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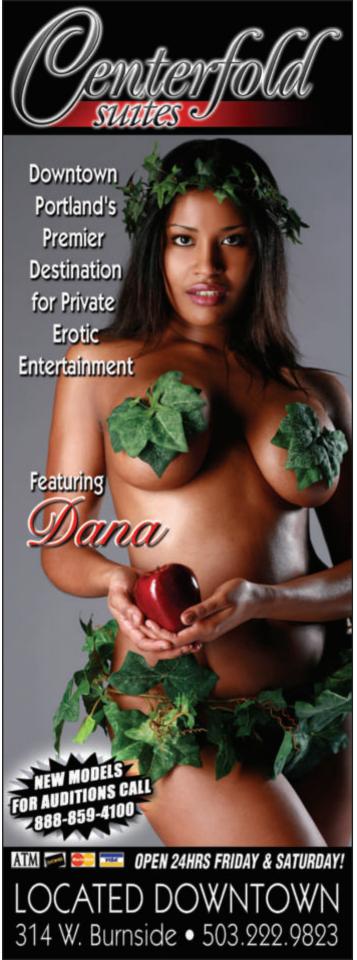


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FEATURES



THE PORNOGRAPHER

new monthly tales of smut from behind the lens **page 16**by anonymous



SIDESHOW FREAK OF MYSPACE.COM

freaks, deviants & pedophiles want you! page 24



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THE DILDOS THAT TIME FORGOT

vintage sex toys **page 68** by jim goad

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Being short of funds, you tend to look for creative ways to come up with money: Selling crap on eBay, repackaging cold medicine and selling it to kids as drugs, or collecting store receipts and shoplifting items to take back for refunds.

Being self-employed, I didn't have anything to fall back on, so when the funds went short, I applied for unemployment benefits. This was my third time applying since I became self-employed. After waiting in line and talking to some agents, I was back on unemployment benefits, and I had just received my second check when I got a letter requiring me to report to the unemployment office for an audit. In case you've never been on unemployment, one of the requirements of receiving the

checks is that you have to apply to a minimum of three jobs a week to qualify.

Every now and then you may be subject to an audit to make sure you're applying for a job. Of course, I wasn't applying, and as soon as I received the notice, I hit the streets.

I was hanging out with a friend who jokingly suggested that I apply at a portrait studio in a department store. I took his dare and turned in a finished application. I mean, all these years working in a studio and photographing amateur porn stars has got to be more work than shooting a dysfunctional family trying to get their act together for their Christmas portrait.

To my surprise and chagrin,
the manager looked over the
application, looked at me and
hired me on the spot. I couldn't
believe I had just gotten hired at
a portrait studio. The pay wasn't
bad, so I just decided to go with it. A job

like this would add some stability, anyway.

The first couple of weeks proved to be pretty mundane. Some portrait sessions with babies, couples, kids and a few families. I kept feeling like I had to restrain myself from barking out orders such as, "...show me your 'oh' face" or "grab your ass."

One day, I had a client in for a portrait. She looked like a middleaged Angie Dickinson and was the district manager for the area's stores. I made the mistake of telling her mid-shoot to stick her tits out. We were both in shock as soon as the words left my mouth. There was no one else in the room when I said it, and she gave me a smile, then proceeded to stick her tits out. My jaw dropped as soon as she did it, and I took a picture. The woman's response to my challenge prompted me to challenge her again by asking her to undo her blouse a bit. She followed through, revealing a white lace bra that opened in the front. She even ran a finger down her cleavage and unclasped the bra but left it covering her breasts all while starring into my camera lens. She obviously enjoyed herself and enjoyed flirting with me over my mistake. She handed me a note and left the studio. The note read for me to report to the manager's office during lunch. I couldn't tell if her note was a good thing—as in, maybe she wanted me to see her for

THE PORNOGRAPHER

by Anonymous

(names changed to protect the innocent and guilty)

some sort of scandalous, illicit affair or just fire me. My lunch break came up and I went to the manager's office. I was incredibly nervous over what was about to transpire. It could either turn all good or all bad. I almost didn't want to know. She closed the door behind me, turned to face me, and began guiding my hand up her skirt.

She placed her hands behind her back, and I heard her lock her wrists in a pair of handcuffs. She began to beg me to take her. I opened up her blouse to reveal that she was wearing a pair of nipple clamps. Under

her skirt, she was panty-less with a garter belt and stockings. This Angie Dickinson was lying on the desk, handcuffed and begging me to take her.

How could I pass up an opportunity like this?

The manager for the store was sent on an early lunch. He had a lot of work to do so instead of eating-in at a restaurant, he went through the drive-thru and came back to the store with lunch in tow, expecting to eat in his office while going over some spreadsheets. The district manager and I must have been in full swing, with her legs wrapped around my waist, when the manager walked in on us.

He was in the middle of a long sip of soda to wash down some fries when he looked up from the doorway and immediately began cough-

ing. We stopped and looked at him as he

began choking on the remnants of food that had been inhaled into his lungs. The manager was moving about and grasping his neck while "Angie" and I were in a panic. I had only pulled my pants up and didn't button and zip them when I went to the door to help the guy, so at this point, my pants began falling down as I was performing the Heimlich maneuver. "Angie" stood at the doorway with her hands cuffed behind her back asking the manager if he was OK, telling him to relax, etc. Eventually he cleared his throat and we looked up to see we were surrounded by half the store staff. I don't know how we looked, but it must have baffled those around us wondering why I wasn't wearing any pants and the district manager's shirt was undone revealing a pair of nipple clamps and her hands cuffed to the back, but management stifled the employees into not speaking of the incident. The next day, I found a note by my time card congratulating me. I couldn't tell if it was a congratulations on fucking the district manager or for saving the manager from choking to death.

so it throws story of field districtions when when the control of the control of

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"My pants began falling down as I was performing the Heimlich maneuver."

















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How Many is a "Brazillian?"

"Wow, she's pretty young," I thought, then quickly ... "Whatever, she's totally hot." "Come on with me...oooh...it's your first time here? You scared?"

"Nah,"...I lied, following her, looking at her butt. On our way to the room, another creamy little blande glided past us in the pastel corridor. She smiled a sweet, wellrehearsed silent welcome to me.

"Cripes...I guess everyone needs to be hot to work here...is it a job requirement?" "You're funny," she giggled, opening the door.

"Yeah," I said, "you're all hot, young and stuff...but are you any good?"

She'd better be good, I started to worry... I never thought I would spend money on this sort of thing, it's a little rich for my blood and I don't really NEED it, per sewho does? However, after hearing about this place for a while, my curiosity and credit card conspired to book this little date

After undressing and laying down she softly opened my legs and slid her tiny hand up my thigh and smiled. "Oh...good girl...you're all shaved." I had just started to relax and get into it when she made me put on these huge orange Elvis sunglasses. Huh?

"It's required...sorry...you still look cool in 'em, but I bet you'd look cool in ANY-THING," she giggled, totally fibbing. "'kay."

Then out came the lube. Yay! It was ice-cold. Boo! "Sorry...it'll warm up fast," She fibbed again.

"Uh... 'kay." I started to not think she was so hot anymore.

She looked at me with her matching giant orange goggles and said more seriously, "Now when it starts...the worst it will feel like is a rubber band snapping repeatedly on your skin. Are you ready to start?"

"Well, I'm freshly shaved, spread-eagle, my pussy is freezing and I essentially gave you a mortgage payment to burn all my pubic hair off forever. Ummm, let's

see. Yeah, sure, go for it."

The laser looked more like a white electric shaver than a weapon. I had imagined a more Buck Rogers-looking gun or a searing red beam, shot from a glass eyeball in the ceiling, like the kind that villains use in James Bond movies. She pressed the freezing business end into my upper thigh for the first sweep. There was a loud, electric-sounding "TICK-TACK" and I braced for the rubber bands. Nothing, I laughed in relief, "Zatz it? Jeez...that's nothing...just a little cold."

"Good! I had a feeling you could handle it." I began to love her again.

Then, "TICK TACK-TAH-KACK!" My leg shot out and I hollered bloody murder but quickly changed it to guffawing laughter...gotta stay cool.

"Oh, WOW! Ha-ha-ha...rubber bands, huh? Yeah, maybe if they weren't really RUBBER, but COPPER! And not really BANDS but more like BARBS, eh?"

I felt like I'd been tazed in the grain by a cracked-out cop . Now I was scaredshe'd only barely done the top of my thigh and not even touched any tender bits. Worse still, I was gonna need to do this for six to eight sessions total. Maybe bush will come back into style, MAJOR bush. I could start a trend!

"You ready to continue?"

'Oh, ha-ha, yeah...go for it." I hate you. In truth it wasn't that awful. I only yelled/laughed once more, but the rubber-band thing is utter bullshit. When it hurts, it hurts DEEP, and you feel slightly bruised the next day. The way it works is that they set the laser to your skin tone and the light seeks out the slightly darker bits on you (hair follicles.) When it finds one, it screams into the pore lightning-fast and destroys it like the Death Star. And though there is some pain, it's easy to tolerate simply because the treatment is over so fast. I would say less than five minutes for me.

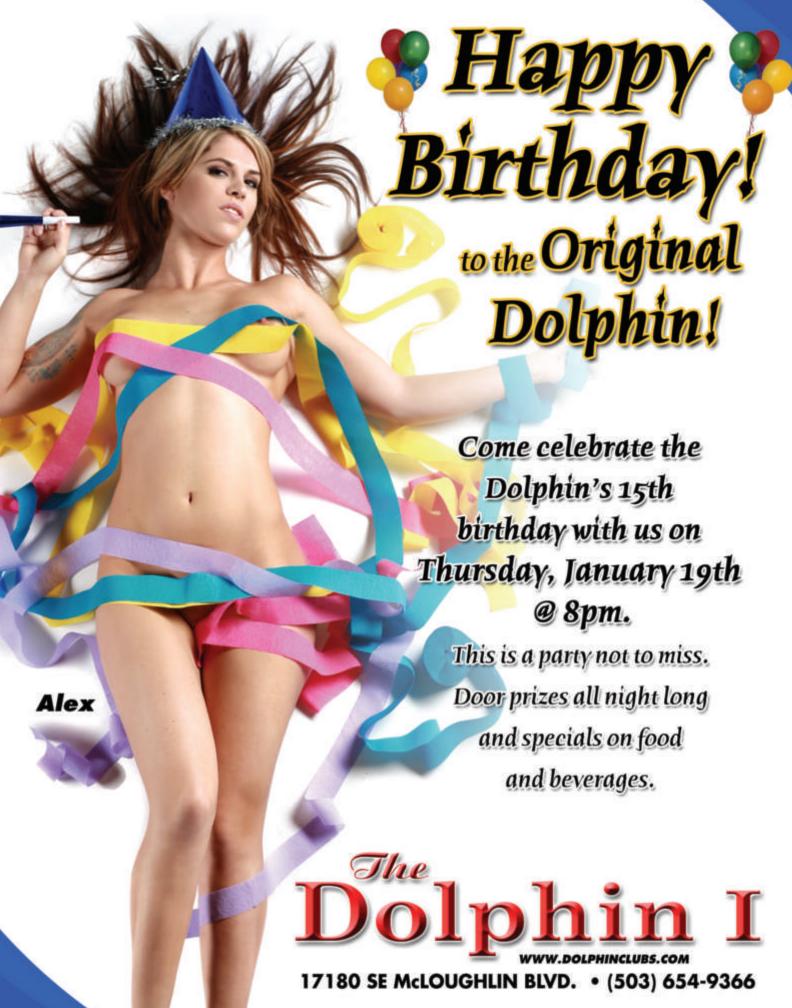
Now I've done two treatments and my pubes are already markedly thinner. I jokingly call it my "Chemo Cunt," growing only sparse, light hair in patches. In about a year, I won't need to shave at all...ever again. I love a super-smooth

spit mitten, AND I'm lazy, so I'm thrilled at the prospect. I don't care if trends go back to 70's Chewbacca bush, I'm suffering to be silky-smooth. And my sweet little blonde who hurts me also likes how I laugh...and I love her.





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hey say you can't go home again, don't they? I guess they never worked in the adult entertainment publishing industry, because I'M BACK, BITCHES!!! To those of you that might remember me, I don't really need to say a goddamn thing, but to those of you that don't...it's all LIES! You see, a long time ago in a wet and sticky little town full of roses and strippers, I popped my cherry in the skinzine game. I was one of the biggest whores in the biz, working for every magazine that threw me a bone, but for the most part, the biggest bone was right here at *Exotic*. One of my duties was to put together *Erotic City*, which at the time was a boring and mundane little piece of fluff to inform all you depraved individuals which club was having a Jell-O Wrestling contest on what day and where. But as you can probably already tell, I didn't stick to the plan for too long.

Before you knew it, I turned this happy little page into my personal arena of blood and revenge for any and all that dared defy me. I said all the things you aren't supposed to say out loud on a monthly basis, sometimes costing us customers, sometimes inspiring death threats and lawsuits, and once in a while a punch to my head from an outraged lingerie model. I pushed it and pushed it until it really wasn't much more than some kinda lame-ass personal journal I insisted on forcing down the throats of 30,000 people thinking I was some kinda small-time Howard Stern. Then....they sent me away. I hid out in disguise as a deejay, a booking agent,

a pimp specializing in tattooed strippers...you name it, I did it. And I was done. So where do bad pornographers go when they die, you might ask? Somewhere between Heaven and Hell, about three hours north to a land called Seattle. I traded in my roses for emeralds and started a newer, kinder, gentler magazine called Exotic Underground. (Don't buy that bullshit...just 'cause our Seattle edition isn't as snatch-happy as Exotic, we still get in plenty of trouble out here.)

So when a changing of the guard took place as Viva moved on to greener pastures...l, umm, "volunteered" to take over my old post, and then some. Be on the lookout for some big changes in these pages, my friends. After spending five years on and off with *Exotic*, I've seen many things come and go, like, for instance...competition! HELL YEAH! *Exotic* is #1!!!

Oh wait, we're the ONLY ONE! Good thing they got me stationed out in Seattle, or else I just might find some idiot with a few bucks and a bad coke habit to start up another magazine and give 'em what for! So enough of all that...just because I'm a few hours away from all you pro-verts doesn't mean I can't tell you what you might be missing out on. I have eyes everywhere and a really big mouth, so watch your ass.

First off, big apologies to Nya and any other of you lovely exotic dancers that took offense to a four-letter word on our cover last month. It was a word I let slip a time or two myself in these pages, but always in a humorous way, which was once again our

intention, but I guess Nya wasn't amused. Rest assured, the party responsible will be on her way to Seattle soon, I'm sure.

Now its time for the important stuff....JELL-O WRESTLING UPDATES! And since I've wasted almost this entire page setting you up for all these changes, I'm gonna handle it tweaker-style and just bust it out in turbo fashion. Football is good. Football with free eats is better. Football with hot naked strippers to pass that gay halftime show with is the best. (It's all gone downhill since Janet flashed us her barbed nips!) So be sure to head on down to your favorite club such as Jody's Bar & Grill or the Last Chance Saloon for prime playoff entertainment. LaDonna's in Salem mixes things up with Wednesday Latino Night, Thursday Amateur Night & Sunday with the Old School Music. Dennis Hof's **Moonlite Bunnyranch** is celebrating its 50th Anniversary. Congrats, Dennis, but what do you get the guy who has everything? Frolics now offers new and improved shows! (Maybe it's because of those new and improved laws!) The Dolphin 2, now in its fifth year, wants to remind you that Miss Nude Oregon 2006 is coming soon. Wanna be a porn star? Check out Paradigm Productions Modeling & Live Action Video Shoots. The Pallas is busting out a Five Year Anniversary Party so big it's gonna take two days! Round 1 on Friday, January 20th & Part 2 Saturday, January 21st @ 9PM (free stuff, specials, hot naked chicks—you know the drill.) Check out Wildcats for Free Texas Hold 'Em tournaments on Sundays @ 7:30pm.(Don't get excited, you gotta hold 'em yourself.) The **Dream On Saloon** takes it to the mat with

WWE Pay-Per-View for New Year's Revolution Sunday, January 8th @ 4pm and Royal Rumble Sunday, January 29th @ 4pm. Cabaret's got your back with 2for-1 Table Dances all day Mondays and 5pm-8pm Tue-Fri, plus \$5 House Steak and Fries all month long. One of Portland's Premiere veterans

in the skin-game,



The Dolphin 1, is celebrating its 15th Birthday Party Thursday January 19th @ 8pm. The Boom Boom Room still offers Portland's hottest bar staff, including Kitty Rocks! (Yeah, Kitty, we're both gonna die in this business, aren't we?) And last but not least, Baby Dolls is scheduled to reopen in February—count the days with us, won't you?

Until next time, be thankful for what you have—you get to smoke, you can get table dances, you can drink with a naked woman, you can blow your rent on video crack! Don't forget how much Portland rocks. It could be a hell of a lot worse—you could be in Seattle!

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SOME OLD BITCH

"there's a good sale on support hose at Walgreens" Female / 75 years old / Benton, KENTUCKY

About me: I am a old bitch. now deal with it. Oh yeah, and i also like to eat at Picadilly Buffet. Or ANY buffet for that matter. And you'd better remember my fucking senior citizen discount. I also enjoy attending mass and obsessing over ALL the Saints. You KNOW there is a Saint for EVERYTHING, right? If you want to come over for coffee one afternoon, I can show you all the different Saints. I have little plastic cards for all of them. When you drive home, I will lend you my Saint of Automobiles. I make a mean crumb cake, and Thanksgiving is ALWAYS at my house. Hey, I might be a bit rough around the edges, but I LOVE to feed people, and make sure they have enough fiber in their diet. That's very important you know.

Who I'd like to meet: anyone who thinks old women are hot, and friends, people to invite to my guilting circle.

General Info: quilting, bargain hunting, moth balls, slacks, sensible shoes, poly-rayon blouses, non-perishable food item drives for disaster victims, playing the organ for my church, driving really terribly, not understanding my medicare benefits.

MARK TATER

"The ladies know I'm dead sexeh! Want my bodeh!" Male /55 years old Sugar Land, TEXAS

About me: I was once professional body builder and back in the glory days I was comparable to Arnold Slazenger. I am in despair that I was forced to stop due to an unknown viral disease in my skin. It is not too bad – although it does make my left armpit smell like a perfectly ripened gorgonzola, no joke! Il Maybe I should not have said that out loud. Anyways, I am an interesting person and an absolute ladies man. If you want to talk sometime, send me a message and I will respond!

Heroes: The one and only... ME. Also my dog Rex who once pinched a loaf bigger than any I have ever created or seen in my life. I freeze dried that booger and made a necklace from it. I'll tell you what, I take the kids to the pool three times a day and I am still flabbergasted on the monstrosity of this turd; picture is coming soon.

SOME OLD FART

"HA! HA! I'm using the Internet!" Male 82 years old Danville, VIRGINIA



About me:

I'm an old fart. One thing I cannot abide are youngsters these days, always listening to their rap music and wearing their pants below their rectums. Why just the other day I heard a young man say to me 'yizzle my gizzle.' I don't know anything about his gizzle and why on earth i would want to yizzle it? If FDR were still alive, he would know what to do. Things have really gone down hill since they made it illegal to spank kids in school. Back when I was a young sprout, If I even looked at Mrs. Elderberry the wrong way she would tan my hyde, and nowadays little brats can get away with actually voicing their opinons. One day a young man and his best girl were canoodling in my turnip field and I unloaded my shotgun full of rock-salt on them. In my day, we waited till marriage to canoodle and when the day finally came, so did I. I spent many a year working in my pappy's tobacco field, and let me tell you, I have some rugged manly workin' hands. shook hands with a young fella the other day and his handshake was limper than my *insert viagra/penis joke here.* That little fairy was dressed like a girl, with those tight pants and makeup, so I promptly took him out back and switched him raw. Unfortunatly my dear Louise passed on a few years ago, and I never quite got my groove back. I hope to meet a nice elderly woman who likes discipling obnoxious scallawags as much as I do...and maybe some canoodling on the side ;-)

Who I'd like to meet: Matlock, Angela Lansbury (<3), Alex Trebek, Bill Cosby, FDR, Dave Thomas, Benny Hill, and any nice woman who's willing to help me share the tube of bengay.

PETER

"Stick this in your mouth you cunt!" Female / 29 years old / LITTLE ELM, Wyoming

About me: Hello FUCKERS! i'm Peter AKA 14 incher. I'm into fuckin dumb whores and playing Lord of the Rings board games. In my free time I like to watch a good anal raping video to get me off.

Who I'd like to meet: Frodo from Lord of the Rings and Harry Potter

Music: i like a lot of hip hop bee bop stuff for sheezy. i do some rapping on the side when im bored, just like to hold my big peter and flow



By now, you're probably aware that we here at EXOTIC/ UNDERGROUND have myspace pages:

http://www.myspace.com/exotic underground & http://www.myspace.com/xmag

This very successful Internet networking site has opened the doors in helping us locate models, musicians, artists and more in the Seattle area and beyond. On the flip side of that, it has also opened the doors to some of the more "undesirable" specimens of the human species. The following profiles are ACTUAL profiles that chose to be friends with us here at *Underground**. Trust me, kids, I couldn't make this shit up, nor would I. So step right up, boys and girls, see the guy with the 5" penis, marvel at the vigorous masturbator! Not for the weak of heart or the morally correct...

Exotic Underground proudly presents...** THE SIDESHOW FREAKS OF MYSPACE.COM!**

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Mankind is Obsolete

by badgirl

henever I am presented with the opportunity to review a band, my first task is to grab a copy of their latest CD and stick my head between the speakers. If I make it through the entire CD, it is a safe bet that I am going to write a good review. That is just what happened with MANKIND IS OBSOLETE, also known as MKIO. Whatever you groove to, you are certain to enjoy Mankind is Obsolete.

Mankind Is Obsolete was birthed into existence by its parents Jon Siren (drums, keys, programming) and Natasha Cox (vocals) in Los Angeles in the fall of 2002. Natasha and Jon laid the groundwork for Mankind Is Obsolete, which helped pave the foundation for success. They were soon joined by Mark Nurre (guitar), Gordon Bash (bass), and they recently added Brian DiDomenico (keyboards).

Mankind Is Obsolete released a full-length CD, Rise, in June of 2005. Prior to this, the band released their debut CD, a six-song EP entitled Metamorph, in August of 2003, selling as many copies overseas as in the US, igniting a loyal fanbase and receiving excellent feedback from their buyers worldwide.

MKIO performed two self-promoted-and-sponsored tours in 2004. The first covered the Southwest US, and the second took the band through California, the Pacific Northwest, and New Mexico. They have played venues such as The Key Club, the El Rey Theatre and the Venture Theatre, opening for bigname bands such as KMFDM, Pigface and Collide.

The band has also released a video for "The Rapture" and is currently putting the finishing touches on a new video for "Still Right Here," which is expected to be released early January 2006. The band has a flair for deep, passionate lyrics.

Natascha Cox (lead vocalist) began her musical adventure as a classical pianist but took a detour to pursue a heavier style of music. As a self-proclaimed computer geek, Natascha started out as the band's keyboardist and programmer until it was decided that she should take center stage as lead vocalist. Jon Siren (drums, keys, programming) relocated to L.A. from Columbus, Ohio, to join the legendary So-Cal industrial group Hate Dept. Jon, who was recently voted "personality of the week" with Underground Press, says, "The best thing about band life is performing for people and meeting people that connect with our music." If you look at the band's website and mypace account, you can certainly sense a big interest in connecting musically with their listeners.

Mankind Is Obsolete's sound spans the musical spectrum of indie to synth-infused rock. Their collective musical influences help to imbue a rare sound with expressive and melodic rhythms. Musical influences for MKIO include Nine Inch Nails, Marilyn Manson, David Bowie, Depeche Mode, Neurosis, Iron Maiden, Judas Priest, WASP, Otep, The Beatles, Eminem, The Ramones, The Misfits, Skinny Puppy, Ministry, KMFDM, Portishead, Atari Teenage Riot, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Joy Division, Interpol, and The Dresden Dolls, just to name a few.

The vocals for MKIO certainly augment the band's unique sound. Their musical approach is reminiscent of rave-band-meets-metal-meets-industrial-rock: a sound to which you can both dance and headbang. MKIO are sure to be a "don't miss" live performance.

The band's drive and passion is to create songs that are reflective of observations and stories from around the world. MKIO strive to create music with conviction and intensity and to connect with their listeners.

If you like music that takes you from one spectrum of emotion and then jolts you into the next, then I recommend you check out Mankind Is Obsolete. I believe I even detected a hint of classical influence in some of the heavier tunes.

MKIO's website is interactive. You can see past reviews and pictures, you can be linked to their livejournal and myspace forums, and you can vote for your favorite MKIO song. Before I go, I'll leave you with some lyrics from my favorite MKIO song:

Smile in the Dark
Alone I'm standing here
With the thoughts I've grown so used to
The faces in the air that remind me of my home
The trails of letting go,
Softly drifting further,
Hear a smile in the dark
And I realize it's my own
—"Smile in the Dark"

For more information, music samples and pictures of the band, please visit:

www.myspace.com/mankindisobsolete, www.mkio.com, or send mail to contact@mkio.com.



Welcome back to the all new

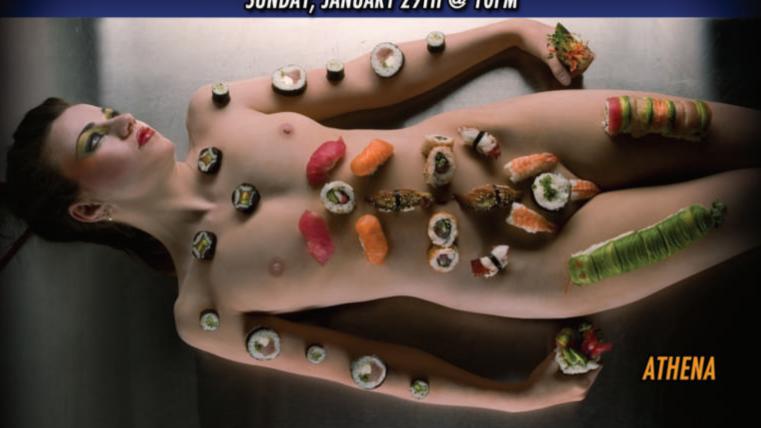


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whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

First of all, I would like to wish all my readers a Happy 2006. This is my first column of the New Year, so you know I've got to set it off proper. In this month's column, I'll be letting my peeps know where to kick it at on Wednesday nights, plus some of my favorite weekend spots. I'll also give it up to some of my DJ homies in the adult business. Plus, I'll share with you why I think it's important to keep it crackin' in the bedroom!

First Up... "The World Famous DJ CHILL"

This cat is not only one of my closest homeboyz, but he is also one of the hottest DJs on the planet! He's finally back from touring city to city and state to state. DJ CHILL will be keepin' the party crackin' every Wednesday night downtown at The City Nightclub. Its ladies' night, baby, and you're all invited! I'll see y'all there...

Next Up... "Keepin' it Crackin' Behind Closed Doors"

As we go into 2006 I still see more ladies and fellas having rocky relationships. To me personally, the key is in between the sheets. Ladies, if you are having a bad day due to reasons other than your man, the last thing you should do is take it out on him. He might help you forget what you were even mad at, if given the chance. Bustin' a nut is about the best stress reliever in the world, especially when that person knows how to bring it up outchal I can't tell you how many times I've been mad at some shit, and tried to drown it wit' some dranks, or erase it wit' some dank only to still have it bottled-up inside. The thing that trips me out is how powerfully therapeutic the doggy and froggystyle position can be! So keep them headboards bangin'I...I'm out!

My Favorite Spots

On the weekends, I usually like to mellow out at The Dolphin 2 and network with some of my business constituents. They always give us that VIP love, plus the honeys are fly and the staff is cool. The Boom Boom Room is another one of my spots, because the music is always on-point and the ladies are hot. The female bartenders at both of these establishments are just as sexy as the girls dancin'! One love to DJ Fam Fam of the BBR and DJ Louie of D2-I'll see ya'll this weekend!

Honey of the Month

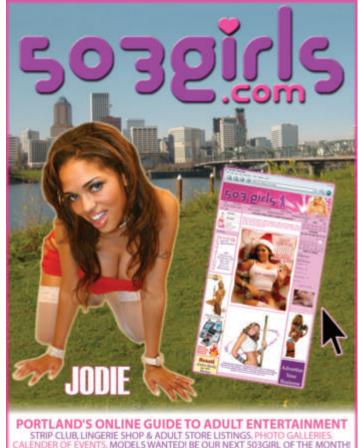
This young lady is a writer herself, and knows how to network in many various arenas. Congratulations, baby!

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503girls.com is definitely a site to see. They cover and uncover it all, if you know what I mean! Also check out whatzcrackin.com. Until next month, y'all keep it "Crackin'I"





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One Love. J.Mack





1	NEW YEAR'S DAY	2	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's	3	
8	WWE New Year's Revolution @ Dream On Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's Stripparaoke @ Devils Point	9	The Advantage @ Berbati's Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's The Can't See @ Doug Fir	10	Flaspar @ Berbati's
15	Fetish Night @ Berbati's Sinferno Cabaret w/ The Paperdolls @ Dante's Augustana @ Doug Fir	16	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's	17	The Dandy Warhols @ Cafe Wor The Gentry @ Berbati's Grayskul @ Doug Fir
22	WWE Armageddon PPV @ Dream On Sinferno Cabaret w/ Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash @ Dante's Stripparaoke @ Devils Point	23	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's	24	The Tunahelpers @ Dante's Nous Non Plus @ Berbati's Lightheaded @ Doug Fir
29	Adult Industry VIP Party @ Lush, 10pm WWE Royal Rumble @ Dream Onl Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's Stripparaoke @ Devils Point	30	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's	31	



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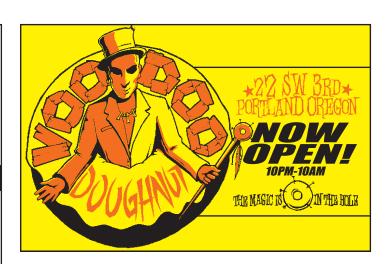
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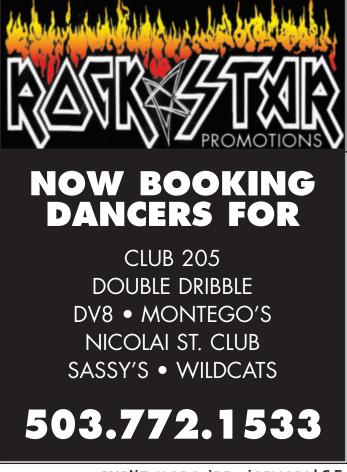
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SEX TOYS SETIME FORGOT THAT TORS & DILDOS OF YORE

MEN WILL STICK THEIR

DICKS IN ANYTHING, whether it's their own hand, your mouth, an overripe cantaloupe, raw liver, a dead eel, or a hole in the wall. Unlike their delicate, intuitive, empathic, easily bruised sisters, men never seem to have a problem getting aroused and releasing their pent-up libidinal tensions. They may be laughably "dysfunctional" when it comes to pleasing a partner, but almost never when it comes to pleasing themselves. Men never seem to have trouble figuring out how to cum. After waking up one morning at age thirteen with a stubborn, angry hard-on, they clutch the

baton and start running.

Therefore, the sex-toy industry—with the stark exception of pocket pussies and their reductio ad absurdum sex zombie, the blow-up doll—caters almost exclusively to women and their ongoing quest to achieve the blissful muscular release of deep-tissue orgasm. Well, let's amend that—sex toys typically serve the needs of women and gay men, because with a little coaxing and some elbow grease, I suppose it's almost as easy to cram something that was intended for a vagina up some hairy jerkoff's pink starfish. Not that I'd know. I mean, I'm

flattered that you'd find me attractive,

but I just don't swing that way. And if

bust out with some irrational, self-hat-

you push the matter, I might have to

ing, homophobic violence.

Where was I? Oh—point being, nine times out of ten, a sex toy's gonna be modeled after a penis rather than a vagina.

This occurs for no other reason than the fact that it's easier to design an item based on something rather than on nothing. You might be able to dig a hole, but it's hard to really build one.

When all is said and done, when the chips have fallen and the dust has settled, a vagina is little more than a Waiting Room for a penis. And like I said, when you're hard-up, even a half-rotted cantaloupe will do.

These faux penises—which the sex-toy industry is so fond of foisting upon our nation's women with the intent of having them mockingly compare our organs unfavorably to these mammoth inanimate rubber obelisks—invariably fall into one of two categories: dildos and vibrators. A dildo is a fake penis. A vibrator is a fake penis that moves. Well, let's clarify that. Vibrators are not always phallic. Many times their focus is the clitoris rather than the vagina—the Sweet Pea rather than the Sugar Walls, if you're more inclined to use "street talk." Therefore, unlike the dildo, the vibrator need not resemble any naturally occurring sex organ, because as we all know, Mother Nature purposely avoided designing anything on the male body that would naturally rub up against the clit. It takes you half a week just to find the fucking thing on some chicks.

Still, whether phallic or not, the fact remains that most sex toys are designed for women or anal-receptive men, and I'm not sure which is worse.

It may shock you—because, as always, you're pathetically easy to shock—but sex toys weren't invented by ham-fisted, no-neck Frisco leather dykes some time in the early 1980s. They are not the noble creation of a plucky cabal of overweight, flabby-

titted, sex-positive erotic-fiction writers. They did not magically emerge to coincide with the coining of the term "modern primitives."

> No, my chicken-chested, monkey-butted friend, we have always had sex toys. The dildo was invented long before the wheel.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD 'DILDO' remains unclear. Most experts seem to think it's derived from the Italian diletto, which means 'pleasure' or 'delight.' Others peg it on the Latin dilatare, which roughly translates to 'dilate' or 'open wide.' There's also an old British folk song called "The Maid's Complaint for Want of a Dil Doul," and the words "dil doul" allegedly translate as "erect penis," but fuck if I could find out from what language. Regardless of its derivation, it remains a

FOLK ART or DILDOS? Anyone's guess, really. crass, ugly word—"dildo." It's hard to sound classy

and refined while saying it. Try it if you don't believe me.

In Iceland, archeologists have recently unearthed an obviously phallic object which testing has revealed to be 106,000 years old and thus the undisputed title-holder to the much-coveted "World's Oldest Dildo" crown. Carved from whalebone, it is adorned with "goddess symbols" and an apparent menstrual calendar. German rockhounds have dug up an eight-inch "stone phallus" thought to have been used during Ice Age sex parties 28,000 years ago. And ancient Chinese suspected dildos, made of bronze, jade, wood, or ivory, have been found that date as far back as 10,000 B.C.

The problem with many of these Ancient Stone Cocks is determining whether they were indeed double-edged swords, i.e., used



both as "sculpture" and as marital aids. How can you tell whether they were only used in fertility parades or whether

some troglodyte lass was shoving that stony slab up her prehistoric twat after the harvest festival was over? How the fuck do you tell? Huh? How?

massäger

for face

for scalp

for

body

Rumor has it that in the Africa of bygone days, dildos were sculpted from dried camel dung coated in
layers of hardened resin. I think you'll agree with
me that this is disgusting. But it wasn't until we
encounter the ancient Greeks—those freaks—that
we find the spectacle of dildos being crafted solely for penetration of human orifices.

Starting somewhere around 500 BC, artisans in the Mediterranean coastal city of Miletus began fashioning what they called *olisbos*—leather, stone, or wood surrogate schlongs—specifically for women. Before going off to war, Greek men sometimes gave their wives olisbos to stave off the pangs of penile deprivation. And fragments from a third-century B.C. Greek play tell of a young maiden who visits a friend to borrow her olisbo and becomes distraught when informed that her friend has already lent it to another lonely lady.

Renaissance Italians added some twists to the dildo template, such as elaborate carvings and the occasional model cast entirely in gold. But as with prior incarnations, these dildos of antiquity were crude, hard, possibly injurious implements that required gobs of olive oil merely to get 'em in.

It was not until the mid-1800s and rubber's vulcanization that mankind entered The Era of the Modern Dildo.

THE ANTIQUE DILDO'S DEATH coincided with the antique vibrator's birth. As early as 1734, the French had invented *le tremoussoir*—a hand-held wind-up toy that produced a vibrating motion on one end—for the purpose of curing a widespread medical condition

they liked to call "female hysteria."

But it wasn't until the late 1800s that a vibrator industry of absurd proportions emerged amid the clanging steel and smoking rubber of Gilded Age technology.

THROBBING THING—

The idea of "female hysteria"—and I'm not here to argue whether it's just an idea or a LIVING

they liked to

"THE TREMOUSSOIR" (1734, France):
Widely considered the world's first vibrator, it
depended on wind-up action from inserting a key
in the hole marked "D." After revving up, you
applied "B" to the area requiring "massage."



had been around since ancient Greek philosophers spoke of a "wandering womb." According to hallowed Greek physician Galen, that wanderin' womb could be repatriated through a medically induced "hysterical paroxysm" evidenced by vaginal contractions and the release of excess, pent-up, stagnatin' pussy juice.

In other words, for a rock-solid 25 centuries—since a few hundred years before Christ up until 1952, when the American Psychiatric Association removed "hysteria" from their list of disorders—physicians took it upon themselves to jack off women to orgasm.

According to some estimates, anywhere from half to threequarters of an average physician's business in the late 1800s consisted

of these anti-hysteria handjobs. Nearly any female complaint would be neatly classified under the "hysteria" umbrella, and thus much jacking was done.

But as we all know, hand jobs can be tiring. In 1869, George Taylor invented the "Manipulator," an unwieldy, steam-powered, hand-and-foot-

> cranked steel contraption that powered a vibrating ball against which a patient ground their pelvis. The Manipulator cut the average handjob time down from about an hour to

ten minutes. Taylor cautioned physicians to protect women against "overindulgence."

By 1900, an estimated one hundred different vibrators had appeared on the market, most of them confined to the physician's lair. They depended on anything from steam power to gas engines to air pressure to good ol' glowin' coal.

The turn of that century brought a new wave of "portable" models. Although the size of power drills, they were mere hand buzzers compared to the torture racks which clambered in doctors' offices. They boasted snappy names such as the "Gyro-Lator," "Vibra-King," "Vibro-Electra," and "Golden-Glo Vitalator." There were even hand-cranked models resembling pepper grinders.

When Hamilton Beach patented a take-home electrical massager in 1902, the vibrator became only the fifth home electrical appliance, following the tea kettle, sewing machine, fan, and toaster. But by 1917, there were more vibrators in American homes than toasters. Vibrator ads buzzed throughout respectable women's magazines of the WWI era. Marketed as "blood circulators" and devices "for anxiety and female tension," they teased female readers with the prospect of "30,000 thrilling, invigorating, penetrating, revitalizing penetrations per minute" and promised that "all the pleasures of youth will throb within you." The 1918 Sears, Roebuck catalogue peddled a vibrator "That Every Woman Appreciates...very useful and satisfactory for home service."

But when silent porno films of the 1920s began showing women using vibrators in a sexual context, advertisers could no longer hide the vibrator's true use behind medicinal mumbo-jumbo. The vibrator was shamed into obscurity until the 1960s and the Sexual Revolution's wackiness. No longer

resembling a rusted steel printing press, the typical vibrator today is a slim pink plastic job the size of a baby carrot.

"THE CHATTANOOGA" (1904, U.S.A.):

Steam-powered and nearly five feet tall, this vibrator required two men to shovel coal into a furnace while a physician manipulated a patient's genitals from the other side of a wall using a mechanical arm.

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