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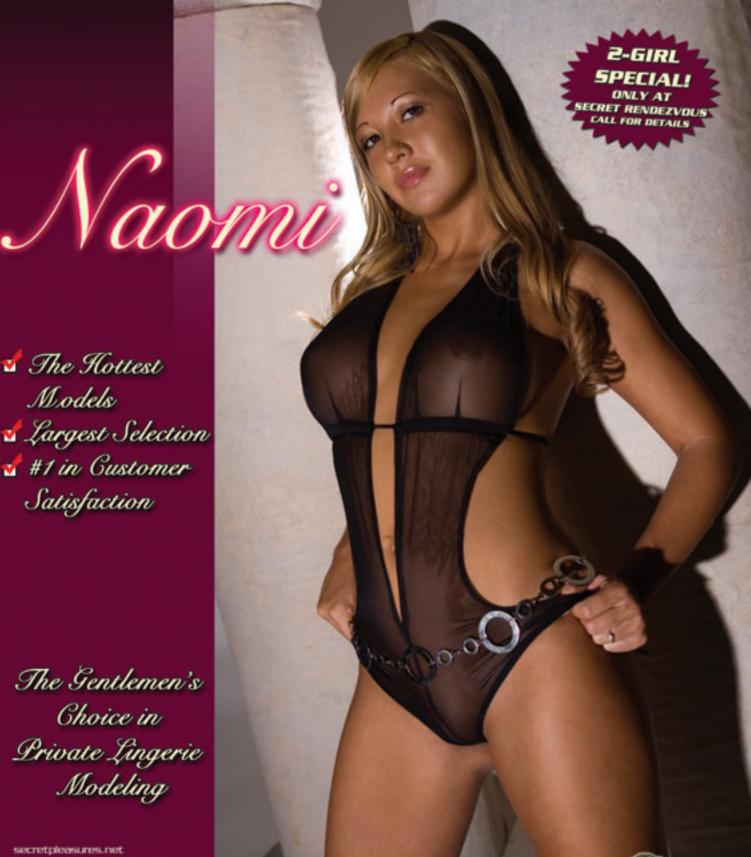
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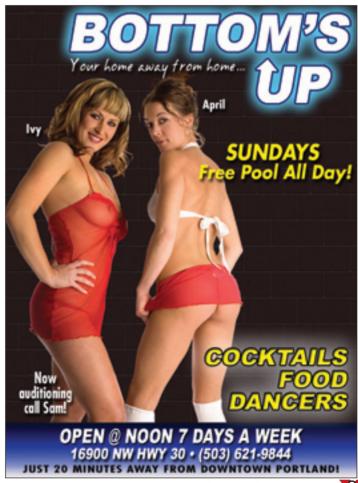
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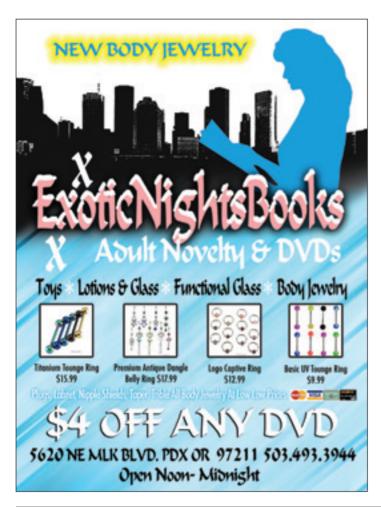


















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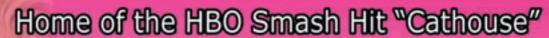
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Issue #163 • Volume 14 • Number 7
January 2007

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Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at
200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: xmay@qwest.net
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher XMAG LLC.

General Manager Bryan A. Bybee

> Editor John R. Voge

Production / Design Guru Diego

Graphic Design Darkstar Graphics Daniel "Rally Sport" Raffel Shawna

Contributing Photographers Carl Geers • RJB PHOTO Daniel James • Mike Rhine

> Advertising Adam"Ganji" • Mariah

Distribution Enrico Carrisco • Alice

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Cover Photography pdxblackbook.com

Cover Model Jenna from The Acropolis

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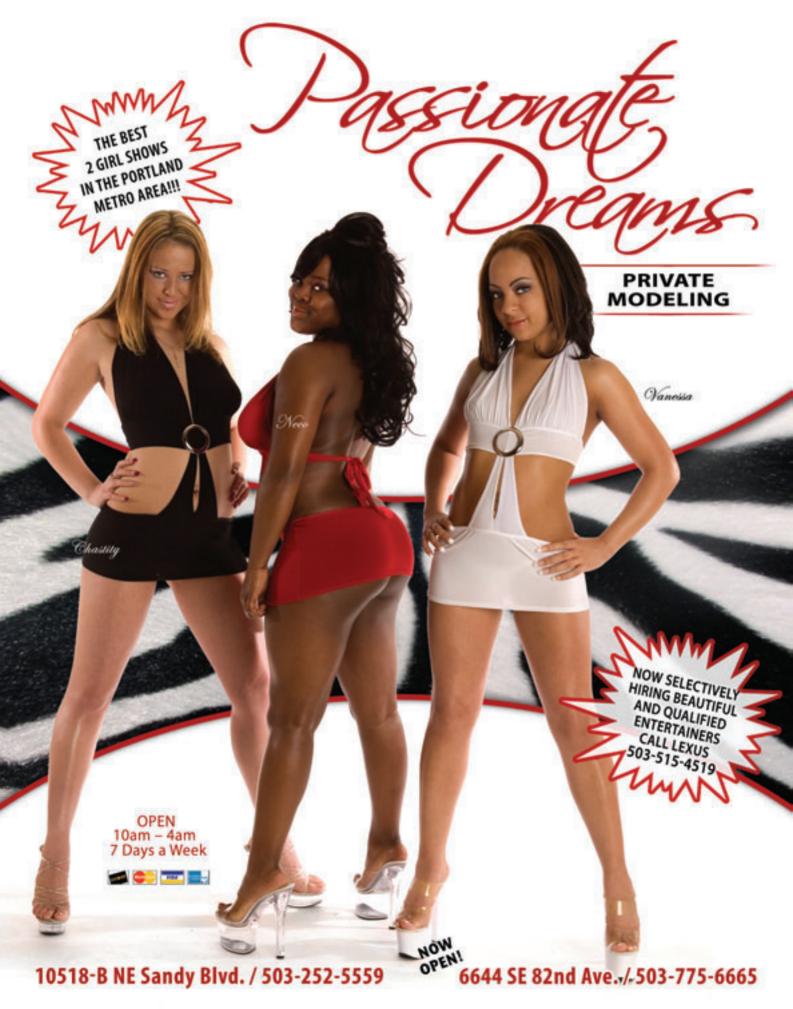
WHAT'Z CRACKIN PIN-UP CALENDAR

**EROTIC CITY** 

pg. 60 pg. 62 O Numb

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Number of random douched bags that mistakenly walked into our office this month thinking we were a porn store.













YOU THINK NASCAR SUCKS? I might think it sucks more. than you do, so maybe that means you have to suck me off. It always sucks when something that didn't used to suck starts sucking and only keeps sucking harder. These days, NASCAR

(National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing) doesn't just suck dick-it sucks a BOWL of dicks.

If you've only seen it on television, you probably think it even sucks more than it actually sucks. Watching the Weather Channel is more exciting than watching a modern-day NASCAR race on TV. On television, you don't get to feel the heavy-metal thunderdome roar of 43 cars screaming by you at 200 MPH and rattling your bones. You don't smell the exhaust and hear the cheers of 170,000 people around you. But I've been to a handful of NASCAR races over the past couple years-at Daytona, Bristol, the Poconos, and Watkins Glen-and it still kinda sucks.

It didn't always blow, though. Over the past generation or two, NASCAR has gone from wild and dangerous to safe and boring. Watching the old footage from

the glory days of Richard Petty and Dale Earnhardt and Cale Yarborough, you can almost smell the sweat and gasoline. There used to be something crazy, dangerous, and reckless about it. Now it's all clampeddown and locked-in. And I'm here to tell you what went wrong.

First, though, I'd like to silence the urban polesmokers who say that auto

racing isn't a sport and that drivers aren't athletes. If you think that driving 500 miles in three hours with 42 other cars surrounding you doesn't require tremendous stamina, reflexes, and hand-eye coordination, why don't you try it, tuff guy? You'd probably wind up a big red stain on the asphalt after two or three laps.

James Dean thought he was a race-car driver, too, and he wound up a smear of tomato paste on a California road. There are no intermissions or breaks or time-outs, and the cars get so hot, the average driver sweats off ten pounds a race. It requires so much stamina and concentration, it's a wonder that most drivers

aren't tweakers-and maybe they are. And racing strategyinvolving not only split-second decisions, but things such as mechanical engineering and pit stops-is possibly more complicated than in any other sport. In fact, since it involves machines, auto racing is a more futuristic and evolved sport than batting around a stupid fucking ball.

THE OLD NASCAR

Richard "The King"

(TOP TO BOTTOM):

Petty (left) and Bobby

and Smokey Yunick wear hats and look cool;

first-ever televised NASCAR event in 1979.

Bobby Allison attacks Cale Yarborough during the

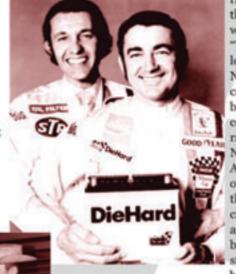
All right, then. Here are the reasons why NASCAR sucks now:

## IT LOST ITS OUTLAW ROOTS

No other sport has roots deeper in criminal behavior than NASCAR. Although the official organization was established in the late 1940s, stock-car racing's roots reach deeper into the

Prohibition era. Throughout the American South's mountainous regions, bootlegging was a lucrative and dangerous business, and only the fastest moonshine-runners evaded the law. From this criminal culture sprouted a homegrown tradition of bootleggers





# IT ABANDONED ITS CULTURAL ROOTS

As noted, stock-car racing was a cultural phenomenon specific to a place and time: The white American South during and after Prohibition. Auto racing has always been a primarily rural thing:



The city offers no room to race. what with a red light every fucking block. These days, in a quest to sate its insatiable greed-and also to fend off unfounded charges of racism-NASCAR officials are pushing for "diversity" and are consciously distancing themselves from the

working-class Southern whites who made the sport a billion-dollar empire. They've even paid hundreds of thousands in hush money to demagogues such as Jesse Jackson, trying to silence charges that NASCAR is the "last bastion of white supremacy."

Funny-although hip-hop was born and flourished in black urban ghettos, you never see people demanding that it "diversify" and reach out to others. You might think it's silly to compare auto racing to hip-hop, but I'm a man of rare understanding who respects both cultures. I feel it's unhealthy for anyone to be ashamed of their heritage, and white Southerners are no exception. Multiculturalism and globalism and diversity are just going to make everything the same color of gray, and that's a boring place to be. A stubborn push for "diversity," in the end, results in the opposite of diversity. It makes everything the same, because it steamrollers over regional culture. When you try to be all things to all people, you wind up pleasing no one.

# IT DIDN'T USED TO SUCK

## IT LOST ITS INTERESTING CHARACTERS

A generation ago, NASCAR drivers had names such as Fireball Roberts, Lake Speed, and Soapy Castles. Crackers such as Richard "The King" Petty had a Southern accent so thick, you needed subtitles. Back then, NASCAR drivers were drunk, stubbly, unreconstructed good ol' boys blowing pistons and racing their tires off the wheel. They were men with balls so big, they needed a sidecar to carry them. Curtis Turner would get so drunk while flying his propeller plane out to an island party, he'd pass out, forcing reporters to fly the plane in mid-flight.

In keeping with a corporate push to maintain a more wholesome, pro-family image, NASCAR drivers have gone from slick, greasy peckerwoods to sanitary horse jockeys. All the personality has been vacuumed, permed, and dry-cleaned out of them. Jeff Gordon is technically a great driver, but he has all the charm of an aspirin tablet. The most recent champion, Jimmie Johnson, has all the charisma of a crash-test dummy. Most sporting promoters realize that flashy, brash, controversial athletes are good for business and that the fans love them. NASCAR officials haven't learned this lesson.

### IT LOST ITS SENSE OF DANGER

No other sport is more potentially dangerous to its participants than auto racing. What other sport has racked up the nearly three-dozen deaths that NASCAR has? Its most loved and legendary driver remains Dale Earnhardt, Sr. His nickname was "The Intimidator." Drivers said the most frightening experience of their lives was looking in their rear-view mirrors and seeing his black car and steely eyes bearing down on them. If you were in his way, he'd push you out of it. Such recklessness finally caught up with The Intimidator, though—on the last lap of 2001's Daytona 500, he crashed and snapped his neck, dying instantly. NASCAR enforced new driver head restraints and rules for aggressive driving, and no one has died while racing since. Yawn.

## THE CARS AREN'T "STOCK" ANYMORE

What used to distinguish NASCAR from snobbier racing divisions such as Formula One and Indy cars was its pretense of using "stock cars," i.e., unmodified assembly-line automobiles. A generation ago, the cars used to resemble actual cars that people could buy and drive themselves. Now, it costs upwards of \$20 MIL-LION to maintain just one competitive NASCAR vehicle. Your average dirt-poor race fan can no longer identify with these bleached-clean cyborgs racing \$20-million spaceships.

## IT GOT BOGGED DOWN IN RULES

Unsportsmanlike conduct is often the most exciting thing about sports, but in its undying quest to court corporate sponsorship, NASCAR officials began "disciplining" drivers for everything from using profanity to fisticuffs to criticizing the organization. They also severely tightened racing rules to the point where nearly every race is slowed down by upwards of twenty "caution flags" for things as simple as a Burger King wrapper on the track. They simply don't let 'em hit the gas, "trade paint," and race anymore.

## NASCAR SOLD OUT

Corporations know how to make money. They also know how to

destroy anything that was good with



something in the first place. In the nearly sixty years since its inception, NASCAR has grown from a grassroots regional phenomenon to America's secondbiggest money sport, behind only



football. NASCAR has gone from Thunder Road to Park Avenue. Every inch of every car and driver's uniform is plastered with corporate sponsors. In no other sport do the athletes wear their sponsorship all over their bodies.

Working-class fans are now forced to pay 100 bucks just to squeeze between two fat-asses on some bleacher seats. Exploiting the fans' dogged loyalty, the level of merchandising has become surreal. A recent eBay search of the term "NASCAR" yielded 31,054 hits, with items such as "Mark Martin Viagra Uniform Jacket," "Bill Elliott Hologram Cards," "Jeff Gordon Laser Italian Charms," "Tony Stewart/NASCAR Collectible Chocolate Racecar," "Dale Earnhardt Bowling Ball," and "Dale Jr. Earrings." There were NASCAR thermometers, coaster sets, belly rings, salt & pepper shakers, travel pillows, ice buckets, charm bracelets, light-switch covers, candy bars, Teddy bears, hunting knives, squirt guns, floor jacks, wall clocks, lunch boxes, coolers, duffel bags, and quilted comforters—anything onto which you could conceivably slap a fucking LOGO and a driver name.

But there are already signs that NASCAR's popularity is waning. He who trades his identity for money will one day wind up with neither. For what shall it profit NASCAR if it gains the whole world but loses its soul?



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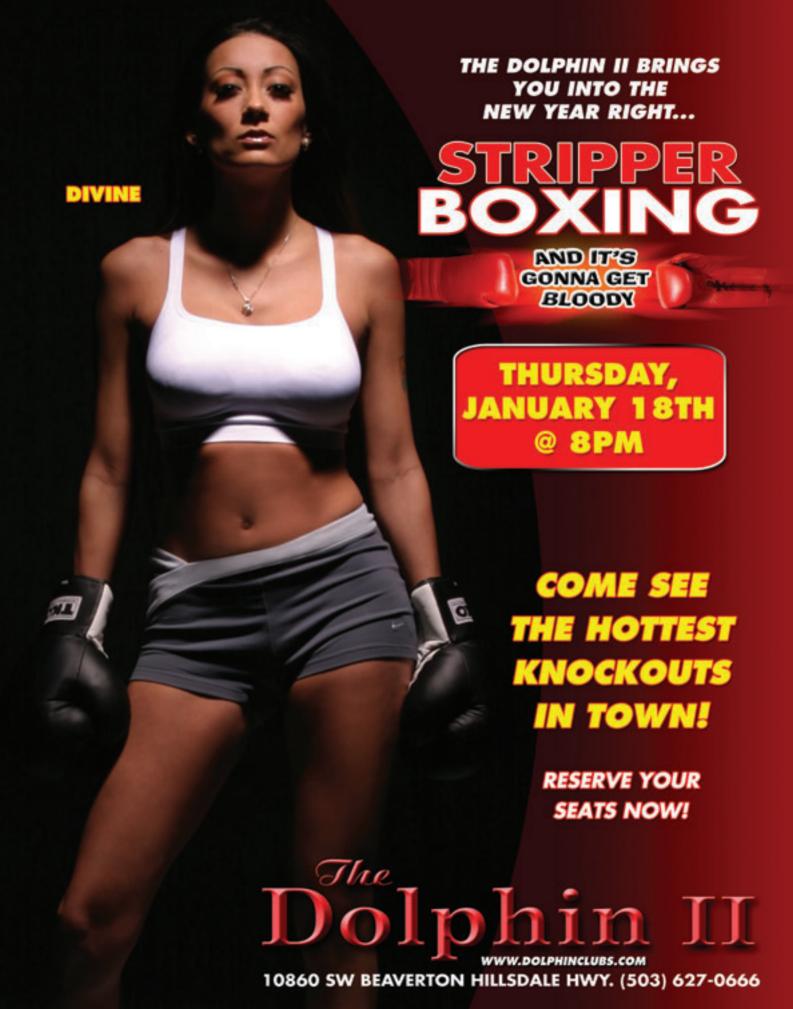
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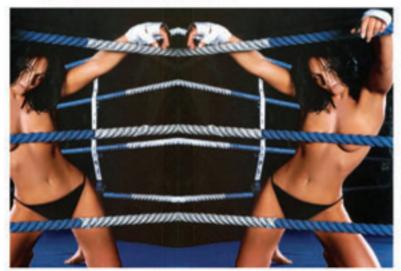
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January 2007

appy New Year to you all! It's time to forget about all those lame-ass resolutions you made and just accept the fact that you're a bad person. That's right—light up a cigarette, head on down to your favorite strip club, spend your paycheck on a few table dances. take that shot of Jack Daniels you swore you would never drink again after New Year's Eve, and hit that video crack machine after the last dancer hits the stage if you have any cash left. Maybe next year you can pick some more reasonable resolutions—what the fuck were you thinking. anyway? In a town like this, where sin is our business (and business is good), there's no reason NOT to embrace the naughtiness that PDX serves 365 days a year. So let's get crackin'...and let's KEEP it crackin'...in fact, let's make sure it's snappin', cracklin', and poppin', while we're at it—with what's in store for you this month.



Stars Salem continues to rock out (keep your cock in, please) on Thursday, January 11<sup>th</sup> with Insolence, Syx, and Psychostick. Then they'll feature Seattle's Omnivoid, Sweety, and Fermata on Thursday, Jan. 25.

DV8 is trying out a new one with their Bettie Page Party and Look-Alike Contest on Saturday, Jan. 13. And for all you tattoo freaks, stop by for their "Ink Party" on Wednesday, Jan. 24, featuring a male and female tattoo competition.

The Dolphin II is ready to rumble as they kick off Stripper Boxing on Thursday, Jan. 18 @ 8pm. This promises to be a bloody good time, so be sure to reserve your seats now before it's too late. It's a party so big it's going to take two days to throw it at The Pallas Club. Come on by and celebrate their Six-Year Anniversary Party with Part One on Friday, Jan. 19 @ 9pm featuring lots of free stuff all night, including DVD giveaways. They follow up with Part Two on Saturday, Jan. 20 @ 9pm with even more free stuff all night, including a DVD-TV combo giveaway. Don't forget about their free porn giveaway every Friday, and come check out their new menu while vou're at it!

Portland's Original Amateur Night returns on Saturday, Jan. 20 @ 9pm at the **Dancin' Bare**. Ladies, be sure to arrive by 8:30pm to compete for great cash prizes.

Welcome to Club 82 (formerly Atlantis
Showgirls) with a new remodel on the club, new
owners, and new entertainers. They'll be featuring live music on
Friday, Jan. 26 @ 9pm with Shifft and special guests. Event
sponsor Raven Ink will be in the house featuring tattoo giveaways
throughout the night.

It's summertime in the winter at **The Dream On Saloon** with a Bikini Party on Saturday, Jan. 27 @ 9pm featuring Everclear and Jonny Lives. The kitchen has some kick-ass specials rolling this month, with eight ounces of tenderloin steak bites every Thursday for only \$3 and eight-ounce steak and fries for \$3 every Friday.

If you can't make it to the Dolphin II on the 18<sup>th</sup>, fear not! Good things come in twos, and the **Dolphin I** has you covered for another round of Stripper Boxing on Thursday, Jan. 25 @ 8pm, featuring the best matches ever and the hottest show in town.

Aside from some of the hottest girls in town, Cabaret I and II are serving up a \$5 House Steak and Fries throughout all of January. And over at The Pirate's Cove, they'll be spinning some theme-night action from the deejay booth with Gothic/Industrial Monday Nights and 80's Retro on Tuesday Nights. There's a new club in town—Top Hat And Tails joins the usual suspects over at 4579 NE Cully Blvd.

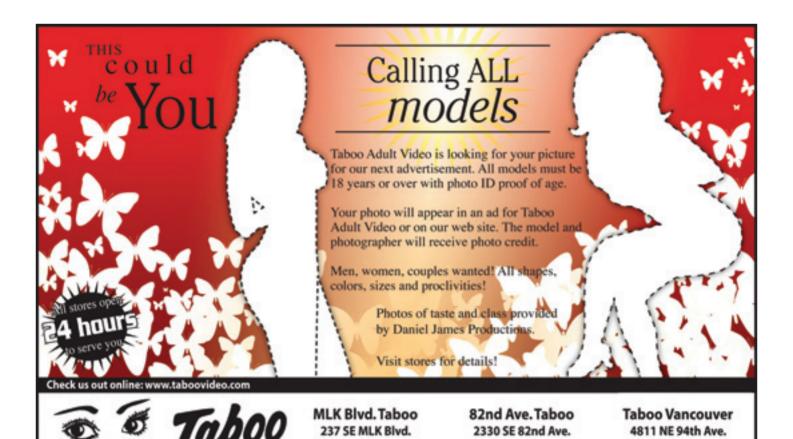
Stop by **Passionate Dreams** for some of the hottest two-girl shows Portland has to offer. And ladies who are looking to get your sexy ass in print, stop by **Taboo Video** and tell them you want to be in their ads! Both Seattle and Portland locations are looking for models.

And to wrap it up, we'd like to share many very special thanks to Frank and the crew at **Dante's** for salvaging our unsuccessful attempt at an Xmas party. On a moment's notice they pulled our ass out of a fire (which was beyond our control) and got the party back on track. (Ya know, stories like this kinda make me miss the old days of *Erotic City* when I would have just told you exactly why our party went to shit. But it's a kinder, gentler *Erotic City* now, so I digress.) So until next time, be sure you start 2007 off right.









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Dear Underground,

I'm dating a professional athlete, which at first was a huge turn-on for me. But now that we've been dating for a few months, I'm starting to notice some things that are really starting to bother me. I used to think it was cute when the boys would slap each other on the ass while playing ball, but I'm starting to pick up some uncom-

fortable signs that maybe the ass-slapping is foreplay to something more. I have gay friends of both sexes; one female friend is also a pro athlete, and she tells me that a majority of females in professional sports tend to lean toward same-sex relationships. So is it possible that my man keeps me around purely for appearances? He can be such a HE-MAN in front of mixed company, but when it's just him and the boys, I'm seeing something else entirely! Should I confront him—maybe pop in a gay porn to see how he reacts, or what? HELP ME!

-Lost in the End Zone



Dear Lost,

A lot of my feminist friends cringe when I say this, but it's tough being a guy. Guys may seem to have the advantage, and in many ways they do, but it's a mistake to think that the system doesn't fuck us males over in lots of hidden ways, too. One example of places we get short-changed is in the relationships men

are allowed to have with other men.

Most guys growing up were socialized to believe that it was not OK to LOVE another guy. I'm not talking about romantic love, but platonic love: a powerfully affectionate feeling that has nothing to do with sexual attraction.

There are a few exceptions to this, of course, family being the most common. There is no social stigma against men loving their fathers, brothers, and sons. And there are plenty of physical expressions of that love that society says are OK. You can hug your dad, kiss your son, and bang your brother lovingly on the head with a piece of slot-car track, and it's all considered normal.

The second most common exception society makes for this is for men in the military. I know guys that have been in combat in the Middle East who talk about their love for some of the guys they served with. These guys will give each other long hugs and kiss each other on the cheek (albeit usually right before violently banging their heads together and yelling "OOH RA!" at the top of their lungs). These guys love each other and don't give a shit who knows it. Combat changes men, and in doing so it changes some of the rules about how men are allowed to relate to each other once they get back home. There is something about trusting another guy with your life and having him trust you with his. There is something about standing side-by-side through terrible things that creates bonds stronger than the bullshit social baggage

that our society puts on us as guys. If a straight military guy loves one of his old combat buddies, he'll tell you so with pride. (\*sniff\*) I think I'm getting a little choked-up.

What does that have to do with your man? Well, for guys who have never served in the military—or never been in a street gang—organized sports is the closest thing to this kind of bonding that they'll ever experience. Organized sports, like the military, can build (though to a lesser degree) a similar "comrades on the battlefield" kind of bonding between men. They have to work together, and win or lose, they do so as a team.

Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that it's not at all strange for your boyfriend to be "close" with his sports buddies. Sports is FULL of straight guys who not only pat their friends on the ass—they kiss them, grab their crotch, and do any other number of affectionate things out of simple brotherhood, NOT because they are all a bunch of closeted gay men. So what I'm saying is, your boyfriend's occasional ass-patting is not enough reason to get him a subscription to OUT magazine just yet.

I suppose it's not impossible that he could be into guys; nothing's impossible. I'm just saying that the ass-patting, in and of itself, doesn't mean jack. I suppose if you're curious whether he has bisexual tendencies, you could tell him you're thinking of renting a bi-porn movie and ask if he wants to watch it with you. However, if your relationship is good...and you don't think he's cheating on you...and you are happy with each other...then what's the problem?

Honestly...you sound a little homophobic. Not like gay-basher homophobic, just uncomfortablewith-gay-stuff homophobic. Even though your boyfriend is comfortable with guys touching each other in a playful, platonic way, you think it's faggy and it freaks you out. Girls can be socialized to

have mild homophobia just as easily as guys can. And having friends that are gay is not the same as fearing possible gayness in your partner, so don't give me that "I can't be homophobic 'cause I have gay friends" crap. Knowing gay people doesn't automatically exempt you from homophobia—hell, even gay people can be homophobic, believe it or not.

On the other hand, if your relationship isn't going well, or if the sex is nonexistent, or if you're simply unhappy in the relationship, you

need to take a real look at why that might be. But I don't think you're going to find the answers to those issues on the ball court or at his favorite gym.

Oh, and for the record, what your lesbian friend said about female professional athletes is not accurate. It is true that there are a lot of amazing gay athletes in the world and that you do find a greater percentage of queer women in pro sports than you do in the general populace. But straight girls still outnumber the gay ones in professional sports (yes, even in basketball). The assumption that any woman who is into professional sports is a lesbian is just another stereotype. As your lesbian friend so nicely illustrates, queer people

can buy into stereotypes as easily as anyone else.



Dane Ballard is the executive producer and host of SexLife LIVE (www.sexlifelive.org) and Sinner Saint Burlesque (www.sinnersaintburlesque.com).
Email questions for this column to: exoticunderground2004@yahoo.com.



et me start off by saving Happy New Year to all of my readers and my peeps at *Exotic* magazine. Buckle vour seatbelts, turn the music up, and let's go!

# First Up..."She Got Game"

This particular chick should send out pamphlets to many of the less-fortunate honeys in this adult industry that don't have game. Every strip club that I have ever been to always has its top five chicks. These are the ones that get hated on for having the most game and leaving the club with the most money. They know how to get it crackin' when it comes to their unique form of hustling. The first time I fell under the

spell of one of these smooth female operators was ten years ago in Las Vegas. This chick was good! Soon as I walked into the Crazy Horse 2, this sexy-ass girl put it on me. First of all, she didn't come up asking, "Do you want a dance?" Instead, she used reverse psychology on ya boy. She came up to me, held my hand, and said, "How have you been?" I said, "Fine." She started giving me a gang of compliments and invited me over to her table. I told my boys I'd be right back. Not once had she said anything about a dance. She made me feel as if she was really trying to get to know me. The whole time she would not let go of my hand. She asked what my plans were for tomorrow as if she wanted to hang out with me outside the club. Now I'm really trippin', 'cause this chick just bought me a drink and still hasn't asked for nothing! I can't even lie, y'all, she had me fooled in a real cool kind of a way. After she bought the first round, I bought the next

# **Next Up...The F.B. Project**

This is something that I am really proud to be a part of because it's dedicated to the memory of my big brother Forrest Bell, who was tragically murdered in 1996. This new CD is being produced by none other than Larry "DLB" Bell, and believe me, my boy got heaters. The tracks will also include my nephews Jamal and Young B, plus the return of **P.Kookie**. We have been in production for the past two months getting the songs written and arranged. We also plan to feature some local artists on the project that got skillz.

three and some dances from her. The thing about it was that she made me want to do

# Whatz New & Whatz Comin

it instead of putting pressure on me to do it! That's game!

The **720 Club** has been closed for a while, but it will soon be back open as one of Portland's best places for dinner, dancing, meeting, performing, and networking. Once the club reopens, I look forward to bringing back "Ladies' Night" every Thursday.

The Hip-Hop Doc is a soon-to-be-released documentary on the history and future of Portland hip-hop. It will be the first time that people will actually hear the truth of what happened between me and **Starchile**, as far as The Unda-Ground Show goes. Mike

Thas interviewed countless hip-hop heads to be a part of this historic documentary. For more info, hit up whatzcrackin.com.

Sean John, AKA P.Ditty, has just released a brand-new fragrance called

"Unforgivable." It is currently on sale now at your local department stores.

# **Honey of the Month**

This month's winner is **Ambershine**. She enjoys nice whips and chillin' at the beach. Congratulations for being the first Honey of 2007. Much love!

# **Whatz Crackin' Sponsors**

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whatz crackin':

by j.mack





One Love, J.Mack







# January 2007

Would you like your event on our calendar? Simply e-mail: info@xmaq.com or call 503.241.4317

# SUN

# MON

# TUE

My Morning Jacket Okonokos Tour @ Crystal Ballroom Nux Vomica @ Berbati's Pan

Polly Panic @ Dante's

8

Luau Cinder @ Dante's

Crazy Train @ Dante's

Rob Dickinson @ Doug Fir 15

New Year's Day

Pete Voss @ Dante's

Deacon X's Fetish Night @ Berbati's Pan Mickey Avalon & Dirt Nasty @ Dante's Hardcore 4 Hunger w/ God Forbid @ Wow Hall (Eugene)

The Fabulous Bowling for Soup @ Hawthorne Theatre

Alex Nackman @ Dante's Robbers On High Street @ Doug Fir

Coco Montoya & Word Stroud Band @ Roseland Grill Polysics @ Dante's

Keane On Tour + Rocco Deluca @ Berbati's Pan

The Cat Empire @ Dante's Ron Sexsmith @ Doug Fir



#### Aerodrone @ Berbati's Pan Abstract Rude @ Berbati's Pan Black Sabbath School of Rock @ Hawthorne Theatre Velahonz @ Dante's We're From Japan, Jon Garcia + Silverhawk @ Doug Fir Southerly, Chris Tsefalas, Protest Hill @ Doug Fir Colorfield & The Young Immortals @ Dante's Holy Modal Rounders @ Crystal Ballroom SportFight XVIII @ The Rose Garden Gifford Pinchot @ Berbati's Pan Casey Neill & The Norway Rats @ Doug Fir The Turn-Ons & Noir City @ Dante's The Prids, The Upsidedown, Green Circles @ Doug Fir Insolence, Syx and Psychostick @ Stars Salem Sleep @ Berbati's Pan Bobby Bare Jr. @ Dante's Bettie Page Look-A-Like Party @ DV8 Kathy Griffin Live @ Arlene Schnitzer Hot For Teacher @ Berbati's Pan Johnny Cash's Legendary Tennessee Three @ Dante's The Retrofits, Libbie Schrader, The Dimes @ Doug Fir Geoff Byrd @ Dante's Western Arial @ Berbati's Pan Los Placemats & Crack City Rockers @ Dante's Talkdemonic, Leti-Angel, Dykeritz @ Doug Fir Sophe Lux, Bright Red Paper, Iretsu @ Doug Fir 6th Anniversary Party — Part 1 @ Pallas Club The Epoxies @ Hawthorne Theatre Angie Aparo @ Dante's Stripper Boxing Returns @ Dolphin II 6th Anniversary Party — Part 2 @ Pallas Club Portland's Original Amateur Night @ Dancin' Bare Avail + The Draft + Broadway Calls @ Hawthorne Theatre Myshkin's Ruby Warblers @ Doug Fir Hinder + Finger Eleven + Black Stone Cherry @ Roseland God Forbid, Goat Whore, Mnemic, Still Dead @ Roseland IAmTheThorn @ Berbati's Pan Black Lips & The Hunches @ Dante's Tech Nine @ Roseland The Shapeshifters @ Berbati's Pan Sinnergy CD Release @ Dante's Per Se @ Doug Fir Emily Haines & The Soft Skeleton @ Doug Fir Live Music @ Club 82 (Formerly Atlantis) Bikini Party w/ Everclear @ Dream On Saloon Heroes & Villains Circus Show @ Dante's Ink Party - Tattoo Competition @ DV8 SoulBender, Omnivoid, Sweety and Fermata @ Stars Salem Papa Roach @ Roseland Stripper Boxing Returns @ Dolphin I G.Love & Special Sauce + Matt Costa @ Crystal Ballroom SoulBender, Omnivoid, Sweety and Fermata @ Rock N Roll Pizzo Broken Teeth @ Dante's Earl Greyhound @ Dante's Subtle @ Doug Fir Sophe Lux @ Berbati's Pan The High Violets @ Doug Fir Viva Voce @ Dante's

Dahlia @ Doug Fir

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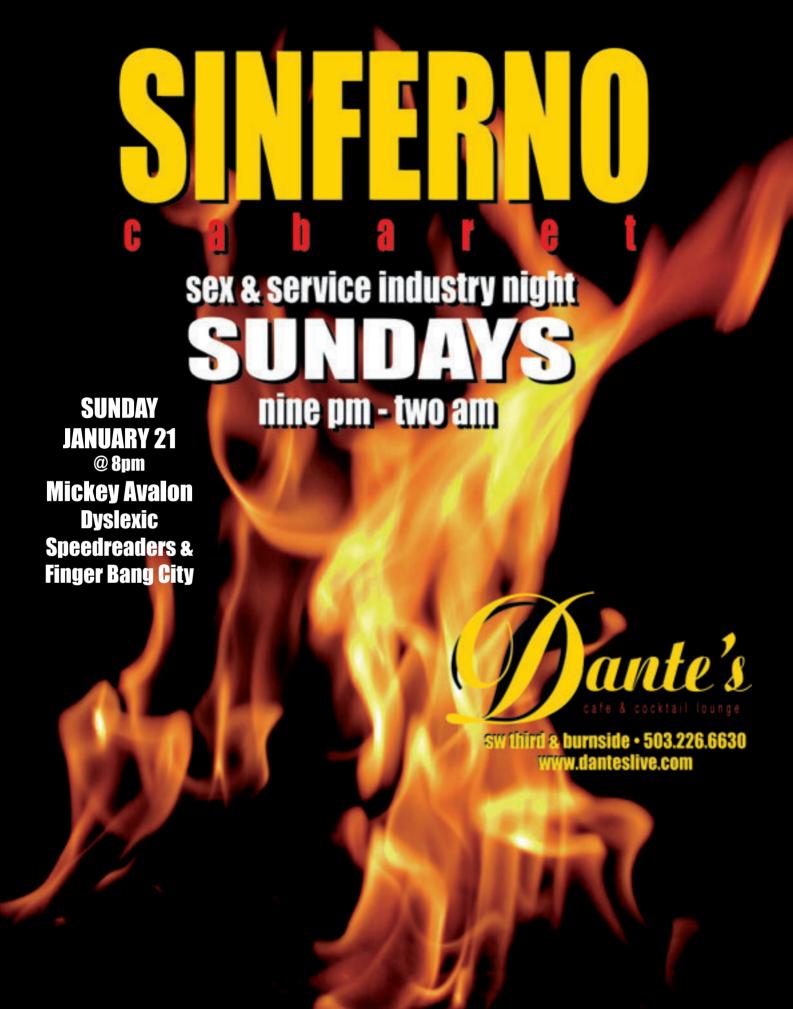






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# PUMPING DYSFUNCTION by Aeryn Martin



YES, THIS HAS A VAGINA.

#### FOR AS LONG AS THE BIBLE HAS BEEN BORING.

athletes and bodybuilders have been pumping iron, collagen, steroids, and other liver-crippling shit into their bodies for the sake of higher performance, increased respect, and added eager bitch meat.

And who could blame them? No bitch in heat could deny the dirty thoughts dripping between her legs when she sets a pair of hungry eyes on the sweat of a stout young fellow pumping perspiration out of his...pores. It is a known fact by the estrogen-possessing populace that our standards somewhat decline during a certain "three-day waiting period" where we think with our ovulation and not with our rationality (it's currently being debated whether or not females actually own any), and we seem to be a bit more visually stimulated. But

whether or not we are rational characters of the human species, one fact remains-when our carnal tendencies spring out of the laundry room in the most toe-curling, sheet-grabbing way possible, the meat-headed muscle-wagons are reaping all of the benefits. So naturally you can see the disappointment draining from our G-spot when we finally get our 24-hour fitness complimentary training session coach under the sheets to discover that God must have had a hangover and a damn good sense of humor when he created their genitals. The relevance of symmetry has just gotten up and walked out the door.

For the most part, exercise drastically increases the libido in both men and women. Some would say that a healthy resting heart rate, sky-

rocketing metabolism, and added energy are to blame for the increased need to bump uglies. But I say nay-I think it's all about the hidden messages in gym lingo. Has anyone seen the blatant sexual innuendos produced in the homoerotic environment of pumping iron? Hell, just the thought of a husband telling his dear, sweet, intellectually submissive wife that he is going to go 'pump iron' could mean a bevy of things and immediately puts all sorts of kinky, randy little thoughts running through both of their subliminally challenged minds. All of that to-and-fro, back-and-forth, inand-out, up-and-down motion ALL while breathing heavily could only mean one thing, and the addictiveness of these said actions could only mimic what the old lady would REALLY like to see going on in the bedroom. That's right, girls have figured it out-a fit man equals a long, throbbing sex drive. Touché to the football team. That is, of course, unless you're a 'juicer.'

Boys, hear me: Physiological vanity is irrelevant when there's a fivedollar boner pill. Women (and men, for that matter) are just as bad gossipers now as they were when we had knitting circles back in the good of times of silly things like faith and monogamy. Believe me, if you're packing, we're gonna know about it. And that knowledge will spread like wildfire all the way to the burning of your (yet again) occupied loins. It's why that tall, mostly unattractive guy constantly gets laid by everyone in the same circle of girlfriends. You'd think it was some sort of sick rite of premenstrual passage that us closet sexual misogynists use to be able to chime in

about it when we're all giggling

about how 'slutty' we are. I assure you, IT IS. And yet, the athletes of this over-processed and cheaply packaged land of ours insist that everything physical except the sex organs will lead to amazing sex. Who's irrational now?

> Steroids, Arnolds, Asteroids, Gear, Iron Brew. Juice, Liquid Gold, Pump-up Pills, Roids, Sted, Rocket Fuel. Sloop. Product. Stacking. All of these things are synonymous with one thing: BALL SHRINKAGE.

> Testicular atrophy is among one of the most wellknown negative side effects of the muscle-peddling nation. However, it doesn't stop there. Oh no. Gynecomastia, or breast development in males, is due to the conversion of testosterone to estrogen due to the aromatase enzyme. Spermatogenesis (failure in the male reproductive glands) keeps you from

knocking anyone up (not sure if that's a bad thing). Gingival overgrowth, or having gums like Bubba Gump, occurs because of the increased circumference of the veins and capillaries in the mouth. Thickening of the left ventricle, acne, severe mania, depression, and hair loss on your head while you grown sporadic patches everywhere else are just some of the few other sacrifices people go through...to look attractive? I'm sure I'll be shown fear by some acne-ridden, blubbering-gummed, tiny-testicled, baby-batter-making-impaired, bitch-titted tanning-bed addict when he flexes those biceps at me. And instead of beating your cute little mouthy wife due to your massive increase in irritability, do us all a favor and point yourself over to the nearest gun store and shoot

yourself in your perfect six-pack with them.

Now that I've ragged on the boys for the utter uselessness of steroid use, it's time we chat about something so horrific-an obscenely vulgar genital train wreck where no living thing comes out alive. The rebirth of Medusa in venereal form, an abomination of the female species if you will-Chyna's clit. Here's what happens when women feel that they aren't quite intimidating enough and pick up the Gym Candy: clitoral hypertrophy. It's what every male juicer wishes happened to their now-shriveling genitalia but never will. Only in women can something so perverse take place. Upon first mental glance of an enlarged clitoris, it might sound quite lovely indeed. Hell, fetch the suction cups and your favorite fuck puppet and use that protruding fuck button! But in the case of Joanie Laurer (Chyna), the results are quite the contrary. Those who don't want to take my word for it can go out and purchase One Night in

Chyna, her homemade porno. Or if you don't want to waste the cash on this piece of crap, check out www.rotten.com/library/ bio/sports/chyna/ for an online peek at this clitoral abomination.

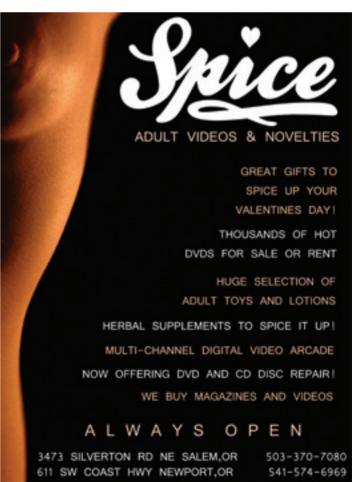
Here's my point: the only sexual dysfunction that an athlete should ever experience should come from getting kicked, slapped, kneed, or tapped in the balls coincidentally on the day that mom washed your cup. There's no need for all of this muscle torture-you're either huge or you're not. Deal with it, and suck it up, pussies. In the meantime, the only thing you should be pumping is a penis pump, so get those love muscles rolling, put the needles down, and get some confidence, stupid.



YES, THIS USED TO HAVE A PENIS.







n my pre-masturbatory youth, I was obsessed with sports. My heroes were all sports figures: boxer "Smokin'"
Joe Frazier, pitcher Sandy Koufax, and quarterback Johnny Unitas. A highlight of my early years was receiving an autographed photo of slugger Hank Aaron in the mail. I remember sitting in the back of my parents' car on a cross-country vacation, ignoring the scenery as I read a book about Babe Ruth.

## WHEN I WAS A KID...

## I BLEW AT SPORTS!

Some of my favorite teams back then were the fish-out-of-water, old-school-looking, waxed-mustache Oakland A's of the early seventies and the "Purple People Eater" Minnesota Vikings of the late 60s. When Minnesota was due to play a crucial game against the Dallas Cowboys, I wrote a poem predicting victory for Minnesota. Even though I wrote it nearly forty years ago, I still remember the last four lines:

Your black running back will turn white with fright
With [Alan] Page coming at him—oh man, what a sight

Minnesota will win, final score will be

Eight million, seven hundred sixty thousand to three.

Minnesota lost, and I was heartbroken.

I filled my oversized head (even in Little League, I had to wear the coach's cap because the ones made for kids wouldn't fit me) with every tidbit, statistic, and smidgen of sports trivia that I could cram inside it. I could rattle off every heavyweight boxing champion in history and tell you who held every major baseball record. If you told me how many hits and at-bats a player had, I could figure out his batting average in my head. The Lord bestowed upon me a mathematically precise mind.

Unfortunately, he also gave me an exceptionally clumsy body. In sports that required more aggression than coordination, I wasn't so bad. I was a decent defensive football player who loved smashing people onto the ground, and I was a feared street-hockey predator always prone to fighting. But I absolutely sucked donkey cock at any sport requiring the slightest degree of hand-eye coordination. My older brother was a Little League MVP and routinely took home diving medals, but I was such an athletic loser, it was humiliating.

In four years of junior-league basketball, I scored an impressive grand total of ONE basket.

I remember how the crowd erupted in cheers when the ball swished into the hoop. They were as utterly surprised as I was. But when I tried to dribble, I resembled a Mongoloid with polio. I was always the last kid to be picked for street hoops.

In three or four years of Little League baseball, I compiled a staggering record of ONE hit. For a kid who could rattle off virtually every statistic in baseball history, I was pathetically under-equipped at actually playing the game I loved so much. When they tried me as an outfielder, I'd drop every ball that was hit my way. When I was positioned at infield, balls would routinely hop right through my legs.

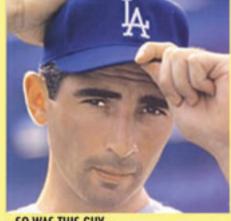
Exasperated, my coach finally made me a pitcher. In the first few innings of the only game I ever pitched, I was either walking batters or they were hitting everything I threw at them. Embarrassed beyond repair in the middle of one inning, I placed the ball on the mound, walked off the field, and walked home, where I crawled into my bedroom and into my head for the next few years. I never played team sports again.

My best friend and next-door neighbor, who was good at sports, joined a team called the Normals. I joined the Weirdos, and it's been that way ever since.

I seem to have improved as an adult. I can even shoot a decent free-throw now. Maybe my prepube athletic awkwardness was due to a nervous condition, because I was quite the spazz as a kid.



THIS GUY WAS BETTER THAN ME AT SPORTS...



...SO WAS THIS GUY....



...AND THIS GUY.





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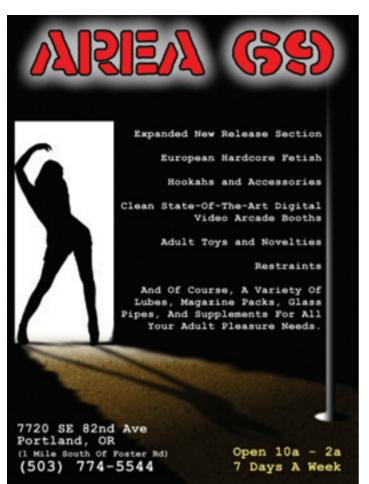


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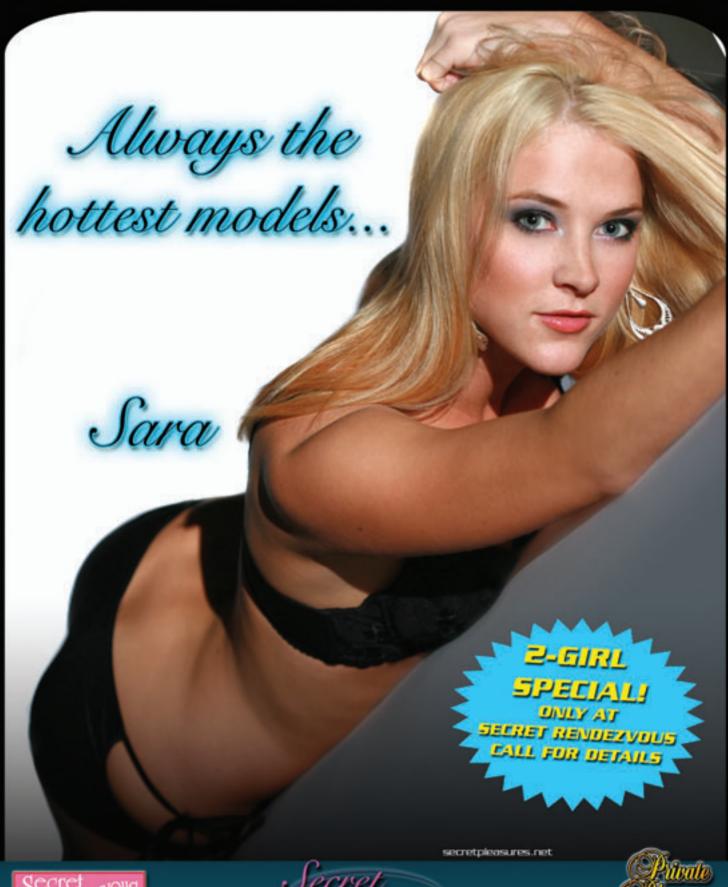














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