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FEATURES



THE ROCK 'N' ROLL REMEDY

drugs, death and decadence

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by rich evans



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tacoma's ministers of mayhem **page 24**by ditch



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learn to lick it and like it! page 58 by iim goad



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the fine art of sucking **page 68** by jim goad

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ock and roll has been unfairly blamed for a plethora of social ills since the first white guy discovered he could make a fortune playing "race music." Promiscuous teenagers? Blame that Elvis guy and his turbo-charged hips. Rebellion against authority? Never had that until "Cop Killer." Gingivitis? **Ban the 1910 Fruitgum Company!**

Unfortunately, one point of contention is harder to defend than Allen

Iverson. This would be the connection between rock music and drugs. In response to the burgeoning "Rock Against Drugs" campaign in the late 80s, Sam Kinison joked that rock invented drugs. This may not be true, but there is no denying a connection (hopefully one that delivers) exists.

We're all well aware of the drug-fueled tragedies that dot the musical landscape, from musical giants such as Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin to lesser-known casualties like Andrew Wood and Shannon Hoon. It's apparent that drugs are the second leading cause of premature rocker death, trailing only small private aircraft. Yet it seems that there will always be a fresh crop of chemically enhanced wannabes ready to step into their predecessors' shoes, even if only for long enough to jump in their graves.

Rather than pass judgment on these fallen idols or their myriad apostles, it seemed that no one has ever thanked drugs for inspiring some great music through the years. Let's face facts—many of the greatest musicians in rock history have been narcotically influenced. Yet these same musicians are

excoriated for their vices. I'd like to break with convention and offer a hearty "thank you" to our often misunderstood friends-drugs.

In the overall scheme of things, it appears that rock

music has greatly benefited from the infusion of mind-altering substances. Through the years, drugs have helped rock musicians push the plastic Zip-Loc envelope of what can be done in a previously limited artistic medium. What would music sound like if Jimi Hendrix had not transformed the blues into something louder and scarier? What if Kurt Cobain hadn't shot up superhuman amounts of heroin to quell the pain of his "burning, nauseous stomach?" And how much poorer would rock's oeuvre be if Keith Richard and his well-documented demons never picked up a guitar?

Quitting drugs has led to great things as well. Pete Townshend wrote Tommy while recovering from heroin addiction. Aerosmith went from the "Where are they now?" file to being one of the hottest bands of the late 80s and early 90s after going through rehab collectively. Still, both arguably developed their best work under the influence. Sure-Eric Clapton flourished after becoming sober. He also got really, really boring. Clapton went

> from the freewheeling, distorted experimentation of Cream to being just another radio-friendly pussy.

I'm not claiming that you need to have used drugs at some point to make great music. Quite the contrary. Anyone who has ever seen a bunch of wasted musicians engaged in a misguided exercise in musical masturbation will agree, unless of course they actually like Phish. In other words, it's cool to expand your mind to otherwise

unseen possibilities—just sober up before foisting your "brilliant" ideas on everyone else. Otherwise, you're no different than that unbearable, shit-faced douchebag that's surgically attached to your buddy's couch as the party is winding down who natters on endlessly about how all of the planet's problems could be solved if you could just eradicate the world's supply of paper. "Naaaah, wait man...just hear me out, bro..." God, I hate that fucking guy!

Believe it or not, many prominent rockers through the years are stridently anti-drug. Gene Simmons,

Chrissie Hynde, Ted Nugent, and Frank Zappa (!) all just said no. Still, they seem to be in the minority. The fact is that we like our rockers wasted and crazy. Jim Morrison? Wasted and crazy. Axl Rose? Him, too. Courtney

lurking in the wings with a sound bite imploring people to use this tragedy as

personally lost close friends to heroin and cocaine. Others I simply misplaced while I was drugs. I blame poor judgment. Like anything else, moderation is the key. Even water can kill you if you

Unfortunately, once someone reaches a certain point, there's not a lot anyone else can do short of imprisonment to stop an addict from destroying himself. Even imprisonment doesn't work. You mean to tell me Layne Staley couldn't have taken some of the mechanical royalties he amassed from "Man in the Box" and checked into Betty Ford? I'm sure someone in his life at some point expressed concern for his well-being, even if only to get him back in the studio to churn out more product. The sad truth is that various psychological factors most of us hope to never experience conspired to silence one of the most distinctive rock voices ever. Perhaps drugs exacerbated the situation, but odds are he

Put simply, drugs can be good for art and bad for the artist. I'm not trying to glorify substances that have transformed personal friends of mine into corpses—or even worse, hippies. Yet it's hard to deny that without drugs rock music would be far less interesting and possibly nonexistent at this point in time. Perhaps it's time to acknowledge that with all of the lip service paid to the evils of drug use, there actually have been some great works produced under the influence. In a country that values pop culture possibly above all else, we should offer thanks to the source of fuel that

keeps the creative engines, and the rest of us humming.

had other issues gnawing at his soul.

So thank you, drugs. Rock couldn't have done it without you. If you're not too busy, maybe we can hang out this weekend? I'm working on this song...

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

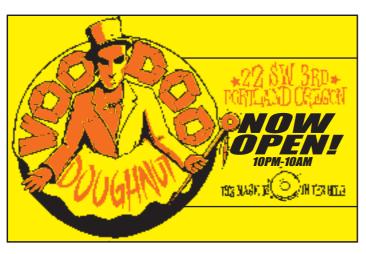














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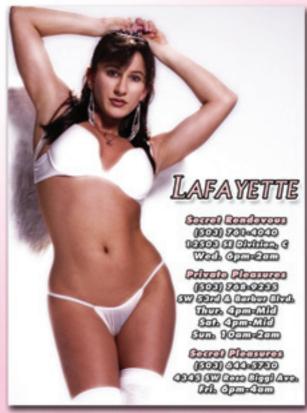
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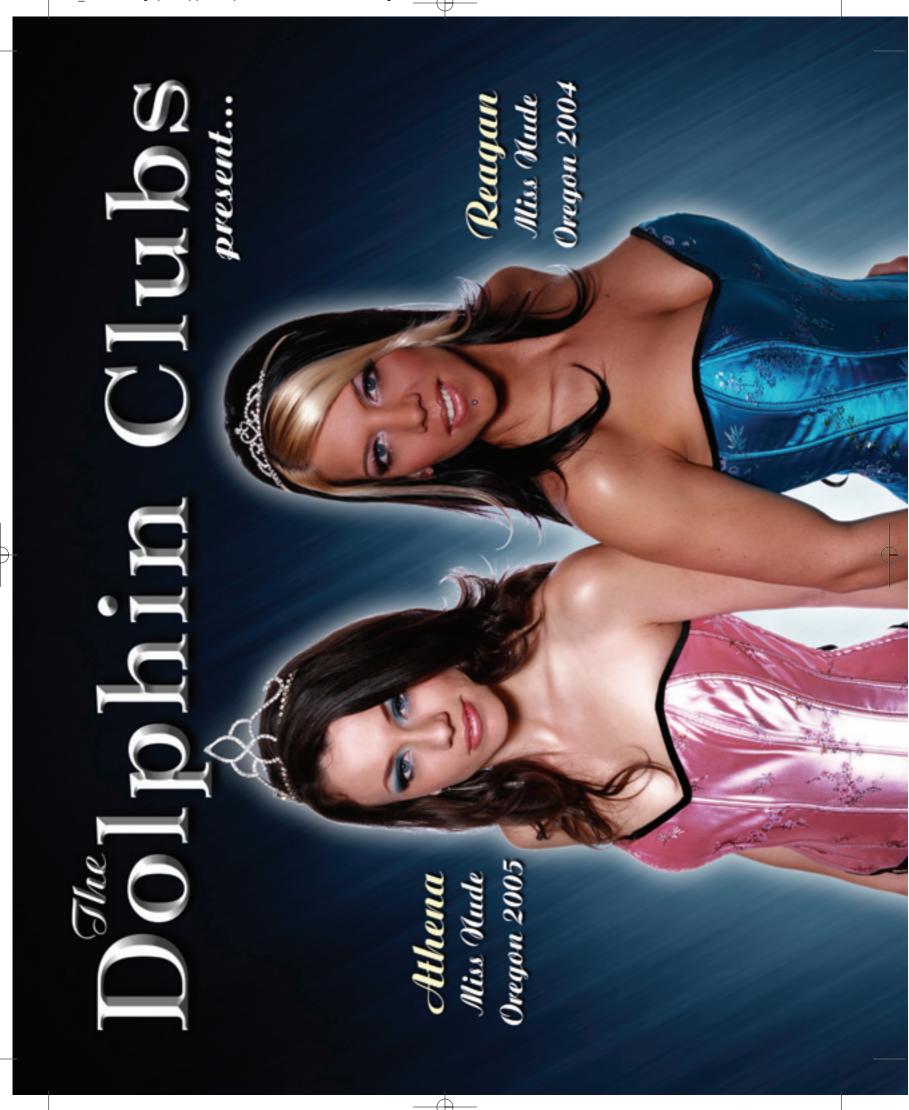






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April 2006

alking around in the back alleys of Erotic City, you can find just about anything. Desire, lust, greed—it's all here. Last month was the first time in a while that I crawled out from under my rock up north and spent some quality time here in Portland. We even almost made it through a whole deadline without anyone getting hurt. Except my wallet, that is.

After a grueling deadline on my final night in Portland, I found myself with a couple hundred dollars in my pocket somehow. So because the mag was wrapped, it was time to hit the strip clubs! Hell, I had money—maybe I'll even get drunk enough to buy a table dance or two. Rather than give you a total narrative, I'll just try and summarize it into a list of dos and don'ts for strip-club survival. (Remember, I booked dancers, deejayed, and was once very educated in the predatory persuasions of the exotic entertainer. It's truly amazing how a few Oxy's and way too much Crown Royal can erase what you once knew.)

DON'T enter the club announcing it's your last night here and you still have \$200 in your pocket. You might as well paint a bull's-eye on your forehead, bend over, and bust out the Vaseline (if they're nice...otherwise, lubrication isn't generally an option).

DO buy the dancers a drink. Although if you plop your drunk ass in the middle of a pack of 'em and buy them ALL a drink, you have now been targeted by the group as whole, and you are now outnumbered.

DO sit at the rack when your pick of the litter hits the stage and tip generously. Maybe even say something cute like, "Gee the whole time I worked with you, I never noticed what a nice pussy you have!" (They seem to like that!)

DO NOT pay for a table dance on stage. Apparently, Direct Deposit doesn't work on stage and is not transferable to table-dance Accounts Payable.

DO pay attention to the music once seated in the table-dance area. You are charged per song. Maybe even tip the bartender in advance to throw an ice cube at your head after each song in case you're too drunk or lost in visions of vagina to notice the meter just reset. Them deejays is sneaky and will mix and slide right into the next song.

DO NOT think that when a dancer pops out of the table-dance area and comes back with two more hot dancers that she wants to show you off to her friends. Your meter has now tripled, my friends. But your drunken ass thinks you're a pimp, don't ya?

DO the math. 7 shots, 40 bucks +10 dollar tip to bartender. 10 singles on stage, 20 dollars on stage ineptly intended to be a deposit on a table dance, 20 bucks, 3 songs with 3 dancers, 180 bucks. Add em up... 40+10+10+ 20+180=260. You had 200—you're fucked. And if ya don't know the owner of the club, who thankfully loans you your deficit, you might wanna look into the Oregon Health Plan when you get out of the hospital.

IN THE CLUBS...

On to the finest of exotic news and events that all of the erotic entrepreneurs in this town will be bringing you this April. **Stars Salem** kicks it off with their feature of the month, Paris Love, every Thursday, plus Fetish Circus 2 on Thursday, April 27th featuring XXX star Sonny Leone. **The Viewpoint** continues its Top Entertainer 2006 Contest with heats every 1st and 3rd Tuesday @ 9pm—grand prize winner gets \$3,000, the crown, and a trip to Las Vegas. Don't miss the Grand Finale July 14th, 2006. **Exotica** promises the biggest event of the year with their 7th Anniversary Celebration on Saturday, April 22nd @ 9pm. Feature entertainers, martini bar, complimentary buffet, return of the \$1 dance, live painted girls, live performance by local R&B sensation Arjay, lingerie modeling sponsored by Heaven's Closet, and prize giveaways all night. Just in case you were allergic to strawberries last month, **Jody's Bar and Grill** puts a new spin on the sheets on Friday,

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April 21st when Jody's Angels return to Portland's original bed stage, this time with Raspberry Jam. (It's tempting, but Jarred, when your Angels bust out the peanut butter, I'm all over it!) This month's featured cover girl hangs her thong at the all-new **Pallas Club**, now under new ownership. Pay them a visit for the Pallas Renaming Party on Friday, April 21st and cast your vote, then head on back on Friday, April 28th for the name unveiling. Plus free Porn Fridays, and if the IRS left you with anything, come on down on Saturday, April 15th for drink specials to drown your Tax Day sorrows all day long. The DV8's 2-Year Anniversary rocks the house on Saturday, April 15th @ 9pm with \$250 for Best Tits and Ass and even more sinful shenanigans on Sunday, April 30th @ 9pm for Marvelous Mr. Greezy's Pimps & Hos Ball featuring M.J. Eminence on the turntables with \$100 for best pimp and \$100 for best ho. The **Dolphin Clubs** bust out the big guns with the return of The Miss Nude Oregon 2006 prelims on Thursday, April 20th @ Dolphin 2, semifinals on Thursday, April 27th@ Dolphin 1 and the finals on Wednesday, May 10th @ Dolphin 2 with \$4,000 in prize money. Make your reservations NOW! And bringing up the rear, (literally) is the **Boom Boom Room**'s Booty Shakin' Contest on Thursday, May 11th, open to all entertainers.

AT THE SHOPS...

Pink Kitty's broadens their appreciation of the female form with a new selection of erotic art for your viewing pleasure while you're waiting for the 3D version. **Passionate Dreams** is now open 24 hours for your pleasure and convenience. So now there's really no excuse for not making the time now is there—live a little, why don't ya?

ELSEWHERE...

Be sure to clip your 20%-off coupon for store merchandise at **Fascinations** in this month's issue, or you can drop your load and whack it to hot, naughty girls on Exotic Tuesdays at the **Jefferson Theater**. (I was told to say that.) **503girls.com** is now hiring internet models. Just in case you get lucky, you might wanna drop by the *Exotic-*friendly **Kings Row Inn** rather than your backseat, you cheap fuck. But if you'd rather do your business in your ride,

why not upgrade that old

P.O.S. at **Austin's Affordable Auto's**new location with new industry-friendly financing options available? That's it for this month—you stay sexy, Portland.



Underground's mailbox as well. (Within a day or two, more than 15 other myspace friends proudly showed me their own personalized versions of these very familiar fun bags. Busy girl? No, this is a creative way to suck you into a pay-porn site. These enterprising mammaries were generated by a program that will personalize your choice of racks with an unlimited amount of names off your address book. Gee, I don't feel special anymore. But you can help! Ladies of Portland, email us your rack and tell us you want something more exciting than love—you just might land on these pages!

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ver been kicked in the teeth? Well, right now as I sit here and listen to *The Third Six*—The Church of Hate's© newest release which is about to hit the shelves—I feel just that...and I like it.

If you suffer from a bad attitude, the place to express yourself is at a Church of Hate© show. Bringing forth the lowest-tuned guitar licks on Earth, a

consistent, hard-hitting drum beat, and vocals that spread the Gospel via screaming and yelling—along with half-naked chicks dancing, flogging and performing live, on-stage piercings—the Church will somehow hypnotize you and suck you in so deeply in that you just can't turn away. These, my dearest readers, aren't your typical bunch of musicians simply trying to put up a front and then gladhand you all night long after their set. They mean what they say, and they say what they feel. Their name alone says it all—The Church of Hate®. This isn't a front for displaced or misguided teenagers who wish to 'shock and ahh' their crowd, but rather a group of guys who aim to spread their infectious disease among the masses while devouring anyone who stands in their way.

Now you would think that with that attitude, no one would attend nor wish to see these rapscallions. However, the Church of Hate® has a solid fan base which spreads across the entire Northwest. Whether they're in Portland, Seattle or Tacoma proper, they will pack out just about any room I've seen them in—which is many. The fans seem to understand it, and I suppose it might take actually seeing them to 'get it,' as I was hesitant myself from a booking agent's perspective in having them perform on my stage. Would they break shit?

Would they completely fuck up my room? Yes on both counts. What they broke (for me) was the mold of what most of the bands I see, hear and book sound and perform like. It was an amazing set; I found myself stomping my boots and chanting along. As for fucking up my room, they did indeed do just that; however not a single thing was damaged. What they fucked up was the monotonous routine that seemed to be plaguing the city at the time, and I was quite pleased. There still isn't a

single band I've ever heard or seen like the Church.

To let you in on something that may make them hate me even more is the fact at how utterly humble and cool they were to work with.

Coming in blind, they didn't expect anything from me (or viceversa), but by the end of the night I was hooked, and we began what exists to this day as an excellent working relationship.

Their dedication to what they do spoke volumes to me alone.

After establishing themselves out of their hometown of

After establishing themselves out of their hometown of Tacoma, WA, the Church sold out of their first release in a year—pretty damned good. By the time their second album came out—another EP with yet another six tracks, it went like hotcakes, and was eventually repressed. The newest installment is aptly named The Third Six (each EP contents of the contents of the

tains six songs
apiece). This album
shines above the two
prior releases (not to
undermine how great
the first two are in any
way), in that it exposes
a defining progression in
song writing. It's still the
Church, but it's apparent
they pushed themselves
harder than ever on this album.
Their hometown CD release party
was an epic event or a nightmare if
you happen to have thin skin. Next up is

the all-ages CD party at Studio 7 on Friday, April 21st. If you have any cojones, you'll be there.

At the Church of Hate© headquarters, I

had a chance to ask the band a few questions to put some spice into my otherwise biased review of them.

DITCH: SO, GUYS—WHY 'HATE?'

CXOXH—Love is stupid, hate kicks ass

CxOxH—Love is stupid, hate kicks ass (laughter). There's a lot more to hate than there is to love in this world. You can have one without the other. We choose to push the envelope as opposed to doing the same ol' shit everyone else does. HOW DID YOU GUYS MEET UP IN THE FIRST PLACE?

At a Promise Keepers convention, asshole (more laughter). We all started up about eight years ago, had similar tastes in music, views on religion and politics and the balls to go out and say whatever we wanted. Hasn't changed a bit, except we've all gotten better and found that we hate a lot more than we did in the beginning.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE PROGRESSION OF YOUR MUSIC FROM THE FIRST ALBUM TO NOW?

Attitude is the same, songwriting is different. We've been together for seven-plus years and we know what we want. Our sound over time has developed into something of its own. The message remains the same. This album is definitely the best of the three. The songwriting is better, the production is better. We write

WHAT WAS THE INFLUENCE FOR THIS ALBUM?

The lyrics are inspired by hatred in general. More often than not by Christians, tweakers and homeless people. Everyone has hate, so everyone can relate to the material on this album if they wish to dig in to their own selves, and recognize that it exists in each one of us.

SO NOW WHAT? WHAT'S ON THE AGENDA FOR YOU

GUYS?

We're trying to go to the next level. We wanna eliminate Christanity as a whole for one. On the first two records we weren't really thinking outside the box. During the writing of this one we stepped way outside and have challenged ourselves to make this record be our carrier on tour as we spread the hate.

There you have it. The Church of Hate© is out to get you, so either give in now, or be stomped when they do in fact take over. Again, don't forget their CD release party at Studio 7 this month on Friday, the 21st—all ages, bar w/ID.

The Church of Hate© is:

The Reverend— Vocals Bew—Guitar Mangoat— Bass Owen Money— Drums

—DITCH

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what every man should know about

a sane, sensible guide to the erotic art of pleasuring a woman's vagina with your mouth

odern man lives in a modern world filled with modern conveniences and modern problems. One of modern man's most problematic modern problems is the fact that modernization has also swept over the female of the species, who is no longer content to languish in the background blindly supporting her husband while he receives all the trophies and all the oral sex.

Modern woman demands that modern man provide her with robust, satisfying orgasms, the sort that Mother Nature, in her arbitrarily cruel design, has generally denied her through the blunt routine of traditional sexual intercourse. Since a woman's Pleasure Trigger resides due north of her vagina rather than inside of it, many if not most women are left

bored and unsatisfied even after the most vigorous round of penile-vaginal rutting. And unsatisfied women, as we all know from the tabloids and divorce statistics, are wont to run into the arms and mouths of eager, husky lesbians, living on alimony payments while her ex-husband and squealing offspring are left to fend for themselves.

Women, since they own vaginas and are generally more sensuous than men anyway, are innately better at orally pleasuring women than any man could ever aspire to be. Man's only hope—and it's a flimsy, desperate, inevitably doomed hope at that—is that he can follow a rigorous program of sensitivity training and oral calisthenics that ultimately give him the Mouth of a Lesbian.

A man who can eat a vagina with the aplomb of a Hoover vacuum sucking waste particles from a carpet will find that he is "Joe Popular" and a "hit with the ladies." His social calendar will suddenly fill up months in advance as the neighborhood women line up around the block in order to strap their gams around his gums.

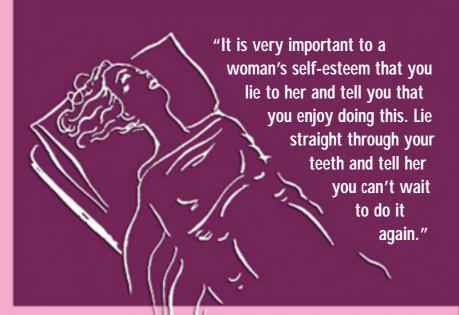
"CUNNILINGUS," OUITE SIMPLY, is the act of using your mouth to orally pleasure a woman's private parts, hopefully until she achieves the proper release. It has been shrouded in superstition and cloaked in taboo since civilization first emerged from the monkey-laden plains of the lower Kalahari. Due to pervasive cultural ignorance and rampant patriarchal bigotry, as well as huge measures of healthy natural instinct, it has historically been deemed degrading, disgusting, and inherently effeminizing to all males who perform it. And while the stark, shameful truth remains that it is almost exclusively the domain of tragical-

ly underendowed she-men who can't satisfy a woman any other way, it behooves

us to not rub your inadequacies in your face, at least not within the sanctimonious confines of a purportedly informational instructional manual such as this one pretends to be. As sad as it is that you're reading this in the vain hope that you'll ultimately be able to charm even one woman, it'd be much sadder for you to soberly apprehend your eternal sexual worthlessness and wind up on a commuter train wielding a machine gun. So on with the fantasy games!



"There she is, spread before you—a moist, nourishing buffet of saucy spices and tantalizing flavors. A delightful, sensuous feast of vaginal morsels and tasty fluids. An exotic fondue of gooey treats and intoxicating odors. So dive in like you're on Death Row and this is your last meal."



YOUR LOVER'S VAGINA is a secret perfumed garden, a dank, musty cave, a deep, briny ocean containing all of life's mysteries within its mucuslathered walls. There she is, spread before you—a moist, nourishing buffet of saucy spices and tantalizing flavors. A delightful, sensuous feast of vaginal morsels and tasty fluids. An exotic fondue of gooey treats and intoxicating odors. So dive in like you're on Death Row and this is your last meal.

Although there is scant pleasure in craning your neck and lapping away like a mechanical robot dog, there is nothing to be gained by admitting this fact. Although women are strong, bold, noble Moon Daughters, even the fairest flower in the bunch is beset with a tangled complex of gnawing insecurities and "body-image" issues which it is always wiser to humor and patronize than to directly confront.

Therefore, the most crucial skill of any would-be successful cunnilinguist is to ACT AS IF YOU LIKE DOING IT. It is very important to a woman's self-esteem that you lie to her and tell you that you enjoy doing this. Lie straight through your teeth and tell her you can't wait to do it again. In certain delicate life situations, it is almost always better to lie. This is one of those situations.

Before proceeding to "Eat at the Y," you should take certain precautions to set the proper erotic mood. Demand documented proof that she is not HIV-positive nor afflicted with Hep-C, gonorrhea and/or syphilis. Under harsh overhead lights, scrutinize her pubis to ensure that it boasts neither pus-oozing herpes sores nor a lunar landscape of crusty genital warts. If cleanliness is a concern, require her to vigorously scrub her rancid nether regions with warm water, industrial-grade solvents, and a loofa sponge. Once you've forced her to jump through an impersonal series of hoops regarding her microbial and olfactory acceptability, you both should be relaxed and confident enough to engage in oral-genital intimacy.

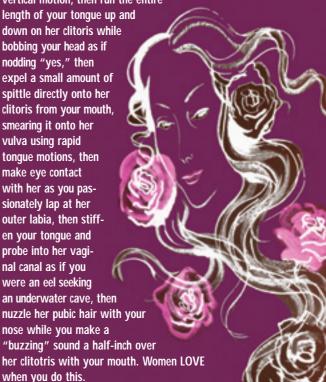
Speak to her gently and softly, realizing that women are much more complex (neurotic) than men and require much more time and understanding (laborious effort) in order to attain physical ecstasy. Tell her she's the prettiest plum to fall from the whole darn plum tree and that you're the luckiest fella on Earth to be sitting there with your head crammed between her thighs, making your jaw sore all in the name of her pleasure, which obviously takes precedence over your extended discomfort. Kiss her softly and slowly up and down her body, whispering into her waxy ear that you'd much rather be doing this than jamming your bone straight up her ass, popping your load in under a minute, and falling away snoring. Inform her that you've expended hundreds of hours scrutinizing clinical diagrams of Vagina Parts and invested years poring over dusty guidebooks featuring step-by-step instructions on How to Please a Woman. Nothing lubes a girl's loins faster than a lonely, mortifyingly selfconscious shlub who approaches the sex act as if it were a Community College degree in Accounting. Women crave the attentive ministrations of men entirely unaware that good sex occurs in almost mathematically inverse proportion to how hard you consciously struggle to make it good.

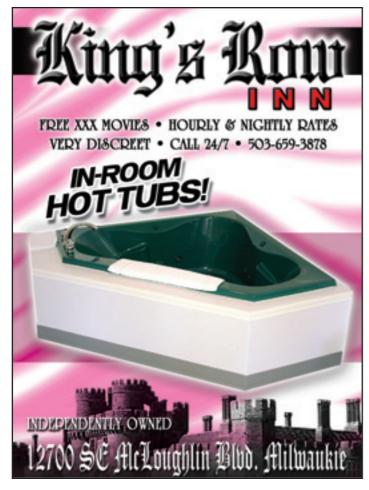
Although communication is said to be the most important part of a successful sexual relationship, it is paramount that you do not disclose your overweening fears regarding your fundamental inadequacy. Your insecurities, although entirely justified, must remain as dark and mysterious to her as her vaginal mysteries remain obscure and shut-off to you. As you kneel there, hunched-over and buried face-deep in her sex, it is crucial that you maintain the charade and continue to lie both to yourself and to her. In the off chance that you've mastered enough finesse to orally escort her to Heaven's Gate and she forcibly grabs your ears and plants your face suffocatingly inside her Meadow of Hairy Wetness while shrieking like a mongoose in estrus, take bitter comfort in the knowledge that her pleasure and the future of your relationship depend solely on the truth never, ever rising to the surface.

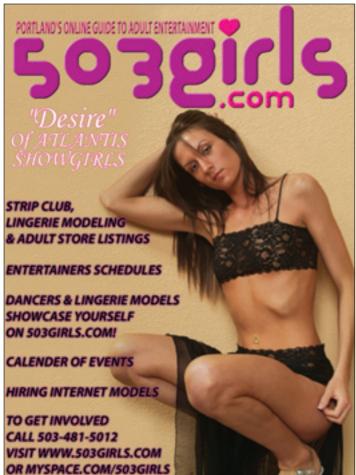
Helpful Suggestions for Orally Pleasuring A Woman's Privates:

- 1) Playfully flick your tongue around her clitoris as if you were a mischievous hummingbird teasing a horny flower bulb.
- 2) From memory, write the Declaration of Independence on her inner thigh using only the tip of your tongue.
- 3) Light some sensuous candles, preferably scented ones, to "enhance the mood." Favorite flavors include: Warm Vanilla Cookie, Key Lime Pie, and Pumpkin Surprise.

4) Lick sideways, then up, then down, then in criss-cross patterns, then in a 'Figure 8," then slowly and softly grasp her vaginal lips with your teeth, continuing to lick up and down in a vertical motion, then run the entire







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whatz crackin'?

BEFORE I GET INTO THE MIX OF THINGS, I just want to thank all my readers out there for your love and the feedback you give me. Big ups!

First Up... "ICE CUBE'S COMING TO TOWN?"

by j.mack

That's right, y'all! The legendary hiphop OG returns to the Rose City this month. Ice Cube will be performing live at The Roseland Theater on April 28th. After gaining worldwide recognition with his controversial group N.W.A., Cube went on to start a solo career. He has also starred in several motion pictures such as Friday, All About the Benjamins, Anaconda,

and of course Boyz N the Hood! He is also the producer of the new hit show Black and White.

Next Up..."LADIES NIGHT"

It's goin' down every Thursday night at The Viper Room, baby, hosted by yours truly. This club is tight and has the perfect party atmosphere. There is NO COVER CHARGE for the ladies, and it's only \$5 for the guys. DJ L.B. provides all the cutz from Old School to New School. Also ladies, since it's your night, the Viper Room is accommodating you with 2-for-1 specials all night long!

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One Love, **J.Mack**





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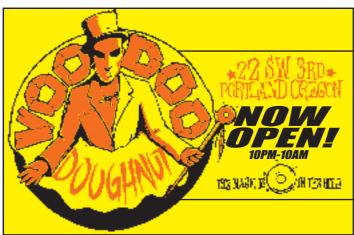
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efore we go any further, I need to make it uncomfortably clear that NONE of the fellatio tips I'm sharing with you are gleaned from any personal experience with having penises in my mouth. These observations are STRICTLY the result of having women stick *my* penis in *their* mouths and sometimes sharing their "tricks of the trade" with me during the tenderly playful "afterglow" phase. In a world that honors respectfulness, this sort of thing shouldn't need explaining, but our world is rapidly filling up with Smart Alecs and Wisenheimers who think I won't hunt them down and bop them in the nose for making a few off-color remarks about my sexual orientation. I'm as heterosexual as a T-bone steak, and the blind red rage with which I react toward any aspersions cast upon my well-adjusted maleness should, by itself, stand as proof that I am not, under any circumstances, nor any reasonable definition of the term. a homosexual.

YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR MAN, DON'T YOU? Keeping a man is a woman's fundamental project in life. No self-respecting lady wants to grow old alone, a crabby, unwanted spinster cursing the fact that love and beauty have passed over her like the Angel of Death sailing straight over a blood-splattered doorway.

In today's fast-paced workaday world, with women expected to perform increasingly extreme sexual acts merely to keep their man from wandering, it becomes difficult to master the latest methods of pleasing your man even while frantically employing every hole that God gave you.

Above all else, you don't want to be alone, and that's where your mouth can help. The mouth that God gave you was never solely intended for Whistling Dixie and nibbling on Lean Cuisine microwave dinners. That mouth is a wet, warm, wondrously supple instrument designed to bring you and your man closer together under the giant floppy umbrella of intimacy.

Intimacy means sharing, and sharing means caring, and caring means sex, and sex means really good blow jobs on demand. And nothing—not a tight vagina, not a pretty face, not a multi-million-dollar trust fund, and *definitely* not "conversational skills" or a "good personality"—will keep your man better than really good blow jobs on demand. With your dick in his mouth, it's not like he's going anywhere.

If you master the attitudes and techniques I'm about to share, you can sleep soundly at night without worrying whether he's out getting a "beej" from some slut he met on the public transit system. I must warn you that the learning curve will not be easy. There will be casualties, just as there always are in wartime. But, just as in war, there will be glory—great, noble glory. Your mouth will become his Disneyland—the happiest place on Earth—and his penis would be a fool to vacation anywhere else.

1. Respect Your Man—Put it in Your Mouth

Of all the known methods which human beings use to express love and respect for one another, there exists no better way to show your man you care about him than to put his penis in your mouth. When you get down on your knees and fill your piehole with his manliness, you are saying, "I honor you. I am taking a very special part of your body into my mouth. I am taking your body into my body in a way that is far more intimate and deliberate than the base, rote ministrations of barnyard sexual intercourse. Even mosquitoes,

those nasty jungle pests, routinely indulge in sexual intercourse, but a mosquito has not yet been born which can perform fellatio. And even chimpanzees will occasionally lick another chimp's monkey vagina, but only homo sapiens is known to perform fellatio. Because fellatio, even though it sounds like the name of a two-bit Italian opera clown, is a gift only shared among the highest known vertebrates. This is more than a physical act—it is a spiritual celebration. It's a celebration of the body—your body, exemplified in your penis." Believe it or not, you are actually saying all of this when you put his penis in your mouth, but he probably can't hear you because, you know, you have his penis in your mouth.

2. Don't Be So Hung-Up on "Cleanliness"

It's hard to believe that in this so-called "enlightened" day and age, there exists a certain type of female throwback who finds the noble act of lovingly slurping her man's sexual organ to be "dirty" or "disgusting." Granted, there are some men who have



hygiene problems and have yet to discover the glories of gel-based body soap, but they are a tiny minority. You need to remember that if you are rejecting the taste or stench of a man's private region, you are rejecting his core, his soul, his vaporous essence. Teach yourself to love, embrace, and ultimately savor his various tastes and smells. It must also be noted that every sexual act is a potentially biohazardous disaster. Sucking a man's penis, combined with the $de\ rigeur$ act of ingesting his semen, is "risky business" in this day and age of HIV, crab lice, and genital leprosy. So put your mind at ease—ask your man whether he has any STDs, and trust his answer unquestioningly.

3. Do Not Blow on It

It's not a flute—it's a dick. Etymologists are unsure why it's called a "blow job" when it's actually a "suck job," but they all agree that blowing on his penis makes you seem a wee bit retarded. Suck, don't blow. He's not a blow-up doll, he's a *man with feelings*, and if you try blowing air into his urethra, you put him at danger of embolisms, "the bends," and other serious medical consequences. What's worse, your sloppy technique will put you at risk of losing him to a more skilled fellatrix.

4. Don't Bite it. Either

It's not a kielbasa—it's a dick. You're not a lady beaver lazily gnawing on a wood stump—you're a female human being offering oral homage to his Scepter of Life. It is part of your womanly duty to master the technique of wrapping your lips over your choppers to protect his beautiful sausage skin from any nicks, cuts or scrapes that your careless teeth might inflict.

5. Pout

How warm, confident, and complete you feel with it in your mouth. It is an adult woman's pacifier. And how sad it makes you when your hungry maw lacks its comforting girth. How empty and alone your mouth feels without his penis inside. It is nearly impossible to overstress the importance of hovering near his penis, looking up at him innocently, and *pouting* about the fact that you don't get to suck it as much as you'd like. Pouting is perhaps the most important part of fellatio.

6. Do More than Just Suck It

Lick it. Kiss it. Nuzzle it. Talk to it. Run your lips up and down the shaft like you're prying meat from a stubborn spare rib. Flick your tongue on his oft-neglected corona, meatus, and frenulum. Engage in mild scrotal worship. Orally stimulate his perineum and anus in ways that don't force him to question his sexuality.

7. Swallow

Imagine how hurt, offended, and dejected you'd feel if your man, while paying oral attention to your nasty bits, was to suddenly go "P-tooey!" and spit out

your so-called "precious" vaginal fluids in disgust. You wouldn't like it, would you? You'd cry, wouldn't you? Of course you would—you cry about everything. Yet there are still women who act as if they have a choice in whether to spit or swallow. It's tres simple—to spit is to reject him. To swallow his thick, creamy New England Clam Chowder is to accept him. It is the ultimate sign of love and respect for a man when you allow him to spray his man-sauce in you and on you however he pleases. Besides, his semen is low in calories while plum burstin' with vitamins, minerals, and protein. So don't be hollow—swallow. Don't be shallow—swallow.

8. Tell Him How Much You Enjoyed Doing It

It's a verified medical fact that all women find fellatio intensely pleasurable. There is not a woman alive who can control her vagina from vigorously lubricating while she has a man's penis inside her mouth. Some women are even able to achieve orgasm while blowing her beloved. Any woman who claims she doesn't enjoy doing it is simply one who has a deep-seated hatred of men and is desperately fearful of commitment and allowing herself to be swooningly swept up in her man's overpowering biceps. She enjoys fellatio, all right—she simply doesn't enjoy what enjoying it implies. But you are not like these shrieking she-beasts, are you? No—you are a *normal* woman who is secure enough to admit to herself that there is nothing on God's Green Earth more fun that bobbing up and down on Big Daddy's knob. But don't be selfish, honey—share that information with him. He needs to know it, lest he go a-roamin'. He might go a-roamin' anyway, but at least you did your best.

- Fellatio has been depicted in ancient artwork dating back to prehistoric cave paintings.
- According to Egyptian myth, the goddess Iris "blew" life into a clay penis by sucking on it.
- Cleopatra was once said to have blown dozens of soldiers in a single night. Other famous noblewomen allegedly adept at fellatio were Russia's Catherine the Great and America's own Nancy Reagan.
- Ancient Greeks referred to fellational as "playing the flute."
- The Kama Sutra (circa 100 AD) features an entire chapter of fellatio techniques, including "the Butterfly Lick" and "Sucking the Mango Fruit."
- Declaring fellatio to be "the worst of all evils," Theodore the Archibishop of Canterbury in 670 AD prescribed a lengthier punishment for sucking a cock than for murdering someone.
- A Japanese woman named kano claims that she's able to tell a man's fortune by sucking his penis. "It depends, I suppose, on what the member feels like when I first put it in my mouth, what shape it takes when it gets hard, the color and what it tastes like when (the client's) finished," says Kaho, who claims to have "told" over a thousand such "fortunes" in a single year. "I take all these things into account, then read the fortune."
- Fellatio is nearly unheard of in Eskimo culture. Fuck, they don't even use their mouths to kiss.
- According to one estimate, fellatio is still illegal in more than a dozen states.

"The mouth that God gave you was never solely intended for Whistling Dixie and nibbling on Lean Cuisine microwave dinners."







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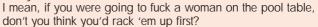
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oyal readers who share my lonely nights in this rag know I despise porn DVDs that include the old standby, fucking on a pool table. Why porn directors continue to crank out this tired scene is beyond me. At last, we have a porn director who has brought forth a new twist on the old cliché—a girl walks around the table shooting pool.

Now, admittedly, a sultry vixen lining up a shot with her cue stick is hardly a moment of high drama. It's mundane, really, and one can easily foresee when a camera is set up

in a room with a pool table that somebody will play pool. But not in porn. I can't possibly see the thousands or so vids cranked out every month, but I have viewed at least a hundred-plus girl-fucks-on-pooltable scenes.

The DVD is **ASIA NOIR** from Video Team, the director is David Aaron Clark, and the girl strutting around the pool table is the lovely Asian dewdrop, Lucy Lee. You might ask, "Why is it so important she play pool since she is about to get hosed on the felt?" Not to put too fine a point on it—this is called reality, and Clark understands this.



At the same time, through excellent use of lighting, a musical score that doesn't turn your brain to mush, and careful camera work, Clark induces enough feverish fantasy so an impotent geezer could feel a warm glow flooding over his decaying body and shoot his final wad across his smelly sheets. One vignette in *Asia Noir* plays on the fantasy of getting a knob job from a cat woman played by Kimme Kahn. The kittenish Thai babe in her cat suit slithers across the floor after her quarry, a black dude lounging in an armchair. (Clark shoots exclusively Asian chicks and he usually teams them up with black wood.) After the spade baller busts the cat girl's crack, he slips a saucer of milk under her lips, whacks off, adds his own cream to the mix and has her drink it. Instead of coming off as repulsive, it's a riot. The only comic note missing is a big meow.

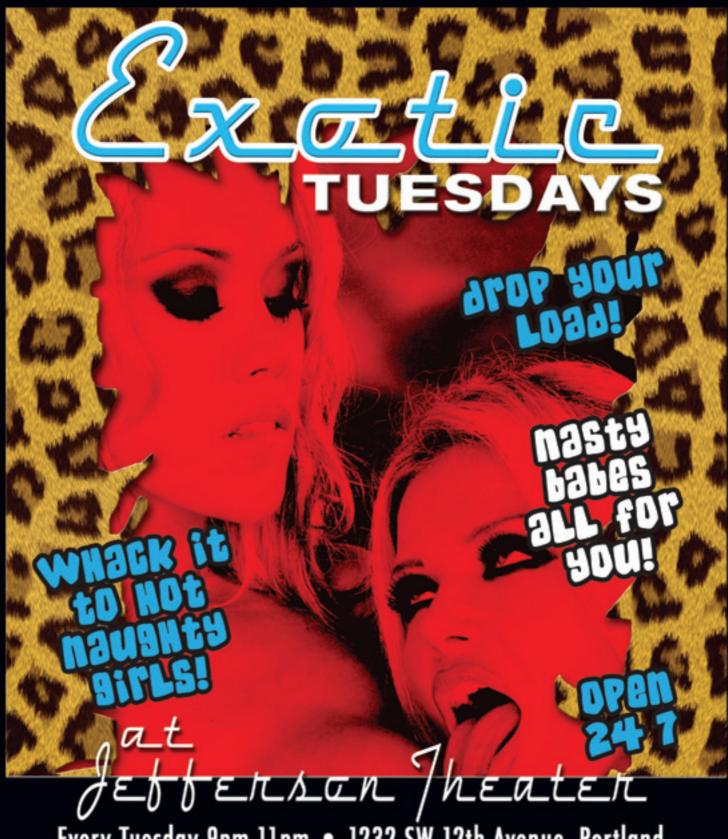
The last segment in Asia Noir heads straight into territory porn avoids like the plague: drugs. While footage of people snorting lines or driving smack into their veins is rampant in Hollywood films, the major players in the adult industry won't depict drug use in their product. Bad for their image. What morons. Do these gutless directors really think erasing drugs off the porn blackboard will convince anyone the industry is marching in tune with the 12 Steps?

Clark tosses a dose of truth in this big lie. The scene opens with a close-up of a drug-addled thug snorting a thick line of Peruvian Marching Powder up his nose, slides into a ten-minute fuckfest with two girls going down on the tweaker who gazes balefully at porn on a wall-size flat-screen TV, and ends with another close-up of the dude sitting alone in his room with his eyes half-closed, his head wasted.

So what does he do? He snorts another line. The cure that never cures. This is porn that hits home. You can say, "I've been there."

another lonely night

by flagstone walker

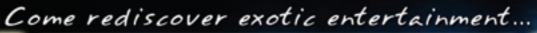


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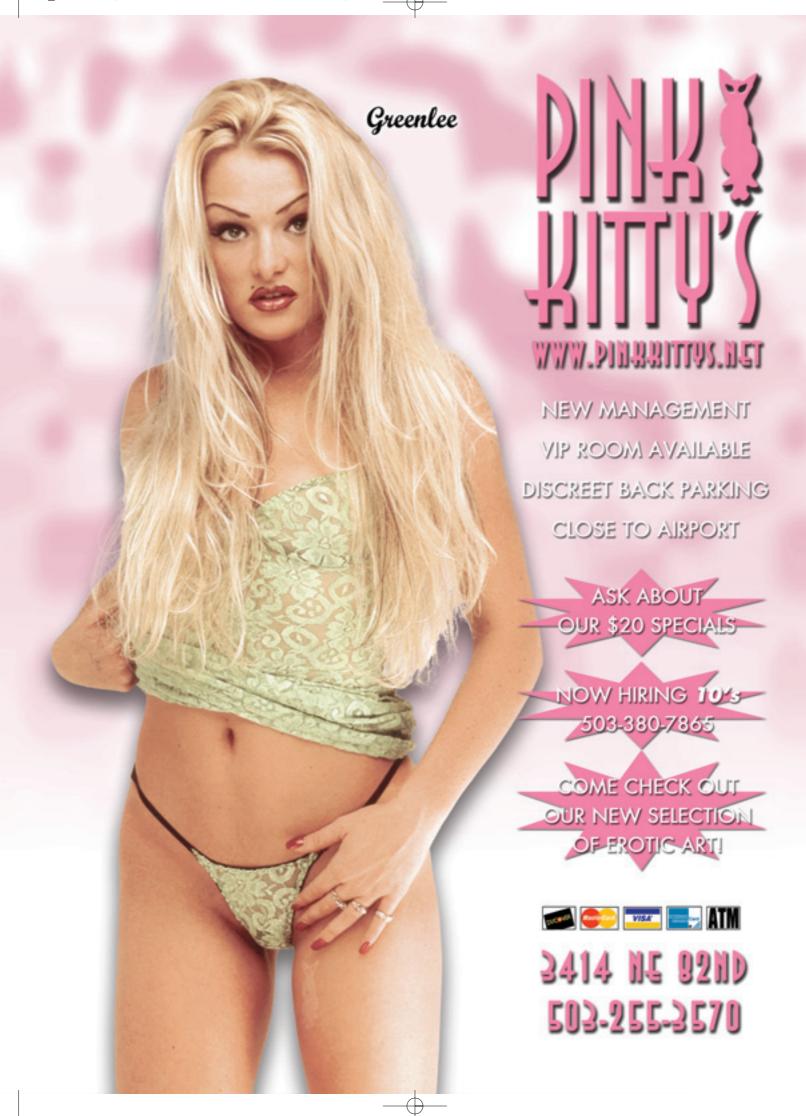




















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