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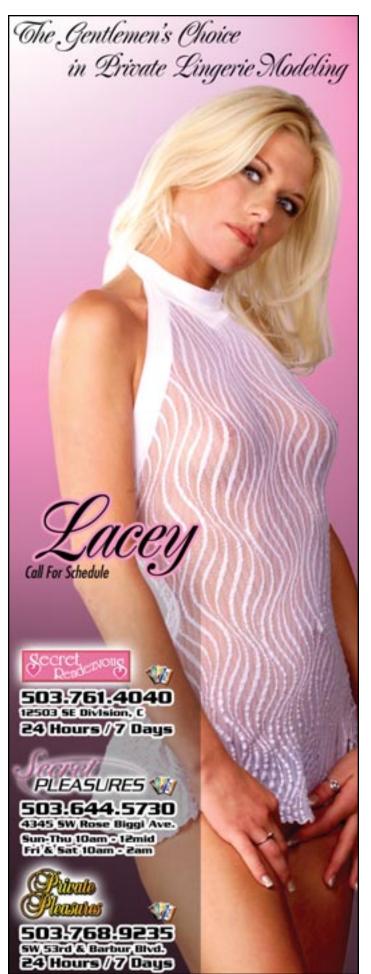




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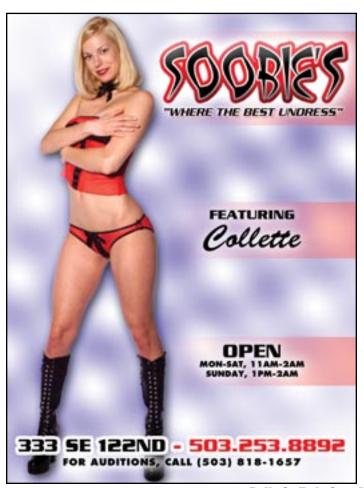
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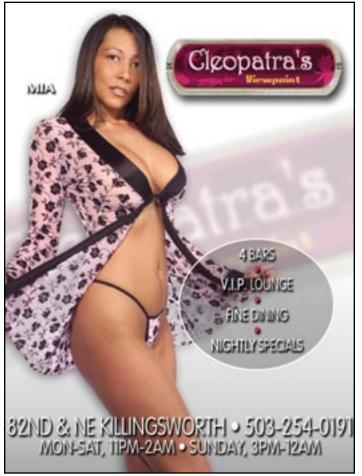
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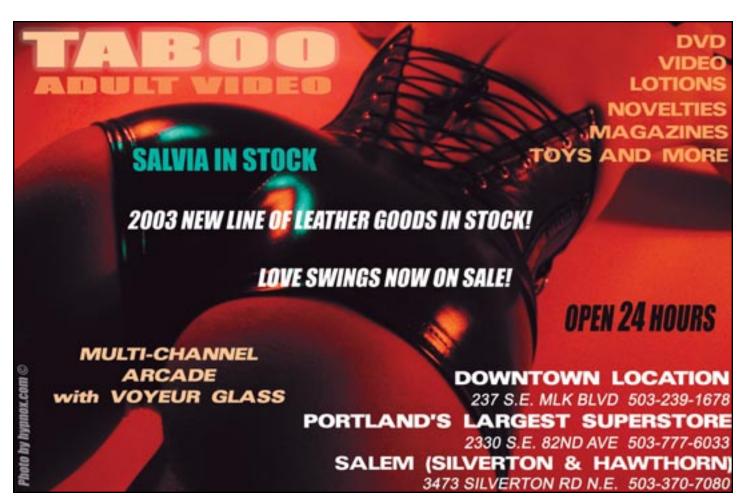
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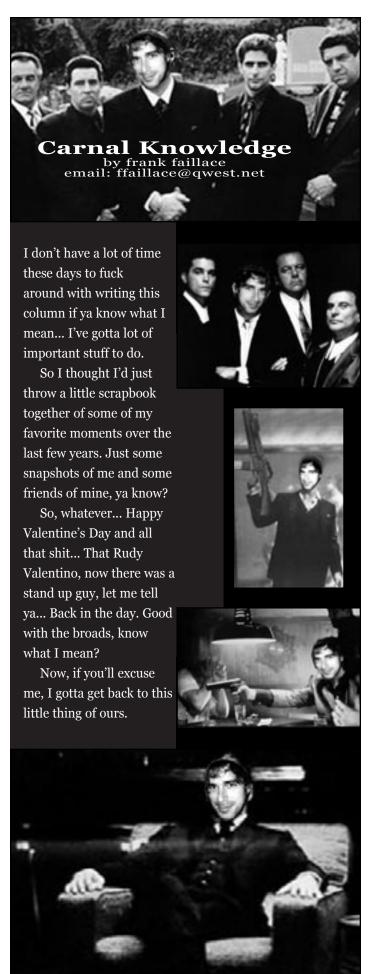






















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Date: Thu, 2 Jan 2003 03:34:24 EST From: Thejasmans@aol.com Subject: What The Fuck?



I noticed that in your December issue of Exotic the column entitled The Cum Hungry Genius made some lewd and crude jokes about the heinous crime of rape and of all people that had to write it, it just had to be a woman didn't it? The lesbians were one thing, but this article by your Debra

Jean Danger just went a little too far!

Rape is not funny and in my personal opinion this thing that calls herself a woman is nothing more than a Howard Stern wannabe (and even Stern doesn't make fun of rape) who wants to see how many people she can piss off with her apathetic attitude towards a crime when this (the crime of rape) happens to a woman in the united states every 15 seconds and is usually committed by someone the victim knows. I know way too many people whom this has happened to and it is no laughing matter. Many years ago, when I first picked up *Exotic*, garbage like this was not even printed in your magazine. I remember an *Exotic* that was very sex positive and not misogynistic in its writings. You can thank Jim Goad and the trash (Debrah Jean Danger, and little miss I Hate Sex!) for the rapid decline of your magazine!

Date: Sat, 4 Jan 2003 15:03:05 -0800 (PST) From: "james sarff" <jbsarff@yahoo.com> Subject: bitchwhipped!

All the strippers were offended, so my favorite magazine becomes quite the opposite of what it was. Opinions are like a-holes, everybody has one, all of them stink at one time or another. If a stripper's butthole offends me, I choose not to watch her perform or support her dollar intake. If someone has an opinion I disagree with, I may wish to enter into a discussion with them about the difference, but I certainly wouldn't take a more aggressive route.

Firing, fighting.

Controversy DOES get you noticed more, and bowing down to a herd of strippers (and stripper lovers) will get you the wrong kind of attention. I wanted Exotic to trash the industry. I wanted to see shit-talking in every issue. Why kiss the ass both sides have been talking about? No matter what the men think, women will continue to take off their clothes for money and men will pay them to do it. No matter what the strippers say, they will continue to do what they do as long as men support it. Who got into this relationship for dignity or respect? How about the fact that it was controversial and sexy? Just about money? We are all NOTHING, all worth a dollar, and all exposing ourselves every day. Whoring ourselves to whatever corporate, religious, emotional trap we've found ourselves in. Lighten up, and let's get back to having FUN! Boring columns equal boring columns. Sales WILL fall.

P.S. Both my girlfriend and I work at strip clubs, and we laughed our heads off at Officer Partidge's diatribe. Brilliant, entertaining, and left me wanting more. Didn't take it to heart, just let it warm ours.

Date: Wed, 8 Jan 2003 10:47:33 -0800 (PST) From: "gary bercu" <beestufus_33@yahoo.com> Subject: Lola Green Baldwin Interview.

I hope something is said about the magnificent power women have over men when they are nude and shaking it. In futile defiance, a man will try to verbally degrade a woman who holds court in her arena. The sexual arena is dark, mysterious, ancient and wonderous. Sadly for us all, there are still, mostly white, genteel, handwringing, upper middle class white women who are spouting the same old dead jargon regarding prostitution, and it's exploitive, damaging effects. How can Ms. Greene Baldwin be proprostitute, yet not pro-prostitution? That is like being procannibal, but not pro-cannibalism. I take issue with her other claim, which went unchallenged on Reality TV (January 7th) when, like The Mad Hatter and her dumpy little dour mouse, she made the claim that pornography=violence against women. What of gay male porn then?

These New Sexual Commissars... as Ms. Camille Paglia, a brilliant educator and writer, says, "since when do we allow snippy little neurotic feminists to run our lives?"

The other point which needs to be stated is these freeassociating references to sex are made by often very pleasant, nice, mannerly women. They appear to have all the answers, except, upon closer examination, they quite often don't possess adequate academic training in Human Anatomy, physiology, biology, let alone History. To talk to one of these "intellectuals" you would think that the feminist movement invented rape. I mean, don't we "exploit" a maple tree to get maple syrup. Come on... Lets face it, Men are trying to get in. Into the citadel. Women have the "power" either to deny them entry or allow them in. It would do nothing more than infantalize women, a mysogynist action, to deny them their Birthright, their sexual goddesshood. I for one, am sick to death of these Polly Pure Bred, sexually repressed, highly agendized, unscholarly and sinister women who claim to be helping women to empower themseleves by shutting down their opportunity to flaunt the God Given, awesome, inspiring, sexual power of beautiful women. So what if it is an imperfect industry? What industry is perfect? I don't claim to be an expert on the sex industry, but I know what I know as a sexual creature. It matters not whether I participate, or pay for sexual services, but who am I or anyone else to tell others how to exercise their constitutional right to do so?

Thankyou...

-Buddy Bee Anthony, Portland

Yes. I think.... -Publisher

Date: Sun, 5 Jan 2003 16:59:02 -0800 (PST) From: "Sarah Jane" <sarrrahjane@yahoo.com> Subject: I Hate Sex

This is Bobbi Jo Schmidt, author of the "I Hate Sex" col-

umn. I see that you have changed your editor and that the magazine is going in a different direction now... my column was more along the lines of the old Exotic mag under Jim Goad, so I think I should respectfully resign and let you all get back to what you're really about. Good luck!!!

-Sarah Jane Woodall

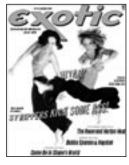
Date: Wed, 08 Jan 2003 12:46:52 -0800 From: "Parsec Speed"

bigfatthing2003@yahoo.com> To: "Frank Faillace" <ffaillace@gwest.net>

It seems that everyone wants to produce a porn mag these days. You must have upset Mr. Voge so much although he has seemingly abandoned *Xcitement*. Now it seems Mark Fredrickson the owner of Foxxx's in Salem is about to finance another one called *Temptation*. If you go to tempmag.com, you can download the entire magazine. You will also notice familiar artwork from both Exotic and SFX. Most of the pictures seem to originate from *Playboy*, how can they do that? Nice cover last month.

Yes, it seems like everyone wants to NOT make money and have lots of headaches... they will understand soon enough... -Publisher

Date: Thu, 16 Jan 2003 11:25:14 -0800 (PST) From: "hazel*" <dirtybootlicker@yahoo.com> **Subject: Demi Mondaine**



How can I contact Demi Mondaine, I loved her article in the current issue and was wondering if she did individual sessions.

Sorry, Ms. Mundaine is not takina anumore clients right now. — Publisher

Thu, 23 Jan 2003

Shifty Henry,

Why have a paper? Uncreditability. Bullying. Assist in proudly serving you to introduce me or you to globalization glory, mobilization in financial crisis or incompetent design oversight. "Shifty I can affirmative Portland media!" Hellhole no. Just say know si o, yes man bwana. May the homo sapien feel all the way to Iraq, Trevor and all. — B-17 rays of laser, Tigard, Oregon

Sorry, Mr. Henry is not taking anymore clients right now. -Publisher



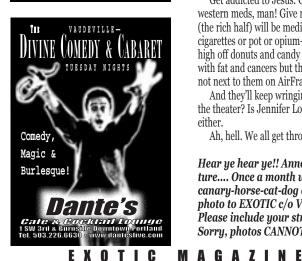














Life is hard. Life is short. Life's not fair.

I saw Marianne Faithfull in concert recently. And thanked my stars that I wasn't dead yet. That I got to see her. Life keeps trying to kill me, trying to kill all of us. But at least I got to see Marianne.

What if you're born rich and beautiful and smart? Generally you are vapid and outof-touch and more than likely blind. Or you're MARIANNE FAITHFULL. Still, life will try to kill you.

"Hey, Carrie Anne, what's your game and can anybody play?" The Hollies wrote their 1968 hit about Marianne's legendary willingness to make the road a little more comfortable for virtually every sixties star. She was the most lacey whip-creamy angelvoiced tid-bit the 60's produced. She fucked Mick. She fucked 'em all. And by the seventies was adhering to a strict diet of liquor, drugs and cigarettes. Eventually she was literally living in the gutters, strung-out and wrung out. Then she put it all down on 1979's breakthrough Broken English. Considering her signature hit was 1964's syrupy "As Tears Go By", the pain, jealousy and despair on Broken English was like finding shrapnel in your crème brûleé.

I first saw Marianne at the Aladdin, singing her broken heart out for the most motley crew ever collected: decrepit old hippies, punk rock kids and loads of gay men. All come to revel in that instrument of hers, cracked and weathered by years of naughty muse talk and cigarettes and whiskey. Bob Dylan wrote songs for that voice. So did Tom Waits. So did Beck. So did Blur.

A few days later I saw her as a whispy youth, thirty years young at a Lower Manhattan cocktail party—draping herself gracefully, sluttily around anyone with a light, a hit, a come-on. Both nights she clutched a pack of Marlboro Lights like they were her mother, her lover, her lifeline. Without those cigarettes to hold on to, one got the feeling she'd evaporate into the night.

We all get through somehow.

I had an epiphany then, for better or worse. We all get through somehow. Whether you're getting by with ignorance, nicotine, heroin, sex, food or religion, you're an addict.

"Get addicted to Jesus. Get addicted to art. Get Addicted to Love."

Life is just too rough to tough out alone. Off the record, I spent the last year zonked out of my head on every anti-depressant ever invented. And those fuckers are expensive. Watching Marianne, I thought why not heroin? why not cigarettes? At least they're more organic, natural remedies. I know they RUIN LIVES, but life is ruination. Why not fuckin' ride it?

People on Prozac are boring. They meet boring people, they have boring lives, they write boring songs, screenplays, stories. People who medicate sub-legally have much more interesting things to say and do. And then they write Broken English, Naked Lunch and A Clockwork Orange.

Get addicted to Jesus. Get addicted to art. Get Addicted to Love. But stay off those western meds, man! Give me methadone before Prozac. Pretty soon half the population (the rich half) will be medicated on these anti-life drugs and telling us we can't smoke cigarettes or pot or opium—nature's life preservers. And we poor folk will have to get high off donuts and candy bars til our serotonin is through the roof and our bodies swell with fat and cancers but they won't care. We're taking up two seats on the Greyhound, not next to them on AirFrance.

And they'll keep wringing their hands, asking "Why is rock dead? What happened to the theater? Is Jennifer Lopez really the Best Actress?" Until they don't care about that either.

Ah, hell. We all get through somehow. Who am I to preach? Let them eat Prozac.

Hear ye hear ye!! Announcing a fabulous new strippers-and-their-pets feature.... Once a month we'll pick a photo of you with your snake-hedgehogcanary-horse-cat-dog etc. BOYFRIENDS DO NOT COUNT! Send your cutest photo to EXOTIC c/o Viva, 818 SW 3rd Ave. #1324, Portland, OR 97204. Please include your stripper name, pet's name and where you work. Sorry, photos CANNOT be returned, so get doubles! X





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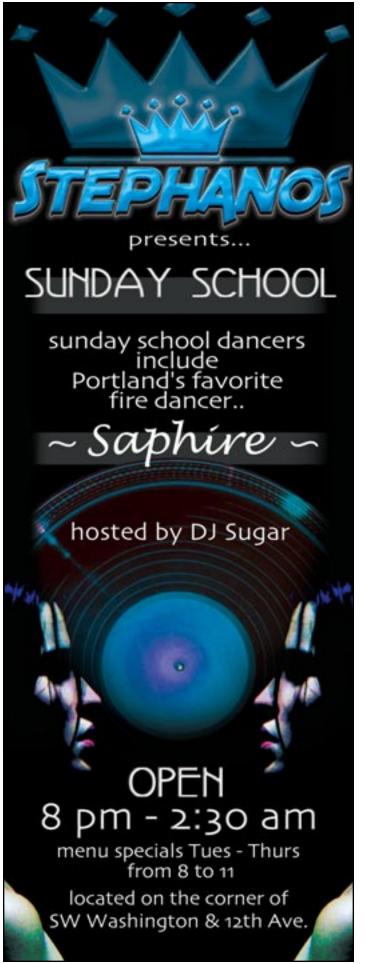
The next meeting of Oregon A.C.E. is scheduled for Tuesday, January 7th, 4pm at Boogie Woogie's downtown. A complimentary lunch will be served after the meeting.

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.









advice from DEMI MONDRINE

I'm not tough enough to be a stripper.
My body was a tight and long stretch
of 19 year-old conquest material when I
stomped into "Billy's," a roachy dive on
the West Side of Manhattan. The AC/DC

thudding out its open door lured me in.

It was a Sunday night. The girl on stage looked like a sleepy goat with a fried tuft of bleached hair done up with ribbon in a cupie doll ponytail on top of her head. The songs she danced to rocked and pounded in the smoky room but she swayed her walleyed bargain boob job in a slow eighties two-step.

Sitting at the bar, I must've said something wise-ass about how I could do better and blah-blah because ten minutes after I got my jack-and-coke I had a job. Well, a dare.

I was the only virgin girl in the place.... virgin stripper, that is. The bartender and the bar manager said that if I could do three songs right then without falling on my face, I could have a shift.

I was nineteen. Nothing scared me. I scoffed and peeshawed and went to the bathroom to 'get ready.' And nearly heaved my precious whiskey in the toilet.

"OhGodOhGodOhGod...." Rarely had my bluff been called when I mouthed off. Usually I was just looking for an easy laugh or a free drink. Now I actually had to throw down. I don't know what was making me so nervous. I didn't care about being seen naked or being seen dancing, but now not only did I have to do both, I had to be fucking good at it. What the fuck did that mean? I had five minutes

My first song came up. "I Wish You Were a Beer" by the Cycle Sluts From Hell. My hands were numb and shaking so I held on to the pole for the first three minutes. I had on a torn up Ramones T-shirt, a bad stretchy black mini skirt, thigh-high fishnets and cowboy boots, topped off with a dark gray pirate scarf and hoop earrings. Total eighties street chic. I did a back bend to take off my tee-shirt and stupid head scarf.

Next song, "Submission" by the Sex Pistols, I rolled my skirt condomlike down my legs with my ass to the audience. Someone hooted. "I'm doin' it!" I thought. Someone hooted again and I sadly realized a game was on TV behind the bar. Great

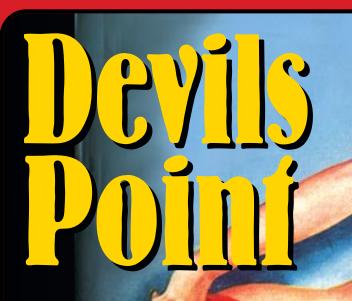
By the last song, Joan Jett's version of "I Wanna Be Your Dog", I thought I had a pretty good handle on things. I just had to look cool while getting my bra off. But then I noticed something terrible. It seemed that almost no one was paying any attention to me. There were four faces at the rack bobbing their heads to the music and some that I could see out of the reach of the lights, but some were keeping an eye on the game, some were chatting. Fuck me! Here I was, ripping my clothes off and trying to look cool and not fall and the bar wasn't at its feet adoring me for doing it. Fuckers! Fucking stupid big mouth!

My last song was halfway done. "This is a nightmare," I thought. But still I gave it my all til' the last lick. I shimmied and rolled my hips at no one, crawled like Madonna in "Express Yourself" and ended in a full split at the top of the stage with my arms up in mock victory.

People cheered and at final tally I made eighty-three bucks. Not bad. They gave me a few shifts but I only danced seven more times before I quit. I realized that although it might look easy, it takes a special thickness of skin and social fearlessness to dance naked for money. Beauty and a high hard ass help, but if you can't deal with how people view you (or DON'T view you) and you're a bigmouthed egomaniac like myself, keep your clothes on.

Some of the most incredibly strong and centered women I know have marched miles through sticky piles of dollars in their crazy heels under red lights through bar haze. Hats off to you, girls. I will never again claim any prowess over a dancer. I'm pretty sure I suck at it.

Hey Ashana.... you were right about how M&Ms help. But I gotta say lately they haven't been doin' it for me. I miss you, Lady. xoxo.



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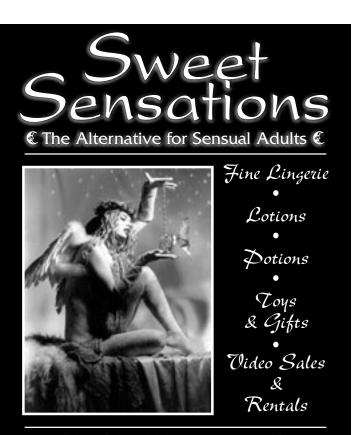
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Sunday nights at Sinferno Cabaret are a descent into a crowded salon of fleshy desire where fashionably tattooed, pierced, black clad attendees in various stages of alienation parade their physical wares before the unforgiving marketplace of venereal hipness. The air is awash with molecules of lust as flashes of tattoos on pale skin, electricians'-taped nipples and naked female torsos appear and re-appear while stage lights and deafening DJ Addiction-powered techno-slam cuts through this smoke-filled chamber of dissolution. Suicide Girl Siren is introduced by MC Kristine Levin and begins moving to the music in a topless satanic-hula-mistress costume with an ornate red Mardi Gras mask and a flowing skirt of green fabric shreds. Her body is decorated with pieces of red tape upon which are written the words "LUST", "SEX", "SAVE ME", "SIN", "BELIEVE IN ME", "SADNESS" and "TOLERANCE." The tape is removed at random and thrown into the audience while the scent of libido hangs heavy in the air.

The Suicide Girls. Within the cultural chasm created by a formulaic, fetish-cheap, shaved and augmented L.A. sex industry has blossomed this unassuming group of honest-togoodness girls-next-door, accidentally spawning a wildly popular, female centric, reality-based porn movement. And Portland is ground zero.

A feature on the Portland-based Suicide Girls in the Feb. 2003 *Spin* magazine entitled "The Punk Pornographers" is just the latest installment in a building swell of laudatory media attention focused on this loosely knit network of web-enabled übergirls who have been defying and re-defining the porn-industry's uninspired one-dimensional depiction of female beauty. Since its launch in September of 2001 by Spooky and Missy, two website designers who started the site as a diversion, Suicide Girls has attracted a number of media heavies from MTV and *Nightline* to *Playboy* magazine, and a fanbase of over 300,000 visitors per month.

"Missy and I both had some experience building websites but nothing in the adult realm, mostly mainstream media sites and that kind of thing," Spooky remembers. "When we moved to Portland there was not a lot of work in that so we decided to create our own site with some of our friends just as sort of a gag, hoping that it might pay a few of the bills or at least be sort of a fun project to work on when we weren't busy building really boring corporate sites."

Mounting attention from more than 30 FM Rock stations across the country fueled awareness of the site, and soon something that started as a joke became a worldwide phenomenon.

For \$9/month or \$48/year a subscriber can

access photosets and journals of around 100 Suicide Girls whose piercings, tatunusual looks and/or goth/punk/alternative countenances set them apart from prevailing pornstar parameters. A specific style and attitude that screams Suicide Girl is a requirement for acceptance and suggests a form of quality control on a site that is totally managed and selfproduced from within.

Chloe is a former mortgage company employee turned Suicide Girl who handles all of the shipping orders and sets up appointments to meet with the local models in addition to performing basic office duties. "We take a lot of things into consideration when choosing a Suicide Girl," she says. "They have to be somewhat intelligent of course, interesting and they have to have something to add. If a

employees it seemed natural to use the girls that were already working with us."

> Originally featuring models only from the Portland area, the site quickly garnered broader attention and began receiving applicants from remote locations worldwide. "It certainly grew in Portland the fastest and the earliest, though now Portland is really a very small market for us," says Spooky. "We have Suicide Girls from places like England, Sweden, Norway and Israel now."

Debra Jean

"If they are in Portland they have a meeting with Chloe who is one of the Suicide Girls," Spooky continues. "She is the one who meets all of the girls initially and decides whether or not they should have a second meeting. If she feels there should be a second meeting, the girls meet with her and Veronica, who is the Photoshop person and in charge of all the pictures on the site. If Chloe and Veronica both

"Models take their own pictures, edit their own pictures and decide what their pictures are going to be about. Every girl has to be self-sufficient and take care of her own image and how she wants to present herself."

girl really wants to be a Suicide Girl, is very creative with her sets and has genuine style and shows genuine effort, then we'll take her. We're not looking for anything in particular, just something that stands out."

As the only male in the company, co-founder Spooky acquiesces to the female driven machinery of the Suicide Girl steamroller. "The only employee of the company that is not a Suicide Girl is myself. Everyone else who works for us is a Suicide Girl. It's not that we've hired people and they've become Suicide Girls; it's that we've hired Suicide Girls from the beginning. When it came time to hire someone for a position, we knew the Suicide Girls and they were friends. They knew what the company was all about and it made sense to hire girls that were already involved in what we were doing. So many of the girls had volunteered to do stuff on their own without being paid in the beginning that once we had the money to hire

like the girl they schedule her for a shoot and she gets to be a Suicide Girl. If the girl lives outside of Portland then there is a different process that involves submitting photo sets via email or working with one of our remote photographers in another city. All of the remote photographers are Suicide Girls themselves. In almost any city there is a Suicide Girl already so anyone who is interested can go and talk to her about becoming a Suicide Girl."



Veronica admits that a great part of the attraction to the site for the Girls is the control over how they will be portrayed. "All the remote models take their own pictures, edit their own pictures and decide what their pictures are going to be about. Every girl has to be self-sufficient and take care of her own image and how she wants to present herself. There is none of that "hungry cumslut" image being projected onto them without their direct knowledge."

This warm fuzzy promotion-from-within, model-friendly approach pioneered by the SG folks is viewed as nothing short of insane in the traditional adult web-world. Allowing the models to have input as to how they are represented and the absence of a detached, impersonal "all business" management was predicted to be a path to ruin.

"The Suicide Girls have more say with what goes on with the site than ever before." Spooky adds proudly, "Certainly when we started it that wasn't as true as it is now because when we started it was sort of an experiment and we didn't really know what we were doing. We spent a lot

of time listening to two conflicting groups of people. People that work in the adult industry told us that we're doing it all wrong. They would say, 'You don't know what you're doing! This is a disaster! You have to charge \$35 a month! You can't let the girls say that they want to have their pictures removed and then remove them! You can't be friends with the models in any way! You can't hire models to work there! They're crazy people! They're drug addicts! etc., etc.' And then we had the models who were saying things like, 'Hey we really like the site. Why don't you do this?' or 'I want to take all of the pictures myself and just send them to

you and you put up what you think is good of me."

That the Suicide Girl image and lifestyle automatically resonates with so many implies that creators of the site accidentally tapped into a huge international adult subculture that had previously gone unnoticed. The righteous sense of community among the models and their fans inspires the company to continuously include new features on the site which increase the networking possibilities for all involved. "We have the message boards and different open forums where vou can make vour own board if you want," says Chloe. "Almost all the models keep a journal on the site and the models can comment on each other's journals. A lot of the members in different cities, especially in L.A., have become friends and they hang out and go to different events together. Also when I became a Suicide Girl I started getting out more and I started meeting a lot of the girls and started hanging out with them which was really nice. Once a month we have these get-togethers where all of the girls come

over and we have dinner and drinks and I



come to all of those. When Spooky offered me a job here that was a great thing because I could quit my boring mortgage job and do something fun."

By all reports the Suicide Girls L.A. chapter seems to have a remarkable penchant for organizing outings that have been attracting a segment of the entertainment community. "Recently 100 members of the site went to Disneyland together," Spooky says. "They organized this trip and they all went and took pictures and put them up on the site. They had a huge slumber party in L.A. where all of the members slept over at someone's house and there were like 75 people there including people like Fairuza Balk. A bunch of the girls went on MTV with Courtney Love and they opened for Andrew W.K. when he came through town. Art from Everclear has had them on the radio show. The whole thing has gotten a lot of exposure and I think that other people have sort of joined the community because of that.'

As millions of porn websites continue to push the envelope, leaving no

fetish, sexual perversion or bizarre behavior unexploited in pursuit of the pornsurfer's dollar, the Suicide Girls continue to attract attention with a relatively tame formula that seems to work. "I hear a lot of people say that they don't like pornography but they like the Suicide Girls," Veronica says. "The girls don't feel like they're being objectified in their photos and I think that's kind of the difference between pornography and the Suicide Girls. It's not negative."

No dripping labia, graphic sexual depictions or non-Suicide Girls (i.e. males) are to be found at suicidegirls.com, which automatically imparts

an atypical, almost retro quality to the site. The music webzine "Glorious Noise" describes the site quite simply as "a community of young punk girls who are occasionally photographed in states of undress and the people who love them."

"When I think of pornography I think of spread shots and facials and things like that," Chloe adds. "This is very tame. The pictures are a lot more "pinup" style than anything else. It reminds me of something that Betty Page would do. It's something that I feel comfortable being involved in and of course all of the other girls do, too. All of the girls can use their own freedom and creativity and there is nobody telling them what to do. Women are portrayed in other ways than just as bodies. They can keep their journals and their profiles that say something about them. I have had numerous members tell me that they joined because they just had a lot in common with the girls. It's something very different than anything else that is going on right now."





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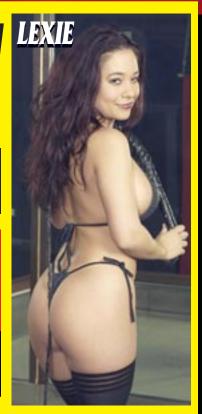
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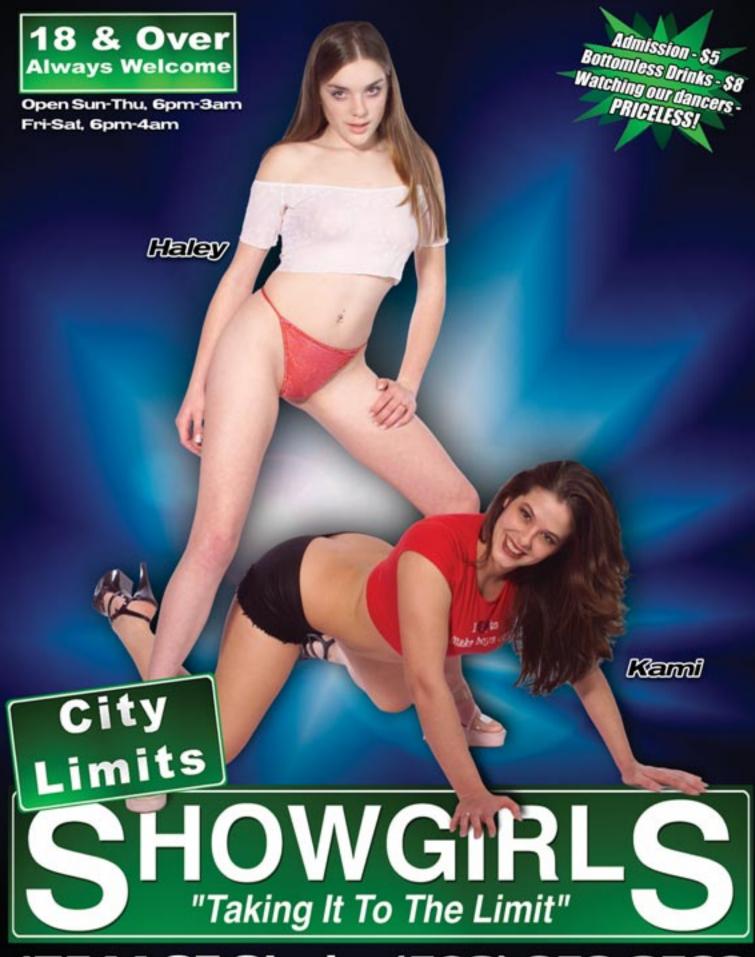
> > PK is the ringleader. He is very young, but that's just his excuse for being such a smart ass. His lead is so easy to follow that before you know it you're in a lot of trouble.

Scooter is usually the person that falls in the deepest: falling prey to most of the pranks... but that's okay, love will keep him together.

Then there is Sonie. God bless Sonie. If it weren't for her, these boys would poke their eyes out. She's super sexy and smart enough to keep PK at a distance. Fear is not seen anywhere around this lady. She's keepin' it real for all the girls.

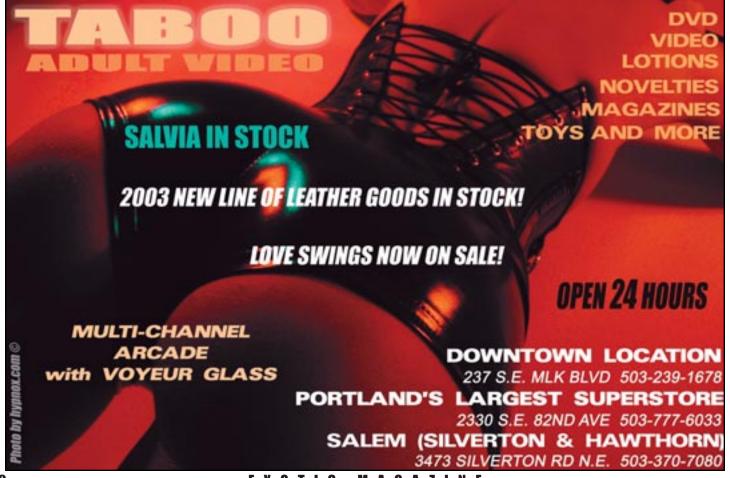
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20	THURSDAY local adult	EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE OPENMIC COMEDY © DEVILS POINT 9pm	EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 3RD & BURNSIDE OPEN MIC COMEDY @ DEVILS POINT 9pm	EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTES - 380 & DUNSIDE A.C.E. Fundraiser © Cleopatra S Viewpoint - 8pm GINGER LYNN © Stars Cabaret in Beaverton - 5pm	27 EXOTICA-GO-GO DANTE'S - 3RD & BURNSIDE OPEN MIC COMEDY © DEWIS POINT 9pm
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^{By} Flagstone Walker

Back in 1963 when I was downing a couple of six-packs of Blitz every night and flunking out of the University of Oregon during the day a friend of mine

dropped by my apartment with a 16mm
Bolex camera. He was also flunking out and had decided to take

off to L.A. and get in the business of making porn films.

At that time it was not illegal as long as the films didn't go too far. I can't remember the exact parameters, but basically it definitely meant no penetration scenes and I think the girls had to have their bushes covered. In any case, he showed me a pretty high quality five minute black-and-white scene of a couple of U of O students snuggling naked and licking each other across the tops of their underwear. Pretty strong stuff then.

The guy invited me to join his enterprise since I had a job at the university as a still photographer and had recently dabbled in cinemaphotography with his Bolex. After he split we lost contact with each other so I don't know what ever happened to him. Guess he went into porn while I, after my final string of F's, joined the Marine Corps and wound up in Vietnam with a Nikon taking pictures of

his boots. Then on initiation night the pledge leans over, grabs his balls and gets the shit whacked out of him by his big brother. The bond is then sealed and he becomes a member of the fraternity. How sweet.

At an apartment off campus a guy standing around outside says a porn couple "just had sex in my room and I'm

thinking about the sheets." Then he goes off on a charming rant about how wonderful it is for the cameras to be on him cause he's gonna be a rock star soon and be on VH-1. "I'll do anything to get my name out there," he says, puffing on a cigarette. [Note to

Shane's World: The least you could do is contact this poor guy and get him to cut a couple of tunes for background music in your next campus invasion.]

Two girls who let the porn crew into their dorm room gig-

gle and laugh when invited to join in the festivities. A porn stud offers up his dick. One of the girls, after much bibble-babbling around, lightly flicks the tip of his tool with her tongue, then turns away laughing. This tousle-haired cute coed is totally shocked she actually went through with it, when of course by porn standards this is the equivalent of a neck rub in a chair at the mall.



The girls invite a few more students in the room, then lock the door 'cause a crowd has gathered in the hallway wanting to get in. There's lots of knocking on

"What we're doing here is a porno version of the Make a Wish Foundation. We're making your dreams come true."

grunts blasting away at the Viet Cong out in the boonies. So in a way we both shot porn.

That flash from the past popped into my mind when I watched *Campus Invasion* from Shane's World. This company pulled off a brilliant marketing scam (see January's *Exotic*). Shane's World picked Indiana University for an on-campus porno because it was named the nation's No. 1 party school last year by the *Princeton Review*. This in itself is pretty funny. As long as I can remember, magazines like *Playboy* and *Rolling Stone* have sent out annual decrees naming one university or another the top party school. But the *Princeton Review* is better known for its manuals on how to get higher scores on the SAT so you can get into a high-powered college and rise above the animal house atmosphere of the top party schools.

The porn crew breezed onto the IU campus in Bloomington and treated a few students to blow jobs in a dormitory. Some frat boys had a great time with their hack paddles but those scenes were not shot in the fraternity.

Shane's World bills this as a "documentary" but goes to great extremes to erase any hint of where the film was shot. Throughout the film the faces of students are blocked out. All the IU college logos on baseball caps and

sweatshirts are blurred. This is probably an overreaction but understandable since IU officials considered taking legal action against Shane's World.

The vid opens with several pornbabes getting interviewed on the IU campus radio station. As they hover over the college DJ he says, "There's lots of perks on this job most students would never think about." He adds that the future is looking brighter for him, and says he'd like to interview Belladonna but "she has a mouth full right now." Bella's getting a pussy licking from another girl.

The scenes shift back and forth between the campus and the usual Shane's World studio shots. Most of the campus party scenes involve contests between students eating porn pussy and animal house horseplay with frat rats chugging beer and hooting and hollering "git that nooky" and "hit the bull's-eye" and "bite her ass." The contest winners are taken to a bedroom and treated to blow jobs. I found it interesting that all the lucky boys wore boxer shorts, not briefs. Watching the satisfaction of this one nerdy guy who probably hasn't had as much as a date since he got to college is worth the price of this DVD.

The hack paddling scene on a porn doll is also priceless, worth rewatching in slow-mo about five times from different angles. I never joined a fraternity and always wondered about the homoerotic implications of the hack paddle. Each frat member is assigned a pledge who shines up a hack paddle like a recruit shines



the door. At one point we hear somebody outside say "We're calling the police." The girls, to their credit, don't get panicked. They continue to play games with the pornies.

The best student performance comes from "Party Bob." A porn fan from way back, he really gets into it. He gets hacked by one of the girls and screams for more. "C'mon, wind that up, fuck me up good." Then he bumps into Mr. Marcus and goes ape shit. Mr. Marcus is his idol and now he's drinking beer with him and making porn. Party Bob is in seventh heaven. Mr. Marcus autographs Party Bob's beer mug for him. Mr. Marcus then delivers the best line I've heard in a porn film: "What we're doing here is a porno version of the Make a Wish Foundation. We're making your dreams come true."

Regular readers of this column know that I have been ripping into the porn industry for all the crap they put out and their incredible pretentiousness about their artistic capabilities. All I can say is congratulations to Shane's World for turning out a great, uh, documentary. And yet what makes this a terrific porn film is not the porn. It's simply fucking real.

Let's give Party Bob the last word. He throws his head back in a state of ecstacy while getting a blow job and says: "Fuck class. All they do is talk all day long."





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Voung, Loud & Snotty (Dead Boys) or how to hear your exploding hearts!

by viva las vegas

"Portland's been tweaking the pop/garage/punk formula forever now, and these guys got it as right as it's gonna get!"

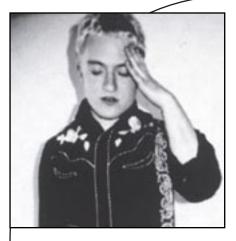
Have you ever wished you were in Liverpool when the Beatles were sleeping around? Or in London when the Clash were scanning the musician classifieds? Or in Birmingham when the Buzzcocks were buzzcocking each other? Do your favorite 45's come and go as quick as a hit of nitrous? Then the EXPLODING HEARTS are for you!!

Born in the back of the Spider Babies' shitty van less than three years ago, the Exploding Hearts already have the cream of the punk chick crop in the front row at all their shows. With songs like "(Making) Teenage Faces" and "Rumours in Town" they have beguiled pretty pop rockers with catchy and tuneful promises of punk love, back seat grope fests, shit-faced proms and the like. They caught on so fast that their first LP *Guitar Romantic* was instantly dubbed record of the year and KNRK had the Hearts as their very first in-house band. The boys played two hours worth of outros, a sensitive acoustic set and were interviewed by Art Alexakis from that other big local pop-rock outfit, Everclear. Daria from *The Gustav and Daria Show* even let them look at her "gynormous and beautiful rack for a really long time!"

And so should you. These guys have punk rock pedigrees (Adam was in Coco Cobra and the Killers) and are as dreamy as all hell. They're unemployed, eat burritos and would love to smoke your pot.

I tried to track them down after a show in support of the Bangs from Olympia (who fuckin' rule!). But this mod and moody bunch had stormed off the stage after only four two-minute songs and were long gone by the time I got my tequila. So I cornered them at Tennessee Red's, where they can often be found drinking anything you'll buy them.

It was karaoke night. Every chick in the bar was singing Indigo Girls' "Closer to Fine" when I arrived and from there it only got worse. But the undeniable charm of this undeniably great band distracted me completely (until this girl crawled on the bar in front of us with her big white ass half out of her pants shouting at the bewildered crowd something very Pat Benatar and then did a Stevie Nicks). After one hour and three rounds I felt like I had lived A Hard Day's Night. Here's the final score: Adam is the cute one. Matt is the hot one. Terry is the dreamboat. And the Kid is the drummer and we all know we should NEVER DATE THE DRUMMER!!!



auitar, vocals age: 23 sign: Leo hair color: Blonde

favorite record: Dead Boys' Young, Loud

and Snotty

status: "Seeking drunken ho's."

what are you looking for in a girl? "A car, a 401K plan, and a yard I can run my dog in." worst drunk disaster: "After Coco Cobra and the Killers played New Year's Eve at Satyricon, I ended up

at Union Jack's, totally obliterated and wearing a Mexican wrestling mask sideways so I couldn't see. I decided it would be a good idea to get up on stage and

dance. Suddenly I'm out on Burnside and this giant Russian motherfucker is kicking my ass. I'll get you you fucking tail-eating Russian motherfuckers! After he layed me out and left, I got up and decided to beat the crap out of this red Miata...you know...Russia, red....anyway the Miata's a piece of crap and has PLASTIC windows, so instead of breaking the windows, I broke my hand."

what strip clubs can we find you at? "I used to work at Sassy's and Doc's."

fuck any strippers while you were there? "NO COMMENT!" favorite stripper song of all time: "Eat Me Out" by GG Allin.

favorite stripper outfit: Punk rock redux, fishnets, leather mini. "When the girls look like they're in the X-Ray Spex and shit! I love all the cute punk rock chicks in town. Ooohhh, I love you."

favorite bands of the last few years: The Riffs, The Spits

what color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them? "Black boxer briefs. But I'd take 'em off for you."

quote: "If any girls wanna get stoned with the Exploding Hearts they can totally

do that. We fuckin' LOVE to smoke pot with strippers in their cars."



drums age: 26

sign: Capricorn

hair color: Dark, long and curly. favorite record: First two Big Star

records.

status: undecided

worst drunk disaster: "I was

at the Matador and this guy was bugging this cute chick so I beaned him with my pint glass. It hit him right in the forehead. Blood was erupting everywhere. Angelo had me arrested and they threw me into detox. After I proved that I was totally sober I went around the corner to some shithole on MLK and Burnside and got smashed."

what strip clubs can we find you in? "Mary's Club. Magic Garden. I used to work at Paradise Video. The best thing that ever happened to me at Paradise Video was getting fired."

favorite stripper song: Anything by Alex Chilton.

what color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them? Black briefs.

cool tattoo: Amongst many other bitchin' tattoos, the Kid has half a woman—the *lower* half—tattooed on his inner shoulder. She's naked and bent over, blood cascading gracefully from her asshole. Above it says PUNKIN'. Nice!



TERRY SIXX!

age: 22

sign: Aries

hair color: Black curly shag. Very Keith Richards. Totally dreamy. favorite record: Exploding Hearts' Guitar Romantic

status: single

what are you looking for in a girl? "If she can take me, I'll take her. Plus she has to have brains, ass and breasts."

brains? why brains? "Cuz then you can fuck her brains out." worst drunk disaster? "Last week at our show, involving booze, girls, cocaine, drugs and hair. I made out with a girl who hates me. Now she loves me." [Hair? -ed.]

favorite stripper song: Rolling Stones' "Beast of Burden"

what color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them?

"None since noon."

sweet ride: 1985 Volvo DL



MATLOCK!

age: 22 sign: Aquarius

hair color: Dark brown, mousy and hot!

favorite record: Crime's San Francisco's Doomed [make me a tape! -ed.]

status: stoned

what are you looking for in a girl? Brains and ass. worst drunk disaster: [off the record]

favorite stripper song: "Too Fast for Love"

favorite stripper outfit: White stockings and a leather jacket.

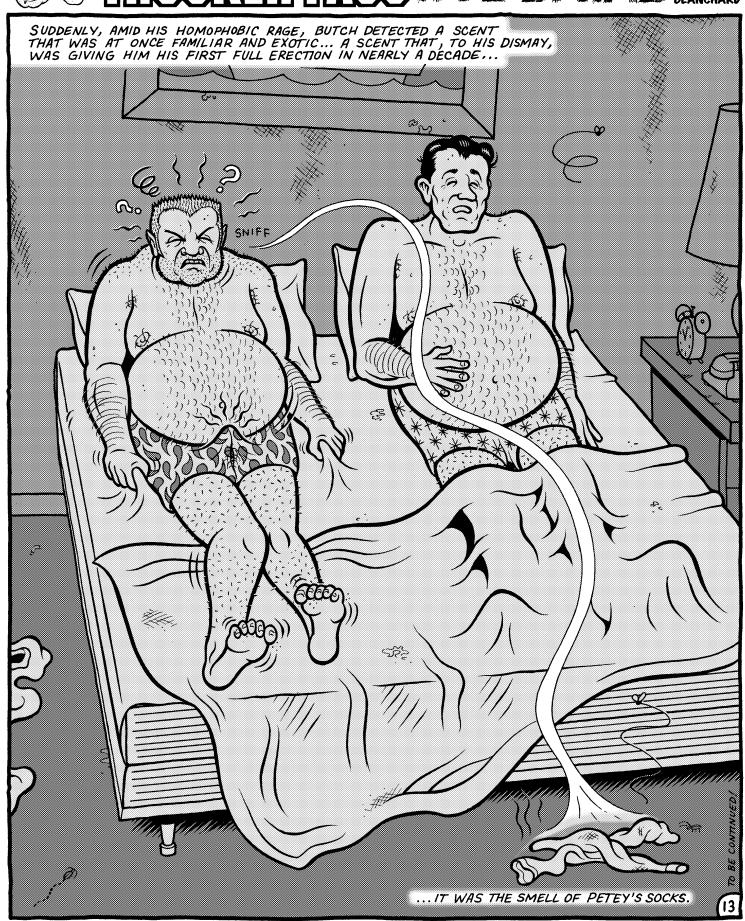
what color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them? Yellow for twelve hours.



On March 10th, Dirtnap Records will release Guitar Romantic on CD. The best pop rock to come out in twenty years, Guitar Romantic looks great covered with your collection of punk buttons, on the floor with your Riffs t-shirt and Sex Pistol panties or on the wall next to your Nick Lowe poster. Portland's been tweaking the pop/garage/punk formula forever now, and these guys got it as right as it's gonna get!

Catch the Exploding Hearts LIVE at the Blackbird on Valentine's Day. They'll be playing spin the bottle onstage, so pick your favorite and cross your fingers!

STORY BY JIM GOAD ART BY JIM BLANCHARD





Severina Productions 8 &



Spartacus Leathers

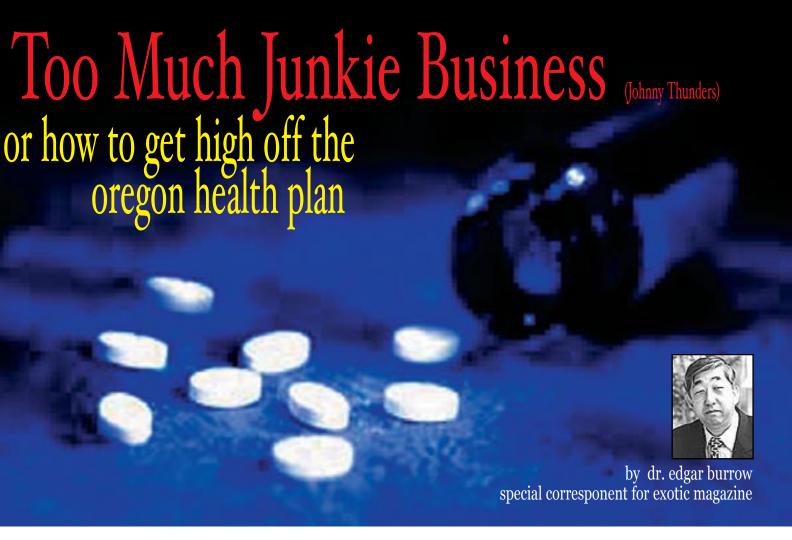
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Everyone looooooves Vicodin. And its cousins Percocet, Oxycontin, Darvocet, Demerol, Methadone, etc. That's because they're all opiate-based drugs. The mother molecule is opium which is refined into heroin. The aforementioned synthetic opiates work similarly, giving a sense of euphoria to the user, but without the physical and psychological stigma of having to use a needle. And at about fifty cents per pill, it's an easy way to maintain a low-grade opiate addiction. Vicodin is the second-most widely prescribed drug in the U.S. and it's the most frequently prescribed drug on OHP.

So what's the scam? How does one get high off the Oregon Health Plan? Well, here's how it works.

First you have to be poor, or prove you're poor. Not just working-class poor. No, OHP won't help you out if you're a hard-working stiff that just needs insulin or excision of a nasty tumor. You gots to be filthy poor. Take yourself to the level of Lori Pond and Michelle Duffy, throw in a chronic methamphetamine habit, let your teeth rot out and you're getting close. Make Jeff Foxworthy's *You Might Be a Redneck If...* album your personal mantra and make sure you have about three or four illegiti-

mate children. Extra points for morbid obesity and poor hygiene. Once you've done your part to make the world a worse groove on, and you just aren't clearing enough on the dole.

Apply for OHP. It's not hard to do. Just

"Concoct a plausible story and know how to fa injury. You don't have to be a Julliard-traine sake don't overdo it. Doctors aren't stu

place, I'm sure you'll feel that the state owes you a favor. Society really screwed you, after all, so it's high time they paid up. How can the state expect you to survive on that measly SSI check? You gots to get your

walk into any hospital ER with a runny nose and they'll sign you up for it. A social worker will come down to the ER and take care of all that annoying paperwork for you. After that, just sit on your can for four to six weeks until your OHP card and paperwork arrive. Hell, you weren't planning on looking for a job anyway!

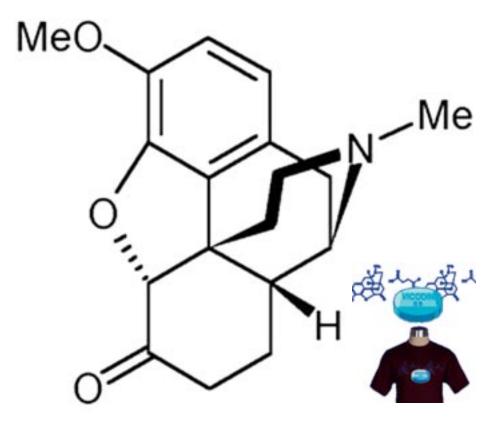
When your paperwork arrives, OHP will tell you to get assigned to a PCP (Primary Care Provider). Ignore this. Most M.D.'s, dentists and healthcare professionals in private practices don't take OHP. Why not? Because they reimburse providers' bills at about thirty cents for every dollar submitted. I don't know anyone who will work for one-third wages and that's why you won't be able to find a regular doctor. [Interestingly enough, OHP bitches about the fact that there aren't enough doctors for their patients. Now you know the reason why. Not only do they not pay for shit, but they add insult to injury by dumping filthy indigents onto the clinic's nice clean office furniture. Providence Health Plan quietly ejected almost all of their OHP clients, as did Kaiser, if this is any indication of how big of a money-loser OHP is.]

This is not a problem. OHP says you can go anywhere for treatment if you can't find a PCP, which we've already established will occur. That means that you can go to the ER or Urgent Care and get seen right away. You may have to wait behind somebody with a heart attack or multiple gunshot wounds, but you've got real problems too.

Now, one cannot go into the ER or Urgent Care and just request Vicodin outright. However, a simple complaint of a migraine, lower-back pain, or other minor injury will generally get you a nice stash. Make sure you concoct a plausible story and know how to fake the symptoms of an injury. You don't have to be a Julliard-trained actor and for shit's sake don't overdo it. Doctors aren't stupid, you know. Once you know how to get your goodies, make sure you move around to different

ake the symptoms of an ed actor and for shit's pid, you know."

ER's and Urgent Cares around the city. You can usually hit them once or twice a month without arousing suspicion. The hundreds of Vicodin that you score can then be used



for your own personal enjoyment or sold on the street for a tidy profit. OHP will pick up the tab. Your only investment is time and bus fare or gas money.

This scheme will also work if you prefer Xanax or other Valium-like sedatives. These are popular amongst meth-heads

because they help you come down after a hard night of car-prowls and creating bastard children. Just complain of anxiety and stress. Saying something along the lines of "I feel the walls closing in around me" will generally nail it.

So there you have it. That's how you get high on the tax-payers' tab. This scheme will work with most other insurance plans, too.

Sound implausible? An Oregon State Auditor told me about a medication use study that basically confirmed how widespread the problem is. The study took a random sampling of OHP patients and tracked their Vicodin use. They found that based on the number of Vicodin pills bought versus the number of patients, Vicodin use was close to THIRTY tablets per client per day. This is not to say that every patient used that much. It was just a

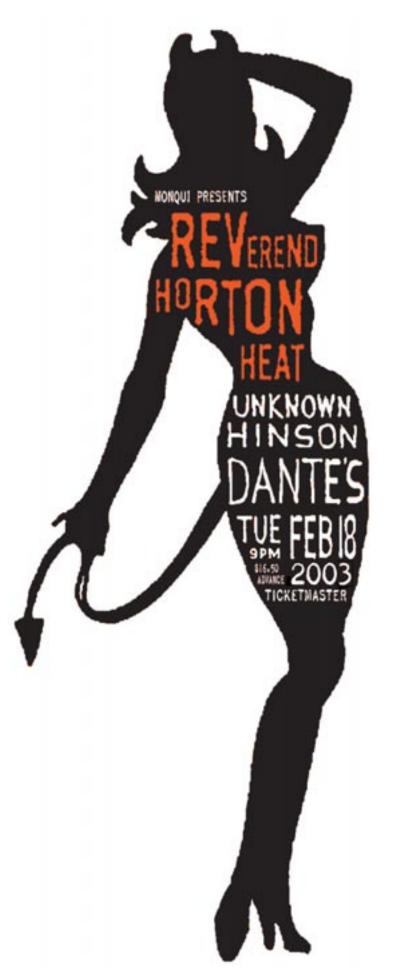
few individuals burning through hundreds of pills per month, using the scam I've mentioned.

So go for it! Still scared? Let's be clear that OHP is doing nothing about this. They're tied down with budgetary and administrative concerns and the fear of lit-



igation has paralyzed them. After all, in order to determine if one is abusing prescription medicines, a chart review has to occur and that's fraught with all sorts of privacy and confidentiality issues.

Private HMO's and insurance plans do random reviews of their clients and red flags are raised if they notice that a person is burning through hundreds of Vicodin tablets per month. The client can then be ejected from the health plan and prosecut-



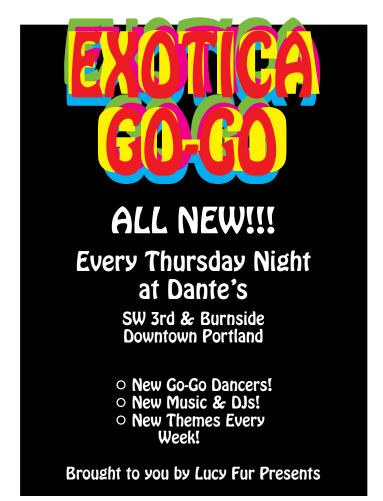
ed for felony-level insurance fraud if sufficient evidence exists, but most of the time, their physician is notified. The physician then reviews the prescription record and will halt or taper their prescribing practices. But bear in mind that this is only true for private HMO's. OHP rarely engages in this process, so very few drugseekers are caught.



The easiest way to catch OHP drug-seekers is to simply call the pharmacy. Most pharmacies are coordinating all of their data on to one common nationwide database. Not only is it easier to safely dispense accurate and timely prescriptions, but an entire history of prescriptions can be tracked. A person can be trying this scam in multiple cities and states, but the record of their drug use will always follow them, making them very easy to catch. Some are prosecuted for insurance fraud, some for theft of service, some for abuse of prescription drugs. Some are stupid enough to alter their prescriptions or try phoning fake prescriptions in to the pharmacy, like Florida Governor Jeb Bush's daughter, who attempted to get Xanax and was easily caught. Here in Portland, a man was shot dead on Broadway in a dispute over prescription drugs.

But don't worry. OHP rarely catches drug-seekers. They have no motivation to do so, as long as they are funded by the taxpayers. However, the Oregon Health Plan is undergoing radical budget cuts, so hurry.

NOW is the time to get high off the OHP.











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Whatz Crackin'? By J.Mack

I hat's up music lovers, club hoppers, fly-girls and homeboyz? It's time to put something in the wind and roll wit' me. I'm about to take you on a trip through the local and national entertainment scene. I will also give you the 411 about Snoop Dogg's new cut that's clownin' Suge Night in a major way. But first.........

The Local Shizz

As I take a real cool look at things around town, I am beginning to notice that Portland, Oregon is slowly but surely about to become one of the next music meccas of our time. There are some real tight recording artists here that if given the chance to be on a major label would be sure to blow up! Big concert promoters are also finding a great deal of success in the Portland music market. The cool thing about this is that we will be able to check out artists and groups that have normally skipped over P-Town.

Even though Jammin 95.5 has had it's share of critics (including myself), they still play a major roll in giving the city that musical boost it was missing for years. Their DJs have also played a huge part in the recent success of some of the nightclubs in Portland, Vancouver and Salem. I have also noticed that there has been a lot less drama at the clubs lately. It's like people are finally starting to party again and let all the bullshit go!

Since Portland is an international city, the variety of beautiful women is something that continues to shock the shit out of most out-of-towners. That's one of the main reasons I chose to add the "Honey of Month" article to my monthly Mack Report.

The National Stiznuff

Robert Kelly, better known as R.Kelly, is back in the headlines and it's not because of his music. Homeboy is already facing 21 counts of child pornography, but now he's facing 12 more. Recently while filming a video in Miami, FL, Rob was arrested at his hotel and charged for more porno offenses. Police found 12 photos of a young nekkid chick at R.Kellys house. Three of the pictures show him and this girl doing some thangz and the other nine are of her booty-butt-nekkid. Each picture is considered a felony with a maximum punishment of 5 years a pop. If convicted on these new charges, Rob could be facing up to 60 years in prison. There ain't that much freaky shit in the world that would make me give my life to the feds. This cat needs to start checking I.D.s or somethin' 'cause he's about to be assed out for real! He is currently out of jail after posting \$12,000 bail. His first trial hasn't even started yet and now this. He is this month's official winner of the "What the Fuck Were You

Thinking?" award. Good luck at your trials, Rob.

Angie Martinez, the sexy hip-hop diva, has just announced that she is about to be a mama. She hasn't revealed who the baby's daddy is, but after checking out her new video "Take You Home" it appears that Angie is not just bold and to the point, baby girl is horny as all hell. Listen to her words. According to her record label, Nokio from the group Dru Hill is the lucky bastard and poppa to be. I'll keep you posted. Congrats girl!

Snoop Dogg has recently released one of his best albums in a while entitled Paid tha Cost To Be da BO\$\$. The Dogg Father is in rare form on this one. You can tell he took his time on it and isn't holding anything back. His album is currently #14 on the Billboard Hot 100 charts. One of the songs that really got my attention was a joint called "Pimp Slapp'd" The whole song is about how Snoop feels about his former boss, Deathrow's Suge Night. Snoop has never lyrically lashed out at Mr. Night until now. He's calling dude every name in the book, challenging him to a fight, revealing Suge's other name, and basically telling him how he really feels.

couldn't believe some of shit that Snoop said, but my boy got heart! If you haven't heard it yet, you're missing out. Mr. Doggy Dogg is this month's winner of the "I've Got KING-KONG BALLS" award!!!

Nicole Kidman was recently seen shopping in NYC with the debonair rapper Q-Tip. According to witnesses the two of them were holding hands, exchanging kisses and hugs, and basically not given a damn about who saw them. It was also reported that Nicole appeared to be extremely happy. My guess is that Q put his Tip in that "Vibrant Thang" and gave her ass new life. As for Ms. Kidman's ex hubby Tom Cruise, it has been rumored that he is seriously taking on a recording career and has been working on his new album *I Got the Baby Mama Blues*. His first single is called "She Went Black and Ain't Came Back." I'll let you know when it hits the streetz. Yeah right!!

The "Honey of the Month"

This month's award goes to the beautiful Kiona of Club Exotica International. Not only is she fine, but this honey is also highly intelligent. She is a student by day and a dancer by night. Kiona recently got her MA at the Concord Career Institute and will soon be going back to school to get her RN. She will definitely be the sexiest nurse in the business. You go baby!!!!

The Biggest Party in FEBRUARY...

...taking place Sunday, February 16th inside the V.I.P. Room of Club Exotica. Featuring Deejay Joe T spinning all the latest cuts, reggae, R&B and old school hip-hop. The party will be hosted by your's truly and you know how I get down. Lots of fun wit absolutely no bullshit! Dress to Impress!! 21 and over. I'll see you there!!!

Don't forget to check me out in next month's magazine!

I'll catch you up on all the latest local and national music news. I'll have photos of the 112, Avant, and MR Cheeks concert and afterparty. I'll also be featuring a new "Honey of the Month" so if you know someone that you think qualifies, email me and tell me why. Feel free to join my mailing list. If you have any questions or comments holla at ya boy at whatzcrackin_j@hotmail.com

I'm Out One Love,

J.MACK

EXOTIC









Last year's 4th Annual Fetish Masquerade Ball

For information on the 5th annual Fetish Masquerade Ball to be held this Feb. 14th see page 73



Photos by Carl Geers 503-515-1905

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FEBRUARY A.C.E. NEWS

ON THE ORGANIZATIONAL FRONT

Our recent meeting on January 7th at Boogie Woogie's restaurant downtown saw presentation of all organization documents showing ACE as a legitimate non-profit agency in the State of Oregon. Other documents presented to ACE members were copies of the legal briefs filed by ACE legal team to start the long process of fighting restrictive legislation aimed at restricting our industry and reducing it's profitability. How many of you out their can stay in business with lower revenue than you now make? My suspicions say not a lot of you. The meeting saw election of ACE officials. They are as follows;

Claude Decorsi - President Rick Kalles - Vice President Christopher Lloyd Baron - Secretary Augustina Mourelatos - Treasurer Sheena "The Super Hotty" - Party Consultant

Our number one goal set at the meeting is the development of an ACE membership benefits package. Once developed and agreed upon, ACE members will set out two or three days a month to visit every non-member adult business seeking your membership in this organization dedicated to protecting you. Our benefits package will include at least one fundraising event in your business designed to raise cash for ACE legal battles and increase revenue in your business. Done correctly, your membership fee may be returned to you by the profits of your fundraiser making your admission to ACE free & fun!

ACE members are encouraged to send at least one delegate to each meeting. Each meeting provides a chance to share information on legal issues, recent law enforcement contact as well as the chance to network with other adult industry owners & managers. I have seen a number of fences mended over our post-meeting cocktail socials.

ON THE LEGAL FRONT

Both the legal briefs filed in response to the new distance laws in Nyssa, Oregon and the ridiculous "lewd behavior" (no self-touching of breasts etc.) pending in Multonomah & Washington Counties are in for a long haul. It could be up to a year before see rulings on these by the courts involved. Should the court uphold either one (or god forbid-both) you could start seeing some really stupid laws being enacted. For most of you barely hanging on financially-you will probably be put out of business. That simple. For the rest, constant law enforcement harassment will become the norm. Our most immediate goal is to raise the money for legal injunctions to prevent law enforcement ticketing until the legal issues are resolved. Our fundraising parties are one way to accomplish this.

What can I do?

Simple. Get involved. Entertainers with special skills/shows are needed to donate performances at our monthly ACE sponsored parties (see below for next party). Fire performers, well-known local entertainers are needed to perform and attend these fun events. Theme shows are especially welcome. Call the numbers below to see what you can do. Remember, you stand to lose the most by this restrictive legislation.

Rick Kalles Vice President Oregon Association of Club Executives 503-330-0784

UPCOMING ACE EVENTS

MONTHLY ACE MEETING

Tuesday, February 4th at 4pm Dante's, 1 SW 3rd & Burnside Downtown Portland • (503) 226-6630

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Call Rick @ 503-330-0784 for further information on either event.

CURRENT ACE MEMBERS

Cleopatra's Viewpoint Dante's Magic Gardens G-Spot/ Palace of Pleasure Exotic Magazine Stars Cabaret Chain Dolphin Club Chain Exotica Showclub Boom Boom Room

Special thanks to Everett of Magic Gardens for donating an additional \$1000 donation to ACE. Our industry collectively salutes you.







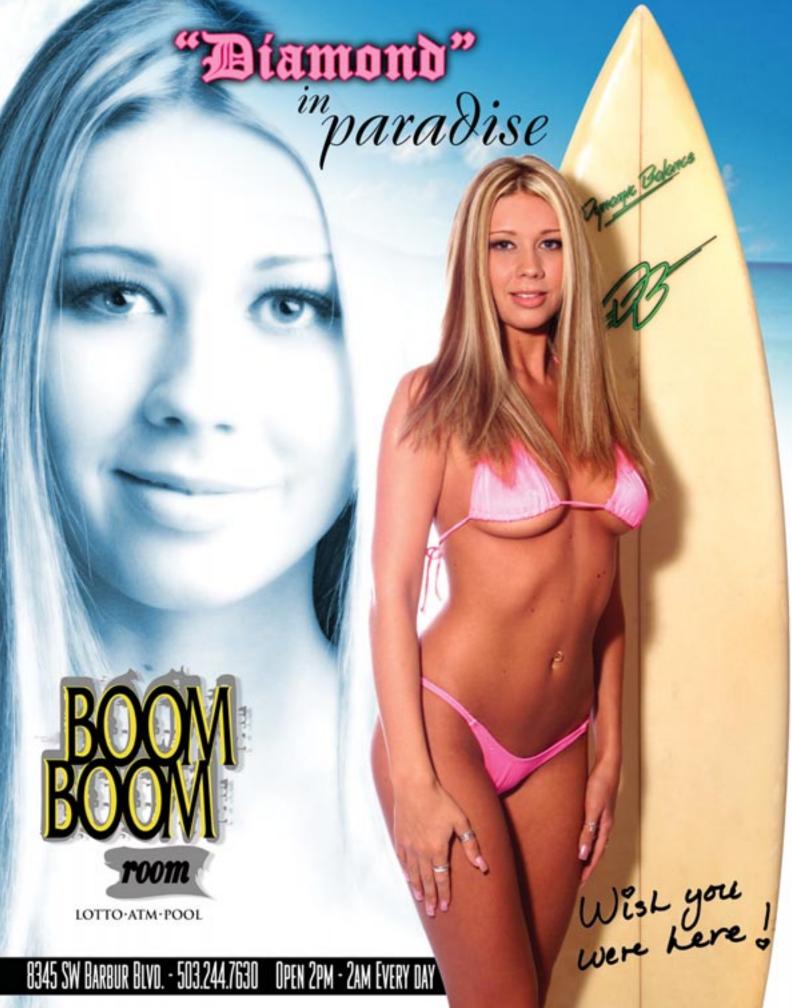




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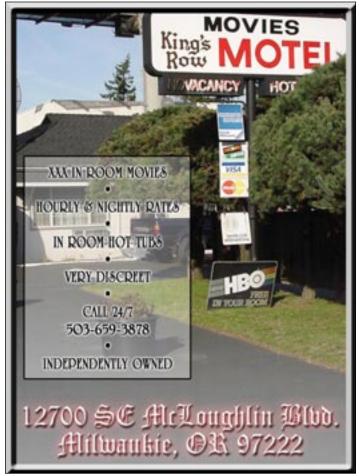
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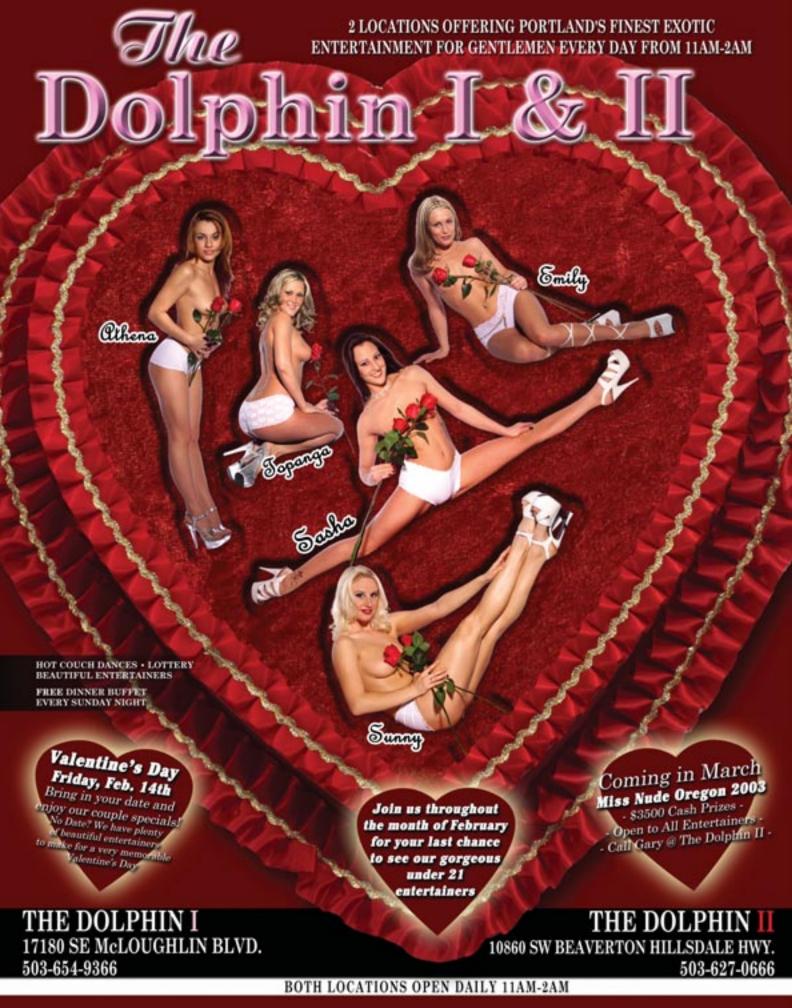








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