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FEATURES

ROCK OF DARK-AGES
Through the years with Ministry and the Thrill Kill Kult
by Statutory Ray
page 14

WWW.ADULTPET-FINDER.COM
Domestic pets and cyber pimpin’
by Jim Goad
page 18

SMASHING THE SUMMER BLOCKBUSTERS
A peek into Hollywood’s future
by Leslie Davis
page 34

ALL-NEW SELF DEFENSE MONTHLY!
by Mata-Leao of Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu
page 66

INSIDE STUFF

EROTIC CITY
PG. 22
WEIRD THINGS I’VE EATEN!
PG. 26
THROWN UNDER THE BUS – LITERALLY
PG. 30
PIN-UP CALENDAR
PG. 36
THE BOTTOM LINE
PG. 58
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH
PG. 62
SmoochKnob: Gay to the Core

Admitting to me hesitantly that no member of his band is actually homosexual, Donny Rife referred to SmoochKnob’s music as “really, really gay.”

At first, this seemed confusing. Judging by their astute sense of fashion, it would seem that SmoochKnob could be a 1000-point score in a Jeopardy category labeled “Things That Are Gay.” Fortunately for the creators of the “gaycore” genre, the only things not gay about SmoochKnob are the sexual preferences of its members.

The band’s music is ridiculously simplistic and catchy to the point that a second listen to any song will no doubt result in a sing-along regardless of how many gang tats the listener has under his chest hair. Reminiscent of The Refreshments, SmoochKnob deliver three-minute songs that are more accessible than innovative. There is no question about the entertainment value of tunes such as “300lb Stripper,” but it is doubtful that EMP will be featuring a SmoochKnob exhibit anytime soon. However, not everyone needs another Floyd or Zeppelin. SmoochKnob’s music delivers compact doses of pop-punk, and because of this, they’ve been given much attention by radio stations and easily amused music columnists.

Next item on the gay buffet is the fact that the drummer is the singer. How gay is that?! Accomplishing a feat that Def Leppard can’t achieve, Donnie Rife handles no less than three phallic objects at once, hitting Rush-caliber high notes while the rest of his band pounds out rhythm from behind him. Pretty fucking gay if you ask me, but still deserving of a gold (rainbow?) star.

Spinal Tap would be jealous of a drummer actually taking the limelight, but the crowd’s attention is compromised by the presence of the SmoochGirls, a multitalented and ridiculously fuckable harem that accompanies SmoochKnob on stage and disc. When not performing physically hazardous pole tricks at Cabaret, SmoochGirl Indago promotes the band and manages a team of SmoochGirls, all who became part of the clique on their own accord. Speaking from experience, it often takes illegal substances and empty objects at once, hitting Rush-caliber high notes while the rest of his band pounds out rhythm from behind him. Pretty fucking gay if you ask me, but still deserving of a gold (rainbow?) star.

To be fair, SmoochKnob is far from perfect. The band’s dot-com splash page links to a myspace page (tsk, tsk). After sending out e-invites for an upcoming SmoochKnob show, I received more than one unfriendly reply. One respondent even noted that she had officially dubbed SmoochKnob “the Worst Band in Portland,” a title that is arguably harder to achieve than “Best Band in Portland.” However, as is usually the case, the band’s flaws reflect their achievements. When he’s not busy drumming, singing, producing, booking, and performing, Donnie might get around to redoing the band’s virtually nonexistent website. SmoochKnob’s fan base dwarfs that of the Grateful Dead, and with any large group of supporters stems a correspondingly large amount of haters.

Judge for yourself and become part of the SmoochKnob experience. Check out SmoochKnob in all of their gaycore glory at Dante’s in Portland on May 15th alongside Wombstretcher the Magnificent and the Xotica Go-Go Dancers, or keep your ears and eyes peeled for the Sophomoric LP in stores this June.

Dos and Don’ts for Aging Rivetheads: Ministry* v. Thrill Kill Kult

Everyone has a favorite band from back in the day. For those of us fortunate enough to have wasted our youths sucking down clove cigarettes under dusty black lights, the word “Ministry” brings to mind something other than a congregation of Christophiles. With all due respect to Seattle’s own Kap’n Konietzko, it is no doubt that Al Jourgensen has had more of an influence on the industrial music scene than anyone else. However, Jourgensen’s days of producing abrasively rhythmic music that encompasses biting political satire have since passed, only to be replaced by unnecessary guitar squeals and redundant anti-Bush blah blah. Rumor has it that Keith Richards phoned Jourgensen last year and said, “Dude, you’re getting too old to rock,” prompting Al to embark in the “C U La Tour.” What a waste of money.

If there’s something that past-their-prime bands are notoriously guilty of, it’s pushing new material to an old audience. You know the routine: Show up, wait four or five songs, and then leave the beer garden to finally hear some of the good shit. When Ministry hit the stage with no less than ten new songs, the crowd became impatient.

“Oh, you want to hear some old stuff?” Jourgensen asked.

The crowd replied as expected:

“Here ya go,” Al yelled as he played a song from...2003.

An hour into the set, Ministry (read: Al Jourgensen and a bunch of new members) wrapped up with “Just One Fix” and “Thieves.” After an encore consisting of cover songs circa 1976 whiskey bars, Jourgensen left the audience in tears.

A week and a half later, I took a second chance at reliving my wasted youth and saw My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult at Dante’s. TKK did everything that Ministry didn’t, hitting the stage to perform nothing but classic songs. Paying homage to their balding and poorly eyeliner’d crowd, TKK took the time to understand that none of us owned (let alone knew about) their new album. A two-hour-plus set list ended in a double encore and physical hugs from singer Groovie Man.

What can aspiring has-beens learn from Ministry and TKK? The stage should not double as a merch booth when your band hasn’t put out a good album in ten years. Play your old shit. Aging rock stars performing in reformed bands (KMFDM, Blind Melon, etc.) need to realize that 2007 wasn’t “back in the day.” If used correctly, ten minutes of So What and Psalm 69 can redeem hours of Bush samples and Fear Factory guest spots.

*Men with a history of heart disease and memory loss should consult their doctors before attempting to rock. Pregnant and nursing women should not be allowed to go to Ministry shows.
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Since the dawn of time, house pets’ sexual opportunities have largely been confined only to animals in their immediate proximity—animals they might not otherwise find attractive. In countless cases—perhaps the majority—our nation’s house pets have been forced into unwanted sexual encounters with other animals not for their own pleasure, but to line the pockets of their greedy human breeder/owners.

Our nation’s human populations realized years ago that the Internet was a great place to seek and procure casual sex. But surfing the Internet for booty calls is no longer the exclusive domain of human beings. House pets are finally getting in on the game, too. Thanks to the Internet, America’s house pets are the latest to “get wired” and “go online” looking to “hook up” and “get with each other.”

Adult social-networking sites for house pets is an idea whose time is long overdue. Animals, like people, are not always seeking long-term relationships. Animals are much more comfortable having sex without commitment than humans, especially human females. Animals don’t have the performance issues and cosmetic-hygienic anxieties that affict most humans. They have absolutely no trouble getting busy. Once animals realized there was a way to have even more casual, meaningless, indiscriminate, opportunistic sex than they usually do, they flocked to the Internet like dogs to a fire hydrant.

Over the past few years, the animals have started doin’ it for themselves. Dozens of websites have emerged seeking to cater to the unique needs of house pets who are seeking physical intimacy without personal commitment. Some of the more successful and well-known sites are heavypetting.com, asssniff.com, givethedogmybone.com, and muttsidliketofuck.com. All of these sites provide healthy outlets for pets who only want to get a nut.

But none of these sites have enjoyed as much traffic or notoriety as adultpetfinder.com, a Cleveland, Ohio-based social-networking site which attracts over one million unique visitors daily. Unlike the aforementioned sites (as well as myspace.com), adultpetfinder.com allows registered users to post candid photos of themselves featuring full-frontal (and dorsal) nudity. The typical adultpetfinder.com personal profile is crammed with luridly moist close-up photos of canine and feline nether regions. Even though the site’s registration process features several questions designed to screen out would-be human lurkers (“Have you ever sniffed an ass, and if you have, did you like it?”), it’s likely that many of those one-million-plus daily visitors are human voyeurs.

Unfortunately, the site recently made negative headlines after it was revealed that a female Pomeranian named “Bitsy,” brutally gang-raped by six male Chihuahuas near Houston, TX, last month, had initially met her assailants in a chat room on adultpetfinder.com. “There are absolutely no filters in place to screen out the sexual predators from the animals that are just plain old-fashioned horny,” says Letitia “T-Bone” Creech, a Texas-based animal-rights advocate who has started a site called stoponlineanimalsex.com. Creech, a small, round woman who smells strongly of mildew, claims the online animal “meat markets” have caused a sharp upward spike in STDs among house pets and have, over the last year alone, led to over a half-million unwanted litters. Creech also asserts that although adultpetfinder.com features a home-page disclaimer stating that “you have to be at least 18 in dog years; 21 if you’re a cat” in order to login, it’s easy for underage animals to lie. “A lot of these animals are too young to make their own decisions about sex and relationships,” Creech grunts. “They go in there expecting a good time, and they come out with a case of feline gonorrhea and an unwanted litter of kittens.”

Several house pets were asked to be interviewed for this article, but all declined comment. However, the following post from a message board on adultpetfinder.com tends to adequately sum up the animals’ feelings:

Would you rather we all meet in an alley? Asshole humans have forced us into animal concentration camps and selectively bred us for thousands of years, and now all of the [sic] sudden they’re worried about our sexual health and well-being? I’ll tell you what ‘sexual exploitation’ is. It’s when humans play matchmaker with animals and then sell their offspring to other humans. Have you ever had some creature ten times your size dress you up in some ridiculous costume and snap pictures of you, thinking it’s cute? Have you ever tasted a fucking Milk Bone? Could you even imagine that being a treat? Would you like to eat dog food and walk around on a leash and then have people tell you what to do with your genitals? An animal’s never neutered a human being, I’ll put it that way. You’ve never seen a gerbil stick a human up its ass. Humans need to worry what’s wrong with them and stay the fuck out of our litter boxes.
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May 2008

Here we go with another action-packed installment of Erotic City. This month, I thought I would see if I could go back to my old ways a bit and throw some entertainment of a different kind at you, along with the usual what’s-happening-where routine. Those of you who have been with us a long time might remember when I managed to transform Erotic City into quite a bit more than just an “event listing.” It was filled with things such as behind-the-scenes industry scandals and the “Top 10 Entertainers That the Guys at Exotic Want to Fuck.” It was cool for a while until I lost my mind and started using it as a venomous tool I used to destroy “evildoers” that got on my bad side. But I’m much better now and completely rehabilitated, so why not give the old Erotic City a new shot with a more controlled direction? So I figured, what better way to start it up than a little lesson on strip-club etiquette? Each month (or for as long as I think it’s a good idea), we will analyze a particular feature of the strip club. So let’s begin with a few simple rules and suggestions about “The Rack.”

1. Do not lean over the rack…period. Consider it an invisible barrier if you must. That line between the rack’s end and the stage’s beginning is a dancer’s bubble. However, the dancer has the superpower to penetrate that barrier at her own discretion, but you, my friends…do not! This is not only for their safety…but your own. I myself have witnessed a newbie strip-club patron that wasn’t hip to this rule lean over the rack and try to toss his tip a little closer to the dancer’s goodies just as she did a high-speed 360 on the pole, resulting in the inexperienced patron taking an 8-inch spiked heel to the forehead.

2. It’s probably not a good idea to eat at the rack. Nothing can spoil an erotic session at the rack like some fat guy plopping down next to you with an order of fish and chips smothered in malt vinegar, except maybe if the same dude fires up a cheap stogie after his meal. Having your sense of smell violated when a gorgeous vagina is prancing about in front of you can kinda kill the buzz, ya know?

3. The rack is there for you to put your tips and your drink upon. Items not put on the rack include your feet, your coat, the newspaper you’re reading, or your penis. The rack is not there to hide the fact that you’re stroking your cock beneath it. You’re not fooling anyone; we can still see your arm jerking frantically and that sad, frustrated look on your red and sweaty face. In most places, this will get you and your blue testicles a one-way ticket out the door.

4. How a girl fills her rack is generally how club management rates an entertainer’s “talents.” An empty rack means she’s gonna be working a lot of Monday day shifts, whereas a consistently solid rack means she’ll be rocking the prime shifts. Worse than an empty rack is when a dancer takes the stage and the patrons at the rack unite in a mass exodus. We used to call these dancers Rackasaurus Rexes. So consider that when you’ve sat through the first song long enough to get a peek at her privates but then feel it’s time to hit the video poker. Abandoning a dancer in mid-set not only makes her look bad, but it might hurt that lovely lady’s fragile ego as well. Best time to vacate is in between sets. How would you feel if a dancer bailed halfway through a lap dance? If your wife just pages you and said she knows “Where U at” when you told her you had to put in some overtime, consider your ass excused, leave a parting tip for the dancer, and get your whipped ass home.

That’s all you get for now; next month we’ll explore the delicate art of tipping. So let’s move on to the various events brought to you by our many sponsors. We’ll be laying it out for you in an all-new format that pretty much cuts to the chase in chronological fashion, so here goes....

Featured Events

Saturday, May 3 through Monday, May 5
Festival de Mayo at The Pirate’s Cove and The Big Bang with $1 chips and salsa.

Monday, May 5
Cinco de Mayo Parties at Cabaret I and Cabaret II, with door prizes and feature shows all night long.
Cinco de Mayo Party all day long at Jody’s Bar and Grill, featuring their all-new tequila bar.
Celebrate Cinco de Mayo in true Mexican fashion at Last Chance in Gervais all day and night long.

Friday, May 9 and Saturday, May 10
Adult film star and magazine model Holly Foxxx at Safari Showclub.

Thursday, May 15
The Miss Nude Oregon Prelims at the Dolphin II at 8 PM.
Men of Paradise at Cheetahs in Salem. Advance tickets on sale for $5.00 off.
Bridget the Midget at Stars Salem.

Friday, May 16
Bridget the Midget at Safari Showclub.
Metallica Tribute Band “Motorbreath” and the Jagermeister Girls at Stars Salem.

Saturday, May 17
Armed Services Day at The Pirate’s Cove and The Big Bang.
White Water River Rat’s Party Saturday, May 17th at DV8 at 9 PM with a wet T-shirt contest, river gear raffle all night long, and all proceeds going to the Susan G. Komen Foundation.

(continued on page 54)
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WEIRD FOODS I'VE EATEN

BECAUSE I'M A WEIRD MAN
Humphrey Bogart said he didn’t trust anyone who doesn’t drink. In the same way, I’m immediately suspicious of anyone who isn’t adventurous when it comes to food.

A reluctance to eat “weird” foods tells me a person probably isn’t too adventurous with ideas, either. Most of the idiots I grew up with still live in the same area, go to the same church, think the same thoughts, and eat the same food. And one day, they’ll all rot together in their normal caskets.

I’ve eaten interesting foods in the same way I’ve gone to interesting places and done interesting things and thought interesting thoughts. I get bored with ordinary things because I’m an interesting person. You might think that “interesting” equates to “weird,” but that’s only because you aren’t interesting. Eating weird foods isn’t the only thing that makes me interesting; it is merely further evidence that I’m interesting. When I was a young pink-skinned prepube and hadn’t so much as eaten out a chick, I had already eaten snails and frog legs and chocolate-covered grasshoppers.

God made me interesting and he made you average. You’ve always lived a TV Dinner Life. You eat only what you’re “supposed” to eat. The weirdest thing you’ve ever shoveled in your maw is the Rooty Tooty Fresh ‘n’ Fruity special at IHOP. When it comes to sex, you use the missionary position exclusively. You’ve been to two states—your home state and the one next to it. I’ve been to all fifty.

You don’t make any sense. You’ll make out with the ugliest chick at the bar, but you’d never touch eel? You smoke cigarettes knowing they’ll give you cancer, but you have a problem with frog legs? If you understood what goes into a hot dog, why should any of this faze you?

Because you don’t like variety, your life ain’t very spicy. I’m a Spicy Beef Vindaloo, and you’re only a Saltine cracker, my friend.

Basically, I tried all the following weird foods because I had the opportunity to try them. There has never been an edible item I’ve had the chance to try but was too scared to try. In the same spirit of brash adventurousness, I’ve tried every illegal drug I’ve ever had the chance to try and traveled everywhere I’ve ever had the chance to go. Although I am by no means a homosexual, I AM fabulous, and your feeble dispar-approval of my culinary bravery has no effect on my fancifulness. In fact, I find you so dull, I’m going to stop talking about you right now.

None of these “weird” dishes tasted disgusting. One realizes quickly that most mammals taste kinda like beef, most birds taste kinda like chicken, and most aquatic creatures taste kinda like flounder. Still, even I couldn’t get past the innate yuck factor with a couple of them.

I don’t care that these animals have suffered to feed and amuse me. That’s nature’s way. I don’t believe I accrue any bad karma or am eating their souls. Many of these animals would eat me if they could, so I shed no tears for any of them. And I might be reluctant to eat human flesh, but trust me—you don’t want to dare me.

KANGAROO

I’ve eaten kangaroo twice. First time was back in the late 80s at a Manhattan restaurant called the New Deal, whose menu featured “game meats” such as elephant and buffalo. New Deal served up their kangaroo in thin curly meat strips, and I’ll be doggoned if I could tell it apart from beef. The second time was at an outdoor restaurant a couple years ago in Melbourne, Australia, where many cars are rigged with “hopper choppers” on their front grilles to kill the pesky Jaywalking beastsies. That time my kangaroo was served as a thick slab of steak alongside sugar beets, and it still tasted like beef. Note to myself: Kangaroo tastes like beef.

ALLIGATOR

I’ve gobbled on alligator sausage down in New Orleans during Mardi Gras, eaten deep-fried gator bites at restaurants throughout Dixie, and even feasted on gator steak on an outdoor wooden deck right above a skeeter-laden Florida swamp wherein live gators dwelt. In every instance, I was grateful to be eating the alligator rather than the inverse. It tastes like a salty mix of fish and chicken.

FROG LEGS

Being part-Frog myself (I’m a self-hating partial Frenchman), I’ve eaten frog legs since childhood, and just like alligator, they taste somewhere halfway along the fish-poultry continuum. A couple years ago at a Chinese restaurant in rural Pennsylvania I ordered some frog legs and then watched with mild remorse as waiters removed a live, healthy, happy frog from an aquarium, only to march him back to the kitchen and murder him. My remorse soon faded because I was hungry, and I eagerly devoured the freshly slain frog’s fishy-chickeny legs.

EEL

This is the only item on the list that has made me puke—and twice at that. Once was after eating big eel chunks at a Chinese joint in lower Manhattan, and the other was after some Vietnamese eel curry in Orange County, CA. Eels are a visually repellant creature, and even though they’ve made me vomit twice, I still boldly order eel sushi every time I’m able. I TOLD you I’m crazy.

SNAILS

Chewy and rubbery, but if you dip them in enough melted butter, you can get around the idea that they leave a slime trail everywhere they go. A few years ago I ordered some mini-sized snails at the same Chinese restaurant where I saw the frog get murdered. The waiter told me these snails would clean my insides of harmful toxins. Instead, I was THIS CLOSE to shitting blood for a week.

SHEEP BRAINS

After watching the monkey-brain-eating scene in Faces of Death, I knew I had to order me some brains, and I did so at a sit-on-the-floor Moroccan establishment on Capitol Hill in Seattle. They were white and soft and tasted mildly like cream cheese.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN OYSTERS

AKA Bull Testicles. I had a basket of deep-fried bull balls with a side of fries at a honky-tonk bar in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. I’m still unsure whether this makes me more macho or more effeminate. The bull testicles in question tasted like beef.

PIGEON’S HEAD SOUP

When I ordered this item at a Vietnamese place in Orange County, CA, I figured it was like ordering the “Spicy Dragon Bowl” or something similarly symbolic. I didn’t expect to dip my spoon into the thick brown mess and lift up an actual cooked pigeon’s head with its gnarled eyeball looking straight at me. I only took one sip before pussying out. It tasted like soup.

ANT LARVAE

Yup. Pearly white ant maggots. Some of them had even started blossoming into young teenaged ants before being freeze-dried or whatever it was that killed them. I bought them at a Thai grocery store in LA, took them home, and folded them into an omelette with cheese. I took a couple bites and stopped. Even I can only take so much.
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Everywhere I fucking go these days, it seems like people are getting “literally thrown under the bus,” and yet nobody seems to be worried about it. Peep out the following quotes:

“Bush was literally ‘thrown under the bus’ by his Republican colleagues.”

“Naturally, a big scandal ensued, and several supervisory officers were punished, literally thrown under the bus by LA’s hack police chief, William Bratton.”

“I understand we have had our share of slack donors, but they should have been treated with respect and dignity. Instead, they were literally thrown under the bus.”

“At last month’s special board meeting, coaches (Ted) Suttmeier, Slate, and myself…were literally thrown under the bus by our central administration and a panel of so-called experts.”

“Has anyone dealt with the FOP in a legal capacity over the years where they were promised the world and literally thrown under the bus?”

While all these are real quotes from real people, what’s exasperating to any earnest student of the truth is the fact that in none of these cases—not ONE of them—was anybody LITERALLY thrown under a fucking bus. If they had been literally thrown under buses, they would be dead, or at least sportin’ some serious signs of disfigurement.

“Literally” is one of our language’s most frequently misused words, and since I always assume that a huge quotient of my readers are congenitally stupid, let me break it down for you: It means the same thing as “actually,” “in real life” rather than symbolically, OK? So you can’t say you were “literally in stitches” over a comedian’s standup routine unless his jokes actually induced a real flesh wound requiring a hospital visit. You can’t say you were “literally walking ten feet off the ground” unless you were actually walking ten feet off the ground, and nobody in history has ever actually fucking done that—well, maybe Jesus did it once or twice. And I bet if they get around to doing an updated version of the Bible that’s more attuned to modern linguistics, it will say that Judas threw Jesus under the bus.

I know it seems like I’m splitting cunt hairs here, but this is why I’m upset at all this figurative throwing of people under buses—it’s highly insensitive to the poor dead and crippled souls who HAVE been literally thrown under buses, pushed in front of cars, and shoved in front of speeding trains. What about their feelings? Unlike the rest of the world, I haven’t forgotten about their pain.

Telling someone you’ve been “thrown under the bus”—when in fact you haven’t been thrown under a bus—is highly insensitive to the silent victims of this annoying new catchphrase. If the left side of your skull was missing and you were confined to a wheelchair for the rest of your life because some urban thug pushed you in front of an oncoming Greyhound, you might not find it such a cute lil’ cliché.

It’s not cool to throw people under buses, and it’s definitely uncool to trivialize their pain.

It’s like telling a black person that your boss is working you so hard, you feel like a slave.

It’s like telling a Jew that it’s so hot today, you feel like you’re inside an oven.

It’s like telling the parents of a Down Syndrome child that the new Fall TV lineup is retarded.

“It’s like telling Stevie Wonder that justice is blind.

“They threw me under the bus” is also an unpleasantly violent image, and we all know violence is wrong. How come no one is saying, “They aborted me through the suction method?” Why isn’t “They placed my nail clippers and then shoved those cold steel clippers up my rectum”? Is throwing someone under a bus any less dangerous or cruel?

I feel that if we honestly want to perceive ourselves as a sensitive and progressive nation, we need to ensure that our slang terminology is duly sensitive to the suffering of the unfortunate and disadvantaged. Like black people with the “N” word, the only people who should be able to safely say they’ve been “thrown under the bus” are those who can present conclusive physical evidence that this event has indeed happened. Likewise, I support legislation that would declare if anyone claims to have been “thrown under a bus” when this is proven in a court of law to be a patently untrue statement, that person is guilty of a hate crime.
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So I’ve done articles for this rag in the past, and I’ve been away for a while. I have a little piece of advice: if you meet a cute girl in a bar and she looks young, ask for proof she’s legal before you take her home and fuck her. Just because you meet her in a bar doesn’t mean she’s of legal age. So I’m back after a few months of a required-by-law leave of absence, and I’m ready to give the rundown on this coming summer’s movies.

I’m going to choose my favorites from the large list of what looks mostly like mindless crap. I’ll let you know how I think it will measure up using my old ratings system of Thumbs Up, Thumbs Down, or Thumbs Up While Wasted. Got it? Good, here we go.

I’m pretty anal, so I’ll go in chronological order based on release date:

**Iron Man** (5/2/08)…Take Batman, keep the childhood trauma in the closet, and replace it with a dose of terrorist extortion in his adult years. Add in some alcoholism and too much partying. Give him a suit of badass power armor capable of blowing up tanks, flying faster than current jet fighters, and withstanding high-caliber gunfire, and you have a recipe for a badass summer popcorn flick! Add in some sexual tension from a lovely female assistant, and the chicks can be happy while the guys bask in the sheer testosterone and wish to have their very own personalized suit to blow up Third World countries themselves! Thumbs Up!

On a side note: I am really tired of comic-book film makers talking about the inherent humanity in their heroes and trying to get to the core of what it means to be a hero. I want to see some muscle-bound bad guys smash some shit up and some muscle-bound good guys slug it out, winning in the end as they should. Maybe throw in a muscle-bound badass bitch or three for the feminists out there and call it good. I’m tired of Parker whining about his girl problems, and I want some quips as he fights some Goblin guy or other. Get over the weakness and let’s get some SUPER heroes.

**Speed Racer** (5/9/08)…Why in God’s name did anyone think for a second this would make a good live-action film? Fuck those goddamn Wachowskis after what they did to the *Matrix* sequels! Shocking as it is, I think this flick might pull it off. I imagine it’ll be the surprise of the year as it screens and people somehow get sucked into it. I mean, it has a fucking heroic monkey hiding in the trunk! If that’s not cinematic gold, I don’t know what is! Thumbs Up While Wasted.

**Prince Caspian** (5/15/08)…I liked the first Narnia for its faithfulness to its source material (something those fucking *Lord of the Rings* movies failed on), and all the hype on this one says it’ll stay faithful AND add more action. I’m thinking it’ll be Thumbs Up.

**Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull** (5/22/08)…Leave it to George Lucas to come up with some stupid, longwinded name. He couldn’t leave well enough alone fucking up the *Star Wars* series with those bastardized prequels; he has to drag Indiana Jones through the mud, too. I can only hope that Spielberg will work his master movie-making-mojo and make it work. Thumbs Up.

**Love Guru** (6/6/08)…I want to see this because it’s the first film that a religion other than Christianity has protested, EVER! Well, I guess the Jews protested that Mel Gibson flick, but they might as well be Christians, anyway. I mean, their book is just the first half of the Christian book. Will people ever lighten up about their fucking Gods? Have a damn sense of humor, people!
I think Myers is funny enough to pull it off, at least while hammered out of my mind. Thumbs Up While Wasted.

The Happening (6/13/08)...I’m a fan of 6th Sense, but I’ve fallen asleep at ALL of M. Night Shyamalan’s other movies. Will they put him in a box with Uwe Boll and stop letting them make films already? Thumbs Down.

The Incredible Hulk (6/13/08)...Remember that note earlier about big-muscled bad guys and heroes duking it out and laying waste to the world around them? This might be it! Louis Leterrier (the director) says we see Hulk break shit in the first three minutes of the film. The final battle is supposedly a twenty-six-minute monster bash the likes of which we’ve not seen since giant rubber-suited monsters destroyed large sections of Japanese cities in the 70’s! I can feel the green testosterone pumping already! Leterrier directed both Transporter films, so expect to see the big muscle-bound green guy use some suave jiu-jitsu and maybe a fire hose to take down the abomination! Thumbs Up!

Get Smart (6/20/08)...The cast seems right. It’s far enough from the Naked Bomb to possibly be creative and funny. What are the odds it’ll be as good as the hype? I’m going to toss the coin and say that they can’t get Terence Stamp to make something as bad as Superman 2 anymore. Thumbs Up While Wasted.

WALL-E (6/27/08)...Pixar has never done wrong. Everything they touch seems to turn to gold. I’m betting on their track record and going Thumbs Up on this one. I’m actually really looking forward to either seeing this late at night with no kids present, or going in early, hair-of-the-dog style, and pissing everyone in the theater off.

Wanted (6/27/08)...Any film that has ten different trailers online six months before its release can’t be good. I really want to fuck Angelina Jolie, but I won’t spend my money on this piece of trash! Thumbs Down.

Hancock (7/2/08)...Will Smith went from being the Fresh Prince to a superstar with his first big film, and he never let up. I want this guy’s agent and publicist! I love a good superhero movie parody, and I think this could be a great flick if it was kept simple. But I’m reading more into it than the trailer alludes and saying they’ll fuck it up with a drawn-out, contrived, overly complex story involving a love interest. It’ll be stupid enough to ruin my buzz, so fuck it. Thumbs Down.

Hellboy 2 (7/11/08)...Guillermo Del Toro is a genius. He has scruples and is unbending in his vision. Pan’s Labyrinth is quite possibly my favorite movie of all time. Ron Perlman was a great choice for Hellboy, and even at 60 I think he’ll pull it off well! Thumbs Up!

Dark Knight (7/18/08)...I’m not sure where to start with this one. I liked the Nicholson Joker, but I feel to this day that the movie should have been called The Joker and not Batman, as he heavily overshadowed the Dark Knight in that film. I think we might be seeing that trend continue, thanks in part to Heath Ledger’s timely demise. I think this will be the best film with Batman in it to date, but I have a bad feeling that the title character might not deserve the privilege of that label for the second time. This will likely be my favorite film this summer. Christopher Nolan is one of my favorite film makers to date and has yet to fail in delivering great entertainment in a quality package. Thumbs Up!

X-Files 2 (7/25/08)...I literally don’t know what to think of this. The first movie was genius, tying directly into one of the most popular shows of its time. I’m shocked Hollywood hasn’t learned from that and had more TV shows with summer movies tied to them. Whatever the case...the hype is it’ll be a horror-style flick like some of the better of the old series’ one-off monsters. With the same writers and cast behind it, it should be a good time! Thumbs Up.

The Mummy: Tomb of the Dragon Emperor (8/3/08)...The first Mummy was good; the second, not so good. This time the bad Mummy is none other than Jet Li. I feel sorry for Brendan Fraser, as he is going to get his ass kicked royally. With a 50/50 average on this franchise it could go either way. I’m gonna give it a Thumbs Up While Wasted.

Babylon AD (8/29/08)...As the summer draws to an inevitable end, the studios put out the proverbial shit. Vin Diesel stars as a mercenary named Thoorop who is hired to save some chick with an organism inside her that some cult wants to clone to make a new Jesus. Sound good to you? Sounds like direct-to-DVD or Sci-Fi Channel crap to me. I’m not sure which is worse, this or The Pacifier. He had so much badass potential and somewhere in his career he just sort of fell. I guess if Travolta can have a career resurgence, anyone can. Thumbs Up While Wasted.

I’d like to say that any movie is made better by a generous serving of alcoholic spirits and a tight piece of ass to make out with in the theater. It’s even better when they are of legal age. It feels good to be back, even if it’s only for a limited release in select theaters.
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that relationship when you broke up way back when. Hey, you know they say if you want to marry a guy, go out to lunch with his ex first. This is a perfect opportunity to tell your friend whom she is really dealing with. That said, she may choose him anyway, so just share the facts about what you found good and not good about him without telling her what she “should” do. That way, if she does choose him, it won’t be an “I told you so” reaction to your disapproval, and if she doesn’t choose him, it will be from her experiences, not yours. What an interesting puzzle. Find your way to full honesty with your friend. That is always the best foundation for support.

—Wildflower Power to Ya!

Hello Friend (that I hope is not mine):
The only reason that situation was awkward is because you and this guy are lame-ass secret-keepers. The only thing secrets do is cause trouble, hurt feelings, and make more secrets. Here’s an idea: Why don’t you stop being a sacker of nuts and let your girlfriend know about this guy? If you hadn’t dated him and just knew about his freaky nature, you’d tell your homegirl what’s up, right? You wouldn’t even hesitate. Don’t be embarrassed about role-playing “Foot Lovers IV” or “Where Did I Put the Cucumber?” Have some faith in your relationship with your friend. If she is in fact a good one, she’ll appreciate your honesty, no matter how late it may be.

—Pantera

P.S.: Wildflower, I LOVE THAT QUOTE! Friend, read it a few more times!

Dear Girls:
I picked up my boyfriend’s cell phone the other night while he was sleeping and couldn’t resist peeking in his text inbox. I discovered a number of sexually suggestive text messages between him and a mutual good friend of ours that happens to be a female. I stewed on it for a few days and decided to confront him. He flipped out and said that I was invading his privacy and stormed out. So I called our mutual friend and asked her what was going on, and she said it was just playful drunken-dialing stuff and that I had nothing to worry about. When he came around the next day, he told me that phone flirting is just for fun and there was nothing serious about it. Am I overreacting?

Dear Snooper:
If you want to know something about your mate, then ask. You know it sucks that you chose to look at his texts. The fact you are looking means either you know in your gut he is being unfaithful to your agreements with him or you can’t trust him because you have trust issues unrelated to him. It could also be a combination. Either way, leave his shit alone and ask questions. If you really think something is going on and you are sure it isn’t your shit, then keep asking questions and watch how he responds. Make it safe for him to tell the truth by saying that you are “willing to work through things” if he is longing to see others or has been seeing others. (“Willing to work through things” means: a peaceful breakup, renegotiation of your “arrangement,” or figuring out what he feels the affair gives him that you don’t.) That said, snooping around in his shit is just as much a betrayal of trust as his naughty texts. Communication is key. Seems you need to work on that, as does he. Trust is the most tricky and delicate aspect of any relationship. It is what all strong relationships are born of, and yet trust is easily broken. Watch yourself and watch him. If you want him to feel safe enough to trust you with his secrets, you have to be trustworthy enough to be told.

—Wildflower Power to Ya!

Hello, Bad Move:
So you went through your boy’s stuff and didn’t like what you found, eh? Like so many other women in the world, you have doomed your relationship forever. Not only did you completely violate his trust in you, but you completely smashed any trust you may have had for him. Besides the whole trust issue, now there is the underlying “Are they fucking behind my back?” paranoia. I’ll tell you what, girlie: If I had a boyfriend that did that, you can bet his sorry ass would be standing next to all his shit, knocking on the door that has new locks...in the rain. So they say it’s fun? You would have been in on it if it were innocent banter. Obviously they thought you would be uncomfortable with their flirting and chose not to include you. This is also what cheaters do, by the way.

There is no reason for a man in a committed relationship to be sending sexual texts to a mutual friend behind his girlfriend’s back. He should be sending dirty messages to you! If anything, he could have at least had the decency to flirt with a girl you don’t know. Speaking of which, your friend sucks, and she’s probably sucking your man’s cock!

—Pantera
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It's All in the Name

Pseudonyms are like euphemisms in that they often defeat their intended purpose. With euphemisms, or “politically correct” language, an unattractive or seemingly offensive term will be replaced with something more user-friendly, only to completely confuse the issue. Take for instance the terms “African-American,” “big-boned,” and “mentally challenged.” “African-American” is confusing because many people checking this box on the census have never seen Africa, while people that actually travel here from Africa by choice label themselves more specifically (Egyptian, Nigerian, South African, etc.). “Big-boned” is contradictory because obesity reduces bone density, causing smaller bones in overweight people. “Mentally challenged” is the best one. If you spend all day thinking about ice cream and cartoons, your mind is not being put to a challenge. Einstein was mentally challenged. Corky is not.

With all that being said, I’m against using offensive phrases such as “mentally challenged big-boned African-American,” opting for more honest terminology such as “fat black retard.” Following the same thought process, pseudonyms (AKA “stripper names”) are just as hard for me to swallow as euphemisms, not only because they are just as contradictory in meaning, but because they are often painfully ironic. Taking into account the fact that I have worked with hundreds of strippers, many who share the same names, please don’t go assuming that just because your name is “_____” that I am referring specifically to you. Further, Exotic magazine and any staff members or affiliates do not necessarily share the same opinion as yours truly.

Now that the bases are covered, let’s explore the interesting world of pseudonyms, specifically those used by pole-hugging single mothers in Hello Kitty panties.

First and foremost is my absolute favorite: Destiny. Fate counts, too. If your path in life as outlined by a higher creator leads you to doing lines off of a toilet, you need a different set of spiritual beliefs. When Luke Skywalker met his sister, it was destiny. When the bouncer found a bag of heroin behind the dressing-room trashcan, it was Destiny. Capitalization makes a huge difference.

Another classic is the “named after a geographical location” pseudonym. I’ve met Reno, Paris, Cali, Vegas, Berlin, Jersey, and Miami. What these chicks don’t realize is that any other place in the world would result in a catastrophic stripper name. “Up next on the main stage is Gresham, Renton is in the cage, and that’s Oakland shaking it on the back stage!” You don’t want to hear a DJ say that.

Next up, Mrs. Obvious. If you weigh in at fifty pounds after eating your monthly meal, don’t call yourself Crystal. If you’re a fat girl with dreadlocks and dirty feet, steer away from Mary Jane. If you’re a sister, don’t name yourself Cocoa, if you’re Japanese, don’t go by Asia, and for the love of all things covered in sparkly vanilla-flavored grease, please no more fat girls named Honey. It’s just...wrong.

Sparing room for something more positive and pro-stripper (it’s coming, hold on), I’ll keep the remaining list of painfully ironic pseudonyms short and sweet: Don’t name yourself after your pet unless its name is Indiana (and you’re from Portland). Don’t go by a fake real name, because the real Amber or Misty is going by Autumn or Mercedes, and it fucks up the rotation when DJs try to call standbys. Now that I think about it, avoid seasons and automobiles as well. Adjective-verbs (“Sparkling Desire”) are out, as are purposely misspelled names (“Roxxxanne”). In case you didn’t know, your name sounds the same no matter how I read it.

OK, OK, don’t get your G-string in a bunch. I’m not a complete asshole, and there is a solution: Let someone else pick your name for you. You’re almost guaranteed originality, and chances are it’ll be applicable. Plus, if you do end up with a stupid name, you can always blame it on your friend.

If you can’t get creativity from your friends and coworkers, leave it up to the customers and your DJ. A dancer at my current workplace decided to run a special a few months back, allowing customers to name her anything they could think of for twenty bucks, and the trend has not come to an end. Since she gives me a cut of this money every time the deal takes place, Helena has given me the inspiration to advertise her special to customers, resulting in the following words/phrases being said over the speakers: Jabba the Slut, Free Tacos, Penetration, Wet Spot, Hello Tittie, Fruhilda the Destroyer, and Megatron. Trust me, when customers hear, “We have Penetration on the main stage,” they turn their heads.

One-Liners

Although many people might enjoy reading long-winded, detailed accounts of what happens inside the DJ booth, my monthly anecdotes are a lot like stripper outfits; sometimes less is more. Instead of trying to explain, justify, or rationalize what they mean, I give to you a collection of overheard one-line comments said by strippers while talking to/at me in the DJ booth:

“Hey, DJ, you need to play me slower songs because that last one was too fast, and when I was bending over a little bit of cum came out of my ass.”

“I’d really like to tip you tonight, but my dog has a staph infection.”

“My tampon came out during that last set, and I think a customer stole it.”

“You’re a DJ...do you know where to get a kilo of coke?”

“How do you say ‘no’ in Spanish?”

“Hey, do you have any Mötley Crüe?”

“My locker hates me and I can’t stop hitting it.” (This was said while crying.)

“Are minors allowed to use the restroom?”

“I don’t think that guy will be getting any more lap dances from me because I sort of pucked on his crotch.”
Heather

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Welcome to the new Exotic magazine Self-Defense column. Every month, Mata-Leao of Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu will be demonstrating security, self-defense, fighting, submission grappling, and sport jiu-jitsu techniques to our readers. For questions or training info, call 503-890-5086 or visit www.myspace.com/thirrdyejiujitsu. Also, keep your eyes open for guest instructors, both local and internationally known.

This month’s technique is the Arm-Peel-Off to Two-On-One to Harness. This sequence is very useful for many applications, including safely securing and controlling an attacker who has grabbed at your shoulder—without striking him.

Frame 1...Troy attacks Kenny by grabbing for his right shoulder to control his upper body so he can throw a straight right punch. Kenny keeps his hands up to protect against the punch.

Frame 2...Before Troy can throw the punch, Kenny secures Troy’s left wrist with his left hand and secures Troy’s left elbow with his right hand. Kenny breaks Troy’s grip on his clothing by popping his right shoulder into Troy’s left arm at about the elbow area while simultaneously pulling Troy’s left arm across his body. This peels Troy’s arm off of Kenny.

Frame 3...Kenny controls Troy’s left arm by keeping it close to his chest and prepares to secure a Two-On-One arm tie. Note Kenny’s body position relative to Troy’s. Kenny is positioned to Troy’s side to prevent him from bull-rushing him.

Frame 4...Kenny secures the Two-On-One arm tie by controlling Troy’s wrist with his left hand and pressing it to Troy’s body. This is important, as Troy will have much more room to execute an escape attempt if Kenny does not secure Troy’s own arm to his body. As Kenny presses Troy’s arm against his body, he feeds his own right hand through the crook of Troy’s left elbow and wraps his own right wrist under his left wrist. This completes the Two-On-One arm tie.

Inset A...Note the positioning of Kenny’s hands and how they control Troy’s arm against his body.

Frame 5...Now that Kenny has secured Troy’s arm, he takes a big circular step back with his left leg, pulling Troy off-balance and setting up the takedown.

Frame 6...Kenny maintains the tight Two-On-One arm tie while pulling Troy to the floor. Kenny facilitates the takedown by putting pressure on Troy’s left shoulder with his head and right shoulder while pulling Troy down in a circular motion.

Frame 7...Before Troy can attempt an escape, Kenny reaches under Troy’s right armpit with his right arm and reaches over Troy’s left shoulder with his left arm. Kenny locks his hands together using a Gable (Olympic) grip and pulls Troy’s body tight to his chest.

Frame 8...Maintaining tight control of Troy’s upper body with his left forearm close to Troy’s neck, Kenny sits back to pull Troy onto his left hip. Kenny then leans forward, applying pressure to Troy’s upper body, effectively pinning him to the floor.

Inset B...Note the positioning of Kenny’s arms and the grip he has secured with his hands. Kenny’s right arm is deep into the pit of Troy’s arm, and his left forearm is tight to Troy’s neck. This is not choking Troy; it is merely applying pressure to his shoulders to stick him to the floor. Kenny has also placed one hand over the other hand, covering his thumb, so Troy cannot reach up to break his thumb and escape the position.
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