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#112

Exotic

Magazine

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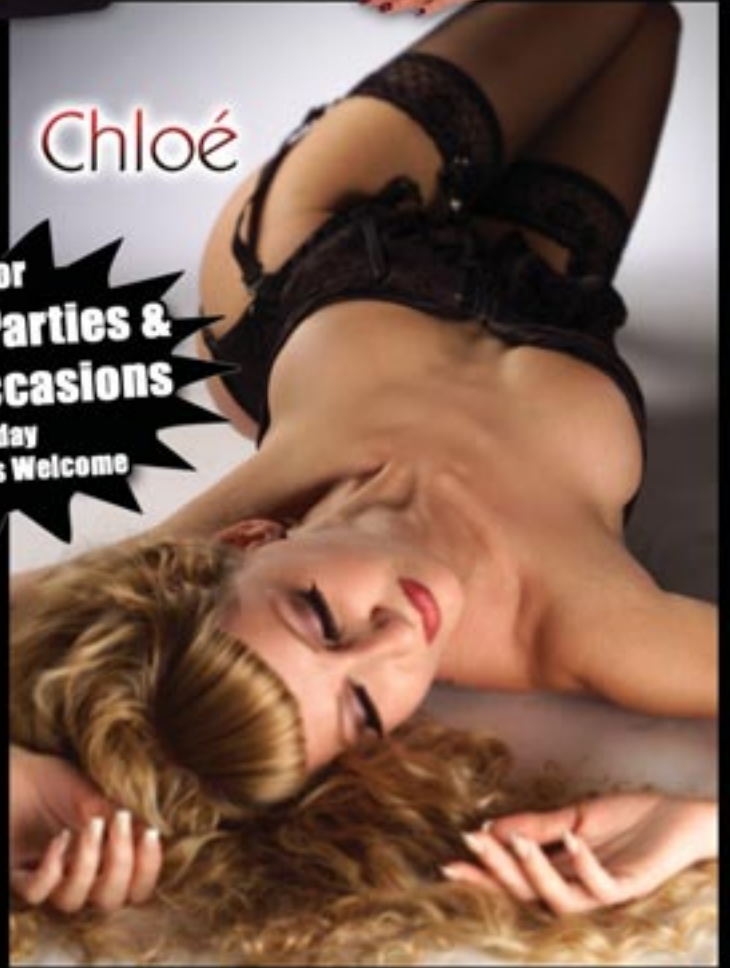
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Carnal Knowledge

by frank faillace
email: ffaillace@qwest.net



In accordance with the feverish war-like spirit of recent weeks, we've decided to launch an all-out attack on the evil people who try to make us gentle souls here at *Exotic* as big bad guys. The fact of the matter is, the people who run around saying these awful things have an obvious agenda. They are only exploiting the limited editorial interest of their targets and twisting an obvious satire or parody around to incite anger in an effort to meet their chosen agenda, which is, of course, money, money, money.

These greedy opportunists run around selling ads in inferior publications and the only way they can do that is to attack what they perceive is our weak point. The perception that we are evil and bad and sexist and racist, etc. What they don't say, although they are intelligent enough to realize, is that a lot of our editorial is satire and parody... designed, not to promote hateful views, but to make fun of them, and point out the hypocrisy inherent in our society. This may be a stretch for some people to understand, but that's what it is. Period.

Former Portland school board councilman Derry Jackson, who earlier in the year was taken to task and recalled from office for his anti-

semitic remarks, attempted last week to get Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* banned from Portland Public Schools. How many times do we have to go through this? Mark Twain aka Samuel Clemens is the quintessential American writer and satirist. *Huckleberry Finn* is considered at the very least among the top three classic American novels. Yet over 100 years after it's publishing, ignorant people are still attempting to take an obvious anti-slavery epic and classify it as racist. Have you READ *Huckleberry Finn*, Mr. Jackson?

The obvious connection here is, before you pull your advertising because unqualified, agenda-ridden, greedy opportunists tell you an article means something, maybe you should read it and understand it, in proper context, for yourself. Satire and parody are historically the tools for positive social change, pointing out the ignorance of the majority or the hypocrisy of the ruling class. Or both.

But then we're just a little free sex mag out of Portland, and maybe we're setting our sights too high. But hey, it makes for good reading and a few chuckles at our own expense. And of course everyone else's.

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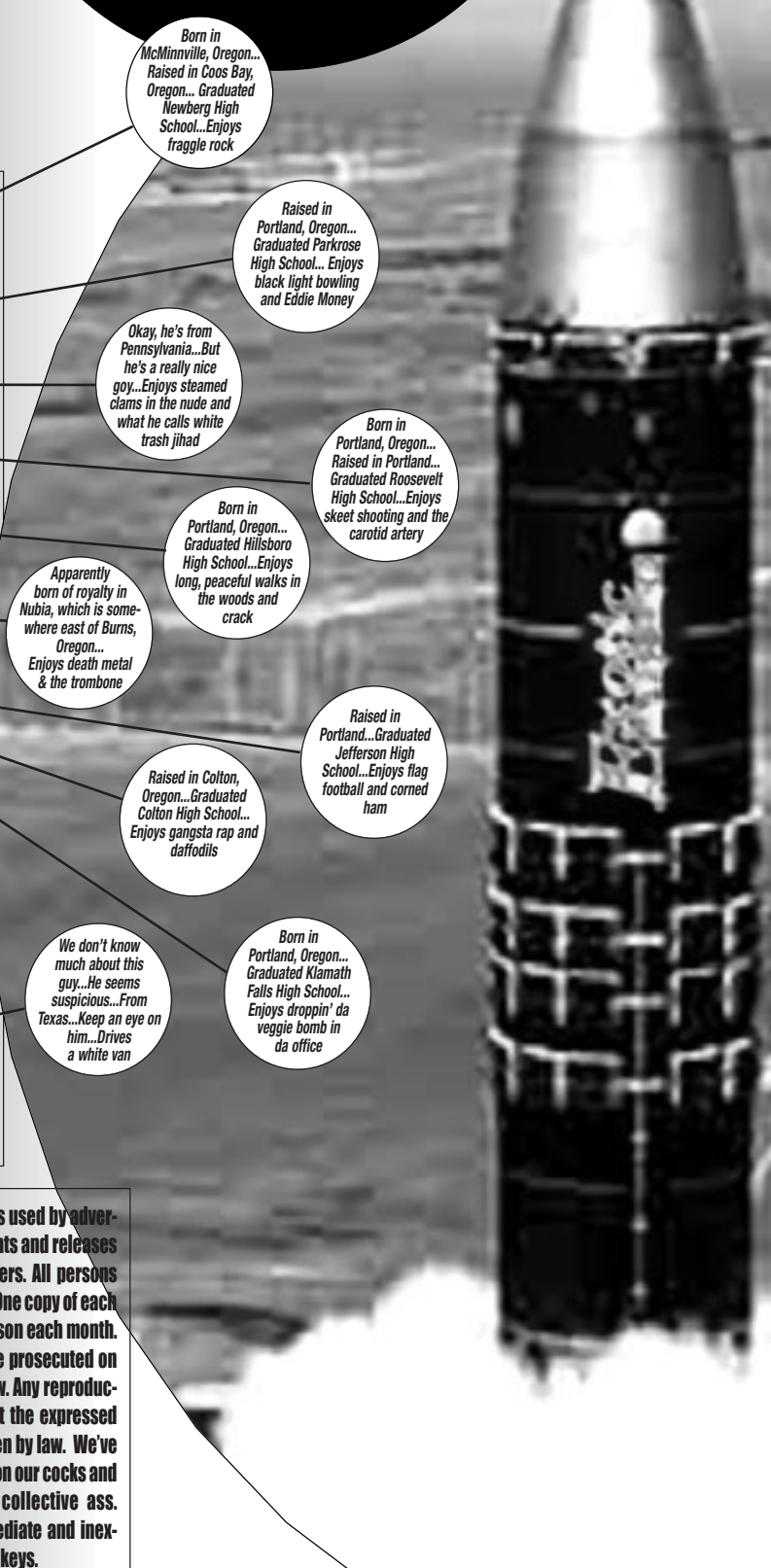
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GETTING TO KNOW THE EXOTIC STAFF:
One neat thing about advertising in Exotic magazine is you're dealing with a nearly 100% homegrown Oregon staff...Us Oregonians need to stick together in these tough economic times. Screw all those expatriates and fast-talkin' East-Coast slicksters...Let's hear it for OREGON! Whoo-hoo!

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- Born in McMinnville, Oregon... Raised in Coos Bay, Oregon... Graduated Newberg High School...Enjoys fraggle rock
- Raised in Portland, Oregon... Graduated Parkrose High School... Enjoys black light bowling and Eddie Money
- Okay, he's from Pennsylvania...But he's a really nice guy...Enjoys steamed clams in the nude and what he calls white trash jihad
- Born in Portland, Oregon... Graduated Hillsboro High School...Enjoys long, peaceful walks in the woods and crack
- Born in Portland, Oregon... Graduated Roosevelt High School...Enjoys skeet shooting and the carotid artery
- Apparently born of royalty in Nubia, which is somewhere east of Burns, Oregon... Enjoys death metal & the trombone
- Raised in Colton, Oregon... Graduated Colton High School... Enjoys gangsta rap and daffodils
- Raised in Portland... Graduated Jefferson High School...Enjoys flag football and corned ham
- We don't know much about this guy...He seems suspicious...From Texas...Keep an eye on him...Drives a white van
- Born in Portland, Oregon... Graduated Klamath Falls High School... Enjoys droppin' da veggie bomb in da office

PAYLOAD

- The Industry...16*
- I Hate Sex...18*
- Alcoholic Titty...20*
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Bug says, "Eat our dust, suckas!"

THE INDUSTRY

by JG

I'M FLAT ON MY BACK ONSTAGE, and three strippers are writhing around me, wagging their twats in my face as the cheesy sex-disco beat plods on like a retarded dinosaur. After about a minute of this fake dance of seduction, at a point when the girls start to take my shirt off, I feel someone tugging at my feet, dragging me down off the stage. It's my girlfriend, **The Strikingly Attractive Jewish Drum Majorette**, and she's witnessed just about all she can take. As I stand up and try to compose myself, she reaches down and cups my package with her hand to check whether or not I'm aroused.

Are you *kidding* me!?!?

I'm shriveled-up like a jellybean!

It isn't the girls' fault...they looked fine and were only doing what the DJ was telling them to do.

It's the *situation*. So silly and cheap and stupid. So flat and soulless and phony. Such an embarrassment. A loud, wet, smelly fart on a crowded elevator.

Rather than getting a hard-on, I had wished that the stage would open up and swallow me in a single bite. At one point during the Phony Lesbo Love Dance, I looked up at the blonde topless stripper hovering over me and said, "I hope they're paying you a lot for this, because they aren't paying *me* anything!"

I had agreed to appear live at a local tattooed-stripper competition at the behest of the DJ, who for the last two years has been my coworker—one whom, it will soon be revealed, no longer works for us. He was the one who thought it would be cute if I staged an open debate with some local lesbians. But because the ad copy he'd hurriedly scribbled made it seem as if this was a private party, no

real lesbians showed up, and, well, he really didn't have much other entertainment planned. So he makes everyone sit around in an unforgivably smoky bar for **THREE HOURS** before he finally tells me to go up. So after I sing a karaoke version of "If You're Going to San Francisco" (but with new lyrics about Southeast Portland bulldykes), I'm left standing there onstage with the mike as the DJ keeps spinning loud, gurgly-burgly, industrial shitrock. I vamp as well as I can, but it unravels quickly. The DJ and current *Exotic* Ex-Employee of the Month—did I mention that he's a fine, fine fellow?—then springs a highly theatrical "surprise" on me—namely, that I should lay on my back and have three strippers wriggle around me.

Apparently, within the industry, this is what is known as a "creative idea."

To me, it just looks like a loose pile of shit.

Later that night, as me and some other Studs of *Exotic* were driving back downtown, I said, "It's going to take a long time to wash all the shame off me."

INKY-PINKY EPIPHANY The next night, as the brilliantly conceived and highly tasteful tattooed-stripper festival moved to another club, I sat at my merchandise table, gazing disconsolately at the Porno Cattle wading around, these lost nobodies looking ACTUALLY EXCITED that there were nude twats wit' tats almost within arm's reach...I sat slumped, profoundly depressed at the spectacle of these pathetic, potato-normal shlubs shelling out their dehumanizingly hard-earned Benjamins to get a closer look.

Empty. Couldn't be emptier. You couldn't fit any more emptiness inside them.

And you know they're burning those real-live naked images onto their minds so they can weave down the road toward home all half-tanked, rush indoors and pull all their rage and rejection out through their little pink dicks in angry hot spurts.

I'll give you forty dollars if you say you want me. Fifty if you wink and say you really mean it.

Funniest moment of the night:

Little bottle-blonde bim nuzzles down to her only customer at the rack...stands back up and says, "A DOLLAR? That's all you got—A DOLLAR?"

Contestants come up to my table and ask me to vote for them. I tell them that I'm a felon and my voting rights have been stripped. That's usually enough to get rid of them.

At one point, the tattooist who had apparently been promised our table comes up and tells us that the event's organizer...the DJ from the prior night...the guy who up until only days ago had been with *Exotic*...the man who milked our publisher's kindness for all it was worth and then betrayed him severely...the guy toward whom I'd never done anything remotely underhanded or malicious...told the tattoo guy that he could have the table anyway because he was going to kick us out.

What a bitch.

You don't have to kick me out. I'm leaving. I don't belong here. You do.

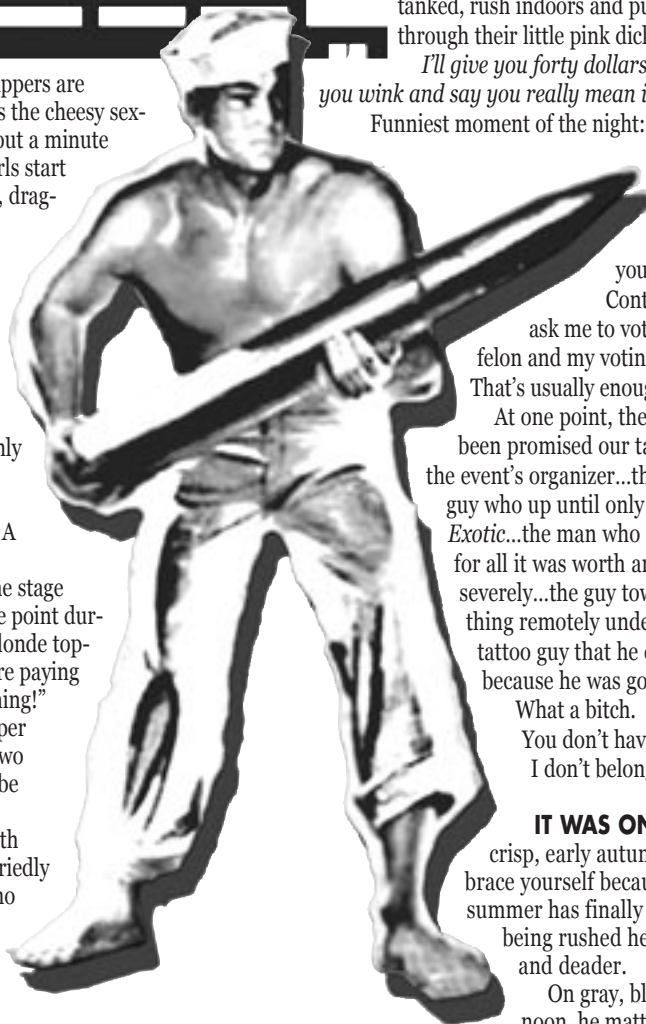
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE COLORLESS, crisp, early autumn afternoons where you almost brace yourself because your bones can tell that summer has finally given up for good and you're being rushed headlong into something darker and deadier.

On gray, blustery Burnside Street that afternoon, he matter-of-factly told me about his betrayal. He said they came to him, offered him a lot of money, and it was time to move on, anyway, and he really loved Frank and didn't intend to hurt him, but, you know, it was a lot of money, so, really, anybody else would do the same thing in his position, so he really doesn't know why everyone thinks he's the devil.

"It's going to take a long time to wash all the shame off me."

It didn't seem worth mentioning that no one had called him the devil. Nor the fact that there are some people who won't do some things for money.

I ALWAYS HATE TO SAY that there's anything redeeming about humanity, but sometimes people will come along and fuck up my program by consistently acting noble and generous for no apparent reason. This rare strain of human is so good, so decent and fair in all their dealings with others, that I call them "asshole barometers"—anyone who'd dare say negative things about them would have to be an asshole.



Our publisher is one of the finest asshole barometers I've ever met, and I've met some world-class ones in my time. A stunning testament to his highly evolved character and eminently likeable personality is the fact that in the two years I've known him, he's never done *anything* that came close to annoying me. That's nearly a miracle. And the few people I've met who've spoken ill of him or wished him harm have, invariably, been assholes.

I'm not getting paid to say this—I mean, I *am* getting paid to say this in the sense that I get paid to fill this space by saying things, but he's never told me what to say or what not to say.

There was no pressing need for him to hire me at this magazine other than the fact that I was ten days out of prison and needed a job as a condition of my parole. Basically, he created a job for me because he knew I needed one. And throughout the all-too-frequent personal crises in which I've found myself during the two years since he gave me a job, he's always been levelheaded and helpful. I've probably had a hundred jobs in my life, and I've never worked for a better person, nor someone more tolerant of his workers' limitless personal and professional defects.

Look, if you know anything about me, you know that I'm pained to say good things about *anyone*, so my persistence here should give you some inkling of what a solid, stand-up cat this **Mr. Franklin J. "Flatch No More" Failface** is.

He'd shrug and say he's really not that good, but so does everyone else who really is that good. Trust me—he is. He's *that* good.

But one of life's cruelest truths is that goodness isn't always rewarded. It often seems to get punished instead. I've seen it happen to Frank again and again...whiny, tantrum-throwing, under-performing, talent-deprived ex-editors who blamed him for the fact that they weren't getting anywhere with their writing...and whose pissy, infantile behavior Frank stoically endured like the world-class gent he is...and who wound up trying to sue Frank, anyway. And, of course, there's that one worker at Dante's who everyone in the city knows should have been fired a long, long time ago...but who is still there because Frank is so tolerant, scientists should use his blood to make a vaccine to fight intolerance.

And I've never seen his tolerance muscles tested so thoroughly as they were by an *Exotic* staffer named John over the past year or so. John had been selling most of our ads and shooting most of our photos during most of my nearly two-year stint here, but the past twelve months had seen a serious erosion in his duties...and job performance...and personal behavior.

Most of his downward spiral...and I'm merely speculating...seemed linked to an unhealthy ongoing relationship with a girlfriend who, as luck would have it, was also a member of the industry. At least that's what John told me, oh, a month or so ago. He blamed it all on her. She got blamed for all his office fuckups and how he tested our nerves every month on deadline. She got blamed for all the property damage he caused in our office building. She got

blamed for all his self-destructive episodes, and believe me, there were a lot of them.

For a year, it seemed as if I was watching John slowly disintegrate. Concerned about his well-being, I counseled him to be careful about the dangerous direction his relationship seemed to be taking. When I chose him as Employee of the Month, I went really, really easy on him because I could sense he was mired in some deep ongoing crisis, and I didn't want to make his condition any more fragile.

Month after month, I was amazed he was still alive. It seemed only a matter of time before the inevitable crash into the wall.

Through it all, Frank was good to John. When John had a heartbreak-related mini-nervous breakdown and was curled in the fetal position on the sidewalk near Powell Blvd., Frank rushed to the scene, rescued him, and put him to bed. He took care of him, even though John's business performance and personal behavior really didn't warrant it.

And then John turned around and stabbed Frank in the back.

AS LOW AS THAT BITCH MOVE WAS, consider that John pulled it while he was living under the roof of our business manager **Bryan Bybee**, who, like Frank, was being perhaps a little more kind to John than might have been wise. As much of a jackhole as everyone in the office knows Bybee can be at times, he also has a soft side, and he can do the occasional nice thing from time to time, despite how he's constantly reminding you about it. And since John is paying rent, Bryan can't legally evict him, even though John's recent shenanigans directly threaten the livelihood of Bybee and everyone in the office. So Bryan tells me that he came home at 3AM in the morning this week to find a drunk John standing in his underwear in Bryan's kitchen, laughing about how he's going to bury us all.

And Karla says John called her and said her worst nightmare is coming true. And last night he apparently threatened to call the cops on pretty much the whole *Exotic* office, quite a bold move considering his own vulnerabilities on the criminal-behavior tip.

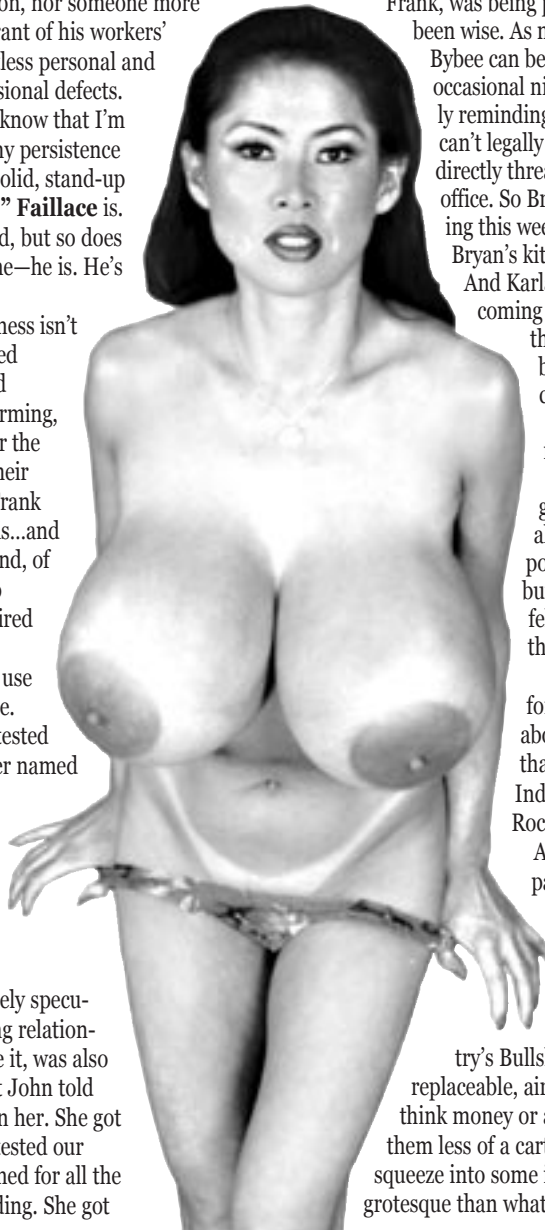
But his character...really, his lack thereof...fits the mold of a snitch. They're always the guiltiest ones.

John is apparently under the impression that I was going to wag around a bunch of embarrassing personal secrets about him, but he's apparently missing the point. There's a lot of dirt I could have written about, but dirt mostly clings to the surface. He's quite a tacky fellow, and I mean that in a way that runs much deeper than his silly fashion proclivities or weird sex practices.

I just wanted to write about what he did, and to note for the record that despite all the trash he's talking about us in his quest to sell ads, he's a lower form of life than everyone who still works in this office. John is Industry Standard, really. Straight off the assembly line. Rocker boy speak with forked tongue.

At its core, there's something stilted about the idea of paying for sex. It would follow, then, that there'd be a lot of bullshit surrounding an industry rooted in phoniness, and John is one of the industry's Bullshit People...cheap,

replaceable, airbrushed figurines who think money or attention somehow make them less of a cartoon and enable them to squeeze into some identity a bit less grotesque than what they are.



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Wealthy old limp-dicks have been traditionally just that—LIMP, and unable to seduce nubile young women. But modern science has created a monster in Viagra, and this accursed pill has turned the natural order of things topsy-turvy! As a fertile young female in the prime of my childbearing age, I should be out banging horny young hardbodies, having their potent, life-creating jism shot deep into my internal pockets so that I can in turn spawn an array of milk-sucking progeny. Instead, the lure of money and the evil invention of Viagra have teamed up to chain me to the bed of a wealthy-but-wizeden shriveled prune way past his glory days, and way past any sort of reproductive ability. The very survival of America is at stake here! And that should set off alarm bells in all of us—for who would want to threaten the existence of America? You guessed it...

The evil party behind Viagra is none other than the global Muslim terrorist network al-Qaeda! By keeping America's aging rich men erect and ready to perform, nefarious Islamic scientists have ensured that young American womanhood will be lured away from the beds of poor-but-virile young Patriots. Tempted by fur coats and diamond tennis bracelets, the Mothers of the Race will waste away their fertile years absorbing the lifeless sperm of the resurrected dead, thus depleting future ranks of the terrorist-killing young bucks. Once all the American males have died out, the Islamic extremists will move in and take over the sexual duties...and the world!

It's an evil plan, but one of genius. And believe me, as an American Patriot, I'm trying to thwart it!

Last week my billionaire sugar daddy rolled into town, tempting me with offers of expensive wine, thick steaks, stacks of casino chips, and wads of freshly minted Benjamins. I thought of God and Country, and knew I should say no—if I joined him for dinner, it would all lead back to one thing...sex! You see, though he is old and decrepit, thanks to al-Qaeda's Viagra, his dead organ can be brought back to life. That zombie dick would pin me down and keep me from going out and propagating the race, like I would normally be doing on a Saturday night!

"The evil party behind Viagra is none other than the global Muslim terrorist network al-Qaeda!"

But I hadn't had a swanky meal in ages, and the rent was due...so I decided to join him for dinner. But no more than that! After all, America was counting on me. All through the meal I waged a covert campaign to incapacitate my date—unable to get my hands on any Roofies, I instead plied him with glass after glass of wine, several cocktails, and rich, heavy foods. I dragged my ass so that the hour was very late by the time we finished, and to my secret glee, by dinner's end he was yawning openly. He stumbled back to the hotel room and barely made it to the bed, where he passed out cold. Excelsior! I could now sneak out and go about my hot-blooded young business.

But the evening had exhausted me, and I sprawled out beside him for a quick nap. In my fatigue I had made a tactical blunder—I'd forgotten to go in and flush his Viagra down the toilet! Thus it was that I was awakened at 6am by the sound of pills rattling in the bathroom. Seconds later an excitedly wheezing bulk heaved beneath the sheets beside me, and the battle was lost. Curses!! I surrendered once again to the evil of al-Qaeda—but I swore to myself that it would be the last time.

Because there's only one way to fight these terrorists—using their own tactics! The next time that rich old fucker lures me to his bed, I'll be ready. If a Palestinian teenager can strap a bomb to his back and run into a crowded pizza parlor, I can surely rig some sort of vaginal explosive. That way I'll go down in a blaze of glory, and I'll take out my partner, too. Which will mean one less rich zombie dick to distract White womanhood. And which will help to ensure the future of the Nation.

God Bless America!



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by OHHPT MIMMY

Alcoholic Titty

NOVEMBER 2002

"Nothing but Naked Pictures of Myself on My Computer"

Welcome Back, Pornland, to Destruction and Perversion...With Really Cool, Moody, Rock 'n' Roll Lighting and Lots of Leather Hats

I'm glad to see you all made it through another month and another round of this endless circus of sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll that is life as we know it in *Alcoholic Titty*. I'm here to piss you off, because I thought it was cool...and I mean in a cool way, not in an asshole way, although it's sometimes cool to be an asshole, don't get me wrong, and anybody who knows me, and a lot of people in this local industry know me, knows that I can be an asshole from time to time, but in a *rock 'n' roll*, 80s-metal-video asshole kind of way rather than just a plain asshole...but as I was saying, my full name is **Baron Lord Don Jon Bon von Vojirelli**, widely renowned as one of the most *stylish* porno-ad sales representatives in the greater Portland area, and I'm here to piss you off because I thought it was cool when people got pissed off at the stuff **Goad** writes, so if Goad could do it and be cool, I figured I could do it and be cool, too, and so the birth of an Evil New Cool Thing was...um...born.

I like controversy. Controversy is cool. Or maybe it's not cool. It all depends on who's signing my paycheck and what they want to hear. I've got a lot of money behind me now, so controversy isn't very cool to me these days.

You see, I'm not much for consistency. I'm not too big on loyalty. I'll say anything to anybody if I think it will benefit me. My modes of aggression are very bitchlike, indirect, and dishonest. Once you peel off my *Phantom of the Opera* mask, there's really not much in the way of a soul there. I'm not a dumb guy, but I'm a staggeringly *shallow* guy. And it is this emptiness within me, this conscienceless black expanse of pure anti-integrity, which makes me perfectly suited for life in this industry.

I'll have a great time for a few months. None of my old friends, but lots of expendable cash. And then the guys who hired me will realize what a complete fuckup I am, what a scorched-earth disaster my life is. A million dollars a month wouldn't turn *this* train-wreck around.

I remember telling Goad about my sellout on the day I signed the contract. I told him that one of the angles I might play is to just milk these new guys for six months or so, drive the local version their stupid little generic free porn magazine into the ground, and walk away with a lot of cash.

Of course I'll deny it if they ask me about it. How hard is it to lie?

See, even though they're giving me all this money, I'll stab *them* in the back, too.

That's just the way I am. That's just the way life is here in the dirty, lyn', puffy-shirted streets of *Alcoholic Titty*.



More Hilarious Stuff About That Dude Who Puts Goldfishes in his Blender

It's 3AM and I'm really fucked-up and I just got back from playing that "Lick my pussy AND my crack" song about twenty times at the club where I DJ, and the magazine's going to press in about six hours and everyone's waiting for me to finish, and I'm really running out of ideas for my column, so I'm going to write some more about **That Dude From That Club Who Puts Goldfishes in Blenders**. He recently wrote me this letter:



Dude:

I broke up with another girlfriend recently, and she really pissed me off, and it just so happened that she had a pet goldfish, too, so I took the goldfish and put it in a blender and turned it on and killed it. Everybody was crackin' up down at the club when I told them about it.

Thanks for your comments, Goldfish Dude, and here's hoping you don't break up with any more girlfriends any time soon so that we don't have to witness any more tragic, unnecessary shedding of innocent goldfish blood.

That is, until next month when I'm fucked-up at 3AM and need to fill column space.



The Top Ten Strippers I Wanna Throw Ceramic Gargoyles At

If you know this industry as well

as I do, you'd know that there

are a lot of people in this industry who don't understand this industry as well as I do. Considering the fact that I have a lot of money behind me now, I think I'm qualified to comment about the people who *think* they know this industry but really don't know this industry at all, at least not as well as they think they do. Some people actually know the industry *better* than they think they do, but I'm not talking about those people. I'm talking about the opposite ones, the ones who don't know the industry as well as they think they do, and those are the ones who make being in this industry a living hell for people like *me*, knowing the industry as well as I do.



A lot of HOT sexual activities featuring a lot of COOL people are coming to a BUNCH of clubs near you!

Has Anybody in the Office Seen My Digital Camera?

First off, I'd like to thank whatever bouncers at **Dante's** hoisted me on their shoulders and carried me up to the office after I vomited all over everyone and passed out inside **Bybee's** birthday-party limousine a couple of months back. But when I woke up on the back-office couch the next morning, I noticed that my camera was gone. Maybe I left it in the limo. Or maybe at some club we visited that night. I'm not saying someone at *Exotic* stole it, but I *do* have my enemies, so I'm not ruling that out. And it's not like the memory card on that camera was full of nude self-portraits or anything.



New Puffy Shirt Purchased for Ink-N-Pink 2003

All you rock 'n' roll vampires who enjoyed the **puffy shirt** I wore during the first three annual **Ink-N-Pink** competitions will be saddened to know that the shirt was irreparably **damaged** during a street altercation involving me, my girlfriend, and several members of a Greek Olympic kayaking team. But everything's cool now...I was able to snag a newer, shinier, *puffier* puffy shirt at **Swashbuckler's** boutique, where I buy most of my alterna-pirate gear. The shirt will be unveiled next year at **Ink-N-Pink 2003: Resurrection of the Puffy Shirt**.



Strip Clubs That Suck Because They Won't Give Me Free Drinks Anymore

So I'm pounding down a few boilermakers at **The Brontosaurus Room** out in Gresham, thinking about whether or not I should buy a new pair of cheetah-skin creepers, and I ask **Filbert** the bartender there for another free drink, and he says that I've already had more than my quota since they haven't bought an ad from me in a couple of months anyway, and it got me to thinking about how crazy life in this industry is.

I mean, think about it: I came here years ago with the dream of one day having a stripper girlfriend, and I was able to make that dream come true. Not only that—now I'm even able to play music and announce the *names* of the chicks who take their clothes off, and I'm able to take *pictures* of them and publish them. It's really been quite the porno odyssey for me. Isn't that profound?

But even though I've known Filbert for years, here he is cutting me off from any more free drinks. Sometimes I feel like the people in this industry don't have any loyalty at all.



Alcoholic Titty Syndicated in Free Russian and Korean Sex Mags

All my loyal local porno-lovin' slaves will be proud to learn that *Alcoholic Titty*, this very column you're reading right now, is being syndicated in two—count 'em, two—free foreign sex magazines: **Boobs 'n' Borscht** out of Moscow and **Tae Kwan Ho's** from Seoul, Korea. That's right, yours truly, Baron Jonathan von Spookenburg, is now worldwide, baby...meaning that dudes who like to see hot chicks take their clothes off—whether those dudes are little and yellow or medium-sized and white...are reading my deranged ramblings. Cool! That kicks Korean and Russian ass!



I Have a Lot of Money Behind Me Now

In case you weren't listening the first couple of times I said it.



I Whine Like a Bitch During Sex

At least that's what the kitty-cat from the jack shack upstairs said.



My Girlfriend Threw Her Drink at Me Last Night

At the club where we were watching some chicks strip, and it really pissed me off.



I Broke Up With My Girlfriend

Last night after she threw that drink on me. That was the last straw. Everything that has gone wrong in my life for the past couple of years has been her fault. It's over. I know I've said this before, but this time I really mean it.



I Made Up With My Girlfriend

This morning. I really think she's changed this time.



Dude, Our Rights Are Being Threatened

The Founding Fathers of this country shed some serious fuckin' blood so that we could have all the tattooed-stripper competitions and table dances we wanted. You see, back in colonial times, the British were trying to take away our porno, and they were charging stuff like really heavy taxes where you had to do crazy, unfair shit like tip the King a dollar for every dollar you tipped a girl at the rack, and things like where girls weren't even allowed to dance topless on the Lord's Day, and so one day all the guys in the colonial sex industry said, fuck this shit, we'll just break away and have our *own* sex industry, and so I think it's really fucked-up that nearly...uhh...two hundred years later, we still have to fight for the same rights that we thought were already fought for.

The Powers That Be are driven by only one thing—money. Actually, that's the only thing that drives me, too, but I'm driven by it for cooler reasons than they are. And I think it's fucked-up that they're trying to take away our hard-earned, God-given rights to enjoy hot pussy and cold beer at reasonably priced establishments. I think we, as an industry, need to stand up and fight. Fight for your freedom. Fight for your 2-Fer Tuesdays. Fight for the right to pay for sex because you couldn't get laid through the normal channels. Fight for the right to be cool and to wear cool clothes.





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NOV. 10 @ 10pm

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DANTE'S
5305 SE FOSTER
503-226-6630

TUESDAY
NOV. 12 @ 10pm

**LIVE BAND
NIGHT**

DEVILS POINT
5305 SE FOSTER
503-774-4513

TUESDAY
NOV. 19 @ 10pm

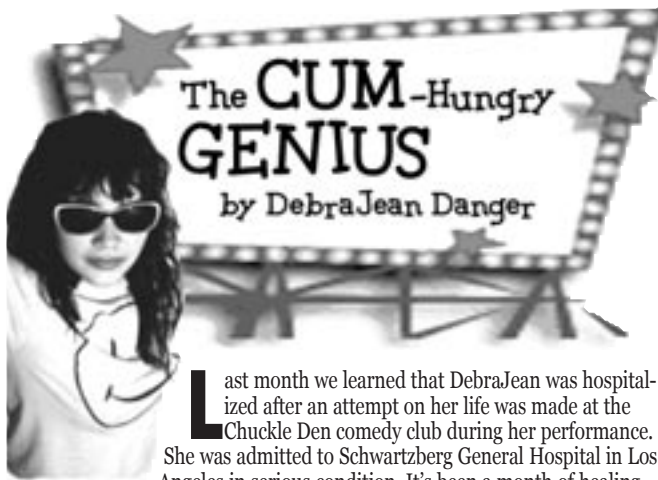
**SEXUAL CLICHE
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**DANGER
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Last month we learned that DebraJean was hospitalized after an attempt on her life was made at the Chuckle Den comedy club during her performance. She was admitted to Schwartzberg General Hospital in Los Angeles in serious condition. It's been a month of healing, and our heroine is still bedridden in the Misery Factory but is now in stable condition. She has taken time for us in between slipping in and out of a coma to answer some of her fan mail in lieu of her usual stunning political commentary.

Dear DebraJean: As an American Eskimo, I was personally outraged by last month's column, "My Racist Stand-Up Act." Just who do you think you are? I would personally come down to Portland in my fancy sports car to kick your little behind all over the streets, but I've put on so much weight in the past few years to keep out the cold that I'm stuck in my igloo. Bitch! —Kel-C.P.

Wow! Stuck in your igloo...that's harsh. Why bother with the car, I'm sure you won't be able to fit into that either, you sweaty-faced Ice Gook. —*djd*

DJ: Your portrayal of blacks as insensitive lovers was not just racist in the worst way but also ridiculous. I eat my Nubian Queen's Chocolate Salmon Birthday Cake almost every night...even when it's covered in cherry sauce. —Tyrone

Tyrone, I'm proud of you for taking a stand on something that has been a problem for your race since you crawled out of the swamps. Rah! —*djd*

Cum-Hungry Cunt: You're a complete piece of shit. Even a magazine as reprehensible as Exotic should know better than to put that racist drivel in between their pages. You should know that racialism is the worst crime that can be committed. Worse than forced amputation, worse than hit-and-run auto attacks on bicyclists, and even worse than violence against women. I hope that you get raped by a gang of roving street blacks and contract the AIDS all up inside of you. —Moral Human

I'm sure I will, as soon as I regain the strength to walk. —*djd*

Mrs. Danger: How dare you leave Samoans out of your tirade? The only way Samoans will ever receive the respect that other...and may I say lesser...races find in abundance is if you include us in your insults. The Samoans are an ancient and mighty race and deserve the attention of people like you.

—*The Samoan Love Rocket*

Well, here it goes...I'm sorry...awww...I just can't do it...y'all big fat Islanders are so jolly, I can't help but love you. —*djd*

DebraJean: You have the blood of every race-related crime on your hands.

—*M.T.*

Your writing stuns me. Elegance with such a stunning economy of words. I am proud to have you writing to me. —*djd*

DJD: I have never been a victim of racism but feel very strongly about the subject. I don't know if you comprehend what you are doing. You are fueling a fire of hate, spicing a stew of ignorance, and frosting a cake of intolerance. Your words have meaning, and the meaning is not always what you intended. Every person has feelings, and you should learn to respect them. Or some day you might turn colored. —Rachel Burns

A mighty fighting prospect indeed...turning colored. God would reach down out of the sky and brush his palm over my forehead, searching for the fever of racism and turn me into a hunchbacked mystery mudslide of a person. A romantic idea, indeed. —*djd*

DebraJean: I know where you live and I'm coming to kill you. You deserve to be shot. You aren't even a woman; your uterus will rot out between your legs. —The Avenger

Do you think you could tell me the exact day that this whole rotting and killing thing will happen? The reason I ask is because I sit with a sewing circle every third Thursday, and this time around we are using my living room.

—*djd*

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what's your fucking problem?

advice FROM DEMI MONDRAINE

Not too long ago I was offered a gig modeling for a beer ad.

When my agent friend Amy called with the news, I saw dollar signs big as kegs. I prayed it wasn't one of those dumbass billboards where there are several inebriated women obviously horny for the guy with the bottle.

The money would be darn good...

"It's TOTALLY UP YOUR ALLEY," she chimed on the phone. The slogan is, 'Bad Girls Like Good Beer.' Doesn't that sound cool?"

Mmmkay. What's the scene?

"And they LOVED your look, your tattoos...is your hair still purple?"

Amy, what's the ad gonna look like?

She sailed into her hard-sell mode where she'll sell you a hot lump of shit in a coffee can as if it were just the most perfect-est thing EVER!!!

"Well, the scene is a big party, at a school, right, and you're dressed all hot, looking around a dorm room with another hot chick...you both have a beer in your hand..."

"If I'm gonna look like a dumb slut, it'll be a private affair."

Yeah...and...?

"Aaaaand," she sang on, in the foreground is a good-looking college guy smirking into the camera, and HE has a beer, too...Hello? Hellooo?"

No.

She pretended not to hear me. "The guy who'll be in the ad is the producer; he's super hooked-up."

No. Sorry. No fucking way.

After a bit of back-and-forth, she knew it was a no-go. I thanked her for the offer and said goodbye. I was offended she even considered snapping pictures of me in such a pedestrian date-rape promo ad. Forget the money, I'm way too uppity to look that common in a national ad campaign. If I'm gonna look like a dumb slut, it'll be a private affair.

Don't get me wrong. I love beer. I'm not a big drinker, but as simple pleasures go, super cold, yummy beer chasing down some greasy takeout just plain rules. I'm a Nike-wearin', carnivorous, white het'ro-WASP, and I used to smoke the hell out of Camels when fuzzy-pitted feminists everywhere were screaming to boycott them because Joe Camel was really a cartoon cock spreading a cartoon pussy. I like my smokes, burgers, and beer because they taste good. Period.

Regardless of taste and politics, however, those beer ads annoy the piss out of me. A man holding one bottle, usually in a cocklike fashion, points at a couple of super hot girls (or twin sisters who are naturally horny for each other). The girls always outnumber the guy, and the images suggest that underwear model types who spy you drinking the same crappy swill that they're drinking will get all wet and bi-curious, wriggle out of their tank tops and demand sex as if the night was a *Girls Gone Wild* episode about to happen. Right.

I was pissed that I lost money over my stupid code of ethics. Then, as I stewed about it all, I realized I should write my own damn ad so that the slogan fits. Here are just a few that I've come up with:

BAD GIRLS LIKE GOOD BEER:

#1. the scene: The Bush Twins, after having stomped the piss out of the Olsen twins in Nude Tapioca Wrestling, pour beer all over each other and make out.

#2. Pro wrestler Chyna winks at the camera clinking a beer bottle in a cheeky *salud!* to a big jar that has her former penis floating in formaldehyde.

#3. Roseanne Barr, dressed as Batman, positions her hulking body over the face of a frat boy who's dressed up as Robin. Her head is thrown back in a haughty laugh. She's pouring a beer into her open yob. The boy's head is wedged between the pork of her thighs, and he's crying.

Those are just a handful; I got a million of 'em, most of which end with the man crying. I've sent 'em in to the beer companies to try and win them over to my way of thinking. So far I've had no reply, but I'm sure someone in their camp's got to have a lick of sense. I can wait.

X

They roll across the screen so fast it's like watching grass under the blades of a lawnmower—shaved white slots chugging down black cocks in **BEVERLY HILLS 9021-HO** (Celestial Productions), surfer girl Lana Rose's pussy-pounding eruptions in **UP AND COMERS 105** (Randy West Productions), reverse cowgirls elongated into swirls of *wha waz that?* by an overzealous use of a fisheye lens in **BRING 'EM YOUNG 9** (Anabolic Video), and a tale of money/power/sex about a global coffee plutocrat's propensity for toe-sucking that leaves him open to a shakedown from Nikita Denise as a Russian spy in **THE MERGER** (Adam & Eve).

Time to check out the news.

Turning on my other TV, Shagraa "the blonde" lets us know Saddam Hussein needs Viagra to get it up. Her real name is Parisoula Lampsos, and she was Saddam's off-and-on mistress for thirty years until she escaped out of Baghdad. She's in her fifties now, still looks pretty foxy, and it's good to know Saddam gave his mistress a porn-queen name. That might be the best way to keep him tame. Like any other guy, Saddam's nukes can't match the power of a porn queen. She's the ultimate weapon of mass destruction.

Keeping an eye on Shagraa, I slipped in **HIGH DESERT DREAM GIRLS** (VCA) featuring a bevy of sultry bods already trained in Desert Storm anals. Shagraa didn't say if Saddam is into the crap shoot, but one might infer that, given his propensity to buttfuck the Kurds and launch ballistic missiles into Saudi Arabia, Israel, Kuwait, and Iran.

Shagraa met Saddam at a party in 1968, and the first thing he said to her was, "You are going to be the fisherman's bite tonight." The bitch went for it. She led a pretty good life as the princess in the palace until her fifteen-year-old daughter got raped by Udey, Saddam's son. "After the rape of my daughter, I felt hatred for him, and when I slept with him I felt I was being raped, too."

That's almost as preposterous as the story line in **HIGH DESERT DREAM GIRLS**. But the script about a photojournalist bouncing around in the desert sands doesn't stand in the way of some admirable triple teamwork from Chandler, Kelsey Heart, and Chaynes. Let's slip the triple team into Saddam's palace in the dead of night. I'm sure he'd like them even more than the Frank Sinatra music, which is so cool it gets him doing the foxtrot.

Or better yet, send in a spy who could pass in Baghdad as Stacy, a Middle Eastern teen who gets her first assfuck in **TRAINED TEENS** (Evil Empire). Stacy walks around in a parking lot looking for her friend. Mr. Nerd arrives, blabs at her for a while, then says "bad things can happen to teenagers." Stacy says yeah, but she's not worried, she's just looking for her friends. Mr. Nerd asks if she wants to ride around in the parking lot and look for them. She says sure. Happens like that all the time when you try to pick up a cute chick in a parking lot, right?

She gets in his truck and he hands her a *Buttman* magazine, always a good way to impress a girl. She flips through the mag and is shocked: "These chicks are buttfucking!" followed by "What is that in her ass?"

Mr. Nerd helpfully explains it's a dildo, says he's got more mags at his house, and asks if she'd like to see more of his collection. Oh, but of

course. She sucks him off a bit in the truck, then it's off to his place for the usual round of sucking, eating, and buttfucking.

I thought maybe he'd ask her something about her ethnic background, since the box cover highlights the fact this is a Middle Eastern teen's first fuck. Maybe even ask her if she got frisked at the airport for box cutters. But no. We know nothing about her except she likes to get picked up in parking lots. But I guess it's too much to ask for porn to touch on real life in the walk-along interviews that proceed walking up a stairway, going inside, doing a quick strip, and then settling down to business.

When **TRAINED TEENS** wound down, I rummaged around in the closet for more vids. I ran across a couple in

the **GUTTERMOUTH** series from JM Productions. Jack Shack will share with all of you the blurb sent along with the vids from Nelson Ayala, JM's PR guy: "Hey, Fuckface, listen up!!! *Guttermouths 26*, starring JM's official fucking whore, Keegan Skyy, will be available on 9/23. *Guttermouths 26* also features pretty little fuckhole Drew Allen in her most colon-twisting performance ever! Don't be a stupid fuck, you stupid fuck. Order your copies today.

And don't miss *Guttermouths 5* on DVD which gives you more stroke value than you can shake your fucking dick at. JM Productions thanks you fuckers for your fucking support. Now, fuck off!"

And thank you, JM, for your warmth toward porn reviewers. X

NIKITA DENISE, star of THE MERGER, searches for her lost keychain.



"Allah is great—and so is my package!"

the JACK SHACK

By **Flagstone Walker**



GENTLE WANKERS:

What is arguably the stupidest fucking word in perpetual usage for over a decade now by the imaginative ladies and gentlemen of our lovely "press?"

It's "arguably."

Someone actually wrote the *Portland Tribune* to complain about the latest ridiculous crutch-word: "anathema." He said he doesn't know what it means, and he refuses to look it up.

Right on, brother. Take a stand.

Did you follow that dispute a while back between a couple of downtown Portland restaurant owners and some "food critic" at *Willamette Week*?

Sorry, forgot who I was talking to for a second.

Apparently, *Willamette Week* printed a vicious, snot-nosed review of some restaurant (our *Willamette Week*?), and the restaurant's owner then took out a full-page ad in their paper, roughly saying, "Suck our dick (and here's \$1500 dollars)," and then this old Greek cat whose restaurant hadn't been reviewed by *anyone* and was upset about *that* took out an ad, too, saying, "Just blow us, *Willamette Week*—you SUUUUUUCK!," or words to that effect.

I had no idea what the hell they were talking about—something about restaurants organizing against *Willamette Week*—but they conjured images of torch-bearing mobs and squealing alterna-snots writhing in agony. Mobs after The Media Stalker's own heart.

"It doesn't matter if these people lack a shred of class, character, honor or integrity, not to mention talent. They'll be shoving their free paper down your throat regardless..."

The Media Stalker supports the public disembowelment of people from the media and Portland City Hall, S&M practitioners (same thing), and, most importantly, people in "the arts," though something tells me we won't be seeing that anytime soon in PC Portland. "Not in our town!"

Try drawing and quartering a minimalist composer or interpretive dance instructor in Pioneer Courthouse Square sometime, and see how fast PETA comes down on your ass for exploiting the oxen used in the "drawing" part.

And God forbid you harm one hair on the head of a Balkan folk-dance enthusiast.

I digress.

Needless to say, I didn't read the offending review, and unless the restaurant in question has a drive-thru, I haven't been to it, either, but nothing's stopping us from doing a "review" of this here "food critic," this...this... "Caryn B. Brooks," a k a "Miss Dish."

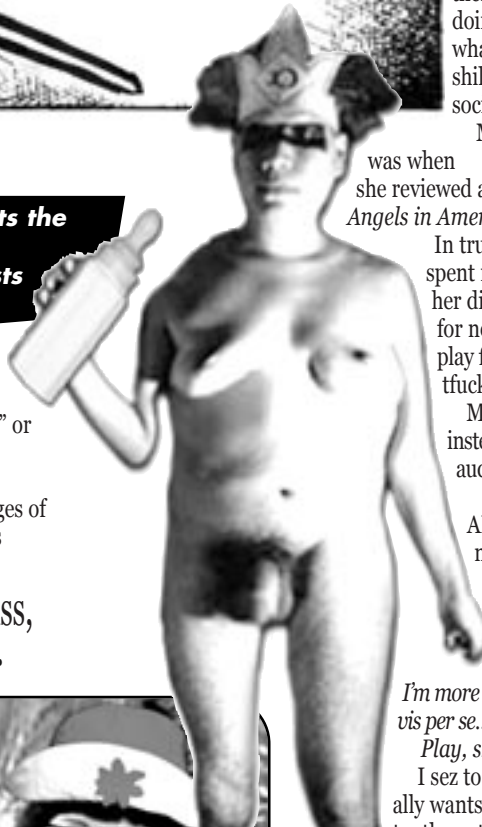
As a "writer," Miss Dish is horrible, just godawful fake and cutesy and insipid and vapid and cloying. It's like reading Phil Stanford.

BUT, as Shifty always sez, unlike a cook in any restaurant or whatever it is you do for a living, it doesn't fucking matter.

They're in the business of moving refrigerator magnets for Kitchen Kaboodle,



EXOTIC proudly supports the rights of quadrasexual ambigendered infantilists everywhere.



was when she reviewed a seven-hour gay play called *Angels in America*.

In true "alternative press" fashion, she spent most of her review expressing her disappointment in her fellow man for not attending the seven-hour gay play featuring, per her, "simulated buttfucking."

Maybe theatergoers were opting instead for a play where they pull the audience's fingernails out with pliers?

The play was inspired by the AIDS epidemic. Never underestimate the ability of "alterna"-types to make everything about themselves.

GENTLE READERS: "AIDS, SHMAIDS. I need you to know I'm more evolved than you. Arguably vis-a-vis per se..."

Play, shmay. Me me me me...

I sez to myself, I sez: This tomatata actually wants us to believe—and, most importantly, pat her on the back for it—that she envisions a beautiful world where people of all colors, faiths, politics, and proclivities join hands to enjoy simulated buttfucking in peace and harmony.

Was that play a musical?

Everybody, get on your feet! We're doin' a sex act that can't be beat! We're buttfuckin' everybody! BUTT-FUCKin'!

Do-si-do your partner!

Springtime for Hitler and sodomy. *Angles in America*.

All of Portland is clamoring for The Media Stalker to weigh in on the hot media topic: A proposed gay district in downtown Portland honoring the contributions of gay/bi/lesbian/trans peoples.

Will quadrasexual ambigendered infantilists be allowed in? I'm just asking for a friend. Discrimination of any kind is anathema to this reporter.

Frankly, The Media Stalker has never been to Portland and couldn't care less what goes on there, but one thing he'll say for the gay/bi/lesbian/trans community: They're not into labels.

This is Shifty Henry, saying:

Everybody, take off your shoes! If I buttfuck, would you buttfuck, too? X



WILLAMETTE WEEK columnist Caryn B. "Miss Dish" Brooks is here seen exiting a seven-hour play about homosexuality en route to an unspecified Chinatown restaurant.

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I've earned my increasingly useless dollar a day as a bartender for the past four years, and in that time I've regrettably had interaction with a cosmos of low men. I've listened to no-talents ramble for hours about their shitty alternative-music endeavors. I've stared deep into the jaundiced and bloodshot eyes of hard-line albies. I am in no way a stranger to the olfactory karate-chop of sour vomit. I've been offered such in-demand items as half-eaten corn dogs, pornography, and the promise of arm-wrestling humiliation for drinks. Some pygmy glam rocker took a shit in his lycra pants not three feet away from me, then simply shook the offending turd down his leg. I have been in more fights than you can imagine, and Jehovah help me, I'm used to it.

That is, with the exception of one man. A profoundly annoying, very seriously creepy man. A man whose very existence serves remind me that all is not right with the world. A low, low, man. My niggaz in San Jo already know who I'm talking about: **Rod Comstock**.

My brain cramps into painful synaptic seizure when the name is said aloud. Rod...oh, the agony...Comstock. I'm not nearly a descriptive-enough writer to give an impression of what a horrible, mumbling freak-out this dude is. The foul aspects of his character are nothing short of panoramic.

I scarcely know where to begin my detail of the man. He's a vociferous, phlegm-hacking tool of the system/part time haiku poet. A charmless reptile with a social disease/part time water-quality moderator. Noticeably unclean/part time Sno-Cone vendor. Slightly Hunchbacked/part time MC. Rod fucking Comstock. Roderick middle-initial-K-but-doesn't-know-what-it-stands-for Comstock.

Rod Comstock, 37, hails from a wasteland known as Madera, California, which could be best described as a gloomier version of Fresno with LESS TO DO.

Shuffling hunched as if he's been beaten about the shoulders, Rod sports a matted comb-over atop his wobbling biscuit head. A dirty-blond crustache saves flavor above his wet, slacken lips. He wears large, brown-tinted glasses, plays with his ears incessantly, and has the most ungodly, fake-ass tan you will ever see. A tan like Karen Black under a McDonald's fry lamp. The man's skin is the color of frickin' YAMS.

His unseemly appearance isn't merely genetic, mind you. Fashionwise, the decisions at which he's arrived are unbelievable. The shirt: ruffled. The suit: a faux-denim elastic monstrosity with brown corduroy lapels, featuring a long gold zipper in place of buttons. The socks: yellow. The shoes: gray plastic crocodile-skin loafers. I'll take the high road and not even speculate as to what he wears underneath.

In summary, Mr. Comstock is awful. And he's going to be famous.

"The foul aspects of his character are nothing short of panoramic."

That's right, my little marzipan kittens. The defects in looks and personality are not going to encumber what Rod describes as his "trail to fame." Despite consistent failure in ANYTHING he attempts, Rod Comstock has decided that he WILL be a star, whether you and your momma like it or not.

The Rod Comstock PR Machine fired its engines about two years ago when he conned a hapless bar owner into letting him assume the role of Master of Ceremonies for an evening. Bitching about the lack of Zima rather

ROD COMSTOCK

SAN JOSE'S MOST ANNOYING WANNABE MASTER OF CEREMONIES

by Lorin Partridge



NAME: ROD K. COMSTOCK
HEIGHT: 5 FEET AND TEN
WEIGHT: OH, WOULDNT YOU LIKE TO KNOW (MEANT FOR HUMOR BUT SERIOUSLY I'M RIPPED)
HAIR: DIRTY BLOND
EYES: DIRTY BROWN
SHOE SIZE: NINE
FAVORITE DRINK: ZIMA W/CRUSHED ICE
QUOTE: LAST YEAR I MADE MORE THAN EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS

NEWSLETTER AND FAN CLUB
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than concentrating on the duty at hand, he got every band's name wrong. It was later discovered that Rod had stolen mailing lists from said bands, using the contact info to:

- A) con more of the poor and unaware into letting him MC a show, and
- B) start an e-mail newsletter concerning his rocket to superstardom.

These infrequent newsletters are composed entirely of bizarre, incoherent sloganeering. Every other word is either misspelled, CAPITALIZED FOR NO REASON, or awkwardly nestled between quotation marks that don't "need to be" there.

It was through this communiqué that I was able to touch base with Mr. Comstock. Rather than a standard phone interview, I asked Rod to please review five of his favorite records, so that you might see his peculiar style for yourself:

OK AND HERES THE "NEWS"

I'm asked by the rock magazine Exotic to write my favorite bands that I'll do, because I introduce alot of them. I decided I'm supposed to focus on the old and new. I hope that the matter can be a COMSTOCKS CORNER in futer for the new bands. Getting, started

#1 PABLO CRUISE BAND LIFELINE

in this is there second album, the boys really do it right assnd you can see clearly how they' eve progressed from before. There are ten tracks and I use TEARIN DOWN MY MIND when I'm doing the stage at shows as an "intro", which is appropriet because the band useD TO PRACTICE FOR THEIR GIGS IN SAN JOSE! It was east side. The "town girls" must have gone crazy for knowing it! I have it on record but I dont know if theres a CD, which they should do so you can here it in the car. Moving along,

#2 BRUCE WILLIS AND THE ACCELERATORS BAND RETURN OF BRUNO

not only can he show you he can do "action" but also play in a band! Artists who aren't the hot thing have a difficult time," Willis says (from a website). Well you know that hes on "easy street" because he's the hot thing in two diffrent ways! when it ca,me out RESECT YOURSELF GOt to the top hits and you should respect yourself and respect for the man Bruce willis. Nextly,

#3 MARILIN MANSON BAND MECANICAL ANIMAL

Ill "start off" with a few words about faggets. We should be sensitive to all faggets and especially those who become famous and live it through the music. I bought it because of this, and you KNOW its got to be the good thing because I listen and Im no fagget.

#\$ JIM GOED BAND TRUCK DRIVING PSYCHO I review this because Jim Goed is the magazine you have. I have to say it, HE'S NOT JUST FOR WRITING ANYMORE!!! This is the sort of thing i would buy anyhow! Because the album is contry western and his is "trucks", and you can beleve ROD COMSTOCK can relate because (befor it broke at a "gig") I had a van AT LEAST truck big. This is a CD which like i said for PABLO CRUISE BAND, you can hear it in the car or shuld I say truck! (ironical, the record title) I could go on for ten but the last one is...

#5 EMINEM RAP BAND THE SHOW EVERYBODY plays this "bad boy" cause he's all street hard but white! I dont usully listen to rap, but this time to show that I'm modern. You need to be open to everything even when other records are better, cause I ain't saying no ones a person. the best is even if you dont have the "scratch" (mony) to buy the record you can still here it cause it's all over the place! Wenever you go someone plays the offensive jams. I tried and they wouldn't let me in, but you know he was really doing it on the stage.

well that's all, but I will say that I dont have Britny Spears band rtecord, but I sure have seen her! I normally go fot the "thick girls", but I can assure you I'd go "skinny minee" for that little larynx. Anyhow like I said this should be ComSTOCK'S CORNER for every time.



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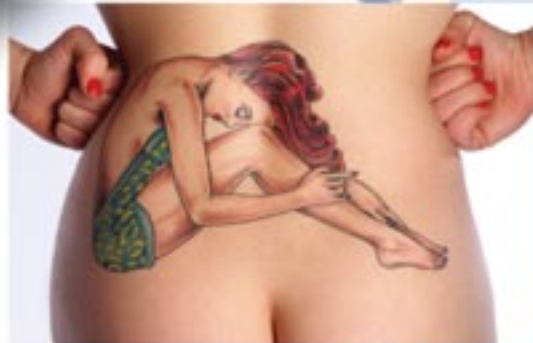


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JUST MINUTES AWAY FROM RENO & LAKE TAHOE

JIM GOAD has always been one of my favorite writers. Few authors are able to blend the humorous and the harrowing... often in the same sentence...the way Goad does in everything he writes. In the decade since he published the first issue of *ANSWER Me!*, he has produced a canon of work that has varied in tone, theme, and style, but all of which bears the indelible Goadian sense of cynical outrage and bitter humor.

Unfortunately, the mainstream press has tended to focus on the more sensational aspects of Goad's *private* life rather than on his *literary* output. They have been less than kind to him...oftentimes, one might even call them *cruel* to him...and I always find myself walking away from a Jim Goad interview scratching my head and wondering why the reporter failed to get it right.

As fate would have it, Jim Goad and I share some mutual friends. One of them recently contacted me and said that Jim has heard a lot about me and would like to meet me. Our mutual friend said that Jim, too, was complaining about his unfair treatment at the media's hands and thought that I might be a suitable candidate to conduct a fair, balanced interview of him.

I jumped at the chance. Since we're both heavy coffee drinkers, we agreed to meet at the Brazen Bean coffeehouse in NW Portland. I arrived a half-hour early and sat on a comfy chair way in the back. When Jim finally arrived, he was greasier and more handsome than I'd expected.

AN INTERVIEW WITH JIM GOAD

BY
JIM GOAD

worse than any other religion, and so we should all feel free to defame Judaism and Islam, too? Why weren't the so-called "oppressed" peoples of the planet able to develop adequate organizational skills and self-defense technologies to fend off the evil imperialists? What if, despite the fact that we tell ourselves we're making progress, the world around us is actually getting worse...and for reasons which seem too unpleasant to consider? These are all questions that deserve answers, and I've never found a detractor of mine who is able to adequately answer *any* of them.

A LOT OF PEOPLE SEEM TO HATE YOU, EVEN THOUGH THEY'VE NEVER MET YOU. I DON'T KNOW—YOU SEEM O.K. TO ME.

Yeah. In fact, you're the only reporter who hasn't expressed surprise that I'm quite reasonable and cordial in the flesh. That's because they mistake me for all those repressed demons inhabiting the imaginary pantheon inside their skulls. It winds up getting complicated, because I consider their simple minds beyond redemption, and so I don't try to convince them that I'm *not* a demon, which is, of course, taken as an admission of guilt. So you really can't win with the dummies. They wind up fucking up your life whether you try explaining yourself to them or not. Stupidity is a very powerful thing... much more powerful than intelligence, and much harder in its ability to replicate itself.

IS THE STUFF YOU WRITE SERIOUS, OR IS IT ALL A JOKE?

Some of it's serious, some of it's a joke, and some of it's both.

ARE YOU A RACIST?

That's a very broad question, and it's a tricky one. It all depends on how one defines a "racist."

I can tell you that I don't believe in equality, which is a silly myth constructed by the overlords in order to keep the underlings happy. There is no supremacist doctrine on earth that is more ludicrous and untenable than the impossibilities which the idea of equality proposes. If anyone can tell me with a straight face that black males aren't *really* better than everyone else at basketball, or that Asians and Jews really don't consistently score higher than everyone else on IQ tests...and that none of it

really has anything to do with genetics... that person is either stupid or lying. We are all part of a very real evolutionary process, one which has encoded us with different temperaments and aptitudes.

I don't hate myself for being white, nor do I feel the merest guilt for what other white people have done historically, just as blacks shouldn't feel guilty for what African dictators have done historically, and just as Jews shouldn't feel guilty for what's being done to Palestinians. I think part of being a human is an innate corruptibility and potential



Reporter **JIM GOAD** (left) recently met up with author **JIM GOAD** (right) for a historic summit at the "Brazen Bean" coffeehouse in NW Portland. Goad answered a barrage of Goad's tough, probing, humiliating questions before excusing himself to "take a pee" and never returning.

JIM GOAD: LET'S START WITH THE OBVIOUS—WHY DID YOU WANT ME TO INTERVIEW YOU, JIM GOAD?

JIM GOAD: Because, unlike almost all other writers, I felt that you *understood* me. Unlike the others, you seem familiar with the twists and turns of my philosophical journey, as well as my emotional motivations for writing. You aren't constrained by current cultural prejudices, and you don't have to bow to editors or advertisers. Plus, I think you're pretty hot. If I was a homo, you'd be the first guy I'd blow.

WHAT IS IT THAT MOST PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT YOU?

More than anything, I think they entirely miss my *sincerity*. For better or worse, misguided or not, I'm *sincerely* looking for answers to questions that most people seem genuinely afraid to ask. Questions such as: What if we aren't the good guys? What if there are no good guys? What if all ideas of "right and wrong" are entirely subjective and related directly to one's place in the world? What if the idea of equality is entirely fictional? What if the communists were just as bad as the Nazis...or worse? What if Christianity is really no



From these humble beginnings rose the editor of *The Mightiest Free Sex Magazine the Northwest Has Ever Known*.



for destructive behavior. I don't think such negative traits are exclusive to white males, and I believe that any honest appraisal of history would prove that. I have plenty of my own guilt to manage, thank you very much, and I'm not about to shoulder the burden of someone else's guilt. If that makes me a racist, I guess I am.

One of my favorite lines from *The Redneck Manifesto* was, "I'm no fan of white supremacy—everyone knows the Jews and Chinks are superior." Although the line was engineered to draw a laugh, I tend to actually feel that way. In my experience, and I always clarify that it's a *limited* experience, I've found Jews and Asians to be more intelligent than all other human breeds, and I value intelligence. I'm not for white supremacy—I'm for *brigit* supremacy, a dictatorship of the intelligent.

Because I don't think people are equal, does it

follow that I think the, uh, "less equal" among us should be tortured or exterminated? No, I think nature takes care of itself in the end. The trouble usually arises when people try to figure out what should be DONE about the fact that we're not all equal. Do you try to repair or somehow uplift the defective people? Do you eliminate them? And who gets to decide? *That's* where the discussion should be centered, because the idea of equality is laughably implausible.

Although I think about racial issues constantly, I can honestly state I've never hated anyone based on their ethnic heritage. Alright...maybe a couple of times. But most people, just by the way they think and act, have always given me countless reasons to hate them without ever having to *consider* hating them for innocent accidents of birth. I'm not obsessed with race nearly so much as I am with *taboos*, and race is currently Taboo Numero Uno. I find myself constantly amused with the way people will sacrifice logic and science in order to appease their personal taboos.

The biggest joke is that I probably get along better with black people than most of the spindly white folks who'd consider me a racist. Black people tend to understand my sense of humor better than white people. And I've definitely fucked more black chicks than most of my critics.

DO YOU HATE WOMEN?

Again, that's a very *broad* question, pun intended. I hate *particular* women, that's for sure. And I hate certain *character* tendencies that seem to be more the domain of women than men...things such as an overreaching tendency to view oneself as a victim regardless of how maliciously and destructively one has acted...the sense that one's self is so utterly sacred, so inviolable, that any perceived slight should be repaid with retribution far beyond the original offense...and the way the dumb cows all turn to God at the end.

In my life, I've known more than one woman to have been violent and underhanded. I've known more than one who has lied and been malicious and self-justifying in ways my conscience would never allow me to manage.

I remember seeing a bumper sticker in Portland that said, "Feminism is the radical idea that women are people." In most of its manifestations, I've found that feminism is something else entirely—it's a quasi-reactionary religious idea that women are *innocent*. If feminism really believed that women are people just like everyone else, it would preach that women have the potential for malice, deceit, violence, and weakness, all of which are part of the human condition. Instead, it preaches that "we're the good ones, they're the bad ones," and in this respect it's no better than any other group-based philosophy.

This doesn't mean that I feel a bond with most men, because I don't. They're infected with a whole different set of problems, but in this culture, guys are fair game for criticism. One isn't demonized and called all manner of nasty names for pointing out that men are flawed. Not like you are when you dis the ladies.

ARE YOU A VIOLENT PERSON?

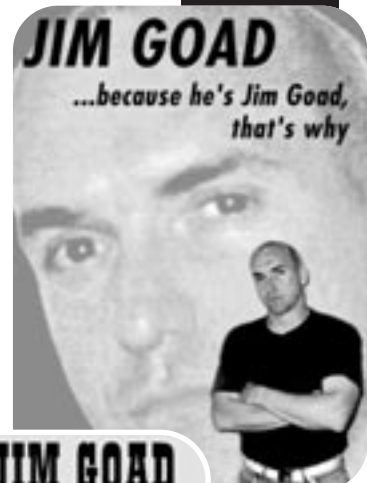
These days, I only hit back. Then again, that's what sent me to prison.

ARE YOU A NICE GUY?

If by saying "yes," it means I have to hang out with you and listen to your problems, then no, I'm not a nice guy.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED?

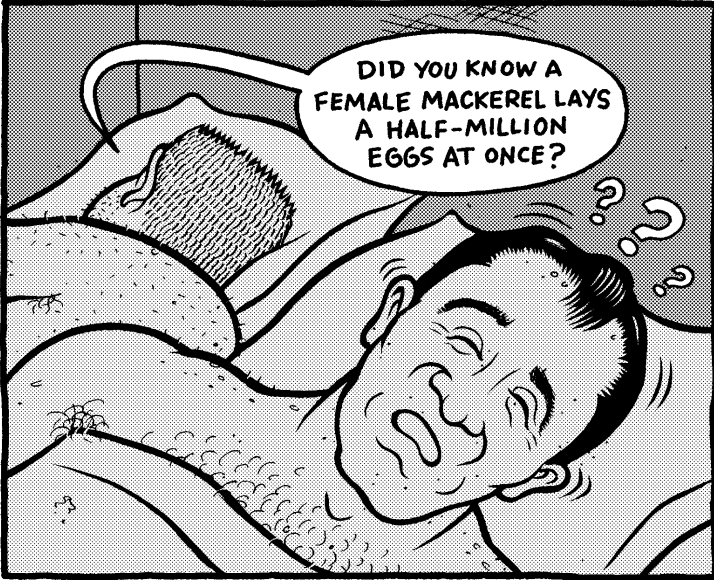
As the one who'd rather be alive and doing the remembering. X





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ART BY JIM
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MY TEENAGED CELEBRITY CRUSHES



I was a Catholic schoolboy...and roughly the same age as Linda...when she became possessed by Satan in *The Exorcist* (1973). I yearned to be alone up in her bedroom, where she'd shove a crucifix in her pootie and tell me my mother sucks cocks in hell.



**bernadette
peters**

An almost unbearably cute blonde Betty Boop with breasts large enough to feed a small South American nation. She still looks fantastic, although she must be about ninety by now.



**debralee
scott**

Yeah, the face is a bit like something from *Planet of the Apes*, but this freckled party girl encapsulated the mid-70s glamslut ethos even better than bucktoothed drug baby McKenzie Phillips. She had a raspy voice, and many was the night I fantasized about cumming all over her feathered hair. She was perfect as Brooklyn high-school tramp Rosalie "Hotsy" Totsy on several 1975 episodes of *Welcome Back, Kotter*, and she also starred as the sister of the title character on the brilliantly warped mid-1970s nightly soap-opera spoof, *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*.

**carol
kane**

Bushy hair, dark circles under her eyes, and one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen. For years I've thought she was the hottest celeb on earth. She is best known as Latka's wife on the TV show *Taxi* rather than as a featured player in my masturbatory delusions.



I first realized I was able to make sperm shoot out of my cock sometime in the mid-70s, back in the Greatest Decade America Has Ever Known and Ever Will Know, back during the Good Old Days of snuff films and angel dust and swinger's parties, back when even the president had sideburns and smoked pot, back when I'd sit on the toilet in my parents' bathroom with the AM radio turned up loud, feverishly tugging at my virgin crankshaft, my brain pan awash in implausible sexual scenarios that often featured me and the ladies, at least half of whom are Jewish, who surround this interminable run-on sentence.

barbra streisand

No one thinks she's an annoying yenta more than I do, but publicity stills such as the one at right for *The Owl and the Pussycat* (1970) led to my first-ever pornographic dream at the dawn of my adolescence.



A million times hotter than Bettie Page, whom she resembles. Was one of the *Hee Haw* girls and was married to Hugh Hefner. I'm not sure if she had any talents or not.

barbi benton



penny marshall

Wonderfully sexy overbite. Honking Jew York accent. Big nose, hot 50s chick look amid all the blow-dried Farrahs of the 70s. Much more humpable than the pinched, goyish Cindy Williams, her co-star on the unreasonably popular *Laverne and Shirley* TV program.

donna summer

No singer has ever sounded sexier than duckfaced Donna on eternally beautiful euro-drone classics "Love to Love You, Baby" (1975) and "I Feel Love" (1977). She was the first black woman I ever thought about while masturbating and also the first black woman I realized was able to have an orgasm.



linda lovelace

The first true porn star, best known for gobblin' cock like she was at an all-you-can-eat Cock Buffet in *Deep Throat* (1972). Everyone in America knew she stuck dicks in her mouth at a time when everyone in America knew chicks weren't supposed to stick dicks in their mouth. Years later, when I found out she fucked a dog in one movie and claimed her husband abused her for years, it only added to her charm.



Sexy funny Jew babes are the tops with me, and Madeline Kahn was perhaps the sexiest and funniest, if not the Jewiest. In performances as the German-songbird-with-jungle-fever Lili von Shtupp in *Blazing Saddles* and as the bride of the title character in *Young Frankenstein* (both 1974 masterpieces by Mel Brooks), she managed to be both painfully funny and so sexy, she almost left a stench on the screen. The news of her recent death actually saddened me, which rarely happens when celebrities die.

madeline kahn



A S P E N

OF
HONEY-SUCKLES
&
BABY-DOLLS
THE BOOM ROOM
ROOM



Photography by Carl Geers

NOVEMBER 2002

SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

<p>1</p> <p>Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FIREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFULL! 10pm - 3rd & Burnside</p>	<p>3</p> <p>MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL GAMETIME SPECIALS SOOBIES BAR & GRILL</p>	<p>4</p> <p>DOUBLE SHOT SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL 2 girls on each stage 2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS-Suicide Karaoke Devils Point • 10pm</p>	<p>5</p> <p>Monthly Contest Sassy's</p>	<p>6</p> <p>THE ALL NEW KOTIGA-GO-GO 4TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY! DANTE'S - 3RD & BURNSIDE</p>	<p>7</p> <p>Stars VIP Party Beaverton - 8pm KOTIGA-GO-GO FEATURING ANDREW WALK DANTE'S - 3RD & BURNSIDE</p>	<p>8</p> <p>GOGE @ DEVILS POINT 9-30pm</p>	<p>9</p>	<p>10</p> <p>Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FIREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFULL! 10pm - 3rd & Burnside</p>	<p>11</p> <p>MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL GAMETIME SPECIALS SOOBIES BAR & GRILL</p>	<p>12</p> <p>DOUBLE SHOT SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL 2 girls on each stage 2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS-Live Band Night Devils Point • 10pm</p>	<p>13</p> <p>Covergirl Contest Club 205</p>	<p>14</p> <p>Porn star RAYLENE at Stars in Salem Covergirl Dance Contest Club 205</p>	<p>15</p> <p>DOUBLE SHOT SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL 2 girls on each stage 2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS-Suicide Karaoke Devils Point • 10pm</p>	<p>16</p> <p>FETISH NIGHT DANTE'S - 3RD & BURNSIDE</p>	<p>17</p> <p>MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL GAMETIME SPECIALS SOOBIES BAR & GRILL</p>	<p>18</p> <p>DOUBLE SHOT SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL 2 girls on each stage 2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS-Suicide Karaoke Devils Point • 10pm</p>	<p>19</p> <p>DOUBLE SHOT SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL 2 girls on each stage 2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS-Suicide Karaoke Devils Point • 10pm Porn star RAYLENE at Stars in Beaverton</p>	<p>20</p> <p>Porn star RAYLENE at Stars in Salem Covergirl Dance Contest Club 205</p>	<p>21</p> <p>Porn star RAYLENE at Stars in Salem Covergirl Dance Contest Club 205</p>	<p>22</p> <p>Porn star RAYLENE at Stars in Bend</p>	<p>23</p> <p>Dante's Sinferno Cabaret FIREDANCERS! BURLESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFULL! 10pm - 3rd & Burnside</p>	<p>24</p> <p>MONDAY MADNESS JODY'S BAR & GRILL MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL GAMETIME SPECIALS SOOBIES BAR & GRILL</p>	<p>25</p> <p>DOUBLE SHOT SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL 2 girls on each stage 2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS-Danger Parade Devils Point • 10pm</p>	<p>26</p> <p>DOUBLE SHOT SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL 2 girls on each stage 2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 SUICIDE GIRLS-Danger Parade Devils Point • 10pm</p>	<p>27</p> <p>THANKSGIVING DAY</p>	<p>28</p> <p>KOTIGA-GO-GO DANTE'S - 3RD & BURNSIDE</p>	<p>29</p> <p>JIM GOAD SAYS: "HAPPY HANUKKAH!"</p>	<p>30</p>
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Women Stink

the distinguished gentleman's guide to Vaginal Odor



When I'm not huffing spray paint from paper bags or negotiating peace in the Middle East, my thoughts often turn to women. And how they smell. And then I don't feel like eating dinner.

In my day I've smelled fishy cunts, skunky cunts, yeasty cunts, pussy cunts, sweaty cunts...too many cunts, probably. I've inhaled membrane-withering lungfuls of toxic twatfumes from vaginas that looked like rats dipped in Vaseline. I've borne witness to a stomach-pumping surfeit of swollen, bloody, scabby, mucus-spewing snatches. Too much oozing, malodorous cunt caviar, too many hairy hornet's nests of chickstink. And yet the self-appointed voices of reason assure me that "once you get past the smell, you've got it licked." How the fuck do you get past the smell?

Although the estrus-crazed arbiters of politeness would have us believe it's only a misogynistic myth, the existence of rank-smelling females seems to be a staple of all cultures' folklore. Most world religions—and rightly so—espouse some notion of women as "unclean." When angered, a foul-mouthed Chinaman is likely to yelp, "Tiu nia ma chow hai!" ("Fuck your mom's smelly cunt!") at anyone within earshot of his eggroll stand. Reflecting the same sort of vaginal ageism, the French have observed, "Les conasses des femmes âgées avez une odeur mauvaise." ("Old ladies' cunts stink.")

And though it's not considered polite conversation amid mixed company, most of us are aware of the distasteful folkloric scuttlebutt surrounding repugnant vaginal aromas. As a child, you most likely heard the cruel schoolyard jibes about "hot tuna." You've probably also groaned at the juvenile proverb which states that there are two things in this world that smell like fish, one of them being fish. You may have even encountered the puerile poem about the "seven wise men" who created the vagina: "Fifth was a fisherman, nasty as hell/He threw in a fish and gave it a smell." Even pudendal pseudonyms such as "the bearded oyster" hint at some level of olfactory displeasure.

From what I've been told, some men actually *like* the smell. Some men enjoy watching their corn-kerneled shit swirl down the toilet, too. Some men drink beer and get prostatitis. Some men like having their scrotal sacs nailed to sheetrock—what's your point?

Ooh, that smell. The first thing you're likely to sniff in this wretched life is a deep, sobbing lungful of your mother's afterbirth, yet that memory is usually too distant and traumatic to ever have a hope of salvaging. But after one passes the Age of Reason, you aren't likely to forget the full-frontal face-slap of a rancid pussy, even after extensive psychotherapy. And, if you're like me, your first indelible whiff of it came via an older friend's manual digit in the eternal tradition of "Hey, man, smell my finger."

The older friend's name was Mike. His girlfriend's name was Carol. We all wore denim pants and denim jackets. Under a cold nighttime sky set aglow by an aggressively white moon, I sat atop a small concrete wall, waiting for Mike to kiss Carol goodnight. It took a while. He must have rounded first base and headed for third, for after bidding Carol adieu, Mike proudly marched over to me and held his fuck-you finger an inch under my nostrils. Carol's afterstench was a heady, almost inebriating snoutful of urine and sea bass. It was there, on that concrete wall, where I concluded that a woman's vagina could be a place wherein considerable evil dwelt.

Not many years later, in a gesture of male nobility, I was able to proffer my own finger to a younger friend, encouraging him to nasally sample the mucosal femalia from a calamari-redolent Italian girl I'd diddled an hour or so earlier. I had indulged in "heavy petting" with the hairy-lipped wop lass outside her parents' house in West Philly, dropped her off, and drove deep out into the suburbs—and then took a quick dip in my friend's backyard pool—before I let him smell my finger. And yet it stank. Strongly.

But perhaps the worst pussy I ever had the displeasure of smelling was attached to an alarmingly overweight woman of Dutch extraction with whom I shackled up during a period when my self-esteem was dangerously low. Once you get past the rolls and rolls of stretchmarked hog fat, there lay her bedraggled pussy, crowned with a sparse reddish thorn bush. Her cunt looked like a fat slice of ham swimming in white gravy. Her crotch was a boiling fumarole of noxious emissions, a stinking puddle of snatch-slop. Her discharges were colored a sickly silver, with the gloppy consistency of herring sauce. The smells which emerged from between her bloated, floppy legs ranged from rotted onion to burnt crab to odors which were so fetid, I must force myself to stop thinking of them lest I scream.

But I don't want anyone to get the wrong idea.

It's not my intent to have you believe that ALL women stink.



As a cabdriver in Philadelphia, I was once flagged down by a hulking Negress, a dead ringer for Shirley *What's Happening!!* Hemphill, who instructed me to drive her to a nearby mental hospital. She then pulled a sopping-wet twenty-dollar bill from her African vagina and handed it to me. Upon later inspection, I was relieved to discover that the soaking greenback offered absolutely no smell. It was as if the woman's vaginal flora had actually *laundered* the item of currency.

But, being the civic-minded feller I am, I started to worry about the other pussies—the less-fortunate ones. What about them? Why do some gals stink, while others remain odor-free—free, indeed, to laugh, to love, to cuddle? Why do roses bloom in some fields, while manure festers in others? And finally, what in the name of the Homo Jesus Clown are the biological mechanisms behind vaginal malodor?

I'm a man who sees a problem with America—a man who wants to fix it.

My purpose isn't to offend the few clean-smelling women out there with the crude suggestion that EVERY vagina in the USA gushes with foul, gelatinous, swordfishlike discharges.

Only far too many of them.

I do feel, way down in my nose hairs, that this country faces a Cunt Crisis: Our streets are littered with good girls-honest girls-walking around smelling like sturgeon. Vaginal odor ruins romance and fosters much distrust between the sexes. Few things dampen an amorous male's affection more than the rank, odiferous stench of a woman who has degraded herself through poor hygienic practices. Many bright, well-meaning gals have seen their love lives dashed to pieces because their genitals' pungency suggested unhealthful habits and debauchery. Can these women be saved? Sure, but first they must be scrubbed. And disinfected. And schooled in methods of blunting their natural offensiveness.

To understand vaginal odor, you must first understand the vagina itself. The foul truth is that every woman carries a potential stink-bomb between her legs. There's a whole science-fair project going on in there, a wild kingdom of aquatic bacilli. Mucus oozes from her pussy walls like dirty water being squeezed from a floor mop. Her normal secretions serve to cleanse those sugar walls in the same way that saliva keeps one's mouth from becoming overrun with the slime of half-chewed pretzels. In a normal, happy vagina, certain "good guy" microorganisms such as the lactobacillus bacteria create an acidic pH balance which thwarts the growth of more sinister, odor-causing germs.

Candida albicans, more commonly known as vaginal yeast fungus, exists in small enclaves in every vagina. But once a pussy's pH balance is thrown off-kilter, yeast fungi may explode in number, causing thick, whitish, cottage-cheesy discharges to flow from its labia like thousands of miniature twat biscuits. An effulgent yeast infection, which is estimated to strike an estimated three of every four women at least once in their lifetimes, may smell vaguely like baking bread. When the yeast cells begin to die en masse, they release a molecular compound known as mercaptan, which has been targeted as the culprit behind the smells of dead flesh, poo-poo, and skunks. Mercaptan has also been described as smelling somewhat like burnt rubber. So if it looks like cottage cheese and smells like a car crash, yeast may be to blame.

The legendary fish odor may be a symptom of a syndrome known as bacterial vaginosis (BV), especially if the smell seems particularly tart directly following intercourse. As with yeast infections, BV is a sign that renegade germs have overthrown the vagina's normal bacterial balance. Microscopic critters such as *gardnerella vaginalis*, thought to exist in a quarter to half of all human vaginas, come to prominence at the expense of more benign bacteria. These bad-boy microorganisms secrete waste materials which irritate the vaginal walls and yield discharges redolent of rotting trout heads. BV can be tamed through prescription topical gels.

Another root cause of feminine fishiness is single-celled monster known as trichomonas (or "trich"), a highly contagious protozoan which infests

upwards of three million cunts yearly via toilet seats, towels, and sexual intercourse. One medical text describes trich as giving rise to a "yellow/green frothy discharge," accompanied by burning, itching, and the unmistakable air of seafood. As with BV, a little dab of the proper antimicrobial paste will slay the dreaded trich dragon and prevent one's pussy from being eaten alive.

Of course, foul-smelling vaginal discharges could be the symptom of something far worse. Chlamydia (or "the clam") is often accompanied by vulvular rankness, as is gonorrhoea. In a worst-case scenario, your lover's malodorous muff may signal the immunodeficiency breakdown associated with AIDS. *Mangia!*

Then again, it could be something as simple as the fact that the slob doesn't wash very often. Some pasty amalgam of piss, feces, crotch sweat, fermented sperm, and menstrual waste could be causing the erection-killing fumes which destroy true intimacy. A little time spent Sudsing the Beaver couldn't hurt much.

Which brings us to the douche. Our society does not lack for douchebags. A woman can select from an array of vulva-scalding products—sprays, creams, pastes, potions, lotions, jellies, foams, and herbal extracts—all designed to blunt this, the cruelest of nature's jokes.

But as usual, nature has the last laugh. Not only does douching effect a genocide of undesirable bacteria, it also eliminates the good-guy germs which maintain a proper floral balance within the vagina, hastening yet more intra-pussy bacterial anarchy.

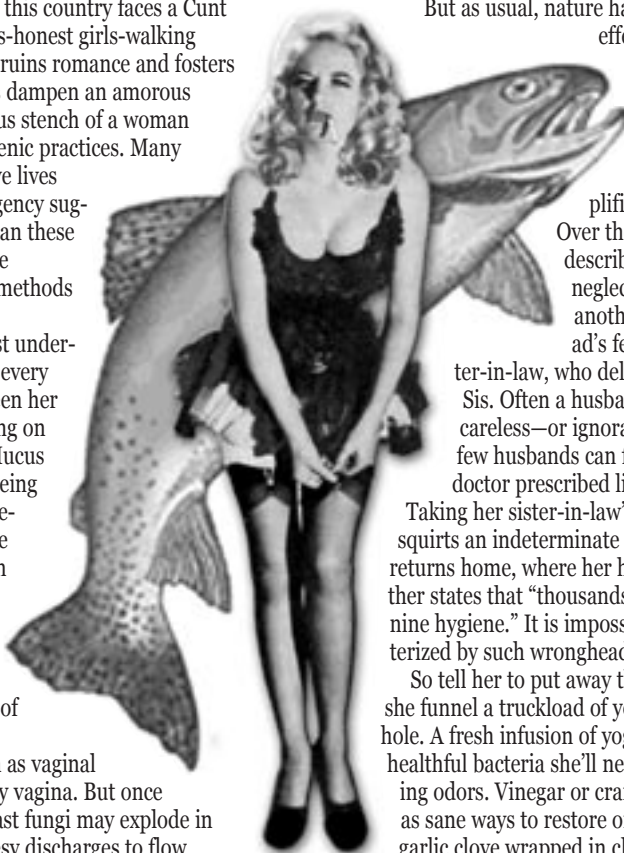
The pinnacle of douche ignorance is exemplified in a 1941 magazine ad for liquid Lysol. Over the course of four illustrated panels, the ad describes "how a young wife overcame the 'one neglect' that wrecks so many marriages." After another blowout argument with her hubby, the ad's feminine protagonist sobbingly visits her sister-in-law, who delicately explains, "You may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive." She then describes how her own doctor prescribed liquid Lysol "for intimate personal care."

Taking her sister-in-law's earnest advice, the distraught heroine squirts an indeterminate amount of liquid Lysol up her gash and returns home, where her husband is waiting with flowers. The ad further states that "thousands of modern women rely on 'Lysol' for feminine hygiene." It is impossible to determine how many cunts were cauterized by such wrongheaded medical advice.

So tell her to put away the oven cleaners. Instead, gently suggest that she funnel a truckload of yogurt with live cultures into her gaping black hole. A fresh infusion of yogurt's acidophilus bacteria will replenish the healthful bacteria she'll need to fight the good fight against embarrassing odors. Vinegar or cranberry-juice douches are also recommended as sane ways to restore order between her legs. For yeast infections, a garlic clove wrapped in cheesecloth and rammed up the snatch may do the trick, as may a tampon dipped in a three-percent solution of potassium sorbate. And as mentioned earlier, doctor-prescribed topical creams can prevent the invisible fishies from ever swimming upstream again.

Do flies buzz around your paramour's pudenda? Does her quim make you queasy? If you're nauseated with all the flounder-flavored cunt-puke which flows from her hole like so much Girl Lava, it's your sacred obligation as a boyfriend to tell her about it. Should couples engage in frank discussions about pussy smell? Indeed. You can't blame a gal for smelling that way—only for not taking care of it. As her lover, you bear equal responsibility in assuring that she presents a clean, fresh-faced pussy to the world. It's your duty to offer gentle persuasion and softly muttered suggestions. And if the bitch doesn't clean up her act, you should abandon her like the mud-wallowing sow she is.

Perhaps Rome fell not because it threw so many orgies, but because it didn't clean up afterward. A woman's gash should be her highest treasure, but all too often it is her shame. A lady's cum-bucket can either be a gleaming tabernacle or a reeking Port-A-Potty. It all comes down to proper bacterial management. Sex should be something wonderful, not a test of one's endurance in germ warfare. The vaginas of America's women MUST be cleansed. If a nation cannot control the stink of its women, that nation is surely doomed to perish. X





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While talking politics with someone the other day, I was chastised for voting for Ralph Nader instead of Al Gore. It was implied that all the big-eared, Yale-frat-boy, orangutan-style foreign policy we now find ourselves wallowing in was somehow all my fault.

Let's set the record straight. If you voted for Gore, you're either a pussy-mouthed, capitulating faggot, or violently misinformed. Or both—they seem to hold hands quite a bit.

The Democratic Party doesn't act any differently than the Republican Party. They both do their best to enrich our bosses instead of us; both support the WTO, GATT, and oil-based power.

They both have it in for the art, music, and films we love. Gore's wife was responsible for the attempted pogrom of fringe-rock in the mid-eighties through her organization, the Parents Music Resource Center, in Senate hearings presided over by Gore himself. Gore's running mate Joseph Lieberman has gone on record praising Pat Robertson and has come out in favor of banning such wildly pornographic bands as The Black Crowes and Blues Traveler. While in the Senate, he even attempted to enforce a legally binding ratings system on all music.

Vote for those scumbags? What, am I an idiot? Has our democracy sunk to such depths that if I refuse to vote for someone whose politics make me puke, I'm "selling out our country?" Nonsense.

Need more proof? Think about this: Gore believes that it's perfectly reasonable to lock people up for growing pot, and yet he used to smoke pot on a regular basis. Who's the sellout? Why would I vote for someone who wants to send my friends to jail for something as innocuous as growing hemp? That would be a ridiculous breach of my ethics.

Gore is a born-again Christian. Uhh, doesn't that mean he's insane? Doesn't that mean that if he supports gay rights as much as everyone thinks he does, he's either a hypocrite or a liar? Which one is it? I don't feel comfortable voting for anyone

who claims to be born-again. That's like saying you can fly. Would you vote for someone if they told you they could fly, or they had magical roller-skates that let them shoot "power beams" from their eyes? Uh, no.

Nader, on the other hand, supports the legalization of drugs, the abolition of the WTO, and national health care. Nader has proven over the last forty-odd years that, unlike Gore, he cannot be corrupted. Nader lives in a two-bedroom apartment, lives on a \$25,000-a-year salary, and donates his speaking fees to charity. He has spent his entire life campaigning for people like me. Poor people.

Nader reminds me of a penitent kung-fu monk who wanders the countryside spreading justice like Kwai Chang Caine. He stands up for the little people and for giving food and money to broken-down, overworked families. He doesn't start fights, he just finishes them.

"Didn't it ever occur to anyone that perhaps Gore lost the election because he's a piece of shit?"

People claim that Gore is an environmentalist. Oh, is that why he supports the WTO and refuses to even consider growing hemp for fiber and fuel? That's why he quietly did away with "dolphin-safe" tuna laws? That's why he shills for Monsanto? Tell me another story, Grandpa.

People will tell you that Nader cost Gore the election. In a post election interview, Nader answered this allegation by saying, "No, Gore cost himself the election." Didn't it ever occur to anyone that perhaps Gore lost the election because he's a piece of shit? Because people had problems with his voting record? Maybe they weren't willing to give Lieberman the power to outlaw and blacklist their favorite records? I'd rather believe that, and put my faith in democracy, than believe that Nader brainwashed ten million people.

I didn't vote for Gore or Bush because they both represent everything I hate about the current state of government: money, greed, and the wholesale slaughter of our land and free culture. I resent even paying taxes to the government. Why would I use the only tool of change I have, my one vote, to help perpetuate it?

The answer is: I won't. I'll never vote for a Democrat again. I'll vote Green, Libertarian, or Socialist. My conscience is clear.

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