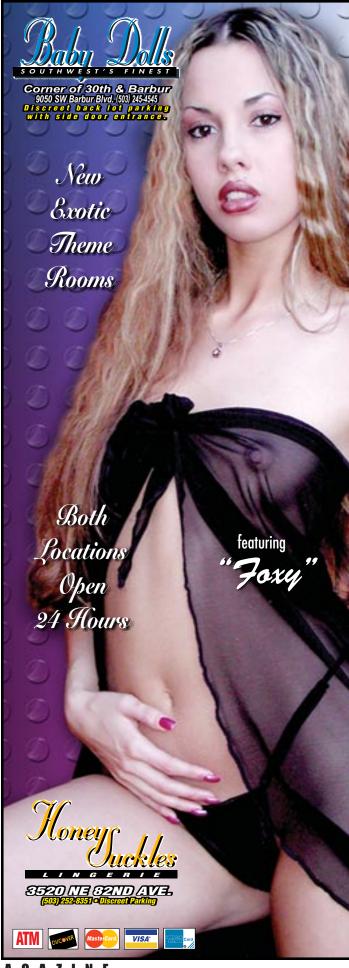


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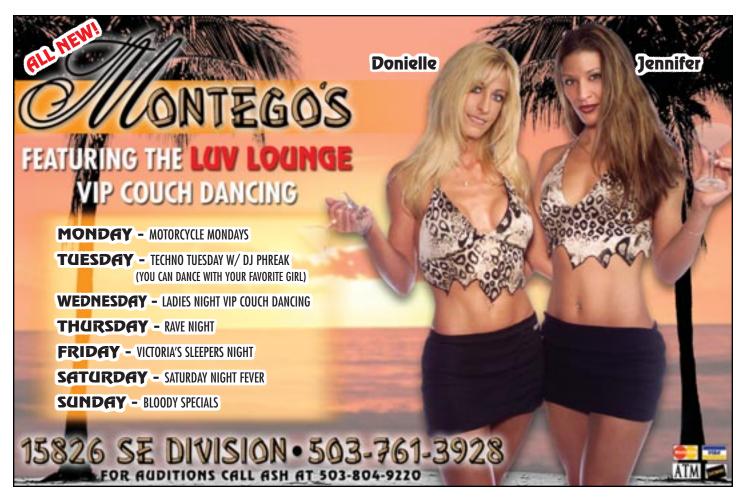


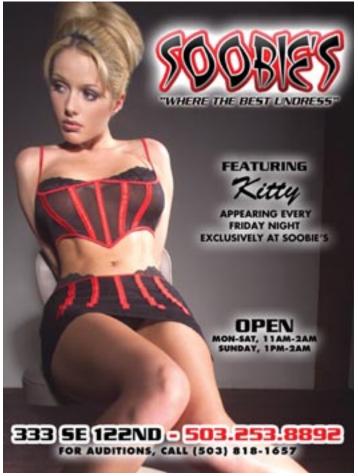


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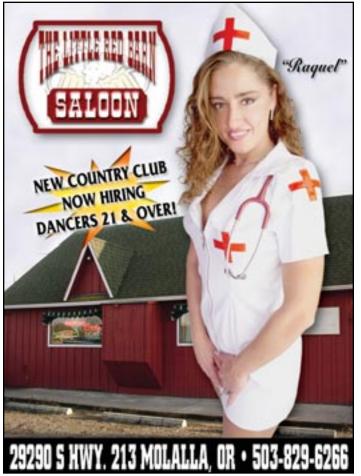


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by frank faillace email: ffaillace@qwest.net

THAT'S JUST FINE—

The Portland Trail Blazers announced last month that they would be fining forward Ruben Patterson \$100,000 for "conduct detrimental to the team, the organization, its fans and the City of Portland," referring to an incident on Nov. 25 when Patterson was arrested for felony domestic assault of his wife. It is believed to be the largest non-suspension fine in Blazer history, and Blazer President Bob Whitsitt said he thought that by fining Patterson he was "doing the right thing."

IN RELATED STORIES-

Exotic magazine (THAT'S US) announced last month that the publication would be fining former Editor Jim Goad \$500 for allowing last month's offensive column "Hard Justice" to slide by the magazine's review system. Publisher Frank Faillace (THAT'S ME) also announced the fining of former Exotic writer Officer Partridge for \$5000, believed to be the single largest fine in Exotic history, for writing the article. Officer Partridge is a member of the notoriously eccentric group known as the Partridge Family Temple, a religious organization that worships the Partridge Family and drinks each other's urine. "If those people really believed in 'Come On, Get Happy!' and 'I Think I Love You' as guides to life, this article would never have been written," said Faillace (ME AGAIN). Goad immediately announced his resignation and Officer Partridge was relieved of his writing duties.

The NBA announced last month they will be fining the Portland Trail Blazers over \$55 million for being that much over the NBA's "soft" salary cap. This is by far the largest single salary cap fine in sports history. The NBA will not be suspending the Trail Blazers, although they have promised the team will once again not make it past the first round of the playoffs.

All the strippers in Oregon banded together last month for the first time in history, forming the not-for-profit institute and liberal thinktank Oregon Strippers Association, and announced a \$50,000 fine against *Exotic* (YOU'RE READING IT) magazine for publishing the "Hard Justice" column that was extremely derogatory towards dancers in the industry. The \$50,000 figure was calculated as the monetary value of the emotional damage generated by the article for every stripper in the state of Oregon for a 15-minute period. A dis-

by the association..

Exotic (YES US AGAIN) magazine announced today that they will fine Trail Blazer President Bob Whitsitt \$1 billion just for being a stupid

tribution system for the money has yet

to be determined, but is being studied

jackass.
Shawn Cassidy and Shirley Jones of TV's "The Partridge Family" announced they would be fining the Partridge Family Temple \$1972 for misrepresenting the loving, feel-good theme of "The Partridge Family" in

their member's actions over the last few years, including numerous documented bar fights

and the writing of the disparaging article "Hard Justice" in last month's issue of Exotic (THIS ONE) magazine. When asked, Cassidy said, "We love ALL people, INCLUDING strippers, and Officer Partridge's words were just so full of hate and meanness. That's not COOL. That's not what "The Partridge Family" is about. It's about LOVE, man." The figure of \$1972 was decided upon because that was the year of The Partridge Family's last Top 40 single, "Looking Through The Eyes Of Love." "It just seemed like the right amount, man," said Cassidy.

AND IN OTHER NEWS-

Well, Exotic (IN YOUR HANDS) magazine finally "jumped the shark" last month with the publishing of the poorly-timed Officer Partridge column and then the shocking news that the U.S. Attorney General's office and the newly-formed Department of Homeland Security nearly shut the magazine down after being notified of the article, citing the "possible terrorist links" between the Partridge Family Temple and al Qaeda.

Luckily, after pondering the situation and thinking, "What would Ward Weaver do?" the publisher (ME JACK-ASS) was able to convince Attorney General John Ashcroft AND Department of Homeland Security Secretary Tom Ridge that Exotic (THE ONE WITH SPELLCHECK) magazine was NOT a front for financing al Qaeda, but just a bunch of gender-challenged, lower-lifeforms trying to make an honest buck off naked women.

And they fell for it...suckers. Can I get an "Amen!"? All the liars-n-lawyers in the country can't bring down *Exotic* (THE ONE PEOPLE READ).

So after all that, the biggest problem facing the publication was dealing with the angry strippers calling our humble little grammatically-correct-but-not-politically-correct magazine office. The pre-planned, stock answer to any-and-all telephonic verbal abuse was, "Problems in the coven, dear?"

MINDLESS FLUFF-

Finally, with this issue you may notice many, many changes, including the new Exotic logo. You may also notice the white background on the cover...And in case you haven't heard, rumor has it that covers with white backgrounds secretly signify that I'VE HAD SEX WITH THE COVERGIRLS! This vicious gossip has caused me many, many months of ANGUISH and HUMILIATION. And I just want to say for the record: That's nothing but a malevolent, mean-spirited, completely atrocious rumor...that I'll completely admit. Hot damn that was fun! Whoohoo! I RULE!

My Ode to Jim Goad: He made me laugh out loud and scared the hell out of me at the same time. Everyone else is boring.











Not getting text messages like this?

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EXOTIC

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We wish we could say that last month's "Hard Justice" column was just an elaborate ploy to get everyone to write enough responses to kick off our new monthly LETTERS section... Unfortunately, it wasn't... But we got the letters, emails, voicemails, pipe bombs, et cetera... Here are some of them:

Subject: assholes yours and mine Date: Sun, 08 Dec 2002 02:40:52 From: poisonivynu@hotmail.com



Well you've got me, you've made your point Officer Partridge, we in the industry are swine, we are pigs happy to wallow in the proverbial filth that is our lives; oh well, at least we can admit it. I have just one question

for you: Does our perversity give you any reasonable excuse for yours? If you're disgusted by the john, do you have a picnic lunch there every afternoon? I guess you do. Ah yes, a slice of pizza, and a peeper full of pooper, oh what joy! We are objects and prostitutes because you choose to make our lives easier by paying to stare at our bungholes. Hey at least it's earning its keep! Oh sure, (the bunghole) does that whole waste product removal thing, by the way, maybe you should have yours checked, there seems it be an awful lot of shit left in your system, maybe you have a blockage or something.

So, while you're in the bar paying greasy dollars to stare into our assholes, where is your wife? I'm sure she's exactly where you would have the rest of the female species. Do you feel superior as she grovels in the corner begging your forgiveness for daring to be born with a pussy? We all know your dirty secret; you dream of forbidden assholes as you jerk your pathetic little stinky underdeveloped dick until you fully wake up and remember: Oh shit! Stop that! They're nasty whores! I hate them, really, I hate them! Keep telling yourself that and maybe you'll manage to convince yourself. Oh what's that? You don't have a wife? No life either? Imagine that, I wonder why that is? Oh by the way how's your mother? What she's a dirty whore too? Excuse me sir, but your issues are showing.

I can't speak for every one but I know that after a long day of drugs and asshole exhibition I come home to my husband and kid and I have a life. I certainly don't lay awake at night wondering, "Gee, I wonder if that sweaty weird little man with the grimy one dollar bills thought I was a disgusting whore?" Truthfully it never once crossed my mind. I won't give it any more thought either. If *Exotic* feels this letter worthy of printing (it's obviously not that hard to meet their criteria), don't expect a reply to whatever witty scathing remarks you make next month. You're not hired! We would rather hear from all the opinionated bigot edi-

tors in the world than one measly pompous reject like you. You thought you could bait us into getting into an ongoing repartée with you? Perhaps convince the magazine that you're worth a monthly column so all the last hard-line woman-hating faggots could have their say somewhere in the world? Well maybe once. But I'm not playing twice. Anyway, thanks for the laugh asshole.

Date: Sat, 7 Dec 2002 22:02:11 From: rocksirocks@yahoo.com Subject: Rebuttle: DEC 2002 #113

Attached is my rebuttle to Officer Partridge's article this month titled "Hard Justice." I think you will find this amusing, and I HOPE you decide to print it.

Men who frequent strip clubs are garbage. Not special. Not unique. Just more tricks. You boys have all kinds of ideas about things, but you're just

another dumb sucker. Prove

me wrong.

Asshole, I don't care if you drive a Mercedes, if you're a rock star, or if you are some rich tycoon in your spare time. Why would I? To me, you don't have a personality aside from your wallet. Now that's interesting! Obviously! Tell me why I would think otherwise. Why would an intelligent human being assume that a man who pays money to see a woman's genitals has anything important to say? I mean, come on! That's one step up from a trained monkey! What,

do you have some magic "inner goodness" about you? Yeah right! You're nothing but another dollar sign in my eyes buddy! I've fucked customers, I've hung out with customers. Assholes. They use drugs as if the comet hits tomorrow. They get drunk and tell you all about their pathetic lives. They're artists, and "thrift store owners" and "worth something." Uh, excuse me, could you get your fucking life out of my way and give me some money? Oh yeah, and while you're looking up my asshole here's a stinky old fart right in your face. Thanks. Here, take a look at the place where my shit comes out of. Fuck you and you're worthless dollar you cheap ass bastard. And you have feelings? I can tell by the drool on your chin and your hand whacking the underside of the table. I've tried, believe me. I've tried to listen to you. But I just can't seem to get my head around the idea that you pay money to get your jollies. Can't you get laid because of your good looks and charm? What's wrong with you? Is your dick broken? Now you can't get enough of exhibitionism with the hard hats at work, you actually go to bars and pretend to be some wealthy charming gentleman in your spare time. Really. That's not interesting, that's stupid. That's like me thinking I'm Madonna just because I get paid to be on a stage. Cut it out. Smell my farts asshole. Oh yeah, and give me your money. You're a servant. Low-class. A slave to the sex industry. You spend your dollars on looking at assholes. You're an asshole connoisseur. You pay money to look at the place where women shit from. If you thought I was going to rub against the seat of your pants just once you'd give me all of the money in your wallet. Yep, you sure would. I don't care if you like to watch me take my clothes off for money. Do whatever you want, it won't be important. I'll never care. It just frustrates me that you assume I respect you, because I don't. Do you think that just because I show you my tits that I might suck your cock for say 69.95? No, better yet...I must want to fuck you for a hundred bucks because, who wouldn't want to fuck you right? You and your irresistible polyester wearing, balding, Old Spice stinking cock. That's disgusting. I would be ashamed to be seen in public with you, let alone have your fat ass touching my temple. I think it's clear that the majority of women in my industry feel the same way. They are not ashamed of their God given form, they realize that we are all naked beneath our clothes, and they have learned to make an honest dollar in a money-hungry society instead of going on welfare and foodstamps. Consequently, the woman who feels no shame, the woman who actually dances around naked is decidedly independent and free of working for "The Man." While you lowly, pathetic slime spend your week's paychecks looking at our assholes. We bend over, smile, scoop up half your week's earnings and think to ourselves, "What a fuckin' sucker!" Obviously! So boys, keep making that money, keep slaving away for that boss who lives high in his mansion while you fret about making next month's house payment...Oh yeah, and keep frequenting the businesses where us pathetic whores bend over, fart in your face, and then take all of your money. It only costs a dollar. Sucker.

Hey, wait a second...I'm a man that frequents strip clubs...Now I'M offended. —Publisher

Date: Sat, 14 Dec 2002 21:17:35 -0800 From: JSamms@msn.com> To: xmag@qwest.net Subject: Ricki's note to officer partridge

Mr. Trick (oops) I mean Officer Limp Dick, aka Partridge from the loser side of town, I'm not gonna waste my time with belittling you as that would be far too simple. I just feel as though people like you who are full of judgement and opinions are very hateful and don't like themselves. Opinions are like assholes and I'm sure you have a big swool(sic) ass, that's probably where your issues begin and end. You hate women only because you have issues about your own sexuality, men with tendencies that are in the closet hold this deep resentment towards women, especially beautiful women who have men bowing down to their every command! After reading your so-called article, I've made my own observations—they go like this: You fit the profile of a serial rapist who's been fucked by his mom or dad since very young. You need to see a psychiatrist and be hospitalized before women come up missing in Portland. Please seek HELP!!!!!! Thank you. -Ricki

Wasn't that one of the plots for Law & Order: Special Victims Unit? —Publisher

12/06/02

To the hypocritical idiot who wrote that letter last month:

I would like to start by telling you the entire stripper community has come to the obvious conclusion that you have been burnt terribly by a fellow stripper. We dedicate this to that Goddess. We love her.

Good job! Thanks for the laugh! You have no idea what you are talking about. I don't know how you think you can classify a whole group of people by their profession, but you can't. Yeah, what you said may apply to a lot of people; especially the idiot strippers who would ever talk to a jackass trick like you, or fuck you! (So you claim)—By the way, do you want a brownie button for fucking a stripper? Do you have any idea how many strippers there are in Portland? People fuck every day, what's your fascination with strippers?—Yeah, people will suck your dick for some E tabs, that's just human. Someone that works at Taco Bell or Target might suck your dick for them also. I bet a cocktail waitress or bartender might too—What's your point genius? You're either scandalous or you're not. I know it's not just because they are strippers. I have friends in and out of the industry, and quite frankly, my "square" friends have been involved in just as much scandalous shit. I personally, and many like me, have never done coke or E. I have been stripping for 4 years, own my own home and car, and paid off more that \$20,000 of debt along

the way. I choose to strip. I have had many corporate jobs, 8-5. This is a choice, not a last resort. You openly admit you sit right at the rack and look at our assholes. That right there sounds like a personal issue to me. You don't have a girl at home to look at her asshole, or in your case, maybe a man at home. You say you blow on clits! How exciting! Have you ever had a beer "accidentally" spilled on you? (That was for the blowing by the way.) There are two types of customers: The ones who we actually enjoy entertaining and appreciate coming in and having a good time. You can bet your bottom dollar (which will be my dollar by tomorrow) that on my nights off you may find me at another club looking at my friend's asshole because I like it! Women are gorgeous and we all like to look at them, you, me, all of us, get over it! And then there are customers like you, who have bitterness coming out of their pores; we can smell you from a mile away! We just throw on our fakest smile, piss in your ear, and enjoy taking advantage of your wallet! You want to talk shit about how we show you anything for a dollar--well at the end of the night we go home with about 5 or 6 hundred of your "DOLLARS" and fuck our hot girlfriends and/or fine-ass men! So who's the idiot? I'm not a prostitute by the way, or I'd be a fucking millionaire-- nice try. All I know is you go to work, wherever, no one cares where, and time and time again spend your paycheck on me. So you are my whore Biaaaaatch! Don't get it twisted! And no I don't have a problem showing my genitals. I have a bomb ass tight pussy and it looks good. I was born like this, God didn't invent clothes, some jackass (probably with a small dick like yours) did. You who have problems with the naked body are the twisted ones. Again, at the end of the day, you go home broke and lonely, that's why you're so mad! You don't have any more money to take out some square pencil-pushing bitch that might actually give you some pussy because you gave it to all of us whores. Luv ya.

I never got MY brownie buttons... -Publisher

Date: Fri, 6 Dec 2002 18:52:20 From: maxi@mytvdinner.com To: xmag@uswest.net Subject: fucking hilarious



Hello, I just finished reading "What's With All The Lesbians?" (*Exotic*, Feb 2002 #103) and laughed really hard. I did a search for "boring lesbians" because I am a lesbian bored with most of the lefty lesbian victimology

In case anyone missed any of the 17 thousand flyers we sent out last month, here's what they said...

FROM THE PUBLISHER & STAFF OF EXOTIC MAGAZINE

An Open Apology To Everyone In The Adult Industry:

Please accept our apologies regarding the article in the last issue of *Exotic* (December 2002) on page 84.

In no way does the article reflect the views of anyone on the staff at *Exotic* magazine.

Although we have no good excuse for the act of publishing this contemptful writing, believe us when we say that the system we have for placing articles was severely compromised last month when this article was submitted at the last minute before going to press. Since it was so late, the usual, proper reviews of articles never happened and this piece was published with no review. If, in fact, it had been reviewed properly it would have immediately been rejected for content.

Although we at *Exotic* support somewhat controversial and contentious articles for the sake of satire and amusement, the article in question went way too far in it's context and had no business being printed in our magazine.

We are very sincere when we say that articles like this will not be allowed in the magazine in the future. And once again we relay our sincerest apologies to anyone offended. We value and respect dancers as the lifeblood of our industry.

Sincerely,

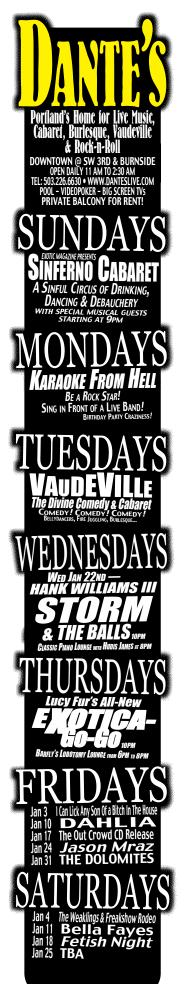
Frank Faillace & the entire Exotic staff

crap. Your article made my day. Rock on.
—jill maxi schreibman
riverdale | usa

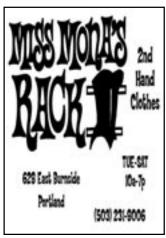
See, some people still love us, and a lesbian at that! —Publisher

The WE EXOTIC section will be running every month, featuring all the emails and letters we receive hating and loving Exotic both. Please let us know if you want your name printed or not. The proper addresses for submissions are:

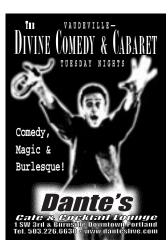
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So I'm Back...

It's amazing what I'll do for friends. Apparently some jackass didn't know where his paycheck was coming from last month and insulted every one of *Exotic's* readers and advertisers. So darling Frank Faillace bought me a couple fat manhattans at Suki's and now here I am-editor of Exotic-again.

I know a lot of you really loved Jim Goad's contributions to the magazine. One of my favorite local rock stars said there was nothing that helped him move his bowels so well as Jim Goad's Exotic. I personally think he's the cat's meow, and the first person in ages who gave two shits whether or not there was anything worth reading in this magazine. And seeing as how he wrote about 90% of the copy, Exotic will be a completely different fish wrapper now that he's hit the road, promoting his book Shit Magnet.

Of course, I've got a lot of other stuff going on, too. Many of you know that I am a "musician," a "writer," an "actress," a "burlesque performer" and that I show my asshole onstage downtown for dollars. Which brings me to.....

Officer Partridge's Hard Justice in Exotic, December 2002 Issue "Sounds like he got run over by a stripper..."

I hate to respond to this column at all, because it seems to me to be the petulant cries of a neglected three-year old, but enough of you have been genuinely upset by Partridge's idiot savant ravings that I feel obliged to REWRITE THE SAME FIVE HUN-DRED WORDS I've been writing for SIX YEARS now.

First off, it really infuriates me when people use the words whore and prostitute like there is something un-noble about the business of trading sex for money. Goddamnit we do not live in the fucking Garden of Eden, and each of us must trade something in order to survive. Whether you trade sex for money or defend pharmaceutical companies in court or are blowing up women and children in Iraq for your paycheck is your choice. I will not deny that a moral continuum exists, but I will maintain to my dying day that the streetwalker who trades a BJ for \$10 causes less harm to fewer people than George Bush, Vera Katz or even my dentist.

"A naked chick IS ART. Her asshole is art."

Secondly, I am fiercely proud to be showing my asshole to strangers for dollars. Is having an asshole or genitalia something to be ashamed of? Obviously Partridge thinks so. But who cares about him. I think the female form looks best without clothes. "Prove me wrong!" And for the millionth time, a naked chick IS ART. Her asshole is art. I don't care if she's an "artist" or a "dance technician" or a "burlesque dancer" or a METH ADDICT-she is art. And she's art for the people. You can go up the street to the Pearl District and look at abstract assholes (cuz all art, all existence, is predicated on assholes, on fucking, on stinky, sloppy, sticky life) or you can fly to Barcelona and see pen-andink assholes in the Picasso Museum (all the guy did in his later years was paint cunts and assholes) or you can see real live assholes at any of the comfortable, well-stocked bars advertised in this magazine!

Finally, Officer Partridge may not like us running our mouths while we disrobe, may not like hearing the intimate details of our not-as-glamorous real lives, but many customers do. We are not onstage for his benefit, after all. We are businesswomen. And most strippers I know figure out pretty quickly that the guys who blow on your clit when you turn around and stare deeply into your asshole don't come around as much as the customers who look into your eyes and want to hear about you car, you kids, your cats. These are the guys who support us, and no one was more offended by Partridge's misread of the strip industry than they.

Having an asshole is fun and easy. If stripping were as simple as that literally anyone could do it. But it takes a special kind of girl to make strangers feel welcome and comfortable in a strip club. It's very generous work. And the hardest part of the job is not the unveiling of the body, but offering a glimpse, however brief, of the soul. So, girls, tell 'em you're a writer, that it's your birthday, that you're pregnant with twins. That's what keeps our favorite customers coming back. And evidently that's what keeps Mr. Partridge away.

Good luck surviving 2003...And Jim, if you're out there, can we please see the last installment of Trucker Fags in Denial?



EROTIC CITY

"Nothing But The Naked Truth"

Since 1993 • Volume 10 Number 7

January 2003

A.C.E. Benefits & Legal Challenges

The **Oregon Association of Club Executives** (A.C.E.) the newest chapter in the national trade association got underway last month, with more than a dozen founding members meeting at Boogie Woogie's in downtown Portland to discuss the goals of Oregon A.C.E. and the current legal challenges for the adult industry in Oregon

Legal challenges foremost on the minds of those present were the challenge to the Oregon Appeals Court ruling allowing local governments to enact "distance rules" between dancers and customers (which seems to be proceeding slowly to the Oregon Supreme Court), new Oregon Liquor Control Commission rules regarding dancers touching of their own body parts and new rules banning minors from performing in OLCC licensed establishments altogether.

The next A.C.E. gathering is scheduled for Tuesday, January 7th, 4pm at Boogie Woogie's downtown. The next A.C.E. fundraiser is set for Saturday, January 18, 8pm at Cleopatra's Viewpoint. All adult industry owners, managers and performers are welcome to come and mingle, have a good time and hear the latest news. You can call Exotic for more information at 503-241-4317.



AND IT IS WRITTEN...THERE WILL COME A TIME OF GREAT CHANGE...

So many Exotic magazine changes—resignations, terminations, salespeople, writers, logos, editorial design, deadbolt keys and alarm codes...

We figured we were in dire need of more estrogen in this testosterone-filled office anyway. So we did what any red-blooded, American boys would do: We called VIVA LAS VEGAS. Viva has once again taken charge of the editorial content, and we find ourselves back to the original focus of this magazine nearly 10 years ago...an IRREVERENT GUIDE to SEX, CLUBS & ROCK-N-ROLL.

And due to a curiously **EXCESSIVE** amount of mail this last month, we decided now would be a great time to debut a long-anticipated, monthly **LETTERS SECTION**, tentatively called, "**WE HATE EXOTIC.**" You will find it every month in right near the front of the magazine.

Also this month we kick-off another new monthly feature, "KICK-ASS STRIPPERS." Each month this page will focus on one, two or three strippers in the Northwest that, besides being goddesses of sex, embodiments of talent and beacons of hope and light in this cruel world, just plain exude that *je ne sais quois*. And of course the natural focus this month had to be our once-and-future Editor cum stripper cum punk rock chick cum writer, Viva Las Vegas.

Even this column, "EROTIC CITY," has returned back to it's original purpose. No longer a rambling, maddening diatribe of whomever was writing it and whatever they were on at the time, but more what it was meant to be, an informative, interesting and hopefully amusing collection of news and views pertaining to the adult industry in the Northwest.

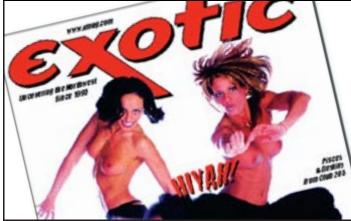
Our FEATURED ARTICLES this month include an exclusive, behind-the-scenes view of SHANE'S WORLD and the porno-fraternity trysts that are getting a lot of universities around the country hot under the collar. And in the musical arena we have nearly all the bases covered with genre-bashing acts like punk-rockabilly heavyweights REVEREND HORTON HEAT and hillbilly hip-hop artists BUBBA SPARXXX and HAYSTAK.

EXOTIC, EXOTIC... EVERYWHERE!

Even after last month's editorial hijinx, you can still find *Exotic* in even **MORE** locations than a just a few months ago. The now-gentler *Exotic* can be found in more than 30 clubs in Portland alone, four clubs in Salem, five clubs in Eugene, as well as every single adult bookstore in Oregon and quite a few in Washington.

Exotic will also be teaming up with CONTROL FACTOR STUDIOS and their popular Cable Access TV show "MORAL REALITY" (Tuesdays at 11:30 on Channel 11) starring the effervescent LACEY LYNN. Benefits to our advertisers will be substantial, including FREE TELEVISION PROMOTIONS AND MARKETING.

And Exotic is also proud to announce a new distribution partnership with another large local publication. Starting next month you will be able to find Exotic magazine in OVER 50 NEIGHBORHOOD MARKETS all over the metro area. And that number will be increasing dramatically in the next few months. We'll be sure to keep you updated (as if you really care unless you are stuck in one of the few neighborhoods where a strip club is more than five blocks away, and you have no cable television, no high-speed internet access and nothing to "read" in the bathroom).



Exotic's new logo, new editor, new writers, and old "sex, clubs and rock-n-roll attitude..."

Gentlemen's Club News

Club 205 at SE 99th and Stark has this month's *Exotic* covergirls, Pisces and Destiny, working all month long. And make sure to stop and see them and all the other former *Exotic* covergirls at the **Covergirl Dance Contest** Wednesday, January 15th!

The Pallas at SE 136th and Powell is celebrating their Anniversary Party on Saturday, January 25th with food and drink specials, prize giveaways and special feature shows.

Do you like your women wet and wild? Well **Stars Cabaret in Beaverton** has a huge party planned for Saturday, January 25th called **H2O**. Featuring three hot tubs, two shower stages and over 30 lovely young ladies in, at the very most, bikinis...See wild hot tub, bubble bath and shower shows all night long! And bring a towel...

This month's dance contest at **Sassy's** at SE 10th and Morrison will NOT be on the regularly-scheduled first Wednesday of the month since that falls on New Years Day this year. Instead the giant contest, which attracts Portland's finest strippers, will be on Wednesday, January 8th. We'll see you there!

Jody's at NE 122nd and Glisan is having another **Giant Superbowl Party** on Sunday, January 26th featuring a free buffet, two big screen televisions, \$1000 in customer prizes and an amazing halftime show. Don't miss this one!

Cleopatra's Viewpoint near PDX airport at NE 82nd Ave. and Killingsworth is hosting the next scheduled A.C.E. gathering on Saturday, January 18 at 8pm. All adult industry owners, managers and entertainers are encouraged to attend, and will be treated as VIPs.

George's Dancin' Bare will be having their next **Amateur Dance Contest** on

Saturday, February 15th. In the meantime stop by and say hi to one of *Exotic's* favorite dancers, Joey, she works there, be it dancing, bartending or cocktailing five days a week.

Magic Gardens, downtown at NW 4th and Everett and the home of *Exotic* editor and Kick-Ass Stripper of the month **Viva** Las Vegas, is hosting a new Sex and **Service Industry Night** (S.I.N.) every Tuesday night!

Union Jacks Club at 9th and E.
Burnside has a whole smorgasbord of
events in January, starting Saturday,
January 4th with a New Year's Party;
January 15-18 is the Feature Show of
the Year Contest; Thursday January
23rd is Wet T-shirt Night; and
Wednesday, January 29th is a VIP Party.

City Limits Showgirls at SE 175th and Stark is featuring 2-for-1 Table Dances every day all month long from 6pm to 9pm.

Montego's at SE 158th and Division is featuring the all-new Luv Lounge and VIP Couch Dancing. And there's something new and different nearly every night now at Portland's only true tropical paradise.

Hearts, the 18-and-over juice bar at 3316 N. Lombard is open after-hours till 4am on weekends and till 3am on Wed., Thu. and Sun. Stop by for \$5 bottomless drinks and \$10 tables dances all night long.

Dolphin I and Dolphin II, in Milwaukie and Beaverton respectively, want to remind everyone that Miss Nude Oregon 2003 will be coming soon. It will be open to all entertainers and you should inquire at either Dolphin club for more information. Dolphin I will be hosting a Holiday Stress Relief Party on Wednesday, January 8th at 7pm with girls and specials galore.

Lingerie Shop News

The Oregon Supreme Court accepted an appeal hearing on the Ciancanelli case last month. The case, a ruling against a lingerie modeling shop in Roseburg called Angels, was the catalyst for stopping all toy shows and two-girl shows at lingerie shops earlier this year. Should the Oregon Supreme Court overrule the Oregon Court of Appeals ruling, lingerie shop models will once again have more "freedom of expression" in their shows.

Intimate Obsessions, Exclusive Tan and Sheer Sensations, besides having specials running this month, also has the beautiful **Majestic** back from her much-too-long sabbatical.

Babydolls and **Honeysuckles** have their annual "Snow Day" specials. That means if it snows anyone can get \$10 off their private show price just by mentioning it!

Centerfold Suites, downtown's premier lingerie modeling studio, has a special this month on bachelor parties and other special occasions.

CORRECTIONS

In last month's "Hard Justice" column (Exotic magazine #113), Office Partridge, aka Morgan Tisdale, son of well-known Portland author Sally Tisdale, began the column with the statement, "Strippers are garbage." When contacted in a mountainous region of Northern Afghanistan, Tisdale claimed that what he actually meant to say was, "Strippers are garbanzo beans, they are soft and shiny on the outside and creamy and delectable on the inside." Exotic regrets the error and has relieved Tisdale of his writing duties.

In February 2002's "The Industry" column (Exotic magazine #103), Editor Jim Goad wrote that Exotic Publisher Frank Faillace had "a mulet" haircut. In fact, after careful measurements were taken and definitions refined, it turns out that Faillace does NOT have a mullet haircut. Exotic regrets the error and Goad has resigned as Editor.

In July 2002's "Carnal Knowledge" column (Exotic magazine #108), Publisher Frank Faillace implied that then-Exotic salesman and photographer Jon Bon Voji was an honorable guy and implied that he valued his friendships over money. Apparently that is not the case. Exotic regrets the error and Faillace has resigned himself to an even more cynical outlook towards humanity.

Adult Store News

Fantasy Adult Video (six locations all over the Portland metro area) has big sales planned for the month of January. Stop by and check out what you can get to put "more love and less attitude" into your life.

DK Wilds in Beaverton, along with special January sales on videos, is proud to once again be the sponsor of the Stars Cabaret Porn Fairy for 2003.

The Adult Underground wants to remind everyone that the landmark adult video store at SE 70th and Foster is under new ownership with a new look and new attitude to go along with it. Check out their new private booths, and mention you saw their ad in *Exotic* for special prices on any purchase.

Castle Megastore on Barbur Boulevard is back distributing *Exotic* magazines like hotcakes and watch for their special giveaways at the Sunday night Sinferno Cabaret at Dante's.

Fantasyland at 16014 SE 82nd Drive and at 5228 SE Foster is celebrating the new year with a splash, offering specials on Kama Sutra and exotic lotions and creams.

Frolics at 8845 NE Sandy Boulevard has thrown out the glass! They now have live, private one-on-one shows with the gorgeous girl of your choice.

Hard Times Video downtown on NW Broadway is now open from 11am to 3am every damn day of the week with at least two beautiful girls awaiting your command in a private room. A great place to stop by after Tiger Bar closes next door.

Paradise Video out on SE 147th and Stark has a huge new DVD selection and a newly-expanded, even more glorious arcade.

Bob's Adult Books in Salem will be celebrating the Grand Opening of their new Maxi-Theater & Social Club on Friday, January 3rd from 6pm on.

Butterfly's Custom Clubwear at 5040 SE Milwaukie Ave. #139 is having a Huge Clearance Sale with up to 70% off clothing and shoes. The shop is now open Wed., Thu., and Sat. 11am-6pm or by appointment (call 503-239-8029).





The Association of Club Executives

Committed to the positive promotion and preservation of gentlemen's clubs across the nation.

The next meeting of Oregon A.C.E. is scheduled for Tuesday, January 7th, 4pm at Boogie Woogie's downtown. A complimentary lunch will be served after the meeting.

The next A.C.E. Industry Fundraiser is scheduled for Saturday, January 18th, 8pm at Cleopatra's Viewpoint.

All adult industry business owners, managers and entertainers are welcome to attend.

Call Rick at 503-330-0784 for more information or to volunteer.



Tam, admittedly, a total sexual retard. I never had a boyfriend or went on any dates in high school, and I've mentioned before that I didn't have intercourse until I was 24! I don't know what took me so long, but finally around the time I was 23 I realized I was wasting precious years of fecundity, so I got to work.

Of course I couldn't just jump right in and bang my way through the phone book. I had to start at the beginning! Before she gives it away, every good virgin has to experiment with 3rd-base folly like hand jobs and hummers. Normally, this kind of thing is pursued with a trusted boyfriend, behind the bleachers



or in the coat closet at someone's parents' house... but I'm not normal. My first close encounter of the hard kind came under much freakier circumstances.

A friend had invited me along to the set of this independent movie that was filming high up in the Santa Cruz mountains of California. It was a bunch of local-yokel art students, real losers, but somehow they had managed to lure this one old Z-list actor out of his Hollywood cave and onto their movie set, which happened to be located on this old air force base that had been out of use since 1965. The actor was one of those out-of-work has-beens who enjoys having his balls licked by know-nothing kids, and sure enough, from the moment he arrived they were kissing his ass. But when I showed up in all my virginal splendor, he had eyes for no one else!

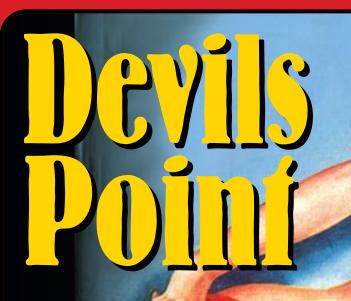
"If there's one thing I love, it's a freak... and this guy definitely fit the bill."

Even though this relic was about 70 years old and had been in some sort of horrible accident in his youth in which 90% of his body was terribly burned, I was flattered by his attention. In the movies he always played the bad guy—the vampire, the SS man, the KGB agent—and that's because he was one fucked-up looking motherfucker. But if there's one thing I love, it's a freak...and this guy definitely fit the bill. So I sat next to him and let him stroke my hand as he regaled me with tall tales of his lame Hollywood exploits. Privately I was laughing my ass off at his movie-colony pretensions, but I pretended to be impressed just to see what would happen next. And what happened next was definitely out of a horror movie!

During one of the shooting breaks, the actor invited me to "take a walk" with him around the grounds of the base. It turned out to be less of a walk and more of a beeline straight for the old, abandoned bowling alley nearby. Back in the day, young air force recruits would go there for a round or two after work, but on this occasion the only balls around were wrinkled, blue-veined and dried up! And they were attached to an equally desiccated penis, which just so happened to be the first one I ever saw up close and personal.

Now, I was curious to see what would happen next, but I wasn't curious enough to let this burned-up old mummy penetrate my precious maidenhead. We started out just kissing, and he surprised me by whipping out his withered willy. But I've always been quick on my feet, so after a cursory glance, in the course of which I saw enough to last a lifetime, I decided to head him off with a hand job. Pretty quick thinking for a modest virgin! It was a valuable experience, as I have since used that tactic many a time when in need of a fast escape from a tricky situation. It's a skill every girl should possess.

After that learning experience I jettisoned the actor and went in search of someone more exciting for the next phase of my sexual initiation. But now that I think about it, maybe if the first dick I ever saw hadn't been so burned-up and wrinkly, I would have a better attitude toward sex today. But then again... maybe not!!!



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Aman once said to me that I seemed more like a man than a woman. Very upsetting since I was naked at the time. To be fair, though, I am larger than your average duck. My voice doesn't

exactly lilt softly along like aromatherapy and I know nothing about fabric softener or other primarily female wisdoms. But still....manly?

Though I wore a brave face, I was hurt. Am I not womanly? Do I not convey the ripe, fertile image of the goddess? Was it the tattoos, foul language and razor bumps? Did he see me pee standing up? I should've let it go, but I felt I needed to defend my femaleness.

"More like a man, huh?" I chimed, slipping my middle finger into my pussy for a good dab of slick and shoved the shiny knuckle in his startled face. I growled coquettishly, "DOES THAT TASTE MANLY TO YOU, BITCH?" He blinked at me while I smeared it across his lips. I felt so vulnerable. I'll show you, Mister Man.

Maybe he didn't mean womanly, maybe he meant ladylike...but I'm LADY-LIKE, aren't I? Now I was pissed, so I clicked off the porn and made my case.

"God forbid I want more dick than you're able to lay down..."

I suggested that his view of women might have been forged by his mom feeding him, wiping his ass and acting all excited about every little stupid thing he ever did. And now a woman was only a woman if she mutely supported and praised him constantly. Just because I assert my needs and wants from my man once in awhile doesn't make me butch.

"You'll jerk-off to cum chugging maniacs on stage and screen but God forbid I want more dick than you're able to lay down... It's not that I have a healthy sexual appetite, OH NOOOO. I have a PROBLEM. It's not FEMININE. It's not LADY-LIKE. Maybe I should hide my eyes behind a lace kerchief and say, 'No, no, please, you filthy beast, you're hurting me! A thousand times...NO!' Maybe I should shuffle along ten paces behind you, my wanton eyes fixed upon my bound feet. Oooh! Or how 'bout I chop out my clit with some toenail clippers and you can fuck me through a hole in a white sheet while I weep in discomfort?"

I was pretty worked upp by this point. I got up and pulled on a tee-shirt.

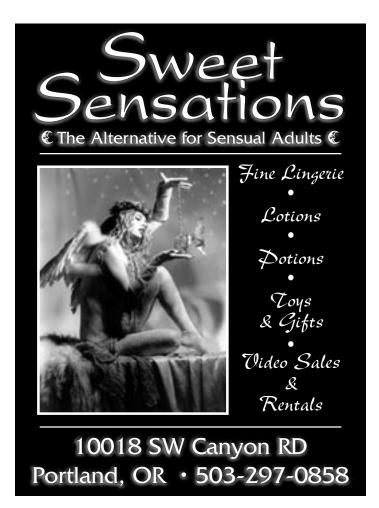
"You know what? I could trade my boots for pumps, I could get a manicure and start wearing underpants. I could train myself to swish a bit more. I could even learn to hold my tongue, wait my turn, be a good girl, mind my manners and all kinds of things to fit the bill. Be one of those independent-looking go-getter business types who kick ass all day in their high-powered jobs, but when they get home they're slathered in cheap vanilla creme de RiteAid purring from behind a Marie Claire that they're 'not in the mood'...I could be all those things right fucking now. But the sad truth is, little guy, I could still kick your ass. That's the bottom line, isn't it? When you say that I'm more like a man, what you're really saying is that you can't handle me. I'm not too much, you're just TOO LITTLE. I am all woman. I am a big fat iron-clad ovary rolling down the curved belly of Venus to crush you."

I picked up my keys from the bedside table and flicked out my three inch blade from the Swiss Army keychain. "Oh, yeah...I am all woman..." I started cutting the ropes off his wrists. "...and you're a PUSSY."

He got up and started to blubber and apologize while I threw clothes at him. I wasn't having it. My feelings were hurt.

"Save it for some other LADY." I started to unbuckle the chunky leather harness around my hips. My ROUNDED AND VERY WOMANLY hips. I pulled the greasy dildo out of its socket and handed it to him. I should've beaned him in the head with it, but that would not have been LADYLIKE. I sang victoriously, "THIS LADY is going to fix herself a cup of English Breakfast tea and steep in a peaches and cream bubble bath while listening to a Margaret Atwood book on tape. So run along now, you little fuck."

He struggled into his pants and hopped to the door where he stopped and looked woefully up at me. I grabbed his head, kissed him hard and cooed, "...and THIS LADY is never going to fuck you in the ass again." Hear me roar, BITCH.







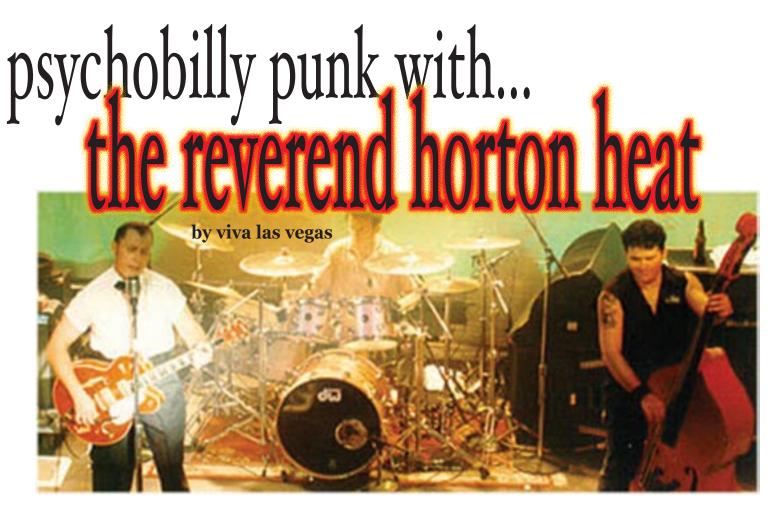
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Liverything I know about the Reverend Horton Heat I learned from strippers. He seems to be universally adored by naked girls. Perhaps it's his devotion to Liquor, Beer and Wine, or maybe it's cuz he's as close as we're gonna get to Dean Martin. Or maybe it's cuz the Reverend Horton Heat puts on the greatest show on Earth! Anyway I always imagined a sorta Baptist revival tent guy in a western shirt with a bolo tie around his clerical collar, putting his hands on women's tits and telling them they'd be saved. By him. After the show. Then he'd suck long and hard on a bottle of whiskey and launch into another Cramps-y rock-a-billy song about fancier stuff like martinis. Two hours later he'd stage dive and pass out in mid-air.

Imagine my surprise when I found the Rev alone in bed in a fancy Denver hotel, wearing nothing but mustard-yellow boxers with Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer on 'em! He was struggling through a hangover haze but too cozy beneath the sheets to get up and mix himself a bloody mary from the wet bar. I got a little star struck and started right in with what for me passes as small talk.

VIVA: Have you ever been to Portland's titty bars?

Heat: Portland, Texas? Portland, Maine?

VIVA: OREGON! We have the most titty bars per capita here, worldwide!

Heat: Really? I thought Dallas did.
VIVA: No. We do. We have like
fifty or sixty or...I have no idea,
really. There's this chick downtown at Mary's Club named
Meara. She dances almost exclusively to the Reverend Horton
Heat, along with a little Dean
Martin and the Clash and, uh,
Danzig, and lots of other stuff,
too. She's to die for. You have to
see her! Ryan Adams said that
being in Portland is like being in
the movie *Grease*. It's all old
cars and slick dudes and retro

chicks and booze...it's a total Reverend Horton Heat town, man! It's like you christened it. Heat: Well, we've had some really great shows there, Portland is one of our best cities. We love it. But I've never noticed that it was like the movie *Grease*.

VIVA: Well, when you're in town, I'm gonna make sure you see Mary's Club. It's very *Greasey*. You gotta see this Meara chick! Now, for the ladies, please tell me What's Sexy. What's the sexiest thing you've done so far this morning?

Heat: Well, I scratched my balls. VIVA: What's the sexiest thing

about waking up in a hotel room?

Heat: Gosh, I can't think of anything.

VIVA: It's not the stranger lying next to you in bed?

Heat: [laughs] Well, I've had a few of those episodes before where I've woken up scared...I slept really late today. I guess I needed it.

VIVA: It's superluxe to do an interview from bed. Did you play last night?

Heat: Yeah. We're doing this tour that I've always wanted to do. Instead of going to all the major cities and playing just one big show and one set, I thought it'd be fun



their career on being a recording artist, and that's a lot less valid of an art form than just being a musician.

VIVA: I suppose it's easier, though. Do you have a family? Or a girl? How do you do it? Are you a dad?

Heat: Oh, yeah, I'm a dad, I've got girls. It's great. That's the thing: I might be gone two hundred days out of the year, but the other hundred I'm just there the whole time.

VIVA: Are you actually a Reverend?

Heat: No no no. Not like the Universal Life Church or anything like that...What would that give me the power to do? Conduct marriages? Funerals? Those things are at the bot-

"My whole thing, my art form, is playing music, it's not being a recording artist...I think so many musicians wrongly focus their career on being a recording artist, and that's a lot less valid of an art form than just being a musician."

if we went for four days and played smaller clubs. I'm selling just as many or more tickets, but I'm here for four days and we have to change the set list every night. So we're having fun, you know, it's challenging. I was a little off on some of the songs last night because we had to work up thirty-five extra songs. That's a lot!

VIVA: That's insane. Is it true you play 150 shows a year?

Heat: I think we've been averaging 200 shows a year. We've had years where we play 250 to 275. That's what I do. My whole thing, my art form, is playing music, it's not being a recording artist. I like recording, it's fun to do, but it's not my main thing. I think so many musicians wrongly focus

tom of my list of things I want to do. VIVA: What's the most rock-abilly town you've ever been to? Heat: L.A.

VIVA: What's the sexiest town? Heat: Probably Las Vegas.

VIVA: Really? I've never been. What's the sexiest drink? Heat: A vodka martini.



VIVA: What's the sexiest thing you've ever done onstage?

Heat: Well, back when we were smaller we used to do all sorts of antics...Play up on the bar, out on the dance floor, and there was some pretty silly stuff that happened when I did that.

VIVA: Like what? Did you sing with your face between a woman's butt cheeks like Johnny Legend?

Heat: Yeah, yeah, I've done stuff like that.

VIVA: What's the sexiest thing you've ever seen onstage?

Heat: There used to be this band in Dallas called Billy Goat, and they had this girl

percussionist/singer, and she used to just get naked. Completely naked.

VIVA: And percuss? And sing?

Heat: Yeah, yeah! And then stage dive...she had fun. And she didn't ruin any clothing! I used to do this thing where I'd get down on my knees and I'd hump my guitar...I had this tremolo bar on my guitar and I was actually able to manipulate it with my crotch. It would go woo-ooo-woo-ooo...

VIVA: And why have you stopped?

Heat: Because I kept ruining my clothes! I'd wear the knees out of my pants. I guess I'd have to eighty-six the

And "Why Don't You Do Right" by Peggy Lee. In fact, there's a girl that sings in Portland that's awesome. Her name is Erin and they call her Miss B. Haven. She's super sexy.

VIVA: Do you have a favorite Pretenders song?

Heat: I think "Middle of the Road" is super hot. That's a great, great rock-n-roll song.

VIVA: Favorite Stones' record?

Heat: Exile on Main Street. VIVA: What's sexy about Texas?

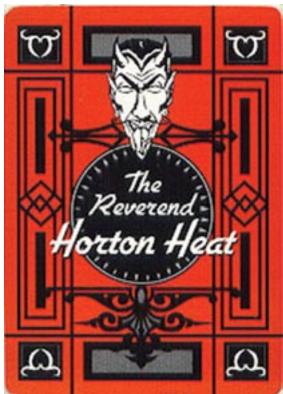
Heat: We're really friendly. VIVA: What's sexy about Colorado?

Heat: Colorado? I don't know... Snowboarding?

VIVA: I know, I always try to avoid Colorado. Finally, the old Cramps standard, what color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them?

Heat: Well, they're kinda yellow—no, mustard—and they've got Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer on them. A fat caricature of Rudolph. He looks really happy though. I'm really into funny boxer shorts. I used to have *Ren and Stimpy* ones. And of course

the hearts. You gotta have the hearts. Dollar signs. Funny stuff. These Rudolph ones are great, because he's kinda fat. His nose is fatter, too. It's not a cute little red nose, it's



"Well, I used to have a lot of fun at this place called Star Garden in North Hollywood. It's a real dump. If that strip bar were in Texas, all the girls would be over forty and about thirty pounds overweight. But since it's in Hollywood, all the girls are just incredibly beautiful."

pants. That'd be pretty risqué, because I don't where any underwear onstage.

VIVA: What's the best titty bar in the country? Taking into consideration that you haven't been to any of ours...

Heat: Well, I used to have a lot of fun at this place called Star Garden in North Hollywood. It's a real dump. If that strip bar were in Texas, all the girls would be over forty and about thirty pounds overweight. But since it's in Hollywood, all the girls are just incredibly beautiful.

VIVA: What's the sexiest guitar you've ever played?

Heat: Well, I really like my '54 Gibson 175.

VIVA: Sexiest song of all time?

Heat: Oh gosh, that's a hard one. How about "In So Many Ways" by Brooke Benton. Or "Santa Baby!" The Eartha Kitt version. Della Rees, too, has a lot of really cool, sexy songs.

kind of a big fat wide red nose.

VIVA: An alcoholic Rudolph! Now that's the Christmas spirit. Well, Reverend, I can't wait to take you to Mary's. It's my personal mission that you see this girl Meara.

Heat: The rockabilly chick? That's great. Does she have a dark tan?

VIVA: No, she's very fair. Redhead, natural tits, very curvy....

Heat: Good, good.

VIVA: Yeah, those big-titted supertan girls don't do it for me. They look like turkeys fresh outta the oven.

Heat: [laughing] I never thought of that.

VIVA: Yeah, well, I better strike that from the record. This is a stripper magazine, after all.





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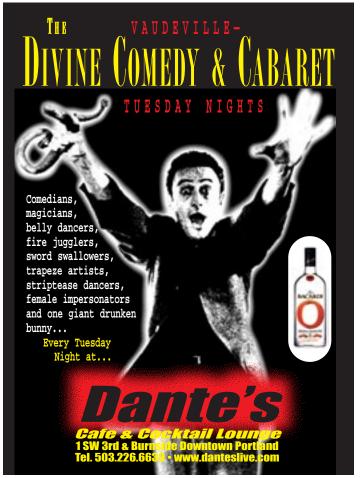
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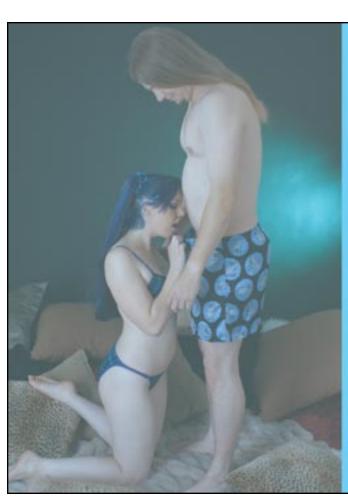
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FEBRUARY 2003 1	A Chilom Veens Party Of Union Lacts Club	=	Adult Industry Professionals A.C.E. Gathering © Cleopatra's Viewpoint · 8pm Feature Show «ite Vear Contest © Union Jacks Club	Anniversary Party © The Pallas The Pallas M 20 PARTY © Stars Caharet In Beaucrian - Spin	
13	Grand Opening © Bob's Books in Salem The new Maxi-Theater & Social Club • 6mm	10	Feature Show one Year Contest © Union Jacks Glub	77	31
1002 mm	EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE OPEN MIC COMEDY @ DEVILS POINT 9pm	EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTE'S - 3RD & BURNSIDE OPEN MIC COMEDY @ DEVILS POINT 9pm	EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE Reature Show with Vear Contest © Union Jacks Club OPEN MIC COMEDY ® DEVILS POINT 9pm	23 Well T-Sulta Malia Union Jean's Chili EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTE'S - 3RD & BURNSIDE OPEN MIC COMEDY ® DEVILS POINT 9 pm	EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BUBNSIDE OPEN MIC COMEDY @ DEVILS POINT 9pm
	New Year's Day	Holiday Stress Relief Party @ Dolphin I nm-close Sassy's monthly dance contest	Covergirl Dance 15 Contest at Blulb 203 Feature Show *** Year Contest © Union Jacks Club	Hank Williams III With Storm & The Balls © Dante's	29 UNP Party © Union Jacks Blub
mmf		2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 S.I.N. Night @ MAGIC GARDENS "Moral Reality" with latest lynn Channel 11 • 11:30 pm	2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 S.L.N. Night © MAGIC GARDENS "Moral Reality" with tacey lynn Channel 11 • 11:30 pm	2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 S.LN. Night @ MAGIC GARDENS "Moral Reality" with Lacey tymn Channel 11 - 11:30 pm	2-FER TUESDAYS Club 205 S.I.N. Night @ MAGIC GARDENS "Moral Reality" with lacey lymn Channel 11 • 11:30 pm
		MONDAY MADNESS/ JOUT'S BAR & GROUL ROCKIN' MONDAYS @ THE PALLAS MANDATORY MONDAYS WITH IAM & SASSYS WITH PREMANCING & STRIPPING ® DENIS POINT WATH	MONDAY MADNESS, DOUT'S BAIB & GRIDA ROCKIN' MONDAYS © THE PALLAS MANDATORY MONDAYS MANDATORY MONDAYS HRBANCING & STRIPPING © BRUIS POINT TOWN THE BLANCING POINT TOWN T	MONDAY MADNESS, DOUTS BAB & GBOOL ROCKIN MONDAYS © THE PALLAS MANDATORY MONDAYS WITH IN SASSY'S THE PREDAMENG & STRIPPING © BEUIS POINT THE	MONDAY MADNESS; JOUT'S BAR & GRIDL ROCKIN' MONDAYS © THE PALLAS MANDATORY MONDAYS WITH IM & SASSYS *** FREDANCING & STRIPPING & DEVILS POINT **** FREDANCING & STRIPPING & DEVILS POINT **** FREDANCING A STRIPPING A STRIPPING **** FREDANCING A STRIPPING A
DECEMBER 2002 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31		SINFERNO CABARET Sex & Service Industry Night Featuring a Simul Circus of Burfesque, Fre Dancers, DIS & ONE TRIBE FIRE TROUPE/ 10pm @ DANTE'S SW ard a burside OPEN MIC COMEDY @ EXOTICA 9pm	SINFERNO CABARET Sea & Service Industry Night Featuring a Simul Circus of Burlesque, fire Dancers, Dis a, the Sujcide Girls/ 10pin @ Danifs sw data bemaside Open MIC COMEDY @ EKOTICA Spin	SUPERBOWL PARTY @ Jody'S w/Press & free buffet/ SINFERNO CABARET Sex & Service Industry Wight Free bancers, Dis & behanchery/ fiften ancers, Dis & behanchery/ fiftin @ DANTES SW 2014 & Bussion OPEN MIC COMEDY @ EXOTICA 9pm	SINFERNO CABARET 26 Sea service industry night Featuring a Simul circus of Burlesque, fire bancers, Dis a Fluffgirt Burlesque Society/ 10pin @ DANITES SW Jena & burnside OPEN MIC COMEDY @ EXOTICA Spinn



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Destruction from Evil Empire productions in Porn
Valley has one thing in common with weapons of
mass destruction from our own evil empire: its stockpile of power
proves less threatening even as it increases exponentially every
year. We have the power to nuke Iraq but the downside is far
worse. Were we to do so, we really would be the evil empire
which would turn the world against us and make it impossible to
run the global economy. In porn, ass destruction, ass worship,
asses twitching and asses plundered have become so routine it is
no longer possible to produce an ass vid of any real staying

haphazardly looking for cock. (The rinky-dink cage looks like something purchased at Wal-Mart and the scene is set in a well-lit office, so those expecting a *Tarzan* redux might be disappointed.)

Four naked guys approach the cage and stick their dicks between the wires. At moments like this, I always flip on the news

on my other screen.
Some expert analysttype on Fox News is
saying the Iraqi arms
declaration fails to
account for biological
and chemical agents that

somehow disappeared when the weapons inspectors from the United Nations left four years ago. The missing stuff included 500 shells filled with mustard gas and another 150 bombs stuffed with biological agents. On top of that, some British

s d d

spooks are sure Iraq has bought oodles of highly enriched urani-

"I don't think any asshole could take 500 dildos, although if George W. Bush wanted to try that out on Saddam I'd be all for it."

power. It's all been done before.

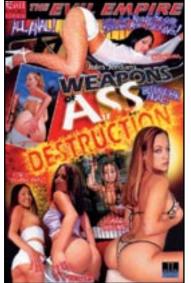
So, like the slow march to war, one goes for the middle ground. Threaten and bluster, all the while knowing those 12,000 pages of documents from Iraq claiming they have no weapons of mass destruction is the latest lie in a history of lies. I would not say 12,000 butt fucks constitute a lie. However, that does get tedious. So what I find remarkable about assbashing porn is that it must continue to sell or it would not be churned out.

Weapons of Ass Destruction begins promisingly with shapely buttocks encased in tight pants wiggling to the rising sound of jet planes taking off for a bombing run.

Regrettably, that's the only connection between war and porn. I suppose one could read war into it if you consider plunging a

dildo up Belladonna's ass a metaphor for sticking it to Saddam Hussein. Or rather, many dildos. Belladonna appears to enjoy the feeding. It looks like an experiment to see just how many dildos her ass can take at once. In this instance it was three. I shudder to think we may have a flurry of forthcoming vids trying to top that act. Remember the gang-bang vid phase a few years ago where one girl took on a hundred guys? Then it was 300. Then 500. I think it topped out around 564. I don't think any asshole could take 500 dildos, although if George W. Bush wanted to try that out on Saddam I'd be all for it.

The vid runs about two hours, so if thermonuclear ass worship is what jerks your erect radiance, this one is for you. The best scene is with Gauge in a cage. Gauge is the hottest looking girl in the pack. Decked out in leopard skin, she crawls around a cage



um to use for their nuclear program.

This worries me, as does the highly enriched sperm stored up in the dicks of the quartet of studs surrounding Gauge's cage. They keep sticking their dicks between the wire slats. As she crawls around sucking them off it looks like their colossally thick cocks are getting sliced by the wire. They're not, of course, and maybe the wire acts as a kind of cock ring to keep them hard. This is not a turn on, but it is interesting to watch. Finally, one of the guys opens the cage and Gauge pops out. At this point she gets plundered by all of them.

The expert analyst type on Fox News says Saddam is using the arms inspection as a tactic to delay the war. He sure is, but like Gauge in the cage, it's only a matter of time before he's gonna get plundered big time.

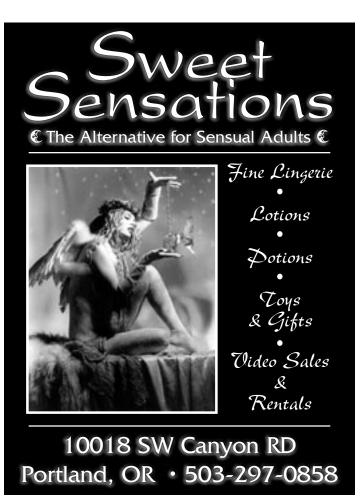








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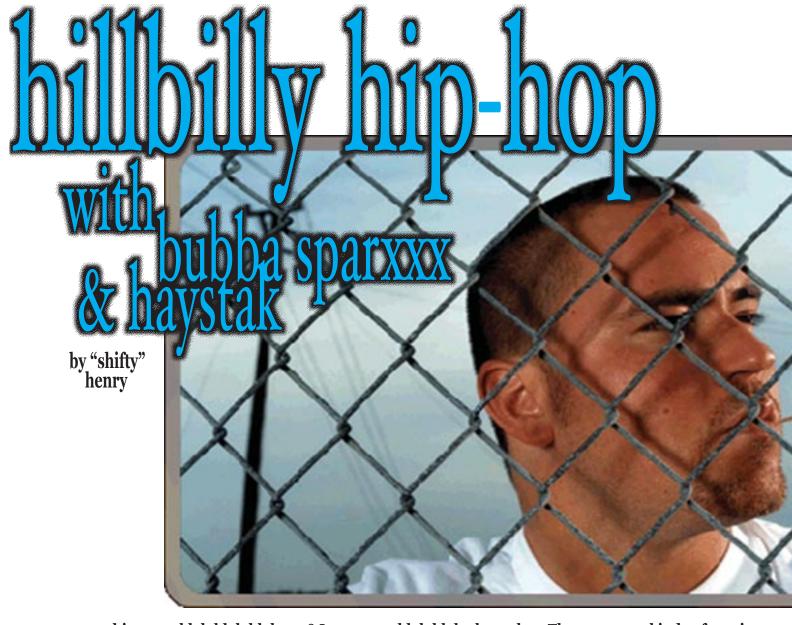
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an white guys blah blah rap? Let me say blah blah about that. There are two kinds of music: good and bad. Was Elvis a racist who stole the black man's blah blah? There are only nine zillion white artists ahead of Elvis to hang that rap on. Imitators, not innovators. The initial flak that Elvis caught was from whites indignant that he had rockabilly'd up hallowed old Bill Monroe songs like "Blue Moon Of Kentucky." Elvis would have been a huge star even if he'd only recorded white shmaltz—his favorite. But then he'd be called racist for not covering black artists' material.

By his own admission, the bulk of Elvis' artistic larceny came compliments of white Southern Gospel, its boundaries with black Gospel blurred long before he made the scene. He had almost no hits with R&B remakes. His "Hound Dog" is credited to Big Mama Thornton only by virtue of legal technicality. The two versions don't even use the same words. He did to it what the Clash might have done to it. In fact, "Hound Dog" was written by two white guys (Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller) who were writing and producing exclusively for black artists (the Drifters, the Coasters and many others). Otis Blackwell, who penned "Don't Be Cruel," "All Shook Up," and Jerry Lee's "Great Balls Of Fire," was a peculiar, iconoclastic black

artist writing for white rockers. Arthur "Baby, Let's Play House" Gunter was a black blues artist heavily influenced by country music.

Why isn't all this exchange between cultures a good thing? If props is the issue, Elvis didn't call himself "The King Of Rock-n-Roll." Take it up with the voice of white wealth and privilege, the cliché and catch-phrase reliant Johnny-come-lately "media" who initially savaged Elvis worse than anyone ever did N.W.A. or Ice-T. American Indian activist/poet/performer John Trudell calls Elvis "America's Baby Boom Che," for those of you who need politicized "leftie" credentials. He lifted himself out of abject poverty by forging cutting-edge, revolutionary, galvanizing, controversial music,

which evidently is still controversial today.

It seems there would be more about Elvis for ghetto-born black rappers to relate to rather than condemn. It's not about color, it's about class. Read a little thing called *The Redneck Manifesto*, why dontcha?

Which brings us to two current white Southern musicians who also elect not to perform bluegrass

"Race, Shmace...F the power of hip music or art has or dress like Brooks and Dunn: Georgia's Bubba Sparxxx and Tennesseean Haystak.

Sparxxx has had some mainstream success this past year and a couple hits with "Ugly" and "Lovely." I learned of him in faggy, elitist, pretentious *Rolling Stone*—the nation's *Willamette*

Week-which nevertheless shows that

Sparxxx' appeal transcends regionalism. If you don't have his *Dark Days*, *Bright Nights* (Interscope's Beatclub Records), pick it up.

Haystak (Car Fulla White Boys and The Natural on Koch Records' In The Paint) is more underground but appears on the verge of breaking big. I learned of him in the tiny, near-militant, Elvis-hating Rap Sheet, which claims to be the only black-owned hip-hop publication. A street cred feather in his blue-eyed devil cap indeed.

As your typical rap fan myself (a dorky middle-aged white man who's been known to wear dickies—rap name DJ Jazzy Biff), I must admit to having a predisposition to what my people bring to the rap table: Beastie Boys, Everlast, ICP (you heard me). To this homey's ears, Haystak's voice and delivery alone are perhaps the most compelling and engaging since Big Pun.

If you're so hip and enlightened and racially color-blind that you just have to know who's got what color skin in a musical production so you can not care about it (are you with me?), well, you're hearing "black music" with all these guys. Dr. Dre (Snoop Dogg, N.W.A.) produces

Eminem. Timbaland (Missy Elliott, Jay-Z, Ludacris) produces Sparxxx. Haystak is on Koch Records' In The Paint label, current home of Public Enemy and KRS-One.

This is not to detract from the lads' rhymes, mic skills, taste or talent one whit. Or from what they have to say. Sparxxx and 'Stak piqued my slumming white trash sensibilities. But, due to ingrained Yank bias (I grew up about three feet above the Mason-Dixon Line), I think I was expecting more of a goof, sampling barnyard animals and such. Sadly, there's very little of that, though Sparxxx' "Bubba Talk" is scored for vocal, percussion, cow and banjo.

"Y'all don't know me at all, I say the same thing but slower than y'all. A little southern charm to top it off: Okey dokey, it's that Bubba Talk." Followed by two bars of cattle lowing. Still, you don't want to make fun of these crackers.

"They call me white boy, cracker, (something unintelligible that rhymes with devil), damned old evil blue-eyed devil, paleface, and um proud to be that, dude. Make up some more shit to mean white boy, I'll be that, too."

I don't think anyone's saying those things to Haystak's face.

"I represent the tribe when I'm behind the mic, don't tell me nuthin' bout no goddam stereotypes." Okay. Calm down, big fella.

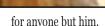
"Tad and Brad come to school with gauges, start shootin' up the rich kids in their faces. Then Mom and Dad duck the issue: 'It was the crowd that they hung around, the music that they listened to.' White boys been dyin' 'round here for

SN SPANKIN' NEW

years, but it never makes CNN, you know why? We were put here to die, so when we kill one another, it comes as no surprise: We animals in they eyes."

Not exactly *Hee Haw* with breakbeats.

He's right, too. Media coverage stops at the ghetto's edge and the CITY LIMITS sign. He's right on all counts. Bleeding heart liberals' hearts bleed



"This is dedicated to all the fags and hags who associate Haystak with racism and rebel flags..."

"I'm pro-abortion and burnin' the flag."

America—what went wrong? Here's the voice of the socioeconomic pool which fights your wars and dies for your "freedom" agenda. Yet your art, your entertainment, your Hollywood, your academia, your media disrespect him before he even opens his mouth, invalidating his experience with taunts of "racist" and "hillbilly." Must you over-educated,

PBS-minded, rhetoric-reciting, self-absorbed and self-obsessed "peace" marchers demonize controversial white voices in order to embrace your fascist definition of "diversity?" Is your self worth that shaky?

Black GIs returned from their segregated units in World War II to a country in which they were excluded from professional baseball, a country simultaneously embarking on unprecedented prosperity and a resurgence of lynching. That cultural dynamic still exists unabated, though it ain't so "black and white." Listen to proletariat resentment before it bites you on the ass.

Race, shmace. Rap, shmap. Ultimately it's about the music

and the power of art to distill life to its essentials. Common essentials. And it's about the power of hip-hop to cross boundaries as no music or art has before.

The track "Cool People" on Haystak's *The Natural* talks about what constitutes good friends:

"People that'll be there in jail to see yo ass, put they fist to the glass . . ."

Is there anyone in this world you'd put your fist to the glass for?

"The redwood casket, all-gold trim, 3-piece pinstripe, gators and brim."

Word.

X

Rap, shmap. Ultimately it's about hop to cross boundaries as no before."



OH, ME-DIAAA! COME OUT AND PLAY-EEYAY!

Pam Delirium from Animalville out in Tree County, Oregon writes: "Shifty—I just can't see Portland media being the insidious ethics-bereft hellhole of manor-born snobs and empty posing and posturing you seem to feel it is."

Why, no, not with that kind of defeatist attitude you can't, young lady.

THE MEDIA STALKER REFLECTS...

I listened with disgust and dismay to the news a while back that Saddam Hussein had "won" the "election" in Iraq with "100%" of the "vote" in a race in which he was the only candidate. I thought how fortunate we are to live in a country where we have no choice at the polls, either, but at least get to be delighted and entertained by non-party candidates in the voter's pamphlet.

Hmmm. The socialist dishwasher-poet-punk rock musician-hippie dip-

actually care about, relate to, or be inspired by. That's an interesting vantage point to be commenting on society from. So, put a lot of stock in what they've got to say, folks. If Portland papers don't make your skin crawl, you haven't got a shit-detecting bone in your body.

The *Oregonian's* Steve Duin kicked up a shitstorm by reporting that the police had given "awards" to cops involved in fatal shootings, including that of Mexican national Mejia Poot last year. Journalists were particularly incensed because Poot used to mow their lawns.

Is there a more self-congratulating business on the planet than "journalism?" Forever bestowing dubious "awards" on themselves and accountable to no one—least of all you?

John Kitzhaber, who's Oregon's chancellor or something (I thought we were through with him), issued an official apology on behalf of the State of Oregon for the forced sterilization of lower-class state-determined undesirables throughout much of the twentieth century ("Our bad!").

Congratulations, forcibly sterilized!

The final word in the *Oregonian's* front-page story on same was given to Basic Rights Oregon, representing the opposite end of the sociopolitical spectrum than those people who had the Auschwitz-style experiments done on them by always-progressive Oregon. Its spokes-lesbian asked Oregonians "to honor those victims by telling the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender people in your life that you love them and accept them."

So much for that "people are people" crap.

Darling, you're cute when you're being strident, but I'd wager that 99.9% of gay, lesbian, bi-, tri-, poly- and trans- people (you know, the ones we never hear from or about because they have fucking lives) probably aren't pathetic fucks who need the self-appointed likes of you to speak for them. Or need a hug anytime someone other than themselves garners a moment's recognition or sympathy.

Fascist organizations like Basic Rights Oregon and its house organ, *Just Out*, don't represent people of certain sexual dispositions, they're for people with fucked outlooks and self-images, regardless of whom they

"If Portland papers don't make your skin crawl, you haven't got a shit-detecting bone in your body."

shit? The 400-pound libertarian, "sex writer," "pansexual," registered masochist? Or the business-as-usual brutal despot? It's a no-brainer!

You know how all Portland papers back the same political candidates and ballot measures? It's all one paper, I keep telling you: Politically, socially, culturally and philosophically...literally the same handful of tired old names tossed back and forth between them. And their people and policies always prevail, but just barely.

That means a couple things: a) these papers' influence is miniscule at best, and representative of no one, and b) our elected officials come to power care of a small group of undiscerning, easily-duped shitheads who just go along with whatever's presented to them as the prevailing position.

According to *Willamette Week* publisher Richard Meeker's mortifying, mealy-mouthed annual state-of-the-repulsive-alternative-newsweekly address, the *Portland Tribune* lost only \$4 million to \$6 million this year, down from \$8 million to \$12 million last year. Not because the public or advertisers gave any more of a shit about it than they ever have, but due to their own cost-cutting measures.

And the Portland Mercury "loses upwards of \$250,000 a year." Congratulations, Portland Mercury and Portland Tribune!

No matter, you understand. They're sponsored by a convictionless business community and don't have to make money, thereby circumventing the pesky problem of having to put out something that people might sleep with. Which is fine until they're telling you at every turn that it's your fucking fault, via your media or your government.

The issue isn't sexual fairness, it's through-the-roof favoritism. A handful of well-connected, monied, extremely white people are dictating whose thin-skinned sensibilities should be tiptoed around and whose should be run over. And with the full cooperation of a supposedly impartial entity like the *Oregonian*. And make no mistake—they don't fucking like you.

"Part of me is satisfied to see the America I was never a part of suffer in a way I have lived with for years." Thus reads a letter-to-the-editor published September, 2001, in *Just Out*. Prior to that, the magazine was calling for a boycott of financially-floundering Macheesmo Mouse for not carrying their cheery, warm, welcoming, all-inclusive paper. Later it snarled that a couple of local DJs were "playing with fire" because one made a clearly humorous, non-malicious play on the word "homo" and another dressed in drag.

"Basic rights" my fucking ass.

Fortunately for all these unelected bigmouth "spokespersons," barely-elected politicians, barely solvent "newspapers" and self-titled "victims," Portland is a city of somnambulant zombies who confuse "nonjudgmental" with noncommittal and passive acceptance with "tolerance."

And you're being had right and "left."

X



Severina Productions 8 &



Spartacus Leathers

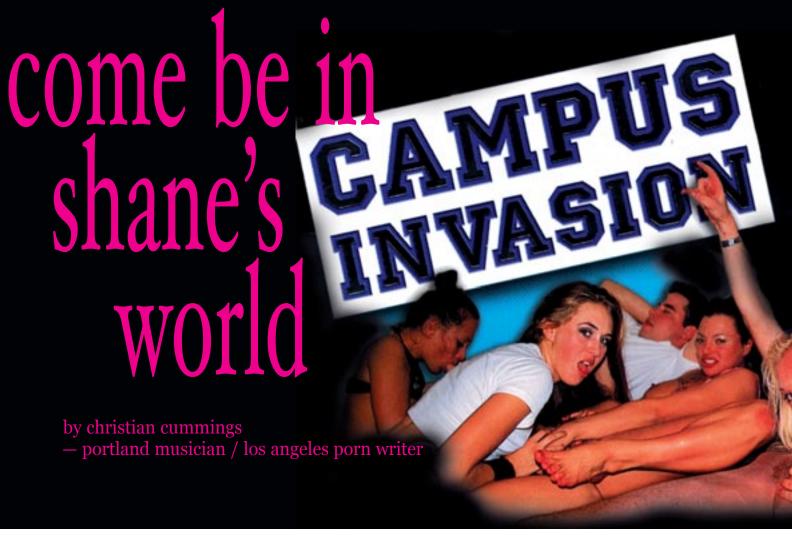
Two Floors Featuring: Impotent Sea Snakes, Apocolipstick Popeworm, Written in Ashes, Sumerland, and Ghost Parade . . .

Performance groups: Shift (body modification), Fabulous fire Wake World, Belly dancers, 10 Go Go's and 2 DJs . . .

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Ished itself as one place the smut consumer can go to experience a bunch of regular "girl next door" types who exuberantly bang the shit out of each other and a revolving stable of hard dick wielding cocksters in assorted Real World-esque excursions to locations that range from the exotic to the mundane. By diligently attempting to exploit the bottomless wellspring of savage libido and unbridled booze-and-drug-fueled party ethos that distinguishes non-clerical college campuses the world over, Shane's World has stumbled onto a situation that has generated more publicity over one movie than the medium-sized porn purveyor would have ever thought possible.

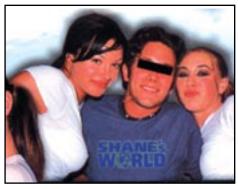
For the first volume of Shane's World's "Campus Invasion" video line the company flew a bunch of professional porn sluts from LA to the campus of the University of Indiana at Bloomington to fuck, blow and spank their way through as much unrehearsed debauchery as possible and release it in movie form. "We picked Indiana University because the Princeton Review ranked it as the number one party school in the nation." Says Calli Cox, actress in more than 200 porn films and current Shane's World sex performer/publicist. "We wanted to go and see why it

got the ranking. It was sort of our mission. When we decided to go there I sent emails out to several different campus organizations and let them

good response back. Fraternities were the ones who replied back and that's sort of where we ended up going eventually."

"An instance of relatively obscure sexual into a major news story when an article... AP and the "Dorm Porn" scandal immed the major news wire services in addition

know when we were coming, what kind of activities we had planned and basically what we were going to do, and if anyone had off-campus houses we could shoot in. And we got a really The game plan was harmless enough. "We set up two-hour time slot/appointments while we were in town and went to the party atmosphere of each different house." Cox



continues. "We held contests at each house. We had ass-kissing contests, pussy-eating contests and clothesswapping contests and the winners would receive hand jobs, blowjobs, movies and T-shirts and things like that." In keeping with the strict porn industry code of having a recent PCR/DNA test to eliminate the possibility of HIV infection, the Shane's World crew was careful to put only themselves at risk while slurping the cum of a bunch of drunken, midwest-

ern frat party pukers. "We didn't have intercourse with any of the college students because you have to have an AIDS test if you are going to have sex, and we took two male performers to film the sex scenes." Cox said, "You can catch STD's from blow iobs of course but we were all tested so there was no potential harm to any of the students. It was a risk that we chose to take."

An instance of relatively obscure

behavior...exploded was picked up by the iately exploded onto to CNN and MTV."

sexual behavior that would have otherwise gone unnoticed exploded into a major news story when an article that appeared in the IU student newspaper

SHANDS VOLUME THIRTY TWO

We hit the road to find out what made this school one of the top party schools in the country. We partied with everyone from fraternit guys, jocks, nerds and even GIRLS! Our girls gave so many blowjobs that their jaws were sore for a week! I guess the students don't know not to kiss and tell, because the national news got a hold of the story and things have been crazy, who would have thought that sex sould be so controversial?



was picked up by the Associate Press and the "Dorm Porn" scandal immediately exploded onto the major news wire services, in addition to CNN and MTV. A controversy erupted over a scene that was filmed in a student's room in a "taxpayer funded" student dormitory. "The first day that we were there we just kind of walked

around campus and to promote that

we were there we did an interview at the campus radio station that morning." Cox relates, "This guy ended up inviting us back to one of the dorms and we actually shot a blowjob scene there with him. Past that everything we did was off-campus."

Allegations of "ille-

gal trespassing" upon University property and IU knowingly allowing porn to be filmed on campus flew fast and furious while news headlines citing IU as "The Nation's #1 Porn School" put IU officials on the defensive. When conservative news pundit Bill O'Reilly from Fox's #1 news show "The O'Reilly Factor" expressed his outrage, he virtually guaranteed the life expectancy of the story by having frequent updates on the progress of the investigation as well as millions of dollars of free publicity for Shane Enterprises' late December release of the CAMPUS INVASION movie. "We just placed the order, and they said it would be here before the end of the

year," said Gary
Marker, an
employee of Eve's
Lingerie and Adult
Novelties in
Bloomington.
"There is going to
be a big turnout for
this one. We
already get 20 to
25 calls a day asking about it."

The series of



"O'Reillv Factor" segments included interviews with IU students and officials culminating with a heated interview with Cox herself where O'Reilly claimed the moral high

ground while attempting to get to the bottom of the "porn on campus" debacle. "His take was how could the University not have known that we were going to be there and were going to be on campus, and why didn't they do tently generated excitement around the movie is by now an accepted reality. "The porn movie company has executed a brilliant public relations gim-



mick," one alumnus said. "The university could be fueling their fire by devoting excessive resources and manpower to the investigation."

For Shane's World Enterprises this is not the first instance of College Campus intemperance that has caused a University to blush over the intractable libidos and shamelessness of its student body. Last year at Arizona State University, four fraternities were suspended for hosting the film crew, and those in the video who could be identified were threatened with expulsion from the University, including the student government Vice

"This is reality porn. Porn is becoming so mainstream anyway and we're bringing more of it to real people...It's college age, younger people who are buying the movies... We're bringing it to them and letting them have fun."

anything ahead of time." Cox says, "He thinks they should have known because I set up the appointments with the students about three weeks ahead of time. But if your parents go out of town for the weekend and you are going to throw a big party you're not going to warn your parents about it beforehand now are you?...It's definitely great publicity for us. I have to thank Bill for that. He's shown a

clip from the movie already. He is the only show that we have given a clip to and he played it this past week."

The sizeable amount of publicity that has cropped up around the story has not gone unnoticed by those sensitive to the

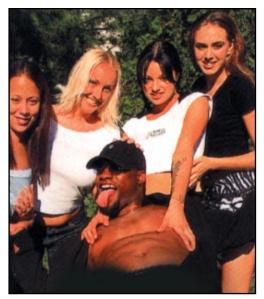


image of IU being portrayed in the media as "The Nation's #1 Porn School." The fact that prominent alumni and school administrators might have overreacted and inadver-

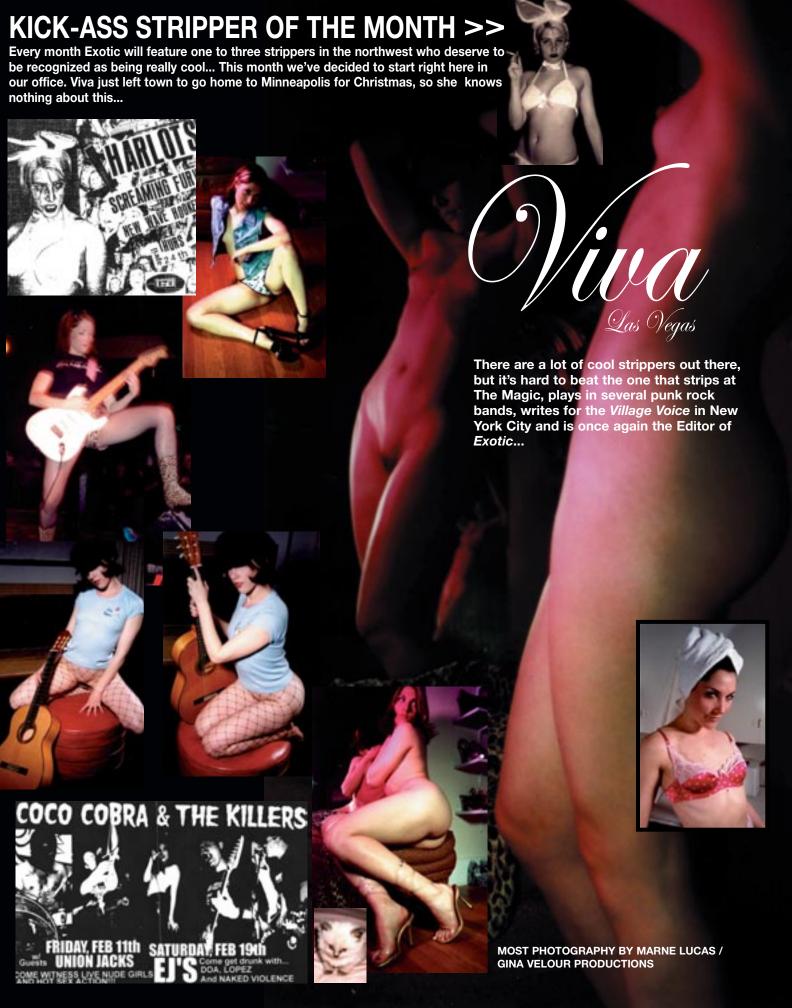
President Brian Buck, for his involvement in the Shane Enterprises movie "Frat Row Scavenger Hunt 3." "It was a pretty fun day," Buck said. "It just turned into the biggest storm ever."

As reality or so-called "gonzo" porn makes an ever increasing imprint on the \$5 billion-a-year adult movie business, companies like Shane's World continue to push the envelope with a stripped-down shooting concept that portrays what shows like MTV's "The Real World" would be like if taken to an erotic extreme. "This is a new generation of porn." Cox relates, "This is reality porn. Porn is becoming so mainstream anyway and we're bringing more of it to real people. Porn these days is not some old, fat, sweaty guy jerking off at home to a teenage girl. It's college age, younger people who are buying the movies and want to be involved in the movies. We're bringing it to them and letting them have fun."

As to the question of filming college students having sex upon campuses of the country's great institutions of higher learning, Cox is also thoroughly unrepentant. "The thing that gets me is all of these things that we have gone out and caught on tape are all things that are happening anyway." She continues, "College students have sex. College students throw parties. College students do these things. They were happening before we went to the colleges and they are going to happen after we leave. We're documentary filmmakers. We just get it all on tape."









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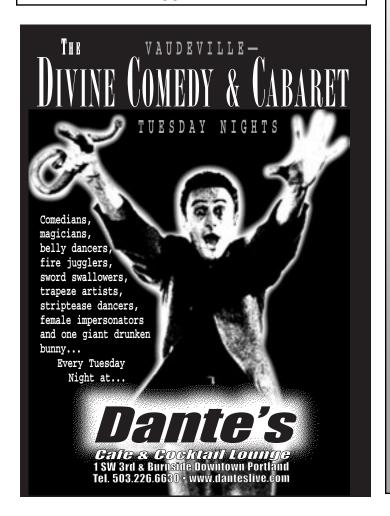
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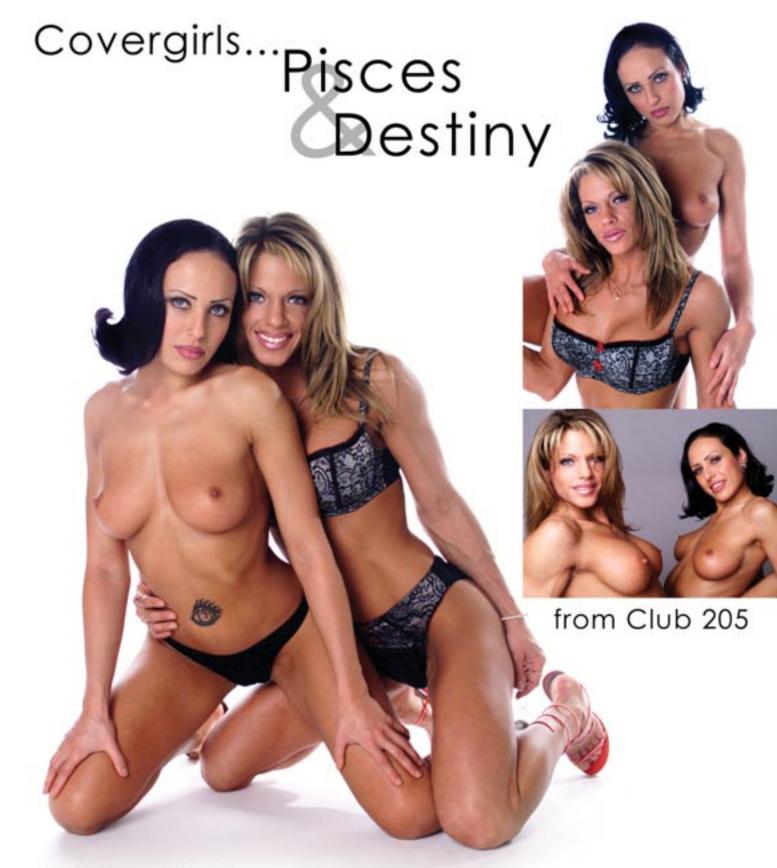
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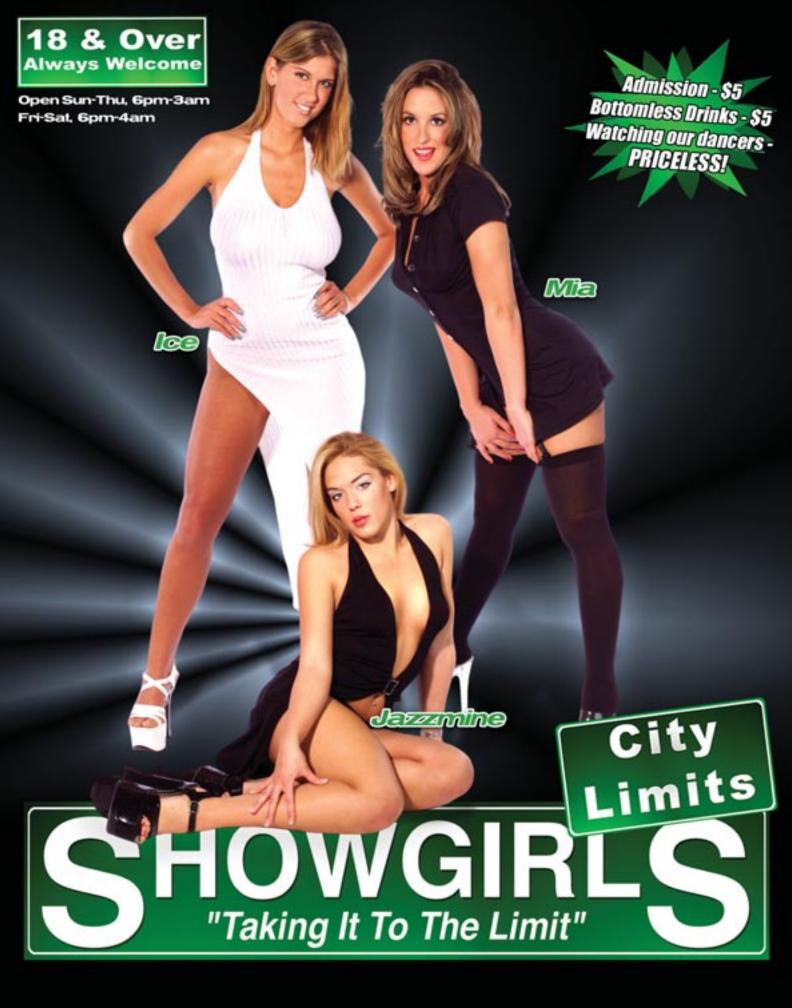
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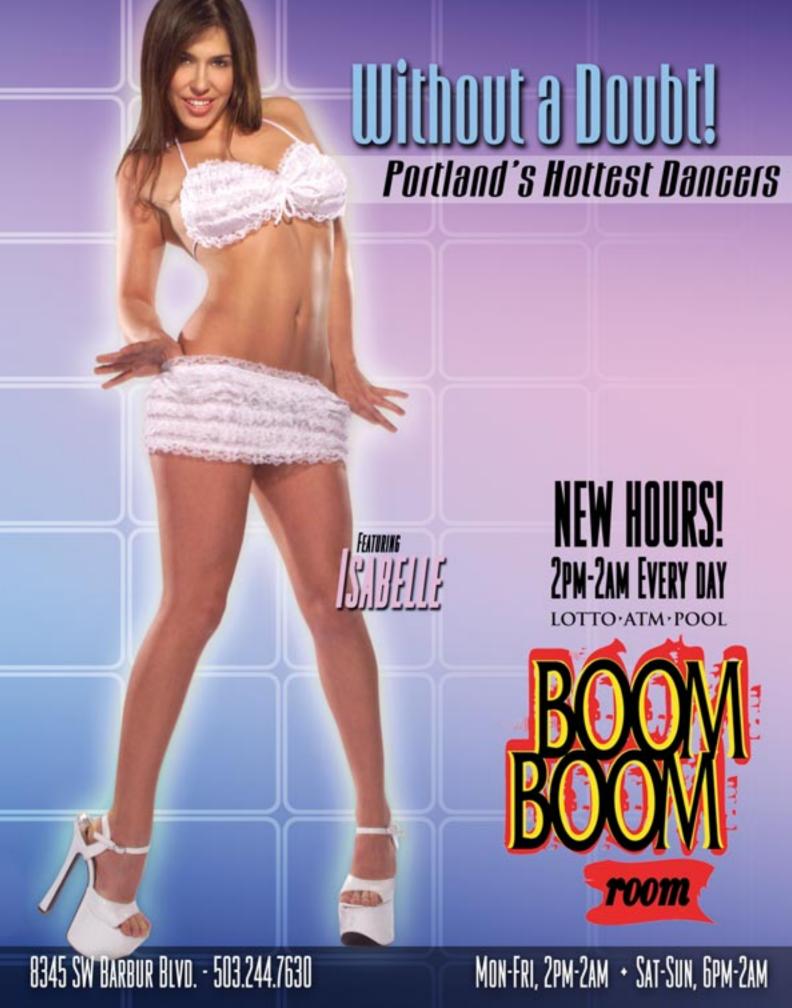




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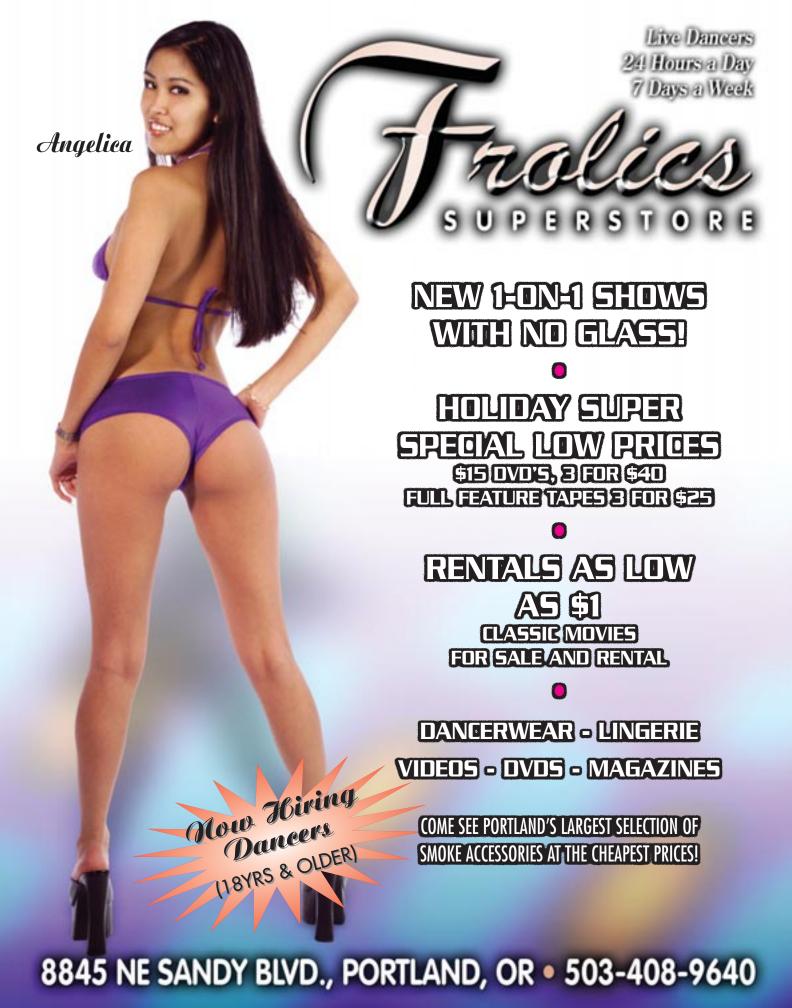
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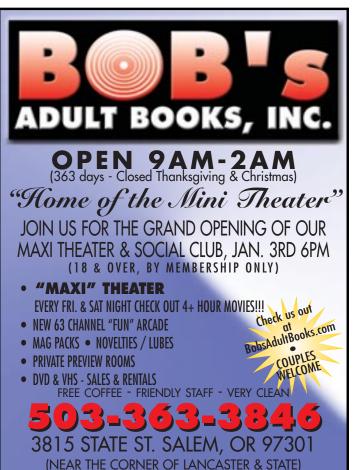
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