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A year goes by quickly these days. I took a year off from writing this column, but since we’ve finally decided to go all glossy and color, I figure it’s time to start writing it again. It’s so nice to see your words (no matter how boring) on shiny paper.

THE NEXT BIG THING

Which brings me to my next subject: Something that isn’t boring... At least not to me.

In a city this size, with as many strippers and musicians, and strippers who are also musicians, and musicians who are also strippers or date strippers... Why in the heck isn’t there a band with all strippers that play some good, loud rock-n-roll and strip at the same time? A gimmick, yes, but a good one. It’s a great hook.

There are a few local bands that come close. Off hand, Coco Cobra & The Killers is probably the closest I’ve seen. Our favorite stripper Viva Las Vegas is a force to be dealt with. She’s cute and nasty and she teases and flashes provocatively on stage as she screams into the mic. But Viva is the only stripper in the band. The rest are guys.

There’s Storm & The Balls—though Storm isn’t technically a stripper—she’s gorgeous and funny with an amazing voice and sometimes gets nearly naked. But c’mon man, what’s with the dudes?

Think about Josie & The Pussycats stripping while playing Motörhead songs. Now fuck that’s hot.

Loud rock-n-roll, beautiful girls, sex, torn thigh-highs and heels, stripping, nudity, sexy vulgar lyrics, whiskey, danger, magazine covers, music videos, sweaty onstage girl-on-girl action... What more could you ask for? It’s a natural promotional juggernaut.

Of course they’d have to all get along. Which is a potential problem with strippers and musicians and rock-n-roll.

But I promise any strippers that put a band like this together will make lots of money. Hell, I’ll give them any money I have. I will do everything I can for them. Promote them, book them, manage them, finance them, sleep with them, drive them around the country, whatever it takes... I will make them stars. Well, maybe not manage them.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW

So come on all you talented little tramps (and I mean that in only the most affectionate way). Get together, learn how to play some music, come up with some lyrics and start practicing. Then when you’re ready to rock, let me know about it. Maybe you can start a trend, a new musical genre. The world could use some hot stripper bands. I know I could.

And by the way, I love all the dudes in The Balls.

Carnal Knowledge
by frank faillace (rhymes with hibachi)
email: ffaillace@qwest.net

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I'm busy. I'm always always busy busy. My mind is a dominatrix, and it doesn't let me fuck around. My body is the guitar in the corner, unplugged and gathering dust. It's well-made and sounds great, but you've got to pick it up and play it. With a little study and practice, it totally rocks. Here's some hints. Guitar 101.

First off, if I'm at home I'm either working or sleeping, and I pity the poor fool who tries to interrupt either. If you wanna fuck, get me out of the house. A bar, an art museum, the zoo, a rock show, out to dinner, the dog track—anywhere there's outside stimuli to take my mind off my internal chess game will do nicely.

Walk around, hold my hand, maybe buy me a cocktail, then tell me everything with a long dirty kiss. Squeeze my hip firmly as if to say "you ain't goin' nowhere," then steer me to a nearby closet or bathroom. Easy as pie.

Initiating sex in the private sphere requires a bit more caution and skill. Always approach me from behind. It's scarier that way, and I like the thrill. Don't approach me from the front. Face-to-face is an aggressive stance and I will turn into an argumentative bitch.

Pull me close to you, firmly, from behind, like the big strong man you are. Sure you already have a big strong hard-on, but don't beat me over the head with it, cuz I'll hit back. You've got big strong hands. Use them. And don't pussyfoot around. Be confident, yet subtle. Work on your Jedi mind tricks. The point you are trying to get across is "You are an insatiable vixen who's about to get fucked within an inch of her life." Jedi mind tricks work extremely well.

Pet me a little. Stroke my hair; maybe grab it a bit too firmly at the back of my head. Nothing works like a little pain to snap me out of mental mode and into physical. Pull my hair even harder so that my head tilts back. Wedge two fingers between my teeth, opening my mouth just a tad. Kiss me long and slow. Be very deliberate. I am an insane chick, a frantic overachiever. I desperately want you to be the boss, but I will never ever say so.

Once you've got my attention, go for the jugular. My neck is among the top five places you should gently chew on (along with my hip bones, ears, spine from tip to tail, and the insides of my upper thighs). Bite my neck for a while, up and down and around to my collar bone. I saw a male lion do this to his girl in the Serengeti and I swear I wet my pants. "Oh, she's liking that!" purred my friend Kate, coaxing him on.

The neck is a very important erogenous zone. You'll get much further much faster by chewing on my neck than you will lapping at my labia or sucking on my tits. In fact, if you so much as sip on the latter, I'll probably punch you, you big fucking baby. My nipples are very sensitive and don't like to be manhandled AT ALL.

Back to my neck, which is (hopefully you're noticing) very, very close to my ears. Lean in and whisper, softly but firmly, "I am going to fuck the shit out of you." Follow that with a bit more nibbling and I'll be on the floor.

Once I'm on the floor, get my pants off. I've surrendered so you'll have to do this yourself. Belt, buttons, zipper. My legs are a couple of fucking clitorises, I swear, and no one pays any goddamn attention to them. Probably cuz by this point I'm insisting you TAKE THE PLUNGE.

Don't. You're the boss! You've come this far, don't stop now. Don't let me tell you what to do. If you give in to me I'll want you to come in ten seconds (I come in nine) so I can go back to work. Make me wait. I'll go nuts. The longer you stoke my fire, the hotter it'll be.

All this is really Boy Scouts stuff, but most of you seem to have forgotten it. Everyone could use a few remedial lovemaking classes. But then you have to do your homework. If you are going to play guitar like Jimi Hendrix, you need to practice a lot. Ideally you should practice every day.
Hank Williams III, like Lisa Marie Presley and those fuzzy little babies allegedly spawned by Michael Jackson, is musical royalty by virtue of his birth alone. Yet unlike the others, he possesses musical talent. Well, maybe the Baby Jacksons do, too—time will tell. But not Lisa Marie. No fucking way.

In a recent sold-out performance at Dante’s, he blew through an exhilarating honky-tonk set that shamed most of the high-sheen twang-monkeys currently churned out by Nashville’s sausage-makers. Then he took off the cowboy hat, let his hair down, and metamorphosed into an eardrum-pummeling metal machine called Assjack.

Turns out he’s also a fan of mine and still has his collection of ANSWER Me! issues from back in the day. We sat in the back of his tour bus along with his pet Dobie, puffing on “green crack” and talking about things dear to our low-rent Caucasian hearts.
JIM GOAD: Do you look at a lot of porn?

HANK WILLIAMS III: Into massive amounts of porn, definitely. What kind? What’s the specialty?

Ahhhh… I guess for me… group sex. I guess my ideal, it goes back to when I was eight years old, I was molested by somebody in my family that molested my mother and my uncle—everybody—and I never said anything about it. You know, I dealt with it myself until after the dude was in the ground, I got a little older and heard some stories, and I was like, “Huh—interesting.” But going back to being exposed at, you know, “Here, look at this, let me get your dick hard” when you’re a young kid and shit like that, so I got exposed to porn at a very young age, and “Hey, why don’t you do this to your cousin?” who was a girl, and he’d try to send me on missions and stuff. So it always played a role as far as I guess the masturbation thing kinda stuck around a little bit. So I’ve been around. You know, I’ve shot a few myself.

You’ve shot some porn?

Yeah, you know, it never got released.

Which side of the camera?

Both sides. I’ve done both sides. On both angles. It’s more of a tri-state, southern Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia thing. You know, I’m pretty into that for now. Almost got to be in an official non-porn movie that Ron Jeremy was wantin’ to do about some country shit. You know, in like the hills of North Carolina.

Like a documentary?

No, a real movie, man. And he had the funding all ready to go. This was probably about five years ago. Had the funding, had the script, and was very serious about it, so I’ve gotten to shoot the shit with one of the kings of porn the last six or seven years, man. You know, he’s a workaholic in reality. He wants to be an actor.

So do you actually own these tapes that you made?

That I made?

Yeah.

I do own them, and they’ve only surfaced through one swingers’ website that I’m on. So that’s the only way it’s kinda out there. Do you find that exciting? Cause in my case, I finally got a cell-phone camera and started takin’ pictures of my dick and sendin’ it out to chicks. It’s a real rush. I’m not exactly proud, but like, it was kind of a thrill.

[laughs] Definitely.

You get off on just—

—Somethin’ about bein’—you know, even when I was a young kid on the road, besides the shit that was happenin’ to me on the fuckin’ farm, when I’d go on the road, I’m seein’ this guy gettin’ his dick sucked in the hallway, I’m seein’ this guy fuck a chick in the back of the bus at the same time, and it just all kind of—yeah, it goes back to that kind of a rush feelin’, but yet I’m comfortable in that environment also.

I remember back in Mardi Gras in ’87, my wife took a picture of me nude, and I’m like, “There’s no fuckin’ way I’m ever showing this to anyone.” I guess it was a bad angle or something. Then a girlfriend like a year ago insisted on takin’ a picture and when she did, I’m like, “Ahh! Yeah, all right!”

[laughs] Yeah! Once you get some certain angles, it’s more rockin’, man. It’s kinda forever endless.

I know my kinks are like a big bush, like Jimi Hendrix down there. And fucked-up grilles.

Oh yeah?

A missing tooth or—not rotten teeth—but like, braces or a missing tooth? Yeah. I’m all about it.

Well, there’s one in Florida that would drop you to your knees, man. She is GORGEOUS! But when she smiles? She’s got at least one or two missin’ right there. But she’s fuckin’ hot as fuck! You wouldn’t expect it.

Somebody sent me a postcard of an ad for Russ Meyer’s SUPERVIXENS in the joint. I put it up on my wall and I’m like, “Ehh…” I blacked out one tooth, and it was on. That was jack fodder for about a year.

[laughs] Right. Yeah, man, that’s funny.

Do you like eatin’ pussy?

If that machine is clean. It goes back to the old sayin’, you know. I’ve been pretty lucky, you know, no warts or shit like that on the tongue or eyes or, you know. I’ve had one pretty serious infection that got up in my nose and it looked like a clown nose. And that’s what it had to be from—I know which girl it was, too, man. And they had to cut it and squeeze it and drain it...
What kind of infection was it?
My doc was like, since I had my old lady with me, I don't think he officially said. He just said, "You got some really bad, fucked-up fungus up in there, man." And I was like, "I know what it is." 'Cause it happened like, started off kinda small, and within four days after bein' with that girl, I couldn't even put on a T-shirt. The shirt just barely touched my nose, and I was like, "AGGH!" I felt like somebody was stabbin' me, and it's a little mysterious, whatever it was. Some uncleanness thing goin' on, I guess.

What's the oddest proposition a groupie's ever made?
Ahh, well, I would have to say, it wasn't a groupie, but it was a promoter and his wife. So, after the show—"‘Why don't y'all come up to the house and fuck my wife?’ ‘Are you sure?’ ‘Yeah, come on, everybody!’"

Run a train on his wife?
We went up there, and I had like a sixty-five-year-old fiddle player with me at the time, man. I said, "Vernon, c'mon, man, you gotta check this crazy shit out." He was like, "What are we doin'?" I said, "It's a surprise, just come on up to the house." So we all, like eight of us walk in there, and he pours us drinks and then goes back and he's like, "Who wants her?" My drummer said, "I'll take her!" He starts off, goes and takes all her fuckin' clothes off, and then the next thing you know, she's doin', like every hole's filled, and I'm lookin' over at Vernon, and I'm like, "What do you think, Vernon?" And he's, "Ah, I don't want none of that. I can't even look at any of that." But that was pretty fuckin' weird, havin' somebody book us, and then after the show, bring us to their house, and everybody fucks his wife. And then one of the sons walks in toward the end of it—

—How old are we talkin' about? Teenage?
Yeah. Old enough to know what the fuck's goin' on, man. And when he walked in, we all started laughin' and freakin', and we all just hauled ass back to the bus and left. And it was the same town that Johnny Paycheck shot somebody. It was the last town where he shot somebody. Somewhere in Ohio.

The LAST town where he shot somebody?
Yeah. I'm not tryin' to name names, but goddamn, that's like the biggest beyond-groupie kinda thing—

—You ever see the video where some chick sends Steve Vai—
[laughs] Yeah. The pussy farts. You ever get any shit like that?
No.

Pictures?
Lotta pictures. Get some pictures. We got a nice little "Hellbilly Honey" calendar goin' on. It's not X-rated or anything, but it's comin' along. It might get a little bit more interesting, because I've been kind of taken for the last six years—to a point, you know? Bein' as good as I can.

Actually, when I hung out with Jesco [White, "The Dancing Outlaw"], we went over into Vulcan, West Virginia, a place where they raise hundreds of roosters with their little fuckin' tents and shit, like they raise them for fighting. We went into a trailer where they were breeding chickens, and they had a Rebel flag with a picture of your dad. Oh, yeah.

Somethin' about, like, "Oh, how it would have been if we had won."
"If the South woulda won, we'd have had it made." That's it, man. So what's the deal with your dad?
Nowadays?
Hank's like a, Hank Sr.'s just, I mean, a god, but your dad doesn't get nearly the respect. I hear a lot of people talk like, "Oh, he's like his grandfather."

Who—Jr.?
No, you.

Yeah, but you're goin' and sayin' how Jr. didn't get the respect.

Not from the—I mean, you appeal to a kind of a hipster element.
I guess. But no matter what, man, back in '85, that Hank Ruger emblem was every-fuckin'-where. I mean, all of the keg parties in the South and all of that crazy drinkin' and bikers and, you know, people can say, "Hank Jr. this and that," but no matter what, man, he carved a huge fuckin' niche. He's released over seventy-four fuckin' records. Forced into the business. Did his fuckin' thing. Even though me and him don't get along and I talk shit about him, I still praise what he's done, man.

Well, even GG Allin did [Hank Jr.'s song] "Family Tradition."
Yes. And my dad could never understand people like that at all. Jr. got a piece of Jesco's artwork once and sure enough I'm like, "Do you still have that?" "Hell, no." He don't know how priceless little things like that are, man, but he carved a niche, and he did a LOT, man. And me, I think I'm more unpure, you know? Hank Williams Sr. sang about the light, and I sing about the dark. And more the bad than the good.

Was "I Saw the Light" a Hank Sr. song? He wrote that?
Yes. For real.

I was in Jolo, West Virginia, at a snake-handling church—they did like a twenty-five minute version of that. It was like the greatest live music experience I've ever seen in my life.

Wow.

The pastor looked like Timothy Leary.
Whew! [taps his head] That's just in here, huh? Is that on tape anywhere, or is that just in your brain?

It's just in my brain, yeah. I wonder if they're still doin' it. This was back
like in ’97 on that little Jesco tour I took...What about black chicks?
Uhh, never been there, but I’ve never been asked, either. [Phil] Anselmo [ex-singer of Pantera and bandmate of Hank III in Superjoint Ritual], for instance, he’s fucked over five thousand chicks, man, and he’s like, [imitates Anselmo’s gravelly voice] “The best is that black fuckin’ pussy.” And that probably goes back to that he’s hung like a fuck—
—Yeah, he’s legendary.
Yeah, he’s hung like a fuckin’ full-on big-dick black motherfucker, man, you know, so those gals are kinda used to catering to that size, you know. Pussy—it all depends on how good they are in the end, but I would never turn it down if it was there and I was feelin’ right and I had a little bit of whiskey dick goin’ on, I might go down there, but my biggest thing is Asian.
You like Asian?
Asian owns my heart.
I’ve been with a handful of black chicks. Wildly attracted to Asian chicks. Never had the opportunity.
I had a dream come true in Japan.
Oh, man.
Fuckin’ one of the assistants workin’ the club. My manager was like, “Well, are you doin’ anything tonight?” She’s like, “No”—she could speak English, too—and he was like, “[Hank’s] pretty bored if you wanna take him out.” “Ah, really?” That’s the only girl who’s ever like, took me out on the town, got drunk, went back to the room, fucked my brains out and then two minutes later, she’s like, “All right, good to see you!”
Oh, how perfect is that?
But I was like, “Wait, hold on, don’t fuckin’ leave!” For me, I was just like, “Hold on a minute!” and she was like, “Nope. See you later.” Boom! Pow!
And I was like, “Well, at least I got to fuckin’ try the real deal.”
See, I remember a chick once, she was like, “I wanna suck your dick and go home,” and I’m like, “Where you been all my life?” It was perfect.
[laughs] Right....yeah, I know, man.
Who needs the pillow talk?
I know it, man. But that was back in like ’94, I guess. Hopefully I’ll get to make it back there soon.
Do you ever get static for the Rebel flag stuff?
Oh, yeah. I mean, it’s—OK, here’s how I gotta look at it. I’ve already told you about how I look on the race issues. No matter what, hate is hate. You respect where you’re from—period. And that’s the way I look at it, man. You respect where you’re from, all right? Hank Williams Sr. got taught his shit from a black guy. I mean, that was the gift from them to him, to our blood, our bloodline, or whatever, man. So as much as I am flyin’ the flag for the South—you know, I’m forty miles from where the Klan was fuckin’ originated.
Where do you live—in Tennessee?
Yeah.
Pulaski?
Yeah, outside of Pulaski, man. And you know, so I get shit about it. I’ve done my time because of being around skinheads. Even though I’ve never officially had a shaved head, but bein’ around ‘em, I got classified real quick. And I like that style of music, man. If it’s SHARP skins or racial skins, they have an energy in their music that is somethin’ that I feel. And, you know—am I racist? I would have to say yes, I am. [laughs] You’re the only person in the world I’ve ever heard say that.
Everybody else is, “Well, no, not really, it depends on how you define it.”
The way I look at it, it’s like, yeah, I’m not ashamed of who I am. Am I a white supremacist? No. In my experience, Asians and Jews are more intelligent. Where does that fit me in? I don’t believe in equality, but I don’t believe in white supremacy, and I don’t hate who I am.
Right, and that’s where sittin’. Yes, I am racist, but yes, I do support this camp, and this camp, and this camp that’s all fightin’ for where they’re from. And that’s it, man. [Your dog] got a little relaxed there. I think he just farted.
Aww. You know, I have a black guy out on this tour, I have a guy from Vancouver whose skin isn’t white, but I don’t look at it like that. I’m just lookin’ at the whole picture, you know? And the band that I listen to that throw the race issues—KILL WHITE BOYS, and stuff like that—well, I take my hat off to them for havin’ that much balls and goin’ for it and doin’ that thing, man. Today it’s cool to hate the white man finally, you know it’s come up to fuck whitey, his time has come to beat that motherfucker down in the ground, you know? And here soon, the Mexicans are gonna be beatin’ everybody in the fuckin’ ground, dude. You know, it’s all where you come from, you know? The only experience I’ve ever had with a hooker was in 2001, we did this thing called the Angry White Male Tour. W played at the Bunnyranch in Reno and we got free passes. So I picked a 19-year-old chick from Compton—did her with my Confederate soldier hat on.
[laughs] That’s funny man. Compton—we were close to there a couple days ago, but we didn’t roll through it. But I get a kick out of it...can’t make everybody happy, you know? It’s not like I’m out sayin’ “White Power” everywhere I fuckin’ go, you know? But I’ve gotten shit for it onstage, man, and that’s just one of them things. I’m from the South, and I’ve had my truck full of pissed-off motherfuckers before.
Do you think Southern chicks are different in bed?
Ahhhhhh—maybe a little bit, I don’t know. I guess the sounds.
The sounds.
Ahh, yeah.
“Fuck me hahda, fuck me hahda,” if you’re up in Boston or somewhere, opposed to a girl from the South, full-on from the South, “Ahhll cunnntryfied.”
Not more eager to please?
Yeah, some of them, yeah, it depends, I guess, man. But I would just say maybe on the accents. If she knows how to fuck, she knows how to fuck.
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MISS MONA WEDS

Portland’s most internationally famous strip-club alumna has tied the knot. An overflow crowd of fabulous people packed Voodoo Doughnuts to witness Mona Superhero’s nuptials on February 8th. Also on the scene were three film crews: the Travel Network, filming a piece on Portland, local folks making a documentary on Voodoo Doughnuts, and film school students making a documentary on the documentary-making process, lending new meaning to the wedding photos’ adage, if nobody takes photos of your wedding, did it really happen, and is it binding? Mo’s groom was, of course, a rock ’n’ roll musician/bartender she met on Dante’s pool table. In other news...

RIVER CITY BAR & GRILL = ALL-NUDE

Hooray! A new titty bar on Highway 30! Free pool on Sundays, Blues Night every Monday, Open Mic on Wednesdays and something called Female Freaky Fridays featuring free nachos! Plus don’t miss their daily Bikini Breakfast.

LUSH GRAND OPENING

Hooray! A new titty bar downtown! Everybody’s favorite meat market has become even meatier. Will the all-nude performers out-meat the barely-clad patrons? Find out on March 4th when downtown hotspot LUSH reopens as a strip club!

HONEY OF THE MONTH CONTEST

JMcK will be on hand when April’s Honey of the Month is chosen. Don’t miss the hottest monthly contest in town at Club Exotica on Saturday, March 5th.

STRIP CLUB TOUR 2005

Let 503girls.com and adultinternet.tv do the driving! Join them on Saturday, March 12th for their first Strip Club Tour. Visit www.503girls.com for more info.

SPRING BREAK

Never one to waste an opportunity to throw a party (hopefully you caught last month’s Groundhog Day Disco), Exotic Magazine will host its first Spring Break Bash at Lush on Friday, March 25th. The party migrates up the river when Club Cabos hosts its Spring Break Beach Party on the March 26th. Wear your beachware, get awesome deals. And don’t forget to enter their Table Dance Raffle, all month long!

RAWK, etc.

3/2 FAMOUS MYSTERIOUS ACTOR SHOW featuring viva las vegas @ studio1050
3/4 rolling stones cover band MISS U’S w/ OBLIVION SEEKERS @ berbati’s
3/9 FAMOUS MYSTERIOUS ACTOR SHOW @ studio1050
3/10 GUITAR WOLF w/ FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM & TYPHOON KILLER @ dante’. (Low dough show!) 3/10 & 3/11 oregon lyric opera presents LA TRAVIATA @ crystal ballroom
3/12 NINA HAGEN @ dante’s
3/15 JUCIFER @ dante’s
3/16 FAMOUS MYSTERIOUS ACTOR SHOW @ studio1050
3/23 LOW @ bossanova
3/25 DOUG STANHOPE @ dante’s
3/27 THE KILLS @ doug fir
3/29 HAR MAR SUPERSTAR @ dante’s
3/30 SHONEN KNIFE @ dante’s
The Pink Pages

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8pm-2:30am
Club 205

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Appearing Exclusively
@ Intimate Obsessions
Mon-Fri, 5pm-Mid

Lexie
Wed., Thur., Sat.
9pm-Close
Sunset Strip

Chloë
Secret Pleasures:
Wed. 10am-6pm
Fri. 10am-6pm
Sat. 10am-6pm
Private Pleasures:
Thu. 10am-6pm
Sun. 6pm-2am

To advertise your schedule, please call (503) 241-4317.
Electrocute your cock,
Electrocute your cock,
Lookin’ for a handjob,
Stick it in a clock.

Lookin’ for a job,
Lookin’ for a job,
I’m so horny
I think I’d fuck a frog.

Cauterize your cunt,
Cauterize your cunt,
Every mutt in town
Loves a bleeding sump.

It’s 2 a.m.
And I’m dying to cop.
I hope that the fingers…
That the fingers on my meat don’t stop.

Lookin’ for a hole,
Lookin’ for a whole,
If I don’t get some soon
I’ll even fuck a bowl.

Circumcise your nose,
Circumcise your nose,
Every girl in town
Wants to fuck a garden hose.

All day long
I’ve looked for hands of love.
At this point, baby,
I’d settle for a baseball glove.

Lookin’ for some snatch,
Lookin’ for some snatch,
Syphilis is cool,
I’ll take a scabby thatch.

Poke your sister’s meat,
Poke your sister’s meat,
Poke your best friend’s wife,
Then do her for an eat.

Electrocute your pud,
Electrocute your pud,
Stick it in a socket
In the middle of a flood.

All night long
These bimbos tell me no.
Pretty soon, baby,
I’ll whack off in some
Ivory Snow.

Electrocute your cock,
Electrocute your cock,
Lookin’ for a handjob,
Stick it in a clock.

“Electrocute Your Cock”
as sung by VOM
Mr. DeLillo,

I read your column every month. I hate it, but I cannot help myself. It is like seeing a car crash, I cannot turn away. You are the most loathsome and vile creature who has ever walked the earth. It is repugnant to me that you claimed to be a good American. In my opinion you should be thrown in jail, but in the words of our great leader George W. Bush during his second inauguration: “From the day of our founding, we have proclaimed that every man and woman on this earth has rights, and dignity, and matchless value, because they bear the image of the Maker of Heaven and earth.” So I guess you have the right to say whatever you want. Only in America. If it were up to me you and all your kind would be rounded up and put away forever.

Very Sincerely,
Spiritual Choleric Angry Neo-Conservative

Dear SCANC,

Although it’s not up to you, there is always a chance I will be put away forever. My uncle Cesar Senior was. He feels passionately about this country in ways that you can only imagine. This country has given him so much. It has given relentlessly.

He was born on the Trail of Tears to an Indian and a slave in 1838. He was emancipated from slavery in 1865. His family was massacred at Wounded Knee in 1890. He lived in Hawaii until the U.S. invaded in 1893. He adopted his sister’s children after she went into a coma after she was hit by a rock while demonstrating for the right to vote in 1920. She was half-Japanese and came out of the coma just in time to be put in an internment camp in 1942. Cesar worked in Hollywood until he was blacklisted and jailed in 1950. He considered himself lucky compared to his best friend Julius Rosenberg who was executed in 1953. In 1966 his nephew was lynched for illegally marrying outside his race. In 1969 Cesar Senior was arrested for patronizing a gay bar. In 1970 his eighteen-year-old nephew was jailed for draft dodging. Said nephew thought himself too young to kill because the government thought him too young to vote.

He was lucky. His twin brother was killed by the army that same day in 1970 at Kent State. In 1988 Cesar was jailed for sending money to a sick friend in Cuba. In jail he met a mentally retarded man who didn’t know what year it was or how many nickels were in a dime. The Supreme Court upheld the retard’s conviction and he was executed in 1989. Cesar was jailed again in 2002 after the police entered his apartment without a search warrant while he was sodomizing his boyfriend. His dream was to get married, but in 2004 his state voted to ban same-sex marriage. In the words of one man (married and divorced six times), “marriage is a sacred union in the eyes of the Lord.” Sex was his third strike. Under the “three strikes you’re out” law he was sentenced to life in prison because over the course of his life he had once attended a communist lecture, once helped a sick friend, and had sex (probably more than once).

With its prison population accounting for twenty-five percent of the world’s, the United States is truly great. As a tiny fraction of that number Cesar Senior, along with twelve percent of all black men between the ages of eighteen and thirty, is doing his part to make the U.S. number one. It’s no wonder the U.S. is called the land of opportunity. Cesar Senior has had opportunities people in other countries can only marvel at. He now spends his days getting gang raped and thanking his lucky stars that he is a citizen of the U.S.A. who has rights, dignity, and matchless value. I got sidetracked. Did you have a question?

Thanks for the letter,
Cesar Augustus DeLillo
cadvice@mail.com
“Hello, My name Slavo. I’m sexy singer from heart of Europe. I come to states to make professional rock and roll super group for listening pleasure. My band called Levon Levan. Songs are powerful rock and roll musical variety. We have many fan which enjoy songs, you can join too.”

Slavo is probably one of the most entertaining yet least known entertainers in the Portland music scene. The name of his band is Levon Levan.
Slavo is basically the Croatian Tom Jones. He’s a fifty-year-old man outfitted in leather pants and a silk shirt, unbuttoned to reveal a proud bounty of chest hair and several gold medallions. He plays his own original music, songs with names like “Body and Soul,” “Lovin’ Mood,” and “I’ll Be a Good Boy,” backed by a band that rocks. During each performance he gyrates and pelvic thrusts his way into your heart.
Now you’re probably thinking this is some kind of gimmick, but believe me when I tell you he truly thinks he’s the sexiest man alive. I’m in the opening band—Stuntdoubler—and we’re cool, but you’ve really got to see Levon Levan.

— dave jaber

SEE LEVON LEVAN LIVE @ ASH STREET SALOON
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9TH
Before I go into my monthly column, I just have say that the Philadelphia Eagles gave it a good try, but didn’t Donovan McNabb seem nervous as hell??! One of the fans should have thrown him a phat blunt or something, so his ass could relax!!! Even his mom looked pissed off. That was just a sad case of bad nerves, but I’m sure the Eagles will be back! Big Ups to T.O. for playin’ with a halfway healed injury. Now that’s heart!!! OK, back to Whatz Crackin’! In this month’s article I’ll be giving the ladies madd love with their own night, at one of Portland’s premier Gentlemen’s Clubs. I’ll also share my interview with one of the city’s hottest producers & recording artists, Keary KA$E. Plus, I’ll give you the scoop on me teaming up with the legendary DJ George!! Oh yeah it’s goin’ down real big!!! Make sure to check out the sexy Honey of the Month, and my next contest!!!

First Up — P Style Records

A couple weeks ago I had my first chance to peep the brand new mix tape by Keary KA$E. This cat is definitely putting some cool shit together on these mixes!!! He has his own way of bringing out the best in the hottest cutz. When I asked KA$E about his production on his new project, he said, “I’m keepin’ it real flavorful and stickin’ to the true origin of Hip-Hop! Some people forget how Hip-Hop started. I’m peeping at the radio and in the clubs. KA$E was in Los Angeles when I interviewed him, and this cat is really pushing the hell out of his label "P Style Records." He says, "You must try to hit either New York or L.A. to really get off the ground in the music business, because that’s where you’ll find the contacts you need." On his current Mix Tape, you can find various heat from many of today’s top artists such as Jay Z, Slum Village, 50 Cent and R. Kelly, just to name a few. KA$E is also planning to release some more flames this summer when he drops his next Mix Tape entitled "Iron Mics." His music is on sale now at Platinum Records and at Second Avenue Records in Portland. Big ups homie and much $UCCE$$!!!

Next Up — Girlz Night Out

It’s back and it’s definitely Crackin’!!! Every Sunday Night in the VIP Room of Club Exotica International I will be hosting Girlz Night Out. This party is all about the ladies in the industry. We will be featuring some of Portland’s and Vancouver’s hottest DJ’s, such as DJ CHILL, DJ PUMA, and Mr. Joe T. We will also have live R&B acts, Hip-Hop performances, and guest appearances by other Portland favorites. It starts at 9pm and goes until 2am. Make sure to check it out each Sunday night…. I’m out!!!

She’s Keeps it Crackin’!!!

Big ups to Isis of Club Exotica, for keepin’ it crackin’ at the bar. Much love baby!!!

Return of The Party Starters

DJ George along with myself will be bringing’ it to you live every Thursday night at H2O!!! I’ve always wanted to do somethin’ wit’ that cat, as well as the club, and now it’s on 4 Real!!! Come check us out at Portland’s tightest nightclub, located between 2nd & 3rd on SW Yamhill every Thursday night… Peace Out!!!

The Honey of the Month Contest

That’s right!!! Each month you can check it out at Club Exotica International. This is a citywide invitation for all exotic dancers. The contestants compete on two stages to win CA$H & Prizes!!! The winner is featured in my monthly column, Whatz Crackin’, as the Honey of the Month. She will also receive some sexy lingerie from Heaven’s Closet, which is one of the sponsors of the event. If you or someone you know is interested in performing or being in the competition, please contact me at whatzcrackin_J@hotmail.com The next contest is scheduled for Saturday, March 5th at Exotica. Sign up is at 9pm and the festivities start at 11pm. Exotica is located at 240 NE Columbia Blvd. Seeya there baby!!!

Honey of the Month — Jazzman

This sexy chick has one of the best stage shows you’ll ever see!!! She’s also very approachable and cool. I’m proud to congratulate her as March’s Honey of the Month! Much Love, girl!!!

Until next month, ya’ll keep it crackin’!!!

One Love,
J.Mack

KEARY KA$E

JAZZMAN
LADIES NIGHT EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Dear Viva,

I saw your Male Partner prospectus in the January Exotic and I expect you've been getting a lot of responses from the finest prisons in America. Like much of what women say they want, your requirements are at best coded and incomplete and at worst utter bullshit. I hit close to 100% of your requirements and I already know you won't be interested in me. But, let's go through your list:

1) You must have a job: I've worked as a computer programmer for 26 years and now, I'm retired with an after-tax income of $50,000 per year for the rest of my life with pre-paid health insurance. But what you're really saying is: "You must have a GOOD job. If you're not already earning over $100,000, you must be on a career path that will get you there with my goading you into working 60 hour weeks."

2) You must not be an alcoholic: I'm not. I've never really much liked the taste of most alcohol, and while I do drink on rare occasions, I haven't had more than a drink or two per month in years. I tried marijuana in college, but quit smoking in my 20's and haven't tried any harder drugs. Caffeine is my drug of choice. But what you're really saying is: "My last boyfriend was an alcoholic and my bitchiness drove him to drink even more. Hope you can put up with a lot of 'moodiness'."

3) You must rub feet: Works for me as long as you WASH your feet and don't have that weird disease where your feet always stink no matter what. But what you're really saying is: "You must indulge my every sensual whim without question." As I said, works for me.

4) You must have a functioning cock: I do, but it's really small. What you're really saying is: You must have a LARGE functioning cock and you won't need it anymore after we've had our second kid."

5) You must have a car so you can take me on hot dates: Got one and it's all paid for. It's a 2001 Dodge minivan. But what you're really saying is: "You must have an expensive car (preferably a BMW, Lexus or Jaguar) to impress my friends when we go out."

6) You must be an excellent kisser: I was the last time I checked, but it's been a while. A long while. But what you're really saying is a more specific restatement of #3 above, with respect to my ability to satisfy you orally. As I said above, works for me.

7) You should read the New York Times and on occasion the National Geographic: Yep, I read 'em. I can usually finish the crossword most of the time too. I'm kind of a news junkie, but I haven't figured out what to do about it yet. I also read books, about three-quarters fiction, mostly detective novels. Back when I was IQ tested in 8th grade, it came out 162. But I've always done well on written tests. But what you're really saying is: "You must be urbane and sophisticated and not too cheap to subscribe to an out-of-town newspaper, so I can impress my friends."

8) You must want kids: I think I do, but I haven't had much experience, since I'm an only child. It also could affect one of the three things I want from life: 1) Never have to change a dirty diaper; 2) Never use an ATM; 3) Cross an ocean in a dirigible (this one's hard, since the US Navy dismantled the last one in 1957). But what you're really saying is: "I want you to pay for my kids, including college, despite the loss of my consortium after the first one is born and my weight gain of at least 30 pounds which I'll never take off."

9) You must love animals: I do, especially cats. I like dogs too as long as they don't: 1) slobber; 2) bark a lot when my life isn't being threatened and 3) put their dirty paws on my shoulders to greet me at the door. I grew up in the suburbs so I don't have any experience with farm animals, except they're no allowed in the house. But what you're really saying is: "I have a really big dog. Who slobbers. Plus he's slept in my bed for longer than any of my boyfriends and now he thinks he owns me."

10) You should be an inspired lover and be able to play my body at least as well as you play your guitar: I don't play guitar but I love spending a couple of hours in bed caressing a woman's body and pleasing her any way she wants. But I draw the line at necrophilia, coprophagia and farm animals. And your big dog doesn't get to watch. And he better not bork where he gets locked out of the bedroom. But what you're really saying is: "You must play guitar, preferably in a really cool band that'll make my girlfriends envious."

11) You must love music and be well-versed in the history of rock: I do. I've loved rock music for longer than you've been alive: surf instrumental, garage bands of the 60's, classical (especially baroque), metal and I keep looking for the next cool sound. I currently like Disturbed, Godsmack, Soulfly, Ramstein, The Darkness, Evanescence, Fate's Warning, Lacuna Coil and Place of Skulls. I'm not much into rap, hip-hop or country. And I absolutely loathe "Boot Scoot Boogie". But what you're really adding is: "You must be well-heeled enough to take me to lots of concerts and dancing. This more or less works for me too, but no mosh pits. And I've never really danced, but I'm willing to try as long as it's not like a mosh pit."

12) You must be open-minded, adventurous, goofy and wise. Yep. I have a well-developed sense of the absurd. Politically, I tend towards libertarianism but defiantly identify myself as a liberal. My life philosophy includes such aphorisms as: Treat other people the way you want to be treated; "Men are stupid, women are crazy" (Tom Arnold); Never attribute to malice that which can be explained by incompetence; Life is not a zero-sum game (i.e., everyone can win); "Violence is the last resort of the incompetent" (Isaac Asimov); and "Do what thou wilt is the whole of the law" (Alestar Crawley). But what you're really saying is: "I've cheated on every boyfriend I've ever had and it's gonna happen to you. Deal with it."

13) You must be responsible, respectful and adoring.....loyal, hard-working and optimistic: I'm all of these things but I'm also affected by the people close to me. As long as you generally reflect these same characteristics back, life can be good. But what you're really saying is: "I'm a lazy, negative, spiteful, unreliable, cheating bitch and I need someone who balances things."

14) You must take good care of yourself and me: I take vitamins and try to eat my vegetables. I walk a lot. Everyday. But I'm fat and I'm old and have sleep apnea and adult-onset diabetes. But I'm remarkably healthy for an obese 56-year-old. But what you're really saying is: "You must work out at the gym. Regularly. And keep your body rock hard. And lavish me with expensive gifts."

15) Hopefully you are also cute...: What you're really saying is: "My number one [and only real] requirement is you've gotta be really hot, but I'm cleverly putting this at the end and using language that implies it's not really a requirement."

I'm batting pretty close to 100% of what you SAY you want, but close to zero on what you really mean.

Sincerely,
Bill in Eugene
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