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by efinst
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It was a beautiful, sunny 84-degree day in downtown Portland... with the stingingly delicious smell of tear gas and pepper spray in the air... the nice thing about pepper spray is that it burns for a long, long time... even after showering it leaves a big, angry red mark on your skin...

We were hanging out near a bunch of other journalists during the President Bush protest of August 22... silently offering support for some of the causes, and curious as to the response of the Portland Police Department. I was also on hand during the unfortunate "riot" back in 2000 when the police response was generally judged as too harsh and provocative. I'm here to report that Mayor Vera Katz and Police Chief Mark Kroeker still have a long way to go in educating their police force as to appropriate relations with protesters, and the community in general.



Two of several dozen "stormtroopers" in downtown Portland.

The protest was peaceful... Some harsh words thrown for wannabe-Governor Kevin Mannix as him and his Republican cohorts pushed through the crowd to get to their million-dollar fundraising dinner for Senator Gordon Smith with the President of the United States. Mannix walked right by me... he's very short, no more than 5'7" ... and he had his TV make-up on ready for the cameras and the photo-ops... "You'll never be Governor of THIS state, jackass." I said to him as he walked by. I really don't like that guy. The drums were pounding and people were chanting "Bush sucks! Bush sucks!" but it was generally calm. People were smiling. They yelled at the dinner attendees as they walked through, but it was never menacing. They were being made fun of...because they WERE funny. Then the riot cops showed up, replacing the 20 or so bike cops standing guard next to the barriers. In full, black stormtrooper attire. It was very impressive. They ran down in single file, then the leader stopped, turned around and did a double-arm-outstretch maneuver signalling them to spread out. They all did... About 12 of them... Standing legs apart, looking very menacing. The crowd started chanting the Russian-funeral-dirge-like music from *Star Wars*, "DUHH DUHH DUHH DUHH-DA-DA, DA-DA-DA-DUMMMM..." 12 more "stormtroopers" did the same routine. It started to feel a little tense. The chanting got louder. "PEACEFUL PRO-TEST! PEACEFUL PRO-TEST!" Then the stormtroopers decided to make it a not-so-peaceful day and announced a "STATE OF EMERGENCY!" from a megaphone, and told everyone to move back. We were about 10 feet from the front of the blockade, but we barely heard what they were saying over the chanting. Before anyone could do anything, the pepper spray started spraying and the billy clubs started pounding. They sprayed EVERYONE... cameramen, journalists, elderly people, kids, us... and immediately started

EXOTIC

Issue #110 • Volume 10 • Number 3
SEPTEMBER 2002
Copyright (c) 2002
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Published monthly by Xmag, LLC
Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
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Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

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walking through the crowd hitting people. We moved quickly down the block to Fifth and Taylor to get out of the melee. Police cars started coming up the block the opposite way, sirens blaring... people couldn't get out of the way fast enough... we moved down Fifth Avenue and heard two loud pops... we looked back and saw tear gas fuming up around the intersection... people were running trying to find water to rinse out their eyes... everyone was really PISSED off now... any idea of keeping this peaceful was beyond hope...

All I can say is: Fuck them... Fuck the cops. Fuck George Bush. Fuck Senator Gordon Smith. Fuck Mayor Vera Katz. Fuck Police Chief Mark Kroeker. Fuck Kevin Mannix. Anyone who treats peaceful, law abiding protesters and media in this manner doesn't deserve to be in a position of power in this country. And if you disagree, you just weren't there. I was.

stephanos
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AN IMPENDING WAR WITH IRAQ, as well as strict new laws designed to cripple the local sex industry, recently forced *Exotic's* general manager, **Bryan** "I Really Should Go Back to the Old Haircut" **Bybee**, to lay down a series of tough new restrictions governing the behavior of *Exotic* staff members.

In between bites of a roasted-chicken sandwich at a downtown P-town bar 'n' grill during one of our legendary Monday-afternoon pizza feeds, Bybee complained about a new law forbidding erotic dancers and lingerie models to touch themselves in "intimate" places during their performances. Pausing to softly burp, he then railed against an even newer statute that prohibits all girls under age 21 from performing in strip clubs and lingerie shops.

Wasting no time in transferring his personal anxieties regarding these new laws onto his dutiful workers, he then assumed a stern tone, enumerating our new guidelines as an incredulous staff gasped and made tasteless, inappropriate noises:

- The *Exotic* staff is no longer permitted to consume illegal drugs on the roof of our building.
- We are no longer allowed to bring firearms with us to the Monday-afternoon meetings.



- We are no longer permitted to threaten other employees' lives.
- The free bowl of Viagra pills at the front receptionist's desk is being discontinued.
- We now have to bring our own toilet paper to all *Exotic* events.
- There will be no more free nonalcoholic beer for me at Dante's.
- We have to unchain and set free all the girls we were keeping in the "secret room."
- If we have sex in the back room of the *Exotic* office, we are now required to throw our used condoms in the garbage can.
- **Kook Dogg**, after a two-month sanction of enforced silence, will once again be permitted to speak.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the Exotic office was filled with young starlets hoping to replace Goddess Severina.

After laying down these new laws, Bybee sipped some water, smiled to himself, placed some papers in his briefcase, checked his watch, sprinted out of the restaurant, and disappeared down the road on his futuristic motorcycle.

We all looked at one another, dumbstruck and flabbergasted. We knew it was the end of an era...a lazier era, perhaps, and certainly one which was less cost-effective, but an era that MEANT something to us all here. The old regime meant FREEDOM, man. It meant doin' your OWN thing. But here

THE INDUSTRY



by JG

comes our general manager with his number-crunching and sales projections and pocket calculators and plastic slide rules and efficiency experts flown in from the Dakotas, all of it designed to bum our high and take away our happiness, dude. *Exotic's* on a one-way bus ride to Squaresville, baby.

WHILE ON THE TOPIC OF ONE-WAY TICKETS, I have finally decided to issue a nonrefundable one-way pass on the next train out of *Exoticland* for the last columnist remaining from the old regime (if you don't count **Flagstone Walker**). The editorial cleansing that began so many months ago is now complete.

Ahh, relief...

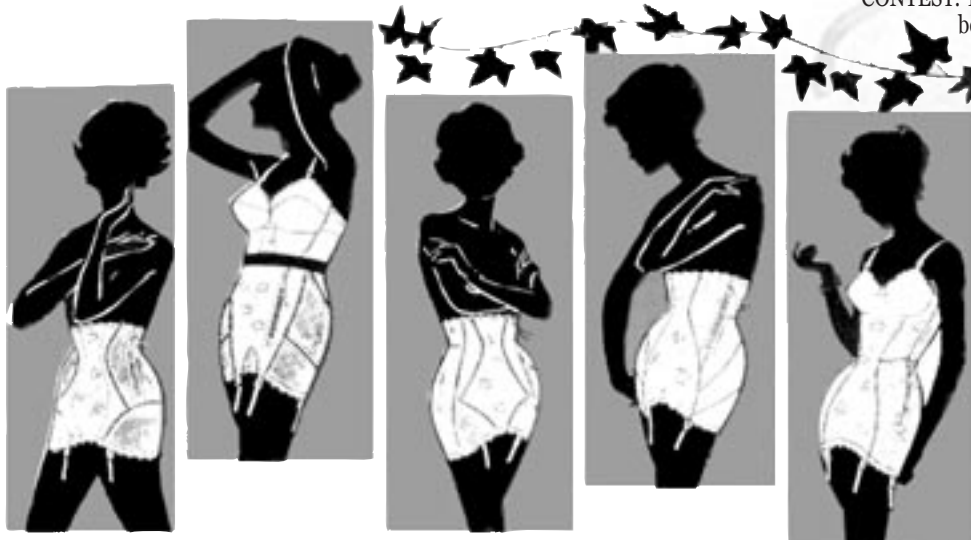
I will try to take the high road here. I mean, I guess I could get nasty if I wanted. A lot of people have offered personal testimonials regarding our newest ex-columnist, and there's some pretty juicy stuff amid it all.

But instead of *personally* attacking her, I will now list many of the *business*-related reasons why this particular "writer," who will remain unnamed except in the humorous caption contained beneath the photo to the left, is being given the heave-ho:



- 1 She always hands her column in late...always later than everyone else, as if she is somehow more entitled than the rest;
- 2 Unlike all the other columnists, she can't seem to figure out how to e-mail her column directly to me, forcing me to rush over to another computer in order to fetch her substandard prose and forward it to mine;
- 3 She is grossly overcompensated and currently receives goods and services worth more than FOUR TIMES what other columnists receive;
- 4 She's supposed to be a dominatrix, but in a column she wrote intended to attack me, she didn't hit *one* of my weak points. Everyone was amazed at how tepid that column was. I mean, isn't a dom's job to sniff out someone's weak spots and nestle inside them? I'm sure there's some 200-IQ psycho dominatrix out there who might write an interesting column about sadism, but this dom isn't the one.
- 5 She can't write. That's the biggest problem. So...dom-diddy-dom-dom... she's fired.

What is it with you industry workers? Just because someone pays for the privilege of licking your feet doesn't make you an artist. Just because you do a sorry retread of naughty bondage movies doesn't mean you can write. OK? I never claimed to be a stripper, but it's amazing how many of you assume you are writers. And for years, this very magazine was staffed with editors who nurtured the delusion that you're all much more than people who take your clothes off for cash.



CONTEST. You should also attach photos with your e-mail, because it's imperative that we judge you to be attractive.

AS THE NIGHTS GROW COOLER and my balls shrink accordingly, my thoughts once again turn to one of my favorite topics, **lesbian censors**. Our "Dyke Like Me!" feature of two months back apparently caused so much emotional turmoil within the softly fluttering hearts of two women of the lesbionic persuasion, it impelled them to march into a local **Castle Megastore** crying REAL TEARS about how the article had shattered their little robin's-egg minds and how it'd be a really nice thing if the magazine were removed so that way they wouldn't have to fear all those penis-totin' men lurking out there in the dark, seeking to rape them back into a hetero

So after I made sport of Dommy O'Domina in print yet again last month, her boyfriend, who seems much more level-headed than her, politely asked me for constructive criticism about how she might be able to write a better column, and I tried to offer some, but it was ultimately hopeless. You can lead a horse to water...

"Just because someone pays for the privilege of licking your feet doesn't make you an artist."

The last straw came the other night when she began talking shit about me to my girlfriend, **The World-Famous Jewish Cowgirl**. She went so far as to call The Man Who Makes Her Text Legible an "asshole." Well, I understand physiology somewhat, and it seems that an asshole's job is to take a dump, and that's what I've just done.

Our newest dumpee is telling people that the negative attention I've given her is somehow evidence of a personal obsession on my part.

Funny—a former female *Exotic* editor who's now trying to jump-start her nonexistent career by running for the state legislature (and who, in an apparent fit of non-libertarian spite, recently tried to SUE *Exotic* for printing a photo of her jowly self), has inferred the same thing. THERE'S some solid ol' jilted-female logic for ya—I got RID of them because I can't stand living WITHOUT them.

REGARDING LAST MONTH'S CHICK COLUMNIST CONTEST, the most politely diplomatic thing I could say would be to announce that we've yet to select a winner. Very few of the entrants

lifestyle...or at least they wouldn't have to fear that kinda stuff so MUCH if the magazine were removed.

Instead of politely humoring the ladies or rudely dismissing them, Castle management buckled under and yanked the magazine permanently, advising us solemnly that they are "gay-owned." Yeah, so is **Fantasy Video**, but at least those fun-lovin' homos over there have a sense of humor. It's sick to observe how some of you have turned into a warped reflection of the easily offended Republicans you've fought so hard against, how you strain to exterminate everything that makes you uncomfortable...just like them.

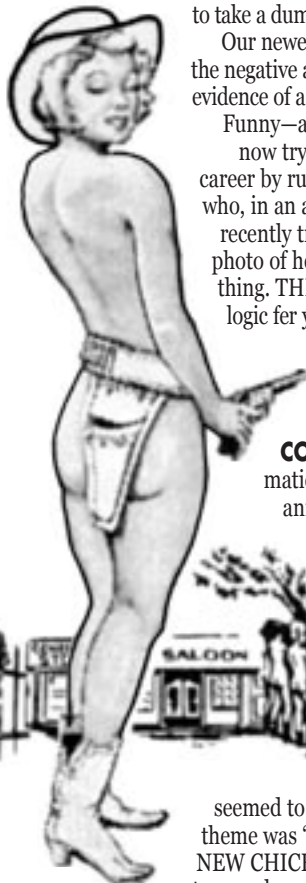
I open the *Exotic* microwave oven and pop in two more spicy hot links purchased at **Dugo's** market, which is next to **Dugo's** bar, easily the scariest place to drink in Portland. I wearily scratch my interminably itchy scalp and wonder why humorless sanctimony seems to afflict lesbians so disproportionately. Can't they take a *pill* for that or something?

I ADMIT I'VE SMOKED CRACK, even though it was a long time ago. Never had a habit—I smoked it maybe a half-dozen times. It gave me the same weather-balloon-sized head rush as nitrous oxide or amyl nitrite. But I am the only one in the office who admits I've smoked crack. They say that crack's an East Coast thing. Many of them freely admit to having smoked PCP, but crack? No, no, they shrug dismissively, as if I'm uncultured merely for suggesting it.

This all comes as a HUGE surprise to me. I thought *everyone* smoked crack. You look at some of those dancers at some of the slimmer places, and you'd swear that half of their bodies were *made* of crack. I thought this industry's economy *revolved* around big yellowy golfball-sized crack rocks, huge white clouds of crack smoke spewing from the lungs of strippers and wealthy businessmen scraping melon balls out of each other's brains in a doomed quest to find that last unmet need that hides deep within their skulls.

But I was wrong. I stand corrected. Crack cocaine does not rule the sex industry, at least not in Portland. That honor belongs to **crank**.

X



seemed to understand that the essay contest's theme was "WHY I SHOULD BE EXOTIC'S NEW CHICK COLUMNIST" and instead chose to reveal unsolicited details regarding their personal sex lives. So we'll keep the contest open, hoping that someone out there possesses a vagina, a brain, and a writing instrument that is somehow able to connect the two. Entries should total around 650 words and can be e-mailed to xmag@qwest.net with the subject header CHICK COLUMNIST

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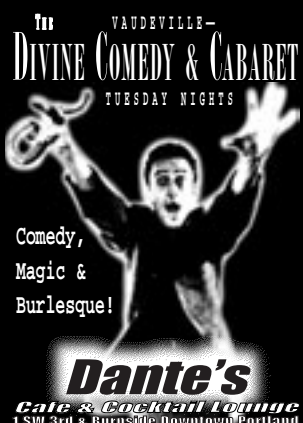


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I didn't really hate sex all that much until I started writing this column. My inner frigid bitch—I call her Frigidia—only really emerged when I started churning out anti-sex tirades every month. But even as my pen spewed sexual vitriol, in the back of my mind I still counted on my sexuality as something I could whip out in case of emergency. If needed, I could shut Frigidia back in the closet, lube up, and rise to the occasion. But the other night the occasion did arise—and I realized that once you let your inner frigid bitch out, there's no going back!

The realization came when I ran into one of my old sugar daddies. I had successfully avoided this doddering old Texas millionaire for the past year—he was so physically horrifying that no amount of money was worth banging him! He had a bad hip, which made walking difficult—he had to use a walking stick everywhere he went—so imagine what sex was like! Many's the time I nearly suffocated beneath his wheezing 6'4", 280-pound bulk. His hip was so bad that he could barely heave himself atop me and then lie there like a white-haired brontosaurus, flapping his tail every now and then. Not an experience I cared to repeat, no matter what kind of money was involved!

"He was so physically horrifying that no amount of money was worth banging him!"

But it just so happened that I was in desperate financial straits when I ran into him this time, so I swallowed my disgust, dusted off my box, and told Frigidia to take a hike. But she refused to obey! I tried to chase her off with a double Grey Goose on the rocks, but my date wasn't one to wait around while I exorcised my demons! He was sitting there, tapping his foot impatiently! Not only had he not been in my hallowed pants for over a year; in the interim, he had also gotten a replacement hip...and he was eager to try out his limber new moves on me. So it was ready or not, here I come!

New hip or no, when we finally got busy he was as clumsy as ever—and to make matters worse, while he was laid up in the hospital recovering from the surgery, he had gained fifteen pounds! With my rusty equipment, I don't know how I survived the ordeal, but let me tell you, it was a real marathon. Due to his advanced age he could barely maintain an erection, even with his stupid Viagra, and I had to resort to all manner

of sexy hijinks to get him up. Even then, he would go limp after about three pokes. And the whole time that bitch Frigidia was laughing in my ear—"For this you tried to chase me off? Get over it!" Finally, the old man managed to squeeze out a few drops and rolled over, satisfied, and I shot out of bed to go scour my box with ammonia and Lysol, and to welcome Frigidia back into the driver's seat. *Never again*, I swore to her. *Never!*

In the end I collected \$300, which my sugar daddy made sure to inform me was "not for last night, but just to help you out with bills." Whatever! We—Frigidia and I—were in a hurry, because it just so happened that I had a gynecologist's appointment that same day. Yes, even after the night's horrors, it wasn't over yet for my beleaguered box. I went straight from a dick to a speculum, but let me tell you, after what I had been through, that pap smear was a cakewalk. But thank God I only go to the gynecologist once a year—I'm safe for another 364 days. As for any other foreign objects that want into my private club...Frigidia is here to stay, and she is one tough bouncer!



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SEPTEMBER 2002

"Nothing but the Naked Truth"

Nine Years of Decadence Remembered (and Jacob the Goldfish's Final Chapter)

Where exactly do you begin a story like this? Actually it all started about nine years ago when a man named Frank discovered a way to make a living off of an addiction to strippers and called it *Exotic* magazine. This story doesn't necessarily end in "happily ever after"...in fact, it hasn't ended at all. But another year's passing was celebrated last month at **Stars Cabaret** when all the twisted and brilliant minds behind this magazine came together for a night of bonding among the *Exotic* brotherhood.

We invited all of you to share in this moment, and to those of you who witnessed this event, all I can say is...YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING. For those of you who missed it, I'll give you a quick condensed version.

We announced our Covergirl of the Year—**Isis**. The masses have spoken, and this goddess will be gracing our cover again very soon.

Then we launched into the third episode of our serialized sitcom, *Jacob the Goldfish*. This column has all but adopted this poor deceased fish as a bit of a mascot over the past two months. So it was only natural that a humorous gesture be made to our host Rick Callous regarding his murdered pet. I arrived at the party with a handsome goldfish to award Rick with and was shocked to discover that Rick had purchased the exact same gift for me as well. We both intended this as closure to the story of Jacob the Goldfish. Early in the evening, after almost ashing a cigarette in one of the fishbowls, a chilling thought occurred to me that

Jacob II and Jacob III might not make it though the night. I had no idea it would be at the hands, or should I say *throats*, of two *Exotic* staff members.

The first fish was swallowed without warning by our no-nonsense general manager **Bryan Bybee** for no apparent reason and without any provocation on the fish's part. The second was proudly swallowed on stage



Bryan Bybee and Bobby Baldwin proudly swallowed goldfish at a recent Exotic soiree, savagely piling up more bodies in the Goldfish Holocaust this magazine has engendered.

by our mild-mannered production manager **Bobby Baldwin**. Alcohol does wondrous things. Our attempts at trying to correct a horrible wrongdoing by Rick was unfortunately turned into a vulgar display of cruelty by two of our own. Or maybe it was just hunger...maybe next year you should put some meat on that "free buffet" there, Rick. The pasta just wasn't quite cutting it.

Last month I asked Rick how many more fish had to die before this story would reach its conclusion. And now two more have fallen, so it's time for me to let this one go. Jacob will always live on in my heart...and in the bowels of my associates.

Exotic magazine's newest staffer KOOK DOGG, here dressed as an Evil Tiki Demon, continues his mission to make every woman in Portland uncomfortable.

Spooky's Quest for the Porn Afterlife

"You're an angry, bitter man trapped inside an industry full of people that you hate!!!"

This is a direct quotation from one of my favorite advertisers expressing his feelings on what kind of a person my job here at *Exotic* has turned me into over the past four years. This was brought about as we were discussing my tongue-in-cheek account of several violent lingerie models in last month's *Erotic City*. (Most of what I say here is the truth, people—maybe it's the truth you don't necessarily want to hear, but we're all adults here, aren't we? Can we take a joke, even if we're sometimes the punchline?)

After this individual shared this statement with me, I pondered the potential possibility that perhaps he was right. Now...I definitely don't hate all of you, but I'm afraid that there are actually quite a lot of individuals involved in this industry I don't love. "Hate" is such a strong and powerful word. Maybe I'm a little angry, possibly a little bitter...but trapped? Well, our much feared and sarcastically respected boss here at *Exotic* (Not Frank, he escaped this afternoon to be pepper-sprayed during the downtown Bush riots.) insisted I finish this column tonight instead of in the morning. At one point I was forbidden to even leave for dinner. I won that battle but returned to close out the night shift. Now well-fed, and currently handcuffed

to my keyboard, I'm gonna give you whatever I can so that I will be allowed to go home and get some rest. So I'm not trapped I suppose...I believe the more accurate terminology would be "imprisoned by porn."

Last month I mentioned my "retirement." Some of you even voiced concern about the possibility. Here's the story this month, kiddies. Consider this as an engagement ring. Just like a wedding, we're gonna set a date. There will be a big party and all my closest friends (all two of 'em, seeing as how I hate everyone out there) will be invited. And then the honeymoon begins. The date...sometime next summer. In case you have no idea what the fuck I'm talking about, this means I intend to break the chains and bust out of the porn penitentiary where I've been shackled in for the past seven years.



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I think this time; it's not going to be funny. I think this time, someone might get hurt.

I remember the injustices of the past. Cowering in corners. Shitting on floors. Forced into forgiveness.

Not this time.

Cross me. Please. Give me a chance to make it up to you.

Hold me in your warm arms again so I can strike. Bring me close to your heart so I can bite into it, a mouth thick with what should be your blood. My venom will be stronger than yours. The urine flowing through your veins will kill you in the end. I'll be able to smell it in the dark. I can smell the things you have been eating. Candy should make you sweet,



Bunny. You hide in the bathroom curled behind the toilet, and I can smell you there. Longish hair falls in front of your sick face. I wish I could say it was pock-marks from self-surgery but your skin is as smooth as the porcelain you rest it upon...besides the shit smears. And is the shit in your house from your ass or are you clean like you are supposed to be?

Did you want this to happen? (I have to think you did.)

It's dark in the bathroom right now, and you're probably trying to remember better times you had there. It might be hard. Every time you trap a moment of joy in your head, the touch of the cool linoleum curling up in the

“Hold me in your warm arms again so I can strike,
Bring me close to your heart so I can bite into it...”

corners on your heels and the mildewed carpet under at least eight of your toes brings you back to right now. If only you could get your toes off of that fucking carpet....you've seen Vena in the mornings, as you two get ready for school, piss all over that carpet. You know that's just the way he is, so you don't get mad but you do get a little grossed-out even though he's your brother. Mom says he has trouble listening, so she went to a doctor and got him little pink pills to make him pay more attention in school.

You try to be still. Back pressed against the wall. Tiny dinosaur bones pressed against the wall through a thin and faded nightshirt. You remember the first time you saw it...Christmas morning. That was when you and Vena still looked alike. You got matching kimonos and fake fur bears bigger than him but not you. You were turning into a worse person by the second. You were something to be ashamed of. You were something to be burned.

You should have hid in the closet. The closet already smells like urine, so I would have never known you were in there. You pissed in there because you were an animal, a small beast reveling in the scents you should have been ashamed of. Hunched low to the ground far in the corner letting the waves of piss run down your legs and sitting in it. Small red raised welts like thousands of ants had bit you on the inner part of your thighs. The uncomfortable part was the most fun. The most memorable.

The things you did to me just by your presents. The things you sat through are unforgivable. And now I can remember...you crying.

I wanted to hurt you more because of the crying. Twist your skin into flower patterns. Bite only your fingers until they bled and then tell you I would let you go if you could only open the door. You're fumbling with the knob, blood and tears smearing, making it impossible to open. Screaming in frustration. Snot coming into play with the sweat and the tears and the blood. A lovely strawberry milkshake down the front of your face.

If only I could make you understand. I'm doing this so you won't turn into me. So you won't have to remember. Memory is the worst thing, I'm saving you. Call me Christ in the mornings and call me patients at night. X

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Without question, the most exciting media event of the summer was a rare Portland appearance by a rare individual: 60s iconoclast and political gadfly, status-quo annihilator and all-around provocateur, Paul Krassner.

Krassner, of course, is the founder and editor of *The Realist* (don't worry, I don't know or give a flying care what it is, either), *goombah* of Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin (*they* weren't annoying smacked asses and self-promoting charlatans, were they?), and editor of Lenny Bruce's autobiography.



When judging Ken Kesey and his tie-dyed company as thinkers, revolutionaries, visionaries, whatever, I'm afraid we have to take one disturbing fact into consideration: He thought the Grateful Dead made good music.

Sorry to deflate your sacred cows, but the only worthwhile contribution to the culture to ever come out of Oregon is The Kingsmen's version of "Louie Louie." And the studio where they cut it is now a gay bar. There's metaphorical gold in them thar hills.

But I'll second *Willamette Week's* motion that Sleater-Kinney is "the greatest Portland band EVER!" Prim, painfully arty, humorless, of interest to an elitist few

(who happen to own the "alternative press")—perfect.

This same handful of droppable names—don't white intellectuals ever want to just scream?



PAUL KRASSNER:
Haunting church basements

What's that mean? "Let's go with a semicolon here, Len. Len? Lenny? *For the love of God, Lenny, wake up!*"

He appeared at the "Artichoke" something-or-other and also in the basement of some church. Each venue holds twelve people, and there wasn't an empty seat in the house.

The Portland Alliance's Dave "Overeating for Social Justice" Mazza occupied four seats himself. There was an unfortunate incident when a member of WAD (Women Against Dicks) tripped over the wheelbarrow Mazza

keeps with him at all times in case he comes

across a food co-op.

Food was provided by Cassidy's, a sinister bohemian outpost for political dissidents and the radical fringe. Isn't it interesting that the lovely ladies of the SLA and that former militant broad who turned up in Eugene a few years back would all be involved in *chi chi* restaurants where "workers" are so welcome? Why does a flip from pipe bombs to place settings not surprise this observer of class, culture, and entitled 60s wackjobs?



SLEATER-KINNEY:
Great, if you like Portland

Like *The Portland Tribune* pushing a decrepit Krassner due only to the bent of its likeminded (and like-aged) staff while their "new" paper puts the city to sleep and loses a reported ten million dollars a year.

In a recent documentary on Lenny Bruce, no less a social outcast and emissary from the dark underbelly of life than Hugh Hefner said, "He told

PHIL STANFORD:
Underground journalist



"When judging Ken Kesey and his tie-dyed company as thinkers, revolutionaries, visionaries, whatever, I'm afraid we have to take one disturbing fact into consideration: He thought the Grateful Dead made good music."

I learned of Krassner's appearance in the underground paper *The Portland Tribune* in a column penned by sixty-something subversive Phil Stanford.

Phil later shared this highlight: "Counter culture icon Paul Krassner was struck by that announcement for arriving passengers at P-town International:

'Please keep forward motion as you exit.'...Contrarian that he is, Paul tried a couple steps backward. 'But it didn't work,' he says."

Oookay. *Great* story. What do you do for a living?

In the media blip preceding seventy-something Krassner's coming, we also learned that he and Oregon native son Ken Kesey were "lifelong friends."

I think we already knew that.



LENNY BRUCE:
Anti-authoritarian snitch

the truth, so they killed him." If so, "they" weren't exactly The Man. Professional anti-authoritarian Lenny Bruce was a police informant.

The Media Stalker's opposed to two or more likeminded persons banding together for any reason.

Dig this: when the yuppied-out *Portland Tribune* holds a pep rally, its owner, a filthy-rich industrialist heir and ordained minister, hands out hundred dollar bills to his earnest little reporters and boho-chic "counterculture" devotees.

Thank you, Reverend. I'll use this for some Bukowski and Rimbaud.

Shifty Henry said to Bugs, "For heaven's sake."

X

Hate anyone in the media's fucking guts? Have any photos of them in compromising positions with underaged dwarves or livestock? Share with us, won't you? Send all incriminating evidence to "Media Stalker" c/o this mag.

Hard Times

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GOOD THINGS COME IN PAIRS...

NORTH ↑ TO ↓ ALASKA

All economies function according to the laws of supply and demand. As things stand in Alaska, there's a huge demand for strippers...there's just not much of a supply. Up here in the state with the highest male-to-female ratio in the country...and one of the highest average incomes in the country... there are a lot of lonely men with a lot of disposable cash. And the Alaskan strippers, while certainly nice and eager to please, don't nearly compare to the beauty and expertise of the girls here in Portland.

The right girl, with the right looks and the right attitude, could make a gold mine up there.

Most Americans who live down in the Lower 48 are unaware of what riches await them up in the land of the Northern Lights. Few know that the state of Alaska actually PAYS its citizens to live there. Every year starting in the Fall, the state begins doling out what are known as "dividends," averaging roughly two thousand dollars for every man, woman, and child in the state. That means that a family of five receives \$10,000 every year! And Alaskans, being the hard-drinkin', hard-lovin' frontier folk that they are, hardly ever spend their dividend checks on durable goods. Instead, they spend it on the ol' standbys: whiskey and women. Therefore, every Fall when the dividend checks start rolling in, Alaskan sex workers stand to rake in a goldmine. And these dividend checks fairly pale in comparison to the compensatory corporate subsidy checks awarded every year to Alaskan natives (it's no longer considered polite to call them "Eskimos"), who receive anywhere from a couple thousand to FIFTY THOUSAND dollars in free money.

And although it seems like everyone in Alaska is receiving free government handouts, rare is the Alaskan who really needs it. There are a LOT of millionaires who've chosen to call this state home because they appreciate its wild beauty and its frontier spirit. And in a state where entertainment options are limited compared to cities in the continental United States, a

high percentage of Alaskans' disposable income lands in the eager laps of the state's sex-industry workers.

There are only nineteen strip clubs in this entire massive state, but none are so hospitable to Oregon sex workers as **The Showboat** in Anchorage and the **Showboat II** in Fairbanks. The clubs' owner, Jerry Stallman, was generous enough to provide your humble reporter with roundtrip airfare between Portland and the cities of Anchorage and Fairbanks, plus two nights of free lodging and meals, merely because he wanted me to get a feel for his clubs and how much opportunity there is in Alaska for sex-industry workers.

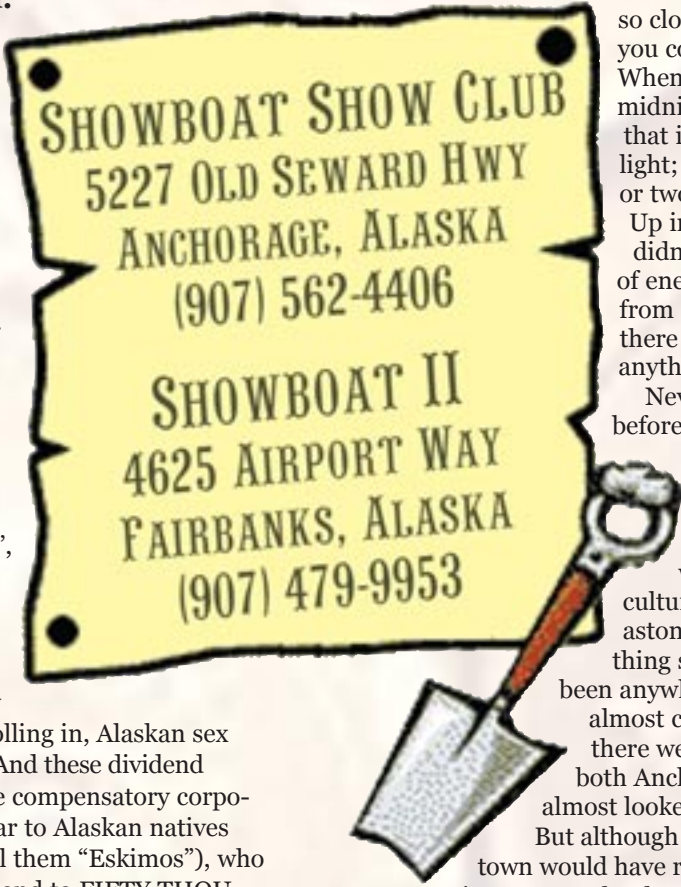
My plane flight from Portland to Anchorage lasted a little over three hours. I flew up in midsummer, which is the best time to see Alaska. The sun seems so close, so warm and bright, that you could reach up and touch it. When I flew into Anchorage after midnight, I was shocked to see that it was still bathed in dusky light; it only got dark for an hour or two in the middle of the night.

Up in Fairbanks the next night, it didn't get dark *at all*. I felt a rush of energy that must have come from absorbing all that light. Up there under the midnight sun, anything seemed possible.

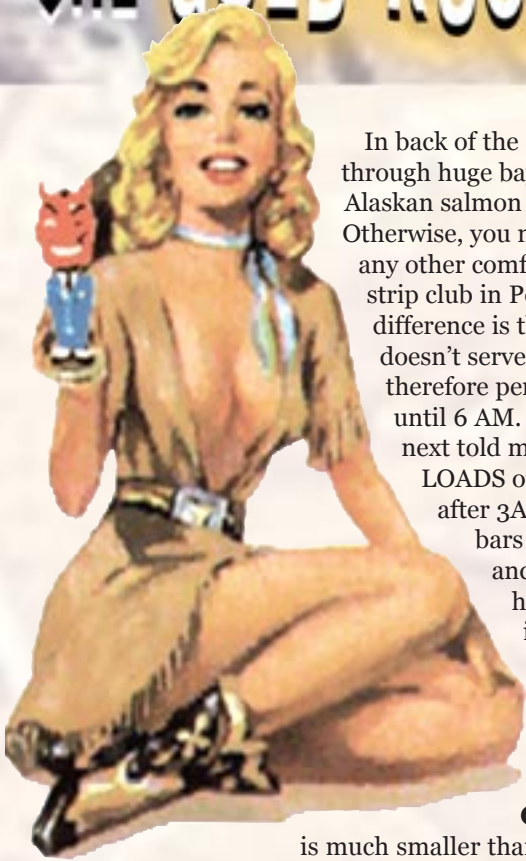
Never having been to Alaska before, I wasn't sure what to expect and wouldn't have been surprised to have encountered igloos, dog sleds, and red-nosed reindeer. But there was very little in the way of culture shock. Instead, I was astonished at how *familiar* everything seemed. It almost could have been anywhere in the Lower 48. It almost could have been Beaverton—there were even Fred Meyer stores in both Anchorage and Fairbanks. It almost looked like home.

But although a quick drive out of either town would have revealed the sort of jaw-dropping scenery that has lured the adventure-minded to Alaska for more than a century, that wasn't what I came to see. I was there to see strip clubs.

My first stop was Anchorage's **Showboat Show Club**. The city of Anchorage, with half the state's population, still has the lowest population density of all large American cities. Its size means that it offers all of the amenities of a big city with almost none of the drawbacks.



THE GOLD RUSH IS ON FOR SEX WORKERS!!!



In back of the Showboat, visible through huge bay windows, giant Alaskan salmon swim upstream. Otherwise, you might mistake it for any other comfortable, mid-sized strip club in Portland. The main difference is that the Showboat doesn't serve alcohol and is therefore permitted to stay open until 6 AM. One girl after the next told me that there are **LOADS** of cash to be made after 3AM, when the city's bars are forced to close and their drunk-and-horny patrons spill into The Showboat for some after-hours fun.

JUST SOUTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, Fairbanks

is much smaller than Anchorage.

Accordingly, it has a more rustic, saloon-town feel. The Showboat's dancers often alternate between the two clubs, making the six-hour drive or taking a one-hour flight every few weeks or so. I flew up from Anchorage to

Fairbanks on a tiny 16-seat propeller jet past majestic Mt. McKinley, the highest peak in North America. The **Showboat II** is one of only two strip clubs in Fairbanks, and the night I was there, nearly two dozen girls kept themselves busy all night stripping, giving lap dances, and entertaining their more distinguished clients in the private VIP rooms.

The club's manager told me that most of Fairbanks' citizens tended to be wealthy. He said that

as a result of the city's deep-rooted wealth, many of the dancers who stuck with the business for a while were able to own their houses outright, not to mention two or three cars.

I spoke with two girls from Portland who said they'd arrived in Fairbanks earlier in the day after a four-day drive from P-Town to Alaska. They said they'd made the trip after hearing other girls tell of all the money there is to be made "way up north."

There are currently an estimated two to three thousand erotic dancers in Portland. I'd be surprised if there were two *hundred* in the entire *state* of Alaska. And as stated before, it isn't due to a lack of demand...it's due to a lack of girls willing to make the trip.

The Showboat's management is looking for dancers willing to take an Alaskan adventure for a minimum of six weeks.



"Up here in the state with the highest male-to-female ratio in the country... and one of the highest average incomes in the country... there are a lot of lonely men with a lot of disposable cash."

They are also seeking male dancers and experienced club managers. They are even willing to offer assistance with lodging and airfare, too. In my dealings with them, they were friendly, sincere, and reasonable. Their owner Terry Stallman was quite the amusing character with an impressively colorful personal history...worthy of an article all on his own.

Give it a chance. You might have the time of your life. Even if you just "want to get away" for a few months, it's a great option. Give 'em a call and tell them *Exotic* sent you. X



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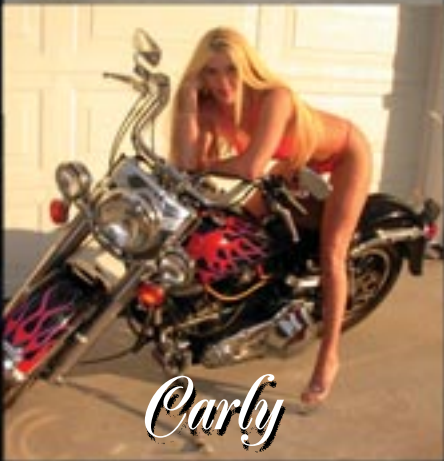
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i respect you as a WOMAN and a PERSON

once in a while? I'm a guy, I can relate to appreciating a pretty girl, but why do they have to be so Neanderthal about it? I'm not like that. It's not your body. I want you to know that deep in your heart. It's important to me that we connect on a higher level so our relationship can mature and grow. In fact, I'd like to detail just how much I've thought about your life experience and how it has shaped you as a woman and a person. I have empathy and understanding for...

1. YOUR STRUGGLE AS A WOMAN

I can only imagine how hard it's been. Treated as a second-class citizen from the playground onward. Always "just a girl." Always being paid less for doing the same job as a man. Always treated as if your opinions are invalid. Always looked at like a piece of meat, as if you've got absolutely nothing to contribute except your sexuality. Oh, I've noticed the way it is. The wolf-whistles, all the drunken slobbs hitting on you like it's OK to invade the personal space you need as a woman and a person. It makes me sick to think that it happens to every woman, everywhere, all the time. I know it's hard to be in a relationship with a man who has never had these kinds of problems. Sometimes I think most guys take being a man for granted, like they were born that way. I wish I could be a woman for just one day, to experience the feelings of powerlessness so I could connect with you and understand the trauma that results from living in a...

2. MALE-DOMINATED SOCIETY

How you manage to be a caring, emotional individual in a world of male insensitivity is beyond me. The fact that you have retained your sense of self after all the abuse is what makes you beautiful as a woman and a person. Men have mistreated women for far too long. The forefathers of this nation (not

my fathers, man) intentionally structured this society with but one goal in mind: subjugation of the female gender. Every facet of our culture slices away at the dignity, sanctity, and humanity of womanhood. Some form of spousal abuse, be it emotional, verbal, or physical, runs rampant in every household, and the male-dominated society ensures that a woman has no recourse. Look at how many rapists walk free after committing the most despicable, piggish crime man has ever known! Do you know why that happens?

Because of a deliberate, organized male cabal. Why do you think they call it the old BOY network? Consider all the judges and cops and lawyers buy into the whole "look at the way she was dressed" argument as a justification for rape. Guess

what, guys? There IS no justification for rape, and this misogynist, kangaroo-court system has got to end if we, as a civilization, are to continue. I don't believe that you, as a woman and a person, should have to cover your body because men are such animals. I need you to know, deep, deep down, that I respect you and your natural right to...

3. EXPRESSION OF YOUR WOMANHOOD

by tWig jErMAINE

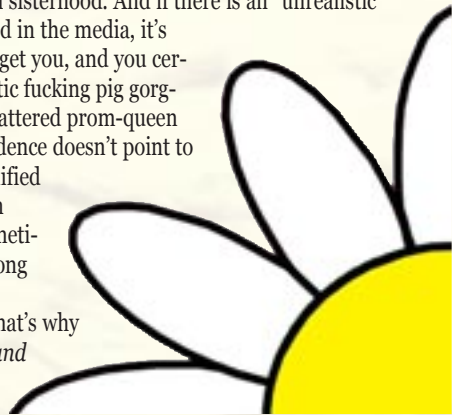
I support the reclamation of your body. I feel that you should be able to express your femininity in any way you see fit without infringement by the male power-culture. I am aware that the men who control the media posit an unrealistic standard of beauty. This is just another tool of control used to insure that women are seen as nothing more than sexual beings. Women are incessantly pressured to undergo dangerous breast-enhancement procedures all for the benefit of the chauvinist. I'm not that way, honey. I respect and love you for who you are. I'm proud of the decisions you've made with respect to tattoos and piercings. It really tells the power structure, "Look, Buster Brown, this body is MINE." I recognize your right to do as you please with your own body. I believe that no male should ever try to enforce his warped perceptions of sexuality on you, a woman and a person. You probably have never heard a male say this before, and it's high time you did: You should not feel ashamed of your vagina. In fact, I wish I had a vagina so I could be cursed with having a vagina. Which brings me to...

4. YOUR PERIOD

Your period is...um...not gross. It doesn't smell bad. No, dead blood and uterus everywhere isn't off-putting in the least. My soul-boy posturing isn't humiliating, either, and I'm sure on some level it's worth the uninspired sex I might get on account of it. Your reactions to the world around you, unfair as the world may be from time to time, aren't just fucking weak and creepy. If men stare at your tits, it

isn't because looking at your face may inadvertently encourage you to open you yap again. If males dominate society, it isn't because they're a trifle more resilient than the ineffectual sisterhood. And if there is an "unrealistic" standard of beauty presented in the media, it's because the media is out to get you, and you certainly aren't merely a pathetic fucking pig gorging herself on the slop of shattered prom-queen daydreams. The natural evidence doesn't point to a mewling species of personified baggage that associates with men because women are genetically incapable of getting along without them. It ain't sour grapes. Nah. Couldn't be. That's why I respect you. As a woman and a person. X

"I wish I could be a woman for just one day, to experience the feelings of powerlessness so I could connect with you..."



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I'm often accused of being a misogynist. I am. 100%. I hate women.

Unfortunately, I also love women. I have to; they're the ones I have sex with. See, it's sort of complicated.

Misogyny, according to the dictionary, is a hatred of women. It's the New Chauvinism; no different from what was called "sexist" twenty years ago, somebody just picked up a thesaurus and decided to up the ante a bit.

These days, if you say, for instance, that women are weak, or crazy, you're not a sexist, you're a misogynist.

You *hate* women.

A Coors billboard campaign, "Here's to Twins," went up recently. It features a pair of attractive identical twin women, and the gender-equality watchdog groups just about shit their pants. They condemned it as misogynistic, and it was vandalized. Pork-faced feminists across the city slobbered in approval. Anonymous activists had slain the giant Sexist Dragon: "And we'll do it again." Excuse me while I grimace.

Since when are images of attractive women sexist? When have companies with a product even remotely lifestyle-related not used images of beautiful people in their ads? It's Coors' job to sell beer, so in order to increase their sales, they concoct an ad campaign that subtly implies that if you drink Coors, you'll be ass-fucking sets of horny blonde twins in the bathroom of the sports bar. While that may seem ridiculous...and it is...it's also highly effective marketing. The same principle is used in Pillsbury commercials, where it's implied that if you purchase a sack of uncooked vegetable oil and sugar, you will transform your family into a perfect lily-white unit of interlocking beatific grins. Successful marketing is built on the idea that "If you buy our product, your dreams will come true."

It's a billboard, not a backhand. It's a picture of two women, not a picture of a man beating two women, with a caption reading "This is the Right Thing to Do!" Last time I checked, guys who drink a lot of beer like to look at beautiful women. The strip-club industry seems to support this contention. If Coors' consumer base is men who like blonde bimbos, why is it sexist to cater to that appetite? Would it be better if we dyed the girl's hair black and had them wear Buddy Holly glasses? Really? Why?

WARD JUSTICE



Gender Samaritans believe that misogynistic speech influences people. Notoriously homosexual techno-pop star Moby said in a recent interview that the anti-female lyrics of rap artist and noted whipping post Eminem were actually "dangerous." He seems to be implying

that if Eminem hates women, then the people who listen to his music will not only hate women as well, but will proceed to *beat* women. This is the central cog of the

feminist witch-hunter's irrationality machine—that art, advertising, and music displaying disdain for the fairer sex leads to actual violence. What a patently ludicrous idea. A shit-party. A crock. An ideological stink bomb. A loaded diaper.

If music or advertising influences someone toward violence, that person should be shot. They're destined to be a danger to society for the rest of their lives. If they happen to read racist literature, they'd slaughter black people. If they read something with an anarchist theme, they'd run down the street shooting policemen. They're not people, they're robots. All I would have to do is write a song about suicide, and they'll blow their heads off. Wait. Didn't that already happen a few dozen times?

Or maybe, just maybe, they might actually bear some responsibility for their actions. In fact, unless everyone admits to absolute and total responsibility for all of his or her actions, I'll have to carry an assault rifle. How can I be sure that the girl walking down the street hasn't been listening to Bikini Kill, or some other kind of anti-male music?

I'm in danger!

with OFFICER PARTRIDGE

Funny, isn't it? When you go around telling people that what they say or advertise is dangerous, you're telling them that their audience is so unbelievably stupid, they can't be trusted not to act out their fantasies. When you tell me that Eminem's "hate music" causes violence against women, you tell me that you think the millions of people who listen to him are brain-damaged, highly suggestible automatons. You say that people cannot control themselves, that they're no better than animals. You shout at the top of your lungs that the entire human race is debilitately retarded.

They have a name for people like that. Misanthrope. And yeah, I'm one of those, too.

X

"This is the central cog of the feminist witch-hunter's irrationality machine—that art, advertising, and music displaying disdain for the fairer sex leads to actual violence. What a patently ludicrous idea."

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What's your fucking problem?

ADVICE FROM DEMI MONDAINE

LOW SELF-ESTEEM: The second-biggest roofie

I'm sick of hearing about chicks who date broke musicians, love love love them, feed them, give 'em money, clean them up and show them off at parties like drunken tattooed unicorns, inevitably BITCHING at them later on about how "you're drunk/high/fired/going on tour/fucking your ex AGAIN???" and guilt-trip them about they should settle down, grow up, and CHANGE.

Imagine, if you will, you've won the lottery. WOO-HOOOO!

Giant checks from the lottery office are pouring in every week. Suddenly, they stop...long before your total winnings have been doled out. "Hey!" you cry on the phone to Joe Lottery Guy, "Where's the rest of my dough?" The voice on the other end is terse and hurt-sounding.

"Oh, I'M sorry. You LIKE all the money you're getting? Well, one wouldn't THINK so, since you've never ONCE THANKED ME FOR IT."

You were probably too busy ENJOYING your money and HAVING FUN to think about thanking the guy sending it to you. "FORGET ABOUT IT," you stammer, "WHATEVER, I UNDERSTAND," [click]

"Low self-esteem begs to be exploited."

So you want your lead guitar player boyfriend to stop spending your money, lying and cheating and want him to, essentially, change?

Well, "lycanthropy" is a myth among white people. It's a sacred skill, called "shape-shifting" among Lakota Sioux and a few other native American cultures, I think, but your boyfriend sounds less like a werewolf and more like your garden-variety, underfed, overstoned, white Oregonian Band Dude. Usually, what you see is what you get with O.B.D.s. He won't change. Let's look at you.

You're a groupie. You fancy yourself a muse, but in reality, you're just a girl with an apartment and a job who likes to fuck guys in bands. You feel compelled to pay for things so these guys will like hanging around with you because, well, they GET stuff. Low self-esteem begs to be exploited. A lot of my male musician friends are uncomfortable with all of your generosity at first...but the van DOES need new tires, and you INSISTED...

O.B.D.s aren't bad people, but they're usually only good for a hot stab in the van or making out once in a while. I repeat...they won't change, nor should they. They're perfectly happy being who they are, and for cripe's sakes...you're paying them to be just that. If you're the one who's unhappy...duhhhhh.

And when you say "change," WHAT exactly do you mean? Change into what? What did you want in the first place? Well guess what...I'll bet THAT GUY, the nice, responsible guy you want your current thing to magically morph into...tried to talk to you at the bar you met Junior Rockstar at...and I'll bet you totally dissed him. You might have even cackled, "whatta fag!" to your girlfriends. THAT GUY prob'ly walked away while you were meowing for the oh-so-cute 150-pound yoke of broke bullshit you're carrying around right now.

Maybe you won't dump him because you're afraid he'll get famous without you. You like the idea of being a little helper on his ride to the top, where one day, maybe, he will pull you onstage during his acceptance speech at the MTV Music Awards and tell the world that YOU were the only one who really stuck by him. YOU were the ONE who made it all happen. Then, as he hands you the shiny spaceman statue, he kneels and begs you to marry him while the camera sweeps around the packed-and-cheering auditorium to catch Fred Durst wiping a tear away while he mouths the words, "Man. That was so fucking beautiful...."

If you think that's amusing, good. Get hip and move along to a person who suits you better. If you don't get at all what I'm saying, you're prob'ly gonna keep cart-wheeling into dead-end relationships until you're one of those sagging hags plopping along behind your swollen 49-year-old boyfriend, carrying his guitar stand into his piss-stink happy-hour gig where you blend into the background smoke and bad whiteguy blues. While you quietly chew holes inside your cheeks....you know you coulda been somebody special's somebody.

Rock on with your bad self.

X



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In search of...the PROSTATE

For proof that God has a cruel sense of humor, one need look no further than the fact that he hid the male G-spot about three inches up every man's ass.

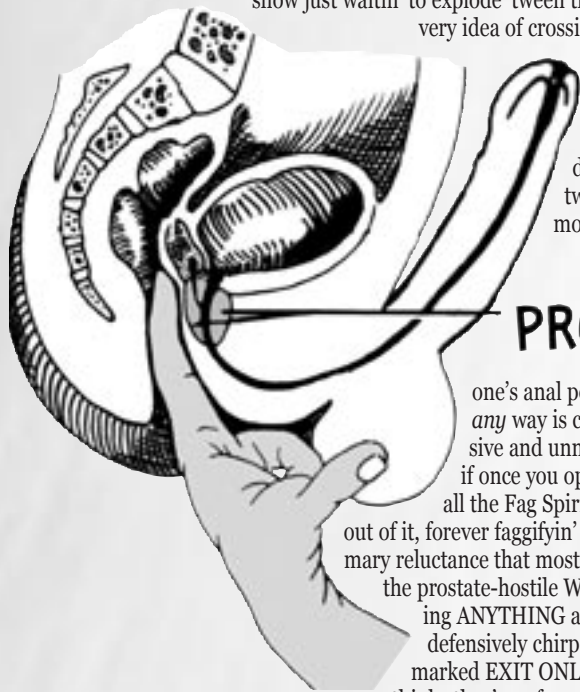
By day, the prostate is a walnut-sized gland exclusive to males. Its job is to produce seminal fluid. But at night, it becomes a fun-loving, rebellious, attention-seeking, *naughty* gland that is always primed and READY FOR ACTION.

Of course, when men get older, the prostate gets all bloated and football-sized, leading to humiliating impotence and infantilizing, diaper-necessitating urinary dysfunction...and, in many cases, death. Prostate cancer ain't no fun. No way. In fact, even the *idea* of prostate cancer is a turnoff. And I wouldn't want any of you to associate the humble prostate gland, which, when in its prime, is a lil' red panic button that can launch atom-bomb-sized orgasms, with unpleasant things such as chemotherapy and spinal injections, so I'd better steer the conversation back toward pleasure—rather than flesh-searing, never-ending pain—quickly.

Since the prostate is composed of roughly the same cluster of tissues that form the female G-spot, the term "male G-spot" is scientifically accurate. In fact, the entire anal area is the second-largest bundle o' nerves in the human body next to the genitals. And since the prostate gland butts up (no pun intended...well, yeah, it was) against the "penile bulb," a k a, the root of the penis that extends up inside the body, it is crucial to male pleasure.

But even though most men might realize there's a Fourth of July fireworks show just waitin' to explode 'tween their buttocks, the

very idea of crossin' into that section of town implies weakness and homosexuality, if the man in question doesn't consider the two things synonymous already. Having



PROSTATE

one's anal portal penetrated in any way is considered submissive and unmanly. It's almost as if once you open your sphincter, all the Fag Spirits come screeching out of it, forever faggifyin' you. That's the primary reluctance that most males, at least in the prostate-hostile West, harbor regarding ANYTHING ass-related. They defensively chirp that their ass is marked EXIT ONLY just so no one thinks they're a fag, not that anyone

would, anyway, because they sure don't act faggy, at least not in public.

Over in Japan, wives massage their husbands' prostates as if they were taking out the trash, and the men enjoy better orgasms and drastically lower prostate-cancer rates. And no one calls them fags. People might say they have little *dicks*, but no one calls them fags.

THE INTERNET, BLESS ITS ASS, fairly bubbles over with helpful tips on rectal fun. Much of it consists of New Agey jibberly-jabber, rendered that much more hilarious because they're talking about ASS: beautiful crystal anal wands and Tantric sphincter-contracting exercises and rectal acupressure points and letting one's significant Yin diddle up the murky passageways of your Yang and jamming one's finger up one's butt to get the ol' chakras goin'. Along with upbeat tips about anal beads and vibrating eggs, right there amid stomach-churning chitchat regarding the "pubo-rectal sling" and the sigmoid colon, and somewhere in the vicinity of a stern warning that a perforated rectum can be fatal, some self-ordained internet assmaster counsels us that:

You need to work with your anus. When you do anal play, you need to get re-acquainted with your anus....We have to learn to communicate with the anus, and communication is a two-way street...

Umm—I think I'll pass on the two-way communication with my anus. The day my anus talks back to me is the day I voluntarily depart this sad planet, OK?

Still, whatever Higher Power designed the male body made sure that the prostate gland was a throbbing crystal ball of sensitive nerve endings directly related to male sexual pleasure. And the Creator's intentions were apparently fag-neutral. It's not as if homosexuals have sensitive prostate glands and no one else. All guys are sensitive there, so that either means:

- 1) All guys are fags; or
- 2) Enjoying prostate stimulation doesn't make you a fag.

At least that's how it looks. I'd really hate to find out this late in the game that I'm a fag. I'd have to change my wardrobe and everything.

CURIOS ABOUT THIS MAGIC BUTTON lodged somewhere up my poop chute, I did some research about the prostate gland and its association with male sexual pleasure. The following is a hodgepodge of quotes from a handful of pro-prostate propagandists:

Because this gland has so much nerve conduction to the area, it's easily aroused, often resulting in an intense orgasm....It can reputedly stimulate orgasm if it is massaged, much like the vaginal G-spot can....Massage of this gland by your finger will produce some of the most delightful sensations your partner has yet to experience....When gently stimulated, the many nerve endings located there can intensify feelings of sexual arousal, actually heightening sexual sensitivity, taking him to new heights of pleasure...[and] super-heightened sexual ecstasy....Pressing or rubbing it...causes the penis to swell and engorges his erection even larger....[It] creates an intense pleasurable sensation for most men, [resulting in] crashing orgasms.

See, I'm TOTALLY down with having an engorged erection and crashing orgasms. I don't think I've ever had an orgasm that crashed in my life. That sounds really good...so good, I don't even mind if people think I'm a fag for inserting something up my butt. *You think I'm a fag, huh? Well, at least my orgasms crash, tuff guy!*

If what the experts say is true, there are some *neurological realities* here that have nothing to do with sexual preferences. At least I don't think they do, and even if they do, those crashing orgasms sound so fucking good, I'm not sure it matters.

I'm so fucking secure with my butchness, my meaty pulsing machismo-laden butch-osity, that I'm not threatened by the idea of a hot girl squeezing her finger in my ass in search of this hidden jungle temple which the Sages of Yore claim is the key to a white-hot blinding orgasm.

GLAND a k a "The Male G-Spot"

Being a rock-hard pimp daddy is fun, but sometimes it's OK to just sit back—which is what I decided to do—and let her grab the joystick for a while. As one writer on the Internet put it regarding prostate massage,

Obviously, this is a great way for your woman to show her appreciation for all that you do in bed and let you be in pure receptive mode, something that all men find relieving and absolutely delightful.

Or as another writer put it, certainly not plagiarizing the first: *Obviously, this is a great way to let your partner be in pure receptive mode, something that many men find a relief and a delight.*

THE CLOSEST THAT MOST MEN GET to a prostate massage is when their family physician jams a cold, latex-covered, petroleum-jelly-smearing finger up their ass and takes a few sharp pokes around in search of abnormalities.

The closest I got—well, I guess I went *all the way*, actually—was last night with this curvy hot redhead girl. She's kind of a freak and I guess I am, too, and we're both hyper-confident about our ability to get each other off. After I fucked her hard enough that she copped a half-dozen or so nuts, she asked me when I was going to cum. I stopped thrusting and calmly explained my editorial mission—I was in search of my prostate gland—and she agreed to help me find it.

With some coco-aloe oil and some gentle nudging, her middle finger was in. It was initially uncomfortable, but then...then...then...she touched upon something. I told her to keep touching it there. Yeah, right *there*. She was kissing me all over and telling me how sexy she thinks I am. My

hard hard HARD cock—wow, the veins NEVER bulge THAT much—was dribbling mad wet precum all the way down the shaft. And when I finally came, BOOM! Shots rang past my head and onto the pillow.

It was a crashing orgasm. And I'm not sure I'm able to articulate it clearly right now, but I think I've stumbled upon the prostate gland as some new source of male political power. Just like women

copped an attitude once they discovered their clits and G-spots, there must be some way we can work this prostate thing into something that annoys and threatens females as much as their discoveries have annoyed and threatened us.

Nah. They'd just laugh and call us fags.

X

HOW TO STIMULATE YOUR PROSTATE GLAND WITHOUT BECOMING A FAG

(at least we're PRETTY SURE it doesn't make you a fag...you can do this procedure alone, but it's much less faggy if you do it with a chick...and if you do it with another dude, well, there's no disputing that you're a PermaFag for the rest of your life, but for the purpose of these instructions—and to look as unfaggy as possible—we're going to pretend you're doing it with a chick.)

1) get that ass clean

take a shower. if you're kinky, give yourself an enema, but again, if you start doing things like that, you're veering toward crossing the international border of a nation known as Fagland.

2) find some lube

yeah, I agree, the idea of having a wet hole between your legs is sort of feminine and, sure, faggy, but unless you think rectal bleeding is groovy, it's a good idea to make sure that the, uh, toboggan track is waxed.

3) get in position

on-your-back-with-a-pillow-under-your-ass is probably the best. on-your-side-with-your-knees-up-toward-your-chest might show up as a radar blip back at Fag Control Tower. and on-your-knees-with-your-ass-in-the-air will assure you a Lifetime Fag Gold Card, with all the benefits it implies.

4) relax

if you keep tensing your sphincter muscles like that, no one will be able to get a toothpick in your ass, much less a finger. why so tense—afraid someone will think you're a fag?

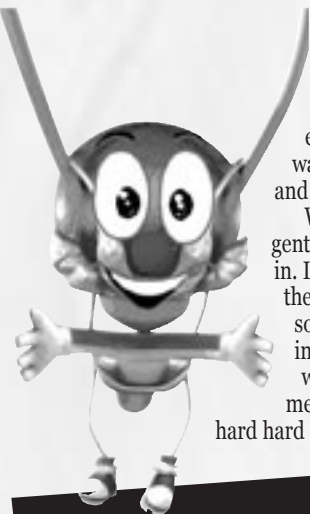
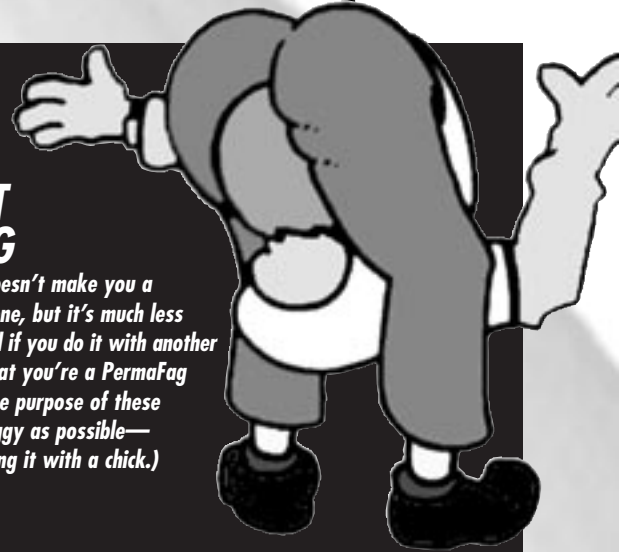
5) insert finger

meaning, of course, have the HOT CHICK you're with insert HER clean, well-lubed finger slowly and gently up your poopiehole. if you're on your back, her palm should be facing the ceiling. she should continue the slow insertion until she's up to her second knuckle or, if you can stand it, a little further. once she's up that far, she should curl her finger upward as if making a "come hither" gesture. to her, the prostate will be felt through the rectal wall as a small, spongelike lump. to you, once she finds it, the prostate will feel warm and oddly pleasurable.

from this point on, you'll both have to negotiate what feels best. many men report that prostate stimulation is enhanced while being blown or jacked off.

if the idea of any sort of anal penetration gets your Fag Fear Flag a-flyin', one can indirectly stimulate the prostate by pressing in sharply on the "grundle" area between your anus and your testicles. if you hadn't noticed already, your hard penis extends up into your body toward that area and ends near the prostate gland.

have fun, you jackoff! and I won't tell anyone you're a fag!

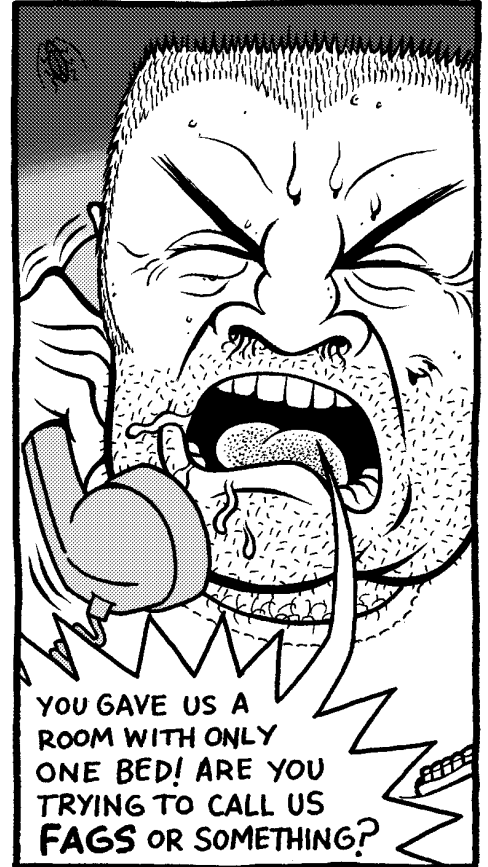
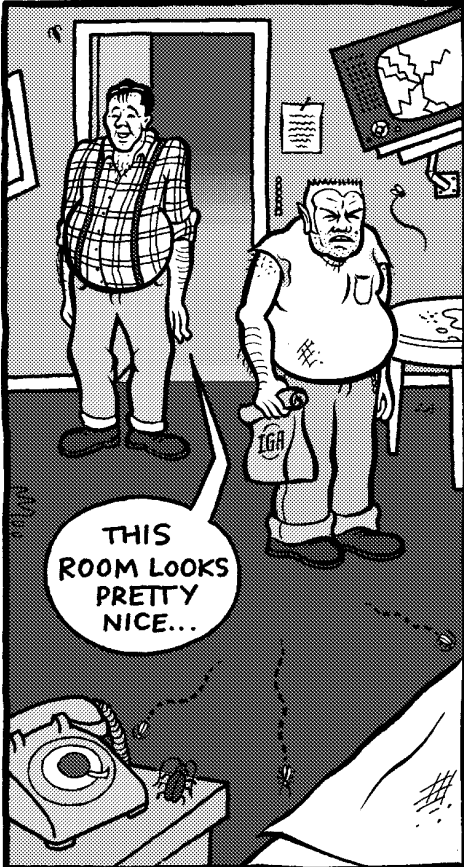


"PROSTEE THE HAPPY PROSTATE GLAND" is a cartoon figure designed to help men relax and enjoy the sensual delights lurking a short distance up their rectums.



TRUCKER FAGS IN DENIAL

STORY BY
JIM GOAD
ART BY JIM
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"I CAN'T IT SMELLS

a cultural analysis of

CHUCK B

AND HIS ALLEGED

A **AMERICAN POP CULTURE** has always been rife with cruel racial ironies, and one of the most poignant is the fact that in the 1950s, a middle-aged black man was best able to express what it felt like to be a white teenager living in the USA.

"If you tried to give rock and roll another name, you might call it 'Chuck Berry,'" opined bespectacled homicide victim John Lennon, and I reluctantly find myself agreeing with a Beatle. No one—not the fried-peanut-butter-and-banana-sandwich-eating Elvis, not born-again flamin' homo Little Richard, not psychotic Looziana cracker Jerry Lee Lewis—was able to epitomize the nation's restless, boundless, post-Hiroshima, teen-hormone energy the way Chuck Berry could do it with a few simple lyrics and chords. Songs such as "Johnny B. Goode," "School Day," and "Sweet Little Sixteen" are masterworks of lyrical and musical economy, branded so deep within the American consciousness that they go beyond anthems, almost so pure and familiar that they escape notice. Like most of the true greats—James Brown, Bo Diddley, Eddie Cochran, Slade, The Ramones—Chuck Berry really only ever wrote one song, but a song so original that it became a template for the rest of his career and a fertile source of musical plagiarism for generations to come.

Berry's career peaked in the late 1950s. But in 1961, he was sentenced to three years in prison for "transporting a minor across state lines for immoral purposes." The way it appears now, Berry may have been framed by a vengeful ex-employee. He had asked a young girl from Texas to work a hat-check job in an Arizona club he'd owned. He fired her two weeks after she started. When police arrested her for prostitution in a motel room, she blamed Chuck Berry. An initial guilty verdict was dismissed after the judge made racist remarks at trial. But a subsequent verdict stuck, and one of rock 'n' roll's primary architects was thrown in the penitentiary, forever embittering him.

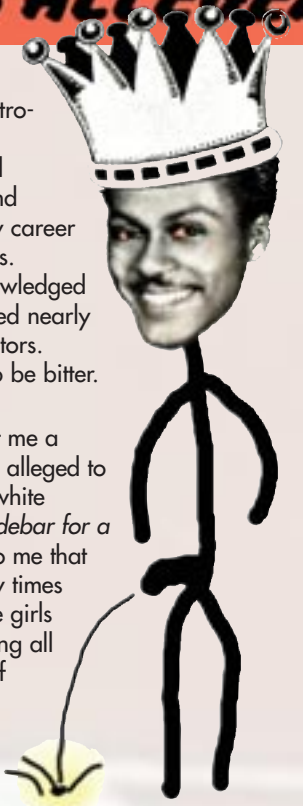
When he emerged into freedom two years later, a new crop of Caucasian musical acts had gained prominence by shamelessly raping his music. The Beach Boys' "Surfin' USA" was such a pure rip-off of "Sweet Little Sixteen" that Berry was later able to force

them into giving him a songwriting credit for it. The Beatles had gained astronomical success by releasing mangled, atonal versions of Berry's "Rock 'n' Roll Music" and "Roll Over, Beethoven." And it seemed as if the Rolling Stones' early career consisted entirely of Chuck Berry covers. But even though all of these acts acknowledged his influence, Chuck Berry never enjoyed nearly the level of fame or money as his imitators.

Chuck Berry has plenty of reasons to be bitter.

IN THE EARLY 1990S, a friend sent me a short videotaped scene in which a man alleged to be Chuck Berry is shown pissing on a white woman and farting in her face. [See sidebar for a complete transcript.] It was explained to me that Chuck Berry had been hassled so many times by authorities for sexin' up young white girls while on the road, he took to videotaping all of his one-night stands as legal proof of consent on the girls' part.

This explanation gained further credence when *High Society* magazine published eight photos of Berry posing naked with various women, presumably groupies. It was given further credibility in the early 1990s, when a former female chef Berry had employed at his Southern-Air Restaurant in Missouri filed a lawsuit claiming that Berry was covertly videotaping gals in the women's bathroom using cameras placed at angles that gave aerial and eye-level views of the toilet. [The suit was apparently settled out of court.] And a few years back, *Spy* magazine ran a feature which described not only the piss-and-fart scene which I viewed, but also other videotapes containing alleged poop-eatin' by Chuck and his various lady friends.



"The white man stole his music...his brilliant, original music.
The white man used dubious criminal charges to steal his freedom for a few years.
So if he pisses and farts on a few white girls, I'd hardly call that getting even, much less a capital crime."

KISS YOU— LIKE PISS"

rock 'n' roll pioneer

BERRY

PISS FETISH

A year or two after I received the initial videotape, another friend sent me a Berry-themed tape called *Sweet Little Sixteen*. Lasting over an hour and a half, it contains the initial piss-and-fart clip, plus TV news blurbs about Berry's restaurant lawsuit, and an interminable parade of hairy, inflamed, slimy, beef-jerky white-girl twats in disgusting clinical closeup, many of them pissing while squatting over motel-room toilet bowls. The tape tends to imply that these segments were all filmed by Berry during one-night-stands. During one sad-yet-funny scene, the feather-headed white girl tries sucking off a skinny old black male wearing only a white T-shirt [presumed to be Berry] for what seems like a half-hour, but he's apparently too old or coked-out to get it up. He tries shoving his half-hard choco-warm inside her pussy, but it plops out limply each time. He finally retrieves a giant black dildo and rams it up her twat like he's shoving a thermometer between a turkey's legs. While she painfully squirms on the monster artificial dong, he cackles, grunts, and asks her things such as "How ya like that big dick goin' up in ya?"

I DON'T REALLY CARE whether or not the man in these videotapes is Chuck Berry. Even if it isn't, the fact that someone would go to the length of *making it all up* signifies that Chuck Berry is somehow highly relevant to American cultural psychology.

So what reasons could he possibly have for pee-peein' on all those poor dumb white girls?

Plenty. The white man stole his music...his brilliant, original music. The white man used dubious criminal charges to steal his freedom for a few years. So if he pisses and farts on a few white girls, I'd hardly call that getting even, much less a capital crime. What are those girls doing getting involved in a one-night-stand with an old, greasy, washed-up Negro rock 'n' roll star, anyway? Don't they know they're asking for trouble by offering their bodies to such a dangerous character? They should run back to the suburbs and thank God they lived through the ordeal. He's doing them a favor by pissing on their needy, confused, attention-starved faces.

My favorite Chuck Berry story involves shriveled Limey junkhog Keith Richards, who never played a note Chuck Berry didn't play first. In the early 80s, Richards apparently went backstage at a Chuck Berry show and tapped him on the back of the shoulder, hoping to introduce himself. Before looking to see who it was, Berry instinctively hauled off and slugged him in the face.

Good for you Chuck. Shoulda pissed on him, too.

X

ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN—AND LEMME PISS ON YOU

The following dialogue was transcribed from a segment of videotape lasting a little over two and a half minutes. The action appears to take place in a motel bathroom. It begins with a white woman sitting in a bathtub, lazily scrubbing herself. The woman's feathered-back blonde hairstyle suggests that the events transpired sometime in the late 1980s. Although the tape is blurry, and although surface "white noise" tends to muddy the sound, it's credible that the warm brown blob of a man who suddenly steps into the bathtub is rock legend Chuck Berry. He is thin and bony, naked except for a classy gold wrist-watch. His hair approximates Chuck's greased-back black wool. His speaking voice sounds like Chuck Berry's. But I have no way of proving it's him, and I'm sure he'd deny it, so I have to throw in all these disclaimers.

CHUCK BERRY [allegedly, of course]: Are you bathing?

BLONDE WHITE FEMALE GROUPIE: Yes.

You gotta get clean.

Yes, I do.

You like to stay clean, don't you?

Yes, I do.

You really do.

Mm-hmm.

I'll give you somethin' to bathe for. You know that? [stands up over her] I'm-a give you somethin' to bathe for. See this here? [wiggles his dick]

Yes.

Yeah? That's what you bathe with.

It is?

Kiss it...Kiss it...Again...Suck on it...You my girl?

Yes.

You love me?

Yes.

Very much?

Mm-hmm.

Mm-hmm? I'll bet you do.

I do.

Well...You really love me? [begins pissing on her face]

[she gasps, surprised] I really love you.

Yeah? Put your hands down by your thighs.

Take it. [she continues gasping as he continues pissing] Take it. Take it. Take it. Open your mouth. Open your mouth. [sound of piss gurgling into her mouth, then Berry unleashes a LOUD, long fart] You can smell my fart.

Piss on ya, that's what I'm doin'. Pissin' all over you. Mm-hmm. You love me?

Yes.

You can smell my fart!

Tell me you love me.

I love you.

Alright, then, drink my piss. Drink my piss.

[grabs towel and hands it to her] **Dry yourself off. Clean yourself off. How's that piss taste, hmm?**

Bitter?

Alright, alright, alright? Tastes bitter, doesn't it? It's salty, yeah, I know.

Yes.

You drank my piss.

Yes, I did.

Yeah. Suck this. SUCK IT. [she's sucking and gasping and grunting as if in pain] Here, clean yourself. Clean that piss out of your eyes. Poor sugar, little baby. What's the matter, baby? Did I piss in your eyes?

Yes.

Did I piss in your eyes? I'm sorry. There's piss all over your neck and your hair. But you love me.

I love you.

I won't betray you. I won't betray you ever. Believe it. [leans in to kiss her, then stops] I can't kiss you—it smells like piss.

I know.

I'm sorry. Clean yourself off. Take a shower. [he walks out of the tub as she turns on the faucet to clean herself]

X



Exotic Pinup

Alex

from Soobie's Bar & Grill



SEPTEMBER 2002

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

1
Dante's
Sinforno
Cabaret
FIREDANCERS!
BURLESQUE CABARET
AND ALL THINGS SINFULLI!
10pm - 3rd & Burnside

2
MONDAY
MADNESS
JODY'S BAR & GRILL
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
GAMETIME SPECIALS
SOOBIES BAR & GRILL

3
DOUBLE SHOT
2 GIRLS ON STAGE
SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL
2 FER TUESDAYS
Club 205
BUMP-N-GRIND & Vaudeville
Dante's 6pm-Close

4
AMATEUR
NIGHT
STARS CABARET
SALEM
DANCE CONTEST
Sassy's 10 pm

5
THE ALL NEW
XOTIC A-GO-GO
DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE

6
DOUBLE
SHOT PARTY
2 GIRLS ON STAGE
SOOBIE'S
BAR & GRILL

7

8
Dante's
Sinforno
Cabaret
FIREDANCERS!
BURLESQUE CABARET
AND ALL THINGS SINFULLI!
10pm - 3rd & Burnside

9
MONDAY
MADNESS
JODY'S BAR & GRILL
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
GAMETIME SPECIALS
SOOBIES BAR & GRILL

10
DOUBLE SHOT
2 GIRLS ON STAGE
SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL
2 FER TUESDAYS
Club 205
BUMP-N-GRIND & Vaudeville
Dante's 6pm-Close

11
AMATEUR
NIGHT
STARS CABARET
SALEM

12
HOOTERS NIGHT
FIREHOUSE
GABARET
XOTIC A-GO-GO
DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE

13
DOUBLE
SHOT PARTY
2 GIRLS ON STAGE
SOOBIE'S
BAR & GRILL

14

15
Dante's
Sinforno
Cabaret
FIREDANCERS!
BURLESQUE CABARET
AND ALL THINGS SINFULLI!
10pm - 3rd & Burnside

16
MONDAY
MADNESS
JODY'S BAR & GRILL
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
GAMETIME SPECIALS
SOOBIES BAR & GRILL

17
DOUBLE SHOT
2 GIRLS ON STAGE
SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL
2 FER TUESDAYS
Club 205
LESLIE WELLS
STARS CABARET BEAVERTON

18
Covergirl
Contest
Club 205
COVERGIRL MENAGE A TROIS
SOOBIES BAR & GRILL
LESLIE WELLS
STARS CABARET BEAVERTON

19
LESLIE
WELLS
STARS CABARETSALEM
XOTIC A-GO-GO
DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE

20
LESLIE
WELLS
STARS CABARETSALEM
DOUBLE SHOT
2 GIRLS ON STAGE
SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL

21
FETISH
NIGHT
DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE
BIKES AND BABES RUN
BEAVERTON TO BEND
STARS CABARET

22
Dante's
Sinforno
Cabaret
FIREDANCERS!
BURLESQUE CABARET
AND ALL THINGS SINFULLI!
10pm - 3rd & Burnside

23
MONDAY
MADNESS
JODY'S BAR & GRILL
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
GAMETIME SPECIALS
SOOBIES BAR & GRILL

24
DOUBLE SHOT
2 GIRLS ON STAGE
SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL
2 FER TUESDAYS
Club 205
BUMP-N-GRIND & Vaudeville
Dante's 6pm-Close

25
1ST ANNUAL
CONTRACTORS
RAIL - 8PM
STARS CABARET
AMATEUR NIGHT
STARS CABARET SALEM

26
THE
ALL NEW
XOTIC A-GO-GO
DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE

27
DOUBLE
SHOT PARTY
2 GIRLS ON STAGE
SOOBIE'S
BAR & GRILL

28
4TH ANNUAL
HAWAIIAN LADY
& FIRE PARTY
FRIEDNER/WAUSTING
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29
Dante's
Sinforno
Cabaret
FIREDANCERS!
BURLESQUE CABARET
AND ALL THINGS SINFULLI!
10pm - 3rd & Burnside

30
MONDAY
MADNESS
JODY'S BAR & GRILL
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL
GAMETIME SPECIALS
SOOBIES BAR & GRILL

31
CHECK OUT
THE SULTRY
SOUNDS OF
SUORA
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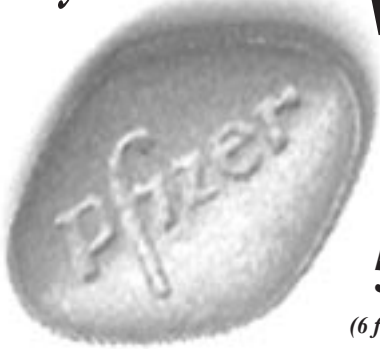
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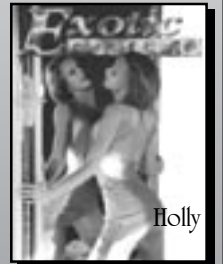
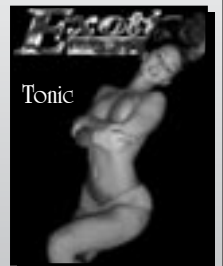
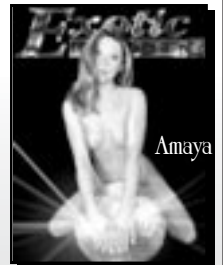
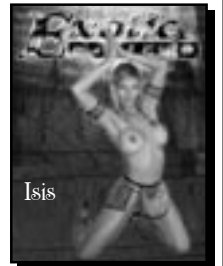
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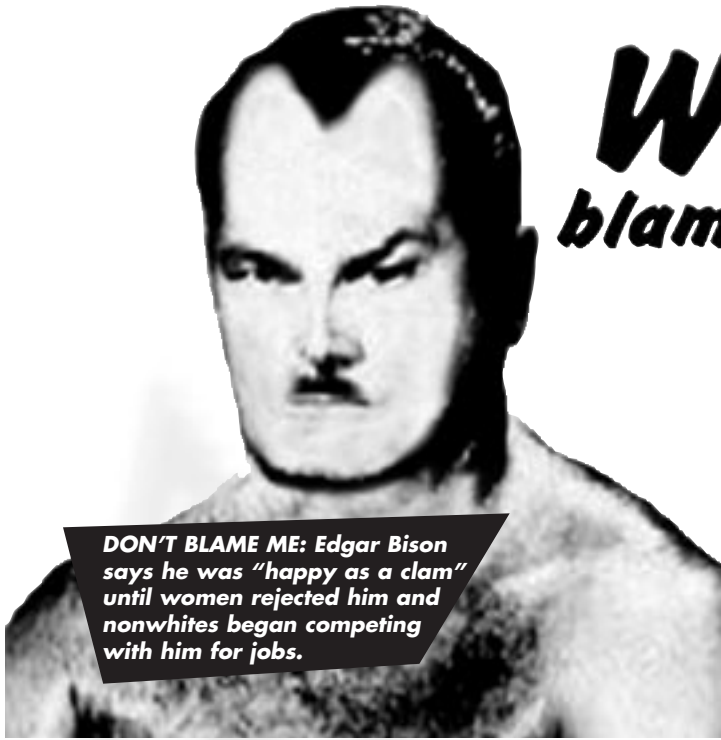
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WHITE MAN blames women, nonwhites for his problems...



DON'T BLAME ME: Edgar Bison says he was "happy as a clam" until women rejected him and nonwhites began competing with him for jobs.

Auto mechanic Edgar Bison of Vernonia, Oregon, isn't your average racist. You might even call him an extra-special racist.

What separates Bison from the ordinary white racist...what pulls him ahead of the pack, if you will...is that he blames blacks and women not only for his general belief that America's culture is rapidly declining, but he also accuses them of causing his every-day personal maladies.

For instance, Bison suffered a toothache a few weeks ago that he blames on "radical Canadian bulldykes." And he has filed a personal lawsuit against feminist author Andrea Dworkin, blaming her for the fact that he is "still on the goddamned waiting list for a parking space in my condo building."

Bison also fingers women and blacks for causing seemingly unrelated global events. He insists that the World Trade Center terrorist attacks were orchestrated by the Crips street gang as vengeance "against White America" for rapper Tupac Shakur's murder. He claims that his favorite football team, the Buffalo Bills, have never won a Super Bowl due to "the scourge of interracial dating."

However repellent I find Edgar Bison as a human being—and, c'mon, people, he *is* a human being, despite the fact that he needs reeducation, forcibly if necessary—I'm intrigued by his mind.

What sort of person would entertain such horrible thoughts in this day and age? My heart racing at the thought of forbidden, long-suppressed racial thrills, I called Bison at his auto-repair shop and tried to arrange an interview. After an initial rough patch in the conversation (he threatened to kill me if I turned out to be a black woman, and I assured him I wasn't), he agreed to a brief chat over donuts and coffee.

SHIFTING THE BLAME: Edgar Bison's coworker Tawana Fulani blames white men such as Edgar Bison for all her problems.



We tried to speak over the hubbub of the lunchtime crowd at the Golden Puffball donut shop in the sleepy mountain town of Vernonia, Oregon. Although a kind man (he paid for the donuts), Edgar Bison radiated a vague sense of menace and desperation. His pores exuded a reddish oily substance not unlike hippo sweat. His waxy dandruff flakes fell softly to the floor whenever he shook his head or moved suddenly. And his face was so pinched, it almost appeared to have been altered using Adobe Photoshop's new "Liquify" filter.

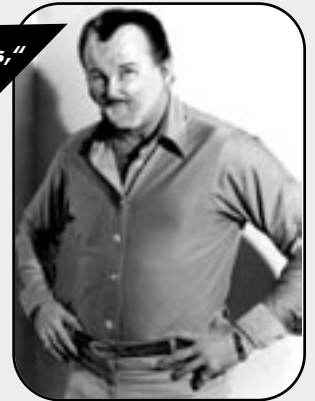
So, Edgar—*exactly what classifies someone as a "nonwhite?"* I asked him as I licked a hardened morsel of white donut cream from my denim jacket's wrist sleeve.

"That's easy," Bison replied. "They're *nonwhites*. They're the people who ain't white. They ain't got no white in 'em. And they're the ones who cause my problems. Them, and the women. I don't have a single problem I can't blame on blacks and women!"

I think you blame blacks and women in order to escape responsibility for your own problems and shortcomings, I boldly countered, proud of myself.

"But I *would* take responsibility for my problems," Bison retorted, "if blacks and women weren't responsible for them!"

"I blame the blacks and the bitches," Edgar Bison says, "and especially the black bitches."



TAWANA FULANI IS A BLACK WOMAN who moved to Vernonia with her family from South Carolina a little over a year ago. For nine months now, she's worked as a parts clerk at the same auto shop where Bison works. He initially ignored her entirely (although she suspects he's the one who placed the "Urkel" doll in her locker only a week after she began working there), but she says now he's softened and will nod at her "every so often if he isn't in too bad a mood."

Fulani, an amiably freckled black woman, complicates matters: not only does she refuse to accept blame for Bison's problems, she turns the tables and blames Edgar Bison for all *her* problems.

"Edgar's a very sloppy employee," she notes as we dance the *lambada* at an interracial strip club/juice bar just south of Vernonia. "He never cleans up his mess in the lunchroom when he's done eating lunch there. There are wrappers and french fries and pickle slices all over the place. It's a big pain in the ass cleaning up after him. So he's wrong. I should be blaming white men like *him*, rather than the other way around. White men like him have been getting away with this sort of shit for five thousand years."

"How do you know it's been five thousand years?" I ask. "I don't know," she shrugs. "I guess it sounded good."

...and his black female coworker blames HIM for all of HER problems!



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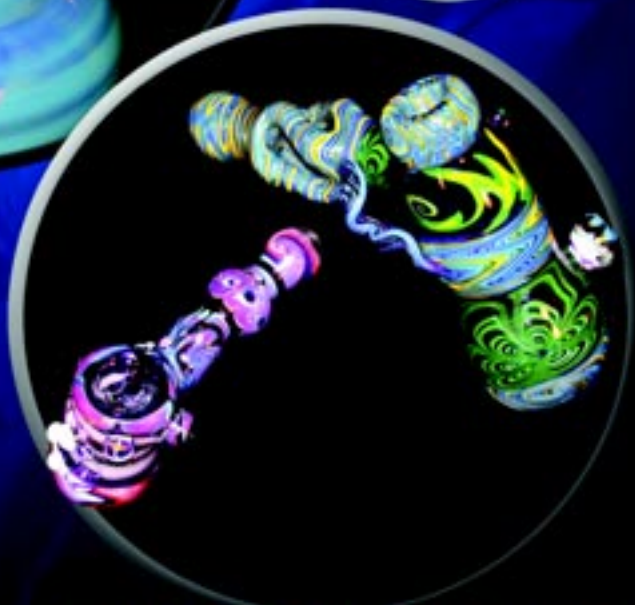
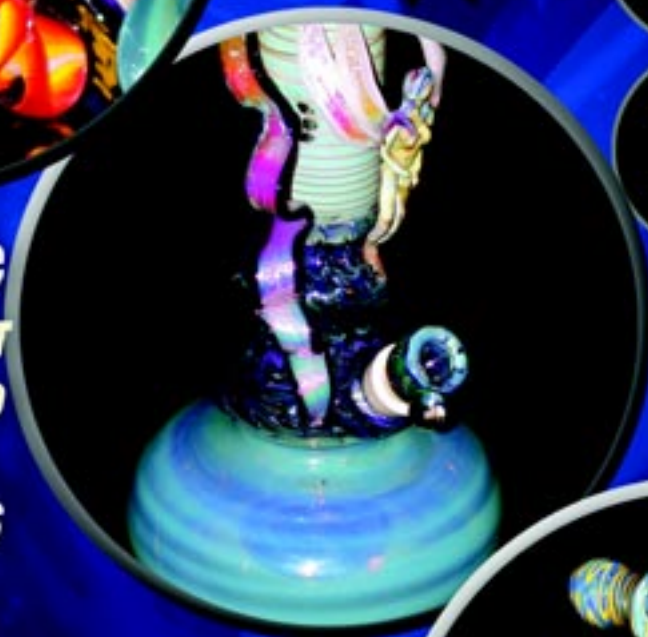
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 Thur. 4pm-Midnight
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