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I am not a fan of Western movies. I can’t even think of anything good to say about the West Coast. Yet lately I’ve become enamored of the so-called “Spaghetti Westerns”—a genre so named not because it features extended scenes of cowboys eating spaghetti, nor because spaghetti is intimately woven into the plotlines, but because these oft-maligned films were predominantly financed by Italian companies, even though many were filmed in a region of Spain that resembles the American West and afforded a large pool of Spanish peasants willing to pretend they were Mexican peasants.

Emerging with a feral belch in the early 1960s and petering out by the mid-70s, an estimated thousand or so Spaghetti Westerns were made, spewing a nihilistic torrent one could never get away with in Hollywood. The most famous and archetypal of the bunch are Sergio Leone’s “Man With No Name” trilogy starring Clint Eastwood: A Fistful of Dollars, For A Few Dollars More, and The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly. These films were reputedly dark, amoral, and inexplicably angry, showcasing what filmmaker Alex Cox called “a harsh desert world where human life is mercilessly exposed and violence erupts without warning.” I say “reputedly” because as of this writing, I’ve never seen a Spaghetti Western. And I’m not sure I want to, because I can’t imagine the actual movies being better than the soundtracks.

Everyone alive who isn’t a complete, flat-out dillhole and jerkwad has heard the ghostly whistling title track to The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly, yet that is but the tip of a majestic iceberg. A thousand films yield a LOT of fucking soundtracks, nearly all of them imbued with a uniquely Italian sense of operatic, cinematic, overstated grandiosity. Lone whistles sail over whips, bells, thunderous kettle drums, slashing violins, twangy surf guitars, and rooty-toot-tooting trumpets, yielding a sound as big as the untouched Western landscape. It’s a sound as authoritatively violent as if God had wrested the Grand Teton from its roots and hurled them crashing into the Grand Canyon.

And despite its orchestral trappings, it’s a sound more macho than any big-dick hip-hop or steroidal metal. It conjures the smell of leather, gunpowder, ball sweat, and Tabasco. It induces mental images of a savage, stark, vicious, unre lenting world, a world free of justice and deodorant. My heartbeat starts a-gallopin’ when I hear it, and I want to grow a mustache, dress from head to toe in black, grab a gun, mount a horse, and start subjugating people. I want this music to be my life’s soundtrack, but alas, my life is not nearly this exciting.

Although these soundtracks were composed by scores of men with olive-oily surnames, one short man stands tall above all others: Ennio Morricone, who can’t even speak English, much less ride a horse into the Arizona sunset. Considered by many to be the most gifted film composer of all time, Morricone received a lifetime-achievement Oscar last year. The beady-eyed genius delivered his acceptance speech in Italian while Clint Eastwood stood by his side, doing a lousy translation job.

That was an essential moment. The reason we need creative people is because they construct fake worlds that are better than the real world could possibly ever be. Through the Spaghetti Westerns, Italians of the 1960s infused the American West of the 1800s with more drama than Americans EVER gave it—definitely in the movies and probably in real life.

Even though I’m a non-Italian American, I somehow feel empowered. I wish the Italians HAD conquered the West, and at least the pizza would be better out there. The West has been tamed, and there’s no place left to run, much less gallop. What used to be a lonely frontier is now the most overcrowded part of the country. Yet one only needs to put on the headphones and dive into that music, and the West is once again as wide-open as outer space.
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We received the following letter in response to the article
Divine Pimpin': How Cult Leaders Use Sex to Control Their Sects
(August, 2007), which examined sex-abuse allegations against
ten reputed cult leaders. We are reprinting the letter without
correcting any of the dozens of mistakes included in the original.

This is a weird email coming from me. I am punk fucking rocker hardcore
skinhead journalist, actor and all around artist. I write for various hard-
core punk web zines and use to write for Disheveled.

I am really fucking pissed off at u guys right now. I am so fucking livid.
I just read the august issue of EU. It was all good except for one fucking
article that sent my blood pressure rising.

I like cult murders as much as the next punk. All but one of those cult lead-
ers you wrote about are proven to be what u said they were. I agreed with
everything u wrote except for the fucking bullshit u wrote on sathya sai baba.

What you have written, if you bothered to do any research on it at all, is
a bunch of lies created by a bunch of sick fuckers to discredit a man who
does not take one penny from his devotees and has dedicated his life to his
people and social causes. Just ask the owner of the Hard Rock
Cafe enterprise. That dude is pretty fucking brutal and he
is a sai baba devotee. He actually funded the building of
a free hospital in India where all medical services for
everyone are free. How do I know all of this? For one
I have been to India (and used the services of that
hospital when I got sick there) and stayed in the
ashram, I have been an avid reader and fan of Sai
since 1994. I am no fucking idiot. I have studied,
researched and traveled to many places before I
even knew who sai baba was. I am a fighter for
the truth and I was molested as a little kid twice so
believe me I fucking hate sexual misconduct.

Why is it that Sai has never been charged with
a crime? It is a matter of public record in India that
none of these so called victims ever came forward and
pressed charges. Odds are that at least one of them if not
more would have done so.

Those interviews that he grants are very fucking hard to get. It is obvi-
ous that these people who are claiming to have been molested by sai during
these interviews are obviously fucking jealous cuz they probably had no
chance of ever getting an interview with him. Trust me I know how the shit
works and it is just like getting a back stage pass for your favorite band. It is
coveted.

What you printed was hearsay and unsubstantiated and as a matter of
fact everything else u printed about all the other cult figures is true and
has been proven either by the actions of the cult leader or by a court of
fucking law. But none of what u printed about sai fucking baba was ever
proven by anyone at all. Not one document or complaint filed. You really
should do your research instead of printing the first shit u read written by
a bunch of crackpots online. John, do you really believe everything u read
on the internet? If you do you truly are as dumb as you fucking look.

Could I fucking sue you for liable and slander? Boy I wish I fucking
could. I agree that all of those other leaders you wrote about were fucked
up crack pots.

Police will investigate.

What you printed was hearsay and unsubstantiated and as a matter of
fact everything else u printed about all the other cult figures is true and
has been proven either by the actions of the cult leader or by a court of
fucking law. But none of what u printed about sai fucking baba was ever
proven by anyone at all. Not one document or complaint filed. You really
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on the internet? If you do you truly are as dumb as you fucking look.

Could I fucking sue you for liable and slander? Boy I wish I fucking
could. I agree that all of those other leaders you wrote about were fucked
up crack pots.

Basically even Jesus, as we all know, was hated and feared by many
people. Sai teaches the same things as jesus, and I mean J’s real teachings
not the bullshit the Christians spout.

Do some research next time so don’t you look like a fucking fool yourself
ezz if you knew anything about sai and the people making the accusations,
you would be pretty damn embarrassed by how fucking stupid u really are
ezz he really is on our fucking side.

Fuck off,

kimpunkrock

The article’s author, Jim Goad, responds:
Let me get this clear: You’re a foul-mouthed, ill-tempered, unedu-
cated skinhead Hindu, Kim? Does the phrase “piece of work” mean
anything to you, Snookums?

You’ll need to explain exactly what sort of “journalist” misspells
every other word, mangles all the facts before injecting them with
scattered blasts of venomous personal emotion, and doesn’t even
know how to spell “libel.” Are you kids THAT retarded these days?

I didn’t accuse your pug-ugly Afro-sporting Holy Dwarf of any-
thing. I merely reported that dozens…and dozens…and dozens of
people have INDEPENDENTLY accused
him of sexual molestation for DECADES now.

I researched hundreds of sources for the Divine
Pimpin’ article, and of all the cult leaders I
probed, NO ONE had as hefty a pile of accu-
sations lodged against him as Sai Baba. I’m
talking about reams of paper stacked up to
heaven. And more convincingly, all of the
accusations involved similarly oily “massage”
techniques employed on underaged males.
It was the same sordid story every time.

You ask why he’s never been charged with
a crime. It might have something to do with the
fact that his wealth, despite your misguided claim
that he’s never taken a penny from his followers,
has been estimated at ten billion dollars or more. But

here’s a better question: With all that money and all those
accusations of molestation, why has he never SUED any of his
accusers? And if his stubby little hands are so clean, why did officials
at the US State Department confirm that their travel warning regarding
“inappropriate sexual behaviour by a prominent local religious leader
[in India]” referred to your bouncing baby boy Sai Baba?

I certainly don’t believe everything I read on the Internet. But nei-
ther do I swallow the divine claims and kooky magic tricks of Sai
Baba. And when these accusations have persisted for forty years
over several countries from scores of ex-believers whose stories are
all strikingly similar, I tend to chalk it up to more than jealousy.

You equate a personal audience with a revered religious leader
with “getting a backstage pass for your favorite band.” You are a con-
fused and infantile breech-birth hybrid of a carbon-copy culture, Kim. Whatever your “side” of the discussion is, I don’t want to be on it.

I want to stand firmly on the other side. The smart side. The right side.
You can stay on the side of billionaire accused pedophiles. But stay
away from the fun people like me. I’m truly sorry someone molested
you. But for God’s sake, quit acting like it.
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It's rare that music can upset me, but when it does, things become dangerous. Even though almost all of popular music conveys sentiments and emotions that I've never felt and never wish to feel, somehow I'm able to remain tolerant. I try to be a peaceful man, but every so often a song will come along that fairly pleads for a violent reaction. Certain songs are unforgivable. There is no plausible rationale for their existence. They beg the listener to wreak vengeance on the cruel, evil tricksters who cared so little about our feelings that they willed such hurtful songs into being.

These “killing songs,” as I call them, convey emotions which are so repellent to me that I feel obligated to end the lives of the musicians who inflicted them on me. For legal reasons, I need to remind you that this is all “funny talk,” and that I really don’t intend to bash these musicians’ skulls, nor would I ever encourage anyone else, through direct instruction or vague suggestion, to do my dirty work for me. But I still think it’s within the parameters of my free-speech rights to insist that it’d be a better world if I were allowed to kill them. That’s all I’m saying, really.

I'm sure your list is different from mine. Different music torments different people. Back in my Boy Scout days, I had a friend who couldn’t get “Kung Fu Fighting”—the song he hated most—out of his head for two weeks! I knew a girl whose loathing for “Who Let the Dogs Out?” was so fulsome, she'd get upset if you even mentioned the title, so I made a point of not only mentioning it, but of downloading the MP3 and torturing her with it.

“Keep on Lovin’ You” by REO Speedwagon

If such indiscretions were legal, I’d really like to roll up my sleeves and personally beat up their singer Kevin Cronin, especially the way he rolls the last syllables of lines in the above-mentioned power ballad:

But you didn’t lissuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu
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Daily 10:30am-2:30am—lady bar, food
COCKTAILS AND DREAMS 30
2400 NW 3rd St (520) 881-2245
Mon-Thu 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 3pm-4am—lady bar, food
DANCIN' BARE 18
644 NW 8th Ave (503) 241-0000
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, food, lottery
DEViLS POiNT 11
3106 SE Foster (774) 5820461
Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food
THE DOLPHIN 17
1171 SE Milwaukie (503) 627-0666
Daily 11am-2:30am—lady bar, food, full menu
DOUBLe DRiLLER TAVERN 10
3352 SE Powell Blvd (760) 707-7906
Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery
DREAM ON SALON 19
15920 SE Stark (253) 8675
Mon-Fri 11am-2am—lady bar, full menu, food, bar
DV8 11
1021 SE Powell Blvd (780) 71176
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, full menu, food
EXOTICA iNTERNaTIONAL 20
2400 NE Columbia (280) 20281
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, full menu, VIP room
HAWTHORN STRIPE 16
1008 SE Hawthorne (322) 4516
Daily 11am-2:30am—lady bar, full menu, lottery
HOTTIES 7
1040 SW Canyon Rd (603) 635-7377
Sun-Wed 5pm-2am, Thurs-Fri 4pm-2am—2 stages, nude bar, after hours, Jupiter
JD'S BAR & NLiGHT 39
4522 NE 80th (388) 97711
Mon-Thurs 11am-2am—lady bar, beer, wine, food
JIGGLES 6
7455 SW Nyberg Rd (492) 35635
Mon-Thurs 11am-2am—lady bar, beer, wine, food, full menu, food
MAGiC GiRDS 16
217 NW 4th (503) 224-8472
M-F 12pm-2am, Sun 4pm-2am—lady bar, food
JODY'S BAR & GLiRiLL 13
1209 SW Broadway (227) 0202
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, food, lottery
MAGiC GiRDS 16
217 NW 4th (503) 224-8472
M-F 12pm-2am, Sun 4pm-2am—lady bar, food
MONTego'S 17
1582 SE Division (711) 743-3593
Luncheon, 7am-2pm, Fri-Sun 11am—1 stage, full bar, food
NICOLaI ST. CluBause 17
2480 NW 24th (227) 0586
Mon-Fri 11:30am-2am—lady bar, food, lottery
THE PALLAS 30
1369 SE Powell (760) 941112
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, food
Pirate's Cove 31
7417 NE Sandy (503) 221-9611
Daily 11am-2:30am—lady bar, food, lottery
PoP-A-TOp 30
8370 NE Columbia (521) 281312
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 3pm-3am—lady bar, food
RiVerside CoRrAL 30
945 SE Scarsdale (503) 3802
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, food, lottery
ROOSTER 30
605 N Columbia (529) 1351
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, beer, lottery
RIVERSIDE CorRAL 30
945 SE Scarsdale (503) 3802
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, food, lottery
ROOSTER 30
605 N Columbia (529) 1351
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am—lady bar, beer, lottery
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