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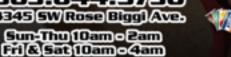
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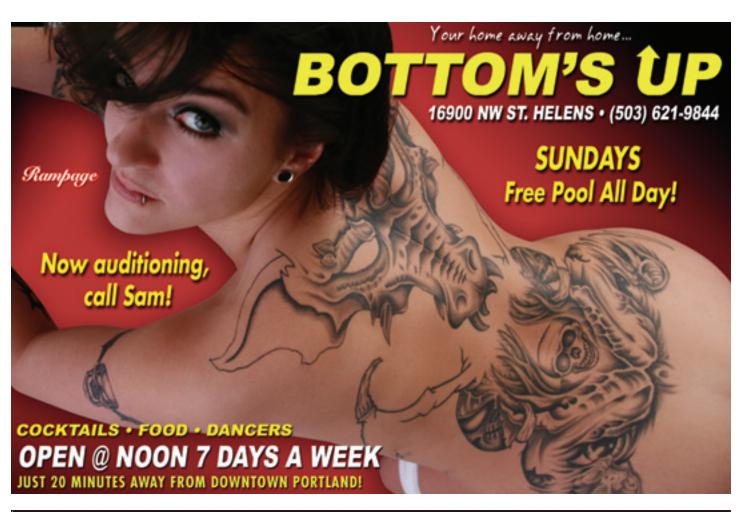
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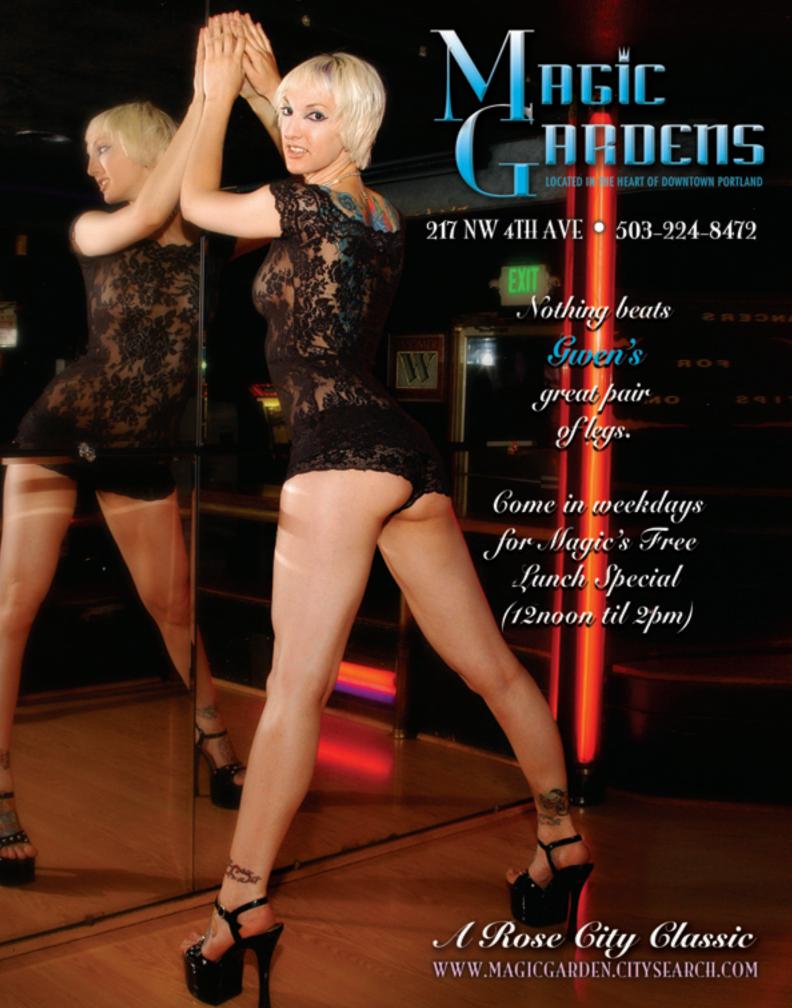








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JOHNNY CASH

n the world of popular music, artists, sounds, and trends come and go as frequently as the seasons. One day you're hot, the next day shit starts falling off. Soon an artist's career will grow colder than a well-digger's ass. Sure—once in a while someone special will survive a year or two if properly nurtured. Most end up as just another rotting layer of compost on an ever growing heap of musical debris.

To survive not only a winter or two, but to grow into a towering sequoia takes a great deal of resiliency, purity, and raw strength that most of us will never know. An artist of this caliber must have the ability to transcend genre, time, and any notions of what is hip. Their work remains timeless, undiminished by cheesy gimmicks or questionable fashion choices. Furthermore, their collected output, while being artistically diverse, must retain a level of integrity that never lets you feel as if you've been cheated.

One artist who stands tall in the mostly clear-cut forest of musical history is **Johnny Cash**. We all know the songs.

How could we not? Through his autobiography and recent biopic, we also know a little bit about the man. What most people don't know is *why* we all have a special place in our hearts for both.

Johnny Cash was a man from humble beginnings who, through hard work and singularity of purpose, achieved success beyond his wildest dreams. He was the embodiment of the true American dream—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He used his acquired fame to rail against those who perverted that dream into engaging in unjust wars, institutionalized classdivisions, and other social injustices.

THE SENSITIVE BADASS IN RICH EYAN

His songs often echoed the hopelessness many people feel daily. Other songs tapped the raw emotions we've all felt, from undying love to murderous rage. But it wasn't always heavy or dark. Hell—some songs were just plain silly!

Cash also had an innate ability to work in wildly divergent situations while retaining a sense of integrity, as well as a sense of humor. The same guy who sang of shooting a man in Reno just to watch him die—decades before gangsta rap, I might add—could also show his lighter side on *The Muppet Show*. The same guy who played

"Folsom Prison Blues" in Folsom Prison also

graced an episode of *The Simpsons!*And then there's that voice—deep and weathered, yet infinitely melodious. Cash had a voice that immediately betrayed the physical and emotional scars received in his often tumultuous life. Yet there was something soothing about it. It was like being a little kid and hearing your father assure you that he just killed the monster in the closet and that you could go back to sleep. You just instinctively trusted that voice and knew that no matter what happened, everything was going to be all right.

All of those reasons obviously contribute to our admiration of the Man in Black. But the real reason Johnny Cash touched so many of us is that he seemed to be one of us. Musicians, truck drivers, strippers, trash collectors, farmers, felons, or even presidents—we've all done things to various degrees that we regret. His songs, whether he wrote or simply interpreted them, often touched on themes of sin and redemption. There's not a soul alive who hasn't felt as if they've fucked something up way beyond repair at one time or another. Johnny Cash was the voice for those wishing for a second chance—something we all deserve but few get.

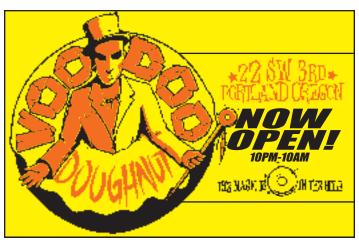
His music remains not only a beacon of hope in a world of despair, but also as a cautionary tale to those who would let their darker instincts envelop them. As a human being, Cash serves as a reminder that being thoughtful and

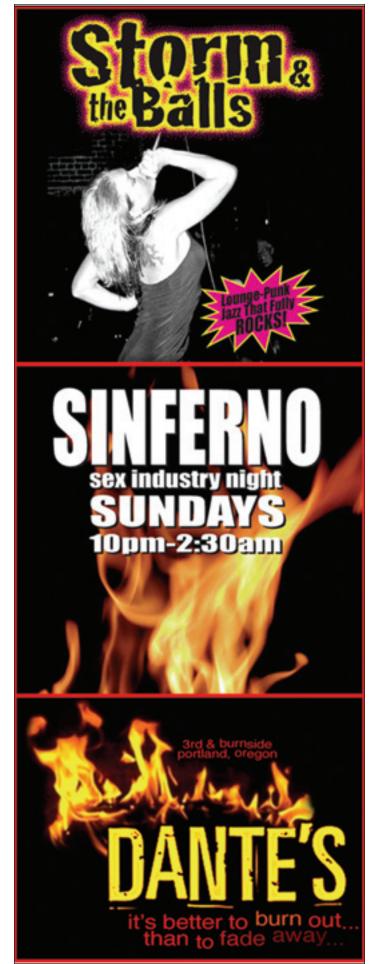
sensitive doesn't preclude you
from being a badass. Most of all,
Johnny Cash proves false the
old adage that there are only
two kinds of music: good
and bad. There is a third.
Johnny Cash made
great music.

Rich Evans is the singer for 1234 and author of the soon-to-be-released book Why I Didn't Kill Bon Jovi.

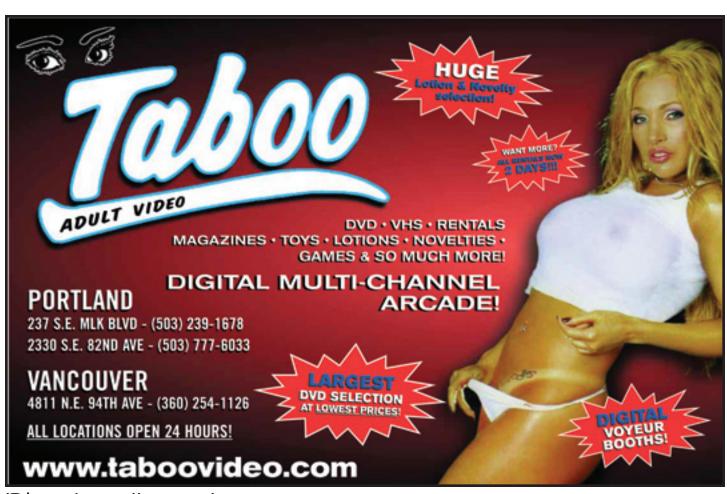


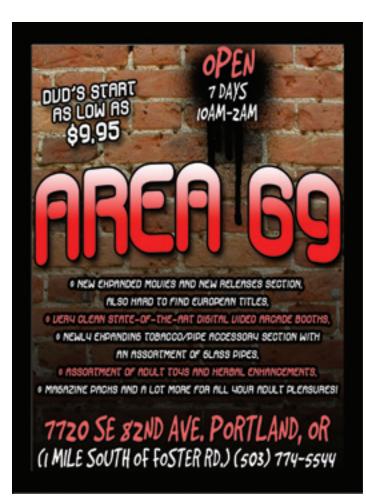




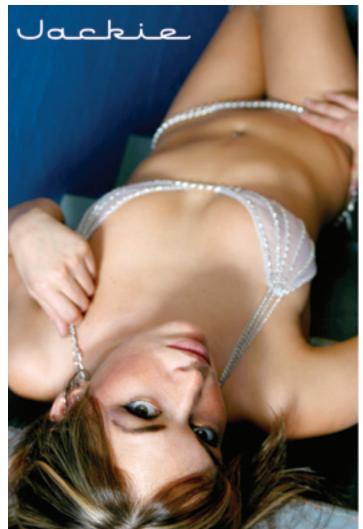














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March 2006

Telcome to the all-new (which is kinda like the completely old version) of one of *Exotic*'s most notorious columns. And guess what, kids? This month, *Erotic City* is being brought to you 100% live from the Rose City.

Ya see, normally I compile all the editorial from my home base out in Seattle where I produce *Underground*, our prudish little sister publication. Yet this time around, unstable forces beyond my control grabbed hold of me by the testicles and demanded I come back to where it all started. As an added incentive for my assistance, I was given my first Abuse Target since I returned to these pages. Fuck this, I'm not gonna pad it, a supposed member of our home team who puts this magazine together (also the longest-term member) finally lost his mind. We all knew it was coming someday—he was never that much fun to start with. I mean, what kind of guy works in a porn office and acts like a goddamned prison screw? How could one man work at Exotic for more than 10 years and still not get laid? Working in a porn office year after year has extreme effects on anyone given enough time, just as being a dancer or anyone else in the sex industry, for that matter. But never...and I mean NEVER...have I seen a man working in this environment that was always so fucking miserable. (This guy could even blow it with a bought and paid-for hooker, and I'm not speculating on that one.) So for the past God-knowshow-many years, the majority of the staff here at *Exotic* endured this "Independent Contractor's" wrath and tiptoed around him as

if we were the bomb squad and he was a nuclear device. A week before deadline, the bomb went off.

Now I can speak on this from both sides to a degree. Those of you that are still around from my era at *Exotic* might remember that my own personal bomb went off several years ago, and as a result, I told my "boss" (also now my partner in *Exotic Underground*) to fuck off, and I bailed on *Exotic*. My revenge was eventually to start a bunch of shitty poseur magazines in Portland, which until only recently continued to be the bane of *Exotic*'s existence. *Exotic*'s answer to this was to do the "Exotic Goes to War" issue, which basically was about 10 pages of per-

sonal bashing on yours truly exposing every skeleton they could find in Spooky's closet. Apparently, "I went out like a bitch!"

This month, we were treated to exactly what "going out like a bitch" could truly mean.

I would love to get more personal about this. I never used to pull punches in this column, but then again, I never had to turn the sights on one of our own. Let's just say this, in the 13 years this magazine has existed, it has seen many players come and go, but regardless of non-compete clauses, stolen hard drives, sex scandals, blackmail, money laundering, drug addictions or closet homosexuals...this magazine has and will always continue to not only survive but to dominate. So I'm gonna dedicate this "Sabotage Proof" issue to our fallen soldier. This was never your

battle, dude, you never fit in, and attitudes such as yours in the workplace are going to make it very difficult for you to find another meal ticket that will put up with your ass as long as this magazine did. My only regret for you is that we have crushed all the competition that might have hired you based on their spite for us. (Oh yeah, and thanks for not coming in and cutting us all down with an Uzi like we all suspected it would eventually end.)

So now that I've got that shit outta the way, it's time to bring you horny little bastards all up to speed with what's going on in our sinful little haven. And to start it off, it doesn't get any naughtier than this—**DV8** proudly presents the Gran Turismo 4 Challenge on Wednesday, March 8th @ 9:30—start saving your quarters now. Once your heart stops racing from that, you can check out Exotic Tuesdays over at the **Jefferson Theater**. Once you finish there, take your leftover scratch on over to **Wildcats** for their Texas Hold 'Em Tournament of Champions on Sunday, March 12th @ 7:30. The winner of this baby gets a trip to Vegas, and if you didn't make the finals, fear not! A brand-new tournament begins the following Sunday.

One of my favorite places to drool over a kick-ass breakfast at 7am while pretending I'm a gynecologist has got to **Jody's Bar and Grill**. I love this place. Stop by to check out Jody's Angels (does that mean Jarred is Tom Bosley?) performing on Portland's original bed stage with Strawberry Jam. (Uhh, is that a stripper's name, or will fruit preserves actually be involved?) Looking for somewhere to stiffen your shamrock? The **Dream On Saloon** is having a huge St Patty's Day Blast on Friday, March 17th, completely stocked with green elves, errr...I mean leprechauns, pot of gold not included. Once you're good and

wrecked the next morning, head on back for a hair-of-the-dog St. Patty's Hangover Party at the **Pallas** on the 18th.

Come on in out of the cold and take in a good film over at the **Oregon Theater**, where you can view 3 new XXX features daily, with special BiFlix features on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Rather stay in for movie night? **Area 69** has just expanded their movie and new release selection with DVDs as low as \$9.95 plus a complete selection of glass pipes and smoking accessories.

Welcome to **Spices Body Shop**— Portland's newest swingers...stop by and schedule your own private party for any Sunday night. Claude and his posse will be tearing it up big time when **Atlantis**

Showgirls officially surfaces for their Grand Re-Opening Party on Saturday, March 25th. **The Dolphin** clubs will be keeping it hard this month with Velabonz (featured in this month's issue) at D2 on March 16th and D1 on March 23rd.

Got Body? Got Attitude? Take off your clothes NOW and get on over to **The Viewpoint** for the 2006 Top Entertainer of The Northwest contest with over \$20,000 in cash prizes, with the first heat kicking off on March 21st. That's it for now, as always...sounds like Portland's got you covered for all the best in adult entertainment. Catch ya next month.

SpookyX

The**Pink**Pages (









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ou know, I like Portland. The culture of that city can only be described as hip, the club scene is hot, and it's not very far from Seattle—a quick trip in my mom's Prius, and I can be there and back in just a few hours. (Yes, I have a car, I it's a V-6 and I'll be damned if I'm gonna pay to drive that gasguzzling beast any significant distance unless I have to; yay, Mom!) And now, as if there weren't enough reasons to visit ou sister city to the south, Portland has produced one other reason to hop on I-5 in rush-hour traffic: Velabonz.

Fortunately, I had the pleasure of seeing Velabonz for the first time here in Seattle at The Fenix, where I also snagged a copy of their EP, *Examples of Wasted Time*. The first thing I noticed was the quality of the singer's voice, which was, well, kind of pretty (and hey, that's a good thing!). The second

thing I noticed about him was that, as a front man, he could only be described as passionate and professional; he was emotive and had that brooding, tortured-artist thing that usually gets girls like me all hot and bothered.

While I stood there admiring the singer's hair and eyeliner (also pretty, in a dark, rock & roll kind of way), I noted his artful weaving of vocal melody with the dynamic accents of the music, and the way all of it blended seamlessly with the harmonies produced by the other guys' background vocals. Yes, they all sing and play guitar—and quite well, thank you very much! (Except for the drummer, I later found out, who is apparently such a notoriously bad singer that he's not even allowed to sing in the van on the way to gigs.)

The singer's bright, high-pitched voice, coupled with the dark content of some of the lyrics, and a few snarly, rock & roll growls, gave a very satisfying texture to the songs; I was instantly fascinated. I thought to myself, "Well, this is not your run-of-the-mill, crappy rock band!" Like, they sounded good. It was a pleasant surprise to stumble across a band who can prove that flawless musicianship and a keen sense of style are not mutually exclusive, and so, even though I was there to cover another band, I decided right then and there to write about Velabonz instead.

Founded back in late 2003 by singer/guitarist (and hometown Portland boy) Rob Daiker and bassist Brian McMillan (a transplant from Indiana), the band also features guitarist Aaron Daiker (Rob's little brother), guitarist Eli Russell, and drummer Kevin Johnson. I interviewed Daiker for this article and found out the band as a whole likes a lot of elements of 80s music, which was obvious by the style of the tasty little hooks and melodic accents in evidence on their recording. But when I tried to come up with something to compare them to, I just couldn't...I tried, really I did!

ELABONZ

never listen to, or weren't really influenced by. (I guess finding a band to write about that has catchy songs with a unique sound is both a blessing AND a curse! It would have been so much easier to simply dismiss them as "another so-and-so", but I can't.)

One thing is clear—Velabonz has a stylistic vision which includes an eye (and an ear) for beauty, and Rob Daiker had a thing or two to say about putting on a good

show:

Bands need to get back into trying to set themselves apart from the audience, and make it a show. They shouldn't go up on stage in street clothes and stare at their feet. We're sick of all those shoe-gazer bands, the ones that act like they're not even happy to be up on stage, all brooding and pouty. Rock bands are supposed to be fun.

Hell yeah, and put me on the guest list! This penchant for show-manship is evident on the DVD, which comes as a bonus inside the EP (every song on the CD has an accompanying music video—now, that's worth the consumer's \$9.99 on CD Baby!). Some of the videos were even shot in Seattle ("Trouble," "Scream," and part of "Break"), so pick up a copy, Jet City residents, and see if you recognize anything!

When I asked Daiker how the DVD came about, he said, I am very lucky to have a good friend in Seattle who is a very talented director, Brian Parker. We originally shot the first video for fun, and we had so much fun doing it we decided to do a video for each song on the EP—which was cool because you don't usually see that with a new band.

Hmmm, "Because it was fun": good answer! I have a feeling that this is going to be a recurring theme with this band—you're going to see some things you don't usually see and get some things you don't usually get out of today's pre-packaged pop and copycat rock. I certainly feel like I got a lot more than I bargained for that night at The Fenix, and I'm looking forward to even more.

Visit Velabonz on the web at www.velabonz.com.



s a young boy, an unlaid boy, a bottle-fed ex-baby boy, I'd often find scraps of 60s and 70s porno mags strewn through the mossy woods near our tract home. Having led a tit-free youth in a titless world where tits were even more oppressed than black people, these soggy paper boobshots were religious documents to me. Tits fascinated me. The bigger, the better. Down to her knees—the best!

I knew that a woman had something between her legs where you stuck your pee-pee and then a baby came out, but I never equated that area or process with pleasure—hers or mine. (I STILL don't equate it with hers.)

But then my testicles descended and my groin sprouted hair like a Chia Pet. My voice got deeper and I was able to shoot applesauce from my

> wiener. Like they say in the Jewish religion, I became a man. I got

> > myself some pussy and realized that tits were for kids. It's not that I dislike them, it's that they're about as sexually useful as kneecaps.

"There's always tittyfucking," you limply suggest.
Yes—titty-fucking. No, nothing
awkward or stupid about THAT,
so let's just move right along.

You ever see some stank-ass hippie bitch flop out her saggy jug at a restaurant just to quiet her mewling infant? THAT'S what tits are for, and it ain't pretty. Think of them as two baby bottles, THEN tell me you still get aroused. Have you ever seen one of those lactation fetish sites? It's enough to put you

off the teat forever.

It's not as if I'm repelled by a nice pair of casabas—I just don't focus or fixate or obsess on them. I grew OUT of that phase. And I really think you should, too.

Yes, I can enjoy looking at tits, just as I can enjoy looking at a woman's calf, wrist, or eyelashes. But those tits are merely accessories. A woman can find a man's biceps sexy, but if she doesn't move on (and downward), she's a little bit W-A-C-K-Y. That's because biceps, like tits, serve no real sexual purpose. Yeah, maybe SHE gets some sexual pleasure from having them touched, but when did we start worrying about HER pleasure?

It's very unbecoming for a grown man to seek out women for emotional nurturing. You were supposed to have settled that deal a long, long time ago. It was called "weaning." And I have a secret—women don't like men with mommy complexes. They want a daddy, not a son.

What fucking AGE are you that you still need to be nurtured by a woman? I'm sorry that your weaning was incomplete, but it's a little too late, fair soldier. I was not breast-fed, and I have no desire to make up for lost time.

"Any adult male with a breast fixation OBVIOUSLY still wants to suckle milk from his mother's teats. You have a problem with that? Take it up with your mammy—TITBOY."

Tit-obsessed men generally have far less real-world sexual experience than other men, and I can state this as a fact, because it is I who just made it up. Sigmund Freud would tell you the same thing, except he's dead.

You can be an ass man or a leg man. You can even be a bush man and a vulva man like me. But you CANNOT be a tit man. You can only be a tit BOY.

Does your mommy wipe your bottom with a warm, wet wash-cloth, Titboy? Does she tuck you in at night and call you her Widdle Wubbly Woo? Do you like to play with the big bouncy balloons, Titboy? Do you like those red-nosed clowns bobbling in your face...Titboy?

Any adult male with a breast fixation OBVIOUSLY still wants to suckle milk from his mother's teats. You have a problem with that? Take it up with your mammy—TITBOY.

That's right, Baby Huey, nuzzle up to them mams. Then put your knickers on and kiss Mumsy goodbye as you tweedle-dee your way to Nursery School.

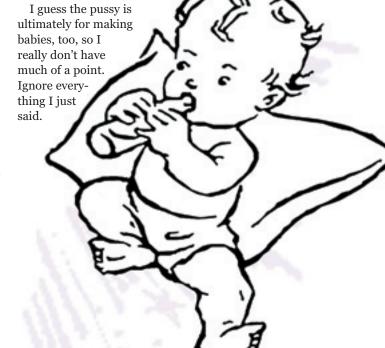
Grow the fuck UP, man. PUSSY is where it's at. THAT'S where you commit all the felonies. Tits are just misdemeanors.

In my adulthood, pockmarked as it's been by scandal and infidelity, I've often had gals—with their boobs jutting toward me in the post-coital motel-room haze—ask me why I don't pay more attention to their breasts.

Don't you like them? Are they misshapen? Should I get a boob job? Should I get another boob job? Should I get a breast reduction and then get yet another boob job?

No. Shut the fuck up. I don't want to suck on your boobs just like I don't want to wear a diaper. I bang you like a jackhammer and go down on you better than a dyke—you don't need me to slap your tits around.

Funny how they're never so hung-up on their *vaginas*, which is where most of the aesthetic atrocities occur.



SIDESHOW FREAKS





MR HO 'rook at my sexy stiffy"

Male 40 years old Raguna Beach, CALIFORNIA **United States**

About me:

o.k. rets see.....Mr. Ho ruv taking rong warks on the beach....especiarry with a hot and sexy round eye girr....Mr. Ho ruv to dry hump.....Mr. Ho ruv to do the yay-yo arr night rong and dance....me arso rike sing kareoke....sometimes I take bubbre baff and wish I was a girr, then I get big erection and change my mind.

Who I'd like to meet:

pwetty girrs who are turned on by my package, my money and most of arr my drugs.

General:

going to dance crub, spanking, being spanked, dry humping, bubbre baff,karoeke, staying up arr night.

"Anal Sex Fiend"

Female / 68 years old / Reno. NEVADA / United States

I have eight grandkids. I adore every one of the little angels. I'm an avid porn addict. Anything gets me going, I whip out my eight inch piece of man made plastic and go to town. I love meeting new people and up for anything(wink wink boys;)) I'm a great chef. I constantly bake home made bread. I love receiving anal sex. And don't worry, I use protection, I take metamucil to keep myself from having an accident. I chew tobacco and drink wine religiously. I have dentures,,,,a plus for all you well hung boys :) I drink my Ensure everyday. I'm a screamer in bed. I will scream my head off if you're lucky and good. Watch out for my nails though. I have a pet beagle named Sandy. She's my whole world. I'm the worlds biggest Elvis Presley fan. Have your friends add me to their list, I love dirty emails and comments. Please share with me what you do while looking at my pictures. I might be old but I have the vitality of a young tight swedish girl. Love, Judy

GEORGE "Like a pimp.

Male 59 years old **Washington DC. United States**



A wise man once told me that if you teach a man to fish, he will eat for a day, but if you buy him a fish, then he will sell it and make a lot of money, or something like that. So, Kids, I was thinking today about needing to be able to eavesdrop on people more, and I've come up with some good reasons why this should happen: 1) Even though it might spoil the suprise, I still think, for our safety of course, that we should be able to find out what people will be buying us for our birthdays/Christmas. 2) I think everyone has the right to know if their boy/girl friend is cheating on them, if we get this bill passed, I'll look into sending out notices. 3) We will now have super accurate opinion polls. That should clear up a lot when it comes to elections, (No hard feelings, Big Al?) 4) The government will now be able to accurately pinpoint crime, and not just Terrorism either, I'm talking drug dealing, homicide, grand theft larceny, shoot, we'll even introduce some new Jwalking legislation. 5) Will Ferrell will have no place left to hide. I will FINALLY get my autograph. 6) I will finally figure out where Dick Cheney's undisclosed location is. President George W. Bush 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W. The White House Washington, D.C. 20500

General:

I like a lot of things. Mostly my wife. But I also like declaring war..explosions are too cool. I like Oil a lot, and Texas, and taking vacations every chance I get.

Fa sho"

By now, you're probably aware that we here at *Exotic! Underground* have myspace pages:

http://www.myspace.com/exotic underground & http://www.myspace.com/xmag

This very successful Internet networking site has opened the doors in helping us locate models, musicians, artists and more in the Seattle area and beyond. On the flip side of that, it has also opened the doors to some of the more "undesirable" specimens of the human species. The following profiles are ACTUAL profiles that chose to be friends with us here at *Underground*. Trust me, kids, I couldn't make this shit up, nor would I. So step right up, boys and girls, see the guy with the 5" penis, marvel at the vigorous masturbator! Not for the weak of heart or the morally correct...

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ATM



whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

the town with ya boy J.Mack. Oooh Weeee!

First Up ... "Are You Fuckin' Kiddin' Me?"

That is exactly what I said to a couple dancers that shared with me some outrageously true and hilarious stories they've witnessed. The names have been changed to protect the embarrassed. Conchita of **Club Exotica**International told me an interesting story about a pair brush. Apparently Cadonkadonk left her hair

hat up, my peoples of the adult-enter-

tainment world? It's that time again, baby, to see "Whatz Crackin" around

hair brush. Apparently Cadonkadonk left her hair brush on the counter in the main dressing room. When she walked back in, she saw Lady Compton using it to brush her hair. She informed her that she didn't appreciate

Lady Compton using her "Pussy Brush." Cadonkadonk had been using it specifically to brush her coochie hairs. Wow! Another night while at **The Dolphin 2**, I was sittin' in the VIP section when I noticed Double Dee crackin' up laughing. I asked her what was so funny, and she said that Li'l Bittabutt had a customer point at her string while he was sitting at her rack. I said, "What was wrong with her G-String?" Double Dee said "It wasn't her G-String Jay, it was her that-time of-the-month string." It was dangling in the customer's face. Ahhhh Daaamn! Too much information, baby, but I *did* ask. The moral of these two stories is to always make sure you know whose shit you're using, and what they use it for! Also, make sure to tuck those type of strings in real-real good. OK! I'll have more stories for you next month, so stay tuned...

Next Up ... "Where the Party At?"

That's a question that I'm asked quite frequently, and I always try to point people in the right direction! On Thursday Nights, I host "Ladies Night Out" with DJ L.B. a.k.a., Mr. Mosaic, at **The Viper Room**, soon to be renamed **Club 720**. There is no cover charge for the honeys all night, and for the fellas it's just \$5. Ladies get the benefit of 2-for-1 specials all night as well. The Viper Room is located at 720 SE Hawthorne. On Fridays make sure to check out **NOCHE** with myself and DJ Mello Cee from NYC. This club is tight and has the perfect party atmosphere! NOCHE is located in downtown Portland at 33 NW 2nd. We will be bumpin' cutz for everybody such as Salsa, Hip-Hop, and Reggae! Come kick it wit' ya boy!

Honey of the Month

This gorgeous young lady is not only sexy & fly, she also is a jack of all trades. **Iodie** is currently working for Ideal Fusion Marketing and happens to be a Coors Light Girl. She is also a medical billing professional, an aspiring model, and one of the best Go-Go Dancers in town. On top of all that, she is one of my hottest female street-team promoters with Whatz Crackin' Entertainment. Check her out on myspace.com Her site name is jo_jodancer.

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503girls.com gives you the best information on the hottest honeys in the area, as well as a complete listing on all the adult entertainment locations in town. Big ups to my partna' Brian for holdin' it down! ... **Hot Wireless** is your #1 company for all your top-of-the-line cell-phone needs. They also have Air Cards for your Laptops, fly Camera Phones, and Pocket PCs with broadband Internet speed. To get the hookup today, call: (503) 459-6860.

For more information, questions, comments, or behind the scene stories you would like to share, hit me up at: **whatzcrackin.com**.

Until next month, y'all keep it "Crackin"!

One Love, J.Mack









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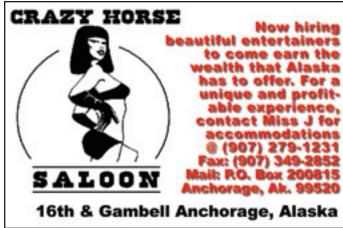
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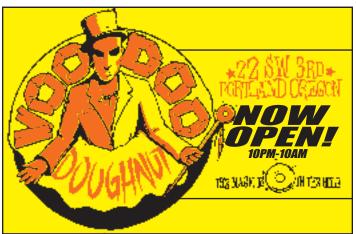


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BACK IN BLACK WITH

Betty X Memoirs of a Pain Junkie Exclusive Album Preview by Bill Cort

AS ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF THE "DEATH LOUNGE"

MOVEMENT, Betty X has always danced to the beat of a different drum machine. In recent years she has been closely connected

with the caustic industrial-metal scene, but when Betty emerged in the mid 1990s, she had more in common with Nina Hagen or Hazel O'Connor. Abandoning the light-hearted New Wave camp of her first project, 1999's Salon Betty, she favored the harsh electronics of her solo debut, Bad Side of Love. In the process, she abandoned much of her following as well.

This type of destructive reinvention became a recurring theme as her music steadily became heavier and more aggressive. Betty X's latest record, *Memoirs of a Pain Junkie*, is her most abrasive and metallic yet, a showcase of crunching riffs and disjointed rhythms that exhibits few of the electronic histrionics that once defined her solo material. But while the record may not be traditionally metal (aside from the heavy guitars) or industrial (aside from the distorted vocals and odd sample), Betty X maintains the

antagonistic ethos those genres command. Ever since the late '70s, aggro music has thrived on the will to provoke. For Betty X, provocation is a priority that comes just after breathing.

Judging by opening lyrics such as "We all know what's in your brain/Let's take a look anyway" ("Chainsaw") and "It comes down to you and me/You better look me in the eye when you talk that shit about me" ("Necrotic"), Betty X seems to view this world as an increasingly oppressive and violent place, overrun with conservatives and societal dregs. As a result, she seeks to mock and defy expectations and funnel her most carnal, depraved impulses into her inflammatory music. Unlike many industrial-metal artists, whose

insurgency is as synthesized as their Hot Topic clothing, Betty is truly a rebel without a pause, as a trail of departed band members and a prior arrest for inciting a riot can attest.

But don't write Betty X off as an impulsive deviant who churns out musical performances between flag burnings and bar fights. She is obsessive when it comes to her music, which explains why *Memoirs of a Pain Junkie* and her last record, 2004's *Dystopia*, were delivered way behind schedule. So is *Memoirs*

the incendiary album that fans have been holding their breath for? Yes...and no. Her new emphasis on heavy-metal riffs and mechanical noise may prove too metallic for rivetheads and too convoluted for metalheads. But it definitely delivers a proper ass-kicking.

In the past, Betty X administered sharp, simple electronic dance beats and memorable trip-hop/jazz melodies. The new release is far messier, exploding like a shotgun blast and leaving too much damage for some to take in easily at one time. Redundant beats, layered guitars and over-distorted production provide a menacing

atmosphere but very little melody. The record also lacks dynamics on most of the tracks. Instead of rising and dipping in volume and intensity, the songs lash out in a feral blitzkrieg and maintain their exhaustive pace throughout.

For the most part, the songs on *Memoirs* follow one of two formulas. Betty X's most compelling trick is to construct a hooky, repetitive guitar rhythm and then sprinkle in volleys of production effects to prevent the tracks from becoming too monotonous. Sometimes it works, as on "Chainsaw," a brutal chunk-fest that melds gas-powered garden tools and guitars with a semimelodic bridge and an anthemic chorus. It also proves effective on "Necrotic," which is driven by a disarming, high-octane riff and enhanced with several breaks and sample effects.

Elsewhere, Betty X experiments more insidiously with tempo and structure. "Bleed" starts with a distorted and delayed growl that sounds like something from Ministry before dissolving into a loose fury of rapid drumming and a repetitive guitar sample. This works well as a

soundscape, but it doesn't hold up as a full song. And "The Snake Pit," a daunting combination of Middle Eastern flavor and danced-out beats, offers a refreshing break, but it doesn't quite fit in with the overall tone of the album. The same is true of "Ultra-Violence," a techno-metal anthem reminiscent of Rob Zombie.

"Shoot 'em Up" is perhaps my favorite track on the album. Mixed and drummed by Martin Atkins of Pigface, it features the guitar-work of Seibold from Hate Department. Obviously, the track stands out for

this reason. Betty's vocal work is also shining on this track, with a stompin' rock rhythm and catchy guitar riff pushing it along. Yeah, it's possible to quibble with the sensitivity level of outbursts like "Shoot 'em up/Let God sort 'em out," but as underbelly dwellers have known for decades, art doesn't have to be in good taste to taste good.

With all that said, *Memoirs of a Pain Junkie* is by far a superior follow-up to *Dystopia* that will no doubt satisfy openminded fans of metal and industrial music alike. At this rate, one can safely assume the next album will be even better.











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ven the most gross-out porn DVD in my vast collection can't compare to the religious porn sweeping the Middle East.

Strictly speaking, the cartoon of the prophet Muhammad wearing a turban shaped like a bomb with a lit fuse is not in the same category as the top ten dogpile orgies compiled in ROCCO'S BEST GANG BANGS from Evil Angel. But this collection of Rocco Siffredi's herky-jerk ream jobs and the twelve caricatures of Muhammad published in a Denmark newspaper have one thing in common: They get male juices flowing.

So while we hedonists in the West relax with a handjob, the horny boys in the desert dreaming of seventy-one virgins in paradise get off by going on a violent rampage, torching Danish diplomatic missions in Syria, Lebanon and Iran. A dozen or so of the faithful have been killed in the process.

The cartoons touched a raw nerve because Islam tradition forbids any depictions of their sixth-century prophet. A group of fundamentalist Muslim clerics in Denmark whipped things up by circulating the cartoons to their brethren in the Middle East. But here's the kicker. They tossed in three that had not been published: Muhammad depicted as a pig, a pedophile, and best of the batch, Muhammad fucking a dog. They needed some porn to stoke the flames

The fiasco has also created a climate of fear among media outlets in this country. As of this writing, only a few daily newspapers have run the cartoons, including the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *New York Sun*. Several of the blabshow hosts on the FOX network have displayed the cartoons while gleefully pointing out the three major networks and MSNBC have chickened out.

This is a touchy issue. One can understand an editor's concern about his newspaper office getting firebombed. Still, that has not happened at FOX. I'm inclined to agree with the right-wing blowhards in FOXland standing up against intimidation and for free expression. That can't be said for the *New York Press*, one of the best alternative weeklies in the country. When the editor, Harry Siegel, announced he would run the cartoons, the publisher refused. Siegel and a number of others on the editorial staff guit in protest.

It's a sad state of affairs when a courageous journalist such as Harry Siegel gets the shaft due to blowback from a pack of diseased Islamic clerics aching with visceral hatred for the West. These black-robed assholes wave their blood-stained swords and call for the beheadings of Danish cartoonists, yet they got no problem with their own newspapers throughout the Arab world routinely running vile anti-Semitic illustrations. This has been going on for years, likely dating back to the night the prophet Muhammad begged Moses to butt-fuck him. Moses turned him down and pointed toward a flock of sheep.

Last month a government run newspaper in Tehran announced a Holocaust cartoon contest. (Can't you just imagine the repressed clerics in their role as cartoon jurists, cackling with glee and shooting their wads across the submissions?) Not to be outdone, the Arab European League came up with a cartoon on its website of Hitler in bed with Anne Frank. "Write this one in your diary, Anne," reads the caption.

Why should Muhammad deserve immunity from satire in light of this? Well, that's easy. We are dealing with pig-headed religious fascists who want to ensure the minds of future generations are locked in medieval theology, apocalyptic nonsense, and hatred of Jews. Obviously, all 1.6 billion Muslims across the globe don't buy this. But a shitload of them do, as they made clear in their demonstrations. Here's their message on placards: "Freedom Go to Hell,"
"Exterminate Those Who Mock Islam," and "Europe, Your 9/11 is on the Way."

We are left not only with Muslim contempt for democracy, freedom, individual rights, liberty, pluralism and material well-being—we are left with Muslim contempt for religion. Except their own.

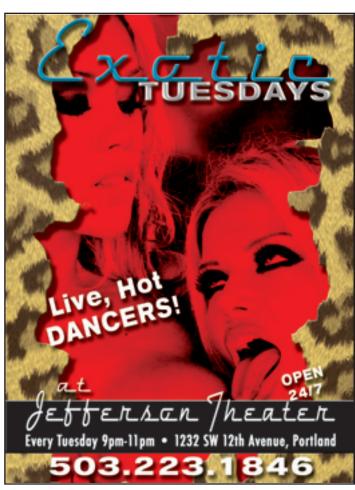
Long live the seditious cartoons out of Copenhagen.

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by flagstone walker











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