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B.A. Video will be holding their grand re-opening in December, now located at SE 72nd and Harold (formerly Jardin). Exotic Nights Books’ video arcade is now open, and they are giving away free minutes. At Fascinations, you can get yourself a free $20 gift card with a $100 purchase.

Be sure to stop by Silver Spoon to get that perfect grown-up gift, including adult novelties, tobacco and accessories, movies and magazines, and a great selection of functional glass...open Mon.-Sat. 10am-7pm and Sun. noon-5pm.

The bad boys of porn at Taboo Video deliver the goods big-time this month! Stop by for a meet-and-greet with adult film director and porn star Kimberly Kane on Saturday, Dec. 1st at Taboo Vancouver from 4pm-5:30pm and at Taboo 82nd Ave. from 6pm-7:30pm. While you’re there, don’t forget to enter to win a $500 gift card, a $250 gift basket, or even dinner with Kimberly Kane. You can check them out as our official sponsor at the Exotic magazine Christmas Party for the best giveaways around. They will also be sponsoring the Naughty New Year’s Party @ the former Outlaws music hall. Visit Taboo Video for details and a chance to win free passes.

If you’re looking for something a little more “out there,” stop by Valentine Video for the wildest in extreme fetishes and real S&M for that special someone. Barber Babes offers hair styling a cut above the competition, where you can get your hair cut by hot chicks in skimpy outfits. Call to make an appointment Mon.-Sat. 10am-7pm at (503) 235-8199.

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It is typical of music fans’ immaturity and blind self-absorption that they mourn the deaths of their idols. Witness the annual candlelight vigils to mark the passing of self-loathing pasty-faces John Lennon and Kurt Cobain. Worse, note the stubbornly cretinous denial of Elvis and Tupac’s deaths by nonfunctional, ego-tarded devotees. In their infantile egocentrism, the faceless hordes of pop-music leeches lament the passing of their favorite stars as if the stars would really give a fuck if THEY died. And yet, it is obvious that most musicians die in order to get away from their fans.

Jimi Hendrix, even though he was only five-foot-seven, is widely regarded as the greatest guitarist, like, ever. Yet during the 27 years he was alive, he was so busy doing drugs and chasing tail that he recorded a meager three studio albums. But in the 35 years he’s been actively dead, he’s been quite the busy bumblebee, releasing at least one album yearly. Death provided Hendrix with the solace and “quiet time” that most artists require in order to blossom.

For Hendrix, choking to death on his own vomit was the ticket to a highly productive post-existence music career. It seems like only yesterday that convicted rapist Tupac Shakur was senselessly gunned down in the Las Vegas streets by an anonymous hooligan unaware that being murdered would be the wisest career move Tupac ever made. The foul-mouthed, mustachioed, oft-topless son of a crack addict was so preoccupied thuggin’ it up during his short life that he excreted only five studio albums. Yet since his fortuitous demise, he quit flexin’, settled down, and to date has churned out eight additional long-playing musical odes romanticizing criminality. For Shakur, Thug Life was not nearly so fruitful as Thug Death. Not to mention the fact that dying has made it much more difficult for him to rape anyone.

Who—besides me—didn’t shed a tear when sightless troubadour Ray Charles recently received a whopping eight posthumous Grammies? Joining the rarefied ranks of rigor-mortis-stricken Grammy-winning songbirds such as John Lennon and Nat King Cole, the blind-as-a-bat fresh corpse refused to appear at the ceremony, citing his death. But during his long, grin-ning, drug-addled life, he was repeatedly snubbed by Grammy voters, who treated him more like a janitor than a genius. Yet all it took was for him to keel over, and now everyone wants to be his friend. I’ll bet that in his casket, Ray Charles has a wider grin than ever. And I’m sure he’s only beginning to make music.
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Sometime in the late 80s (maybe it was the early 90s—I smoked a lot of pot back then), I went to a party in Atlantic Highlands, NJ. The party was humming along nicely—barbecue and volleyball in the backyard, keg of Bud flowing freely, and a killer metal soundtrack on the stereo. Everyone was having a blast. Unbeknownst to us, our suburban utopia would be shattered.

Someone had heard that Jon Bon Jovi was making a “surprise” appearance at the Stone Pony in Asbury Park. It seems he was promoting an artist on his new vanity label and was to play onstage with the guy. Of course, all the chicks wanted to go. And you know the rule: No chicks = no party.

Normally I would avoid something like this like I avoid french-kissing electric sockets. Unfortunately, my ride home (a chick) wanted to go. As there were no sharp objects around, I accepted my fate and tagged along.

Upon our arrival, I immediately bumped into Aldo Nova. For those of you without a Ph.D. in butt rock, Aldo Nova had a big hit in the early 80s with a song called “Fantasy.” I was struck by how short and hairy he was. He looked like a heavy-metal tribble.

The club was still fairly empty, save for our gaggle of girls and sourpussed guys—and Aldo Nova, of course. I spotted an acquaintance who was a guitarist for an Iron Maiden tribute band (only spanning the Paul DiAnno years). I told him I just bumped into Aldo Nova, and boy, was he short and hairy. He replied, “Dude—Bon Jovi’s right over there.”

And there he was—Jon Bon Jovi. Teen idol, suburban balladeer, and the scourge of metalheads worldwide. He was short, too, but not quite as hairy as Aldo. He was standing at the side bar, idly chatting with the bartender. That’s when inspiration struck.

I looked at the back of Bon Jovi’s head, then I looked at my empty Bud bottle, then I looked at the back of Bon Jovi’s head again and thought, “I could kill Bon Jovi right now! I could rid the world of this musical pain in the ass once and for all with one well-placed beer bottle to the temple. I could run up behind him, BAM, and I’m out the side door before anyone realizes what happened or who did it!” I was sure the Iron Maiden guy wouldn’t rat me out, and even if he did, I doubted he knew my last name or where I lived. He was half in the bag anyway. The bartender would be so stunned and confused, there would be no way he could make a positive ID. And Aldo Nova was in the other room chatting up some chicks. It seemed to be the perfect crime.

As my fingers whitened around the bottle, a horrible thought entered my brain. It wasn’t the concept of getting caught. That might even be worth it just to see the headline, which I fantasized would read, “Local Metal Fan Slays Teen Idol Douchebag” or something like that. The prison time would suck, though I thought I might get a sympathetic judge to knock the charge down to justifiable homicide. “Your honor, if you’ve ever been subjected to the entire New Jersey album, you surely understand that this continuing crime against music needed to be stopped.” There was one problem with my plan.

It was a childhood memory that stopped me in my tracks. I remembered the day John Lennon was killed. I was in the eighth grade, dug the Beatles, and was horrified at the senseless murder of such a brilliant, peace-loving artist. I remembered my sorrow at losing a musical hero and how much of the world shared in my grief. For months afterward, Lennon’s music—with and without the Beatles—was in ultra-heavy rotation. And this is where sanity kicked in.

I realized that while I may have silenced Bon Jovi and prevented him from recording more whiny drivel, I wouldn’t be wiping him completely from ever existing. Upon his death, a martyr would be created for girls with big hair and guys with rusty Camaros. Most heinous of all, his entire catalog would be thrust into radio programmers’ rotations in a way not seen since Lennon’s untimely end. Did I really want to hear “Born to Be My Baby” 50 times a day for the next year? Fuck, no!

Needless to say, I put the bottle down. You’re welcome.
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Ray: You guys are called Love Meter. Is this a reference to those machines in the exits of pancake houses and Mexican restaurants?

Heath: Yes, it is. We even drag a Love Meter machine to all of our gigs in hopes to make a little extra money; so far I’m happy to report that we are averaging between 75 cents and a dollar per show. We threw around lots of different ideas for band names, and most of them were so-so at best, so we decided to settle on something that sounded really lame that would be easy for people to make fun of.

Heath: I don’t cook, motherfucker. I wait tables. Because you have deeply offended me with your ignorance, if I even SEE a boatload of people at a work, I will pour it down the drain and bring the empty bottle to the table so that you can fill it with your tears.

Ray: What is your most important and/or socially relevant song, and why?

Heath: Our most socially relevant song is definitely a tune called “Vasectomy Hotline.” It’s poignant because it speaks of the evils of driving a minivan full of car seats. It also sings the praises of sex without condoms and the joys of not having to pull out.

Getting your nuts cut is very socially responsible.

Ray: Where can potential Love Meter listeners find more of Love Meter’s music?

Heath: At shows. I hate MySpace, but it has become necessary for us to make a page so that we can get gigs and do interviews for Exotic magazine.

Ray: Last month, you folks played a show alongside local artists Mr. Majestyk and Wombstretcha the Magnificent. Had this interview taken place after the show instead of a week beforehand, what kind of awesome or horrible stories would you have about playing a show near Gresham?

Heath: Well, I certainly didn’t want to take the MAX there. The anticipation of this show was killing me, so it’s kind of difficult to say what I was most excited about. It was our first all-ages gig, so I was curious as to what the kiddies’ reactions would be. When Wombstretcha played, I really liked the Aviators and Trenchcoats they wore. It was really pervy.

Ray: Anything else that Love Meter wants to contribute to XMag?

Heath: Yes, our newly founded Save the Strippers (I know it’s more PC to use the term “exotic dancers,” but “stripers” just sounded better) Foundation is happy to make a generous donation of one billion dollars to Exotic magazine so that it can continue to feature local musicians.

Ray: I hope you’re able to come through with that offer, although I don’t see how you’re saving anything but local musicians, so the boss might not be cool with it.

That’s about it for the Meter. If you have a band that is in any way gimmicky, controversial, or just plain weird, email me (wombray@hotmail.com) for an interview.
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Where are the advertisers threatening to withdraw all sponsorship unless Dog’s wife does something about those Snoopy Boobs of hers? What about his son’s Mohawk/braided-ponytail thing? Isn’t the fact that Dog and his wife ever reproduced far more objectionable than the fact he ever said “nigger”? On his TV show, Chapman routinely referred to other males as “brah.” Look in my eyes and tell me with a straight face that “brah” is less offensive than saying “nigger.” In the long run, is it worse to call someone a nigger than to act like one? Dog’s very existence begs this question.

Public hysteria and lifelong social excommunication based on racist comments is a relatively new development in our history. Perhaps America’s first big racial-slur scandal was back last week, apologizin’ like the dickens. As with Michael Richards before him, Dog donned sackcloth and ashes and allowed himself to be paraded through the muddy streets as centurions whipped him and he begged for mercy. On Hannity’s show, Dog cried more than once—NOT a pretty spectacle. He said that if killing himself would make things better, he would do it. He even suggested that when he dies, he should be buried in an unmarked grave alongside ex-slaves.

I liked him better when he was saying “nigger.”

At least it was sincere. If Chapman and Richards hadn’t been threatened with the final, immutable ends of their professional careers for saying “nigger,” would they even have apologized? And if they did, would they have looked nearly as scurried while doing it?

Throughout his self-flagellating public apology, Dog the Bounty Hunter looked very much like the hunted. Or, more precisely, the retarded hunter suddenly found himself hunted by retards. By apologizing, Dog alienated the last group possibly willing to cut him some slack—the racists. With his transparent duplicity, he pleases no one. He is a peacemaker in one sense—he’s aligned both the racists and the anti-racists against him. That’s a formidable coalition. That’s pretty much everybody.

Dog also apologized to every black person in America. EVERY fucking one of them.

“Thanks, Dog,” said every black person in America. “It means a lot, Dog.”

I’m not big on making or accepting apologies. Exactly what does an apology accomplish, anyway? Can anyone tell me? State legislatures across the South are now apologizing for slavery—as if it makes a difference.

If there is indeed a God, He or She created Duane “Dog” Chapman to look like a guy who says “nigger” a lot. It’s a violation of Dog’s civil rights to deny him this God-given privilege.

In between tears, Dog repeatedly mentioned the word “healing.”

Kramer, in his pathetic series of public apologies, used the word “healing,” too. In truth, neither Kramer nor Dog looked like they were anywhere close to healing. Instead, these beaten men looked liked they’d just been infected with a terminal illness—the incurable, ultimately lethal Racial Guilt Germ. The only literal, logical, true psychological healing would occur—instantly—if Dog wiped away all the crocodile tears and just fucking admitted he wanted to say “nigger” in the first place.

This screamingly pious outrage over the “N” word has perhaps eclipsed the Red Scare of the 1950s on the Hysteria Meter. The difference is that in the 1950s, communists were ACTUALLY killing people in the millions. These days, if a single racist even thinks about harming a nonwhite, you never hear the fricken’ end of it. There will be marches and boycotts and vigils and TV movies. But actual violent hate crimes—at least the white-on-black variety—are so truly rare, the mere utterance of “nigger” is enough to bring out the National Guard.

In the entire media hubbub surrounding all of these celebrity racial-slur scandals, reporters dance around the “N” word like Bill “Bojangles” Robinson. I’ve never heard one of them with enough journalistic nuts to just fucking say the word. And noth ing approaching truth, logic, or reality EVER encroaches upon the discussion. It’s all some jitterbuggy public psychological voodoo exorcism.

Today in Atlanta, I walked past a fat black woman barking into her cell phone about how she’s still “working for the white man.”

First off, she ain’t working for THIS white man, or I would have forced her to write this article for me.

Would she feel better back in Africa, swatting at flies?

In Africa, I’d reckon they’re far less worried about having their feelings hurt than they are about keeling over from AIDS or finding a bite to eat over the next month. If you’ve reached the point where being called a bad name is your primary gripe in life, you have it pretty fucking good.

Americans, black, white, and urine-colored, need to get over their god-damned feelings. At least that’s how I feel.
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