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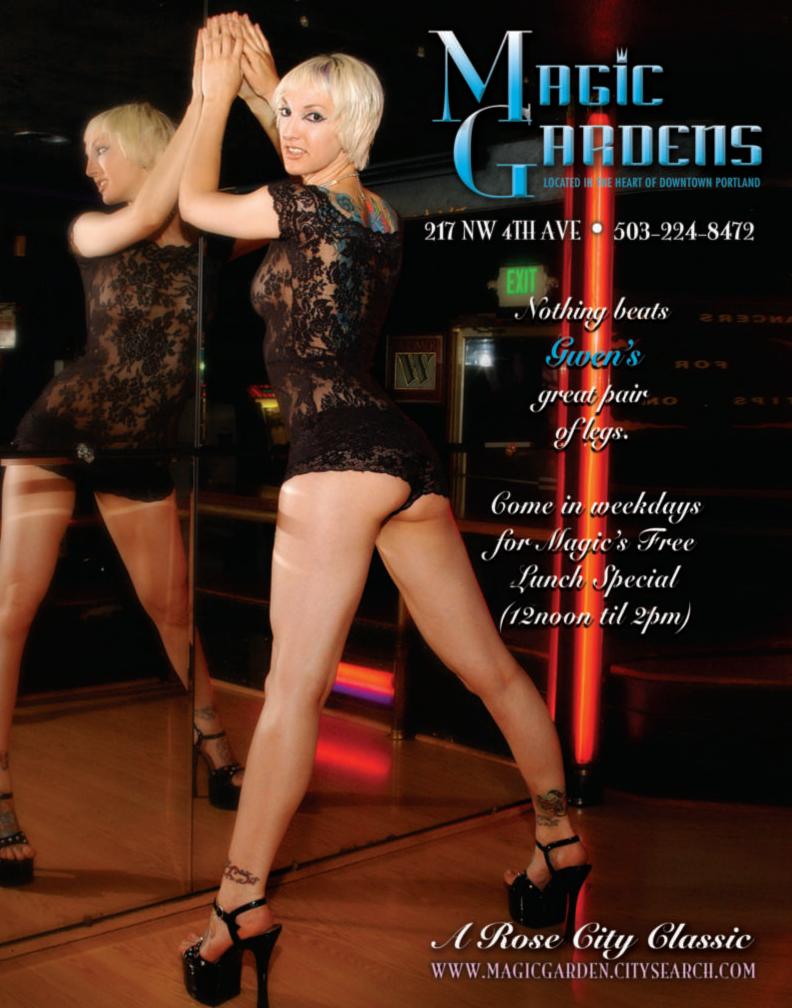
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AMERICA GETS SURREAL

who knew there were poor blacks?

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Cheers to Halloween!

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i **V** las vegas

by Viva Las Vegas

t's Halloween time again—a time to honor the dead, the darkness and, most of all. chaos.

Last month was especially dark and chaotic. Much of it I spent glued to the internet, watching the surreal circus our country became after Hurricane Katrina.

Though absolutely horrific and heartbreaking, there were moments of high comedy. I particularly loved watching the government wanks claim they didn't know there were thousands of people stranded in New Orleans.

Watching the bloated Republican cartel try to pass off responsibility for bungled rescue operations was hilarious. And I thought it was pretty fucking funny when W. said the same exact meaningless bullshit he always says. But probabilities episode was the entire country's shock at the existing the properties of POOR NACK Association in the probabilities of POOR NACK Association in the pr

bly my favorite episode was the entire country's shock at the existence of millions of POOR BLACK Americans in the quaint tourist town of New Orleans. Who knew???

Suddenly there was the pressing question of what do we do with hundreds of thousands of homeless POOR BLACKS? Where do we put them? Everybody wanted to help, but many cities (Portland for instance) blanched at the idea of importing POOR BLACKS into their neighborhoods. 'Cause everyone knows that POOR BLACKS steal televisions... (To which my well-off white girlfriend from New Orleans quipped "You should all be so lucky. Those people are the most generous and wonderful people on Earth.")

Once upon a time I met some of the now-famous POOR BLACKS of New Orleans. I'd just spent six months studying in Tanzania, the second poorest [black] nation in the world. Still, New Orleans—smack dab in the center of super-rich America—had the poorest POOR BLACKS I had ever seen. Jesus Christ were they poor! I met one poor black kid on the banks of the Mississippi River. He was tap dancing for tourists with caps from jelly jars stuck into his flip-flops with rusty nails. Though the kid didn't speak English—only a pidgin Patois—he and I hit it off enormously. I thought we were pals. I guess now he's stealing televisions and bottled water.

Race and class are the elephants in America's closet. It is remarkable how easily we ignore them. Our society makes POOR BLACKS poor in thought, word and deed. Then when they are really and truly fucked and we are finally forced to take notice, we wring our hands and offer up platitudes while our leaders bluster through press conference after press conference in the vague hope that if we ignore the POOR BLACKS for long enough, maybe they will just GO AWAY.

Two-thirds of New Orleans is black. One-third of New Orleans lives below the poverty line. Of the poor 84% are black. The marvelous city of New Orleans has always been a city of marvelous POOR BLACKS!

I would like our media to remember that even POOR BLACKS have multifaceted lives that are full and rich in ways inconceivable to sheltered white folk. And goddamn if the POOR BLACKS in New Orleans haven't always been a breed apart. They are a jubilant race, beautiful and tenacious. And if there is any hope of rebuilding the Big Easy, it's not the engineers and bureaucrats who will do it, it is the POOR BLACKS.













They blew into town like a hurricane, three greasy kids from Rhode Island. My unexcitable ex-boyfriend was the first I heard raving about them. "You've got to see this band," he said. "They're totally from the school of Kurt Cobain, but they actually fuckin' rock. They're called MONSTROUS."

Promised a free drink, I obligingly went to hear them play. Sure enough they had the Nirvana sound down pat: loud, heavy guitars, a beast of a drummer and, amidst all the white noise, those irresistible pop hooks that sent Nirvana to the top of the charts.

"This is the best Nirvana cover band I've ever seen! Well, since that last awesome Nirvana cover band, anyway." I quipped. Monstrous seemed like a precious joke to me; the boys were hardly more than teenagers and looked appropriately angsty and gothic with their matching greasy long black hair forever falling in their eyes. Soon the joke got even better.

"The best thing is they're all brothers! And they live in their

van!" My unexcitable ex was genuinely excited.

I downed the last of my Wild Turkey and, looking around for the cocktail waitress, noticed that the tiny bar was absolutely packed with hipsters! Well, everybody loves a great joke, right? Plus, I had to admit that as adorable as I found them to be, the Brothers Monstrous did indeed totally rock.

After the set I asked one of the brothers—his name was Led (as in Zeppelin)—for an interview, but his grunted response deterred me. Maybe Monstrous (taking a cue from late-era Cobain) thought they were too good for interviews. Or maybe they didn't speak English, only Caveman.

About a month later, a friend was rocking out to what sounded like a really upbeat Elliot Smith CD. When I asked what it was she

grinned and begged me to guess.

I LOVE playing Name That Band. I guessed the usual pop-punk suspects. Was it the Nice Boys? Spoon? Some rare Exploding Hearts seven-inch? Elliot Smith? The Shins?

She giggled maniacally and tossed the CD case at me. It was MONSTROUS!!

Back at home I listened to the whole CD, Not A Studio Record. The first nine songs were bitchin' Nirvana anthems with titles like

"Tyrannosaurus," "Nothing to Depend On," and "Drive Me to Violence." Songs ten through nineteen, however, were perfectly-penned pop hits, with piano leads and Beach Boys backing vocals and titles like "Sunshine City" and "Say You'll Try." It was like a best-of compilation of the Northwest's two very different signature sounds: loud + angry and soft + bittersweet. Still the disk was uniquely Monstrous, displaying sophisticated songwriting and awesome instrumentation. All this from three brothers who were living in Slabtown's parking lot and were possibly unfamiliar with the English language!

Eventually an interview was convened. The boys' manager, Mattress, approached me at the bar while I waited for the band. Mattress clearly

knows what he has with Monstrous; he was dressed like the Sex Pistols' svengali Malcolm Maclaren and within minutes was filling me in on all the rock star details of the band he called "the next Beatles." Eventually the boys rolled out of bed (that would be their van) and, over a round of Bud, told me their story. (Turns out Monstrous is fluent in English. It's just that they talk verrrrrry

slooooooowww and only when absolutely necessary.)

VIVA: How long have you been on the road?
MONSTROUS: We've been on a year-long adventure...

VIVA: When did you start playing music? You dropped out of school in 5th, 7th and 9th grade, according to Mattress. Were you all playing by then?

MONSTROUS: Yeah, we started young. Eight, nine... Our dad set up a stage in our house before we started school. We had fake guitars and drums from age five. Our parents had a restaurant where blues singers would come through and play, so that all seemed pretty normal.

VIVA: So you guys have been jamming since day one. Were you weaned on the Beatles?

MONSTROUS: At first we were just into like early nineties, mostly stuff like Flaming Lips, Sonic Youth and Nirvana. Babes in Toyland. Then we got into the Beatles and some local singer songwriters.

VIVA: Did you know you wanted to be in a band from a very young age?

MONSTROUS: Yeah. We knew we had no other choice. We all played in our own bands for a while, until we were eighteen. Then we slowly started to realize that no one else was as serious as we were. Other people had problems with leaving town and really just living off of nothing.



VIVA: Living in a van. That's the rock'n'roll dream!

Mattress told me that you all have solo records out.

MONSTROUS: We're always trying to work on things that are a little different, more experimental. We compile it into the Monstrous material; we like it to be more weird each song.

VIVA: So you really dropped out in 5th grade? I didn't know you could do that!

MONSTROUS: Well, the DCYF was always after us so we had to keep running away. We'd hop on a Greyhound and end up in Colorado or wherever.

VIVA: You guys have two very different sounds. You're like two completely different bands: a heavy Nirvana-sounding band and then a paper Postler hand

then a poppy Beatles band.
MONSTROUS: We all write like three different types of songs. We don't just write pop or folk or rock or Beatles-type songs. We love straight-forward power chord rock songs, but we know that we want to experiment more too, especially with melody, so we're not one-dimensional.

VIVA: Monstrous has a style that almost seems preconceived. You have matching hair, matching outfits, you're brothers, and one of you has the name Led... Do you ever play the poppier stuff live? I think Portland would absolutely flip for it, yet I've only heard you play the heaver songs.

heard you play the heaver songs.
MONSTROUS: We try to do live what's most fun for us, which is generally turning up and rocking out and making shit up on the spot. We definitely want our first impression on the world to be as a rock band. But we practice the other stuff and plan to play it occa-

sionally. We want to prove that this generation isn't everything you hear on the radio, that it's not so one-dimensional, where you hear the record and every song is a bad rip-off of the hit single. Alternative music started as being very diverse. We want to prove that we are probably the best and most pure result of alternative rock existing and influencing children.



"Like a best-of compilation of the Northwest's two very different signature sounds: loud + angry and soft + bittersweet.

VIVA: What's your favorite Rolling Stones record?

MONSTROUS: We're not really Stones fans. We're more into the Beatles.

VIVA: Favorite Beatles record?

MONSTROUS: Abbey Road. Revolver. The thing I didn't really like about the Rolling Stones is that they never showed a quirky kind of



side; it was always like just being cool and stuff. We're into people being a little goofy, too. All the old Beatles movies are more cartoonish and not afraid to show a weirder side.

VIVA: Favorite Bob Dylan record?

MONSTROUS: We never really got into Dylan. For that kind of music I always thought Donovan or Leonard Cohen were

better. "Suzanne" and "So Long Maryanne" are more inspiring to me than any Bob Dylan records.

VIVA: Favorite Pretenders song?

MONSTROUS: We've only really heard the hits. We're more kids of the nineties. For classic rock we like Tom Petty. If we had to choose between the Pretenders and the Clash and the Ramones, we'd buy the Ramones.



VIVA: Sexiest singer ever?

MONSTROUS: J. Mascis. Kat from Babes in Toyland. Brody from the Distillers.

VIVA: Sexiest thing you've ever seen onstage ever?

MONSTROUS: Probably a chick smashing a guitar. The bass player chick in the Burning Brides once went to the front of the stage and started puking all over the front rows. That's hot. Girl bass players puking.

VIVA: Sexiest song ever?

MONSTROUS: Bowie—something off of Ziggy Stardust. Maybe "Ziggy Stardust" the song. Donovan's "Atlantis" is a really elegant sounding song. The singer in Ash sings really sexy songs. Didn't we spend time in her apartment?

VIVA: Who gets the most action?

MONSTROUS: Some would say Alex... He's the youngest.

VIVA: And you sleep in your van?

MONSTROUS: At least 80% of the time.

VIVA: Unless a chick takes you home? Do you have special ladies back home in Rhode Island we should know about?

MONSTROUS: What strippers need to know about this?

VIVA: All of them!

MONSTROUS: We're ugly! No strippers will like us. Why did we call ourselves "Monstrous?" We looked in the mirror!

VIVA: So Alex gets the most action?

MONSTROUS: We're not sisters! We're brothers.

VIVA: What the hell does that mean?

MONSTROUS: We don't talk about that shit. Besides, when the night's done and we wake up in the morning we can't even remember.

VIVA: What kind of van is it?

MONSTROUS: It's a big GMC candy truck. It's a step-van.

VIVA: Does it have a shower? I personally love showered guys. I mean I love rocker guys but I love showered guys.

MONSTROUS: You need to interview like a sexy band.

VIVA: I am! You guys are very sexy. Would you rather go bow hunting with Ted Nugent or drink till you puke

with Lemmy Kilmister?
MONSTROUS: Why not do both of them together? Shoot a deer, drink a shot every time you kill something, then puke on Ted Nugent's face... Then kill him and leave him for dead. Then cook him up—boil the liver!—and feed him to strippers. MATTRESS: Maybe you should add here that Ken was pretty

bummed out when his mom told him he couldn't be a werewolf when he grew up.

VIVA: How darling! Final question: what color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them?

KEN from MONSTROUS: Regular boxers; black; I change every day.

VIVA: Really? I never hear that...

LED from MONSTROUS [avoiding the question]: I'm Led; I play guitar. Kenny plays bass and Alex plays drums.

VIVA: And what color panties are you wearing?

LED: And we all write the songs equally and we're in a band called Monstrous.

VIVA: Alex?

ALEX from MONSTROUS: I'm wearing blue ripped up...uh...boxers.

VIVA: For how long?

ALEX: Ten years.

VIVA: And when are you playing next?

MONSTROUS: October 5th @ the Fez with DJ Makeout. Would you like to see the inside of the truck?

VIVA: Really? YES!!!

What happened next is strictly off the record, but I will say that if virgins

need to be sacrificed to appease the gods of rock'n'roll, there's no better place for it than the inside of the MONSTROUS van. It's a legend in the making.

Visit www.monstrous.us for tour dates and to buy shit.



Dolphin I

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OKTOBERFEST

October is every stripper's favorite month, with it's emphasis on getting dressed up and messed up. And this October we're even getting a visit from Norway's **Turbonegro**, the most dressed-up messed-up band EVER. But that's not until the 20th. In the meantime make sure to visit **Pumpkinland** in Hood River, where the wacky Rasmussen family dresses up pumpkins, gourds and zucchinis as everything from Hollywood movies to the stations of the cross. There's also a corn maze, a haunted haystack and crates full of fresh apples for you Martha Stewart types.

STRIPPER WRESTLING

Speaking of convicted felons, the highly publicized catfight that occured at Jiggles last February has inspired the **Dolphin** to hold their first-ever all-nude **Stripper Arm Wrestling** contest on Thursday, October 13th. Don't miss it!

COVER GIRL BIRTHDAYS

Happy 25th to **Miss Nude Oregon Athena**, who will be celebrating with her friends (you're invited!) at the Dolphin on October 20th. The next night *Exotic's* June covergirl **Jo** turns 21, and will be partying at Cabaret with friends and customers. Congrats!

CLUB BIRTHDAYS

There's a strip club born every minute in this town, and most of them seem to be born in October. **Wildcats** turns six and is celebrating with a "Party of the Year" on October 8th. The **Dolphin2** turns four on October 20th and will be throwing a huge anniversary party, featuring a \$5 prime rib feast. **Bottom's Up** invites you to their First Anniversary Party on the 30th. Finally, newcomer **Atlantis** celebrates their Grand Opening on the 15th, followed by an honest-togoodness **Oktoberfest** on the 20th featuring beer and brat specials.

HALLOWEEN!

Virtually every club in town is throwing the "Best Halloween Party Ever." Luckily they're staggered so you can stay drunk the whole holiday weekend. Or you can just stay put at the **Dolphin2** for their "Evil Rules" Halloween Weekend from the **28th-31st**.

The **Pallas** kicks off the season, throwing their Halloween bash on Saturday, **October 22nd**. Come see their staff dressed up and their dancers dressed down! They will be raffling off free Foo Fighter and Weezer tickets starting at 9pm.

Pornoween makes its comeback this year at **Lush**, starring Portland's hottest porn stars. Don't miss the debauchery on Thursday, October 27th.

Come in costume to **Wildcats**' Halloween Party **October 29th**. Prizes will be given away for the scariest, funniest and most original costume. **Tommy's 3** is giving away a vacation package for scariest costume the same night. Come dressed as an especially creepy pimp or ugly hooker and you can sashay down 82nd afterwards to the 7th annual **Pimps n Ho's** party at **Atlantis**, also on Thursday the 29th.

Finally, if you're still looking to party on Halloween itself, **Cabaret** will be awarding cash prizes at its Halloween Costume Party on the **31st**.

ROCK

10/2 ELVIS' Birthday Party @ sabala's

10/4 GORE GORE GIRLS @ dante's

10/5 LIFESAVAS @ berbatis

10/9 MISFITS @ hawthorne theater

10/11 MARTHA WAINWRIGHT @ doug fir

10/14 GENITORTURERS @ dante's

10/20 TURBONEGRO @ roseland

10/21 HELL'S BELLES @ dante's

10/21 IRON AND WINE @ roseland

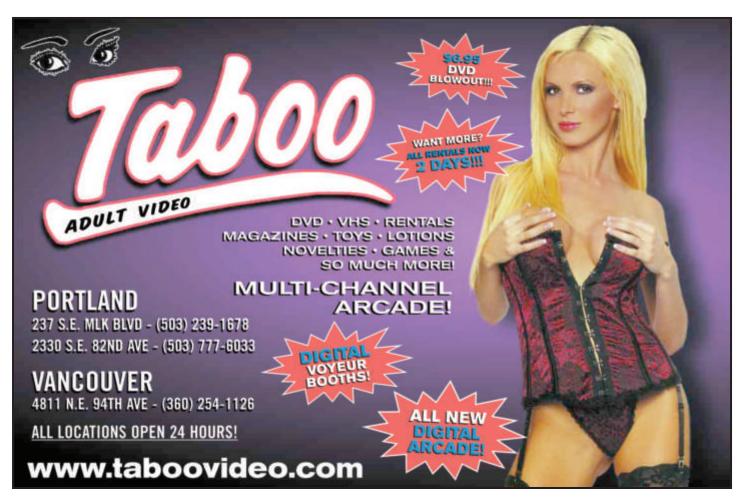
10/26 HEAVY TRASH feat, Jon Spencer @ dante's

10/29 SUICIDE GIRLS BURLESQUE TOUR @ dante's

10/30 MISS U'S @ dante's









Soon to be a major motion picture...

SPUD CRAZY

BLACK. SILENCE. WORDS scroll slowly:

Papa, the Incas called it, pale sacred tuber, gift of gods who dwelt above. The Spaniards brought it east, across the sea, where other gods dwelt above. The chronicles give us the name: Gonzalo Jiminez de Quesada; the chronicles give us the year: Anno Domini 1531.



As the WORDS

scroll, a small, soft patina emerges from the BLACK, lower right. Slowly we see that this dim shimmering of light is the black-nylon-stockinged lower LEG of a woman. The camera closes on her ankle, slowly follows the rising curve of her calf, the bend of her knee, her thigh, moving ever closer, into the texture of the nylon itself

Nylon, E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. called it.
After ten years of toil,
they announced its creation to the world,
in 1938; and on May 15, 1940—a
Wednesday—the first nylon
stockings, like the breath of
the spud-giving gods,
caused the earth to tremble.

The slow-rising and closing ECU moves from the black denier of the stocking-top to the flesh of the woman's thigh, magnifying soft hair and the topography of skin. Passing over this ghostly terrain, we vanish momentarily into a pore, emerge, and slowly see that the terrain is somehow different. As the camera pulls slightly away, we see that the ghostly terrain of the woman's skin has become that of a potato's skin. The POTATO revolves very slowly, like a misshapen globe on its access, a world unto itself in blackness. The camera closes into an eye of the potato, until all is BLACK.

Such is the sum of history, such are the holy years.

The camera pulls back from the BLACK hole, emerges from the bore of a GUN-barrel: a .38-caliber revolver in a pale HAND amid shadow.

Sudden CUT to subway roaring, screeching loud into deserted, sinister station. We look down on subway car's sole passenger: dark-haired GUY. From over his shoulder, we see him turn to look through the subway window. On the platform, there now stands a WOMAN, gazing at him through the window.

GUY's POV: close-up of WOMAN's face. Her eyes close slightly,











Enter Her Gate by Rev. Eli

Enter her gate with thanksgiving.
Praise the Lord
for the flower
of a woman.
He has provided
all men a feild [sic] to be
harvested.
For all fruits that have
been ripened should be
safely gathered.
No matter what the
time the dawning of a
day or noontime or
when the stars all
shine.
So enter her gate
with thanksgiving and lift up your hands
in prayer for
all provisions
that even
Gwen can
prepare!





send your letters to: xmag@qwest.net or 818 sw 3rd ave., #1324 portland, or 97204

Exotic Receives Fan Mail from Salem!

What up y'all? It's that time again to let you in on whatz crackin' around the town and abroad. In this month's article, I'll let you know how the Ms. Latina contest went. Plus, I'll tell you about the Old School function each Saturday night in Vancouver,

Washington. I'll also express my opinion on the statements made by Kanye West on NBC. I got to send love out to all my fellow Libras celebrating their birthdays this month. All right let's get it started!

whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

We had a lot of fun that night, and all the contes-

tants received a
free camera
phone, courtesy of
my partner Noah
at Hot Wireless.
Big ups go out to
the club's manager
Christina for all her
hard work. I also
got to give a shout
out to the sexy waitresses, the DJ, and
the cool security
catz. Much love
y'all!!!



First Up — Kanye West Puts Bush on Blast!!!

During a live broadcast on NBC to benefit survivors of hurricane Katrina, Kanye West said fsticking to the script! He was supposed to have read a prepared statement for people to be encouraged to help

the victims. Instead he told America and the world on national TV that "President Bush doesn't care about black people." He also said that America is set up "to help the poor, the black people, the less well-off as slowly as possible." Even though NBC had a 7 second tape delay, the per-

son in charge was only instructed to listen for curse words. He didn't know that Kanye had changed the script. In my opinion, this was a bold move on Kanye's part, but a lot of people, white and black, felt him. Why did it take Bush so damn long to send help? As terrible as the situation is in the Gulf Coast, I do believe that Kanye's words made a difference. To all the victims of hurricane Katrina, my prayers go out to you...

Next Up — Ms. Latina

Congrats go out to Maria of Club Gata Salvaje. She was the winner of the Ms. Latina contest last month. Since I have been going to the club, she has always been well-liked by everyone.

Where the Party At? Chicago Blues!

That's right baby, every Saturday night Kevin Berry and yours truly will be hosting "Back to the Old School" at Chicago Blues. The club is conveniently located in the heart of downtown Vancouver, Washington, on the corner of 7th & Broadway. The address is 115 E. 7th St. We feature music from the 70's and 80's mixed in with some new school cutz. So come get ya boogie on!! On Saturday, October 29th, we will be having a 70's Costume Party, and prizes will be given away for the best outfit, male and female. Make sure you check us out!!!

Log On — www.whatzcrackin.com

You can now check out my website for information on whatz crackin in the P-Town. You can also check out party flicks, chicks, and read past and present articles. Be on the look out for J.Mack's Peep Shows.... Coming Soon.....

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503girls.com The only website of its kind representing the 503. You can find clubs, hot honeys, and event information. If you're interested in being a featured 503 Girl, hit up the website for more information. Tell my partner Brian you heard it from Whatz Crackin'.

For questions or c<mark>omments hit me up at:</mark> jmack@whatzcrac<mark>kin.com</mark> Until next month, y'all keep it "Crackin'!!!"

One Love, J.Mack



Covergirl Vanessa



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OCTOBER 2005

2	Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's (Featuring Dengue Fever)	3	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's	4	Legendary Shack Shakers + Gore Girls @ Dante's
	Elvis' Birthday Party @ Sabala's Stripparaoke @ Devils Point		Fire Strippers @ Devils Point		Service Industry Night @ Dino's
9	Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's Misfits @ Hawthorne Theater Stripparaoke @ Devils Point	10	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's Madgesdiq @ Berbati's Fire Strippers @ Devils Point	11	Mark Mallman @ Dante's Martha Wainwright @ Doug Fir Service Industry Night @ Dino's
16	Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's Stripparaoke @ Devils Point The Hold Steady @ Berbati's	17	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's Fire Strippers @ Devils Point	18	Broken Spindles @ Dante's The New York Rifles @ Berbati' s Service Industry Night @ Dino's
23	Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's (Featuring The Cherry Tarts)	24	Karaoke From Hell @ Dante's Fire Strippers @ Devils Point	25	Service Industry Night @ Dino's
30	Sinferno Cabaret (w/ Miss U's) @ Dante's 1 Year Anniversary Party @ Bottom's Up		Halloween Costume Party @ Cabaret Fire Strippers @ Devils Point		



							1	Idlewind @ Dante's Blackalicious @ Berbati's
Gore	5	Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm Lifesavas @ Berbati's	6	Hurricane Benefit @ Berbati's	7	Friends of Dean Martinez CD Release + The Heavenly States @ Dante's Fatal Flying Guilloteens @ Berbati's	8	6th Anniversary Party @ Wildcats Geoff Byrd @ Dante's Dan Bern @ Berbati's
	12	The Prodaimers + Storm & The Balls @ Dante's	13	U.K. Subs @ Dante's MF Magazine Launch Party @ Berbati's Stripper Arm Wrestling @ Dolphin I	14	Genitorturers + Smoochknob @ Dante's Wolf Eyes @ Berbati's	15	Grand Opening @ Alantis, 7pm Dios Malos & Dr. Dog @ Dante's Rock N Roll Mamas' Documentary Benefit @ Berbati's
•	19	Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm	20	4th Birthday Bash @ Dolphin II Oktoberfest @ Atlantis, 7pm (Beer & Braut Specials) Turbonegro @ Roseland	21	Hell's Belles @ Dante's Iron & Wine @ Roseland June Exotic Covergir! Jo's Birthday Party @ Cabaret	22	Lucero & SOB's @ Dante's Crosstide CD Release @ Berbati's Foo Fighter & Weezer Ticket Giveaway / Halloween Bash @ Pallas, 9pm
	26	Jon Spencer's Heavy Trash + The Sadies + Storm & The Balls @ Dante's	27	Jimmy Buffet @ Rose Garden, 8pm Pornoween @ Lush, 9pm (A Night of Freakiness & Debauchery!) The Tyde + Dressy Bessy @ Dante's	28	Red Elvises @ Dante's "Halloween Weekend" where <i>Evil Rules!</i> (10/28 - 10/31) @ Dolphin II	29	SuicideGirls Burlesque Tour @ Dante's 7th Pimps & Hos Party @ Atlantis, 8pm Halloween Party @ Wildcats Halloween Party @ Tommy's III
	•		•		Would yo	ou like your event on our calendar? Simp	oly e-mai	l: info@xmag.com or call 503.241.4317

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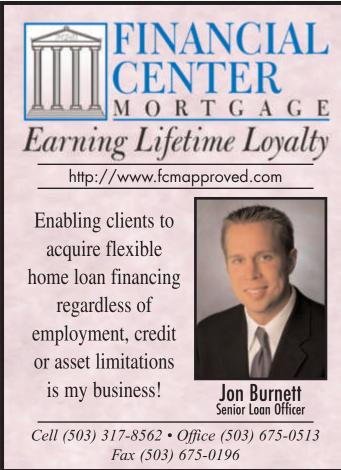
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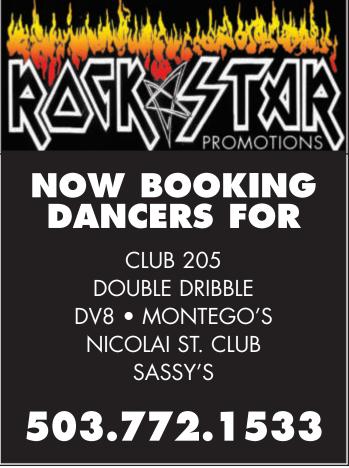
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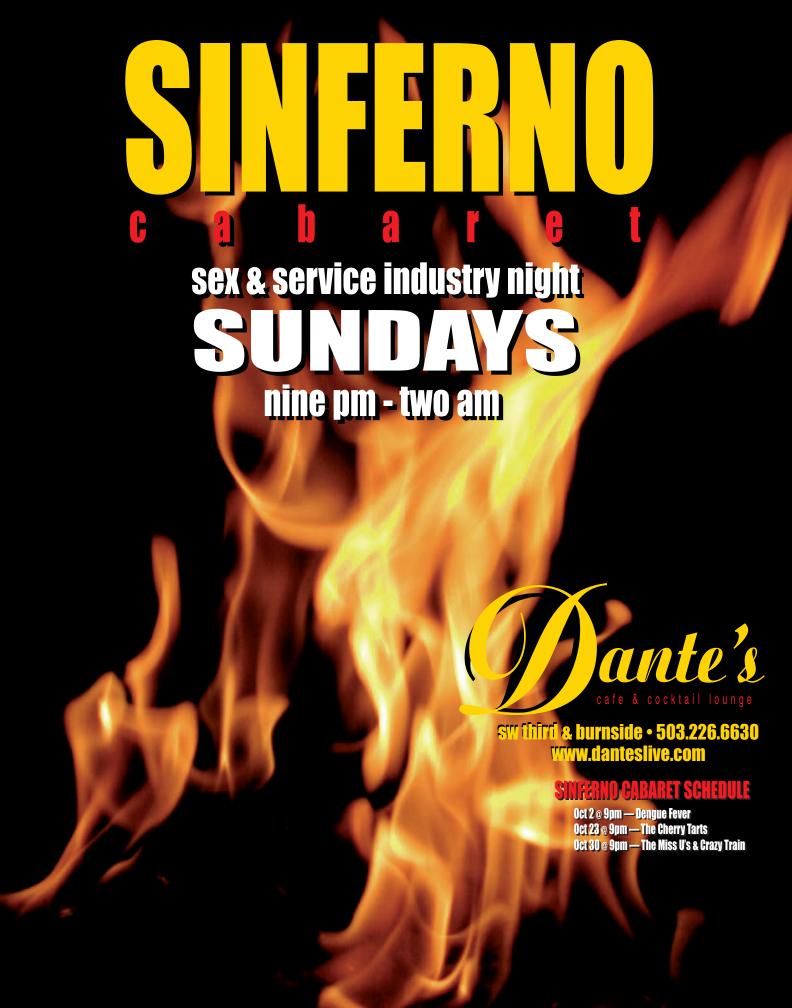








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forion, conon, conon

eing a man is defined by having a penis, but it is also understood that a man is somehow not the same thing as his penis and that the penis might be a different creature entirely. Sigmund Freud's "castration anxiety" theory posited that men suffer from the near-constant fear that they will lose their penises and thus cease to be men at all.

While terrifying to those whom it afflicts, castration anxiety is, naturally, very funny to everyone else.

In the phenomenon of **koro**, also known as "genital retraction syndrome," we are faced with vivid, hilarious evidence of Freud's theory in living action. Koro is defined in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of

Psychiatry as an "episode of sudden and intense anxiety that the penis... will recede into the body and possibly cause death." Although there is scant medical evidence of this ever actually occurring, the textbooks are filled with cases of men injuring their tallywhackers in attempts to prevent it from happening by frantically yanking at their cocks with clamps, hooks, weights, and strings.

Koro has been reported for thousands of years, both in individuals and, more enjoyably, in cases of mass hysteria. The word 'koro' is thought to be of Malaysian derivation, but debate exists whether its source is a

word meaning "shrinkage" or one meaning "turtle head." The Chinese call it *suo-yang* and Thais call it *rokjoo*, with both terms roughly translating to "genital shrinkage."

Its first literary mention is thought to be in *The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*, a Chinese opus from around 300 BC, where sudden cock-loss is blamed on a severe deficiency of "yang" essence. Ancient Chinese folklore also points the finger at the *hu-li-jing*, beautiful female "ghost foxes" who have nothing better to do than steal men's genitals.

Medieval European folklore is rife with tales of cock-thieving witches. A 1486 account mentions a witch who cursed a young Bavarian lad so that he "lost his member" and "could see or touch nothing but his smooth body." A century later, a German observer speculated that "a demon dulls the senses and blinds the eyes of those persons who think that their testicles or all of their sexual organs are removed...by the power and skill of Satan." Koro persists in the modern-day West, albeit in isolated cases rather than mass panics. Instead of witches, it has been attributed to epilepsy, brain tumors, strokes, and schizophrenia.

For modern koro epidemics, one must turn to the misty, opium-shrouded East and the Dark Continent of Africa. One of the most widely documented "penis panics" occurred in 1967 in Singapore. Word circulated that a strain of pork which had been inoculated against swine fever was shrinking the ding-dongs of men who'd eaten it. Mass hysteria ensued after the story was reported in newspapers, with more than five hundred Singaporean gents delusionally seeking help for their incredible shrinking penises.

In Thailand in 1976, rumors spread that Vietnamese communists had tainted the water supply with a powder that caused penile shrinky-dinking. More than two thousand Thai men complained of koro-like symptoms until government officials assured them that their disks were just patrophy and

dicks were just naturally small.

Public officials in West Bengal, India, quelled a similarly large koro outbreak in 1982 by publicly measuring the cocks of the afflicted.

Mass koro panics have beset the Chinese province of Guangdong since the late 1800s. During a koro attack in 1984-1985, two thousand or more young Chinamen fell under the delusion that their peenies were retracting into their bodies.

Koro epidemics in Africa tend to add the element of mob violence. In January, 1997, twelve accused witches in Ghana were pummeled to death by crowds certain their victims had cast spells to dwindle the dicky-doos of local men. The mania spread to the lvory Coast two months later, where superstitious phallocentric hordes murdered an additional seven suspected schlong-attenuating sorcerers.

Similar bursts of violent atavistic mania erupted in Nigeria and Benin in 2001, when at least twenty-four people were slaughtered by roving packs of locals hell-bent on killing whomever was stealing all the penises. In one attack, eight traveling evangelists were simultaneously

burned alive.

Handshakes by a mysterious man known as "Satan's Friend" were largely blamed for a Sudanese koro outbreak in 2003. But in one case, it was said that a man lost Wee Willie by using a comb lent to him by a foreigner.

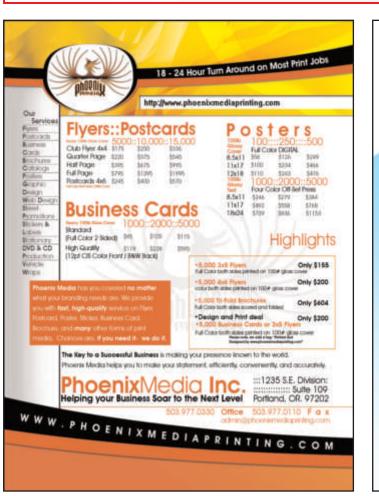
"No doubt, this comb was a laser-controlled surgical robot that penetrates the skull [and passes] to the lower body and emasculates a man!!" wrote Sudanese columnist Ja'far Abbas, warning citizens that they should neither shake the hands of strangers nor borrow combs from them. Abbas said the penis-melting comb came from "an imperialist Zionist agent that was sent to prevent our people from procreating and multiplying..."

Of course, all of the accusers in all of these cases who were actually examined by physicians were found to have their penises intact and fully functional.

As with most things regarding humans, it's their *minds* we need to worry about.

the wild, wasky, welld Phenomenon of "PENIS PANICS"















Sunny California, my ass. I had only been in San Francisco about a year and a half and the whole myth of top down, tan boobs and beach party life had long since been blown. It was COLD. A bitter, big ocean cold. The wind scooped it off the Pacific and pushed it into your bones where it chilled you stiff. It was especially cold now that it was February.... and especially now that I had decided to kick heroin.

So, not only am I cold, really fucking cold, I am utterly ashamed. The awful crawling sick is compounded by how stupid I feel. I lie chattering in my bed under every possible blanket, towel and jacket to stop the shaking. My little room with the big beautiful and drafty bay windows stinks of ciga-

Is that you, God? It's me, the junkie.

rettes and an oily vinegary sweat that slicks up my whole body. It's 4AM. I can't sit still. I don't have to puke anymore, but the towels and blankets—though keeping me from freezing to death—are damp and on me. Being sick like this means that anything touching my skin sets my nerves off howling. My whole body feels like a limb that's been dead asleep, but upon waking is splashing unbearable sensations of phantom prickling pain upon the slightest touch.

I must've looked pitiful under my dank cocoon of dirty laundry. Every inhale was a preparation for more pain and every exhale was a set of hitched whimpering. I was exhausted. Day three, no sleep. I was sure today would be better, but there I lay again, so twisted I could hardly hug myself in the dark, my sweaty hands clenching and unclenching on any hank of sheet, my body crawling within itself, twitching, trying woefully to be comfortable. All I wanted was to go to sleep and wake up better. I started to cry.

My tears leaked down my sweaty face and I prayed in broken little sobs. "Please...just let me sleep. Please, God. Let me fall asleep."

Someone got into the bed with me. Though in the dark and quite alone, I felt a person, a solid....

I turned quickly and blinked through the dark behind me. Nothing. Just my empty, silent room. Still, the bed had shifted and I felt something...someone...warm.

I lay back on my side. Eyes open, I said, "Please come back."

And they did. The damp towels gave slightly and a big warm body was back against me, spooning me. I turned more slowly this time but they were gone like a sigh. I was, once again, cold and alone.

I turned back on my side and pleaded. "OK, OK...I promise I won't try to see you. Please just come back and hold me until I sleep. Please!"

Before my prayer was even finished, I was back in the warm embrace of my visitor, or my dead relative, or God...who knows? All I can tell you is my shaking ebbed off slowly, my nerves calmed and my breathing evened out. This someone or thing held me to them and I began to warm, to soften up. There was no fear at all, just curiosity. I wanted so much to see whatever it was, to hold it and thank it. It was all

so strange. In the end, however, I kept my word. I stayed curled on my side, my eyes facing away, when slowly, thankfully, they closed and I slept....And I woke up better.









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