakini’s turn to take the stage, and she slowly disrobed while holding fire wands in her hands and between her teeth. She winked at the crowd and mimicked a fiery blowjob. The judges tabulated their scores and all women were called to the stage. Unanimously, Miss Prys was announced as Miss Exotic Oregon 2015, Trinity as first runner-up and Charlie Foxx as second runner-up. Everyone politely clapped, some girls hugged and a few did a terrible job at hiding their disdain.

It can be nerve-racking just to be naked for a lover, and yet, these women are brave enough to bare their souls and their buttholes for hundreds of strangers. Competitions are where the claws can come out—but, on this evening, everyone exhibited professionalism, and Exotic magazine applauds each one. Some performers do it for art, others do it for the glory, but most of us, are hoping for tips.
What made you decide to compete?
A year ago, I promised myself I’d participate in the 2015 competition. I am naturally competitive and it really sparked something inside of me. I just wanted to win—I wanted that title! The ads for this past competition were starting to pop up and I knew I needed to register, but something within me had changed—I no longer wanted to compete only for myself.

I am incredibly passionate about my work, and over time, I’ve witnessed the effect a passionate performance can have on people—noticing more and more frequently, the way an audience can “wake up” and enjoy a new sense of enchantment and inspiration. I felt I had become a beneficial and opening presence in Strip City, and through my work, I was “moved” to creatively transform vibrations of misunderstanding, insecurity and negative judgment surrounding and within the community, to those of love and understanding.

Have you competed before?
I have not.

What kinds of things did you do to prepare?
A lot of inner work, self-acceptance and love. I chose a song that set me on fire and then came the vision—everything sort of fell into place after that. I had an awesome team that was supportive and extremely dedicated to making my ideas and artistic direction a reality.

I am an artist and have a background in fashion, so I was really excited about the costuming, which I crafted myself—with multiple grueling trips to the fabric store… and 10lbs of hot glue sticks! My wondrous makeup artist, and bestie of 13 years, was a lifesaver in the chaotic green room—we could not have shimmied so bright, without her skills!

There seemed to be quite a bit of choreography—how much did you rehearse?
Oh, you know, a couple times! I had my ultra-talented girls doing more actual synchronized choreography—I just pranced around a little, rolled around in black paint and stared down the audience.

How does your body feel? Do you have any post-stage injuries?
Not currently. I take really good care of my bod. Yes, dear stage patrons, on top of my bills, you’re paying for my regular spa visits, and I couldn’t thank you more.

How long have you been stripping?
Two and a half years—with intermissions.

Do you have any previous experience on a stage?
I do burlesque and experimental performance around town and I sing sometimes, not wonderfully, but I love to do it. Kit Kat Club has given me the opportunity to explore my voice and other theatrical endeavors.

Do you have any previous dance or performance experience?
When I was 18, I moved to LA for fashion school. That was the first time I actually went out and explored the clubbing scene. I would dance my ass off nightly and throw myself up on stages with bands, DJs or podiums. This was before I chose to quit drinking and doing drugs. I was basically a stripper without getting paid, and sometimes, security would drag me out of the club.

I’ve danced my whole life—from ballet to tribal to hip-hop… I’ve even been in a few music videos. When I was much younger, I would force everyone at family gatherings to congregate in the living room and I would borrow a couple of my mom’s silk...
scarfs, grab my younger cousins and slap some lipstick on their faces, turn my boom box on blast and conduct a fully-orchestrated “production” for everyone to endure. Afterwards, I would prance around with a “tip bucket” and collect the pocket change of relatives and odd family friends—so, again, similar to what I do now! These memories are delightful and reassuring that I’m on the right track.

It was meant to be.

I truly appreciate the people who come out to be entertained. You are the reason we try, the reason we thrive and where the heart of live entertainment lies. I am constantly showered with smiles, dollars and love—and I cannot thank you enough. YOU inspire me. I strive to show my customers and coworkers the kindness they deserve. We put a lot into our performances, because we get so much back and I am fucking appreciative of that.

What kinds of support did you receive?

Both my incredible families at Mary’s Club and Kit Kat Club were extremely supportive. It seemed as if friends, acquaintances and strangers came out of the woodwork to promote me. I feel seriously fucking awesome and loved.

I especially want to thank Quin Harle and Onyx Jett for their devotion to this competition—from being my flawless back-up dancers, to hand-making “Team Prys” shirts with Sharpie, when my actual shirts weren’t printed in time for the preliminary.

Also, Nita Bryant (my mentor of all things good), Beth Hansen (a big-time cheerleader and bar mistress from Mary’s Club), Madison (the beautiful artist who made me look and feel like a goddess the night of the competition), my mommy and daddy and amazing family, Kenneth Watson and Gula Delgatto (my official promotional photographers), Lala Del Maj (for letting us rehearse in her space and calming my frenzies), Frank and the Kit Kat Kitties for being too cute for words, along with Vicki Keller, Ronni Werner, Chris Jackson, William Jay, Michael Talley, Nikki Lev, Ivizia Dakini and every single one of you who screamed for me, posted about me, or said kind words. Thank you! I love you all so much. I’m a lucky gal.

And, lastly, what will you do with your prize money?

This baby doesn’t have a sugar daddy and I’m not asking for one either. Back off, papa! But, baby has some big bills to pay, so it really helps with that. Also, I’m going to take my beautiful lady helpers out to some fancy sushi. Other than that, I’m saving it for the purrrfect spending opportunity! Baby has everything she needs!

Miss Prys dances most Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings at Kit Kat Club or Mary’s Club in downtown Portland.
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Miss Exotic Oregon 2015

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The Evolution And Revolution Of The Pinup Girl  
By Austin Wilde

As a stripper, it shouldn't be a surprise that I would be attracted to beautiful, strong, independent women, who push the envelope. I choose to surround myself with them every day. It makes sense, then, that I would also be a fan of pinup girls and pinup art. Nowadays, a photo of a scantily-clad woman giving the camera doe-eyes, albeit alluring and beautiful, isn't particularly rebellious or noteworthy. But, if one understands the history of the pinup girl, they would be hard pressed not to have massive respect for these women, who bravely and publicly rejected bodily shame and celebrated feminism through tasteful art.

Pinup art started around the 1890s, when it was considered taboo and shameful for women to show virtually any skin or to act or wear clothes in such a way that displayed any sexuality whatsoever. For instance, a woman showing a bare ankle was considered risqué and the word “sex” itself, was not even used publicly. Women were to be a hidden pleasure for the men that they belonged to—to be enjoyed exclusively and behind closed doors. Yet, as usually is the way, people got tired of stringent rules and started to celebrate the female form by painting or drawing women wearing less clothing and posing in sexually-suggestive ways (although by today’s standards; these women were more than fully clothed). Many point to the artist, Charles Dana Gibson, as the first real pinup artist. Gibson created what are known today as the “Gibson Girls,” who were tall and slender, with large busts and hips. Notably, they were often shown as sexually dominant and the equals of men. One famous image entitled, “The Weaker Sex,” depicted women huddled around a magnifying glass, looking at and prodding a tiny man.

Pinup art then evolved into imagery based off of the burlesque and striptease routines of the time. Performers started to use handbills with images, rather than simple text, in order to create a presence both within and outside of the performance venue. At this time, magazines such as The Police Gazette, started illustrating their stories of murder and mayhem by showing their leading ladies in various stages of undress. This was considered to be completely acceptable to society at the time, as they were considered news and not erotic entertainment. These were the mainstream pinups until World War II began, and the resulting pinup art that followed, has become recognized as the most iconic of the genre—even to this day. There wasn’t a G.I., who didn’t have a painting of his favorite movie star, such as Rita Hayworth or Bettie Grable, on his locker door or carefully tucked away somewhere in his belongings. These pinups could help remind them of home, give hope and distract them from the very real possibility of death, during the long months spent away from their family and loved ones. Pinups were often painted on the side of bomber planes, in order to bring luck to soldiers during dangerous missions.

During the late 1950s and early 1960s, pinup began to evolve from mostly drawing and painting, to the form of photography, as well as the now traditional art. Magazines such as Playboy were published blending pinup-style photography with well-written lifestyle articles and interviews with famous personas—the response was massive. Magazines such as these, ripped through any remaining social repression, gaining acceptability in most parts of society within a matter of a few years.

At this juncture, new models, artists and photographers, began to create pinup art across different genres, such as fetish and even bondage—the most famous of these, being the introduction of Bettie Page and the partnership she made with photographer, Irving Klaw.

Although some of this imagery could be considered much darker in style than that of the early pinup artists, it was still done with the same sense of fun, tease and innocence that classical pinup art portrayed.

Now, in today’s era, where depictions of nude women are no longer shocking or rebellious, how does pinup continue to evolve? Traditional pinups are now considered practically wholesome. Well, the Suicide Girls had the answer. Started right here in Portland, OR, SuicideGirls.com is a website that sells subscriptions and features a new wave of pinup models sporting tattoos, piercings, rainbow colored hair and other modern and alternative depictions of sexy. Until recently, heavily-tattooed and/or pierced women were seen as more masculine or “tough,” and their sexual appeal was lost to much of the populace. Now, in the same ways, pinup art always evolves to become mainstream—more alternative girls with tattoos and piercings are becoming almost a new societal-ideal and even the norm. Just look at Portland strippers—you’re more likely to find a dancer tattooed than not, these days.

It’s ironic, that it should be something as modern as the Internet that will help ensure that classic pinup will continue long into the 21st century. Fortunately, it seems that people out there will always enjoy the beauty and tease of the pinup genre, even when the much stronger and more explicit material (pornography), is so readily available. This is somewhat ironic, when you consider that pornography solely exists due to pinup art and photography, helping to pave the way for erotic images to become more and more accepted into mainstream culture.

If you’re into modern pinups, you need not look further than your hometown. Portland is rich in pinup culture. Check out some of the local talent that has emerged right here in Portland, with companies such as Portland Pin-Ups and the SuicideGirls, Artists such as Ronnie Werner, photographers such as Daniel Hoyt (DangerNinja), Gino Martino, and, of course London Lunox, AmbeRed and Hypnox, whose work you see regularly in Exotic magazine. You may see playful and popular models such as myself, Tanner the Tattooed Lady, Elle Stanger (Casper Suicide), Toxic (Toxic Suicide), Angie Walls and Rachael Reckless (one of the original Suicide Girls). Also, a popular pinup event is the Portland Pinup of the Year Contest, held annually at Lucky Devil Lounge.
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MISS NICKELBACK OREGON

This award goes to the dancer who is smoking hot, tips well, works sober, never causes a problem but, for some random reason (probably lack of exposure to countercultural lifestyles), enjoys the worst possible music available. Miss Nickelback’s body appeals to everyone, but her song choices appeal strictly to the guy in a snapback, drinking a 32-ounce can of Rapesquatch Energy Drink, while using “swag” as a verb. Miss Nickelback comes in all varieties—not limited to rock music or traditional Nickelbackery. If she’s a rap girl, she will listen to whatever song Ludacris was featured on most recently and does not know that Juicy J used to be a member of Three Six Mafia. If she’s an alternative girl, she will ask for “metal” or “punk rock,” meaning As I Lay Dying or Fall-out Boy.

MISS ANONYMOUS OREGON

“Hi, I’m your DJ, my name is Ray,” “I know, we’ve met several times before,” says Miss Anonymous Oregon, before disappearing to the dressing room and suddenly changing appearances for the third time in one shift. This award goes to the dancer with the most aliases and outfits, one who is able to pull in a decade in the clubs without ever landing on a bouncer’s shit list, pissing off a DJ, doing something Instagram-worthy at an after party, getting arrested or trying to use “I know Frank” as an excuse to walk out on her tab. Ideally, she is the perfect stripper, but in reality… well, no one knows. Perhaps she’s a cop, maybe she’s a weed farmer. The only thing that matters is that she’ll dance to anything, shows up on time and has a never-ending stream of equally anonymous regulars.

MISS HOLLYWOOD OREGON

This dancer is one step away from the flashlights of Broadway. All she needs is for that dolly grip from Grimm, who buys lunchtime lap dances, to pass her info on to someone in L.A. This award goes to the most active stripper-slash-producer-slash-host-slash-promoter-slash-psychic-slash-mime in our fine industry. Grasping at straws for this month’s thinly-veiled-rip-off-of-a-more-popular-production theme, Miss Hollywood Oregon puts on the most overproduced and extravagant tributes, that have ever graced the stage in the corner behind the pool table at Dorf’s Pub & Grub on a Tuesday. If you’ve ever thought of bringing holiday-themed Hunger Games-inspired burlesque to a food cart patio, then you may be the next Miss Hollywood Oregon.

MISS FEMINAKED OREGON

This award goes to the dancer who is most successful in parlaying a career in stripping into a series of talking points about women’s issues. Why is the pole phallic? Are stage fees a testimonial to modern Marxist interpretation of the exchange of commodities and extraction of human labor? How much for a lapdance? Miss Feminaked Oregon can answer all of these questions without batting an imposed, male-gaze-approved fake eyelash. This award recognizes not only excellence in liberal arts education, but a baffling misunderstanding of everything written on the topic of feminism, before the term “blog” originated. This is also the only award available to a dancer who is able to protest the DJ’s choice of rap music, for setting her two-girl sex show to a misogynistic theme.

MISS NOT FROM OREGON

The Miss Not From Oregon title goes to the dancer most likely to bring up “back in Vegas/Florida/Detroit/Boise/Scranton,” while justifying giving customers handjobs while fully clothed—lit cigarette in hand. Even though Portland is the strip club blah blah blah of the world per yadda yadda, Miss Not From Oregon insists that we don’t know a damn thing about the industry, and if it wasn’t for Gash Mark who runs the Wounded Tapeworm in Gary, Indiana, she wouldn’t know anything either. Back where she’s from, they would never play this shit and dancers would never do this or that. Contestants for the Miss Not From Oregon award, are encouraged to apply early as they are likely to become candidates for Miss White Dreadlocks, if they stay in Oregon for too long.

MISS ACTUALLY EXOTIC OREGON

This award goes to the Nigerian girl who brings live insects into the dressing room for smoke rituals and spirit quests, if she exists. I’ve only ever met one stripper who is actually “exotic” and she ended up getting some weird infection while living in a tree. This award would go to her—if she knew where to get this magazine.

MISS CONSERVATIVE OREGON

The dancer to win the coveted Miss Conservative Oregon has a stable, wonderful home life with the bestest baby’s daddy ever and two of the cutest kids to ever light up the background of an iPhone 7, while mommy is scrolling through her collection of Tyga songs to give the DJ. Don’t try looking at her gold-plated buttplug like she’s some sort of stripper, though Miss Conservative Oregon is a performer by all means of the word and a loving wifey-bae on the side. If she’s sitting on your face and talking about her son Skyler’s first day of karate class, you better pretend like you’re interested, otherwise she will call security and have you tossed out for disrespecting her lifestyle. If you’ve ever tried to convince a drug-dealing pimp that dinosaurs did, in fact, walk alongside Jesus, then you’re a perfect candidate for Miss Conservative Oregon.

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CONSPIRACY X

By Scarlet T3

Conspiracies about rigged competitions are not new and certainly not contained within local circuits—they span the vast void of pageantry lore. Let’s start with the most institutionalized ideals in the competition circuit—*Toddler in motherfuckin’ Tiaras!* With clinically insane mothers that dress these children up as pop-sluts and parade them around like little hookers in heat, what are we to expect? That whole show spoke to a generation of compromised integrity and the sexualization of children, broadcast for all to see. So, why is it that, when a two-year-old comes out wearing a gold spiked bra, dancing to Madonna’s critically acclaimed tune *Like A Virgin,* do the judges and show producers finally put their foot down? Aren’t the dozen or so other girls (hyped up on so much Mountain Dew and Pixie Stick cocktail, that they’re hallucinating space creatures zooming by) dealing with the same kind of crazy? People wielding power in these situations, usually share a common denominator—they want to get paid for their time and efforts. But, compromising a competition for integrity and good will? Well, that’s just not conducive to the situation, now is it?

What is not conducive, is semi-nude photos or sex tapes, because every Miss America, Miss Universe or State Pageant competitor seems to magically have one. Whether it is before, during or after they entered—they all get busted and have three options to choose from: pay the piper in cash, resign and forfeit the crown, or ride that media wave like a grown up Kardashian would—all the way to the Kanye payday. In the end, forfeiture usually only happens with serious drug allegations or obvious, in-your-face contract violations. In 1993, the first African-American woman to be crowned Miss America, Vanessa Williams, stepped down after receiving a phone call that her nude photos were about to be leaked. The following year, those photos made it to the September 1984 issue of Penthouse. Vanessa didn’t take shit lying down—she spoke out about it and later on, became a multi-faceted actress, chart-topping musician and earned critical acclaim on Broadway—proving that, sometimes, bad situations can easily twist to the positive spin. Again, in the case of Miss Universe 2012 hopeful, Jenna Talackova, who benefited from the drama that surrounded her transgender status. With rules that clearly stated that contestants must be born a woman, a grassroots petition signed by thousands of fans, convinced the pageant to change the rule. Typically, pageantry has an extensive archive of rules—that’s why they started making pageant contracts in the 1930s. You read them and sign them when you enter, and if you win you better hope you dotted your I’s and crossed your T’s, because even the slightest breach, can get you into serious hot water. In 2012, Miss Oregon was put under the microscope for not living in the state long enough and resigned after the issue was brought to light. The same year, Miss Exotic Oregon was dethroned because of unsavory commentary and slanderous statements regarding the pageant. Both Miss Oregon and Miss Exotic Oregon lost their crowns and title but were able to keep the cash and prizes granted to them in the competition. Much less fortunate was Miss Orange County runner-up, Michelle Lloyd, who forfeited her $1,000 scholarship for not attending required city meetings, parades and local celebrations. Even less fortunate, was aforementioned Miss Universe 2012 contestant, Sheena Monin, who was sued for defamation of character by Trump, for her smear campaign against the pageant. Big surprise—she lost.

So, where do you go after this tumultuous love affair with pageantry ends? What do people talk about the most after they leave the venue and the girl they went to support didn’t win?
Well, I weighed in with the supporters, and what happens next probably won't shock you, but it might piss you off. In 99.9% of the cases, I heard two very common trains of thought that tied back into favoritism and payoffs. From Venezuela to the Philippines, the controversy surrounding money influencing these competitions runs rampant. Angry contestants claim the lack of financial backing is the cause of many girls not placing or winning. Concerns are always scrutinized surrounding high franchise fees, purchased votes and affiliations with judges—can all contribute to an uneven playing field. Major backers, and even conflicting countries, refuse to participate in international competitions, for fear of being treated unfairly.

“Stacking the deck” with contestants that serve to build relationships and inflate pocketbooks, isn't simply cut and dry. Amidst friends and supporters, pageant contestants often admit that upon entering these competitions, many find that certain girls get preferential treatment, (asked to do photo shoots, videos, ads, etc). Women who were not invited to the “slumber party” will immediately feel inferior to the rest. In some cases, they were even told that being beautiful wasn't going to win them the crown and that, usually, the one they least expected to win would be crowned.

Hearing this, the first question that comes to mind is, “So, is there ever any retaliation?” Oh, yes my friends. You see, even lawyers and litigation don’t compare to a pissed-off beauty queen. In November of 2007, Miss Puerto Rico’s makeup and clothing were allegedly doused with pepper spray during the competition—causing a severe allergic reaction. In the same year, another beauty queen suffered from blackmail phone calls and letters, along with disturbing threats of bodily injury. Now who wants that?

Pageantry isn't all cherry cheesecake and pink popcorn rainbows. It has a notorious past filled with angry onlookers, weighing in on their opinions. But, amidst the holes of sopping wet bullshit, comes a fierce competition for ownership and entitlement. The desire and ability to be recognized and revered, is a little black bubble ready to burst in all of us. Call it vanity, but it's those who have the guts and perseverance to deal with negatives and turn them into positive, that will truly succeed in life. No crown or title can tell you who you are or what you're worth. What it can do, is provide you with an outlet to make yourself seen and heard. People who would have otherwise never known you, have now seen your face and will stop and ask you questions. Whether you win or lose, it's what you make of the experience—that puts you into the category of “royalty.” So, stop listening to what others think and just be the truly beautiful creature you really are—inside and out.
At just 21, porn actress Bonnie Rotten, has stacked up an incredible litany of industry accomplishments. Winning multiple awards, such as Starlet of the Year, Scene of the Year, Female Performer of the Year, she also has dipped her toes into the mainstream, appearing with comedian Doug Benson in his video podcast and music videos by The Weeknd and Nick Jett of Terror. Coinciding with her tour across Oregon at The Silver Dollar in Eugene and Portland's own Sunset Strip, the tattooed, brunette beauty was able to connect with Exotic magazine, and talk about butt-fucking, politics and female ejaculation.

I recall that there was a proposed bill in California, which would have mandated the use of condoms in porn—what did you think of that?

Well, it's a good thing that the bill didn't pass. Do you film only in California?

No, the bill was overturned—in an alternate situation, how do you hypothesize that it would have affected the industry?

Here's the thing, people are always going to shoot without condoms. They are. They'll find a way to do it. We all test. If you're clean when you go to set, you don't need a condom. Nobody likes condoms. Me as a performer? I hate them. Nobody LIKES condoms. When you work with certain condom companies, it's very uncomfortable. You're doing anal, you're doing DP and the condoms are irritating to the skin. On top of that, what does a condom really do? Tell us that you don't have to be tested or clean? Just throw a condom on and jump in the scene? It's basically saying to us, that we aren't responsible—if the condom breaks, there's an STD. Besides, the guy has to pull the condom off to cum on your face. That defeats the purpose anyway.

I believe it was Nina Hartley who described "condom burn".

Yeah. Think about a giant dick, with a tight condom wrapped around it, banging a girl, and you have to do it for 45 minutes. That's uncomfortable for the dude. You have to keep pulling it down—you have to keep hard.

Well, it's a good thing that the bill didn't pass. Do you film only in California?

California, Vegas, some people shoot with companies in Florida. I've shot in Europe a lot.

I recently heard an outside-of the industry opinion, that more porn is shot in Florida than in California now. California is the hub. But, I recently heard that we won't even be able to shoot in Florida. I heard that it won't be legal. That porn will be prohibited to shoot. I don't know exactly why—it's a rumor lately.

So, what's your favorite type of set to work on? Storyline, fetish or...? I saw a vampire-themed teaser that you were in, every time I would go online to jerk off. That's how I knew it was October.

(Laughs) That's awesome. I do pretty much everything. But, my favorite is gonzo. It's purely about hardcore sex, hot outfits, great makeup. You get in, you don't have to think about anything, you pause to do photos, do a tease and boom—you're done.

It seems like that would be on the lower budget end because there's no script or elaborate setup. It can be, but honestly, gonzo can cost more than the features.

How is that possible?

Because of what they are paying for. Gonzo is all about hardcore. So, you have girls that do anal, DP, double anal, double- vag. That stuff isn't cheap. You gotta pay for all this crazy talent and then you have to have quality dudes that can carry the scene.

Do you have any people you prefer to work with?

I have a list of my favorites to work with: Ramon, Karlo Karerra, Toni Ribas, Jordan Ash and Rocco Siffredi. As far as girls? I don't work with a lot of girls—but, Skin Diamond is my favorite.

So, you're a squirter, right? I feel like, in porn, squirting got really huge like ten years ago.

Yes! With Flower Tucci and Cytherea.

And then, it kind of faded away as a porn trend and still a lot of people don't think that female ejaculation is real.

I just kind of think that it's good to have the people who don't think it's real. Everybody is going to have their own opinions. Just watch, and tell me if I'm cumming or not. You can tell when I'm cumming. I specialize in anal and squirting.

I think, as people, as sexually active, progressive women, we're always changing and learning about ourselves, and you, having been in the industry three years, can you think of anything that you learned about yourself in that time?

I didn't even know how to do an enema, before getting in to the industry.

Really? And that's anal prep?

Do you do enemas for anal and vag, depending. There are so many people who say, I could do this. Or man, you don't even know. This isn't my time in the bedroom. This is my career.

How long would you like to be in the industry?

I want to be in this industry until I die. Not performing only. But, I'll perform as long as I love it and direct and produce later. I have my production company, MentalBeauty, Inc. I just revamped my website—you can find my touring schedule on there. I'm booked until September 2015.

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The first time I performed my fire show, I caught my towel, made me feel more comfortable. but his calm, cool mannerism when he grabbed the fire eat fire, caught his beard on fire. That made me uneasy, When I had my first lesson, the guy teaching me how to terrible stage fright too—what the hell was I doing? I was terrified of fire—but, I still said yes anyway. I had the club, as strict as they were, was not going to tell her that I had to put it back on. She liked my mohawk! I guess I made an impression on everyone that night. I was intrigued, so I said yes! Then, they told me I was my "performance" and wanted me to dance for her. This blew my mind. She wore my wig while I danced for her, and the club, as strict as they were, was not going to tell her that I had to put it back on. She liked my mohawk! I guess I made an impression on everyone that night. When I came in the next day, the leader of their show put me in the audience and looked over at my teacher, who was also my stage hand—he casually threw a small towel at me, I caught it and put the fire out. Then I continued with my act, even though my face was hurting and rapidly getting worse. I looked fine when I got off stage, but as minutes went by, the pain and swelling got worse. I had really bad burns, gray blisters and incredible pain for over a month! I treated my burns with fresh aloe, vitamin E and Creme de la Mer (that stuff really works!), and luckily, healed up really well.

After that, I was more confident on stage and less scared. Having a wig fall off and burning your face as your first experiences, was almost like falling off a bike. You get back up and then you ride it well! Using fire in my burlesque routines, really helped set me apart from the other performers at the time. I do a trick, where I hold a lit torch in my teeth while I strip off my costume. I can do it for a long time. It's a really cool effect, when I pull the torch out and breath the fire vapors! I became friends with promoters and other performers from all over the world and have headlined events in London, Germany, Canada, Australia, Japan, Jamaica, Ireland and all across the USA. My newer routines are without fire, because a lot of clubs have clamped down on fire use.

Have you performed with Germany or Izzie before?

No, but I'm looking forward to it! I hear they are amazing!

When was the last time you visited Portland or Oregon?

About 4 years ago. It's been too long!

What styles of dance or performance have you learned?

Traditionally speaking, none. I'm self-taught and usually do everything from choreography, to making the costumes for my shows. If the venue allows fire, I incorporate fire into my existing routines. Because so many of the venues that book me do not allow fire, I create my shows with that in mind. Though, some venues will make changes to accommodate the fire. When I perform with fire at the Playboy Mansion, they build a stage on top of the pool. That way, I'm surrounded by water.

A lot of things inspire me when I'm creating a burlesque routine. Sometimes, it's a song that moves me or a costume will ignite some ideas. It usually comes when I'm not thinking about creating a show. My Booty Twirl Show was inspired by a song I heard on TV. The minute I heard it, I got off the sofa and started dancing! I even yanked off my pants and stuck my pasties to my butt cheeks, just goofing off, and realized it would be a great addition to my show. Go Assles! You can see photos and read more descriptions of my shows at my site, IAMTrouble.com.

Are you self-taught in contortion?

I was born flexible all over and my fingers are double jointed and bend all the way back. When I stretch diligently, I am really flexible—but, I would be a lot better if I was professionally trained. I got stuck in a position once for a long time. Since then, I've been too scared to try the advanced stuff on my own. Other than that, I find stretching really relaxing and calming. When I have time, I go to yoga and Pilates classes.

Lots of women despite being mimicked in their style, and yet, you're making instructional hair and makeup videos for the public. Why is that?

There are lots of reasons why some women do not appreciate being copied and I totally understand that. For instance, it's difficult when you are starting out and...
you want to have a signature look, then someone else comes along and copies what you are doing. But, what we have to remember, is there are so many different things that inspire us all and it’s all been done before. It’s how YOU do it! Your personality will set you apart and that is how you can define yourself. I change my hair and makeup, drastically, all the time—and people still recognize me with or without makeup. I really think there is more to a person than just their hair and makeup and if people are going to copy you anyway, then who better to learn it from? The hairstyles I wear, I’ve seen on others before me and I most certainly did not know how to wear makeup until I studied other people. Now, I’m good at it and I’m fine with helping others get better too. We’re all just a collection of ideas and imagery that inspires us.

Stoner moment: In a way, these people that copy you, might be your best friend in an alternate universe—they obviously like the same stuff as you. We don’t look for friends we have nothing in common with! LOL

You’ve inspired thousands of girls to attempt to wear those impeccably trimmed bangs over their eyes and you’re quite the style chameleon—which look is your favorite?

I think bangs are my favorite, but I might be thinking that because I just trimmed my bangs again and I might be having bang remorse. Bang remorse—when you cut your bangs, then regret it. LOL! I have a love-hate relationship with my bangs (and forehead), I love, either really slicked back or really big hair, on myself.

What kinds of feedback do you receive from fans?

When you paint, draw, sculpt or build something, you want to share it with others and hear what they have to say. It’s like that with modeling and performing—it’s feedback, that helps us get better and lets us know if we’re on the right path. Some people comment, that I inspired them to model or perform. Some, say they have experimented more with makeup and hairstyles because of my modeling. I get a lot of feedback from the Asian community—some, say I helped with their confidence, when they saw that a Korean/German girl could “make it” in the industry.

You’re a poster girl for retro-clothing website, PinUpGirlClothing.com, and often appear in my Instagram feed—where else can we stalk you on the Internet and social media?

You can find me at IAmTrouble.com, IAmSin.com, Facebook.com/Official.Masuimi.Max, Instagram.com/TheMasuimiMax and Twitter.com/MasuimiMax.

Thank you for having me and I’ll see you all at the show!

XOXO
Masuimi
I hate celebrities. I love John Lurie. Everyone should love John Lurie. Many of you young'ins may be asking, "Who the hell is John Lurie?" He is actor, musician, guru, painter and jester—in that order with some other things thrown in. John Lurie is the essence of the Renaissance man, with just enough of the subtle rebel and dangerous swarming myths about him, to make him one of the few true, last living artists.

His charisma has followed him from his days with the jazz ensemble, Lounge Lizards, to the cult TV classic Fishing with John and shows up now in his paintings, where they inspire a deep, fresh "ahh" through simple, but profound, symbolism while frequently challenging the human's place in nature.

Reemerging from years of reclusion due to a Lyme disease diagnosis and a particularly damning editorial in the New Yorker, John now spends a large amount of his time devoted to these paintings, that get in your head and your heart, like any good artist should. Recently, I had the luxury of asking John a few questions about his paintings.

Where do you paint from? Like, your heart or whatever?
I can't say I paint from the heart. I don't paint from my conscious mind either, though—it's more like I kind of try to hypnotize myself. Things from the heart only come in rare moments, I think.

What medium do you prefer and why?
I am painting in watercolors now. I would like to be painting in oils more, but things out of my control are preventing that.

What do you want people to feel when they look at your paintings?
I try to lose myself in a world that seems to be getting created around me. I hope people have the same experience. But, I don't really think about someone else's experience.

What do you think your message is with your paintings?
Man, that is so all over the place. There is as much Jackson Pollack as there is Breugel.

What kind of haircut do you get?
There is a guy who cuts it for four dollars here. Weird, how in 7 minutes, he does a better job than the people in NYC, who charge $100 and take an hour to do their precious "work."

Do you have any opinions about the role of the artist in society? If so, what?
Does the artist have a role in society? Seems there are so many gatekeepers preventing artists from being in society, that there barely are any.

Most of the people in charge of the "art" that you see, have their heads so far up their asses, that I am considering doing a series of spleen and kidney paintings. This way they could see something they might recognize.

Why don't you trade art?
I would trade art for some things—but not other art.

Who are some of your favorite artist and/or artists you feel have influenced you?
Bill Clinton would be good. Interesting. Good thing about the fishing show was bringing people out into the middle of nowhere and keeping the camera on them long enough that they would drop their guard. I would love to take Tad Friend and David Remnick from the New Yorker magazine. I would like to take them deep into the jungle—maybe with no cameras.

Who is your favorite musician you've ever played with and why?
Evan. Evan is the weirdest and most talented in his way, but more than anything, Evan is Evan. There are no words to describe Evan, except that he is Evan.

Paintings can be found at JohnLurieArt.com and you can contact Lurie on Twitter: @lurie_john.
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