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AUG 2005 #146

CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? jim goad on vaginal tightness

2

SMALL MAMMAL FETISHISTS proust was one sick puppy

DOUBLE TAKE ON THE DOUBLE STANDARD x-rated parable by storm large

PORTLAND'S ONE AND ONLY ADULT ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE! BOOYA!



BIKER BABE COLORING BOOK bring your crayons to work, ladies!

LUCY FUR portland's favorite tassle twirler

> BOWLING FOR DIVAS meltzer on operatic sex

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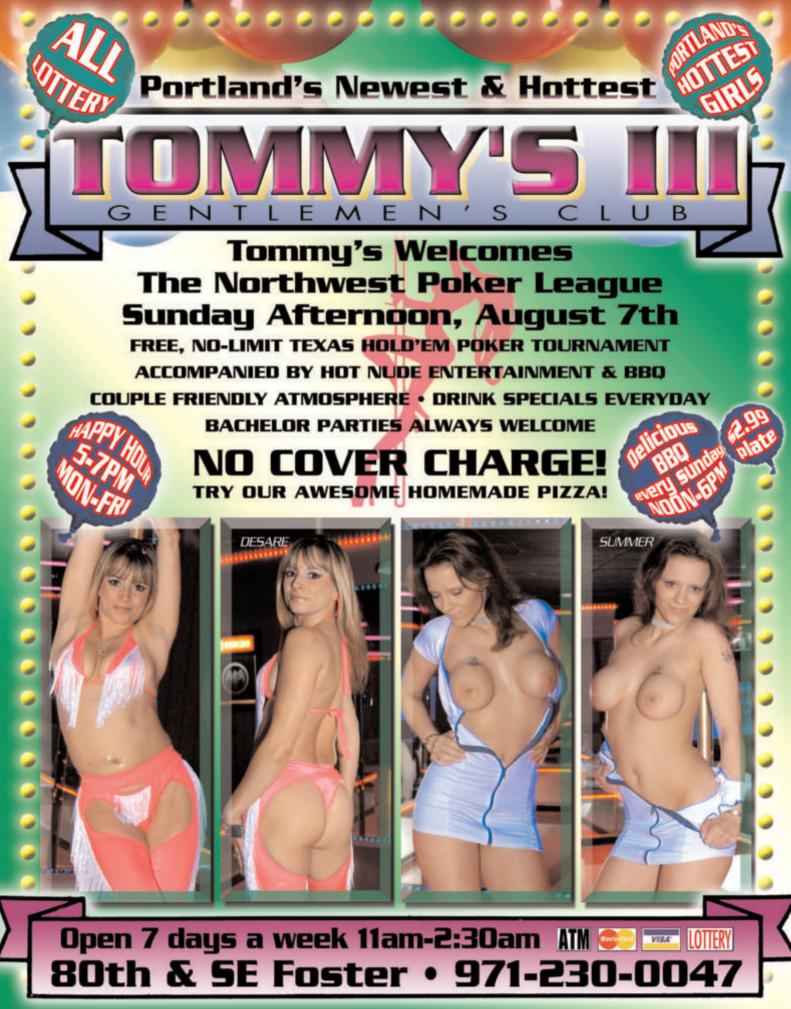
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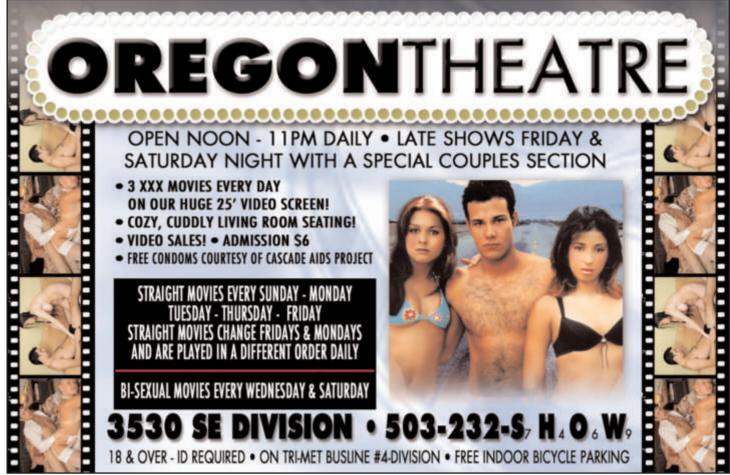
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LUCY FUR

local burlesque star says goodbye **page 16** by viva las vegas



TIGHTER TWATS make your vagina a vice! **page 18** by jim goad



BIKER BABES coloring fun for the dressing room **page 57** letters



BOWLING FOR DIVAS renata tebaldi wins opera fuck-off **page 68** by richard meltzer

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Portland's reigning Queen of Burlesque, Lucy Fur, is typing a resumé, packing a moving van and forsaking us for Los Angeles.

For seven years our Lucy has been a downtown fixture: stripping at a handful of clubs (most often Mary's), go-go dancing at rock shows, producing her own ultrafabulous cabarets (including 2001's totally rad Cartoon Cabaret) and performing überawesome burlesque acts at Dante's Sinferno.

Amply endowed with boobs and

by Viva Las Vegas

brains, Lucy sews and bedazzles (and fringes and feathers) her own costumes and regularly travels to the Miss Exotic World Pageant to compete amongst burlesque's crème de la crème. She is also a photographer (see "Exotic Art," December, 2004) and a book of her photographs will soon be published by Daniel 13

Portland nights will undoubtedly be darker without her. We love you, Lucy!

VIVA: When did you start dancing?

Press.

LUCY FUR: I began dancing in March of 1998, three months before I graduated from Lewis and Clark. I started dancing so I could have time to finish my thesis: "Gender Analysis of Female Archetypes in Hitchcock Films."

VIVA: Were you always interested in burlesque, or was there a watershed eureka moment?

LUCY: I don't think I even knew what burlesque was when I started dancing. I did Miss Mona's Lingerie Show at Mary's Club and then Danzine had me do something at Berbati's. After that Kitty Diggins got me into it. I go-go'd for her for about a year before I decided to try and do something on my own.

VIVA: Describe how you learned to twirl tassles.

LUCY: I never learned from anyone, I just kind of jumped up and down. If you jump up and down with your arms outward, over your head, the tassles twirl outward. If you jump up and down with your arms at your sides, they twirl inward. If you put one arm up and one arm down, they'll go in different directions. It's really just gravity.

VIVA: You joined Sinferno at the very beginning. Can you recall some of your favorite acts?

LUCY: I used to really love coming out of an ape costume while Natalia played guitar to "The Cavegirl," a total homage to Marlene Dietrich in the movie Blue Venus. But someone stole the ape costume so I haven't done that one in years. I like my barbecue set which I retired a long time ago. I'd eat barbecued ribs onstage and drink a beer and have watermelon and just chow and make a big mess. I'd come out to "I Dig You" by Boss Hog, then do "Mississippi Queen." I used to do a lot of food shows.

VIVA: How many Miss Exotic Worlds have you performed at?

LUCY FUR: 2002, 2003, 2004 and 2005.

VIVA: Who in your opinion should be crowned the Ultimate Miss Exotic World of All Time?

LUCY: Of all time it would have to be Dixie [Evans] 'cause it's her deal and if she weren't there none of those woman would have a place to go to talk about what it means to do burlesque. But of the newer girls I'd say Kitten DeVille.

VIVA: What is it that makes Mary's Club so unique?

LUCY: It's run by women from top to bottom, and by a family. That cuts out a lot of the bullshit. The thing about [manager] Vicki is that she treats you like a human being; and she treats you like an intelligent human being if you warran<mark>t it. Other clubs have no interest in</mark> you outside of your ability to take off your clothes and what money you make them.

VIVA: What are your favorite songs to dance to?

LUCY: Lately I've been really excited about playing thematic sets. I found out that we have three songs about monkeys on the jukebox, which made me ridiculously happy. Three songs about flies. Three songs about honey. I also like any song that makes me a lot of money.

VIVA: Which songs make you the most money?

LUCY: It always changes. There are certain bands that will consistently make you a lot of money. The Pixies. The Ramones.

VIVA: Why oh why are you leaving us?

LUCY: It's time. I always said I wanted to go out happy about dancing, so I could look back on it and be happy and not be bitter. Plus I've danced for seven years. That's a ridiculous amount of time.

VIVA: Why L.A.?

LUCY: 'Cause I'm happy there. It's got all the irony about the American dream. It's the place that encapsulates everything that is wrong with this country. It's a great fuckin' city.

VIVA: Will we ever see you onstage again? At Miss Exotic World, Sinferno, or in L.A.?

LUCY: I'm sure that I'll come back up and do Sinfernos. I'll most definitely still be auditioning for Exotic Worlds. I'm too much of a performer and a ham to totally give up the stage. I'll probably start doing burlesque right away when I get to L.A.

VIVA: When is your last shift at Mary's?

LUCY: August 12th. Friday night.

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Nobody likes a loose vagina. Nobody enjoys a flippyfloppy, slippery-sloppy, honking tuba of a twat. There is no pleasure in a belching basilica of a beaver. I will hear no more of these flatulent, oscillating Jabba the Cunts. If I see another news story where yet another woman "accidentally" lodges a TV set inside her cooch, I'm going to write a letter to my congressman. As a society, we've had enough of ladies with loose laps! Begone with them!

> Just as all men would rather have a big penis than a small one, all women would rather have a tight vagina than a loose one. If you ask them, this is what they'd say, in these exact words: "Oh, I'd definitely prefer having a tight vagina than a loose one." So let their words be made flesh! Let our fair damsels have tight vaginas! Bestow unto our

women tiny constrictor 'gineys which can rip a penis from the root at will. Give to them the sort of taut, snaredrum snatches upon which you could bounce a dime.

A sleek, tight hoochie-noo-noo provides some of the

STAY YOUNG

There's a reason men of all ages prefer younger women, beyond obvious things such as their fresh skin and pert breasts and refreshing ignorance of the sort of lies which men tell. It's because young vaginas haven't been weatherbeaten by the ignoble ravages of age. "Vaginal relaxation" occurs naturally with time as the pelvic muscles grow lax and your once-fair maiden loses her "honeymoon fit." The vagina increases in diameter. Her twat takes on the

gummy looseness of a hippo's mouth, and what you once thought was love dissolves into eternal resentment. However, since there's no known cure for growing old, I'll shuttle you right off to the next tip...

purest pleasures a man can find on this li'l ball o' earwax called Planet Earth. Old-school sex doctors Masters and Johnson, after scrutinizing thousands of penises and vaginas up close, declared that sexual pleasure was directly proportional how much friction a couple could produce by bumpin' uglies. The bigger the penis or the tighter the vagina, the better the sex. It's a fact. It's also a fact that if you're able to plop your thing inside her without much effort, her hole could probably do with a tune-up. As long as you can

But it isn't totally about your pleasure. In many cases, a tighter pussy allows the woman to actually feel that thing you call a dick. She might even have an orgasm finally!

get it in, there's no such thing as "too tight."

But how is the discriminating lady to know which vaginal-tightening regimen is the best for her own vagina and its unique needs? That's why I've provided this list. I've included several practical things which the tight-vadgeobsessed woman SHOULD do, and a few impractical things which she SHOULDN'T.

> Although you can't stop growing old, every woman on earth who operates above the level of primate retardation is able to avoid producing offspring. Beyond obvious drawbacks such as the fact that kids scream and wipe their shit on the walls and grow up into bitter delinquents who give you a heart attack and make you rue the day you ever had unprotected sex, the li'l nippers' entry into this world is accomplished by the neartotal ruination of your vaginal integrity. That ten-pound ball of pink regret blows a cannon hole through a previously pristine pussy. But if you insist on breeding, at least slip your pediatrician an extra twenty-spot and have him stitch you back up tight enough to squeeze a

DON'T HAVE KIDS

Tootsie Roll.

Scientists will tell you that the vagina is made of spongy elastic tissue which can shrink or swell to accommodate nearly anything which invades it. They claim it is impossible for a woman to become "stretched-out" or "loose" after having her vagina pummeled by dozens of penises. Don't believe them. A woman's vagina can become irreparably slackened after only one encounter with an aboveaverage wongus.

You think that nobody knows you do it? You think that nobody talks about you doing it? You think that it hasn't been, like, the sole focus of our water-cooler jokes for the last six months? Quit sticking things in there. You're gonna blow a gasket.

QUIT STICKING THINGS IN THERE

Dr. Arnold Kegel was an L.A. gyno-doctor who sure loved himself **DO KEGEL EXERCISES**

some tight pussy. His "Kegel" exercises, developed in the 1940s, are the Pilates of the Vagina, designed to tone the pubococcygeus (PC) muscle, eventually allowing any average homely woman to wrap her vadge around a man's cock with python-like force. The PC muscle is the same one which controls your flow of urine. Once you are able to isolate this muscle and strengthen it, you will be able to isolate any man and weaken him.

5

The vaginal-tightening market suffers no shortage of cones, beads,

VAGINAL WEIGHTS weights, spheres, and steel eggs which any woman can insert halfway up her honey-hole and flex

her sugar walls against. They bear such colorful product names as Betty's Barbell, GyneFlex, Smart Balls, and the time-honored Kegelcisor.

USE VAGINAL CREAMS

Some "vaginal-tightening creams" contain herbal astringents, some are chemically based, and some contain useless compounds which have no effect on a twat's tautness. Creams containing benzocaine affect the appearance of tightness by numbing the pussy and making it less likely to lubricate, thus superficially seeming tighter. Others feature potassium alum, often used in deodorants, which can actually constrict a woman's hole. It can also cause rashes and yeast infections, but isn't it worth it?

VAGINAL SURGERY

Various medical techniques, some employing lasers and others sticking to the cold steel scalpel, are grouped under the lifeaffirming moniker of "vaginal rejuvenation surgery." Stretched muscles are joined together and "redundant" skin flaps are removed. There is a slight risk of mortality and a larger risk of infection from such procedures. The husband receives a bill for \$5,000 and his wife returns home the same day with a vagina which, when fully healed, will be able to crack walnuts.

g

NEUROMUSCULAR ELECTRICAL STIMULATION

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A patented technology in which the patient sits in a chair while "highly focused pulsed magnetic fields" roll over their crotch, causing the pelvic-floor muscles to contract. After half-hour sessions twice weekly for eight weeks, the woman walks away with a vagina nimble enough to make change for a dollar.



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EXOTIC KICKS ASS

Exotic Magazine has finally triumphed and kicked all of our competitors' asses! For perhaps one or maybe two months, Exotic will be the only industry magazine in town (then, inevitably, some retarded imitator will crop up and set new industry lows, but that's life). To this effect we are throwing ourselves a HUGE FUCKIN' PARTY. Get in on the debauchery at Dante's on Sunday, August 14th, during EXOTIC'S 12th ANNIVERSARY BASH. Fabulous burlesquer Lucy Fur will be performing at Sinferno for THE LAST TIME, so don't miss it!

In other news.... Rare dwarf cattle were married in a traditional Thai ceremony last month. If that doesn't threaten the sanctity of marriage we don't know what does. Exotic recommends that the Bush administration obliterate the country (but for the love of God save the whores in Bangkok!).

BBQ IS ON!

Strip clubs all over town are featuring a staggering array of barbecued meat, naked flesh and swimming pools for the entire month of August. Bring all of your appetites!

* 8/17 — The grill is on at Dream On Saloon. Enjoy the flesh fest on their newly opened outdoor patio! Or, if you're downtown, head to the Boom Boom Room for its First Annual Bikini Bash.

* 8/20 — Club Cabos lights the coals for its Booty-Q Party, with great barbecue (and booty) specials all day. Work off the extra calories at Dolphin II's Summer Beach Party III, featuring swimming pool stages inside and out, FREE BBQ and prize giveaways!

* 8/25 — The party is at Jody's with the possibly dangerous double bill of an All-You-Can-Eat BBQ and Pool Party. And don't miss what may be the LAST **Bikini Car Wash** of the season on August 12th, also at Jody's!

Though this summer seemed awful slow in starting, the folks at Wildcats are already celebrating the end of it. Also on 8/25, the End of the Summer Hawaiian Bikini Party will feature a wet tshirt contest for ladies and a hula-hoop contest for guys.

* Tommy's 3 is featuring **\$2.99 barbecue** every Sunday from noon - 6pm ALL MONTH LONG.

LIQUOR IN THE FRONT, POKER IN THE REAR

Wildcats hosts a Texas Hold'em tourney every Sunday at 7:30. Sign up early; no cost to enter.

Northwest Poker League will convene at Tommy's III on August 7th for a free, no-limit Texas Hold'em Tournament.

PANTIES, PENIS PUMPS & POCKET PUSSIES

Don't miss Cathie's Sweet 16 Anniversary Sale August 15th-21st, featuring up to 80% off select items plus daily giveaways!

NEW LATIN STRIP CLUB IS *¡MUY CALIENTE!*

Finally, a very warm welcome to Gata Salvaje, an all-Latin strip club at 633 SE Powell Blvd. (formerly Boom Boom East, Club Coco II, etc.). In addition to foxy naked chicks and hot music, Gata Salvaje boasts the sexxxiest staff in town, all rockin' white short shorts! Hot!

ROCK, etc.

- 8/1 THE NICE BOYS @ sabala's
- 8/2 RICHMOND FONTAINE @ dante's
- 8/6 JUCIFER @ dante's
- 8/7 AIMEE MANN @ aladdin theater
- 8/9 HANK III & ASSJACK @ dante's
- 8/9 WHITE STRIPES @ keller auditorium
- 8/12 RYAN ADAMS & THE CARDINALS @ crystal ballroom
- 8/13 FLUFFGIRL BURLESQUE SOCIETY @ dante's
- 8/19 THE MAKERS cd release party @ dante's
- 8/19 DINOSAUR JR. @ crystal ballroom
- 8/27 RUFUS WAINWRIGHT @ roseland

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xotic received a coloring book in the mail last month. We think John "Teach" Girard's *Cheese Cake Chopper Chicks and Scooter Tramp Tarts* ("For Adults Lonely") will be an instant hit in the dressing room (bring your crayons to work, girls!). Teach is an expert at drawing naked chicks, biker babes and tattooed ladies. And, for the bargain basement price of only \$50, he'll even draw a picture of you and include it in next year's coloring book! of you and your honey, drawn to your likeness, before you send money. And a page in a "Color Book" too.

Tee shirts are screened with this unique thing. An occasional birthday gift too.

Would you like to see more of Teach's drawings in Exotic? (A) YES! Teach's shit is too outrageous! (B) NO! Teach's shit is too outrageous!

> Be a Page in next year's book

Keepsake art you hang on a nail. Something to do in case you're in jail. Tattoo flashes to cover your asses. Christmas cards to remember the masses, you met while you were in jail.

Original drawings, drawn by me. Line illustrations I do for a fee. Copies made easy. It just takes a dime. And zap, your immortal from now till all time.

Send photos to "Teach". A unique thing to do. Get a line illustration from a photo of you.

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Send no money now, until you see what and how, the drawing I'll make, from the photo you take, with results to make you smile.

If you like it, you buy it. Pay the driver the fee. I ship UPS to avoid any mess, and your drawing comes C.O.D.

If you're not pleased or if it's not a winner, send it back right away, I'll eat it for dinner, but I think you'll like what you see.

John "Teach" Girard P.O. Box 747 Veneta, OR 97487

> **X** exotic

we

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got wild?



NORTHWEST'S FINEST ADULT EXPERIENCE • WWW.DKWILDS.COM 13355 SW HENRY ST BEAVERTON OR 97005 • 503.643.6645 As I type out this month's article, I'm chillin' in Seattle at the Soul Fest. I have a lot to tell you this month so let's get to it!!!

First Up — I Got the Hook Up

That's right ya'll! My partner Noah and myself have the hook up on all your cell phone and Pocket-PC needs. The company is called Hot Wireless and believe me we got some tight gadgets for you!!! What I am holding is called a Pocket PC. It's a cell phone, a computer with broadband internet service, a camera and much more! Right now we are giving anyone who reads this article 10% off of all merchandise. Also, with every activation, you will receive your choice of either a car charger or a hands-free headset. Hot Wireless

has the newest phones and accessories before they even hit



the stores! One of the items that you laptop owners may be interested in is the "Air Cards". These are prepaid cards that you can purchase for your laptops that will give you broadband internet hook up wherever you are. To receive your personalized ser-

vice, please contact us at Hot Wireless: (503) 459-6860 or (503) 502-5322 and get hooked up!!! I'm out.....

Next Up — CHEF BOY-R-BANGERS!

These catz have just released their new CD The Recipe. It features Portland's own Mr. DJ Chill as well as B-Legit, the late great Mac Dre and Cappadonna from Wu-Tang. And that's just to name a few! I had the chance to hang out with Tek & Leeze at their studio a few weeks ago and I was quite impressed with their skillz and their style of music. Leeze says "Our music is somethin' for the streetz!" He also says that they are coming out with another CD real soon

whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

that's even better than the one they just dropped. My hot picks off the CD are the following: track #3, #4 featuring B-Legit, #5 because of the "real" Hip-Hop scratchin', and #12 with DJ Chill spittin some lyrical Tabasco!!! Make sure to go out and pick up a copy!!! For more info, hit up their website www.chefboy-rbangers.com Much love ya'll and keep on hittin' 'em wit' that HEAT!!! I'm gone....

Big Ups...

* To Young Lyfe of Paper Chase Records/ Universal! Congrats for landing your new video to "Bounce Wit' Me" on BET Uncut. It was

directed by the label's CEO Charlie Hustle. Good job dogg!!

ISIS

* To the newest gentlemen's club in Portland, Gata Salvaje, located @ 633 SE Powell Blvd. That was a good idea to do a club specifically for our Mexican and Latin friends to enjoy their music, culture, and

most of all the ladies!!! Keep up the good work Cristina...

* To 503 HEAT and all of the hot music!!! You need some? Call Ben—he's got all the cutz!!! Hit him up at (503) 515-6368. He also does graphic design. Big ups!

Honey of the Month — Isis

Isis of Club Exotica is a very beautiful bartender that



always greets people with love and a smile. Much love baby!!! My boyee DLB is crazy about you ma!!!

For info on all my parties and events, log on to whatzcrackin.com and also check out my partner Brian's site: 503girls.com

Until next month, ya'll keep it "Crackin'!"

One Love, J.Mack

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SUN MON TUE

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		1	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's Fire Dancers @ Devils Point Fabulous Spires that in the Sunset Rise @ Berbati's Pan	2	Richmond Fontaine @ Dante' William Topley @ Berbati's I Service Industry Night @ Dinc
7	Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's, 11pm Northwest Poker League @ Tommy's III Twilight Revolvers @ Berbati's Pan Aimee Mann @ Aladdin Theater	8	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's Fire Dancers @ Devils Point Koufax & Limbeck @ Berbati's Pan	9	Hank III & Assjack @ Dante's Hockey Night @ Berbati's P White Stripes @ Keller Audit Service Industry Night @ Dine
14	exotic magazine 12th anniversary party 9pm @ Dante's (sw 3rd & Burnside)	15	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's Fire Dancers @ Devils Point Skeletons @ Berbati's Pan	16	Skeleton Key @ Dante's The Undoing of David Wright @ Berbati's Pan Service Industry Night @ Dinc
21	Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's, 11pm Portland Challenge @ Berbati's Pan	22	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's Fire Dancers @ Devils Point	23	Service Industry Night @ Dinc
28	Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's, 11pm	29	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's Fire Dancers @ Devils Point	30	Service Industry Night @ Dinc

WED THUR FRI SAT

n s	3	Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm Housewarming 5 Curated by Matt Genz @ Berbati's Pan	4	We Are Telephone @ Dante's Old Time Relijun @ Berbati's Pan J.Mack's "Ladies' Night" @ H2O Amateur Night @ LaDonna's (Salem)	5	West Coast Rock Show @ Dante's Old Time Relijun @ Berbati's Pan	6	Jucifer @ Dante's Blitzen Trapper @ Berbati's Pan
n rium s	10	Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm Rollerball @ Berbati's Pan	11	No-Fi Soul Rebellion @ Berbati's Pan J.Mack's "Ladies' Night" @ H2O Amateur Night @ LaDonna's (Salem)	12	Bikini Car Wash @ Jody's Ryan Adams & The Cardinals @ Crystal Ballroom	13	Fluffgirl Burlesque @ Dante's, 8pm
1	17	Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm Pool Party @ Dream On Saloon First Annual Bikini Bash @ Boom Boom	18	Hater @ Dante's Climber @ Berbati's Pan J.Mack's "Ladies' Night" @ H2O Amateur Night @ LaDonna's (Salem)	19	The Makers (CD Release Party) @ Dante's Maiden Taiwan @ Devils Point Dinosaur Jr. @ Club Cabos	20	The Gun & Doll Show @ Dante's Booty-Q Party @ Club Cabos Summer Beach Party III @ Dolphin II
5	24	Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 11:30pm Super Hawaiin Pool Party @ Jody's	25	BBQ & Pool Party @ Jody's Hawaiian Bikini Party @ Wildcats J.Mack's "Ladies' Night" @ H2O Amateur Night @ LaDonna's (Salem)	26	Smoochknob @ Dante's	27	Rufus Wainwright @ Roseland
S	31	Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm						





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SINFERNO CABARET SCHEDULE

Aug 7 @ 9pm— Pillars Of Nein Aug 14 @ 8:30pm— StinkMitt, The Punk Group Nicky Click & The SuicideGirls plus EXOTIC MAGAZINE'S 12TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY!!! Aug 21 @ 9pm— The Golden Gods & Lovely plus LUCY FUR Aug 28 @ 9pm— The Wet Spots Hey man, howzit hanging! All of us keglers down at Ten Alley Lanes get a real bang from your bitchen critiques of the world of Opera. Your luminating commentation always stimulates lively confab amongst our selves—with or without a round (or 2!) of Pabst Blue Ribbon—as we debate the compairative merits of out standing vocalists.—The latest debate, how ever, is winding into quite a "feud," which we would be honored if you could help paxify it by weighing in on one side (or other) of the controversy:

WHO would you rather fuck—Renata Tebaldi or Luisa Tetrazzini?

No contest, fellas: Luisa.

You heard it correct!

I'll wager you've audio'd the 1911 "Una voce poco fa" (Victor 88301) and may possibly be snickering: "Cuckoo the Bird Girl who would fuck *her*?"...but that's from listening mainly with your heads. You should listen with your schlongs. Yeah, this chick is *all over the place*—chirps! warbles! clucks! caws and quacks! (watch out for the droppings)—but in them warbles and what-all lurks a sexxxxual *hysteria* waiting only to be tapped and mined—a whammer-jam of carnal surges and tangents from Wham-Ba-Lam Central—vast, voluminous OCTAVES OF LADYLOVE, sharped, flatted and WET. That ain't all.

'Cuz for all the feathered flyaway, there is also a supreme grounding; a gravitation. She's a *husky* spud-bender, see—BIGGG gams-n-hams at your disposal—bolsters and buttresses to meatgreet your libido at its maxmost *fortissimo*, and boom it back *undiminissimo*—pistons and pinions and heavy-duty whamrods to piledrive your ramrod and SHAKE 'EM ON

DOWN...(o! my empyrean soul).

And with those athaletic lungs of hers—power pipes in all registers—you just *know* she has the oxygen to oxidate the dynamo and mambo till the moo-cows come home.

Get Luisa up on top and you'll bring out the very furry best in her. Without a mattress to restrict her action, she will throw you some hefty Eros, some coloratura fuckmoves from MARS: ascent, descent, ascant and aslant w/ blockbuster woman-weight behind it, as chromatic scales from her Torrid Zone dazzle your dipper in crescendos of rhythmatic epiphany that will romp and bomp you to the 49th dimension: a sexsational, indelible intercourse you're NOT likely to forget.

And afterwards you can gobble chicken tetrazzini off her belly.

A date with Renata, by comparison, would be an arid traipse along the boardwalk and beaches of DivaGashLiteVille. Expect no fireworks (or fireflies) (nor even a fire drill). But oh, you'll *work* for it! For the token cookies you may manage to snab, this vainglorious puff of fluff will jump you through *hoops*, tax your courtship mettle to the breaking point: flowers by the gross, tiaras and brooches,

BOWLING FOR

"If I've said it once, I've said it humptydumpteen times: you can't fuck timbre!"

milk chocolates in three-tier boxes, an IMAX film (& dinner) just to get a toe in the door...to join Her Royal Cuteness for a round of "doctor":

You show her yours, she shows you hers...shoes and socks optional...slip a little vodka in her 7-Up, and maybe she'll let you sniff inside her bra...on the *sassiest* day of her life—if her ma don't barge in first—it is POSSIBLE y'might wangle a three-finger handjob. (If Ma barges, don't count on a rain check.)

To get past her garters, and into her bloomers, you would *probably* need a crowbar, and ABOUT THOSE BLOOMERS I have got a feeling, nay, more than feeling: a premonition. That they shall (sayeth me) be boring basic white, sno-white, cotton-lycra, with NO stains (in front! below! behind!) sensible to organs of sight, smell, taste or touch, and no stray cranny hairs. (Conditions in the undywear of Connie Effing Francis could scarcely be squeaky cleaner.) If there be fragrance to milady's undies, 'twould be not (I augur) the sensuous bouquet of redolent steam from her simmering squank, but permeant fumes of over-the-counter "fem hygiene" (i.e.: anti-squank) spray...keep it!

Exxxcuse me, guys—I don't mean to nay-say your grand plans of Tebaldic debauchery. If afterschool show-N-tell is your scene, *go for it.* Who am I to judge? (Be sure to save some vodka for yourself...you'll need it.) Should you make it to 3rd or 4th base (hey: we *all* sometimes get lucky), my hat is off to you. Really, gentlemen, it isn't my intention to deny it can be done, though it'd take you a trainload—a boatload—surely more than a trouserload!—of time, \$\$\$ and effort to get all the way to 4th...in which case you'll have yourself a trophy—you'll have *earned it*, yes—but a trophy of what, precisely?

"Waitaminute, waitaminute!" you say? "Whuttabout Renata's flawless timbre above high B-flat?"?

Oh mama. If I've said it once, I've said it humpty-dumpteen times: you can't fuck timbre! And even if you could, we're talking timbre here without fuckmuscle behind it, without fuckfilth or muffin scent, and fucking THAT would be like fucking the wall, or the door of a fridge—or jizzing off on a Disney 'frigerator magnet.

I may be olde and eccentric, but it just doesn't DO ANYTHING FOR ME, alright? A trophy minus muffin scent!...egad. What would you jizz off *about*? (Nobody's got THAT much 'magination.)

Trophyism, bah. In case your mother didn't tell you, it behooves me to relate

ya's some serious wisdom: you don't have to pork every prima donna on the block, and what's more, you needn't feel GUILTY for not porking! Not only are trophy fucks in general, and at best, frequently less than they're cracked up to be, start collecting 'em and you'll wake up one morning

MELTZER

addicted to a *very* cweepy habit. In certain circles, trophyists may in fact be considered gauche... uncouth...even immature. For treat-

ing women as objecks. So don't...if you can possibly help

RICHARD

I hope I've answered your question.

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Double Take on the Double Standard

hen I was 16 or so, there was this big punk rock guy named Max. Max was a wild party guy who loved to drink, do drugs and get into all kinds of trouble drivin' his '68 royal blue Mustang around Boston, New York and wherever else good times were to be had. Above all, Max loved to fuck.

We all did, sure, but Max was down for anything, anywhere, anytime. One summer in Harvard Square, while the University held its centennial bash in the Cambridge Common, Max and a friend climbed up onto the big statue of Paul Revere—astride his rearing horse—before the crowds of graduates and fancy-schmancy alumni arrived. They finished a couple 40's and smoked a joint while the Harvard blue-bloods swilled plastic cups of champagne. If any of the rich revelers had looked up instead of down their noses, they would've caught one hell of a sex show going on between the legs of Paul's bronze pony.

Though not the best looking guy ever, Max was a total stud. He had a reputation of being one of those guys who got off on getting YOU off. Max was the MAN. He got tons of pussy—and plenty of cock—with little trouble. Except for this one time...

We all lived in a rundown house, a squat that was a temporary home to ten or twelve of us. One of the girls who lived there, Mika, had a crush on Max, so one day she scored some acid for them. From morning to nightfall they tripped: ran around town gawking at people, laughed their asses off, snuck into a hotel pool for a swim and then headed back to Mika's house. The acid was wearing off a bit when they started fooling around. Max went down on her, got her all happy, then climbed on and in.

Once in her, he noticed how strangely she was behaving—kind of giggling uncomfortably and not really knowing what to do with her hands. "She can't still be tripping....." he thought. "Uh oh. Is she a virgin? Shit! She didn't tell me. I gotta get outta here... I'll make her cum and then split." He tried everything, finally pulling out and going down on her for what seemed like forever until she squeaked his name twice.

He was sure she faked it. Max excused himself to get a beer and check out the party going on upstairs and said he'd see her in a few. At the party he ran into Robbie, one of Mika's roommates, a tall blonde skater chick who had flirted with him many times and had essentially flashed the green light to him for future escapades.

He was painfully frustrated since the sex had been so uncomfortable and lame. Robbie kissed him a promising hello. Max confessed to her what had transpired with her roommate. She didn't seem to mind. She kissed him again. They went outside. Within minutes they were in Max's car fucking like pros.

After a while, and just at the crucial point of their tryst, the two noticed a shape outside the foggy back window. "SHIT! IT'S MIKA!!!" exclaimed Robbie in a screechy whisper.

Mika ran off. Max and Robbie, totally busted and a bit shaken, finished fucking. Afterwards Max fired up his 'Stang and drove off into the night. He felt a little bad for the way it all went down, but he was just a hot blooded young man and that's what hot blooded young men do, right?

Later Robbie consoled Mika with "Fuck that guy. He's a lying piece of shit. I TOTAL-LY didn't know about you two. He's a fuckin' liar." Blah, blah, bitchy-ass BLAH.

A few years later, we heard that Mika turned into a man-hating lesbian. Oh, well. No big loss there, and I don't believe you can blame a man for that (though I'm sure some have tried). You can't hold it against a guy for getting it when and where he can. That pretty much defines a man in some respects. The girls all knew Max, knew his rep and wanted him just the same.

arge

And, sweet reader, all of these stories are true. True, yes, but the boys were girls and vice versa. Mika was Mike, Robbie was Rob, and Max was actually me. Oops.

How you like me (Max) now?

ohnny, Jean-Jacques, and I are sitting together. The talk turns to Proust, and Jean-Jacques tells his tale.

In his nocturnal roamings, Proust was a furtive frequenter of the old brothels and hammams of Paris. One evening, he posed a strange question:

"Do you have rats here?" The manager of the establishment was taken aback, defensive, as if Proust were questioning the cleanliness of the place. But the look in Proust's meek eyes was one of hopefulness.

"Of course we have rats."

"Can you please bring one to me?"

Then, in a chamber upstairs, things unfolded according to Proust's desire. There was the big black rat in a cramped makeshift cage. There was the child of Eros, holding between thumb and forefinger the pearl head of a needle-sharp hat-pin of nine or ten inches in length.

Proust, cock in hand, gave precise instructions: the hat-pin must be directed slowly but steadily through the snared rat, so that death would

PROUST AND THE RAT

come to it likewise, slowly but steadily. Proust tried to synchronize the process, so that when the point of the hat-pin exited the underbelly of the rat, the drops of his semen fell simultaneously with the drops of blood that fell from the point of the hat-pin, and his orgasm and the death-throe of the rat were as one. In the secret course of the years to come, Proust perfected this act.

Johnny and I are transported by this tale. Here, we feel, is sex supreme. Here, we feel, is Proust—beyond the stiff collar and cork-lined room—revealed to be, yes, spiritually free. As we sit wordless, savoring the beauty of it all, Jean-Jacques delivers the coup de grâce:

"I think there was also a picture of his mother. A small photograph of his mother. Yes. In a frame. He placed it by the rat, so that he could look at both the rat and the picture."

This is it. Johnny and I decide to search out antique hat-pins immediately. I feel that there can be no greater love.

In my search for the perfect hat-pin, I have learned that these pins likely began, in the early nineteenth century, as decorative hair-pins, which grew into the longer hat-pins to accommodate the bigger and bigger hats that dominated women's fashion from the last decade of that century through the second decade of the twentieth century. As the size of hats increased, so did the length of hat-pins, from an early average of five inches to known specimens of nearly twelve inches, with pin-heads that were often ornately jeweled. All of them made for lethal weapons. Injuries were inflicted frequently throughout Europe and America, and legal measures were taken against their use in Germany and in New Orleans. In Germany, the police threatened that safety finials must be affixed to the points of all hat-pins worn in public. The long hatpins of the late Belle Époque could do in even the fattest and biggest river rat quite nicely indeed. The life of Proust (1871-1922) coincided with the golden era of the hatpin.

But the tale itself: is it true? Johnny and I wonder about it. In the end, we resolve the matter. If it were not true, it is true now.

An intriguing passage in an obscure book is brought to my attention. In *High Diver* (London: Blond & Briggs, 1977), Michael Wishart, in the chapter "A Shakespearean Snail," concludes his observation on Maurice Ravel's sexual involvement with hermit crabs with the words:

"This rather macabre revelation is hardly more surprising than the delicate penchant of that other frail creature of spats and perfumed kid gloves, Marcel Proust, for watching young men stick pins into the eyes of rats. Clearly even the most fastidious have their releases...."

The summer passes. It is good rat weather.

by nick tosches

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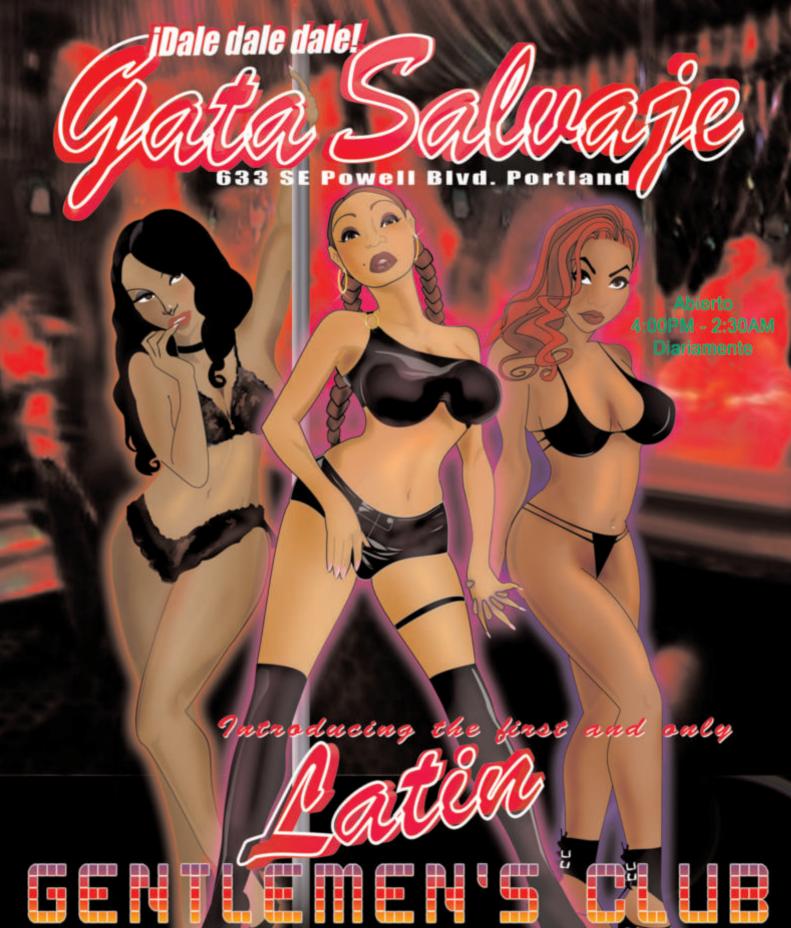


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