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DEC
2002
#113

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Bo Diddley
should be richer

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• Check Out Sheena's
Calendar Pinup, pg.78

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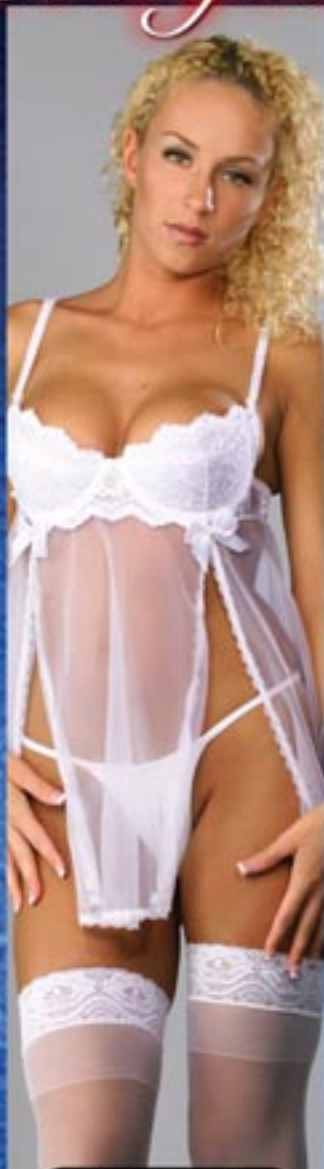
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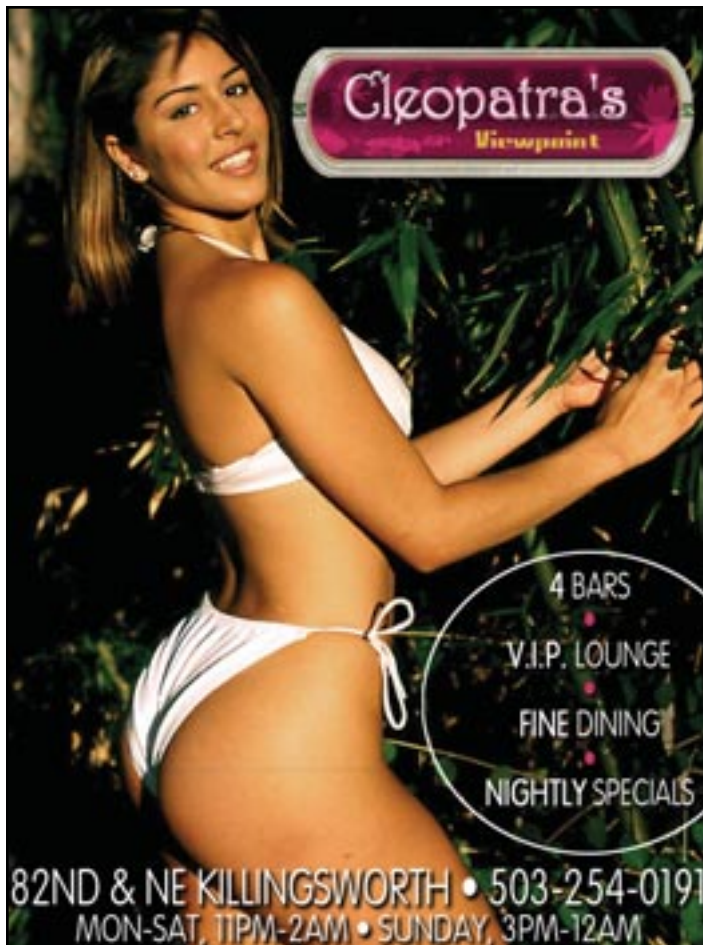
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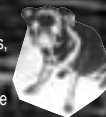
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Bug says,
"We be
burnin'
down the
house,
Habib!"



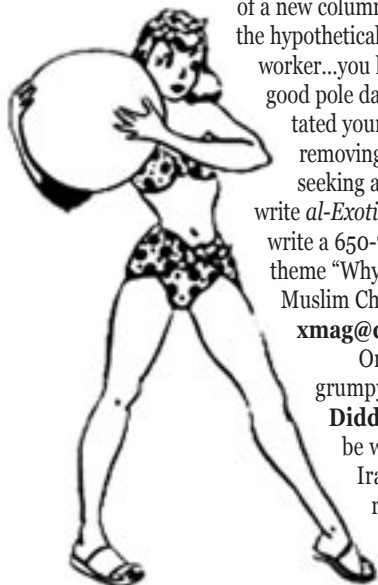
THE INDUSTRY

by JG



OUR NEW PRO-ISLAMIC EDITORIAL SLANT

Even though nobody on earth beside our president and his father consider **Saddam Hussein** an immediate threat, it appears likely that “we’ll” be sending “our boys” into combat and tuning into CNN to watch live-action feeds from videocams attached to all the cool new bombs and missiles we’ve been waiting to try out. While I certainly hope this doesn’t happen...well, no, not really, bombs could be droppin’ all the way from here to Japip, and unless they blow up the place where I get my morning coffee, it differs not a whit to me...I *do* worry about the possible outcome. What—eek—if we were to *lose*? What if the new Islamic occupational regime forced everyone in the office...even Karla...to grow beards? How would you feel if all the strippers and escorts you see depicted in *Exotic’s* pages, these deceptively beautiful girls, were all forced to cover their bodies head-to-toe in traditional Islamic women’s garb? What if you had to pay a hundred dollars at a jack shack merely for a chick to show you the inside of her wrist? To call it “culture shock” would be putting it mildly. So, operating in the best interests of myself and my readership like I always do, I’ve decided to beat our possible Muslim conquerors to the punch and steer our editorial content toward a more pro-Islamic space...just in case things go bad, you know? Next month will herald the inauguration of a new column, *al-Exotiq*. It is designed to address the hypothetical problems of being an Islamic sex worker...you know, things such as how to give a good pole dance even after the town elders amputated your limbs as punishment for accidentally removing your *burqa* in public. We are actively seeking a female Muslim sex worker willing to write *al-Exotiq*. Interested applicants should write a 650-750 essay centered around the theme “Why I Want to be *Exotic’s* New Muslim Chick Columnist” and e-mail it to xmag@qwest.net.



On an almost entirely unrelated note, grumpy septuagenarian rocker **Bo Diddley** (see feature, page 76) claims to be working on a rap song about swarthy Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein. Sample rhyme: “Saddam Hussein, pick up your phone/if you do we might leave you alone.”

YET ANOTHER BONER PILL *Exotic* headquarters recently got its hands on a new pill whose manufacturers seek to slice a few inches off Viagra’s near-monopoly of the boner-pill market. The newest cockpill on the block should soon be released in the US by Eli Lilly under the trade name **Cialis**. Whereas Viagra’s dick-enhancing properties are caused by a compound called sildenafil citrate, the newer Cialis draws its erection-conjuring mojo from a compound called **tadalafil**. If you repeat it fast enough, it starts sounding like “the daffodil.” Manufacturers claim it works more quickly and lasts MUCH LONGER than Viagra—usually for TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

Hard cock for 24 hours straight? Please correct me if I heard you wrong, but do you mean to say that from the moment I wake up...until the NEXT DAY when I wake up...I’ll be aimed and ready to fire? I’ll be walking around the apartment poking my shit in the fucking TOASTER. I’ll be playing sandlot baseball using only my dick and a rolled-up ball of tinfoil. Mr. Publisher Man, reach into that magical satchel of yours and kick me down one of them there daffodils!

Another staffer had tried Cialis a few days prior and said it made Viagra look like aspirin. He said that unlike Viagra, it not only made him hard—it made him almost unbearably HORNY. When I asked about the twenty-four-hour thing, he just laughed, looked away, and nodded his head.

The pill itself, a beautiful solid-blue gel cap, was quickly down my throat. I figured that within twenty minutes I’d be home, hand-in-hand with **The Big-Boobed Jewish Pelican**. A few months ago, that sassy, spicy, saucy lass had unknowingly allowed her vagina to serve as a snug little airplane hangar for the Jumbo Set-sized erection induced after I self-administered the terrifyingly effective MUSE urethral suppository. Tonight, without her knowledge, her yoo-hoo would again be used as a Test Cunt for yet another new Dick Drug.

We get home. I fix myself some hot cocoa. We watch some TV. She takes out her contact lenses and brushes her teeth. One hour. Two hours. Still no riot down in Crotchville. We slip into bed and start performing the ritual. I’m hard, but still no harder than usual...which, I’m pleased to announce even though you didn’t ask me, is impressively hard for someone who’s zeroing in on senior citizenship like I am, much harder than it was when I was half this old...but still, this is just another one of my nice, everyday, Jew-ticklin’ hard-ons.

“Tonight, without her knowledge, her yoo-hoo would again be used as a Test Cunt for yet another new Dick Drug.”

Nothing that seems chemically enhanced. My thick cock-veins aren’t bulging as proudly as they do on Viagra. And it’s nowhere near the pink plumbing pipe wrought by MUSE.

In the morning, my wakeup hard-on was no heartier than usual. Throughout the day, the cycle of *goadus erectus* proceeded no differently than normal. The only mild change I noted was perhaps an increased feeling of being sexy. Not horny—I just felt kind of sexy, like even more of a sexy guy than I usually feel I am. But after twenty-four hours, I had noticed no significant *penile* effects induced by Cialis...or tadalafil...or the daffodil...or the dud



pill. Maybe it was an off day for me, and I'd surely be willing to pop another one just to see if nothing happens again.

Next month, I'll review a new pill that promises an average 24% temporary increase in PENIS SIZE. We've ordered a case for the office! And it's a tax deduction to boot!

SO WHO'S THE FAG? A precious morsel of in-house gossip has recently crossed the *Exotic* news desk. Reliable sources tell us that our general manager, a man who can't let a day go by without calling us all "fags" at least five dozen times, sports a BELLY RING. Ahhh-HA! This must be why, although he toils in an industry that butters its bread with nudity, he has never ONCE appeared topless around the office. I should admit some bias and reveal that body piercings annoy me pretty much top-to-bottom. I believe that if the Lord wanted us to staple our bodies, He would've made us all into pieces of paper rather than human beings—can I get an "amen?" I can't recall ever seeing human flesh rendered more beautiful as a result of being PUNCTURED BY BIG UGLY PIECES OF METAL. But somehow, the idea of a belly-ring-wearing *homophobe* takes it to a whole 'nother level. An earring I could see. Maybe even one of those dumb-ass mini-barbells people cram through their nipples. But a BELLY RING? Who are you—Gwen Stefani? What's next—hip-hugger

child-breeding pelvis? Permanent eyeliner? Collagen injections? Sometimes you baffle me, Bybee. And by the way, I need another advance on next week's paycheck...

THE ONLY MENTION I'll make of **John Vogina** this month will be to note his new nickname, which I've just done.

PORTLAND'S MOST NOTORIOUSLY UNPLEASANT cocktail waitress has been fired, and I feel somewhat responsible. In last month's column, to illustrate the breadth of our publisher's tolerance, I had mentioned his reluctance to fire "that one worker at Dante's who everyone in the city knows should have been fired a long, long time ago." A few days after last month's issue hit the streets, said worker confronted me at Dante's and, in front of a barful of patrons, asked if by "that one worker," I meant her, and if I did, she just wishes I had the FUCKING BALLS to say it to her FACE, blobbity blobbity blah yibba yibba yoo. Wishing to avoid an unpleasant scene in a place co-owned by our cherished, saintlike publisher, **Flatchman**...and unsure whether the waitress in question was so nutty that she'd escalate the situation to where *she'd* be the one who'd do something fucked-up while I, Mr. Ex-Con Woman-Beater Poopy-Pants, would be the one who'd get taken away in handcuffs...I merely said that

she's a "peach" and a "real charmer" before quickly leaving the bar. A few days later, switching over from her primary mode—"I'll-bite-your-fucking-head-off-if-you-so-much-as-BREATHE"—to her secondary mode—"I'm just a fun-loving, misunderstood girl—won't you be my friend?"—she coyly asked me if we could talk about what I'd written. I told her we'd talk about it, but since I was in an intensely FOUL mood, I didn't want to talk about it just *then*. (I wasn't lying.) She politely agreed that we'd talk about it later.

Within a day or two, after she threw yet another temper tantrum at Flatchman, he finally mustered the yarbles to fire her. So I never got a chance to tell her why I wrote what I did.

But if I had, what would she have said in her defense? That she wasn't *really* APPALLINGLY RUDE to patrons who hadn't provoked her in the least? That she wasn't CONSISTENTLY NASTY to many of her co-workers? That I'm lying when I say I've heard *dozens* of people vow they'd never set foot in Dante's again because of "that bitch waitress?" That most of Dante's comedians on Tuesday night didn't *really* make jokes about how horribly she treated people? That over the years she's worked there, Frank hasn't *really* lost tens of thousand of dollars from potential repeat business that she killed with her oft-repellent behavior? That he really *shouldn't* have fired her a long, long time ago?

If she's reading this...look. I know how hard you try. I realize you've tried to be nice to me sometimes. But to be honest, that makes me even more uncomfortable than when you're bitchy. Maybe you're right that I should have talked with you before writing anything. Maybe you're not a bad person. Maybe *you're* the real victim in all this. Maybe you suffer from some sort of Tourette's-like disorder that compels you to snap at people. Sorry for any misunderstandings or bruised feelings. I just don't think you're cut out for service-industry work, that's all I'm trying to say. I wish you



luck in future endeavors...ya fucking bitch.

DUMBINATRIX I recently received a delightfully psycho e-mailing from a self-professed "SSC Domme" calling herself "Furia Deae," and *HOO*, lemme tell ya, does this dame have some issues with men! The e-mail's header suggests that Lady Furia lumps me together with a bunch of those mostly

pathetic men's-rights jackholes. Ms. Deae e-mailed me and twenty other lucky prizewinners her balls-to-the-wall...I mean, *ovaries-to-the-wall*...rant against Everything With a Penis.

Calling herself a "Gynosupremacist, and entirely unapologetic about it!," she predicts that the coming war in the Middle East will bring about the patriarchy's long-overdue collapse. A bold new matriarchy will emerge from its ashes, a Chicktopia where "rebellious males will be made to serve the Goddess, according to ancient customs! LOTS of environmental work to be done, work-gangs and healthy, heavy labour, a simple, nutritious [sic] diet and enforced celibacy (for those males who don't fancy bisexuality! <lol!>)...unless they prefer neutering, of course! <giggles>."

Wow! Looks like we've found our New Chick Columnist!



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You sick motherfucker!

I'm talking to you, you perverted sonofabitch. You know who you are. You're the twisted asshole who broke into my apartment last Friday night while I was at work and stole half my underwear!

When I got home and found half my lingerie missing, you were stroking yourself in the misery of your lonely shithole, sniffing the crotch of my favorite panties. While I was doing a frantic inventory of my bras, garter belts, stockings, and undies, you were jacking your pathetic self off, your nose buried in the lace and satin that had one graced the outer surface of my cooze. While I was shoving a chair under the front doorknob and wedging a broomstick in the sliding glass door, you were admiring the way you looked wearing my black lace thigh-highs and garter belt. While I was prowling around my apartment with my trusty 9mm in hand, checking under the bed and in the closet, you were splooging your rancid, misbegotten cum onto the pristine pink surface of my favorite bra.

I'm gonna get you, mothafucka!

I know the way you freaks work. Today you're happy in the privacy of your miserable hovel, rubbing your stinking, scabrous ballsac against the cotton crotch of my T-back. Tomorrow you'll be pinching your sweaty, jizz-encrusted choad as you rub your nose into the cups of my favorite padded bra. Perhaps even as far away as next week you'll be milking your sorry testicles, licking the panty crust from the tightie-whities you stole from my laundry hamper!!!

But sooner or later, you'll be back for more. And we'll be waiting for you. Me and my Sig P239—my Freak Killa!!

My Freak Killa is loaded and ready to go. Ready to pump eight rounds of freak-stopping lead into the brains or balls of any pervert stupid enough to come back for more. The first bullet is for my pink sparkly panties—they were my favorites, but you took them to use as a jizz-kerchief, and you'll have to pay by taking a bullet to the groin. Since you always have your dick in your hand, the bullet will probably ricochet off one of your bones. So I'll have to send a second bullet—this one for my white Wonderbra, the only bra I ever owned that gave me cleavage. I'll send that bullet straight up your pisshole—

"You no longer have a scrotum. That's because I pumped bullet #3 into it, and your sac burst like a rotten pumpkin two weeks after Halloween."

all the way up to the core of your fat belly. You'll be crying by now, screaming for mercy...but I'll be laughing—and I'll still be shooting.

Number 3 is for my collection of kinky hosiery—you know, the stockings with the seams up the back, kinda like the seam on your sagging, wrinkly scrotum. Oh, wait a minute; I forgot! You no longer have a scrotum. That's because I pumped bullet #3 into it, and your sac burst like a rotten pumpkin two weeks after Halloween. No matter; I'll move on to your fat, pimply ass—plenty of room there for bullets #4 and #5. One for each cheek. One for my black lace garter belt, and one for my black satin garter belt. To cover the rest of my stolen lingerie, I'll send #6 and #7 into your right and left nipples—right in the center of each of your fat, saggy man-tits. Either one of those should be fatal in and of themselves, but just in case I somehow missed your black, twisted heart, I still have one more bullet.

Number 8. It's for my sense of security, which you took along with all my G-strings and push-up bras. I'll never be able to sleep without all the lights on; I'll never be able to enter my apartment without checking under the bed—thanks to you and your perverted, panty-stealing ways. This bullet is the most important of all, and it goes straight into your sloping Mongoloid-caveman forehead. And since you have shit for brains, the bullet will penetrate easily, putting an end to your miserable, perverted life.

Only then will I be able to breathe easy again. And I'm getting tired of waiting...so come on, mothafucka. Let's go!



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LOADED FOR BEAR

my 15 uneventful minutes in a gay leather bar

by j. i. "pornhogg" stockman
PHOTOS OF j. i. by JUGGSY MELON

Autumn has brought a refreshing change to Portland. Not only has the foliage become more colorful, but so has my sexuality. I am now in touch with a deeper, sweatier part of myself. My soul now fondles the giant hairy package of The Great Bear Spirit.

As one of the two Lifetime Members of the Northwest Friends of Lesbians Social Club (see "Dyke Like Me!", *Exotic* July 2002), my buddy **Dave** and I hailed the changing season with a change of our own. In other words, we had a change of our own to hail the changing season. One thing that has weathered the seasons is our unwavering desire to do kind things for people. We care so much, it hurts. We care way, way too much. We care so much, we want to blow our fucking heads off. In our past "Live Actions," we have opened our musky, tattooed, pheromone-slathered arms to the most unfortunate of society's undesirables. Namely, **fags**.

But sadly, the noble seeds we've sown have only reaped a Harvest of Grief. This was the case during our recent **First Annual Teach a Dyke to Read Festival**. It all started just as we planned—cupcakes and home movies. But the night marched steadfastly into an open yawning pit of Tragedy and Other Bad Shit.

You know, it's a funny thing—upon first inspection, your average bulldyke might seem tame and somewhat respectable. But get a little liquor in her...or say something that pisses her off...or make a loud noise that unexpectedly startles her...and she transforms into a bloodthirsty she-goat bent upon your humiliation and destruction.

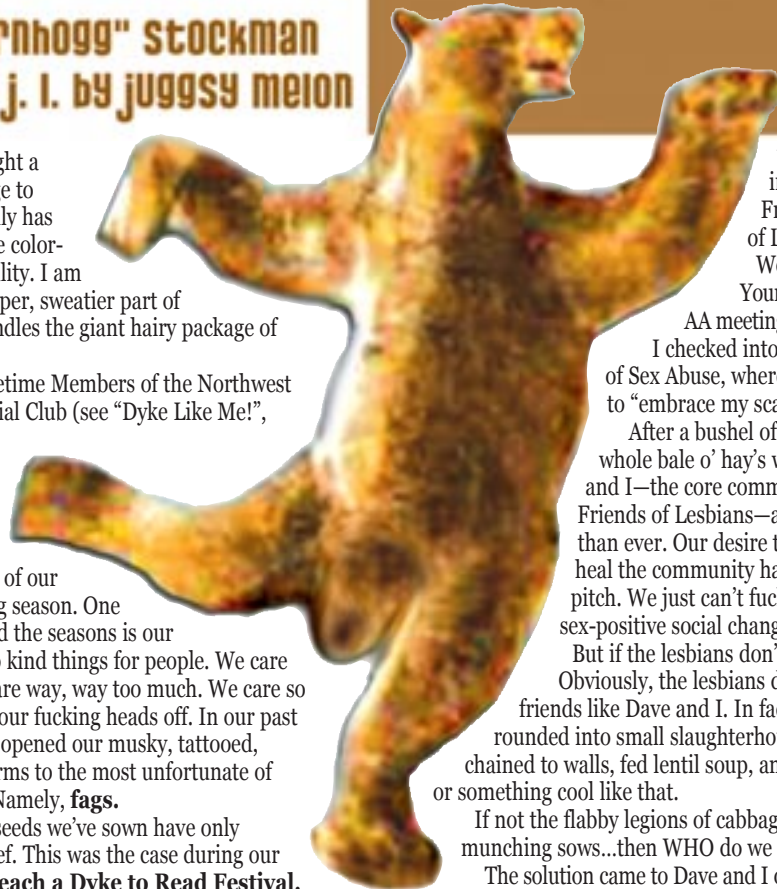
Using sock puppets, Young Dave was trying to show the dykes how to act like ladies. He included songs 'n' everything as part of his presentation. It seemed that the sock puppets had a bewildering effect upon the lesbians. Dumbfounded by a talking sock, one carpet-muncher tried to touch it. Dave recoiled in fear, drawing his hand back in an instinctually maternal gesture toward the imperiled sock puppet.

It was then that the lesbian attacked.

I ran out of the hall without a scratch. But Poor Young Dave wasn't so lucky.

Dave's lacerations, puncture wounds, bone fractures, and head trauma will one day heal, but the emotional scars will linger like the smell of ass in a public restroom.

We tried to "understand" and to "get over it," but we were a mess. After being mauled by those fat, ungrateful, slobbering, biscuit-munching dykes, we even considered throwing in the



towel and abandoning the Northwest Friends of Lesbians.

We really needed help. Young Dave checked into AA meetings.

I checked into the Male Survivors of Sex Abuse, where they're teaching me to "embrace my scars."

After a bushel of ups 'n' downs, and a whole bale o' hay's worth of tears, Dave and I—the core committee of Northwest Friends of Lesbians—are back and stronger than ever. Our desire to help others and to heal the community have reached a fever pitch. We just can't fucking wait to foment sex-positive social change.

But if the lesbians don't want us...then who? Obviously, the lesbians don't deserve good friends like Dave and I. In fact, they deserve to be rounded into small slaughterhouses where they are chained to walls, fed lentil soup, and beaten routinely, or something cool like that.

If not the flabby legions of cabbage-stinking, carpet-munching sows...then WHO do we help?

The solution came to Dave and I one morning while we were downloading pornography. Without much direction in our lives, Dave and I purchase, view, and utilize a LOT of pornography.

We really like that fag porn best of all. We like to watch it while pulling "boner checks" on each other. We never fag off or anything like that, if that's what you were thinking.

We stumbled upon a Gay Bears website. Fat, bearded cocksuckers unashamedly displaying their Tater-Tot-sized wing-a-ding-dings, bending over and spreading open their pasty pimply milky buttocks to reveal assholes that appear to have been plowed by oil drills. Lumberjackish gluttons carpeted by greasy hair.

Alas—Dave and I had found our cause. We would be the **Willamette Valley Protectors of the Bears**. These fat hairy homos could count on us if the shit ever went down!

While sitting on the toilet reading *Exotic*, several striking similarities between bears and lesbians occurred to me:

- They both enjoy the comfort and durability of flannel.
- They both proudly display their well-groomed facial hair.
- They both have their own bars with jukeboxes featuring dance music catering to their specific lifestyles.

Everyone who's normal and not some kind of sick queer has a healthy, well-reasoned, murderous hatred for bears, lesbians, and all Sodomites. If they be mocked and ridiculed, my only wish is that it be more often. In fact, I encourage and WILL

LEAD the parade into their private “Bear Dens” and “Dyke Huts,” and in the good-natured spirit of the Beer Hall *Putsch*, I will march them all to camps where Dave and I will serve as their Reeducation Tutors, forcing them to watch naked fag wrestling videotapes for days and possibly months until they suffer an ultimate mental breakdown and act like Proper Normal Heterosexual Men and Women of This Great Nation of Ours.

So, in the kinda communistic spirit of my much-loved lesbian costumes for the Great Dyke March of 2002, I scratched my chin for a moment and then decided to adopt Gay Bear Fashion sensibilities.

Dave was in rehab...again...so I was forced to wander into Bear Country alone.

I didn't want them to think I was some kind of sissy-bitch limp-wristed purple-people-eatin' Nancy Boy from Fagtown...rather, I sought to project the image of a rugged, cocksure, woman-hating Homo Fireman who KNOWS the evils of women, especially when they're on their “monthly time.” I wanted to portray myself as a REAL man, rather than what I suspect and fear I am.

I imagined the wild lifestyle of this Burly Gay Elite: monster-truck rallies, tall cans of Australian beer, Lynyrd Skynyrd CDs blasting in the background, and everybody sucking cock as if those cocks were guns that would go off the second they stopped being sucked. The Bear Lifestyle is ideal...and, I daresay, *appealing* to me. It's oddly warm and welcoming, like a Cinnamon Pop Tart you threw in the microwave for fifteen seconds...I'm talking about a hot, sweet, sticky feeling...the aromas of pickles and feces entice me further into the Bear's Den...so put on your leather jacket, my fat, furry friend, and let's wander into Bear Country!

When it comes to Bear Bars, look no further than the mighty **Eagle** (1300 W. Burnside), a meaty barbecue pit of raw male sensuality that recalls the taste sensation of Hot Mongolian Chili Oil.

When I walk in, the first thing I notice—besides the faggots—is a menacing, ominous, sorta-socialistic stuffed eagle hovering behind the bar, looking straight at me like it wanted to suck my cock or something.

There were round tables everywhere, just brimming with queers. Every kinda queer you could imagine...leather fags, drag queens, gay ice-cream salesmen, professional arm wrestlers, pillow-biters, bondage fags, bony old fags, and skinny young cocksuckers. A complete and total Hungarian goulash of Fag-a-Trons.

But of course...the bears loomed larger than the other species of queers. Bigger. Hairier. Smellier. Scarier. *Get me out of here. They're going to rape me. Please get me out of here. They're definitely going to rape me.*

Curious to what the bears are “all about,” I almost thought about talking to them. *That's* what kind of dedicated journalist and dogged reporter I am. Unfortunately, as I was dressed rather bearish myself, I decided not to directly approach the bears, fearing they might corner me and do something dastardly.

I shuddered with the blank, cold realization that the Eagle's notorious, legendary, really-like-talked-about-a-lot “upstairs” section...where there is no lighting...no safety...no boundaries...no grease...loomed over my frightened scalp. Dare I ascend the stairs? Or would they somehow know that I was a Poseur Bear? Would they cradle me in their mighty arms and hoist me upstairs? Would they undress me with the lights on, offering candid comments during each stage of my disrobing? Would they entice me with the fleshy, hairy megatonnage of the entire bear clan? Would I feel the mass of bearflesh rubbing on my Joyous Bits and the occasional painful jab of their reddened, swollen bear cocks? *Beard to beard...belly to belly...hands exploring and discovering...man touching man with firm-yet-adequately-moisturized hands...man touching man as only man can touch man...simple men simply enjoying the simplicity of manhood's enjoyment...playfully rubbing the eager-to-please head of ME, their newfound baby cub...all of us laying around post-orgasm, enjoying one another's simple, pungent warmth. Would they accept me? Would they call me the next morning? Would they hold me in their strong arms like weak women could never hold me?*

I asked myself these questions...and forty-seven other questions which I won't recount here...as I watched television and realized I'd become enchanted with the Gay Bear lifestyle. I at times find it hard to choose between what we all *know* is right and good...and what I know would *feel* so right and would *feel* so fucking good.

I left the Eagle without having spoken to any Bears...without having attempted to go upstairs and witness possible Bear Sex in action...but still expecting *Exotic* to pay me the full amount for this supposedly investigative article.

I sure wish Dave had been there to shirk some of the journalistic responsibility with me, too.

There's a little bear in us all.

Not that I want a little bear in me.

Or that I wouldn't mind it.

Or not that I wouldn't mind not doing it.

Or it's not like it isn't that I wouldn't enjoy some huge bear raiding my ass like it was a picnic basket.

I think you know what I mean.



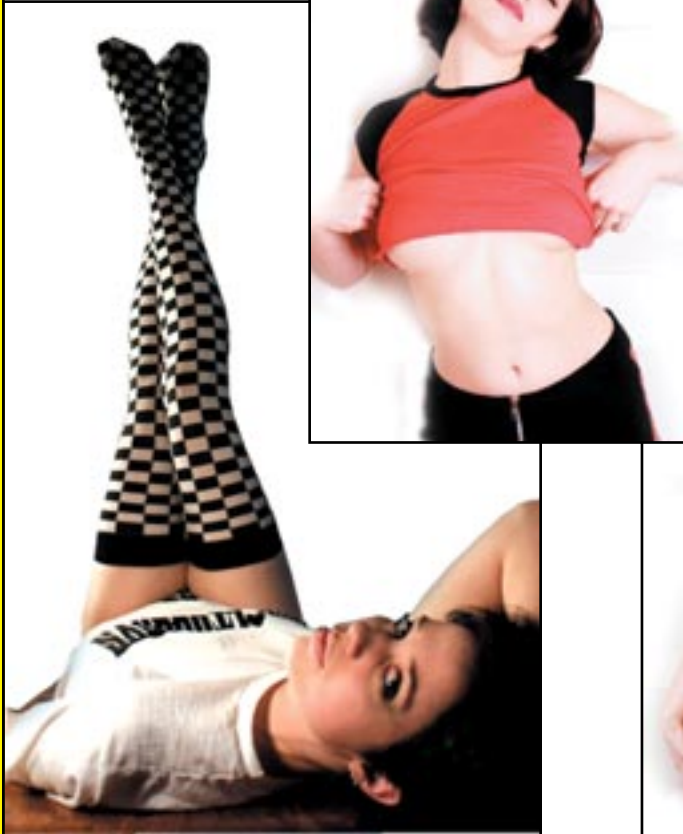
THE BEAR IN ME:

Pictures of the author as:

1. "Hillbilly Bear"
2. "Cowboy Bear"
3. "Just Got out of the Shower Bear"
4. "Sporty Bear"
5. "Casual Businessman Bear"
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7. "Lumber Bear"

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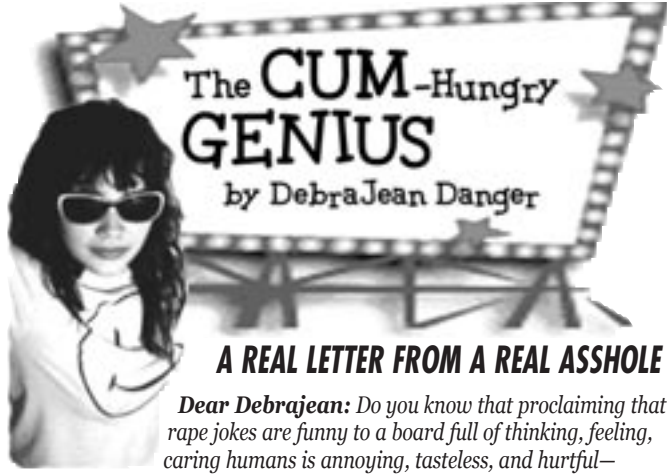
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The CUM-Hungry GENIUS

by DebraJean Danger

A REAL LETTER FROM A REAL ASSHOLE

Dear Debrajean: Do you know that proclaiming that rape jokes are funny to a board full of thinking, feeling, caring humans is annoying, tasteless, and hurtful—coincidentally it's un-PC, but that's really not the big issue. The issue is basic human kindness and compassion. Rape isn't funny. It's not funny when animals are raped, and it's not funny when humans are raped. While it seems very "on the cutting edge of things around here" to disregard the feelings and thoughts of people around you, I find it just incredibly mean-spirited and I don't think anyone would get offended at something that wasn't, in fact, extremely offensive. I am all for sick jokes, I tell them all the time. I'm all for consensual BDSM, I do that all the time also. But RAPE IS NOT FUNNY. EVER. I'm sorry, you can think it's funny all you want, but tell a rape joke around me, and I will tear you to pieces. I've had enough friends who have been through this that I can never ever find it funny, and I don't think it's somehow "brave" and "challenging norms" and "stuff like that" to offend people. If making a joke about it is one's way of dealing with it, one can do that as much as one wants. Just not in the presence of others. How do you know someone here is not being raped right now and is having a hard time dealing with it? Those kinds of jokes can be triggering for a great many people to commit even more heinous crimes. Joking about something like rape sends a message that rape is socially acceptable and even laughable. Cynicism is no excuse for cruelty. —Reed Smell

Dear Reed: You certainly have a lot to say. Did you see that we have a slot open for a new female columnist in between the photos of empowered women? Why not try for that instead of writing me your self-important, poo-poo-stinking prose?

But I am a fair person, so I pondered your ideas as I walked down rainy streets in nothing more than a thin, piss-yellow sweater, pink-patterned circle skirt and a baby doll T-shirt that proclaimed I was a "tease." As it clung damply to my arms and breasts, I noticed a thick sound coming from an alleyway to my left. Peering around the corner I watched three men, jolly green giants painted pure shit-black, overpowering a eighty-year-old-looking woman. I opened a "Big Cherry Candy Bar" and settled down to watch the show. After they shoved their spit-lubed fucksticks in her baby cave in hard repetition, I noticed something that turned my belly to ice.

She was not laughing.
Could this mean that you were right, that rape was not funny? I had to know for sure.

I waited until the men were done and then approached the trembling figure, stooping to the ground to get a better view. Tears were running clean rivers in a dirty face. One eye seemed to have exploded from the inside. Leaning until my nose was almost touching hers, I whispered softly so as not to startle her, "Was that funny?"

"Help me"—her voice was gravel in a blender set on low—"I've been assaulted." "I know." I wondered if she could smell the mid-morning snack I had just taken on my breath and decided not to worry about it, "but was it funny, being raped in the gutter like that?"

She looked at me with horror. "Everyone knows that rape is funny—very, very funny!"

Well, that settles it. Rape isn't just funny—it's very, very funny. Jokes such as:
Q. What did Tori Amos do for her rapist? A. Send him royalties!
and

Q. What did the victim say to her rapist? A. Does this mean we're going steady? are the height of humor...and if you doubt that for a minute, remember: If an eighty-year-old-woman who's just been raped by three men can find humor in it, so can you!

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what's your fucking problem?

advice from DEMI MONDRAINE

Hey, Stud. Yeah, you. Remember you told me to smile and I didn't? You said, "It's not *that* bad! *Smile*, why dontcha?" Then I told you that what

would make me smile would be to see you slam your head into the bar until your nose bled? You're right, *I am a dyke*. Or more accurately, I WAS a dyke, just then. You see, my sudden vagitarianism came upon me like a fever at your approach. Your wreaking man-pungency filled my pores, and I panicked. So I backed into the safest corner I could. You called me on it, and I was embarrassed...so I cowered at the altar of Sappho until you were long gone. I'm sorry.

And a big YO to the white guy with the corn rows and a cool rap name (that I forgot...something like T-Bag...) A shout-out to Bih-zeaverton, Yo. Remember you hung around me like an oily fart mumbling your lines at me? You spoke in an urban vernacular so thick that I just couldn't get it. I'm not up on my MTVisms...I suck, I know. You were trying so hard and got so upset;

"Merry Christmas, boys."

I was, after all, dressed-up and OUT. Leading you on like a sweet hunk of apple pie cooling on a rack to tempt you. Standing there with my epidermis showing, in YOUR sites, askin' for it. You're right—I'm a bitch and I'm sorry.

To the gentlemen on the bridge passing a bottle back and forth between yourselves as you walked. You called to me, "Girl! HEY GIRL! SSSSSSSSS! HEY!!" It was a cold day and you were shuffling along home from your long, hard day of harassing people on Burnside for beer money. I spotted you a ways off, and you saw me, too. You boys were only walking, drinking, and talking, probably about how you both were unselfish lovers and would love to orally please a woman. And who comes along but stupid me on my bicycle...how many bridges are over the dang river? Plenty, and I picked yours. Here I come, pumping my pedals suggestively, causing my hips to roll around in a false promise. I heard the call, but as I got closer I saw right away that you were both too good for me, and it would've killed me to see your eyes go dim in disappointment. I lowered my head and pushed my bike past you in shame. You were so kind in continuing your kissing and sucking noises at me as I passed. I should've stopped and knelt in acceptance to a meaty swordfight in my mouth...but I didn't, and I *am* sorry.

And at last to my sweet one. The one who made me feel so vulnerable. You caressed and pushed my buttons like a true pro and threw my switches into overload that night. I have no excuse for my behavior, but hear me out. I was cocktailin', so I was distracted. Plus, it was so very busy, I just wasn't on my game. I was actually burning uncontrollably for a wall-eyed butthole with a mullet that night, and when you lurched toward me, I wanted to take your thick hand and shove it up my ass through my pants....but you beat me to it. Somehow you felt my ass calling your hand, and your hand heeded that call. All I can say is, sometimes a woman likes to be the one who makes the first move, and when her bluff is called, she needs to dramatically deny her attraction to save face. Ah, what a strange game of hard-to-get I played with you! A game that I ultimately lost. You were so much bigger than me, I thought you'd think it was cute how hard I hit you. I envisioned you would grab my wrists and smile, we'd kiss and then have a good laugh at our love games. But you didn't stop me—you just bled and bled. I went a little overboard on you, Sweetie, and when they pulled you out of the club, I got a big shot of whiskey...I pulled bits of your skin off my trembling and sore hands and hoped you would forgive me one day. Baby, I'm sorry, I was on the rag.

This is an open letter of apology to all the men who have only wanted to love me, but I was unworthy of their affections. Merry Christmas, boys. Don't give up on me—I'm sure I'll come around. I'll keep trying if you do! X

I heard a crowd of demonstrators screaming outside my office in San Francisco as white girl Gina Regency in **BOOTYLICIOUS GET WHITEY** from JM Productions displayed tenacity above and beyond the call of duty. Engorging a huge black cock, Gina appeared frustrated she couldn't quite take the inner-city torpedo all the way down. Her lips remained inviting as the gang-banger tore her up in **GET WHITEY** while the people down in the street yelled GET BUSH!

Witnessing 40,000 antiwar demonstrators parading down Market Street while watching porn provided excitement and depression. The sea of people engaged in political action was rather refreshing after zoning out on some previous sport in the anal cavity, but at the same time I became aware that porn and the antiwar movement are both devoid of imagination.

The devoted fans of porn and the peace gang dipped in righteous enlightenment find their respective outlets for aggression deeply satisfying. For the rest of us, porn and the antiwar movement are formulaic, predictable, and boring.

I suppose it makes sense to get jumped-up on the antiwar bandwagon before the war starts in order to stop it, except the only thing that can stop it is the possibility some of the generals and close buddies of Saddam Hussein start thinking, "Do I really want to hang on with this lunatic?" and put a bullet in his brain. If Saddam's polluted palace doesn't collapse from within, chances are he's gonna get invaded.

And who could have a more deserving rectum about to get butt-fucked by Imperial America's missiles than the murderous thug Saddam? Not that I welcome the war, but I'm not inclined to object.

I slipped in Jerome Tanner's **A WHORE WITH NO NAME** from Legend, hit the mute button, and watched random acts of fellatio while across the street scurrilous speeches blasted forth over the heads of the demonstrators in Civic Center Plaza. "Bush is the terrorist and we need a regime change at home"... "Impeach Bush."... "We are witnessing a wholesale assault on the Bill of Rights."... "The criminal partnership between the United States and Israel is nothing more than genocide against the Palestinians."... "Ariel Sharon is committed to the Final Solution."

Then I read the copy on the **WHORE WITH NO NAME** tape box: *Imagine a place where the woman are obedient, quiet, and hungry for cock. A magical place where women don't nag, complain, or ruin your day with mindless chatter. Where is this place? Welcome to the future, gentlemen. The need for women has been eradicated... replaced by sexy, big-titted, programmable human hybrid clones. The female species finds itself on the brink of extinction. Men now control the pussy resource. The chains have been broken.*

The mind's dark recesses can easily overcome any sense of reason when you get worked up in a lather over powerful forces you cannot control. For their fans, the Palestinian suicide bomber and the platinum-blond robot meekly loitering outside the 7-Eleven are equally groovy.

But I wouldn't say they are morally equivalent. The suicide bomber is chained to a set of absolutist beliefs that guarantee pussy in paradise. That was made clear when it turned out some of the homicidal avengers who flew into the

Twin Towers and the Pentagon visited strip bars in Vegas and Florida the night before their madness as a prelude to an eternal fuckfest with seventy-two virgins in Paradise.

While fanatical nerds like this pose a real threat, Jerome Tanner's fantasy of men controlling the pussy through cloning is wish-fulfillment on the part of some guys who remain chained to the retrograde vision of women as receptacles for their horny dicks. The only threat these guys pose is running out of money to buy porn flicks. Happily, even though the economy has flattered, the porn biz is still going gang-bang-busters. And if you really want to live in a society where women have been on the brink of extinction for centuries, buy a ticket to the Middle East.

Gauge, Holly Hollywood and a host of other stripped and shiny bods blasted away in a flurry of cream pies in **MONEY SHOTS** from Adam & Eve; Alexas Malone in **NEW GIRLS** from Evil Empire choked on dude's heavy jizz biz strokes while on her knees with her hands tied behind her back; and Ron Kovic, the veteran whose legs got blown off in Vietnam, said the policies of the president and congress "brought on 9/11."

Note to Ron: We were both crazy enough to join the Marine Corps and ended up in the Da Nang shithole. I got out without a scratch, and you got life in a wheelchair. But a Viet Cong nailed you, not Richard Nixon. Bush was not responsible for 9/11; Islamic fascists in hijacked jets were.

I know there are many sincere and principled people like Ron Kovic who are opposed to a possible shitstorm in Iraq, but the overall tone of the antiwar movement reeks of glee that America got what it deserved on 9/11 and now Bush is using this as an excuse for furthering the nation's imperialistic ambitions and making democracy safe for the smooth flow of oil out of Baghdad, USA. But Christopher Hitchens, the best writer on the left who is now disgusted with the left, was on target when he said the antiwar crowd "truly believes that John Ashcroft is a greater menace than Osama bin Laden."

The peacemongers shout "power to the people" *ad nauseam*, yet they are at odds with the majority of the American people who won't lose any sleep if we go to war. They've gone berserk with apocalyptic visions of the Imperialist Plastic Beast bent on conquest and extermination. Listening to those speeches I was reminded of William Burroughs's hallucinatory remark that "Plato's *Republic* is a blueprint for a death camp."

I'd say a scene in **ASS WORSHIPER 3** from Evil Empire pretty well summed up the antiwar march in San Francisco: Ryan Conner bouncing her butt on a dildo glued to a toilet seat. X

Nothing brightens a dreary afternoon like a little ASS WORSHIP!



Holly Hollywood, star of MONEY SHOTS, gleefully displays her plastic-looking nipples.

the JACK SHACK

By **Flagstone Walker**



URGENT BULLETIN TO PORTLAND'S S&M COMMUNITY:

Attention, "doms!" All "subs" have changed their "safeword" to, oh, "antidiseestablishmentarianism."

Thank you, "doms."

Don't you *hate* white people?

"Gimme an 'S!' Gimme an ampersand!" Shut up.

Well, the sad, dismal X'd-out red neon long-stemmed martini glass is once more solemnly aglow from atop the sylvan hills over Portland State, reminding us that the Christmas, I mean "holiday" season, has come again to Portland. *Party down!*

And do you think smoke knows to stay in the smoking section? Well? Do you?

At every turn here, you're reprov'd and chastened. Your pity's solicited, your guilt's in someone's crosshairs, you're on the spot.

"Do you want your Bugles, Ding-Dongs, and Fiddle Faddle in paper or plastic, sir?"

"Whichever you think will most benefit mankind, miss."

It's a time for taking stock and giving thanks for all there is to be grateful for here in the City of Roses (not that we have anything against other flowers):

The temperate climate, the arbitrary witch-hunts, lattés.

Anarchy in the streets, racist skinheads, and crisp apple strudel.

Sleater-Kinney, Johnny Limbo and the Lugnuts, Smegma.

Alcoholism, masochism, suicide—we're number one!

The strident, petulant foot-stamping of coddled, favored special-interest groups; pizza with potatoes on it.

Those rapt, avid readers posing like thoughtful mannequins in the windows at Powell's, surreptitiously aiming what they're reading at us.

"Lao Tzu? He's good!"

The prissiness, the preciousness, the xenophobia.

"Today's 'left' is just the inverse Christian Coalition, only more pious and sanctimonious."

The 1971 mind-set.

The rigid caste system.

All of it reflected so vividly in our autocratic, ruling-class-run print media: The gated community that is "the press."

Soon, *Willamette Week* will be publishing gift suggestions which no one who works at *Willamette Week* except publisher Richard Meeker and editor Mark Zusman will be able to afford, despite an inordinate ad-to-copy ratio.

The *Portland Mercury* will likely do something wacky for the holidays, maybe even SHOCKING. They're so different from everyone else, it isn't funny.

That hepeat *Portland Tribune* will probably recommend *Naked Lunch* for a stocking stuffer. Or maybe a nice ball-gag.

Trib columnist Bill McDonald sez: "Sleater-Kinney rocks."

You know that Phil Stanford over there? He likes Jimi Hendrix.

The *Portland Alliance* will decry crass commercialism and capitalist consumption, then try to sell you a Mumia Abu Jamal fondue set.

The *Oregonian*...Let's be honest.

I've never read it.

The happy-go-lucky editor of *Just Out* will tell us why the holidays are a time for hysteria, melodrama, self-pity, bitterness, and boycotts. And it's beginning to look a lot like CHRISTmaaaas...

In Portland.

Thought For The Day: What if Huck Finn said "faggot" 200 times? Portland *loves* its Derry Jacksons.

Did you see where that freakazoid extra-from-a-Fellini-film mayor-woman proclaimed "Leather Pride Week" last year, promoting "safe, sane, consensual" S&M?



JOHNNY LIMBO & THE LUGNUTS: Nine more reasons for Portland to be proud.



The Media Stalker's against dangerous insane forcible sadomasochistic rape, too. Let's have a parade about that.

Imagine needing your personal peccadilloes blessed by that ditzzy socialite?

The filthy-rich blueblood divorcée of some freaking "artist?" Don't you hate art?

What the fuck is City Hall doing in the bedrooms of "libertarians?" *By invite.*

Beware of groups with their own lingo.

Watch followers, joiners. The only people hung-up on what consenting adults are doing are "sexual minorities" and Jerry Falwell.

Some local "sex writer" (people so into sex, they just have to write an essay) wrote of "workshops" such as *Fun and Humor in S&M*.

Disboweling and You. Dungeon Do's and Don'ts.

Another was: *Coming Out S&M to Your Family*.

Thanks for being so up-front with us, but we really just want to watch *Survivor* in peace.

Willamette Week's "Queer Window" columnist gave an unfavorable review to an S&M propaganda film, for which he was *excoriated*.

They didn't come back with: "Oh, fuck you." Rather, they came simpering tearful-

ly about "acceptance" and "understanding" and called him a "disgrace" (he gets that a lot) and a bigot for voicing an honest, visceral reaction at odds with theirs.

Note all the tolerance and understanding.

Today's "left" is just the inverse Christian Coalition, only more pious and sanctimonious.

In what was both a brilliant literary critique and neo-post-Dadaist art statement, a young lady deigned to drop by the *Portland Mercury* offices once and vomit therein, by way of protest, for which the smirking "Aren't we edgy?," fashionably anti-cop, "agitprop" weekly's "news editor," a fucking *lawyer*, threatened her with legal action.

Fuck these papers. *Fuck* Portland. Let my people go.

Well, The Media Stalker is menacing phony "alternative" dilettantes, Portland's aristocracy, and well-financed, government-and-media-backed lily-white "minorities," which can mean only one thing: MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

And, for those of you who worship the wrong God, happy whatever weird-ass holiday you celebrate, too.

Torture and vivisect responsibly, respect others' off-the-charts zealotry and narcissism, and, for goodness sake, don't puke on the alternative press.

Be my Valentine? X

IT IS WRITTEN: "Suck our ass, dickhole." —The Portland Mercury responding to a reader's mild criticism

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IT'S A QUESTION THAT HAS CONSUMED THE NATION as much as "Who killed JonBenet?" and "Who shot J. R.?", and it may finally have an answer. Now, after more than two years of 'round-the clock police work and heightened public anxiety, Florida authorities believe they know "who let the dogs out."

"Beyond a reasonable doubt, **Cyrus Melman** let the dogs out," claims Gatoraugus County prosecutor **Flans**

Gelbart, referring to the now-infamous incident in June 2002 during a lawn party in the small coastal retirement community of Boca Melanoma.

On that balmy, coconutty Florida afternoon, a "Sweet Sixteen" lawn party was being held in honor of **Frieda**

Israelstein, daughter of billionaire philanthropist **Hyman Israelstein**, inventor of the non-adhesive one-piece cigar band.

The party was suddenly interrupted by two unwelcome intruders: "**Scruffy**" and "**Ruffy**" **Potemkin**, a pair of Golden Retrievers belonging to **Mitch Potemkin**, a world-renowned herpetologist who lives across the street.

The sight of these big, unfamiliar dogs apparently frightened partygoers to the point that most of the two dozen or so attendees ran to their cars and SUVs, fleeing the scene. No one was bitten, but the party was ruined. Over a thousand dollars' worth of catered food was left to rot in the sun.

"The party was nice, the party was jumpin'," recalls **Edna Wasserpistil**, a friend of the guest of honor's, "and everyone was havin' a ball. And then out of nowhere come these two dogs—BIG dogs—running onto the lawn and causing havoc. The dogs started barking and everyone started running around, screaming, 'Who let the dogs out? Who let the dogs out?' It was horrible, I tell you—horrible!"

THE BIG BREAK IN THE CASE came when local pharmacist **Biff Tejaratchi** called police and said that one of his customers had been acting suspiciously. "This guy kept coming in for his Zoloft," the gentle Iranian pill doctor recalls, "and every time that other shoppers would be talking about the unsolved who-let-the-

BUSTED:
Florida police arrest Cyrus Melman, suspected of being the man "who let the dogs out."



case that had been meticulously arranged in photo albums, fecal samples on his boots which forensic technicians have matched to samples taken from Ruffy and Scruffy, wood splinters that match those taken from the gate in Potemkin's backyard, and a giant banner hung on the wall onto which Melman had scrawled I'M THE MAN WHO LET THE DOGS OUT.

Prosecutor Gelbart, whose dentures, interestingly enough, are fashioned entirely from crocodile teeth, feels he has a slam-dunk case: "We have evidence that we will present before the court which proves that Mr. Melman used a hammer to break the lock on Mr. Potemkin's gate,

and then he let the dogs out. He let those dogs out knowing the danger they might cause if they ran across the street and into Miss Israelstein's backyard. He let those

dogs out HOPING they'd hurt someone. And so it is the state's opinion that he be caged like a dog, just so he knows what it feels like." Gelbart, who broke into a high-pitched chuckle immediately after making the last statement, plans to charge Melman with Reckless Endangerment, Menacing, Criminal Trespassing, Criminal Mischief, Harassment, Stalking, Breaking, Entering, Breaking and Entering, Felonious Assault Upon a Lock, Reckless Disregard for the Feelings of Others, Misdemeanor Creepiness, Unnecessary Flailing of Arms, and Public Nonsense. If convicted on all counts, Melman faces upwards of eight hundred and fifty-five years in prison. "We want to calm a worried public that was traumatized by this event," says Gelbart, "and ensure that no one will ever have to say, 'Who let Cyrus Melman out?'"

RELIEVED:

The dogs' owner, Rich Potemkin, was on vacation when the dogs were let out. He says he's glad that Scruffy and Ruffy are back in his care. "Thank God nobody got hurt," he adds, "and that they're finally bringing that bastard to justice."



POLICE FINALLY ARREST MAN WHO LET THE DOGS OUT!!!

dogs-out case, he'd just wink at me and say stuff like, "I know who let the dogs out—oh yes indeed I do," and other things like that, so I got to thinking that maybe this was the guy who did it, you know?"

Tejaratchi's suspicious-acting customer was the aforementioned Melman, an unemployed body surfer and seashell collector. When police raided Melman's trailer home in nearby Del Coca Vista, they found hundreds of newspaper clippings related to the

cards into the little boy's rectum while forcing him to recite batting statistics, caused a mental disorder called "Revenge Psychosis." The illness is traditionally a foolproof legal defense against criminal prosecution for anyone who, as an adult, commits crimes in retaliation for a bad childhood. "The victim here isn't Miss Israelstein," DuPlessis sneers. "It isn't the partygoers. It isn't even the dogs—they're back in. The victim is Cyrus Melman. Society let him down. We all let him down. We all, as a society, let the dogs out." X

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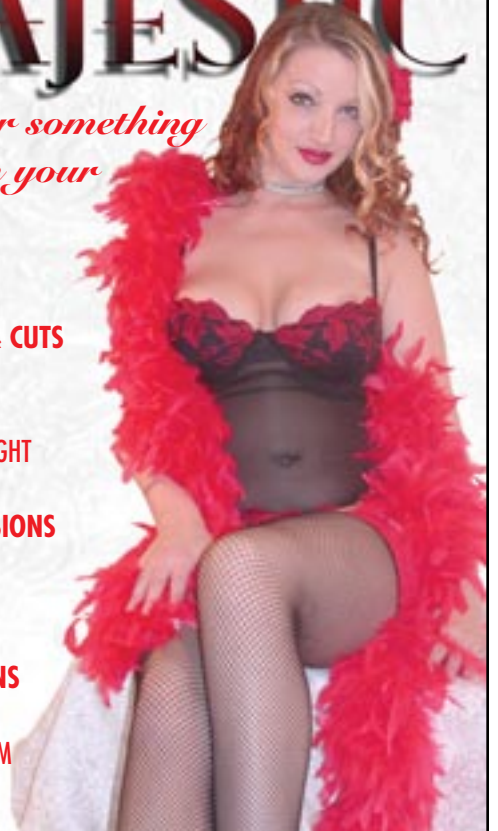
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NUDISM

FROM THE VOLLEYBALL NET TO THE INTERNET



I WAS BORN NUDE, and unless you popped out of your mama's snatch wearing a tuxedo, you were born nude, too. But they wrapped up our naked infant bodies pretty quick, and in the end, they'll likely bury us in clothes.

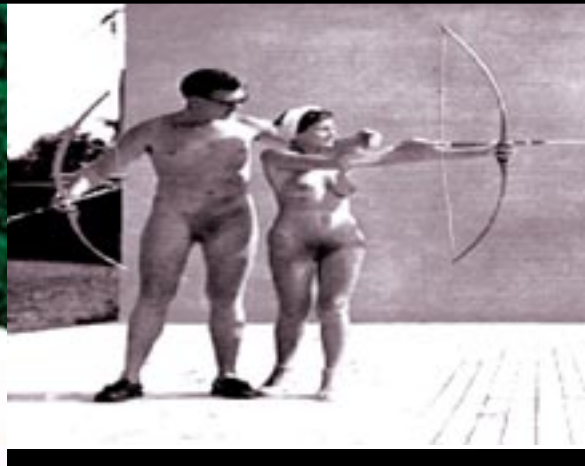
As a kid of around three or four, I'd sometimes do a little dance after getting out of the shower before getting dressed. I called my dance "The Nude Dance," and it consisted of a basic two-step with my arms swinging back and forth in front of my wee naked frame. Amused by my naked jig's gleeful innocence, my teenaged brother even wrote a song called "Do The Nude," whose lyrics consisted entirely of the mantra "Do the nude, and a-do the nude" repeated while I danced. Even my parents were amused by my Nude Dance, because I was obviously too young to realize people shouldn't be nude at all, much less *dance* about it.

I grew up fascinated by cheesy nudist culture in the 1970s, dovetailing as it did with long-gone trash-sex phenomena such as streaking (running nude in public—sort of a form of nudist terrorism), wife-swappin' swingers, and male "flashers" in trenchcoats (what the hell happened to *them*?).

As an adult, I've been publicly naked at an all-male health club in Stockholm (keep your wisecracks to yourself), a nude beach in Copenhagen, and sundry "clothing-optional" hot springs across the American West. When co-workers weren't around, I've even had occasion to trudge through the *Exotic* office naked as a porn-peddlin' jaybird. Unless it's too cold, I always sleep naked and spend much of the time in my apartment without one thread of evil textiles to cover my pink skin. I often lift weights nude while looking at myself in the mirror. For lucky naked partners, I will even sometimes perform my hilarious "penis dance," and a good time is had by all.

BUT IT'S TOUGH BEING NUDE in a world where everyone wears clothes. Everyone who's "civilized," at least.

Clothing. You either wear it or you don't. Clothes change everything. Clothes are so anthropologically important, it's silly. Clothing is a social dividing line almost as all-encompassing as gender. More social significance is accorded clothing than just about any other material item. So many invisible walls fall to the ground along with one's clothes. We attach so much absurd importance to clothing to the point where we've convinced ourselves that nudity, rather than clothing, is what's unnatural or deviant.





LIFESTYLES OF THE NUDE 'n' FAMOUS

Proponents of social nudism, eager to prove that their lifestyle is not solely the domain of utopian cuckoo birds and shady-minded swingers, point to a strong historical tradition of nudism among the famous and powerful.

They reach nakedly back toward antiquity and point to pro-nudist sentiments expressed by classical giants such as **Plato** and **Thucydides**, the latter of whom argued that nudism elevated the Greeks above the fur-clad barbarians.

They cite favorable comments and glowing reminiscences of being nude amid the work of fruity Jersey poet **Walt Whitman**...Italian ceiling-painter **Michelangelo**...self-absorbed Frenchman **Jean-Jacques Rousseau**...pious back-to-nature goober **Henry-David Thoreau**...insufferable playwrights **George Bernard Shaw** and **Eugene O'Neill**...and obsessed-with-giant-white-things novelist **Herman Melville**. They note that throughout **Mark Twain's** *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, considered by many to be the greatest novel written in English, Huck and Nigger Jim [hey, pipe down, that's what **TWAIN** called him, not me!] raft down the mighty Mississippi' buck-naked, and nobody has a problem with it. They say that even one-man kiddie-book factory **Dr. Seuss** was a practicing nudist who published positive comments about his so-called "naturist" lifestyle.

Many influential American politicians practiced a nudist lifestyle. **Benjamin Franklin**, one of our country's Founding Fathers and a singularly unattractive man, took daily naked "air baths." **John Quincy Adams** was said to have taken a swim sans clothes in the Potomac every day while he was president. **Theodore Roosevelt**, also a habitual presidential skinny-dipper, once swam naked with a visiting French diplomat. *Bully!* Slain chick magnet **John F. Kennedy** is alleged to have held high-ranking meetings while naked in his bathtub and surrounded by assistants, all of whom were clothed. Jowly goat-roper **Lyndon Baines Johnson**, purportedly proud of his endowment, also would meet with his clothed subordinates while he was in the nyood. LBJ also reportedly held skinny-dipping pool parties at the White House and would frequently greet outside guests such as Frank Sinatra while defiantly unclad. Greasy morose tragic clown **Richard Nixon** was also alleged to have held White House meetings without a stitch of clothing on him. And in an intriguing meeting of the political and entertainment worlds, there is also a rumor that crazed-with-world-domination **General Douglas MacArthur** and pro-Nazi cartoon mogul **Walt Disney** once skinny-dipped together at a beach in the 1960s. Modern celebs known to have practiced social nudism include neurotic chick singers **Alanis Morissette** and **P. J. Harvey**...sun-poisoned good-timey musician **Jimmy "Cheeseburgers in Paradise" Buffett**, who claims that his whole family practices nudism...superdupermodels **Elle MacPherson** and **Christy Brinkley**...forgettable actresses **Lynn Redgrave** and **Bridget Fonda**...and Muslim-slurring animal-rights lunatic **Brigitte Bardot**. X

Nudity. So simple and yet so powerful. The naked body, when revealed, is both more and less than what we had imagined. So much hinges on its suppression. If the world were to suddenly turn all-nude, catastrophic social meltdowns would result. Clothing, since it cages our sexuality, is essential to our idea of being civilized. God may not have always told us that nudity is bad, but the King does. He always does. He needs us to quit fuckin' around, get dressed, and start building the roads.

But mandatory social clothing has only been a very recent blip in human development. It has existed for less than one percent of the entire time span of the slapstick comedy called Humans on Earth. It wasn't until the loom was invented in China about six thousand years ago that clothing became an option. Until then, the whole world was a nudist colony.

Nearly all cultures of antiquity, and many world cultures today, practiced public nudism. Most pagan societies incorporated nudity into their rituals. The ancient Egyptians walked around nude, as did as the Greeks, especially in their homoerotic-by-inference nude sporting spectacles. The Greeks were even known to WAGE WAR in the nude. The Roman public baths were all-nude, as were many European public baths throughout the Middle Ages. European families often slept in the same bed naked.

Ferocious, repressive anti-nudity sentiments grew as Protestantism took hold throughout Europe, culminating in the Victorian Age, when people didn't even talk about body parts in mixed public. Even piano legs were often required to be covered, lest they suggest the shamefully seductive female leg.

ALTHOUGH THE PRECISE MEANING ELUDES ME at the moment, there is surely great significance in the fact that the country which invented the modern nudist camp also invented the modern concentration camp.

In 1903, a German named Richard Ungewitter published a 104-page treatise extolling the virtues of mixed-gender public nudity. The same year, inspired by Ungewitter's book, Paul Zimmermann opened "Freilichtpark," (Free Light Park) in Lubeck, Germany. Considered the world's first modern nudist camp, the park remained in operation until 1981. Faithful to Teutonic control-freak tendencies, the park's overlords dictated ironclad laws for its members. Meat was forbidden. So were cigarettes and alcohol. All park guests were required to wake up early and undergo two rigorous hours of exercise under an instructor's whip.

Germans referred to the nudist lifestyle as "Free Body Culture." The nudist meme proved infectious, and twenty years later, experts reckoned that 50,000 Krauts were practicing a lifestyle which included marching around naked at least some of the time.

In 1929, a German nudist named Kurt Barthel immigrated to these shores and founded the American League for Physical Culture, whose purpose was to spread the nudist Gospel. Nudist colonies emerged across America in the early 1930s, aided by the 1933 formation of the National Nudist Conference, which later changed its name to the American Sunbathing Association. By the mid-1930s, there were an estimated eighty nudist colonies in America, some of which are still operating. Camps such as the "Sea Island Sanctuary" (founded on Cat Island off South Carolina's coast in 1932) "Sunshine Park" (established by a Baptist minister in New Jersey in 1935) practiced a cooperative lifestyle with vegetarian diets and lotsa nude sports. But despite nudism's utopian/egalitarian pretensions, membership in many early camps was only within reach of the wealthy.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

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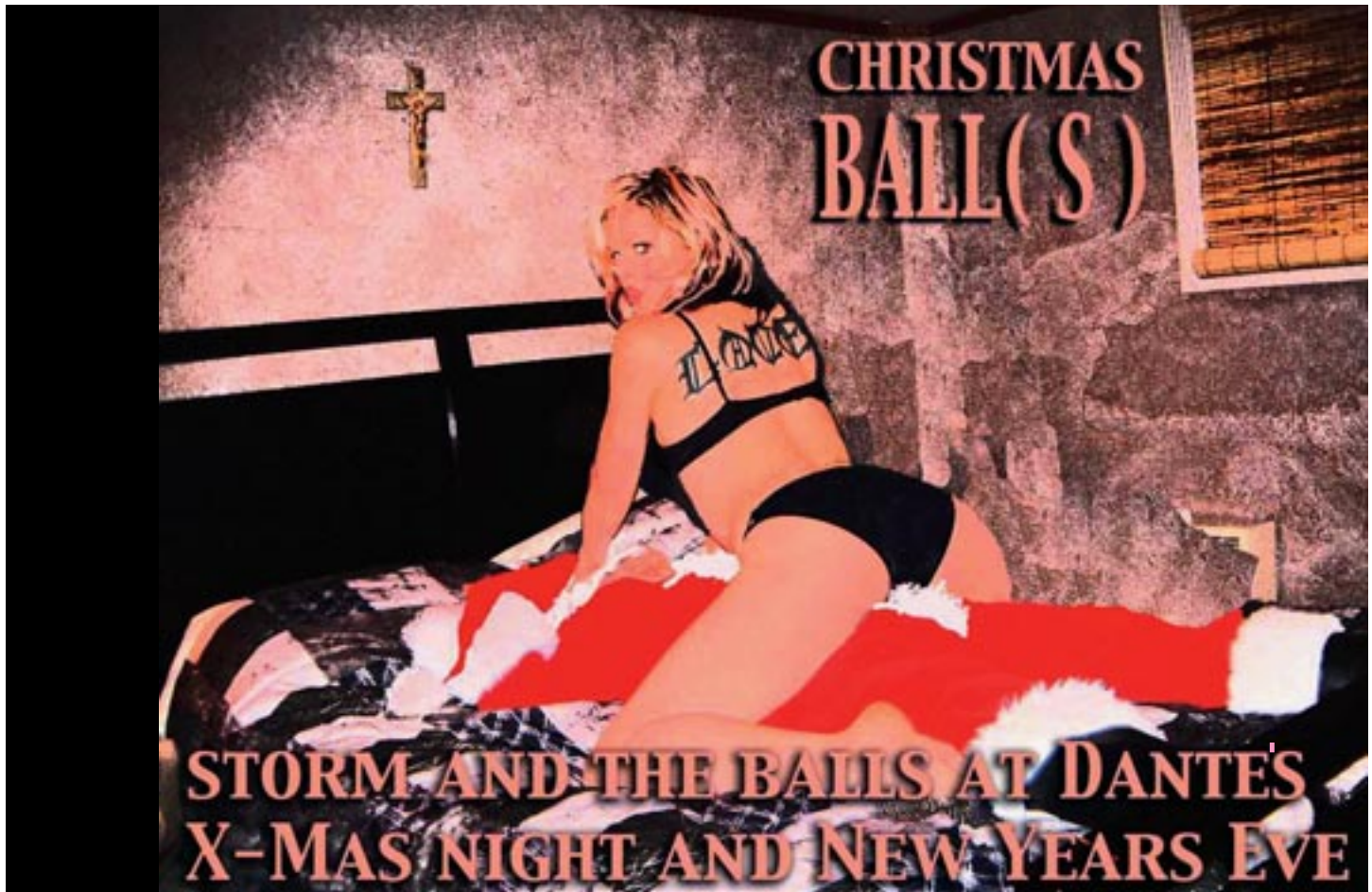
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NUDISM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63)



SIDESTEPPING THE IRONY

of using computers to go back to nature, nudists have taken to the World Wide Web in order to proselytize their lifestyle and network with similarly nude individuals.

From what I can gather after reading a few dozen of their websites, nudists consider the “textile world” alien to their sanctified world. They view it as a corrupted, predatory, automated, sex-hating, fascistic mainstream *Überkultur* filled with meanies, a world whose violence and neuroses and fast-food wrappers and fall from grace are all rooted in the fact that its members AREN'T NUDE IN PUBLIC ALL THE TIME. Nudists use the word “textile” as both a noun (*he's a dedicated textile*) and an adjective (*it's a textile beach*), and it's usually used with some level of pejorative malice. Nudists refer to the textile world's pathological tendency to wear clothes as “clothes-obsessiveness” and “clothes-compulsiveness.”

These days, many of the Socially Naked tend to shun the words “nudist” and “colony” altogether. Instead, they label themselves “naturists” who congregate with “traveling clubs” or at “resorts.” It's a conscious distancing measure from any sleazy/creepy/cultish associations people might attach to both the terms “nudist” and “colony.” Just like San Franciscans hate it when outsiders call their city “Frisco,” modern self-described “naturists” frown upon usage of the term “nudist colony,” because it makes the inhabitants sound like mindless ants.

That's really too bad, and I'm sorry to have to hurt their feelings, but I just can't use the word “naturist” seriously. I don't like the way it rattles off my keyboard or rolls off my tongue. It's pretentious and not nearly as sexually suggestive, in an erotically pre-porno way, as the delicious term “nudist.” I prefer to use “nudist,” and I'll call those freaky nude bastards nudists whether they like it or not, fuck them *and* their stupid colonies.

Nudists defend their lifestyle with the zealotry of the folk religionists they are. They say that social nudism relieves psychological stress, and they'll show you medical studies to prove it. They'll show you another survey that proves group therapy is more effective when conducted in the nude. They'll cite statistics that say nudists are typically richer and better-educated than your average textile-wearing drone. They say that nudists, rather than being sexual deviants, are statistically less likely to commit sex crimes or incest and engage in extramarital affairs than the sickos in the textile world.

They claim that clothing is a breeding ground for bacteria. They say one's skin needs to breathe, to absorb and excrete, and that clothing subverts many of the skin's natural functions. They claim that full-body exposure to sunshine ensures a higher absorption of Vitamin D, essential to the immune system. They assert that nudity improves fertility, clears psoriasis, and prevents lyme disease. They say that basking nude in the sun fights many types of cancer, even skin cancer. They say that clothes impede the body's circulatory, reproductive, and lymphatic functions. They say these ball-smashingly tight blue jeans I'm wearing right now could possibly lead to testicular cancer.

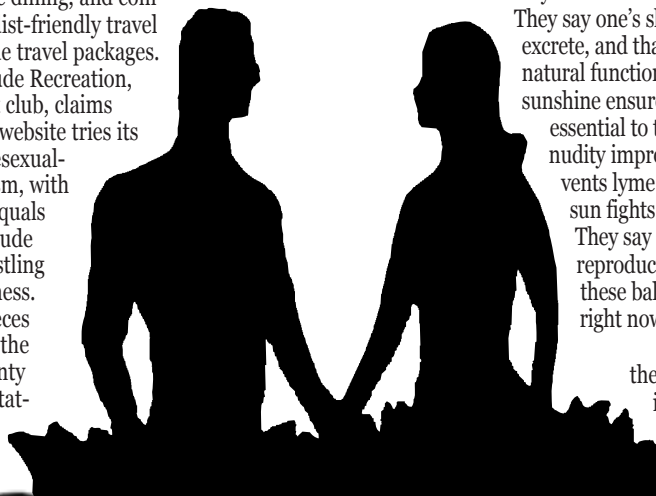
The devoted nudist feels, deep in the bottom of the sockless toes he squishes in the grass, that he lives in a fundamentally more moral, equal, and honest world than those in the textile world.

To the clothed world, the nudists might as well have been Martians. Colonies faced frequent police harassment, public ridicule, and evangelical outrage. Even so, pasty white mammaries and wrinkly white peni continued to flap defiantly under the open American sun. In the 1950s, courts decided once and for all that the idea of a cloistered nudist colony harboring consenting adults was perfectly legal.

Utopian nudist-colony culture became diluted (purists would say polluted) by an unwashed influx of free-lovin', hard-druggin', mass-orgy-havin' hippie culture in the 1960s. Public nudism became increasingly sexualized, more of a vulgar mass movement than an underground folk religion. It devolved from its lofty Edenic origins, becoming a haven for seedy swingers and pedophilic predators and thrill-seekers of all stripes. The culture of nude beaches and love-ins and Woodstock and smokin' hash oil naked in redwood hot tubs invaded the pristine culture of astringent nude diets and wholesome naked family living and 500 mandatory daily nude Jumping Jacks. Essentially, the hippies murdered the first wave of American nudist colonies.

The nude establishment (yes...sigh...there really is such a thing) has struggled to resurrect American nudism from the sex 'n' drugs image that has tainted it since the sixties. High-financed, tightly regimented nudist “resorts” catering to upscale couples and families constitute the modern Acceptable Face of American Nudism. Except for the clothing policy, many of these neo-nudist resorts are indistinguishable from high-tech health clubs. They offer nude swimming, nude ping pong, nude water skiing, nude badminton, nude dining, and communal nude Macarena lessons. Nudist-friendly travel agencies offer nude cruises and nude travel packages.

The American Association for Nude Recreation, currently the nation's largest nudist club, claims 50,000 members. Its bland-as-shit website tries its best to portray a safe/antiseptic/desexualized/family-oriented strain of nudism, with obvious reasons. Modern Nudism equals Big Bucks, and any intimations of nude meth-pipe circles or nude mud wrestling with children would only hurt business. Entrepreneurial nudism's mouthpieces cite stats claiming that the ranks of the American Nude are growing by twenty percent yearly. They trot out polls stating that Americans are growing more tolerant of nudism.



MILESTONES IN NUDIST CINEMA



Employing desiccated grey-pubed leftist jargon and pompous, Francophilic gobbledegook amid feely-meely googly Edenic let's-all-mush-together-in-a-gooney-protoplasmic-Love-Soup aesthetics, the nudist

theorist proposes a loftier, more spiritually advanced mode of living which is available to anyone simply by droppin' trou. But don't be fooled—his form of nudism aspires to much *more* than mere triflin' nakedness—it seeks to create a utopian society, to champion the struggle for women's freedom, and to maybe even smash the patriarchy if there's any time left after all that other stuff. He proposes a world which accepts...nay, *celebrates*...the human body, with all its warts, rashes, sagging flesh, ingrown toenails, and swampy ass-stank.

THE NUDIST WORLD, despite all its delusions of philosophical grandeur and human uplift, will forever remain a severely *tacky* world characterized by goofy jokes, by *Elmer Fudpucker at the Nudist Colony* comedy albums, and by zany nudist-camp cartoons depicting a guy who can carry two cups of coffee in his hands and a dozen donuts on his boner. 'Tis a world encapsulated in irritatingly clever catchphrases such as "Skin does not equal sin" and "I've got a brand nude attitude!" and "We are nude, not lewd" and "Grin and bare it!" It's a world filled with an uncomfortably high quotient of pervy weirdlin's who, if it weren't for nudism, would be into, oh, *Star Trek* to satisfy their lonely itch for communal belonging.

In many ways, nudism is also the natural-born enemy of pornography. Nudism proposes that *all* of us should be naked, while porno posits that only a *few* of us should. That's a monumental difference. Porno depends on the general societal suppression of nudity, or it wouldn't be special enough that people would pay for it. Much of the sex industry's wealth is actually dependent upon the mainstream *suppression* of nudity. If nudity were commonplace, it wouldn't be so "exotic," and guys wouldn't actually PAY just to see a woman's bare tush.

I tend to side with the pornographers. My main beef with social nudism, apart from the oceans of aesthetic cheese, is the undeniable, proven-by-science fact that some people SHOULD be hung-up about their bodies. I'm currently seeking evidence for my anthropological thesis that clothing was initially invented not as vain, peacock's-feathers-style adornment... nor for weather-related reasons...nor to hide a sense of naked shame...but solely as punishment for unattractive people.

I *love* my body. Yours, I'm not so crazy about. There are so many people I wouldn't want to relate to on a nude level. If I don't even want to look at them clothed, why would I want to see them with their shit all up-front and in my face? I don't feel so swell about Utopia if it means I have to be naked along with everyone else.

Still, the warm wind feels great on my exposed skin. But for now, I'll raise the fence around my *own* garden of Eden and frolic there. Me

and m'woman'll practice our own private brand of Antisocial Dystopian Nudism. I like the idea of nudity for me...but not for thee. Or as my girlfriend succinctly phrased it when I asked for her thoughts on nudism, "I don't need to look at somebody else's junk." X



Until the late 1960s, the only LEGAL way for Americans to ogle the naked human form in print and on movie screens...well, the naked *Caucasian* form, anyway, since *National Geographic* had no trouble showing dark-skinned "primitive" nudes... was via the purposely non-erotic genre of **nudist magazines** and **nudist-camp movies**.

Films featuring naked adults frolicking at nudist camps began to emerge in the early 1930s, coinciding with the first wave of American nudist-colony culture. The early films are typically imbued with a pompous, classically naturist, *Triumph of the Will*-styled conviction that nudism will bring about a worldwide elevation of humanity. **Elysia: Valley of the Nudes** (1933—foreign-language poster pictured at right) was filmed at a California nudist colony. The film begins with a producer's statement that "Our purpose is to show the benefits derived from bathing the body in the sun and air. Our hope is to show that the rapid growth of the Nudist movement throughout the world is based on health—both of the body and mind." The film's plot (some nudist-camp films have plots, some don't) concerns a newspaper reporter who's assigned write about a nudist camp and winds up *joining* it. Other early nudist-colony movies include **This Nude World** (1932), a documentary featuring European and American nudist colonies...**Hesperia** (1937) filmed at an Oregon nudist camp that would later become Squaw Mountain Ranch...and **The Exposé of the Nudist Racket**, (1938), which melds *Reefer Madness*-style scare-tactic anti-nudist narration with, of course, footage from the evil camps themselves. At one point, the film's narrator makes an unflattering comment about a portly female nudist.

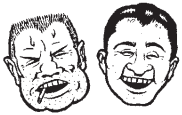


In 1954, New York authorities banned **Garden of Eden**, filmed at a nudist camp, because it allegedly portrayed nude humans in "unwholesome sexually alluring positions." The film's distributor appealed an initial court decision, and in 1957 the state court ruled in the film's favor, with one judge arguing that "nudism in itself, and without lewdness or dirtiness, is not obscenity in law or in common sense." The decision made it easier for wider commercial distribution of nudist-camp movies, and exploitation directors pounced on the opportunity, unleashing countless whimsically naughty "nudie-cuties" for the commercial market in the late 1950s and early 1960s.

B-movie legend Herschell Gordon Lewis produced nudie-cuties such as **Nature's Playmates** (1962), **Daughters of the Sun** (1962), and **Goldilocks and the Three Bares** (1963) before single-handedly inventing the slasher-movie genre with 1963's *Blood Feast*. Recently deceased cult director Doris Wishman was one of the nudie-cutie's sawvier exploiters, concocting clever stunts such as transplanting a grindhouse stripper onto nudist-colony grounds and filming her—nothing illegal about *that*—in **Blaze Starr goes Nudist** (1965) and setting a nudist colony in outer space in **Nude on the Moon** (1961).

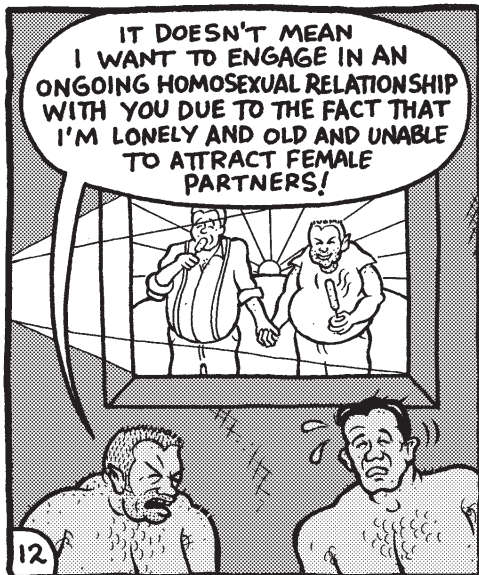
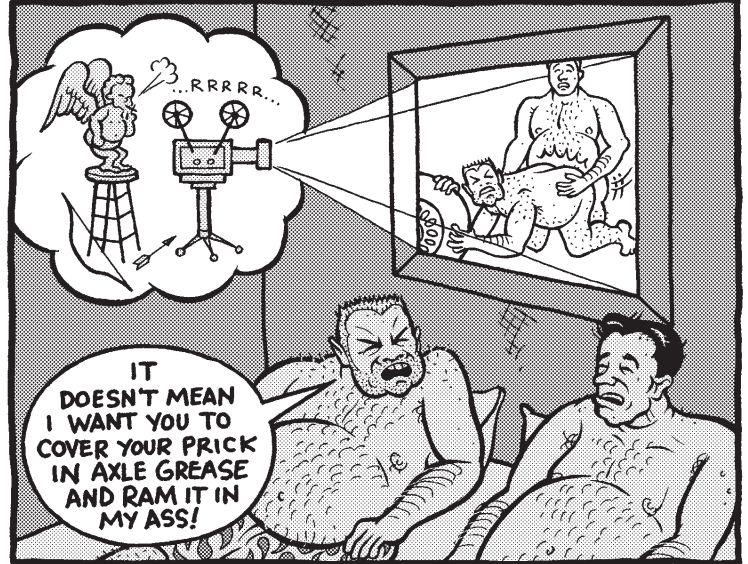
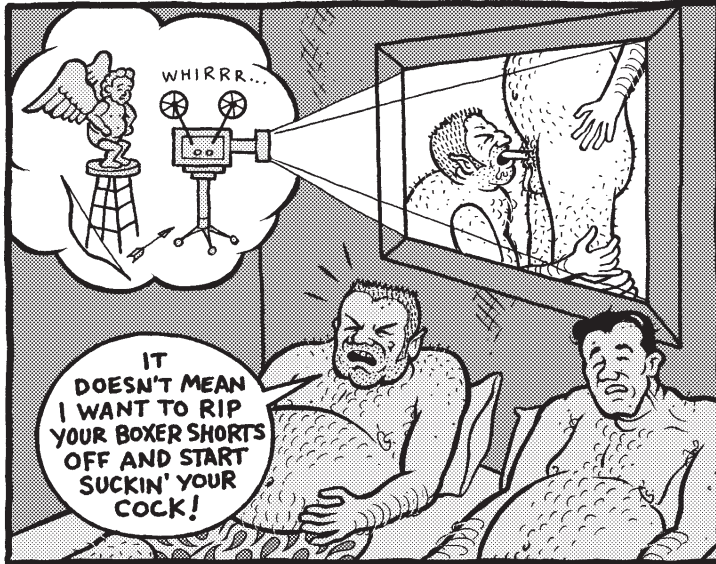
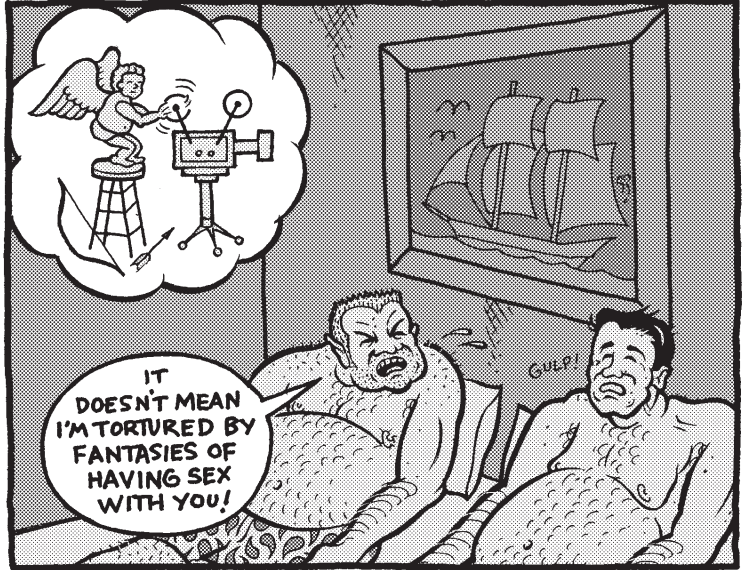
Since full-frontal cinematic nudity was considered legally obscene in America until 1968, the nudist-camp films were always careful to artfully conceal the subjects' genitals, especially swingin' weenies. A strong distinction should be drawn between **nudist** films and the **pornographic** films which immediately succeeded them. By definition, a nudist film prohibits any equation of nudity with sex. You'll see nude adults playing volleyball and rowing canoes (known as "canuding" among initiates), but you won't see any remotely amorous activity. When legal decisions allowed for naked onscreen sexuality in the late 1960s, the nudist-camp genre quickly expired, stampeded to death under increasingly bold cinematic eroticism and, finally, hardcore. X





TRUCKER FAGS IN DENIAL

STORY BY
JIM GOAD
ART BY JIM
BLANCHARD



12

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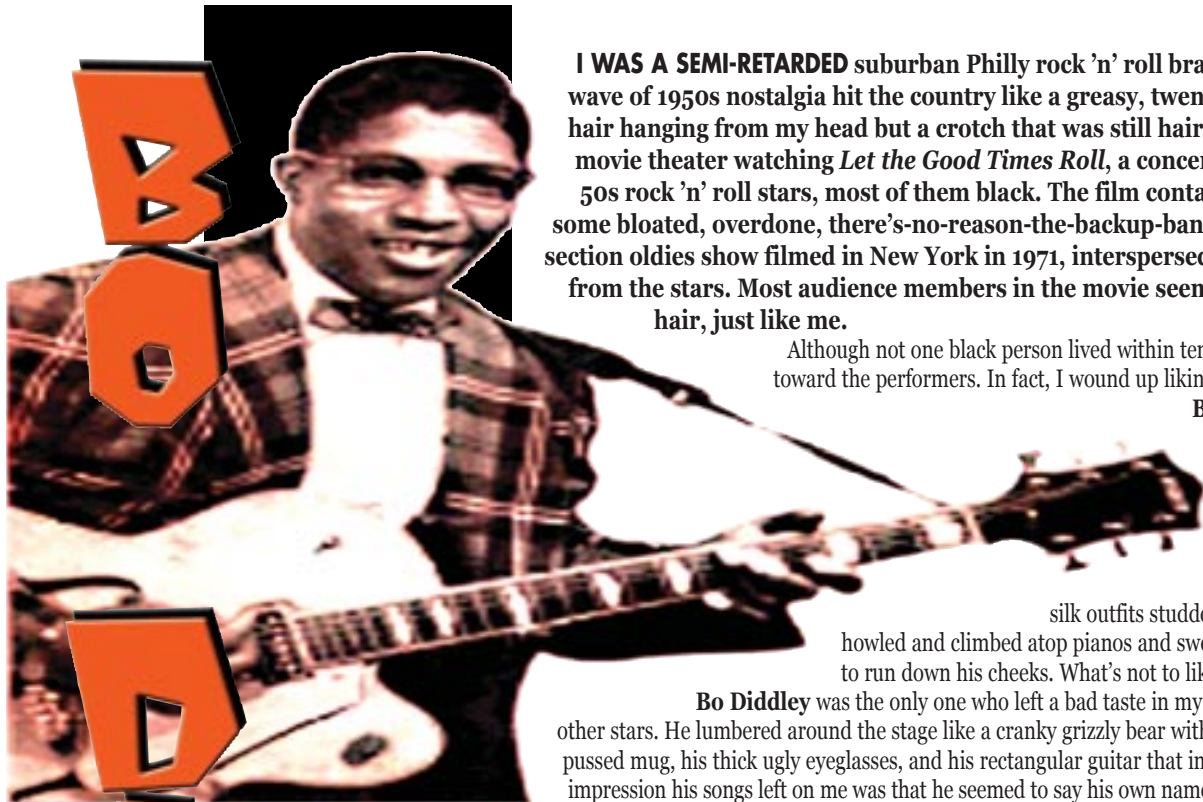


An open invitation event for all alcohol service industry owners, managers, and workers to attend a party to benefit the start of the Oregon chapter of A.C.E. (Association of Club Executives). A.C.E. is a national organization dedicated to safeguarding the rights of alcohol and service and industry owners and workers nationwide.

7:00pm - Complimentary dinner and meeting for bar/nightclub owners with A.C.E. organizers and legal staff.
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I WAS A SEMI-RETARDED suburban Philly rock 'n' roll brat in the early 1970s when a wave of 1950s nostalgia hit the country like a greasy, twenty-year-old fart. With long hair hanging from my head but a crotch that was still hairless, I sat in a nearly empty movie theater watching *Let the Good Times Roll*, a concert documentary featuring 50s rock 'n' roll stars, most of them black. The film contained live footage from some bloated, overdone, there's-no-reason-the-backup-band-should-have-a-trombone-section oldies show filmed in New York in 1971, interspersed with backstage comments from the stars. Most audience members in the movie seemed to be white with long hair, just like me.

Although not one black person lived within ten miles of me, I bore no prejudices toward the performers. In fact, I wound up liking all but one of them. **Chuck**

Berry was his usual eager-to-please, show-stopping self.

Fats Domino was likeable because he always smiled, too. **Little Richard**, with a giant spangly coiffed pompmullet and screamingly colorful

silk outfits studded with mirrors, minced and

howled and climbed atop pianos and sweated so much, his eyeliner began to run down his cheeks. What's not to like about *that*?

Bo Diddley was the only one who left a bad taste in my mouth. He didn't smile like the other stars. He lumbered around the stage like a cranky grizzly bear with his big Mr. Potato Head sour-pussed mug, his thick ugly eyeglasses, and his rectangular guitar that immediately annoyed me. The only impression his songs left on me was that he seemed to say his own name a lot, which I found exceedingly dumb. His backstage comments, spat out with pissy, bad-cigar-breath venom, were fixated on a single theme: He invented rock 'n' roll, others ripped him off, and he deserves to get paid for it. He just yabbered and jabbered and wouldn't shut the fuck up about it.

"You invented rock 'n' roll?" I thought to myself.

"Fuck, I ain't ever HEARD of you!"

I WOULD LIKE TO STATE FOR THE RECORD that I was wrong, and I feel horrible about it. Although it would be overstating things to say Bo Diddley *single-handedly* invented rock 'n' roll, he definitely invented MORE of it than anyone else. And there are good arguments that he was THE major influence in the genesis of surf music, heavy metal, the British Invasion, and rap. The man is a Godzilla-sized musical monster.

I first came to embrace this fact in the early 1980s, when I nicked a cassette of his greatest hits that featuring a picture of Bo in his 1950s prime, red checkered suit and all. First song on the tape was also the first single he ever released, 1955's eponymous "Bo Diddley," boasting a jagged Stone Age/Space Age guitar rolling in like waves of desert heat and melting your mind. Bo, originally a drummer, played his guitar as if it were a percussion instrument. And the riff on "Bo Diddley" was pounded out in a cadence that would become his signature.

Phonics don't do it justice, but I'd render it something like BOMP-buh-

BOMP-BOMP-buh-BOMP-BOMP. It has become known as the "Bo

Diddley beat" and forms the rhythmic backbone for many of his songs, as well as countless smash hits for pea-pickin' butt-pirates who saw fit to steal it. That beat shakes like an earthquake. There's something eternal about it. Bo Diddley drilled down into the core of the rhythmic collective unconscious and came up with pure black oil.

MUSIC THEORISTS ARGUE over the Bo Diddley beat's origin. It has been linked to sources as varied as: the "shave and a haircut, six bits" barbershop song; the "hambone" rhythm that black slaves would pat out on their bare chests and legs using their hands; some lost rhumba cadence; and jungle-movie soundtracks from the 1940s. Bo dismisses all such claims and says he invented the beat himself while fucking around with the cowboy song "I've Got Spurs that Jingle Jangle Jingle" on his guitar.

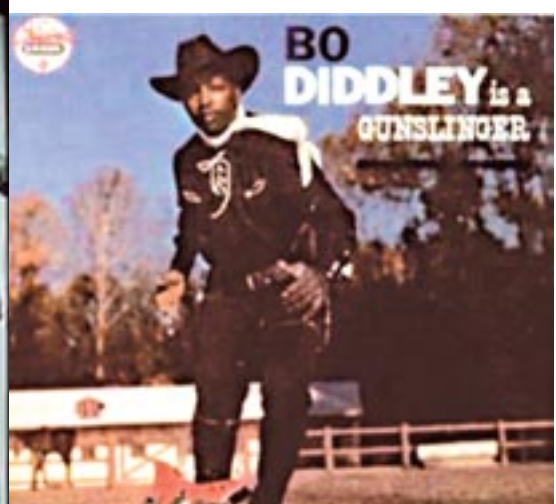


BO DIDDLEY'S MY NAME

Bo Diddley songs that feature his name in the title:

Bo Diddley Put the Rock in Rock 'n' Roll • *Bo Diddley-it is* • *Bo's Beat* • *Bo Diddley is Loose* • *Bo Diddley is Crazy* • *Bo Diddley is a Lover* • *Bo Diddley is a Gunslinger* • *Bo Diddley • Hey Bo Diddley* • *Diddley Daddy* • *Bo Meets the Monster* • *Bo's a Lumberjack* • *Cookie-Headed Diddley* • *Bo's Guitar* • *The Story of Bo Diddley*

America's Greatest Bitter Black Musician



RIPPED OFF

A short list of well-known artists, all of whom are white, who stole the instantly recognizable "Bo Diddley Beat" and used it in their songs:

- Elvis Presley**
("His Latest Flame")
- Buddy Holly**
("Not Fade Away")
- Johnny Otis**
("Willie and the Hand Jive")
- The Who**
("Magic Bus")
- The Rolling Stones**
("I'm All Right")
- The Strangeloves**
("I Want Candy"—later recorded by Bow Wow Wow)
- Bruce Springsteen**
("She's the One")
- U2**
("Desire")
- David Bowie**
("Panic in Detroit")
- Elvis Costello**
("Lover's Rock")
- X**
("Under the Big Black Sun")
- George Michael**
("Faith")

Bo employed that tireless beat, tweaking it just a bit each time, on about half of the songs on that greatest-hits cassette. The barest, most elemental example of Bo recycling his own beat was the reverb-soaked, all-alone-in-the-darkness guitar line on "Mona," one of the purest love songs ever written.

That one beat...the one he's known for...would have been enough to cement his legend. But this cassette oozed seductive beats all over the place, many of them spiced-up by sideman Jerome Green's voodoo-possessed maracas-shaking. Every song was stirred around and simmered in the same hypnotic, hazy, snake-charming, witch-doctor gumbo, skulls on sticks shaking up and down to the beat. Bo Diddley was channeling Satan, there was no doubt about it. "Say Man," considered by many to be the first rap song, was driven by a weird, caffeine-overdose, piano-tinkly, south-of-the-border tempo, over which Bo and Jerome traded verbal insults about each other's girlfriends. "You Can't Judge a Book by its Cover" was peppered by a breathless rhythm that conjured torches and gospel tents. And my favorite track, "Road Runner," had one of the heaviest guitar sounds ever recorded, just screaming slabs of black steel punching you unconscious. In yet another layer of irony that forms the Ironic Onion called Bo Diddley, he pioneered the guitar-god ethos that later would be purloined by white guys who forgot about people such as Bo Diddley.

Bo also broke new thematic ground with his remorseless killer-stud persona. He was always walking through barbed wire and wearing cobra snakes for neckties and eating steel nails and drinking gunpowder soup. When he came to town, the streets got empty and the sun went down. Except for a few of the darker-themed country artists, such self-woven antihero mythology was absent from the rest of popular music until punk rock came along and offered paint-by-numbers nihilism.

When the British Invasion stole American music and sold it back to Americans, no one's music was stolen more than Bo Diddley's. The Rolling Stones, Kinks,

BO KNOWS FASHION: (L-R)...

1. Bo vainly trying to reinvent himself as a psychedelic funkster by recording an album called *The Black Gladiator* (1970) and wearing an outfit that looks stolen from The Village People's "Biker" character...
2. Bo in the 1960s, with his female guitarist "The Duchess" and Jerome Green, Bo's maracas-playing sidekick....
3. The cover of the *Bo Diddley is a Gunslinger* album (1961).

Animals, Manfred Mann, and Yardbirds all covered his songs. British bands such as The Pretty Things and Cops and Robbers stole their goddamned names from his songs. Even Pink Floyd, a band seemingly unaware that things such as rhythm existed, was rumored to have cut their musical teeth by performing entire sets of Bo Diddley covers.

NEARLY FIFTY YEARS after he first recorded "Bo Diddley," bitterness and an all-swallowing sense of having been FUCKED OVER remain the primary themes of almost every interview Bo gives. He's bitter at the FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS worth of royalties he reckons that record-company sharks have skimmed from his pockets. He's bitter that in the early 1970s, he was driven into premature obscurity to the point where he took a job as a small-town sheriff in New Mexico. He's bitter every time he hears his beat plagiarized on TV commercials. Bitter that he's in his 70s and still has to tour small clubs to make ends meet. "I opened the door for a lot of people," he lamented to one reporter, "and they just ran through and left me holding the knob."



My head would crack open and bats would fly out of it if I were faced with Bo's predicament. If I had created something that altered the musical landscape with the finality of an atomic bomb and was still forced to play rinky-dink clubs almost TEN YEARS after becoming a senior citizen, I'd want to punch somebody.

So here's what I suggest, Bo: You're coming to **Dante's** on **December 27th** for two shows. I will be the DJ for both shows. I am the same white boy who doubted your importance way back in that movie theater in 1972. If you're still feeling bitter when you get to Dante's, you can punch me square in the face, and I swear I won't call the cops. Take your best shot. You're in your seventies, so I'm sure it won't hurt too bad. Not as bad as what they did to you, anyway. X



EXOTIC PINUP

Sheena

DECEMBER COVERGIRL 2002
FROM THE G-SPOT

DECEMBER 2002

SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Dante's Sinferno Cabaret Portland Alcohol Service Industry Christmas Party (Dinner & Meeting) A Benefit for A.C.E. 7pm @ Boogie Woogies (915 SW 2nd.) <i>CATHOUSE</i> on HBO (after Soprano's)	MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL ROCKIN' MONDAYS @ THE PALLAS	2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS Devils Point • 10pm	4	XOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE Shon's Birthday	"FRIDAY" Goddess of Porn Stars Beaverton (9pm & 12am)	
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FIREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFULL! 10pm - 3rd & Burnside	MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL ROCKIN' MONDAYS @ THE PALLAS	2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS Devils Point • 10pm S.L.N. Night @ MAGIC GARDENS	11	XOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE	"FRIDAY" Goddess of Porn Stars Beaverton (9pm & 12am)	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FIREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFULL! 10pm - 3rd & Burnside	MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL ROCKIN' MONDAYS @ THE PALLAS	2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS Devils Point • 10pm S.L.N. Night @ MAGIC GARDENS	Covergirl Dance Contest Club 205	"FRIDAY" Goddess of Porn Stars Beaverton (9pm & 12am) XOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE	"FRIDAY" Goddess of Porn Stars Beaverton (9pm & 12am)	"FRIDAY" Goddess of Porn Stars Beaverton (9pm & 12am) Fetish Night @ Dante's
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FIREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFULL! 10pm - 3rd & Burnside	MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL ROCKIN' MONDAYS @ THE PALLAS	2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS Devils Point • 10pm S.L.N. Night @ MAGIC GARDENS	Christmas Day	XOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE	Bo Diddley @ Dante's	
29	30	31				
Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FIREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFULL! 10pm - 3rd & Burnside	MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL ROCKIN' MONDAYS @ THE PALLAS	New Year's Eve Masquerade Ball Stars in Beaverton 2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205				

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DEAD portland family faces DISCRIMINATION

I lived in Colma for ten frickin' years. I had to get out. I moved to Portland because you can walk half an hour in any direction and not see one dead person.

—Big Carl Felton, Portlander

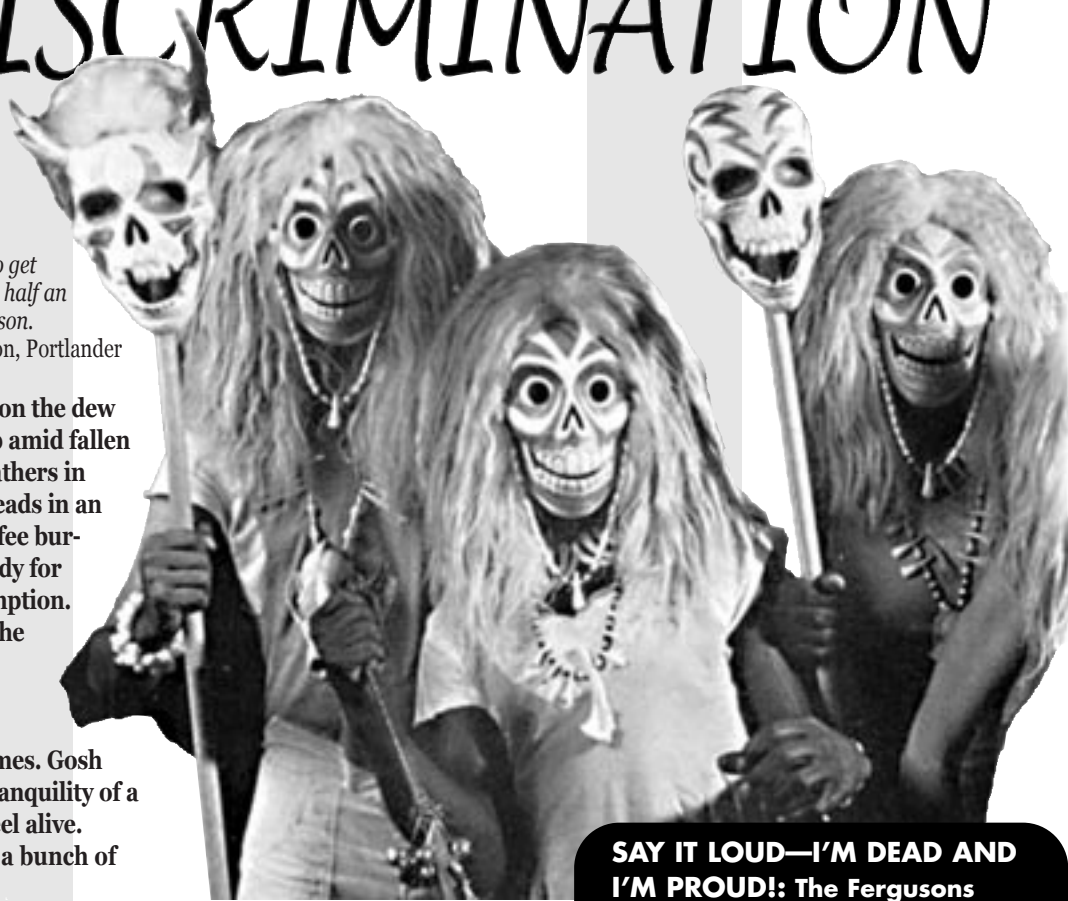
Grey skies cast soft luminance upon the dew of freshly cut lawns. Birdies hop amid fallen pastry crumbs, ruffling their feathers in thanks. Squirrelics bob their cute li'l heads in an unspoken "howdee-do?!" Steaming coffee bubbles in polished percolators, hot 'n' ready for the honest, hardworking man's consumption. The sun pokes nimble beams through the haze. Ah, Portland. Groovy, nippy Portland. It all seems straight from the pages of some beautiful, well-told fairy tale. A glimpse into lovelier, simpler times. Gosh darn it, nothing beats the fresh, rosy tranquility of a Portland suburb. It really makes you feel alive.

That is, unless you live next door to a bunch of DEAD people.

For some reason, Portlanders still find dead people unpleasant. They become fearful and agitated in the dead man's presence. They tend to think dead folks should chill with other dead folks. Even in our liberal times, Portlanders treat dead people as if they're part of an entirely different race.

Take, for example, the recent arrival of the **Fergusons**, a dead family, into the "city that works." Entranced by Portland's beauty and with high hopes of a new start, Devon, Shawnee, and their son Jermaine moved to 1638 Bud Ct., located in an all-live neighborhood. In fact, the Fergusons are the first dead family to live in the area since the late forties, and it hasn't been easy. Foolishly thinking lifeism was a thing of the past, the Fergusons had no expectation of the backlash they would receive at the hands of their more active neighbors.

The real trouble began early last year. On a blustery night as the dead household lay still in their beds, a large navel orange crashed through their bay window. Devon awoke and shuffled over to the fruit and felt a cold shame settle across his bones. Scrawled across the offending citrus item were words which brought back the horrors of a cruel, intolerant past. He pushed back a dusty tear as he read the message aloud: GET OUT DEAD MAN. Fighting the initial urge to flee, Devon and his family girded up their proud, dead loins, replaced the bay window, and made the decision to stay in Portland as an example to their rotting brethren everywhere. A family pact was made to call attention to community injustice and the issues of lifeism that still exist in the Pacific Northwest. That following Sunday, amidst an



SAY IT LOUD—I'M DEAD AND I'M PROUD! The Fergusons (from left to right: Shawnee, Jermaine, and Devon) are a dead family who recently moved into an all-live Portland neighborhood, where they've suffered countless hate crimes at the hands of intolerant lifeists.

otherwise entirely live congregation, the Fergusons sat in the front row of the local church, as if to say, "we're here, we're dead, get used to it."

I met with Devon and Shawnee in a small coffee shop at the edge of town, a place where the stares and comments aren't quite so bad. Soulful jazz and the fragrance of musk oil spooled in the air. As we seated ourselves in the back corner, Devon first explained that Jermaine wished to be interviewed separately. He then proceeded to thank me for the opportunity to voice his complaints to a live man, though I noted a hint of mistrust and hostility in his voice. Shawnee looked festive, yet demure. When I asked Devon to share his negative experiences with me, he exhaled in frustration and propped himself in his wooden chair.

"Growing up dead, I learned that some folks are just plain *ign'ant* [dead slang for ignorant]. I don't expect every live man to be completely fair, but the situation here is way out of control. In Portland, it's like a dead man can't just go out and take his family bowling without people staring." I nod, puppy-eyed, with feigned concern. He continues: "I see the looks in live people's eyes when I walk down the street. It's like, 'Oh, that dead man is going to steal my

by
Lorin Partridge

"You've heard what live folk say about us deads. There's all sorts of things, like we're lazy and we stink."

purse. 'Careful, honey, that dead man looks like he wants to fight.' That's all I am to live folk: the 'big, horny dead man.' It's humiliating."

Shawnee adjusts her bonnet and chimes in. "I'm a *strong* dead woman. I endure harassment from live girls every day, and I stay strong. They make comments like I want to steal their men just 'cause I'm dead, like all dead girls are some kinda hussy. Bullpuckies! Horsebeans! I got a family, I don't want none of their mess!" Devon calms her with a little squeeze. "She's upset right now, but she's right." He states, "The stereotypes are unbelievable. Dead people have been around for as long as anybody, and yet these unfounded stereotypes persist." I ask him to tell me exactly what stereotypes he's had to face day to day. "We draw insults like flies. You know. You've heard what live folk say about us deads. There's all sorts of things, like we're lazy and we stink."

He submits that the problem runs far deeper than juvenile name-calling. Once again, Shawnee offers her two bits. "Ask my man how long it took him to get a job! Ask him!" Not one to pooh-poo her suggestion, I inquire, "Devon, how long did it take you to find a job?"

"Eight months," he says angrily. "Eight muhthafuckin' months. And if you think for a minute that prejudice is bad on the street, you should won't believe the shit I hear at WORK." Shawnee Ferguson begins to weep as I adjourn our meeting, thanking them both for their candor.

BIG WAYNE'S BIG LUMBERYARD GRANDÉ stands at the ass-end of a long row of desolate warehouses. Man and machine grunt in laborious syncopation. Devon is under Big Wayne's employ, and I've come to confront the staff about their attitude toward dead men in their workplace. As I enter the front office, an obese *bee-yotch* in bifocals asks me if I'm "that lefty journalist." When I confirm, she huffs and rolls her eyes, buzzing me into the main yard and curtly barking into the intercom, "he's here." For a brief-but-poignant moment, I feel what it must be like to be a dead man. Forgetting about it almost immediately, I saunter out into the lot. Tiny filaments of sawdust collect in my roguish beard.

The first gentleman I run across is a hefty, jowly, flannel-clad piece of work by the name of Hank Coca. I address Mr. Coca with an innocuous question with respect to Devon Ferguson's work ethic. "Oh, you mean the boss man's pet dead guy?," he bitterly retorts. Before I can respond, he draws in close to my face, leering vehemently. "Look, the man is NOT QUALIFIED for this job. He's got no history or training in the rich artistry that is lumber work. You know it, and I know it. He only got hired 'cause he's DEAD." Other living workers echo Hank's remarks. They complain of quotas and slanders of lifeism. A man simply known as "The Duker" expresses his feelings thusly. "I'm sick of being called metaphysically prejudiced for telling the truth. I couldn't give less of a fat, flying shit if he's dead. I don't judge anyone by their state of decomposition. The fact is, our government, both state and federal, seems to think that as soon as one's heart stops beating, you owe them a fucking living. I have a family, too! I take my job very seriously. I love lumber. It's in my blood. I think it's an insult to my craft, and MY DADDY'S CRAFT, I might add, to hire someone on the basis of anything other than proficiency and skill. I don't think Devon's a bad person. Hell, I LIKE him...he's just not a fucking lumberman."

Only Big Wayne himself backs up his dead worker. "Now, it's been alleged that I hired Devon on account of his bein' in a deceased way, and that just ain't the case," the big man states flatly. "He works just as hard as anyone else. Besides, these dead folk are built for this kind of labor. You know, they got the bone structure and whatnot."

"How do you you feel about Devon and his family personally, Big Wayne?," I ask, drawing a thick cigar from the box on his desk. The Wayne steps over to close his office door, requesting that his comments be kept off the record. I give him my word and he takes it, the fool. "I got no problem with dead people," Wayne intones, "but there's a difference in the way dead and live folks act. I have to think about the community environment. Especially in terms of Jermaine. I have a son about his age, and they go to the same school. Look, my son is ALIVE. That's the way he was born. I don't want him acting like he's dead because it's 'cool.' I can't say that I like the influence of that Ferguson boy." I urge Big Wayne to elaborate. "Jermaine is...um...*political*."

The following day I arrive at Vic's Naugahyde Room, a pool hall said to be frequented by roughnecks and thugs. In the far corner, shrouded by the acrid fog of tobacco smoke, sits a very, very angry young man. Seventeen-year-dead Jermaine stands when I greet him, but he doesn't shake my hand. He's dressed in traditional dead clothing, his tattered tuxedo smelling of wet earth. The white lily tucked through his left lapel hangs flaccid. A small stack of pamphlets and a few brain pies lie on his table. I haven't a chance to say a word before he begins what seems a well-rehearsed

address. "I don't believe the values imposed by a media run by live people and Jews," he begins, "but I consider this interview a means to an end. Let's get this started." When I ask if he feels treated unjustly, he launches into a frustrated speech. "As soon as you're dead, the live man sews your mouth shut. It's fear. The live man is afraid of what the dead man has to say. They want to keep us quiet and put us in a box. It's organized." I offer that not all live people are part of a lifeist cabal. He seems infuriated by the notion.

"Live man's bullshit. Look at it historically. Dead culture has always been kept underground. Since the beginning, dead folks have been consistently under-represented in the media. It's always 'LIVE nude girls,'

'the Beatles appearing LIVE,' and fuck, man, the few times we *do* appear the in living culture's media, how are we represented? As stupid dead folk who can't control their urges. Always eating live people. Terrorizing live farming communities after a government mishap. It's only gotten worse since we were totally SAMBOED by Michael Jackson's *Thriller*. That's the live man's agenda—to portray the dead as either a scapegoat or a complacent zombie that rolls his eyes back and does a little dance." I pause for thought and ask him what he intends to do about it. "The time has come to rise

again. We need to reclaim our identity as dead people. Our numbers are legion. I believe in leadership through example. I've cast off the live man's coil. I am no longer Jermaine Ferguson. I am Idi Jermaine Admallah, 1971-1985. You are dismissed." I leave the table, a rotting fist raised in the air behind me.

After investigating all sides of the story, I can only say that things don't look hopeful. The Fergusons continue to endure the uncomfortable mistrust of live folks. The live men at the lumberyard show no hope of changing their view. Despite Devon's strength of character, Jermaine's fearless activism, and Shawnee's intolerably loud voice, the neighborhood still harbors a hatred. The only hope is that in time, people will come around to a new way of thinking. For now, however, prejudice lives on...and the dead shall dead remain. X



WE HAVE A DREAM:
Pro-dead activists hope for a day when the dead and living can associate freely and without suspicion, as shown in this picture of a dead family surrounding a small live child.

Although most of us in this "life-centric" culture don't realize it, deadness is actually a long, noble cultural tradition that goes back almost as far as being alive.



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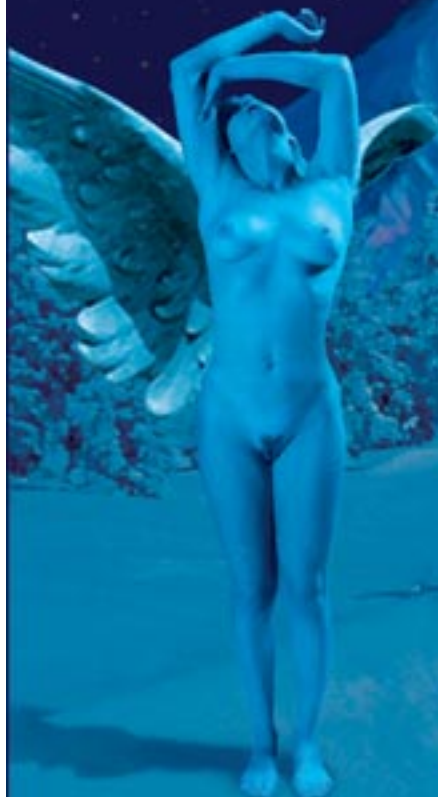
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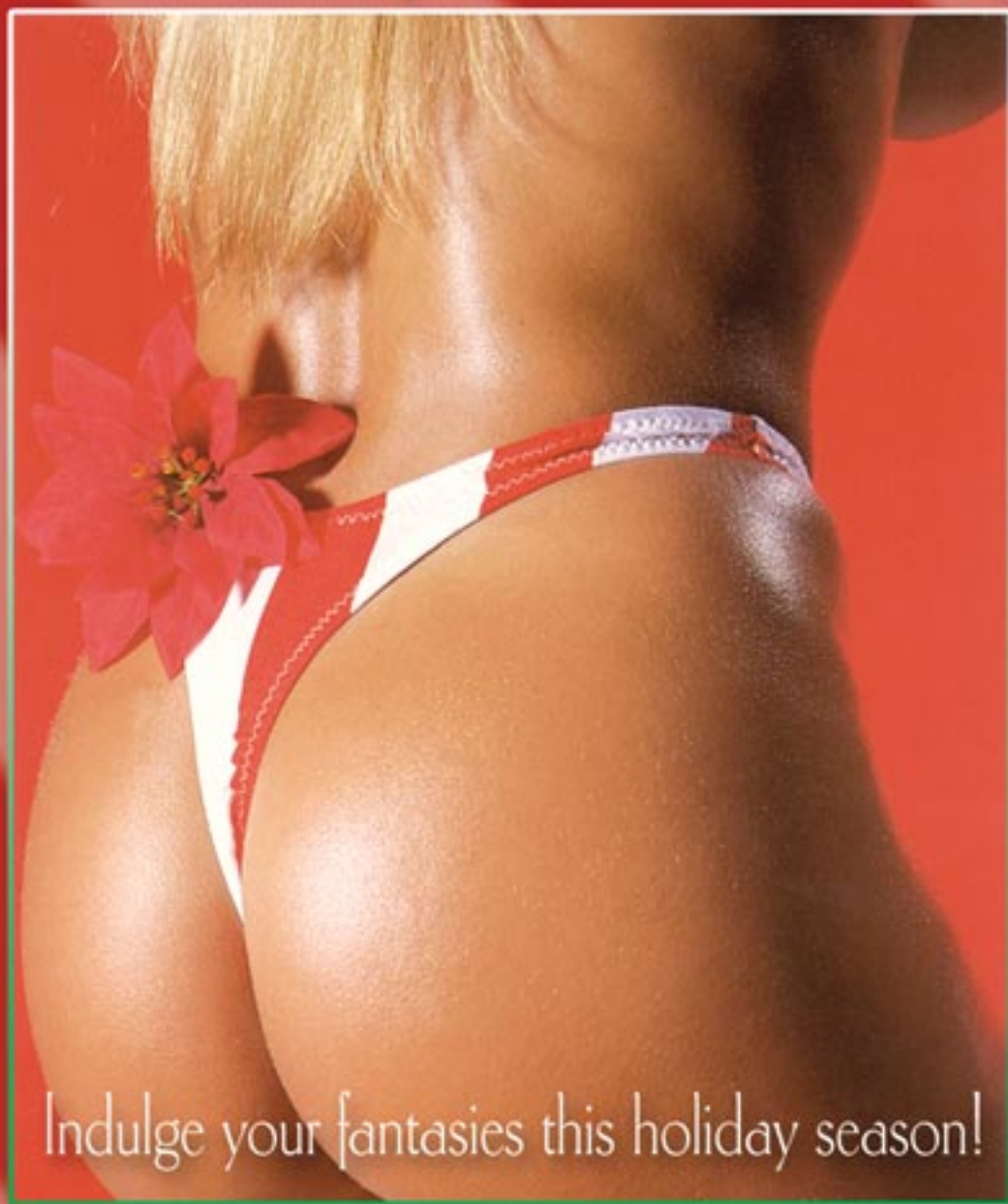
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