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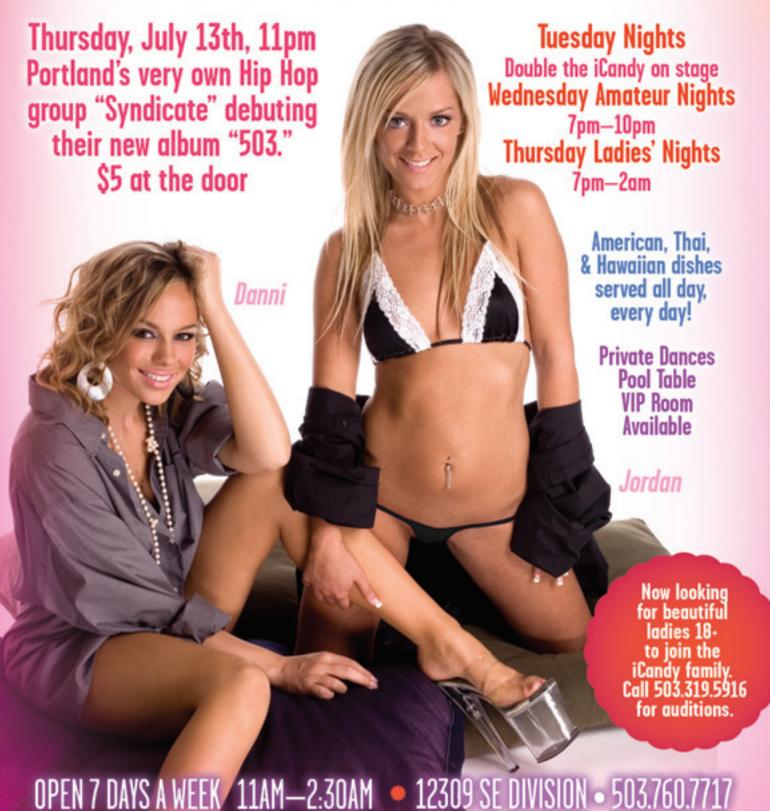
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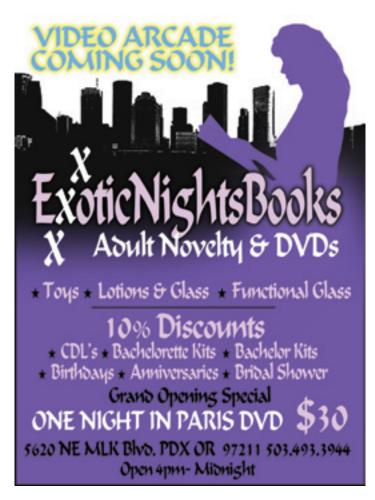
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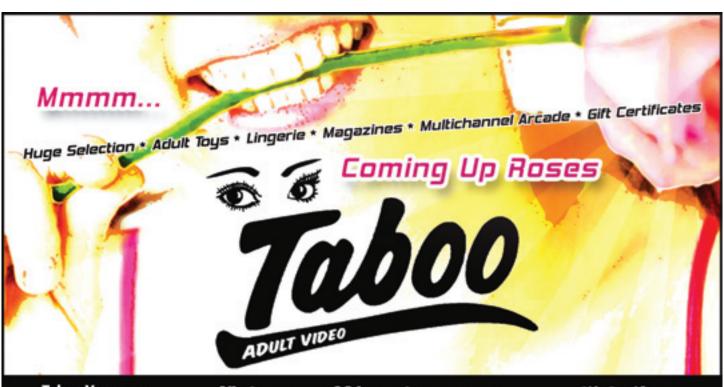












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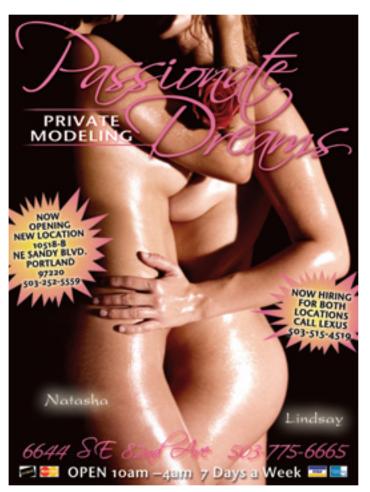
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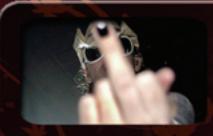
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UMMERTIME IS HERE, AND THERE'S A HEAT WAVE IN MY PANTS. The sun makes plants grow. It does the same thing to my dick. My penis grows like a proud cornstalk, reaching toward the sun. My balls hang low enough that I could stumble on them. Those balls drop like mangoes from de mango tree. My sperm are so big and healthy, you can see the little tadpoles with the naked eye. My loins belch forth semen like so much pollen. I run naked through the cornfields, eagerly distributing my cum as if it were free detergent samples. Summertime conjures the latent sensualist in me. It is my personal mating season. My time of the season for rutting. In the summertime...when the weather is fine...I would like to jauntily ram my penis inside every woman except the very old, the lame, and most of the infirm. And so I offer this

paean, this hommage, to my summertime sexuality. I was conceived in late summer and born in early summer. I grew up battered by the harsh East Coast seasons. I only recently returned after two decades out West. I lived in LA, where it's always a mild ashen summer, and then Portland, with three months of dry sunshine followed by eternal rain. Having been deprived of the East's violent

seasonal chang-

es, I hadn't thought much about the weather's influence on my sex drive.

Back here, my body runs hot and cold with the weather. Like a frail flower, I blossom in the summer and hide in the winter. My genitals shrink in cold water and cold weather. East coast winters are a time of reflection and learning. The wintry clouds form a giant wet blanket over my ding-dong. It's too bleak and frosty to think about taking off my clothes, even in bed.

But here I am, in sun-dipped early June, with the mosquitoes a-buzzin' and the humidity so thick, I could cut a cube of it for myself with a pair of scissors. Pollen is squirting forth like projectile diarrhea. Today is gloriously warm and wondrous. It's as if Tom Sawyer had a bucketful of sunshine and the whole world was a wooden fence he'd been forced to paint. As the days grow longer, all I want to do is squirt my goo everywhere as if I was sandblasting sheetrock.

Part of it is undoubtedly the heat. There's a reason we refer to a sexy person as "hot" and a nonorgasmic woman as "frigid." Clothes fall to the

ground as the temperature soars, and I catch glimpses of all the sugary ripe girl-flesh that had remained cloaked during the cold months.

a Heat Wave In my Pants

as temperatures soar, so does my sex drive





But more than anything, it is the hot, stinking, swampy jungle humidity that conjures the lust inside me and makes me feel so butterlicious. The summer air is moist like a vagina. It leaches the sex drive from my marrow, manifesting as sweat on my skin. Motoring eastward across the Mississippi River last year, I could actually SEE the humidity like a giant grey wall. East Coast humidity is virtually a fourth dimension. And it is like Viagra that Mother Nature sprays on my body.

Tonight will be the night. The lush wet valley teems with

Tonight will be the night. The lush wet valley teems with lightning bugs and thunderstorms, with moths swarming under streetlights as the horny crickets chirp. I will leave the cold bedroom air-conditioner hum and walk outside in the middle of the night clad only in flip-flops, a wifebeater, and some shorts, my low-slung balls swinging in the balmy evening breeze. High as hell, my lady friend and I will drive on dark country roads with the windows rolled down. And as we park and walk deep into the woods, I will make her keenly aware of what this weather does to me.











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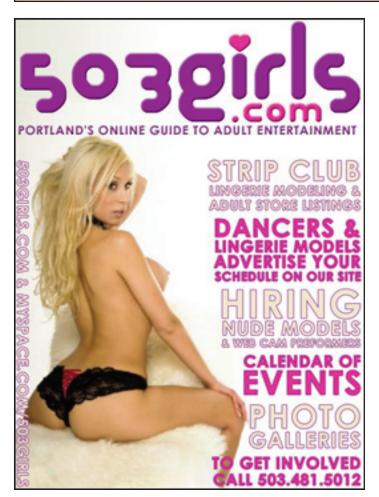


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THE DOLPHIN II 10860 SW BEAVERTON HILLSDALE HWY. July 2006

appy Birthday to us! Thirteen glorious years of sin and sex right here in these pages. The number 13 is often associated with bad luck. Superstitious architects have deleted the thirteen from blueprints of skyscrapers that skip straight from 12 to 14. It even has its own phobia, for crissakes—Triskaidekaphobia is the fear of 13. But what exactly is the problem with 13. anyway? Well, it appears that the Scandinavians believed that the number 13 was unlucky due to the mythological 12 demigods being joined by a 13th, an evil one named Loki (AKA the god of mischief) who brought misfortune upon humans. It was also said that Christ was crucified on Friday and the number of guests at the party of the Last Supper was 13, with the 13th guest being Judas, the traitor, Think this has anything to do with us? Are we that god of mischief's descendant that is finally coming into its own? To hell with it; we never assumed this magazine would be saving any souls, anyway. We're probably going to hell, but we can rest assured of two things—that we will have a high-ranking position in upper management waiting for us. and that we're gonna take as many of you with us as we possibly can. That being said, let's see how much Portland has in store for us this month so we can all enjoy our cursed souls as much as nossible on the way to damnation.

IN DA CLUBZ!

Stars Salem will be keeping your rock hard with The Battle of The Bands and Babes on Saturday, July 22nd, starting @ noon with 10 bands, plus six chick fights (AKA catfights, I believe) with a winner-takes-all purse of \$1,000.

Wildcats is bringing back an old favorite, with \$1 dance nights on Mondays, and busting out a little something special for you with feature theme performance nights on Fridays and Saturdays.

Welcome back to **Soobie's** on 122nd, now open, remodeled and arisen from the ashes. To bring it back with one hell of a bang, they'll soon be launching a \$5,000 boob-job contest in upcoming months. As an incentive for top talent, hired dancers will receive a \$1,000 bonus. Stop by the club for more details.

Our friends over at **Sassy's** want all you dancers to know that the club is now independent and offers in-house scheduling. Come get lei'd at **Montego's** outdoor Luau Party on Saturday, July 22nd, with a free feast and hot naked babes. It's Customer Appreciation Month at the **Dancin' Bare** with free pool on Sundays. **Jody's Bar and Grill** is bringing back Jody's Angels on Friday, July 21st , plus the return of the legendary Exotic Magazine Covergirl contest is in the works. Hell, that's one I think I'll have to make the trip down for. Can I be a judge, huh, can I?

There's always room for one more in the mix, so let's all give a big welcome to **iCandy**, Portland's newest addition to our naughty little family. You can join them on Thursday, July 13th @ 11pm with local hip-hop group Syndicate debuting their album **503**. \$5 at the door, plus every Wednesday is Amateur Night, and Thursday is Ladies' Night.

The battle rages on over at **The Viewpoint** as The Top Female Entertainer of the Year 2006 continues with the last heat on Wednesday, July 5th (\$1,000 first prize, \$500 second, \$200 third), followed by the Grand Finale (hosted by porn star Kim Chambers) Friday, July 14th. The winner gets \$5,000, a trip to Las Vegas, and much more. Definitely one not to be missed!

Atlantis will be getting low with a Booty Shakin' Contest on Wednesday, July 19th, @ 9pm. \$600 in cash prizes, open to all entertainers. And if their Forged in Fire party got ya hot last month, get ready to cool your jets with the Ice Party on Saturday, July 29th.

The **Dolphin I** is hosting Couples' Nights on Tuesday, and Wednesdays are Ladies' Night, while the **Dolphin II** has opened its all-new patio for your summertime pleasure.

Good things come in twos for **Cabaret**, as they bring down the roof with their 2 Year Anniversary Party, an event so damn spectacular it's gonna take two days to get 'er done, on Friday, July 7th and Saturday, July 8th. In addition, welcome to **Cabaret II** (formerly City Limits) as they celebrate their Grand Opening Party Friday, July 14th and Saturday July, 15th.

The Boom Boom Room has the cure for your summertime blues with their 2nd Annual Bikini Contest on Thursday, July 13th @ 9pm with lots of cash and prizes! Those naughty vixens at DV8 will show you who's boss on Thursday, July 20th, at their Fetish Night, featuring lovely girls in leather and lace—feel free to bring along your "human" pets for this one! Stop by The Pallas on Saturday, July 15th, for your chance to win Alice in Chains tickets, and don't forget The Pallas Pool Tournaments on Mondays and Tuesdays. And rumor has it that our old friend Gary, (formerly of the Dolphin II) has a new exotic club in the works and is now actively hiring superstars—look him up!

ELSEWHERE...

A late but most sincere thank you to **Spartacus** for the covergirl's attire last month—we so rudely forgot to mention it (sorry, Linda!). Have you stopped by

Passionate Dreams yet? Check out what you're missing at one of Portland's newest lingerie shops located just off NE Sandy (105th). The **Oregon Theatre** is featuring 3 new XXX movies every day, and **Exotic Nights Books** will be opening their all-new video arcade coming soon. Getting dirty is always fun, but now cleaning it up can be even more fun with **Seduction Cleaning**—get your house cleaned by only the best. Trust us on this one, guys, you'll thank us for it later.



WE JUST COULDN'T RESIST...

By now, we're all aware that the ghost of the son of the revenge of *SFX* has returned, and its latest incarnation is now known as *SX Magazine*. So we were curious one day what kind of web presence they had, so we did a little search on our new/old archrivals on Google to see

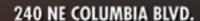
what they were up to. Our only results gave us a mag catering to nothing but the best of all Aussie gay beef! Look on the bright side, Chris—if things go to hell for you again out here, the road is already plowed for you down under!

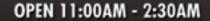
I'm out, Portland, enjoy your summer, and here's to the next 13 years!

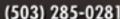
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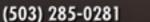
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13 years of sex and s The 13 most important events in exotic's History

by John Voge (a.k.a. spooky X)

■ It started in May, 1993, when a man named Frank Faillace's dream became reality. The first issue of Exotic magazine was released. It was a nifty little mag that featured everything you needed to know about Portland's adult-entertainment scene. At that time, there was only one other "competitor," a sleazy little tabloid style rag called the T&A Times (which would later fold after its publisher was arrested for...ummm...let's just say Sexual Misconduct.) The first issue of Exotic boasted a full-color cover and 16 pages of adult entertainment at its finest. (Upon review, out of all the advertisers in these first months, only the following

are still kicking: Xotic Tan, the 92nd St. Club, Frolics, Jody's Bar & Grill, The Dolphin, and Sweet Sensations. Congrats to those who have stood the

test of time.)

∠ The Oregon Constitution has always provided more free-speech protection to its citizens than even the US Constitution. But for the first time (with many to follow in coming years) in September of 1994, a proposition was presented to the voters to overrule these freedoms. Exotic steps up to the plate along with the ACLU and rallies a big fuck-you to the city government, highlighted with a special issue in November 1994 which featured an all-black coverno naked chicks, just a grim warning that we were about to be blacked-out if this proposition passed. This issue also included black "censored" bars across

any nudity which would have been deemed unacceptable should

ballots swing the wrong way. Fortunately, there was a happy ending, though the battle would reignite for years to come.

■ A year later, after narrowly escaping the threat of banishment, the Portland exotic-entertainment industry is booming. New clubs, lingerie modeling shops, and adult-video stores are popping up everywhere. As erections grow, so does Exotic magazine. It now boasts full-color gloss pages that have grown from a modest 16 to a beefy 40 pages! The magazine starts to come into its own. A former Kirby vaccum-cleaner salesman by the name of Christopher Lloyd-Baron is now a member of Team Exotic in the ad-sales version, and that gal who supposedly MADE Portland, Darklady (AKA Theresa Reed) is its editor.

Somewhere around the end of 1995 and beginning of 1996, a series of events began that to this day are still known as The Portland Porn Wars. Christopher Lloyd-Baron is relieved of his

duties at Exotic. The bloke does not take it very well, and he swears eternal revenge on Exotic, threatening to devote his existence to bringing the magazine down. The magazine has grown another 12 pages by now, and the prelude to the new Exotic regime builds, including staff contributors Gary Aker (who would later step up as editor) and Viva Las Vegas (ditto that).

In November of 1997 through February of 1998, Exotic magazine mysteriously becomes Exotica magazine. To this day, old-timers still call us Exotica due to this strange and short-lived name change, brought about over a battle to protect the copyright

> of the 'Exotica' name. (A proposed strip club wanted to call itself Exotica. Many years later, it would eventually open after everyone decided to play nice and stop acting like playground bullies fighting over who gets to be Batman and who gets to be Robin.)

entertainment guide First Issue: May 1993

□ The first Exotic magazine/club connection takes place when its publisher becomes partial owner of hotspot the Cobalt Lounge by creating the sexxxiest Sunday night in town with Exotic-a-Go-Go, featuring Xmag hotties onstage and off-thehook debauchery at its finest. This would be the stepping stone that would eventually lead to Frank Faillace's next adventure, The Boom Boom, followed shortly thereafter by the flagship of his blossoming club empire, Dante's. By now, the disgruntled and vengeful Lloyd-Baron has been licking his wounds long enough, and he hustled enough backers to launch SFX (in some circles,

rumored to stand for So Fuck Exotic). As he launches his new clone, he attacks Frank's involvement in clubs, accusing him of competing with his own advertisers. Dante's rapidly becomes the hangout for 99.9% of the adult-entertainment scene on Sunday nights, when Faillace launches SINferno Sundays, a sex-industry night showcasing and promoting talent from Exotic's advertisers.

In 2000, The Porn Wars intensify when one of Baron's graphic designers jumps ship and joins up with Exotic, shortly followed thereafter by Yours Truly. Baron swears lawsuits and doom upon the traitors and attempts a very costly lawsuit, but he fails miserably once again. The new team of Exotic begins. Originally hired as distribution driver, John Voge (me) eventually ends up as lead salesperson, and with the digital age of photography upon us, a Nikon Coolpix is tossed into his hand, and he suddenly becomes a photographer. Frank's involvement in Dante's demands more of his time, and Bryan A. Bybee is appointed as business manager. A befuddled, ragtag team of amateur pornographers scratch their heads and mutter, "Shit, this is a business?" All decide they fear Bybee and the changes approaching. The next generation is born.



addictions and self-destructive behavior I had adopted, but all you have to do is read some back issues for that. So it was time to bring in some fresh blood. A young kid named Adam was brought in, fresh off the car lot

Former Exotic editor Jim Goad
listens with great interest as unidentified
blonde offers editorial advice.

to assist me with sales, a superstar in the making was growing

in the ranks by the name of Shon B. as lead graphic designer, and a new photographer, Carl Geers (present-day mastermind and visionary entrepreneur behind pdxblackbook.com), was the new shooter. And Karla Demaree (another SFX castaway) was in charge of the escort section.

■ In past years, Exotic had previously hosted several supercontests, including the great Boob Job Contest co-sponsored by Cathie's and the Miss Exotica Annual Dancer of the Year Contest, while the soon-to-be-deceased T&A Times enjoyed a rather popular (and often questionably legit) run with their Miss Nude Oregon Pageant (an event later adopted and reborn by The Dolphin). In October of 2000, Voge (me) decides that selling ads isn't enough any longer; the customers want more. They want contests, they want fire, they want ten girls onstage at once, they want ads with gorillas driving monster trucks across fields of flaming skulls with apocalyptic tattooed strippers in the back! Basically, they want Ink-N-Pink. Technically, I wanted it. The first of many in the contest years began with this showcase of tattooed exotic dancers featuring live tattooing for the first time ever taking place in the clubs, as well as following Faillace's pyromaniac lead by bringing the fire dancers from Dante's into the likes of clubs such as Union Jacks, Jody's, and Cocktails and Dreams.

■ The start of the new millennium takes Exotic into its controversial bad-boy years. The magazine has now swelled to a whopping 88 pages, featuring even more full-color gloss. T&A Times has folded, and SFX still struggles in its pursuit to make good on its sworn vengeance, or as Frank put it in our eight-year anniversary edition in 2001, "There was the time I accidentally terminated the contract with our salesman Christopher Lloyd-Baron just because he was an arrogant, dickheaded jackass." Well, Christopher took things way too personally and has spent the last few years trying to "destroy" Exotic magazine. A new policy is adopted at Exotic: controversy=good. This may or may not have resulted when we brought the author of the controversially brilliant ANSWER Me! zines, Jim Goad, on board. He originally started as a quiet guy who sat in the corner designing escort ads, acting like a good boy until he was off parole. Eventually, a blowout occurred between Goad and then-editor Gary Aker, (who had been strumming the same tired note of monotonous beatnik porn ramblings in the pages of Exotic way past his prime, if he ever had one.) Aker quit, and Goad was appointed as Head Assassinin-Charge. The controversy approach worked. People were loving it; better yet, THEY WERE READING IT!

Another shift in talent was upon Exotic. I had slowly, and then rapidly, started to deteriorate after too many years in the biz. I could spend this whole page bashing myself and the various

After too much of a good thing, I finally snap. In one of Exotic's weekly meetings, I throw a tweaker tantrum and throw my linguine at Bybee and storm off in a rather Lloyd-Baronesque way. The intention was to go be a strip-club deejay and booking agent just like momma always hoped I'd be. That didn't work out exactly as planned. I accidentally started another piece of crap that took far too long to die called Xcitement in November of 2002 (which Demaree later took over, and eventually shanghaied into her own version called Uncovered). The porn war is now in full battle; up to four magazines are in the arena at one point. Exotic remains strong and unstoppable. Magazines are now all stepping up to full gloss, with Exotic eventually maxing at 96 pages. A new attack is launched by Oregon government on the adult industry. Holy shit! This time, they win! The feuding mags call a pseudo-truce and join together with a group called A.C.E. (Adult Club Executives) to continue the battle to retain our freedom of speech. (Two years later, we win.)

Meanwhile, Voge (me) has been detoxing and rehabbing in Seattle, and he comes up with a silly idea to realign with his former allies/adversaries in launching a Seattle version of Exotic (Underground, which launches in July of 2004). Back home in Portland, it eventually gets to the point where the three mags realize that Exotic is never going to go away. After six years of pursuing his obsessive vendetta, Baron finally throws in the towel to pursue a more "mainstream" publication called PDX. He passes SFX off to a pimp who manages to destroy the mag after only one issue under his leadership. Demaree also eventually fails miserably, as Uncovered dies on the vine after only a few issues. Exotic enjoys over a year as the only adult magazine in Portland.

Which brings us to where we are now. Frank Faillace eventually stepped down from Exotic and moved on to maintain, expand, and continue to dominate the nightclub world in Portland and beyond. Publisher Bryan A. Bybee now continues to take Exotic into the future. Hell, they even dragged me back into these pages, didn't they, and I even got to bring Goad along. And oh, yeah, that vacuum-cleaner salesman is back for a little comic relief. Home is where the heart is. And if porn has a heart, this is where it is and will always be. We hope you've all enjoyed the past 13 years, and I'd like to speak for all of us in thanking you for being there for us and continuing to support our baby. She's grown up quite impressively over the years, but be forewarned, we're still just getting started.

hat up, my peeps? It's the beginning of summer, so you know va boy got to start it off right. I promise to always keep it real with my readers, because you probably wouldn't read my shit if I didn't! I got some new music for y'all to check out, and the scoop on the club scene, If you're looking to get a new tattoo during our warmest season, I got the hookup, baby! Plus. my honey of the month is hotter than ialaneño soun! Let's get it crackin'....

whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

Need a Tat? Call Ken Keck!

As we all know, there are many people rockin' tattoos nowadays, especially in the adult-entertainment industry. I tend to find women's tats very sexy when well-designed and placed in the right spots. Recently I was referred to a dynamic tattoo artist in Vancouver, Washington. His name is Ken Keck, and he has been doing his thing for over ten years. This cat is very precise with his work, and the healing time is quite fast! You can tell he has a natural passion for

to their music that they all have skillz. My homegirl Tye-Tye was the first to put me up on these catz a

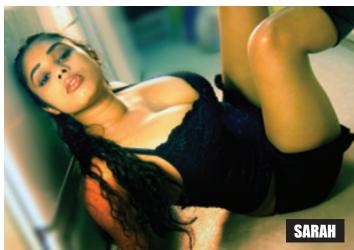
couple months ago, and I have been impressed with

them ever since. The members of the group are from

both coasts, so the combination of talent is a rare-yet-

unique blend. This is another joint worth swoopin' up

what he does. After Ken did my new tat, I watched him hook up this sexy honey with a tattoo that she had designed herself. Once the placement of the sketch was laid out, he began to work his magic. The final result was a fly-ass tat just in time for the summer. Ken is giving love to people looking to get hookedup with a new tattoo. If you contact him and let him know that you saw his work in my column, he will give you a 25% discount. He can be reached at (360) 696-9020. Keep up the good work, man, and I'll see you in a couple weeks for my follow-up appointment...



for the summertime! Much love, y'all!

First Up...Laugh Now. **Cry Later & Who is Mark Thumpton?**

These two CD titles belong to two musical entities that will definitely be making some noise in the days to come. The

first, Laugh Now, Cry Later, belongs to the Godfather of gangsta rap, Ice Cube.

This is Cube's 7th solo album, and it has a true vintage flavor about it. This cat must have went back to South Central and huna out for a while with the homies. The reason I say this is because this new joint reminds me of his rawness back in the dayz. Track

after track is hittin'! One of the cool things about this album is that Cube decided to release it under his own record label, Lynch Mob Records. Initially he was going to sign on with Dr. Dre, but 50 Cent was the main priority at that time. Ice Cube totally understood and continued to work on his project with

other producers. He has tracks on his new album that were produced by Swizz Beatz, Scott Storch, and Lil' Jon. Snoop Dogg and WC also have guest appearances on Laugh Now, Cry Later. Make sure you ad this one to your CD collection. Big ups, Cube!



The title of the second album, Who is Mark Thumpton?, belongs to the Portland-based group The Fabulous Saturdays.

The thing that I dig about these catz is the originality and the creativity they put into this new album. It's so refreshing to hear some real down-to-earth hip hop for a change. Five out of the group's six members are emcees, and you can tell by listening

Honey of the Month

Much love to Sarah for being this summer's first Honey of the Month. Born and raised in Hong Kong, this sexy Honey is also graduating this year with a BS in Physiology. She is even more beautiful in person. Congratulations, sweetheart!

Big ups to my sponsors!

503girls.com-just log on and see Portland's hottest adult site!... Club 720 (720 SE Hawthorne) is the home of "Ladies Night" every Thursday. Be sure to also check out whatzcrackin.com.

Until next month, enjoy your summer and "Keep it Crackin'"!

One Love, J.Mack



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2	Rogue Wave + Dykeritz @ Doug Fir Shanghai Woolies @ Dante's	3	Mindless Self Indulgence @ Roseland Band of Horses + Mt. Egypt @ Doug Fir	4	Independence Day
9	Catch 22 + Voodoo Glow Skulls @ Hawthorne Social Distortion + Supersuckers @ Crystal Ballroom	10	The Legendary Pink Dots @ Berbati's Tilly & The Wall @ Doug Fir	11	Rob Thomas @ Schnitzer Hall
16	Mendoza + Drink the Beach @ Tonic Lounge Gram Rabbit @ Dante's	17	Crazi Sizter + Sinnergy @ Tonic Lounge	18	Onry Ozzborn Hosts Def Jux's Mr. Lif & Cage @ Berbati's Quintron & Miss Pussycat @ Dante's
23	Smooth Jazz 105.9's "Summer Concert" @ PGE Park	24		25	Flogging Molly DVD Premiere @ Dante's Boot Camp Clik @ Berbati's Lander/DB Clay Party @ Doug Fir

Thanksgiving @ Doug Fir



	WED		THU		FRI		SAT
						1	Fistful of Cash + Cicada Omega @ Devils Point The Stars of Track and Field @ Doug Fir No Red Flags @ Berbati's Power of Country @ Dante's Sonic Youth @ Roseland
5	Top Female Entertainer of 2006 (Last Heat) @ The Viewpoint BJuicy Benefit Show @ Devils Point	6	BJuicy Benefit Show @ Devils Point Fatlip + Omni Sandpeople @ Berbati's The Lilys + High Violets @ Doug Fir	7	2nd Anniversary Party @ Cabaret The Mother Hips + Derby @ Doug Fir Red Elvises @ Dante's 94.7's "Get Local Showcase" w/ Climber @ Berbati's	8	2nd Anniversary Party @ Cabaret Opio (Hieroglyphics) @ Berbati's Pepper @ Dante's
12	Brand New - Pistolita Colour Revolt @ Roseland The Wet Spots @ Dante's Astronautalis @ Berbati's	13	2nd Annual Bikini Contest @ Boom Boom Room, 9pm Syndicate - "503" Album Debut @ iCandy, 11pm Dr. Israel @ Doug Fir Saxon Shore @ Berbati's Gabe Dixon Band @ Dante's Reverend Horton Heat @ Wonder Ballroom	14	Top Female Entertainer of 2006 (Grand Finale) @ The Viewpoint Grand Opening Party @ Cabaret II The Prids @ Doug Fir AWOL-One @ Berbati's The Sword @ Dante's	15	"Alice in Chains" Ticket Giveaway @ Pallas Grand Opening Party @ Cabaret II Diamond Tuck & The Privates @ Devils Point Slayer @ Salem Armory The Rakes @ Berbati's Smoochknob @ Dante's
19	Summer Bikini Party, 6pm World Sumo League @ Rose Garden Storm & The Balls @ Dante's	20	Booty Shakin' Contest @ Atlantis, 9pm Jurassic-5 @ Crystal Ballroom David Bazan @ Doug Fir Velabonz @ Hawthorne	21	Jody's Angels on Bed Stage @ Jody's Long Winters @ Doug Fir Will Hoge @ Berbati's Trainwreck @ Dante's Jeff Dunham @ Aladdin Theater	22	Battle of Bands & Babes @ Stars Salem, Noon Outdoor Luau Party @ Montego's I Can Lick Any SOB @ Devils Point Camera Obscura @ Doug Fir The Dimes @ Dante's Bill Maher @ Schnitzer Hall
26	Panic at the Disco + Dresden Dolls @ Expo Center Tina Dico @ Doug Fir Grant Lee Phillips @ Berbati's	27		28	Six Organs of Admittance @ Doug Fir The Buzzcocks @ Dante's Starchile's Ambiance @ Berbati's	29	Ice Party @ Atlantis The Dry County Crooks @ Devils Point Pete Yorn @ Doug Fir The Briefs @ Dante's

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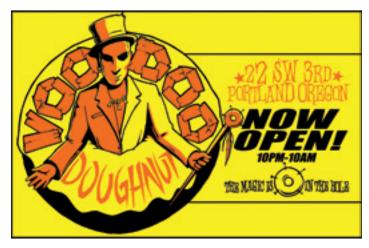
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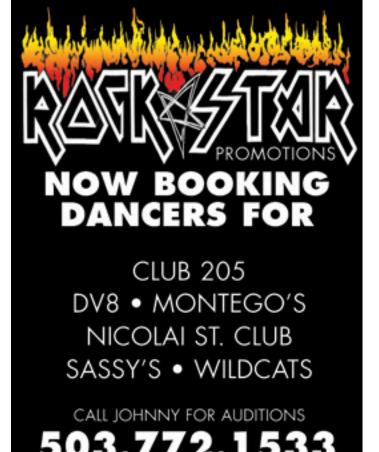
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Currently inhabiting the velvet chair is a rather inflamed, reddish, saggy vagina belonging to a severely overweight lass in her late teens. She says her name is "Valentina," but I don't believe her. Whatever her real name is, she's a blubbery bundle of misery and despair. Her boyfriend of two years recently dumped her in favor of a thinner specimen. She fears that people are talking behind her back at work. She thinks that her boss is getting ready to fire her. She feels ugly and unappreciated. She can't stop eating—even while spread-eagled and strapped to the chair, she'll stop in mid-

sentence to pop another Butterfinger Bite into her eager maw—and frequently wishes she was dead. She's been desperately seeking answers. She tried astrology, but it never seemed to work. Same with Tarot cards. Same with individual counseling and group therapy. Same with the "Holy Handkerchief" she'd bought for \$39.95 from an Internet faith healer. Nothing worked.

Hunched over the girl's vagina and sitting on a dusty Ottoman footstool is **JUNIPER SPLATZFUS**, self-described "Pudendal Prognosticator." Swaddled in puka shells and a Navajo poncho, with long grey hair and those annoying John Denver eyeglasses, Splatzfus is one of a growing number of alternative health-care practitioners who claim they can tell a woman's future by looking at her vagina.

"Labial soothsaying is not some new crackpot scam," Splatzfus tells me as her thirteen cats screech and her two exotic birds squawk inside this tiny office which reeks of Nag Champa and whose interior-design scheme relies perhaps a touch too heavily on fuchsia. "It is an ancient practice which dates before Christ. After bathing in sacred waters, Persian women of yore would read each other's vaginas for sport and pleasure. African witch doctors, after taking nary more than a peep at the labia of a tribal girl on the cusp of puberty, were able to tell with amazing accuracy whether or not she'd remain a spinster. But along came the Christians and the Muslims," she sneers, "with their big-dick macho male Gods, and they actively suppressed this revered ritual of antiquity."

Splatzfus, who holds a degree in Advanced Vaginomancy from Talullah Bankhead State College in San Luis Obispo, CA, likens vaginal soothsaying to better-known and more-respected practices such as palmistry and phrenology. She insists that every woman's labial flaps contain an indelible blueprint for how her life will unfold. "A woman's pussy lips are the road map to her future," she says. "Goddess placed the labia there almost like an owner's manual. You

know the little wrinkles



and crinkles and creases and folds that make each woman's labia as unique as a pair of thumbprints? They all contain messages. And my job is to decipher these messages and advise the patient accordingly. Every woman holds a fortune cookie between her legs. My job is to crack open the cookie and read the message out loud."

"Well, you don't go merely on instinct, do you?" I ask skeptically. "I mean, there must be some sort of method to this—like in palm-reading, there's a 'life line,' and its length determines how long the person will live. So tell me a little bit about the method."

"There is a method," she says with a giggle, "but it employs sacred knowledge, and if I told you, I'd have to kill you."

"You know, I really, really, REALLY hate that fucking phrase—'If I told you, I'd have to kill you.' It's been used ten million times. It's not funny, and it's not original."

"OK, well," she retreats, alarmed and possibly aroused by my ballsiness. "See this here?" she says, holding one of Valentina's labia between her thumb and forefinger and stretching it out to at least a half-foot. "This is a BIG labia. Normally this is not considered cosmetically desirable by our culture, but the wisdom of the ancients tells us that this girl will live a long life. Big labia mean a long life. I also look for wrinkles—lots of wrinkles mean a girl will have many suitors."

She then focuses her gaze on the hapless strapped whale Valentina. "You will live a long life and have many suitors. Family troubles will rectify themselves—give it time. Financial success is on the horizon, but you will need to work hard on it and not lose focus." Valentina seems pleased with the forecast.

"And you can tell all this by looking at her vagina?" I ask Splatzfus. She gazes at me as if I'm stupid. "You can tell everything about a girl by looking at her vagina."

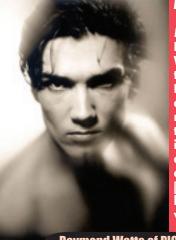


by BETTY X

So I'm relaxing here on the sandy beaches of South Beach, Miami getting a nice nude tan and on a cell phone with bad reception speaking to Raymond

Watts of PIG. His use of alliterations about pigs and pork products are brilliant. He has a wonderfully sarcastic and twisted sense of humor that I admire. I caught Raymond, sweltering in the humid heat of North Carolina, as he was lying in his tour bus coffin, otherwise known as "tour bunks." They just kicked off The

All Hamerican PIG Tour recently.



BX: How is the tour going so far?
Raymond: Bloody hot, so far.
We started in Florida. So, how's
the Northwest? It reminds me of
European weather up there—but
everything in America is like on steroids; big mountains, the weather,
the people....That Mt. Rainier thing
is huge. I thought it was 5 miles
away...I was told no, it's 40 miles
away...I was told no, it's 40 miles
away. Bloody hell! So far, Charlotte
[NC] has been hot—boiling
hot—with sheets of lighting, nasty
wind and rain. The crowds

have been enthusiastic.

It's quite surprising,
since we are rather an

obscure...you know...industrial band...compared to those who have major labels with huge promotion companies.

The kids even are singing along to the more rare songs that were bloody released on EPs in Japan. I was shocked. I wanted to change the lyrics on the spot but they corrected me: "That's not right!" Well, we keep the ball bouncing.

So far, it's been really, really nice to see the crowds show up at the shows. It's bloody expensive to buy those tickets and they still come out to support us.

We have a new lineup for tour. I've had Gunther out before on tour. We flew over to Cleveland this time instead of starting in London. Then we rehearsed with the new touring members.

BX: I noticed you picked up Angel [formerly of the Genitorturers and the Rikets—which will be playing Studio Seven on August 8th]—he was my first drummer in Tampa. He was only 15 years old then. I love that boy—he's on my top list of favorite drummers...right up there with Dick Whiskey, Andy Selway, and Bill Rieflin.

Raymond: Angel is an excellent drummer with showmanship, not just going on stage and playing well...but you know...the whole package. He likes to entertain the crowd. I love to work the crowd with the rock clichés...foot on the monitor and one foot up your ass just because. Gotta be able to laugh at yourself, too—not too serious about it. "Oh the angst, oh the angst, oh the angst!" [laughing] Take the piss out of myself. Wise up man, you fucking pig.

BX: Any crazy antics or stories from the road you'd like to share?

Raymond: Not really antics...but Nick, singer from Digital Mindy, has a problem with his lower spine. Pretty dreadful...he seizes up and can't walk or move. He had surgery that shaved his disc. It happened the other night. We were pretty worried about him. But he continues to perform.

Then a spiky wood in our backup singer's hair almost...I almost lost an eardrum! It can be very dangerous onstage. You have water, humidity, and electricity mixed. I thought they might electrocute me. Then there was an incident on the tour bus with toilet paper in the toilet...backed it up. Had to go in with latex gloves. Everything is 20 times harder to do on a tour bus. No wet shaves, no privacy, 11 people stuffed into a 40x7 bus for weeks. It's a microcosmic world...oh my God, you wouldn't believe the size of my private bunk...it's like a little 6x4 coffin [taps on the walls].

BX: Ok, I love the play on words, especially with pork products and references to gluttony and slaughter and political references as well. Can you tell me what started this lifelong obsession with pork? What inspires the project name?

Raymond: I was in a little studio working with Einstürzende Neubauten on a project mucking about. I was working as studio/ sound engineer with EN back then. So a label guy walked in and

said, "What's this?" Oh, just a project I was mucking around on. "Do you want to put that out? Have you heard of Wax Trax?" So I went to this little bar in West Berlin. In Germany they eat lots of pork...sausage, pig. The name is short, simple, and sounds good. It became a trademark thing. Lots of puns can be played with it...Jesus is Lard, fascist pig, racist pig, pigs as cops. Pigs are more intelligent than dogs, and they get a raw deal.

BX: To clarify for your new fans, this is your project? You started it and you rotate members for writing and tour?

Raymond: Yes. Andy of KMFDM sent over some stuff and he recorded drums, then we digitally fucked with it. Gunter is on tour this time too from KMFDM and Jules also played some stuff on the new album, Pigmata.

BX: Tell me about the NIN tour.

Raymond: It was back in 1995 in Europe. Steve was in the lineup then. This was before Andy. We aren't like U2 with the same members with each same person. Floating lineup... Andy, Jules, and Steve. Add them to the pot.

BX: What do you do when not on tour?

Raymond: Been spending time in France...not London, not Berlin or Tokyo...but in quiet mountains in France. The bloody hunters are dangerous...tanked up on bottles of red wine with shotguns...hunting wild boar. The wild boar are fucking huge!

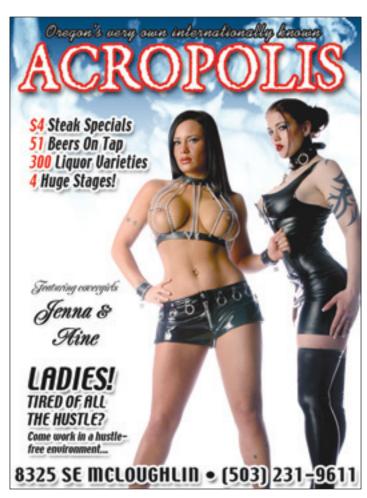
As we wrap up the conversation...come out for a rare treat... prime cut. Come give PIG a lick! Spit or swallow, but do come give it a good lick! PIG plays Studio Seven, Sunday, July 9th @ Studio Seven, Seattle's Premier Industrial-Metal Club.



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WHAT'S INSIDE A STRIPPER'S MIND:

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1) Hey you over there, holding that one-dollar bill in your hand with a death grip and waving it around at me like it's the fucking deed to Trump Towers...what the fuck do you want me to do, grow another pussy?!? It's a fuckin' dollar, put it down on the tip rail and blow my world away already.

21 You losers that come into the club for a lapdance with NO underwear or boxers and thin-ass, nylon shorts, so we slip and slide on your hard-on (which always feel like a sharpie pen–fine point)...fuck you.

3) Don't pull my thong up during a dance and ask me if it felt good. IT DOES NOT FEEL GOOD.



4) Yeah, my tits are real. As real as my affection for you.

5) If you cum in your pants, you have to tip me an extra \$100 for being a lame-ass who can cum in their pants from a lapdance.

6) Stop asking me out. You're a smelly, fat loser and the only reason I'm smiling and cooing at you is because I want your money. Outside of the club I wouldn't even fart in your general direction.

7) Stop bitching at me about the goddamn two-drink minimum. First of all, your breath is rank (what'd you have for dinner, garlic and shit?), you're about 172 lbs. overweight, and you look like Jay Leno. More importantly: I don't give a shit.

8) My horniness is in direct proportion to your income.

9) Boys, don't sit in the front row with your "homies" and act all engrossed in some deep conversation during a girl's performance because you want to look like you're too "cool" to notice the hot, naked girl in front of you. It's a clear sign that you ain't getting any.

10) DON'T SIT IN THE FRONT ROW IF YOU ARE NOT GOING TO TIP. Fer chrissakes!!!!!!!!!

11) "So what do you guys do when you're on your period?" Answer: I lap-dance for guys wearing light-colored pants.

12) I had a feeling you weren't going to tip me, so I took extra care to rub my lip gloss on your collar and wear extra glitter lotion and obnoxious perfume before our dance.

13) Stop asking me why I do this job and try to get all psychologically analytical on me. You don't need to save me! It's for the money, you moron, that's why.

14) No seriously, my real name is Sparkle.

15) NO, I will not take a dime sack for payment. I can tell it's oregano anyway, you stupid motherfucker!

16) Sorry, I don't do that. Ask the ugly girl at the bar with the black roots and overbite.

111 It is not okay for you to bounce me on your cock like a baby on your knee. Not okay.

18) Stop complaining about how short the song was. It felt like fucking Inagaddavida to me.

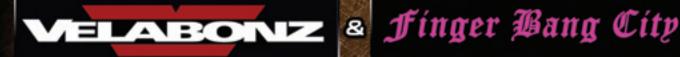
19) Yes I will fuck you, but only for 10 grand. More if you're ugly. So basically, more.

20) DO NOT come into the club looking for a girlfriend/date. It's like me going to PETA looking for a steak.



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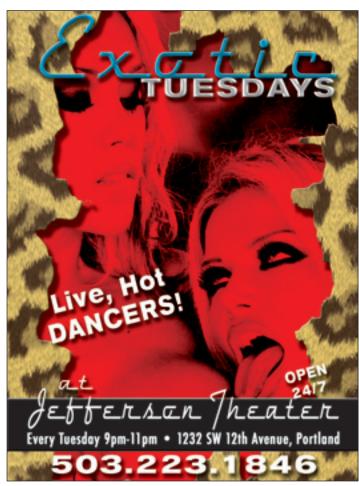
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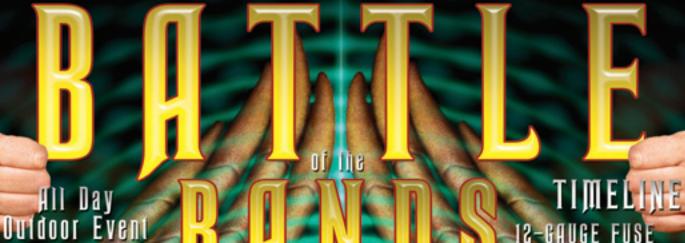






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Stars-Salem
Thurs, June 29 - 9pm
Bediam Massacre vs
Wache The Dead
Thurs, July 6 - 9pm
Shifft vs Grynch
Thurs, July 13 - 9pm
Fatal Consequence vs.
Vintegaas
Thurs, July 20 - 9pm
Jahai vs Syx

THRES DREGON BA

www.myspace.com/mrblack.wpml6 For earl 8 show info

CHICK FIGHTS

NUON Baille of Bands

NOON 2am Ballle of the Bands & Babes 2 August 26 Bend, Oregon

THE THE

mrBlack

\$10

1550 Weston Crt. Exit 256 (I-5 & Market)

58/em (503) 370-8063

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or (503) 484-3188