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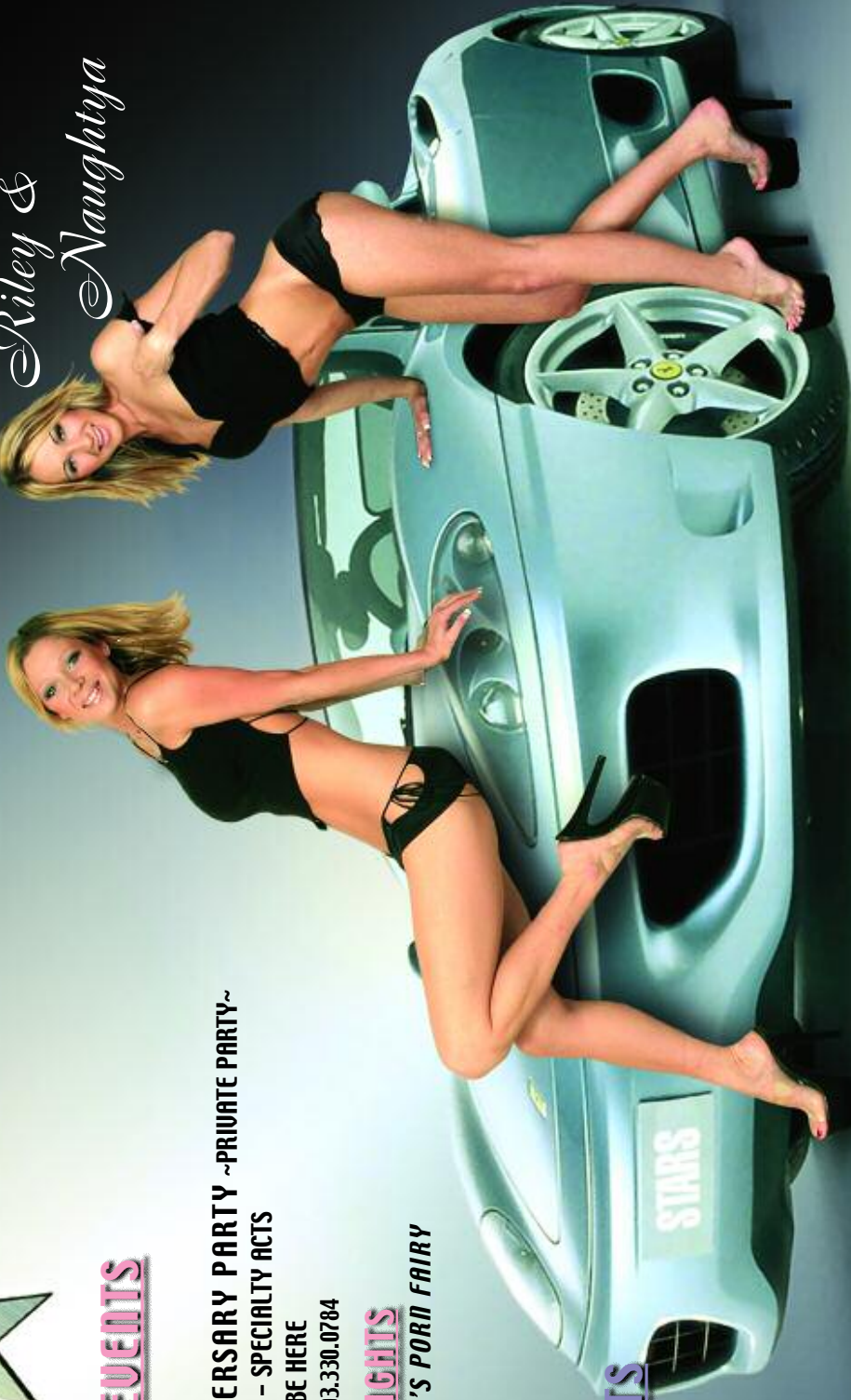
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## Carnal Knowledge

by frankie faillace  
email: ffaillace@qwest.net



I lost my virginity when I was 17 years old.

Now that I think about it, it was on August 18, 1982... Yes... "It was 20 years ago today... Pam taught little Frankie how to play... The bitch dumped him on the very next day... So he started Little Frankie's Lonely Hearts Club Band..."

I first ATTEMPTED to have sex when I was only seven years old. It was with an older woman. She was a cute, eight-year-old little neighbor girl. She seduced me while we were alone down in the bushes by her house. She told me to take off my clothes and get on top of her naked body. I did and she tried to "put it in," but it wouldn't go in because I didn't have a hard-on. Just seven years old and I had already had my first experience with impotence.

A few days later I figured out the whole hard-on/insertion thing and tried to get her back in the bushes. She told me she would if I gave her a dime. Not a bad price for a little nookie, but unfortunately, like most poor white trash seven-year-olds in 1972, I was flat broke.

Strangely enough, it all worked out okay when a few weeks later I got my first handjob from her older sister, who was about 12 years old, while she was babysitting me. She woke me up in the middle of the night and promised to buy me a toy gun I wanted at the store if I let her "play with it." What the heck, it sounded fair. Of course I didn't come, but I did score the toy gun.

Things got a little weirder later on though, when her older brother, I think he was about 10, offered to give me a nickel if I let him suck my dick. That was a little much for me, so I turned that one down.

Needless to say, the neighbor kids were a little screwed up. They ended up moving away after their father went to jail for something. For what I can only imagine...

So anyway, after 20 years of successful, non-solitary sexual activity I've come to realize that a lot of people, both men and women, just don't know how—or care how—to FUCK WELL. And frankly, I'm baffled. I just don't get how lame some people are when it comes to sex. Because, despite the fact that our politically correct society tries to deny it, sex isn't JUST important. Sex isn't JUST a primary function. Sex is THE primary function. Sex is EVERYTHING. Everything we do comes down to SEX. Period. Argue with that and you are WRONG BUSTER. So why not do it WELL? Why not try HARDER?

If only there was Flintstones chewable Viagra around in 1972 I could have lost my virginity at nearly the same tender age as Ike Turner (see page 76) did. I could be singing, "It was 30 years ago today..." And I'd be ten years better at doing it.

# EXOTIC

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# THE INDUSTRY

by JG



## WOULD YOU SUCK A COCK FOR TEN MILLION DOLLARS?

“How about takin’ it in the ass? Would you take it all the way up the ass for ten million dollars?”

There we stood, three *Exotic* staffers—all of us men—standing in the soft summer sunlight on the rooftop of our downtown building, discussing which supposedly degrading homosexual act we’d do, and how much money it’d take for us to do it.

One of them, the Ganja Gandhi, a k a **Ganji**, said that sucking cock was more degrading than getting it in the ass, and I was afraid to ask him why.

But everyone agreed that it would be worth ten million bucks to either suck a cock or get it in the ass. “Ten million bucks is a LOT of money,” Ganji said, and we all nodded in agreement.

What does that say about us as men? As Americans?

Beyond that, how much is one’s hetero-male dignity damaged after admitting you’d do it even if you know that no one’s *really* going to give you \$10 million to do it?

Against our better judgment, we found ourselves falling into the Whore Pit.

## I SAW A WOMAN WITH A FULL BEARD

the other day as I was ordering my hipster coffee at a politically, um, *aware* hipster coffee joint on East Burnside. The Bearded Lady turned to me and my friend as we were talking, smiled, and then muttered some pleasantries, but all I could focus on was that BEARD. I smiled like George Costanza did in *Seinfeld* when his date removed her hat to reveal a bald head—a polite smile, but one which has no hope of masking its bleeding discomfort. And this beard wasn’t the scraggly, wispy, pubic kind you sometimes see on chins in P-Town’s dykier enclaves, either—I’m talking a full-on *Jerry Garcia* beard, and it was on a woman with a woman’s voice and a woman’s tits and a woman’s annoying mannerisms.

What am I supposed to do about this? How am I supposed to feel about it? Am I supposed to approve of it, to say it’s politically OK...*desirable*, even...when every fiber within me is repulsed by it? Am I required to have sex with her just to prove I’m a nice guy? Is this what the Sexual Revolution has wrought? I was almost as afraid of this Bearded Lady as I was terrified...and I mean full-blown psychotic nightmares...by all the freaky animals in Dr. Seuss books when I was a lad.

It’s called shaving cream, honey. It’s called electrolysis. I don’t think the Goddess looks like Allen Ginsberg, and I don’t think you should, either.

**INK-N-PINK TO SINK?** *Exotic* staffer **Jon Bon Voji**’s fabled, mocked, oft-despised, world-renowned, unintentionally hilarious **Ink-n-Pink** competition will inaugurate its third—and final—trip ’round the mulberry bush this fall. If you like tattoos and vaginas—together—then you’d probably like Ink-n-Pink. But sad to say, the once-proud, once-profitable, once-vibrant “event” is but a wheezing semblance of its former self. Whereas the first two years saw a series of runoffs and qualifying rounds throughout some of Portland’s greater adult establishments (meaning anyone who’d take it), this year’s Ink-n-Pink

competition has withered down to a *single* night of undoubtedly yawn-inducing festivities at a club yet to be determined. After that, Bon Voji will call it quits on Ink-n-Pink. The buzz within the industry is that my proposed **Twats wit’ Tats** competition has Voge and his ilk runnin’ scared, and rightly so. *My* competition will feature the hottest twats with the raddest tats! If you’re a twat with tats...and you covet the title of Miss Twat wit’ Tats...contact the *Exotic* office.

**HOW MANY LOADS OF JIZZ** are shot daily, on average, in Portland? How many female orgasms are there? How many chicks fake it every day? How many guys try to get it up and can’t? How many different DNA samples would forensic technicians be able to scrape off that couch in the back of the *Exotic* office? How many wads have been blown back there? How many in the bathroom?

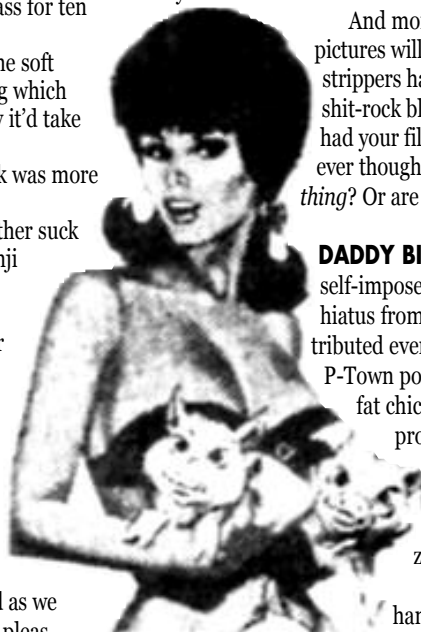
And more importantly, young laddie: How many dirty pictures will it be ’til you’ve had enough? How many tweaker strippers hanging from scuffed brass poles as some sludgy shit-rock blares from the speakers will it take before you’ve had your fill and push away from the buffet table? Have you ever thought about that? Have you ever thought about *anything*? Or are the pictures enough for you? I need to know.

**DADDY BISCUITS, a k a J. L. STOCKMAN**, is on a self-imposed (meaning his girlfriend forced him into it) hiatus from *Exotic* this month. The portly ex-con had contributed every month for the previous eight issues, delighting P-Town pornhounds with his whimsical observations about fat chicks, man-boobs, and the rigors of life as a male prostitute. He also graced our pages with hilarious photos featuring his disturbingly photogenic roly-poly self. This month, he had agreed to attend and write about a meeting of an organization called **Portland Black Men 4 Sexy BBW’s**, which was to be held at bitter-divorcée hangout **Bodacious Classics** in Southeast Portland. The event seemed filled with potential for

countless jokes about race relations and female body image, not to mention golden photo ops of Daddy Biscuits cavorting joyously amid black men and fat white chicks. But at the last minute, the bacon-scented scribe fagged out of the agreement, claiming he had to work until 1 AM and couldn’t make it. But me and **The Redheaded Jewish Clown** went past Stockman’s workplace long before 1 AM, and it was already closed. We think he was afraid to set foot in a bar because of the new twelve-step wringer his ex-girlfriend is squeezing him through.

Because he lied to me...forcing me to write yet another uncredited feature article under deadline for no extra pay...he must now face a double humiliation—therefore, I mock him not only because he is now affiliated with a dangerous mind-control cult, but also because he was afraid to tell me about it.

I don’t care what his girlfriend or the twelve-steppers say—Daddy Biscuits has star potential, and I’m the only one who gives a damn about helping him break into show business. He’s built for better things than diaper payments and sobriety chips. I hope that in future months he is able to redeem himself and realize the magnitude of his sin and folly. And I hope he finally gets around to helping me write that screenplay for *Negroes in a Haunted House*.





## IN OTHER EXOTIC-COLUMNIST NEWS,

a literary catfight emerged...and then petered out...between two of our female writers this month. Their original columns for this issue were filled with nasty

barbs aimed at one another. Both of them seemed to be operating from erroneous presumptions about the other. Each implied that the other wanted to fuck me. Then, within minutes of one another, they requested that I pull their articles and wait for them to submit something new and not nearly so catty. And in the interest of the sistas workin' it out, this is what I have done. Their new columns make no mention of one another.

I welcome "Shifty" Henry into our dubious ranks as our resident **Media Stalker**. It's always good to have someone with a cruel sense of humor on your side. He just might be the man able to piss off more Portlanders than I can....Next month will inaugurate **Officer Partridge's Hard Justice** column. His mother is a well-known feminist. He isn't...And if you want to be an *Exotic* columnist—and you're a good-looking chick who can write—flip over to page 18 and see how you can make your dreams a reality!

**"How many tweaker strippers hanging from scuffed brass poles as some sludgy shit-rock blares from the speakers will it take before you've had your fill and push away from the buffet table?"**

**ONCE YOU'RE IN THE INDUSTRY**, can you ever really get out? Earlier today around the water cooler, the fellas were talking about the brawlin' bitches in the Beaverton bar and some whacked-out stripper chick who's addicted to Ecstasy and is a great fuck but is totally insane and the lingerie model who does so much tweak, her eyes get crossed. And then I look at **Kook Dogg** hunched over there at his desk, slapping naked pix of Portland chix onto the scanner's cold glass and feeding their bodies into our computer system, and I wonder if the poor hapless youngster will ever really have a chance to make it in the "real" world after being exposed to something as degrading and soul-crushing as *this*. I hope he doesn't read this, because I predict a future of heartache, alcoholism, and nonstop porno for him.

Earlier tonight, the girls from the jack shack upstairs were standing outside the front door of our building on Burnside, all tarted-up and handing out flyers advertising their shows. It was almost like being in Amsterdam's Red Light District, and suddenly I felt myself whisked away to a land of herring sandwiches, windmills, festive clog dances, and hash brownies. It was a sweet moment, and I wish I could have captured it on one of those disposable cameras. I can't complain. It's not entirely unpleasant to be stuck here in the fuzzy belly button of downtown Portland on deadline...deadline, when I feel as if 50% of my body is composed of Dante's pizza, while the rest is coffee and Altoids. By the way—wouldn't "Altoid" be a great name for a black guy?



**SO WHAT'S NEW IN GOADVILLE?** If I told you what really happened this month, you wouldn't believe me, and I'm unsure whether you've behaved well enough to deserve hearing it, anyway, so I'm not going to tell you just so you have some time to sit around think about your mistakes.

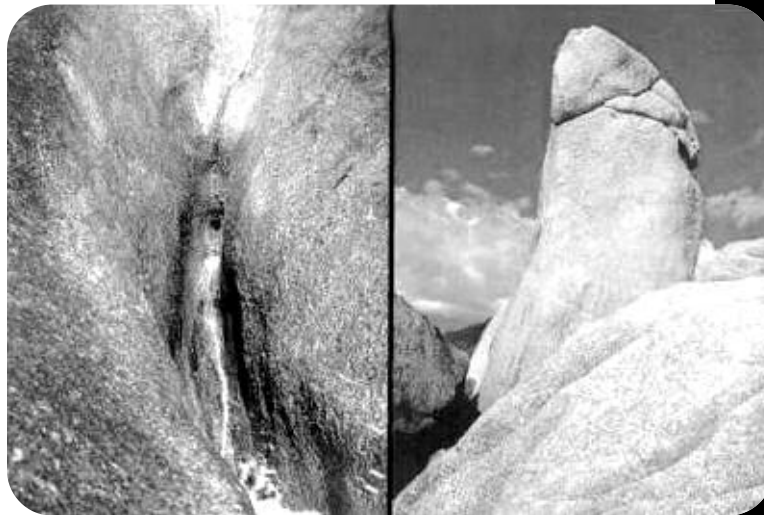
The *real* news is that I'm going to tinker with my image somewhat. The country truck-driver thing is getting played out. My plan is a simple one: I'm going to *dress* more like a Nazi, but *listen* to nothing but wigged-out Afro-licious black soul music from the late 60s and early 70s. I'll be stomping around in motorcycle-cop leather boots and a starched black workshirt buttoned up to the throat, groovin' out to Sly and the Family Stone and Curtis Mayfield on my Walkman. That should make everyone happy, I think. It's best to cover all bases, you know?

That's the thing about me. You could talk to me for twelve hours straight and still wind up confused. The Redneck

Express is a hard train to stop, my niggas. I'm more of a freak than y'all could ever be, but I'm also more solid than you could ever manage. I'm smarter and stronger than you. You're nobody, and I'm somebody. I could kick your ass on paper and in the streets.

And I never throw the first punch. But the second through the last are all mine...ain't that right? I keep hitting back. Harder than you do. And you know it, bitch.

All I'm saying is, I'm not going to let any of you retarded jackass, inverted jackboot, inconsequential gnatty cloneboys think you can fuck with me. Nuh-uh. Flavor-Flav ain't goin' out like dat.



**I DIDN'T WATCH ANY PORN** videos this month, didn't see any live strip shows. Didn't read any porn mags, didn't go to any jack shacks. Didn't hire any escorts, didn't pick up any hookers. I haven't even done any erotic dancing ever since the Health Department shut down **café BEEF-CAKE**.

So what qualifies me for this job?

I don't know. I just think they're afraid to fire me.

## COOL STRIPPER NAMES I DON'T THINK HAVE BEEN USED YET:

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## KOOK DOGG'S SUGGESTED NAMES:

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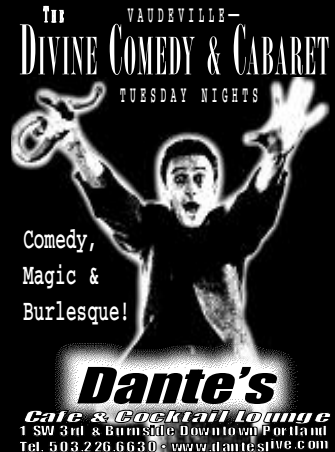
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# OPEN AUDITIONS!!!

EXOTIC is looking for a  
NEW CHICK COLUMNIST...



...could that chick be YOU?

Viva Las Vegas is gone, and I'm not sure why. She offered no explanations for her resignation, and I

didn't ask her. Viva's departure leaves only one holdout from the old, pre-Goad *Exotic*—that blonde Nazi-looking S&M chick whose name currently escapes me.

We at *Exotic* (meaning "I, Jim Goad") like to pretend that we respect the feminine point of view. Plus, we need to foster the impression that most female sex-industry workers are literate and self-aware, so we have decided to fill the slot left in Viva's absence with some fresh female blood.

Not that we're suffering from a lack of chick writers. We currently have four female columnists (**Bobbi Jo Schmidt**, **DebraJean Danger**, **Demi Mondaine**, and that aforementioned S&M broad who writes basically the same column every month), but now, just to show you how pro-chick we are, we're looking for a fifth. There are plenty of girls who've already offered to write columns, but we decided it would more fun to open up the sweepstakes and make it democratic, because that's the main reason we're fighting terrorism, isn't it, people?



### REQUIREMENTS:

1) You must be able to write, in an intelligent, precise, witty manner, a 650-to-750-word essay based on the theme **WHY I SHOULD BE EXOTIC'S NEW CHICK COLUMNIST** and send it via e-mail to [xmag@qwest.net](mailto:xmag@qwest.net) with the subject header "CHICK COLUMNIST CONTEST."

2) You must provide us with a photo which leads the majority of *Exotic* staff members to determine that you are sexually attractive.

### PRIZES:

1) A monthly column in *Exotic* that pays you a whopping \$75 a pop and earns you the undying envy of Portland's Sexual Literary Mafia;  
2) Two free slices of pizza (no toppings) at Dante's Cafe & Cocktail Lounge.

It would be better if you live in Portland, but it isn't necessary. You don't have to be a "sex worker," but that probably helps, too. And, contrary to rumor, you DON'T have to sleep with Jim Goad to get the job.

I may not choose anyone. I may choose more than one person. I may choose a few submissions from different gals and run them month after month. It all depends on what kind of shit you send me, ladies, so get those asses in gear!

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in  
*relaxation*

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Exotic Covergirl

*GreenLee*

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# Exotic City

AUGUST 2002

*"Nothing but the Naked Truth"*

## The Three Types of Sex Workers

You knew this was gonna happen eventually, ladies. Until now, the majority of my vicious stabs at humor have all landed on a few not-so-innocent strip-club proprietors. But it appears that as I have descended deeper into the fleshy womb of Portland's adult industry, my experience has taught me that there are three very different species of sex-industry worker. When mixed with others outside of their own species, each is potentially volatile.

Allow me to classify each for you...

### 1. EXOTIC DANCERS (a.k.a STRIPPERS, TWIRLERS, or CLOTHING-DEFICIENT PERFORMANCE ARTISTS.)

At the top of the food chain, (at least that's what they would like to think, anyway) are the Exotic Dancers. These women typically seem to think they are better than #'s 2 and 3. These noble creatures would never lower themselves beyond having to do things such as...

...dance three songs nude, with two other girls, on a tiny, piece-of-crap stage, with a single wrinkled dollar bill on it in front of the only customer at the rack, who just happens to be a creepy, child-molesting-looking guy that seems to think blowing on the girls is turning them on. Nothing but first-class treatment for these ladies.

With proper training, the experienced dancer can learn to perform in Jell-o, in mud, in oil, or in some cases, on ridiculous things such as a fountain, a swing, or shower stages. (I think I heard Doc's was considering putting in a toilet stage...give 'em a call for an update on that one.) The most advanced dancers have developed amazing skills of levitation and gravity-defiance with the ability of a magical brass pole, which they must stroke at the beginning of each set. You think they do that just to make you fantasize what it would look like if they were stroking your pole, don't you? Sorry, guys, you know me...I'll always be there to burst your pathetic little bubble. It's simply a hygiene thing. Those poles get greased by more ass and pussy than the entire staff here at the office. Plus, with the current outbreak of STDs such as ass moss and salon crotch...not to mention a rise in Stinky Pussy Syndrome...among Exotic Dancers, a girl has to be careful.

But these ladies are in it for the art of the dance. It's not the money. It's not the tacky jewelry and sleazy lingerie their regulars bring them. It's not for the endlessly flowing supply of booze their customers insist on pumping into them.

Are they in it, rather, simply for the fact that they all just love to be nude in front of every stranger that walks in the door...like their father's best friend...or their high school career counselor...or the ex-boyfriend they left a year and a half ago in order to pursue modeling? We'll never know, I suppose. But that's OK, we live in a town where a pregnant, one-armed woman with a black eye can get onstage and get naked for a living. (Note: *Exotic* is very interested in talking to this legendary icon...if you know



# WHAM!

**ARE EXOTIC EDITOR JIM "I'M A VIOLENT GUY" GOAD'S HIGHLY PUBLICIZED DALLIANCES WITH LINGERIE MODELS LEADING TO AN INCREASE OF VIOLENCE AMONG GIRLS IN THAT PROFESSION?**

where to find her, please give us a call here at the office.) So it really doesn't matter why in the hell these ladies are doing it; there are plenty of people right here in Oregon willing to pay you for it, at least a dollar a song anyway...if you're lucky.

The dancer has probably the longest average career length among these three classes of sex worker.

The party-till-dawn lifestyle, constant adoration from an endless line of schmucks, and anywhere from \$1500 to \$10,000 a month, all make this profession very difficult to shake.

### #2. THE LINGERIE MODEL (a.k.a JACK SHACK GIRL or RELAXATION AND STRESS RELEASE TECHNICIANS)

The lingerie model is actually the most predatory species of the genus *exotica*. Though many stage dancers might claim that they make a better living in the clubs, some of the most unattractive lingerie models can make about the same in a week as an exec at Intel makes in a month. One very important fact to be aware of when approaching these lethal beauties is this...they are without a doubt, and verifiably, the most violent species of the group.

Large groups of lingerie models left unattended in a strip club is highly cautioned against. Here is a brief, yet detailed account of a special event held recently at a strip club that shall remain nameless. Ten lingerie models attended a V.I.P. party which would consist of said models performing on stage, some of them getting nude for the first time in front of a man who was not jerking off in a frantic and frustrated state. Eventually, that evening came down to an "Out of my way, Beeyatch," responded to with an impressive wad of spit in the other's face, and immediately erupting into a full-contact fiasco of boozed-up barroom brawling bitches. (I had two more B words to add to that, but I can't remember what they were at press time.) [Might those be 'boner' and 'Beaverton'?—Ed.]







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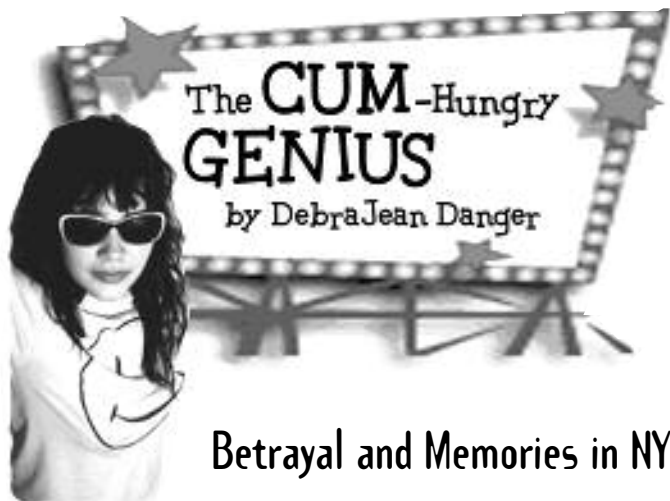
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"LAILA"





## Betrayal and Memories in NYC

**1:** Buying heroin, or, as they say it, “hair-ron” from sugar-coffee-colored Puerto Rican youths. They prowled the street like jungle beasts knowing they were slowly going to the cage. Ready to strike first, because that’s all they had to do for the night. Taking advantage of the thick New York City air like it was all they had to eat for the next week while they were in lockdown. The bars burn into their skin leaving marks...these boys did not have them yet. Fresh from the womb of the projects only a few blocks away. Huddled together throwing stares about the street, finding the next one that loved only them.

Pull your eyes together and find these boys, find them on the street corner of your town. In our town they were on Avenue D, and they held that corner, kids holding their corner of their playground. Lock into the other and walk...

We never bothered to shoot it, just tossed it straight down the hatch. Washed it down with gallons of Windex.

Light was green.

Hold my hand and let’s you and me skip down the street.

“We never bothered to shoot it, just tossed it straight down the hatch. Washed it down with gallons of Windex.”

**2:** A dark room tight around your back. With every flip, you are a minute closer to morning and the sun. A small room filled with the stink of something you could never have. Replace the organ with the smell with a real monster. A heart is what you could never have.

**3:** The morning sun was caught in our light well, and it filtered down through the beads and the curtains. It tried to get away. A fragile thing the moment of light every morning. This time we caught it. Full of cruelty, we pulled it in through the tiny opening in between the window and the air conditioner that had been on as long as I had been in that room.

Wet in our hands, we had speculated in the past that the sun would feel like splintery wood, sticking in our paws. We guessed we would have to wear gloves for days to hide our offense, so we bought as many as possible. Weeks were spent collecting box after box. Each box from a different location, to throw them off our trail. Struggling to bring the sun down, we knocked over the piles and fell to the ground in a wave of light and burning gloves.

Crying and screaming of promises he made to people to be places later that day, we beat the sun for all we were worth. The sun did not want anyone to know we had hit him. He just wanted to get away. Soaking through the sheets, his tears turned everything the shade of fresh urine. The tears had a flavor of lemon ice cream, and when you touched them they left you with the feeling of being slapped in the face, as you deserved it.

**4:** Floors shining like foreheads, I studied my reflection in them waiting for you. The grease on my hands worried me.

**5:** Betrayal was in you, and I never saw it for a minute. The blood in your veins was filled with a sickness that had been with you from birth. You replaced your cancer with AIDS. Good luck.

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If there's one thing I hate, it's sex. But if there's another, it's strippers! Those goddamned bitches have it way too easy. I don't know how it works in other parts of the country, but here in Vegas, strippers straddle the top of the food chain. They rake in mountains of cash, all for a few hours of air-humping and eyelash-batting. Now, as a small-time hustler myself, I share their life's purpose—to extract as much money as I can from men, with a minimal amount of effort. But those Silicone Sallies up there on the pole have a much easier time of it than I do. And that pisses me off!

Just look at the pages surrounding this very article: Lipsticked Lolitas, sucking on lollipops and lounging about in lacy lingerie. It must be nice to lead such a laid-back existence—I doubt my sugar daddy would appreciate me



showing up for dinner in my paja-mas! And those platform stilettos—I could hardly make it through a four-hour chip-hustling session at the craps table wearing heels like that! I'm telling you, those lucky, lazy broads are living the life of luxury. A flash of the gash and a lap dance, and the money comes rolling in.

They don't even have to put out! Here I am slaving away at the Bellagio, suffocating under the wheezing bulk of some rutting old oil tycoon just to make a few bills, while mere blocks away down at Déjà Vu, some bitch is scooping up major bling with her mucous membranes. And all she had to do for it

was slap her tits in some guy's face. Or steam up some Japanese pervert's glasses with the sultry jungle breath of her nether-mouth. Meanwhile, I'm scrabbling hand-over-foot for a few trinkets from Tiffany's. It's disgusting!

Speaking of disgusting, let's talk cellulite. I bust my ass at the gym to look trim and firm under the bright Vegas lights—there's a lot of competition for those high rollers. But my dancer friends have no such trouble. They can lie around all day scarfing Godiva chocolates and watching Jerry Springer, because when they get to work, they have the blacklight on their side. Forget

**“If there's one thing I hate, it's sex.  
But if there's another, it's strippers!  
Those goddamned bitches have it way too easy.”**

diamonds—a blacklight is a girl's best friend! You lusty club-goers never know what that sexy mood lighting is hiding from your passion-glazed eyes—stretch marks, pockmarks, spider veins, and birthmarks shaped like the Virgin Mary.

But even if the flaws do show, it's no big deal. Stretched-out sows all flappy from childbearing can still rake it in, dangling their protruding birth canals in the face of all. Once I saw this stripper-mom whose inner lips pouted out from her velvety folds like a navel orange. But men threw buckets of cash at her! I guess there's a perverted bastard out there for everyone! Like this one dancing friend I have, who was blessed by God with pointy, ultra-long nipples. “Dugs,” she called them, and she was glad to have 'em one night when some sicko offered her as many benjamins as she could thread her teat through, using a hole he had poked in the middle of each bill! That bitch made rent in a single night! Meanwhile, I'm breaking my back chatting up wealthy wrinklies, pretending to be interested in the price of oil and the miracle of Viagra. What's up with that?

Well, enough bitching already! As they say, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em—I'm changing careers. I'm gonna be a dancer, and I ain't talking about the American Ballet Theatre. I'm gonna shave my pussy, strap on a pair of seven-inch platform stilettos, and wave my asshole in some perverted businessman's face. I may even fart on him—if he sends enough money my way!



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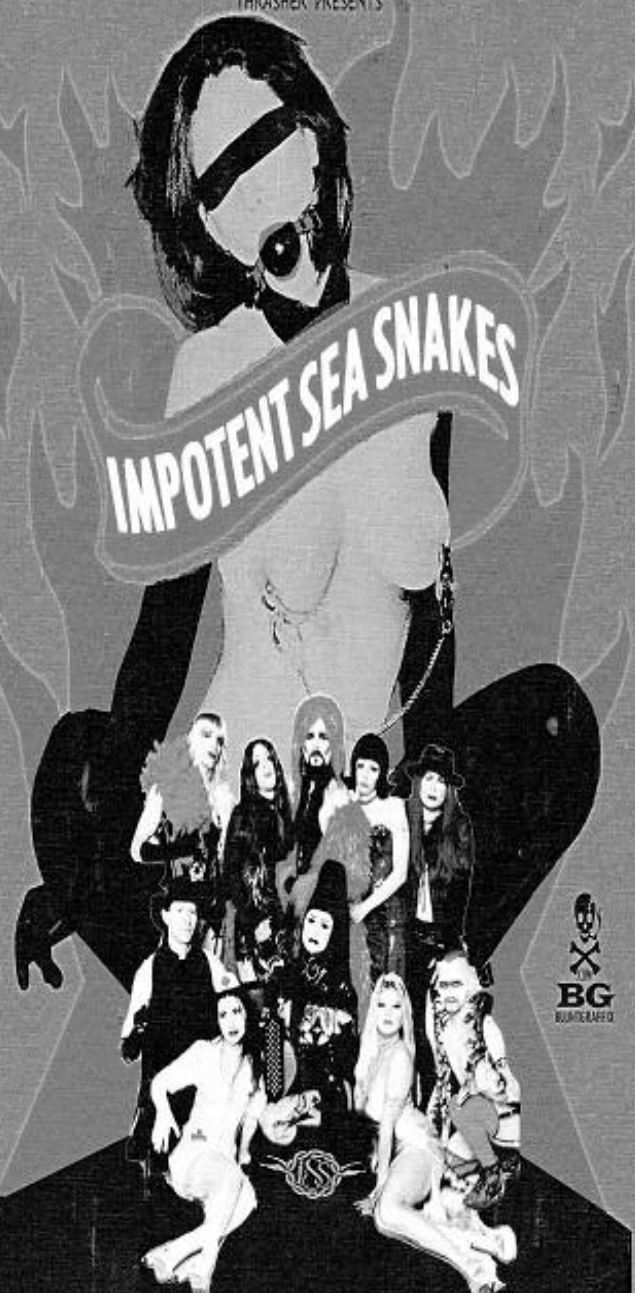
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## PORTLAND, DARLING, HOW ARE YOU?

Yo. Media. Listen up. I'm your worst nightmare: someone who can read.

I'll be reading Portland papers on a regular basis—that's going to be fucking horrible—and trying to eke six hundred words to say about them each month. God help me.

As your typical far-East County militia-minded separatist, I don't cotton to your liberal meedja or your fancy ways. Don't tread on Troutdale. We are a simple but proud people.

We'll be examining the sociopolitical subtexts and ramifications evinced in the works of some of Portland's more esteemed and influential columnists (Robert Landauer, David Sarasohn, Goddess Severina) but, if nothing else, I hope to make you think.

I want *Exotic* readers saying, "Nice set of jugs on that dame from whores.com, but look at these pithy observations over here!"

Portland has four somewhat prominent papers: *Willamette Week*, *Willamette Week*, *Willamette Week*, and *Willamette Week*. I believe some of them may have different names—and that's the sort of thing we'll be exploring in this column—but it's all just one big fat *Willamette Week*, folks.

We'll be exploring "mainstream media," meaning white media aimed at an exclusively white audience, versus "alternative media," which is extra-white and geared to an even more narrow cross-section of extremely white people.

There's the *Portland Mercury*, an "alternative weekly," meaning exactly like *Willamette Week*, *The Rocket*, *The Stranger* and every other white-guy free paper in the history of same, including this one until recent months. I've never read that caps-and-exclamation-point-laden column by Wm. Stephen Humphrey, but five will get you ten it's wacky!

Cutesy irony. Studied "attitude." Gratuitously and fashionably malcontented. Agenda-rife. Basically Reedies run amok. Friendly suggestion: needs to be a little more excruciatingly affected. A little more self-consciously hip. If they try any harder, they'll pull something.

I once sent them a letter claiming to be a homeless person, mocking them for a typically superficial piece on homelessness, asking, "May we join you there on Northwest 23rd?"

In the next issue, they said, "Someone challenged us to do something substantive for the homeless and we agreed!" (They'd sent someone out to do an embarrassingly patronizing and exploitative photo spread on Dignity Village.)

*Trevor—zoom in on this squalor!*

*Will do, Muffy.*

### "It's all just one big fat *Willamette Week*, folks."

To be fair, the indigent and starving have never been so tastefully shot. "Look tragic! Have fun with it!" I hope it was expensive.

That *Portland Tribune* once treated us to a giant blowup of a woman sobbing disconsolately at Dignity Village. In the words of Phil Ochs: "Do you have a picture of the pain?"

How many people could you feed with the millions being sunk into these two vanity projects for zillionaires?

Then there's *Willamette Wack*, its creepy soulless weird-ass self. Universally reviled.

Let's let them tell us about themselves: "OUR MISSION: Provide our audiences with an independent and irreverent understanding of how their worlds work so they can make a difference."

Oh, shut the fuck up, you condescending little narcissistic self-important snots.

It's not wordy enough, is it? They must get paid by the pound, so much per lot of verbiage.

Why are the words "audience" and "world" plural?

*Needs to be more pretentious, Mark.*

*Can do, Dick.*

Gaiety and mirth trip lightly from their pages. Imagine the jocular banter and good-natured horseplay taking place in those offices.

Tightassed dweebs livid with rage because the new Hootie and The Blowfish CD isn't sonically evocative or because *Booty Call* lacked a cohesive narrative. Failed musicians trashing someone's band. Failed writers trashing someone's book or film, etc. Sniffing disdain and snorts of derision brought to you by Fred Meyer and Kitchen Kaboodle, a business geared to people for whom an ordinary, run-of-the-mill spatula just won't do.

In an interview, some hipster "indie" (unsuccessful) rocker once said his favorite album is The Beatles' *Revolver* "because it's a very focused piece of work," adding, "maybe too focused." Please! Turn it off! It's too focused!

"News with an edge." EEK! Don't *Portland Mercury* boxes say something like (God forbid I go look): "Art, Culture and Trouble?" GETthefuckouttahere.

So, *Willamette Week* actually begins each issue by telling us, "We're, like, really irreverent and shit." And the weekly pose-fest is on. So their audiences can make differences. Send this paper a case of Fleet enemas.

**The Oregonian.** Whatever. Portland's sole daily. Cursory wire-service distillations of national and international news stories. Whitebreaded homogenizations of local stories by reporters no one wants at real papers in real cities. Liberally biased editorials except when the token conservative gives us the conservatively biased position. White homosexuals sniffing at the arts and entertainment. The usual. Even the black people are white.

Then there's that, that *Portland Tribune* thing, the alternative to *The Oregonian* staffed almost entirely with people from *The Oregonian*. Let's bore people in a new format!

The spectacular indifference to this thing says a lot about Portland's "journalism community." All these illustrious "seasoned professionals." Jesus—read Phil Stanford.

Explicably, they recently did a couple of articles digging up non-pertinent, purely voyeuristic dirt on the families of the two missing Oregon City girls to entertain their yuppie readership.

One of the girl's grandfathers responded: "We have worked hard to get the children over the rough spots in their past and were making headway until this article. The pain and suffering you caused these children has set us back years."

Despite that, as they await news of the missing children, this paper continues to harass both families by phone just so they can print blah blah "didn't return calls from the *Tribune*."

There you have it all—the classism, elitism, pious self-righteousness, and utter disregard for the pain and suffering of people they see as undesirables.

The above-mentioned articles were written by Jim Redden, a fifty-something guy born with a silver spoon in his mouth, the son of a judge, *Willamette Week*-spawned, who's never held a legitimate job until this paper, who has a very skeezy background himself and appears in print simply due to his social milieu. Like all of them.

There they are. A strangely bitter and dissatisfied lot who seem to want to take it out on us every chance they get. Each of them with a dust-covered manuscript at home called "Tapestries of My Life."

It's all just The Blueblood Press, mouthpieces for the smug ivory-tower politics and prejudices of white millionaires and their sycophants.

Hippie/"Beat" icon Jack Kerouac, who hated the hippie movement and fell out with beat-generation cronies over their contempt for rank-and-file humanity, spoke of "a sadistic facetiousness and 'sickjoke' grisliness about human affairs, a grotesque hatred for the humble and the suffering heart."

Bingo. He called them "the sneerers."

We'll be looking at the sneerers right here in River City.

Contrary to their belief, free speech isn't just for those with access to a printing press and millionaires.

Tell the judge's boy to leave the Pond and Gaddis families alone. Here's his home phone #: (*Jim—you can get this, can't you?*)

This is "Shifty" Henry reprazentin' for the City of The Trout. Mighty kootie fiyo. Jockomo feena hey. X



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

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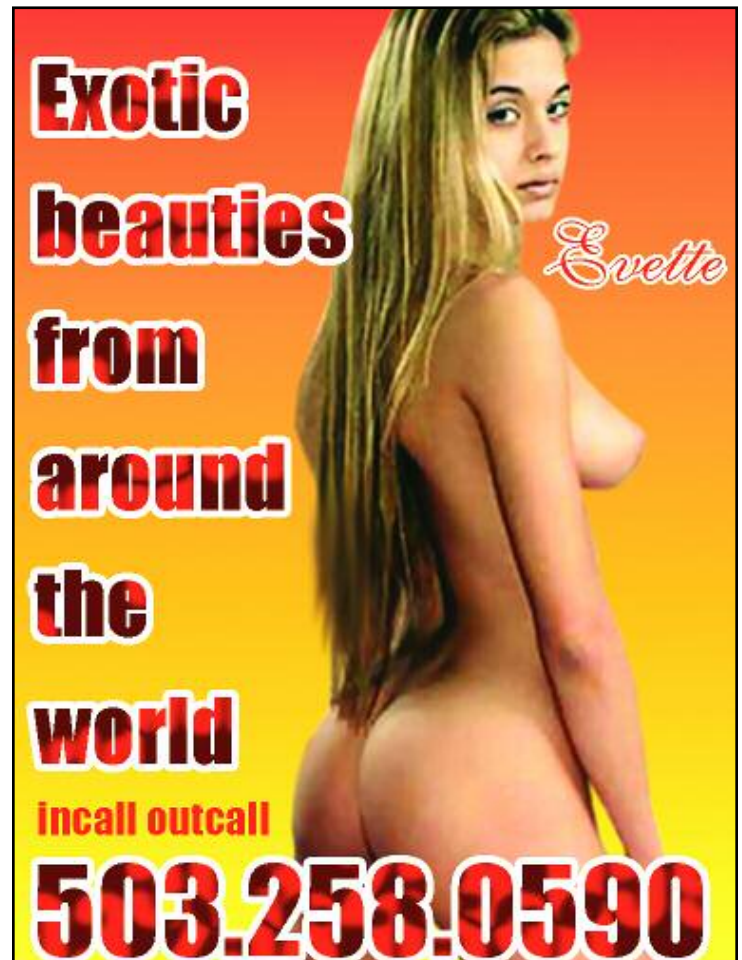
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GOOD THINGS COME IN PAIRS...

# WHEN CUNTS TALK



**Three cunts sit on stage, talking about cunts, while a thousand cunts—and about a dozen men—sit in the audience, listening.**

It's OK if I use the word "cunt," because one of the cunts onstage—the black cunt, as opposed to the two white cunts sitting next to her—just led the audience in a rousing chant of "CUNT! CUNT! CUNT!"... We learned that the "C" stands for things such as "cute"...the "U" stands for "urge"...the "N" for "nice"...and the "T" for "tangy," so we've **reclaimed** the word "cunt," and now it's a nice word rather than a bad one.

As is "vagina," because the three vagina-bearing actresses onstage have helped us to reclaim that word, too. Sure, I used to think that "vagina" was a rather distasteful, malodorous, gamy, sticky, sweaty, pissy, moldy, bloody, slimy word myself, and the play *The Vagina Monologues* seems to imply that our culture finds the word repellent due to some sort of patriarchal conspiracy to make the ladies feel ashamed of their hoochie-noo-noos.

Much of the play's outrage...and be assured that it's a protected, suburban, abstract, *safe* sorta outrage...seems based in the idea that the sheer ugliness of the word "vagina" itself is part of a deliberate male plot to "rob women of our language," or some such nonsense, as if walking around with a "penis" and a "scrotum" is a real treat.

*Vagina Monologues* playwright Eve Ensler—may Goddess bless her and her vagina—has clocked phat bank by exploiting what is little more than a mildly clever Women's Studies project—she interviewed a coupla hundred women 'bout their vaginas, asking them stock questions, many of them goofy...describe what it smells

like...what would it wear if it got dressed...what are its nicknames...what would it say if it could talk...and she turned their answers into a manuscript. Some of the more compelling narratives became soliloquies with titles such as "Reclaiming Cunt," "My Short Skirt," and "My Angry Vagina."

According to a press release for the show, "the play brazenly explores the humor, power, pain, wisdom, outrage, mystery and excitement hidden in vaginas." Those must be some BIG vaginas to hide all that stuff in there!

"We live in a penis world," Ensler griped to a reviewer for *Metro Times Detroit*. "Everything about this world is phallic." The reviewer added, "Ensler wrote the play because she heard women talking about their vaginas and what they said surprised her. What she found out was that women were really 'hungry' to talk about them."

All those hungry vaginas have led to successful runs of the *Monologues* in London, Paris, Rome, LA, New York, Chicago, and Beaverton (just kidding). The play was also transformed into a best-selling book and HBO special. It has become a cultural phenom in which women—from most appearances, wealthy white women—pay \$30 for the privilege of chanting the word CUNT in a crowd of other women.

Since its premiere in 1996, the play has been performed by a rotating cast that has given solace to those who might have wondered whatever happened to Teri Garr...and Marla Gibbs...and Swoosie Kurtz...and Rue McLanahan...and Hayley Mills...and Marcia Wallace...and Loretta Swit...and Peggy Lipton...and Nell Carter...why, they're up there onstage in *The Vagina Monologues*, talkin' 'bout their furry little wet *verjingeys!* Reading from cue cards, the actresses adopt the voices of a Bosnian rape-camp survivor; a seventy-year-old woman who's never had an orgasm because of an embarrassing problem of over-lubrication; a Southern Negress who finds love and sex in the arms of another woman; and many other vaginal vignettes straight from the mouths of cunts.

**MY BRAIN FELT LIKE A ROASTED CASHEW** on this blazingly hot midsummer day, the sort of day I don't want to hear *anyone* yabbering, much less a cunt. My girlfriend and I slipped out of the sweltering downtown sidewalk sauna into the cushy, carpeted Newmark Theater to see the Portland leg (labia?) of a *Vagina Monologues* touring company. This particular cast's marquee name was Karen Black, a great actress whose eyes remained crossed throughout *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces* thirty years ago and who now must bear the relative ignominy of being a traveling vaginal monologist.

There were two other actresses, a dreadlocked black one and a blonde white one. The programs listed their names as Starla Benford and Kristen Lee Kelly. I'm guessing Starla is the black one, because I don't think I've ever seen a black Kristen. All three actresses were topnotch.

They showed lotsa spunk 'n' sass, making for a spunky, sassy, spunkity-sassafrassy show. And they were all very good at doing different accents, although Karen Black's Bosnian rape victim sounded a bit like Bela Lugosi doing Dracula.

Although the tickets cost thirty dollars, we were treated to no real set design beyond the three chairs from which the actresses, all of them wearing red T-shirts, never budge. Thirty bucks a ticket apparently isn't enough to make the actresses memorize their lines, either—instead, they read from cards just to keep reminding you that these are the *real* words of *real* women, but to me it just seems like a lazy way to get out of learnin' yer lines.



# "If you want to stop violence against women, why don't you buy us all earplugs so we don't have to listen to you complain?"

Our tickets were for seats way in the back, and we found ourselves surrounded by giant mastodons and woolly mammoths. We were sandwiched between two women who must have weighed three hundred pounds each. Some lard-assed bitch behind me cackled at every joke in the show, and believe me, there were a *lot* of jokes.

Men don't fare very well in the *Monologues*. One woman tells of how her meanie of a husband forced her to shave her bush and still cheated on her anyway. Throughout the show's ninety minutes, from testimonial to testimonial, the only man who is apparently able to give any of these chicks an orgasm is some submissive doofus who insists on staring worshipfully at her spread-eagled snatch and slobbering over it. We also learn that lesbian relationships are much more likely to provide women with sexual and emotional fulfillment, existing as they do apart from the evil clutches of MEN, who are so penis-obsessed that they rarely know their way around a cunt.

**THE PLAY MIXED COMICAL, LIGHTEARTED** 'giney-related material with atrocity stories about clitoral mutilation and Bosnian rape camps. And it didn't mix well, either. Vagina jokes found themselves crashing headlong into rants against clit-snippin' (which, interestingly, they claim is primarily an African phenomenon, and I wonder how that made the black actress feel). Truth be told, the only ones in the audience likely to have undergone systematic genital mutilation were the circumcised males...such as I, dear reader, such as I.

Women don't suffer more...they just cry louder. After a while, I had a Tourette's-like compulsion to start screaming out obscenities at the top of my lungs and possibly jumping toward the stage à la John Wilkes Booth. I wanted to shout out the most degrading racial, sexist, and homophobic remarks I could summon. I wanted to shout at these bitches to be grateful for what they have. *That*

would've been my version of chanting the word "cunt."

And while you're reclaiming "cunt" and "vagina," ladies, here are some more terms for you to reclaim: twat, snatch, gash, slit, hole, slimepit, and cumbucket. Try that one one for size, all you grandmas in Peoria who titter at *The Vagina Monologues*—

reclaim the word "cumbucket" for me, will you? I wanna hear you chant the word "cumbucket," Granny!

I scanned the audience for the few male attendees, all of whom looked unhappy to be there, these poor, hunched-over cuckolds being dragged to this play. I wondered about their lives...I pondered the level of their pussy-whippification. I felt bad for them, but not bad enough to help.

**THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES** for me, apart from its all-consuming silliness, is its constant equation of a woman's vagina with a woman's self. I'm not sure what they're getting at there, but it ultimately sounds sort of...objectifying. I was under the impression that for years, feminists have fought against the idea of equating a woman's body with her self. And I fight against that idea, too. I love the vagina. It's the *monologues* I have a problem with. It's not the cunt...it's the *talking*. The

self-absorption. The automatic presumption of innocence and victimization. The inability to confront your own potential for malice and hurtful behavior. And the eternal double standards, which you never seem to oppose so long as they benefit you.

I can separate the vagina from the person, and it's usually the person I wind up hating.

## EVE ENSLER HAS USED SOME OF THE MUCHO DINERO

she's earned from *Vagina Monologues* to launch an organization called "V-Day," which is described as "a movement to end violence towards [sic] women." One website boldly claims that *The Vagina Monologues* "gave birth to a global movement to stop violence against women and girls."

What about violence toward men and boys? Is that somehow better? Is that somehow less prevalent? Is that more acceptable? Are your vaginas more precious than our penises? Saying we should end violence against women and girls reminds me of a conversation I once had with a rock star...the only rock star I've ever known...where he noted that the movement to "stop black-on-black violence" somehow implied that it was preferable to be violent against white people.

Not once, through all my 'net-surfing about V-Day, did I get an inkling of what they were actually DOING to end violence against women, apart from raising money. And what evidence did they provide to support the idea that they know *why* violence against women happens and what can be done to stop it?

Maybe it has something to do with the fact that mothers hit their little boys more often than daddy does, and that mommy hits those boys more frequently than she hits her little girls. That's what the statistics say, anyway.

Oh, sorry—didn't want to complicate the story.

If you want to stop violence against women, why don't you buy us all earplugs so we don't have to listen to you complain?

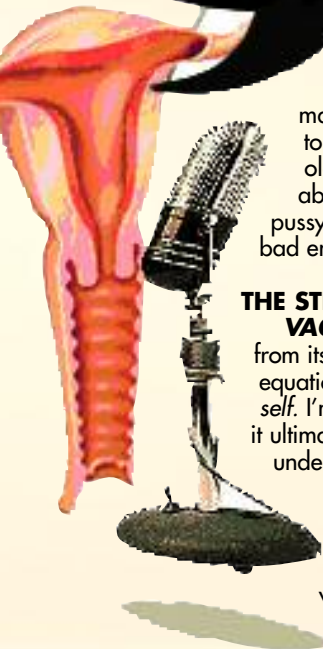
## FOR \$30, I WANNA SEE

a chick shooting ping-pong balls out of her pussy. I want to see her mop a floor with the mop handle shoved up her twat. I want to see her blow out candles with the force of her vaginal muscles. I want to see her play the flute with that cunt. I want to see her make disturbingly loud duck sounds with her vagina. In fact, I want to see **Honeysuckle Divine** rather than *The Vagina Monologues*. Honeysuckle did all those things in a poorly reproduced video that was originally filmed at a San Francisco grindhouse in the early 70s. I still have the video somewhere in storage. Honeysuckle Divine—now *there's* a talking cunt I can get behind. The other twats are just blowing hot air.



I tell ya, us twats don't get no respect! I want respect, and I won't shut up until I gets me some!

I just flew in from Vegas, and boy, are my fallopian tubes tired! So...how many vaginas does it take to screw in a light bulb? Only one, but it has to do it VERY CAREFULLY...No, seriously, it's good to see so many vaginas out there in the audience tonight! I love all you cunts! Let's all chant the word "CUNT" together...



**THE REAL TALKING VAGINA:** Photos of HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE, displaying her amazingly versatile snatch and shooting a ping-pong ball from her twat.

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# man uses **PHOTOSHOP** to give himself a **bigger** penis...

**MIRACULOUS PHOTOS** of Max Condor before (left) and after (right) he gave himself a bigger penis using the Photoshop software program.



Condor took the photo home later that night and, using the popular Photoshop software program loved by millions, he copied a much larger penis from a "gay hunks" website and replaced his own penis with it.

"I decided to superimpose one of those big fat hogs onto my eensy li'l thing," Condor tells me. "When I saw the finished product, it made me feel better. But the next morning, I woke up with this super-huge boner! I was really packin' some meat! My dick had become as big as I'd made it in the photo!"

We step into an alleyway and Condor shows me his new penis. He isn't lying. It's gigantic.

## **Max Condor** of Ketchikan, Alaska, like many other male members of the Chikalit tribe, was born with an exceptionally small penis.

"My thing was so tiny, it's not even proper to call it a penis," Max jokes as we walk down Ketchikan's cold, dusty streets, our senses swirling amid the smells of freshly baked Eskimo Whale Bread and buckets full of fish heads. "It's more like I had a clit with balls. Seriously. It's like, I used to look up at God and say, 'Why did you even bother, dude?'"

Condor says he experienced "a miniature nervous breakdown" one early summer evening during a "nude pool party with some friends" when one of them snapped a Polaroid of him sprawled out on a lounge chair, his measly manhood in full shameful view as if the small pink fleshy nub was screaming out to be

**"Not only did my penis get bigger—it has more personality, too!"**

with a much bigger penis. And during a rigorous physical exam behind locked doors, he revealed to me his newer, gargantuan member. I was shocked, delighted, envious, and tantalized all at the same time! But I can't explain it. Neither can any of my scientist friends. Like you said up there at the beginning of the paragraph, we can offer no explanation for it."

**"I CREDIT THE LORD WITH GIVING ME A BIGGER PENIS,"**

Condor tells me as we slowly lick at whale-blubber ice-cream cones while walking through the Ketchikan Downtown Galleria. "Somehow, God was able to shoot that Photoshop picture onto some sort of astral plane or something while I was sleeping...which is sort of the way Santa Claus operates, too...and when I woke up, he gave me the bigger penis I had Photoshopped onto my body."

When I ask Condor why God would be concerned about his genitals, he shrugs and says that he gets "a spiritual feeling that runs through my body late at night when there's no one else around and I take a gander at my new equipment. The reason I think God is behind it all because not only did my penis get bigger—it has more *personality*, too! I'm not kidding. It has more *spirit*. More *soul*. There's a nobility and a grace to the way this new penis carries itself, and that's why I think it came straight from the Lord."

Max Condor continues to drink heavily and to enjoy an increasingly active social life. Neither Condor nor anyone else has been able to duplicate his results. The makers of the Photoshop software offered no comment because, frankly, we didn't bother to call them.

**...and it WORKS!**  
he actually has a bigger penis!  
and scientists can't explain it!

rescued from a giant ocean of fat.

"I saw the picture," Condor tells me, and when I saw how small my penis looked, I wished that the earth would open up and swallow me whole, almost as if the earth was a

giant vagina which I could never satisfy with a penis as frightfully teeny as mine."



**AMAZING SNAPSHOT** of Max Condor and his newer, much bigger, penis.



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# WHAT'S YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM?

advice from **DEMI MONDAINE**

People ask me for advice all the time, but lately I've come up with some things that could help us ALL. Directly or indirectly, the unhappy, fucked-up people smear their misery on us like dead skin cells floating in a hot tub. Generally speaking, they're insecure, dissatisfied, or were seriously damaged by someone early on in life. Yeah, yeah, whatever, let's all have a group hug. That's life, and too big a thing for even me to tackle...but there's another big ol' girl out there who can help me to help you...

## Oprah:

*I want to use my life. I want to help, and since you're one of the most influential women in the media, you could make my dream a reality. If you backed me up in this simple plan, your network, sponsors and advertisers, Dr. Phil, Deepak Chopra, and John Travolta could support it, too. Together, we can make it real.*

### #1—WE NEED TO OFFICIALLY CHANGE THE WORD "penis" TO "PONUS"

"Penis" sounds like another word for "small," and I believe it's subconsciously upsetting to a man's confidence. And what does a man do when he feels like he's less than a man...and he can't afford a big-ass truck? Sure, women are violent...but really, it's men running amok, carrying big, long guns, blowing stuff up, declaring war on everybody and trying to overpower each other on every level. So much anger. Could it be maybe, that no matter what they've got between their legs, it *sounds* small? Think about it... "Oh! Honey...look at the sweet widdew baby kitties! They are so peeee-niss!"

### #2—BACON-FLAVORED FEMININE-HYGIENE PRODUCTS

Just about any carnivorous person can barely resist bacon. While the crispy strips are draining their salty grease on paper towels, everyone wants to snarf 'em down before the rest of breakfast is ready. You gotta constantly swat people off the bacon. How often do we find folks stuffing their face secretly with potpourri? Exactly. So why should we hose our junk out with flowery spring gardens or a "hint-o-musk?" Stedman, help me out with this one. So many women are nonorgasmic, and for some, this is a serious medical issue. For most, however, it's a problem you can blame on the dipshit leafing through their labia with nary a clue or much interest as to how to eat that sucker. If it tasted more like greasy pork products, though, they might be compelled to put more *oomph* into their efforts. (Maybe we can come up with a seitan-and-tamari sauce recipe for vegetarians.) The women will be happy, as will their men, their kids...everybody gets happy. And happy is contagious.

I'll bet that lady who drowned all her babies had flowery panties but never copped a nut her whole life.

**"Unhappy, fucked-up people smear their misery on us like dead skin cells floating in a hot tub."**

### #3 RAPE ISLAND

OK, this is the most controversial idea, but hear me out. Convicted sex offenders spend less time in jail than pot peddlers. Once they get out, and most of 'em do, often they go right back to their happy business of raping and ruining ladies and/or babies. They go through the system AGAIN, get spit out AGAIN, and then *whammo!* Another little girl lost, another little boy shattered. Jail sucks, but incarceration doesn't seem to scare bugging rapists off their smack.

*Rape Island* is a place where the punishment fits the crime, but, like karma, it's threefold. We give 'em a nice house with nice things around them to make them feel all comfy and safe. Leave them alone there until they're used to it and unsuspecting. Then have a bio-engineered monster mete out justice. (I'm thinking a gorilla and a rhinoceros spliced together and shot up with PCP, kept in a dumpster, starved, and poked at constantly.) Have the Rhino-rilla smash through the door of the offender's bedroom, chase them around the island for a couple days terrorizing them before finally brutalizing them over and over again for the cameras. Oh yes, we would film it ALL. I'm talking Reality TV turned up to 11. Fuck *Fear Factor*. And, Oprah, you wanna talk about finding your spirit? When that two-foot-long, rough and scaly eggplant is being driven up their ass, you can be sure that they'll be looking desperately for God through their sorry, stinging tears. It'll be a hit, I know it. We will make this country a little safer, show by show...and make a buck or two in the process.

These are just some humble ideas of mine...some food for thought. It takes a village for some stuff, true...but millions of dollars and influence, Oprah, that's what'll get the job done. Thank you for your time.

Love, Demi

X

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# PORTLAND... ... LAND OF DUMB BAND NAMES



Indie rock is the greatest threat to Western Civilization since the bubonic plague. Indie rock is the worst thing that white civilization has ever produced, and that includes racism, imperialism, and mayonnaise. Indie rock encapsulates all that is effete, sickly, and self-hating about the dead, immoral, apathetic West.

Especially West Burnside.

Portland is a magnet for ugly, pimply, malnourished, disaffected youth who possess sufficient drive and trust-fund money to rent cheap houses with moldy basements wherein they live a rock-star fantasy that employs roughly five percent of the creativity as the band they're imitating, which in turn had only five percent of the creativity of the band *they* were imitating, etc. Rock and roll continues to gnaw on its own entrails, forever arrested, forever self-referential, forever doomed to be a paler and paler imitation of what it was when it started.

Since all of the good band names dried up years ago, the hapless rocker-come-lately has been forced onto fallow ground in search of

## THE DUMB BANDS:

**Wapeka, Coil Pac, and Punching Festus**

**THE VENUE: Mt. Tabor Pub**

**WHEN: A hot June evening**

**Wapeka**...wow, that's an *astorishingly* bad name. Conjures images of fire while small naked African children sing their joyous tribal songs. Just a bad trip all around, buckaroo. **Punching Festus** is saddled with the dishonor of being a "Gerund Rock" band in the sad, sorry tradition of **Throwing Muses**, **Craving Theo**, and **Dissing Flatch**. And **Coil Pac** is irksome in its own right, especially the way they spell it without the "k." This triple bill of atrocious band names beat out another triple bill at **Berbat's** featuring

such bad-name stalwarts as **Machine That Flashes**.

As I already mentioned but am going to mention again, it was a hot June evening, and when we arrived at the ratty, poorly

ventilated **Mt. Tabor Pub**, the doorman informed us that **Wapeka** had broken up and wouldn't be performing. All my hopes and dreams were dashed! He added that **Punching Festus** hadn't shown up yet and probably weren't going to, which left only **Coil Pac** to entertain us. *Fuck Coil Pac!* Their name was really starting to get me steamed! We decided that **Coil Pac** weren't worth the \$3 and walked across the street to the **Space Room**, where my girlfriend's girl friend's boyfriend discussed home-refurbishing tips with the girls while I sat there silently.

**"Indie Rock is the worst thing that white civilization has ever produced, and that includes racism, imperialism, and mayonnaise."**

a band name to call his own. The band names get worse and worse, and the bands get worse and worse, until, according to some projections, all possible band-name combinations will have been used by the year 2013, signaling the silent, shameful, overdue death of a musical genre which has been dying for decades.

I decided to comb Portland's local free weeklies in search of the band with the WORST NAME on any given night and to then go witness whether they can possibly be as bad as their name. I was not disappointed. In every case, they were at least as bad as their name...no, they were worse.

## PORTLAND'S DUMBEST:

The Dumb Band Names that follow were all taken from a single issue of the *Portland Mercury*, a publication uniquely devoted to the propagation of Dumb Band Name Culture. I'm sure there are dumber band names out there, but these should be more than sufficient to spoil your appetite to hear any more...that is, if you're a person of discriminating tastes like I am. These clumsy monikers serve as a stark, horrifying reminder of the infamy and public ridicule that will befall anyone stupid enough to

transgress the **Eight Golden Rules of Band-Naming:**

**1) WHEN YOU NAME YOUR BAND AFTER A FAMOUS PERSON, MOVIE, OR SONG...EVEN IF YOU GIVE IT A "CLEVER" TWIST...YOU DECLARE TO ALL THE WORLD THAT YOU ARE INFERIOR TO THE ORIGINAL:**

Mars Needs Women ★ Colonel Knowledge ★ Velveta Underground ★ Koufax ★ Soilent [sic] Green ★ Onry Ozzborne ★ White Line Fever ★ The Jeffersons ★ Brian Jonestown Massacre ★ Jackie-O Motherfucker ★ MisterClean

**2) THERE IS HARDLY ANYTHING ON EARTH LESS EXCITING THAN HAVING A NUMBER IN YOUR BAND NAME:**

10¢ ★ Reserve 34 ★ The Forty First ★ Twenty-Four Hours ★ 46 ★ No. 3 Breakdown

**3) PRETENTIOUS BAND NAMES REVEAL YOU TO BE DUMBER THAN YOU THINK:**

From Autumn to Ashes ★ Coheed to Cambria ★ Inner ★ A New Land of Me ★ Pangaea ★ Abstraktion ★ Rudement ★ Denote the Apex ★ Fiery Cubist ★ Hidden Under the Hidden Under ★ American Analog Set ★ Her Space



## THE DUMB BANDS: Science of Yabra, Wet Confetti, Other Men My Age

THE VENUE: The Blackbird

WHEN: A hot July evening

Inconveniently located near an overpass on Sandy Boulevard, The Blackbird hosts possibly more dumb bands than any other place in the universe, and for that I believe it deserves to be punished in some way.

As a perhaps-unconscious reflection of how truly shitty their aesthetic is, the indie rocker's fashion color of choice is **BROWN**. Dull, shit-colored brown. The infantile color of smeared doodie-doo. And The Blackbird is where the indie satchels and nerd glasses and bird chests all congregate in their brown T-shirts and brown slacks and ironic sneakers and ironic puffball ski caps to embrace the sort of physical and character defects which caused them so much social pain in high school a few years ago.

We arrived just after **Wet Confetti** finished what I'm sure was a blistering, seminal, watershed set. The doorman, who was the only other male besides myself in the bar who possessed anything properly resembling biceps, assured us that **Wet Confetti** had been "really good."

After swimming through Nerd Ocean up to the bar, I told my lady friend, "I wanna beat up everyone in this place...and I think I could!"

**Science of Yabra** spent about fifteen minutes setting up their equipment and doing a sound check right in front of us. This is an essential flaw of indie rock—its utter disdain for anything resembling drama or showmanship. Can't they afford a curtain here? I believe Charlie Chaplin was the one who said showbiz is all about entrances and exits, and watching a bunch of bored-looking, scraggly indie-boy shlubs set up their own equipment and twiddle aimlessly with their instruments was a less-than-compelling entrance.

Then they played a generic, indecipherable set of screeching post-hardcore so fucking LOUD that half of the audience was either holding their fingers in their ears or wearing impromptu earplugs made from cocktail napkins. All I remember about their music is that it was loud. Otherwise, it had the personality of corrugated paper.

We decided that one band was enough and rushed out of the Blackbird before giving **Other Men My Age** a chance. We hailed a bus downtown, our ears ringing, our moods soured, vowing that vengeance would one day be ours.

## THE DUMB BANDS: Avenue of the Strongest, Rock IV, Swords Project, & Windsor for the Derby

THE VENUE: Berbati's Pan

WHEN: Another hot July evening

Holiday ★ Dance Imperative ★ Point Line Plane ★ The Planet The ★ The North Magnetic ★ Alter Echo ★ Water ★ Life After Liftoff

### 4) LET'S OUTLAW GERUNDS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Naming Asher ★ Dying Californian ★ Woke Up Falling

### 5) USING AN "EXOTIC"-SOUNDING FOREIGN NAME ONLY GOES TO SHOW HOW WHITE-BREAD YOU REALLY ARE:

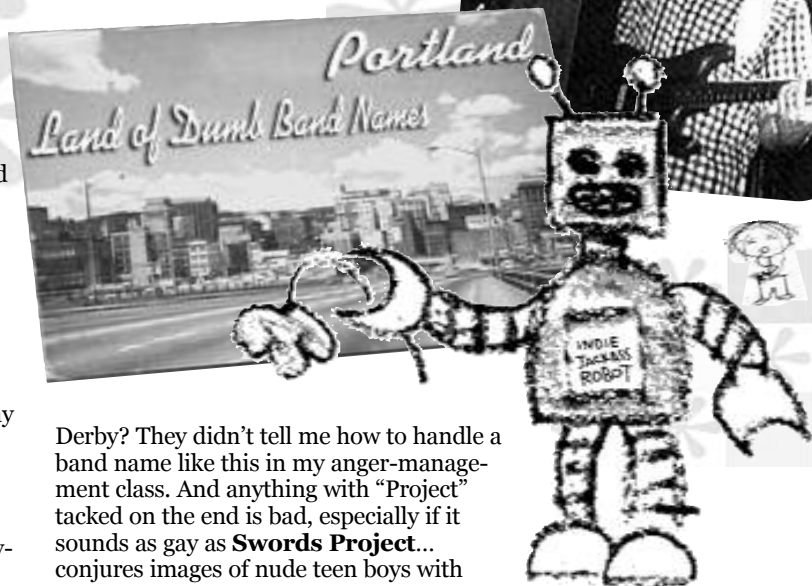
Chango Malo ★ Nada Brahma ★ Tem Eyo Ki ★ Yume Bitu ★ Hochenkeit ★ Zao ★ Shai Halud ★ Zuppa

### 6) IF YOUR REAL NAME IS TOO BORING TO NAME A BAND AFTER IT, DON'T NAME A BAND AFTER IT:

Stan McMahon Band ★ Charles Crosman Duo ★ Jay Purvis Trio ★ Mel Brown Quintet ★ Mel Brown Septet ★ Bobby Torres Ensemble ★ Caleb Klaunder Band ★ June Bunton Trio ★ Lee Blake Band ★ Jane Wright Band ★ The Stephen Ashbrook Band ★ John Gross Duo

### 7) MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BAND NAME ISN'T SO BORING THAT PEOPLE FALL ASLEEP

Just when you think the names can't get any worse, they do. **Rock IV** is the least offensive name amid this foul foursome of stupidly named bands...sort of dull and generic. But those other three bands—where do you start? **Windsor for the Derby?** Windsor for the FUCKING



Derby? They didn't tell me how to handle a band name like this in my anger-management class. And anything with "Project" tacked on the end is bad, especially if it sounds as gay as **Swords Project**... conjures images of nude teen boys with boners, "swordfighting" one another.

We initially balked at the \$7 cover price, but that short guy with the big head from Thrasher kicked us down a 2-for-1 deal. My sparkling lassie ordered a beer, I ordered a fake beer, and we sat at a small table about forty feet from the stage as the PA bled with some raja sitar clanky collegiate bullshit.

**Avenue of the Strongest** took the stage without much fanfare and without any sort of introduction whatsoever (I hate that). They featured a red-haired, big-nosed singer with a tiny guitar who resembled Reuben Kincaid from the Partridge Family. Their first song was an instrumental that started all moody and slow, then suddenly ROCKED OUT. When Reuben Kincaid started herky-jerkin' and poppin' blood vessels with his strident, uptight-guy, makes-ya-ashamed-to-be-white-just-watchin'-it dance moves, both me and my gal couldn't help but laugh. This band blew elephant cock, and we couldn't wait to get out of that place! Before leaving, we watched the next band (they, too, weren't identified) setting up their equipment. Every band member was wearing something brown.

We flushed the lifesized turds out of our consciousness and left Indieland once and for all.

X

### IMMEDIATELY AFTER HEARING IT: Mindframe ★ Under Oath ★ Strongbox ★ Search Engine ★ Greenstar ★ Nice Nice ★ Varsity Finish Line ★ Mel

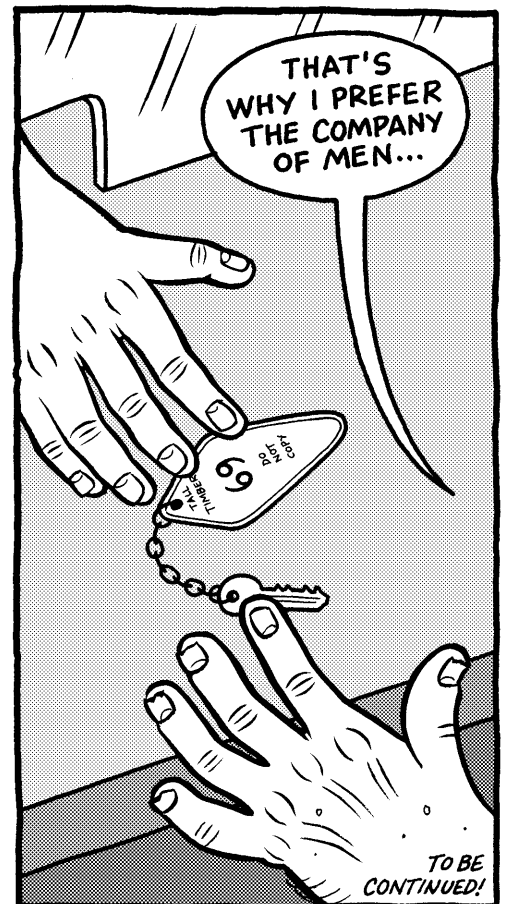
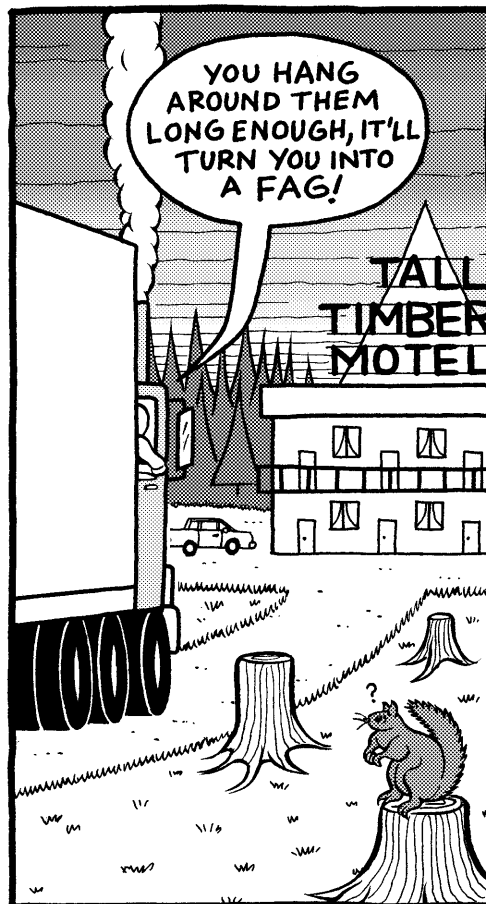
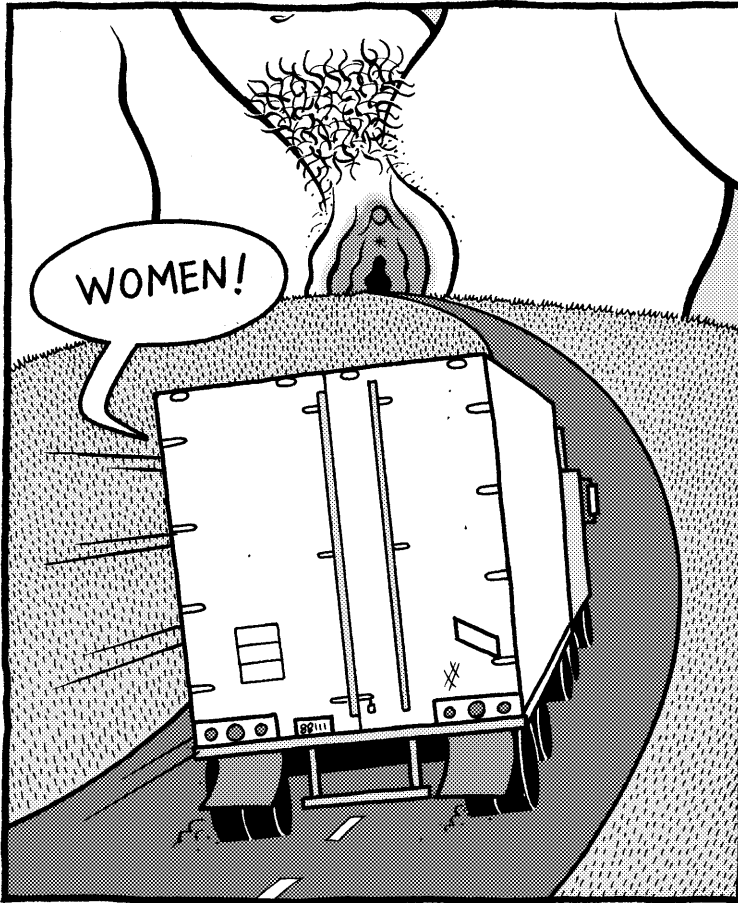
### 8) WHEN YOU TRY TOO HARD, YOU INEVITABLY FAIL:

Woozy Helmet ★ The Runnamucks ★ Full Moon BBQ ★ Monitgrrrl Bats ★ High on Fire ★ Cajun Gems ★ Hey Mercedes ★ Captain vs. Crew ★ Sleetmute ★ Our Lady Peace ★ Precursor ★ Hookah Stew ★ Charm Particles ★ Kung Pao Chickens ★ Boy Skout ★ Public Groovement ★ Rexsole ★ Dr. Yellow Swans ★ Buds of May ★ RoMarkable



# TRUCKER FAGS IN DENIAL

STORY BY  
JIM GOAD  
ART BY JIM  
BLANCHARD



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**YOU HAVE SUFFERED, IKE TURNER.**  
You have suffered more than any of us could ever imagine.

You have suffered more than anyone who speaks ill of you.

You have suffered more than anyone who wishes suffering upon you.

You have suffered from the cruelty of those who've never met you but still feel fit to judge your character.

You have suffered more than Tina, that's for sure.

**IT MAY AMAZE YOU TO LEARN** that Ike Turner has done things in his life beyond committing acts of domestic violence against Tina Turner.

Back in 1951, he played piano on "Rocket 88," a rolling, locomotive-powered slice of Nigrabilly often pointed to by nerdy historians as "the first rock 'n' roll record." Ike's piano style was later copped by emotionally unstable piano-maniacs Little Richard (who admits it) and Jerry Lee Lewis (who, to my knowledge, doesn't). Ike claims that Elvis Presley used to watch him playing at Sun Studios in Memphis long before Elvis first set his white-chocolate voice to wax there in 1954. Blues chubster B.B. King, whose career Turner guided in the 1950s, calls him "one of the founding fathers" of rock 'n' roll.

As a talent scout and record producer, Ike Turner became a scholar of blues and jazz and country. He can play guitar, piano, bass, drums, everything...playing juke joints like he did fifty years ago, you had to fill in on every instrument when one of the musicians had to go take a piss.

He recorded his first song with Tina in 1960. On '61's "Things Are Gonna Work Out Fine," a love duet between Ike and Tina, his guitar is all deep, fuzzy, wigged-out jaggedness. His low, comical spoken voice provides a safety net for Tina's feline shrieking as she tells him she went to see the preacher man and has started making wedding plans. On this record at least, things work out fine. Ike and Tina sound deeply in love. The song is difficult to listen to in light of their breakup's messy aftermath.

Their explosive live act, The Ike & Tina Revue, scorched audiences' shorts throughout the sixties and early seventies. With Ike as the musical director and Tina as the star performer, they managed to make white songs blacker ("Proud Mary," "Come Together") and black songs whiter ("I Want to Take You Higher").

Then they broke up.

**TINA TURNER IS A MONSTROUSLY TALENTED** live performer. She was James Brown With a Clit. But Ike Turner, her hubby of eighteen years, added something to her music that vanished after the couple split the sheets. Their turbulent domestic life apparently lent a thunderstorm-level electricity to their music which evaporated after Tina fled the raging coke monster Ike with mere coins in her pocket. As we all know, she went on to find astronomical solo success through chanting *na myoho rengo kyo*. Her massively successful solo career recalled what happened to Dolly Parton after she stopped recording with mentor Porter Wagoner. Dolly and Tina dumped their vaguely creepy male partners and went on to become cultural icons, while Ike 'n' Porter languish on the fringes of elderly obscurity.

Although it might be distasteful to allege that Tina's music was better when Ike was beating her, it's inarguable that her music suffered once he stopped.

Strolling along her post-Ike hi-yella brick road, Tina rejected the greater glory of black soul and went for easy-listening, middle-of-the-road white pop tarts. Tina's post-Ike music has sold millions and

**I FEEL YOUR PAIN,**

**IKE TURNER**



millions, but it's washed-out electronic Caucasian-tainted Pop Lite. And what's with the fake British accent? The girl was born in Nutbush, Tennessee!

Alright, so he beat her. But it was the best thing that ever happened to her career! Public sympathy for Tina's wretched story, rather than the quality of her post-Ike music, sent the Screechy Lady to the top of the charts. Fuck, I'd trade bein' whapped with a coat hanger for a few million dollars! Why all the fuss?

**HE PUT TINA ON THE COVER OF THEIR RECORD WITH A BLACK EYE!"**

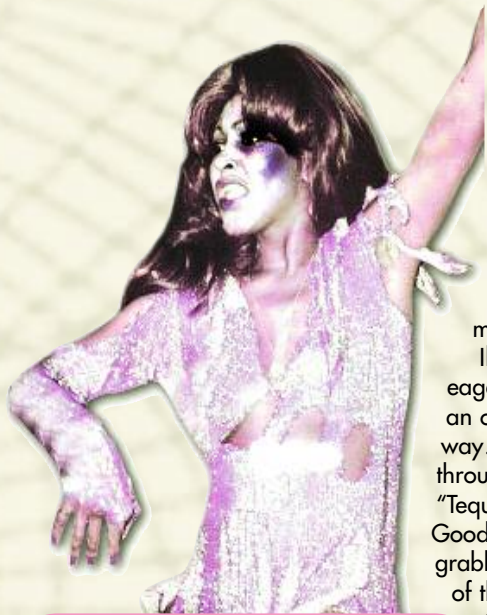
protests the woman—a black woman—when I excitedly tell her I'm going down to Portland's



**THE IKE & TINA REVUE: Domestic turbulence translated to onstage electricity.**

Waterfront Blues Festival to watch Ike Turner and His Kings of Rhythm perform for an audience of mostly white, mostly middle-aged, mostly flabby blues aficionados.

The Kings of Rhythm, mostly black but clad entirely in white, pounded out an instrumental before Ike made his grand splash onstage. We were far enough away from the stage that Ike still looked as he made a



**WHAT'S MONEY GOT TO DO WITH IT?:** Tina Turner's career skyrocketed (and her music started to suck) after she alleged that ex-hubby Ike beat her.

from time to time during his spoken interludes, and it was always the same laugh—demented, evil, demonic. At another point, when Ike started to get excited and began pounding on his guitar, I blurted out, "BEAT HER, IKE!" to the delight of my friends and the dismay of everyone else around me. Then, later, I turned to my girl and said, "Watching him is like looking into the face of pure evil."

Then he introduced a chick who, despite her bombshell looks and able singing talents, immediately registered in everyone's mind as Tina's Replacement. She appeared to be wearing a blonde wig, and we couldn't tell if she was black or white. Together she and Ike plowed through "Proud Mary" and another duet, I believe which was called "Sex," in which Ike simulated cunnilingus on his microphone in a very bawdy and disturbing manner.

A few nights later, I told somebody that I thought Ike put on a great show.

**"Although it might be distasteful to allege that Tina's music was better when Ike was beating her, it's inarguable that her music suffered once he stopped."**

"Man, he hit Tina in the FACE!" was all he could say.

Because he hit the bitch, this musical genius will be forever branded as a wifebeater...not the father of rock 'n' roll, but a wifebeater. Not a man who feels pain, but a wifebeater. Not a human being who, at least at this point in his life, is having a harder time of it than Tina, but a wifebeater. Tina could own half of England and Ike could be boiling French fries in the kitchen at some McDonald's in Compton, and he'd still be the master abuser and she'd still be the victim.

grand entrance in a ridiculously loud blue-rhinestone-sparkled suit.

"What, did MC Hammer have a yard sale?" asked my Jewish female escort, and we both chuckled at her playful witticism.

And you know everyone in the audience was thinking, "That's the man who hit Tina Turner..."

Ike seemed happy and eager to please...almost in an obsequious, shuffling way...as he led the band through rock chestnuts such as "Tequila" and "Johnny B. Goode" and suchlike. He also grabbed the boys by the scruff of their necks and shoved them through "Rocket 88," and for a flash there, I heard something ancient and pure and original. Ike would laugh

Doesn't matter that she admits to hitting him, too. Nobody calls her a "husbandbeater."

Funny how that works.

"She would get these attitudes," Ike explained to a reporter, "and give me grief, so we would get into fights and I maybe had to hit her some."

That sounds good enough for me.

**HOW TINY HE LOOKED** as he stood there signing his new CD at the merchandise table after the show...what a small, small man! What a shock...and what a relief...to see that Ike Turner, evil monster abuser, couldn't be taller than 5'4" or 5'5." He sports the Carl Lewis hi-top fade and satanic goatee he's had for years. He's 70 years old, and I swear to Christ, he doesn't look a day over 40. Apparently, eleven million dollars of cocaine served as the Fountain of Youth for Ike Turner. And he has one of the warmest, sweetest smiles I've ever seen on anyone.

Ike is now into his thirteenth marriage, this time to a white lady who—gulp—works at a battered-women's shelter. He has published an autobiography, *Takin' Back My Name*, in which he seeks to repair some of the damage...and emotional pain...caused by Tina's allegations.

"Before you start talking about my laundry, clean yours," Ike once told an interviewer. "That's how I feel about it, man."

That's how I feel about it, too, Ike.

I recall the interview with Ike when he was in prison where Ike demonstrated for the reporter the magnitude of his cocaine habit by shoving a pen through the hole he'd burned through his septum. I think of how he brags of losing his virginity at age six to a fifty-year-old woman. I think of his hardscrabble Southern upbringing and how he watched the Klan murder his father when little Ike was only four.

And then I decide that I like Ike Turner. I like him a lot.



**FEEL YOUR PAIN, IKE TURNER.** I know a bit of what you've been through—not the being-born-a-poor-black-man-in-Mississippi part, but what it means to bear the "wifebeater" tag.

I realize, like you probably do, Ike Turner, that The Man brought you down...while he elevated Tina...as part of his sinister plan to destroy the black family. It must have been hell for you to watch her dance shamelessly with a skinny-ass white boy in that video, wagging her finger and saying, "You better be good to me!" Yes, be good to her, white boy...unlike Ike, the Evil Black Devil Man.

You and I, Ike, we know how women can push you to the brink.

Tina was a fireball. I'm sure it got stressful on tour. I can't imagine stuffing the car trunk with suitcases while she's all PMSing and shrieking at you like she screams on stage.

I forgive you, Ike Turner, even if no one else does.

And if I added to your pain merely by mentioning the domestic abuse and bringing up all those bad memories again, I'm sorry.

I've accomplished things, too, Ike. But just today, someone said I'll be branded a wifebeater for the rest of my life.

Just like Ike.

X



*Exotic Jump*  
**ESSENCE**

from X-otic Tan

# AUGUST 2002

**SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY**

<p><b>THE PARTY TO END ALL PARTY'S IS COMING THIS MONTH<sub>LOOO</sub></b></p>	<p><b>A PARTY SO HUGE IT WAS 9 YEARS IN THE MAKING<sub>LOOO</sub></b></p>	<p><b>EXOTIC'S 9TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY<sub>LOOO</sub></b></p>	<p><b>STARS CABARET BEAVERTON MONDAY AUG. 12 FOR RESERVATIONS CALL (503)330-0784</b></p>	<p><b>SEXXY SURPRISE NIGHT SOOBIES BAR &amp; GRILL</b></p>	<p><b>JILL SOBOLE DANTE'S - 3RD &amp; BURNSIDE</b></p>	<p><b>3</b> <i>THE WINES</i> DANTE'S - 3RD &amp; BURNSIDE</p>
<p><b>Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFUL!!! 10pm - 3rd &amp; Burnside</b></p>	<p><b>KARAOKE FROM HELL Dante's - 3rd &amp; Burnside</b></p>	<p><b>2 FER TUESDAYS Club 205 DOUBLE SHOT 2 GIRLS ON STAGE SOOBIE'S BAR &amp; GRILL BUMP-N-GRIND &amp; Vaudeville Dante's 6pm-Close</b></p>	<p><b>DANCE CONTEST Sassy's 10 pm AMATEUR NIGHT STARS SALEM</b></p>	<p><b>SEXXY SURPRISE NIGHT SOOBIES BAR &amp; GRILL NO HAIR DOWN THERE NIGHT JODY'S BAR &amp; GRILL</b></p>	<p><b>JODY'S BAR &amp; GRILL</b></p>	<p><b>10</b></p>
<p><b>Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFUL!!! 10pm - 3rd &amp; Burnside</b></p>	<p><b>EXOTIC'S 9TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY STARS CABARET FOR RESERVATIONS CALL (503)330-0784</b></p>	<p><b>2 FER TUESDAYS Club 205 DOUBLE SHOT 2 GIRLS ON STAGE SOOBIE'S BAR &amp; GRILL BUMP-N-GRIND &amp; Vaudeville Dante's 6pm-Close</b></p>	<p><b>AMATEUR NIGHT STARS SALEM</b></p>	<p><b>SEXXY SURPRISE NIGHT SOOBIES BAR &amp; GRILL BOOTY CALL NIGHT JODY'S BAR &amp; GRILL</b></p>	<p><b>JODY'S BAR &amp; GRILL</b></p>	<p><b>17</b> <b>THE ALL NEW FETISH NIGHT WITH DEACON X DANTE'S - 3RD &amp; BURNSIDE</b></p>
<p><b>Bikini Bar Wash Secret Rendezvous 12503 SE Division 3-7 pm Dante's Sinferno Cabaret 10pm - 3rd &amp; Burnside</b></p>	<p><b>KARAOKE FROM HELL Dante's - 3rd &amp; Burnside</b></p>	<p><b>2 FER TUESDAYS Club 205 DOUBLE SHOT 2 GIRLS ON STAGE SOOBIE'S BAR &amp; GRILL BUMP-N-GRIND &amp; Vaudeville Dante's 6pm-Close</b></p>	<p><b>Covergirl Contest Club 205 AMATEUR NIGHT STARS SALEM</b></p>	<p><b>SEXXY SURPRISE NIGHT SOOBIES BAR &amp; GRILL "YES THEY'RE REAL" NIGHT JODY'S BAR &amp; GRILL</b></p>	<p><b>JODY'S BAR &amp; GRILL</b></p>	<p><b>24</b> <i>IMPOTENT SEA SNAKES &amp; POPEWORM</i> DANTE'S - 3RD &amp; BURNSIDE</p>
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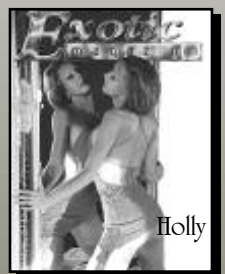
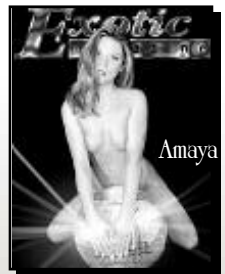
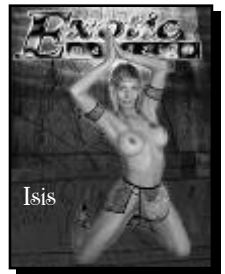
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**Y**ou're a cow. You're a sick, greasy beast.  
You're the Buffalo.

When we met, I was so drunk I could barely stand. Lampshade-on-the-head drunk. "I love you" drunk. Buffalo Drunk.

*Whu-whu, whas yer name?*

"The Buffalo."

*Rehally? Thas a funny name. You...you wanna come over to my house?*

"Okay."

*Yer real purdy.*

"Really? No one's ever told me that before!"

*Gruuuuh.*

At my house, you shambled your primeval frame into my room, ducking under the eave. My bedsprings groaned under your weight. Lying prone, I remember how much you looked like a gorilla. Each of your three chins had its own personal colony of acne, almost as if your filth was sprouting franchises. Your thighs spread under the weight of gravity like a wad of Silly Putty tossed against a wall. I dug my nose into your neck, breathing in the stench of the untamed Tundra.

*Yer real purdy.*

"Really?"

*Why...why don' you take off your dress?*

"But I'm on my period."

*Uhhg.*

The Buffalo was in estrus. Your barnyard womb was engorged, swollen, and churning fertile endometrial garbage like a beastly cement mixer. I was determined.

*You should go, uh, take it out.*

"I don't know..."

*Uh, take it out, uh...*

Why was this happening? I mean, I'm a good-looking guy, why was this ghastly animal polluting my sheets? Why was this necessary?

*You, uh, should take it out. I wanna, ur...*

"Okay, I guess I can take it out."

*Uhhhhgh.*

Senseless. You heaved your lard-poundage upright and dragged yourself into the bathroom. I shotgunned a beer. When you came back, I saw you clearly for the first time.

*You, uh, purdy.*

"Really?"

*Guh. Lemme see yer pannies.*

Your underwear was an extension of the mismanaged cesspool of your body: off-white, ragged cotton...a fucking diaper. Sick. I could almost see the charcoal skid-marks and flaky, rust-colored discharge coating the business side of your snatch-protector. You might as well have been wearing a jock strap.

*Urrghh.*

"I took it out."

*Uhh...*

You climbed on top with all the finesse of, well, a Buffalo. You ground your bovine loins into me, cutting off my circulation. Your kisses were venom. I was swollen.

**"Your underwear was an extension of the mismanaged cesspool of your body: off-white, ragged cotton...a fucking diaper. Sick."**

*Urgh.*

"Yeah, I'm hot, too!"

*Uh, maybe, uh—*

My friend Debra smashed down the door, whooping like a demon, drunker than ten Irish Indians, brandishing a video camera. Oh, Lord. I've been caught. With the Buffalo.

Instinct took over. I jumped from the infected bed and tackled her. I wrenched the tape from the camera, breaking the casing. Debra screamed. I reacted like a bull. I threw her against the wall as hard as I could. Her boyfriend squeaked.

"Dude, you shouldn't do that!"

# PERFORMANCE ANXIETY

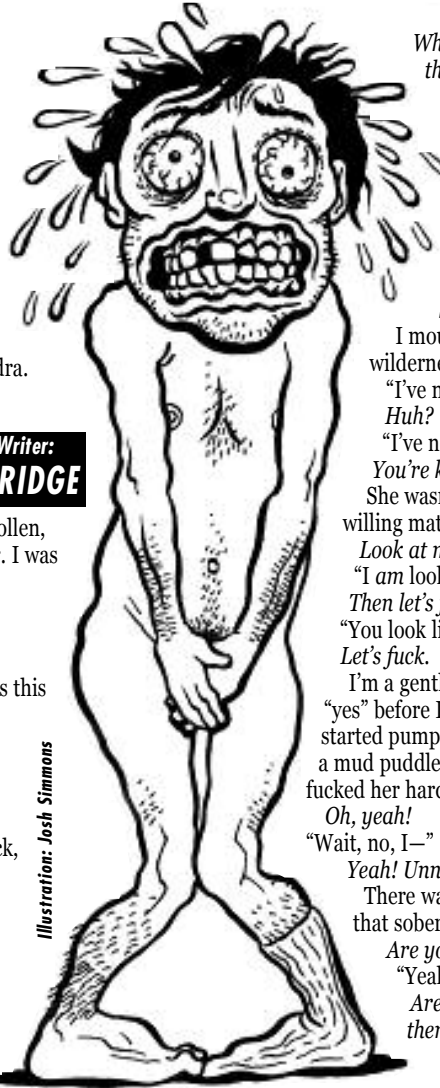


Illustration: Josh Simmons

*What are you, a goddamned Christian or something?*

"No, I hate Christians!"

"Ahhrrgh!"

I had the tape, the incriminating evidence of my Buffalo Dance. I smashed it, destroyed it, stomped it into the shag carpet. I stormed back into my room, where the Ogre sat upright, demanding my loving feelings.

"Where did you go?"

*Shut up.*

I mounted her, violently, obeying the law of the wilderness. She resisted. Typical.

"I've never gone this fast before!"

*Huh?*

"I've never gone this fast before!"

*You're kidding, right?*

She wasn't. The Buffalo was obviously bewildered by a willing mate. My cock was not so easily diverted.

*Look at me.*

"I am looking at you. You look like a football player."

*Then let's fuck.*

"You look like the star quarterback."

*Let's fuck.*

I'm a gentleman. I waited for the vague, unspoken, psychic "yes" before I shoved my cock into her as hard as I could and started pumping like a Britney Spears roadie. Her vagina was a mud puddle, a rotten-leaf gutter. I could feel her cringing. I fucked her harder.

*Oh, yeah!*

"Wait, no, I—"

*Yeah! Unnh!*

There was something anticlimactic about the whole thing that sobered me up. This oily fiend wasn't fucking back.

*Are you okay?*

"Yeah."

*Are you going to fuck? Or are you going to just lie there like a dead body?*

"Well, I—"

I don't understand women. I don't pretend to.

"It's just that I..."

*Do you want to fuck?*

"Well, I kind of do, but..."

*Get out.*

"What?"

*I'm not a rapist. Get out of my house.*

She seemed surprised. I didn't care. My semi-mammalian mate slithered haughtily into her pirate-sail underwear, exposing a carnival row of cellulite. I cringed. She was in a huff.

She paused at the door.

"Well, I guess we just—"

*Get the fuck out of my house.*

She closed the door behind her, huffing and puffing, straining to get the tonnage to obey her mental command. She walked home through the rain in her high heels, with no coat and no cigarettes, no love, no beauty, and absolutely no admirers.

I fell into a deep sleep, satisfied with my conquest, and dreamed of a great beast. On a hilltop stood a majestic creature, born of the most ancient prophecies and folk tales. I dreamed of the White Buffalo. X

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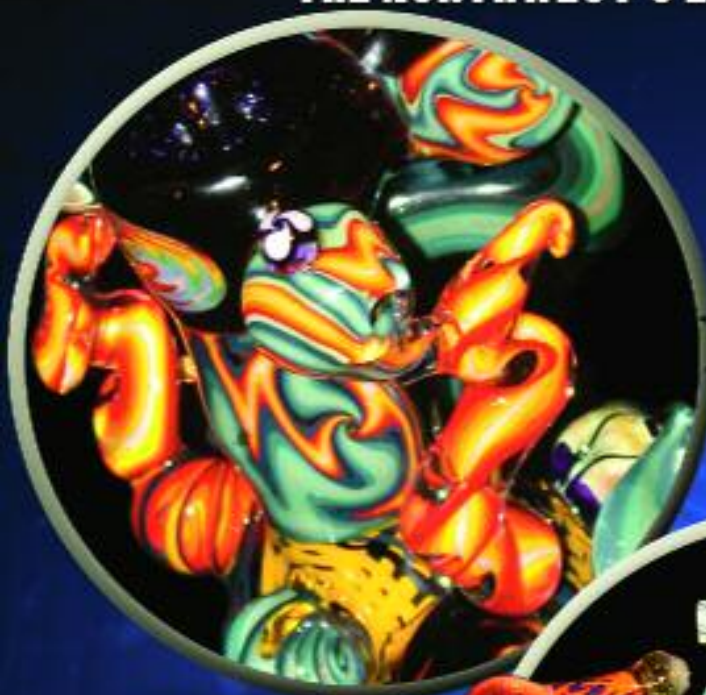
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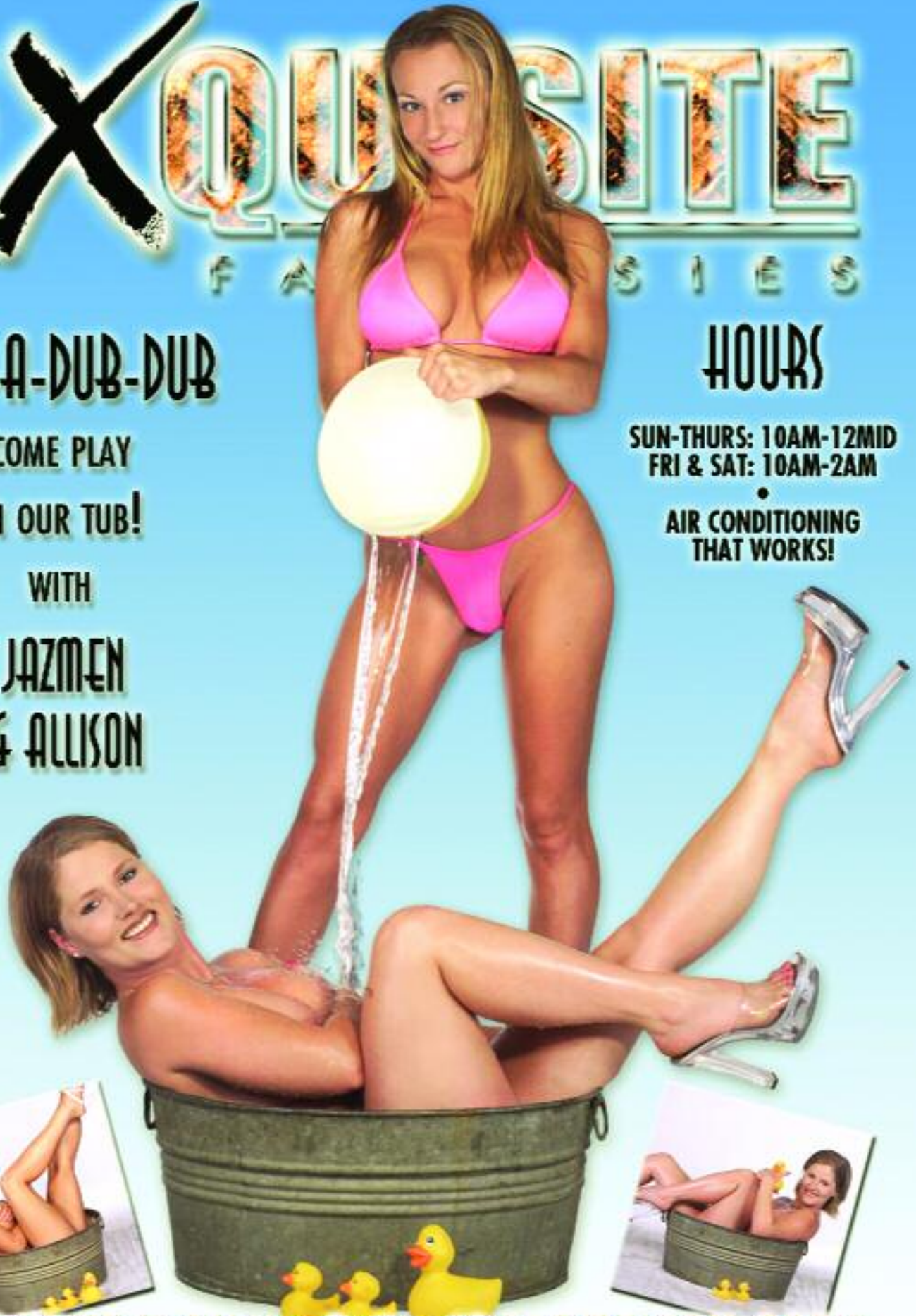
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