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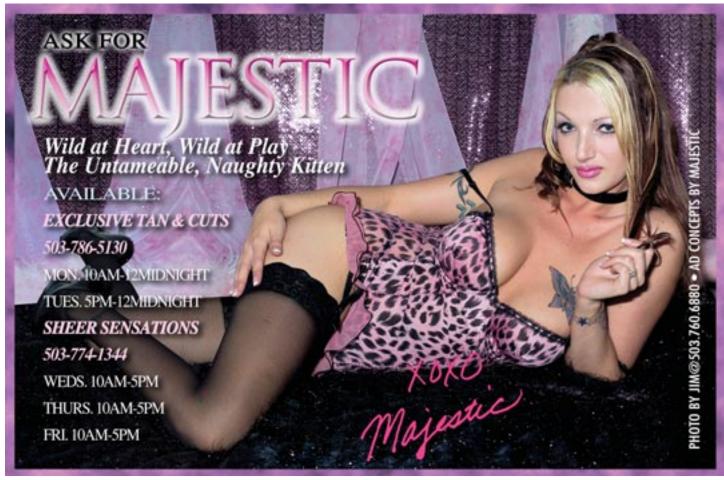
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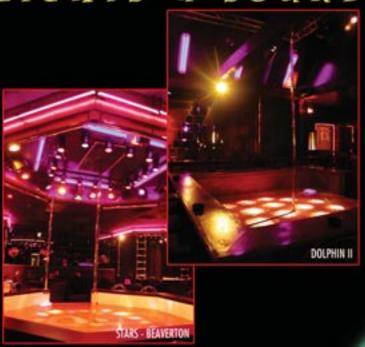
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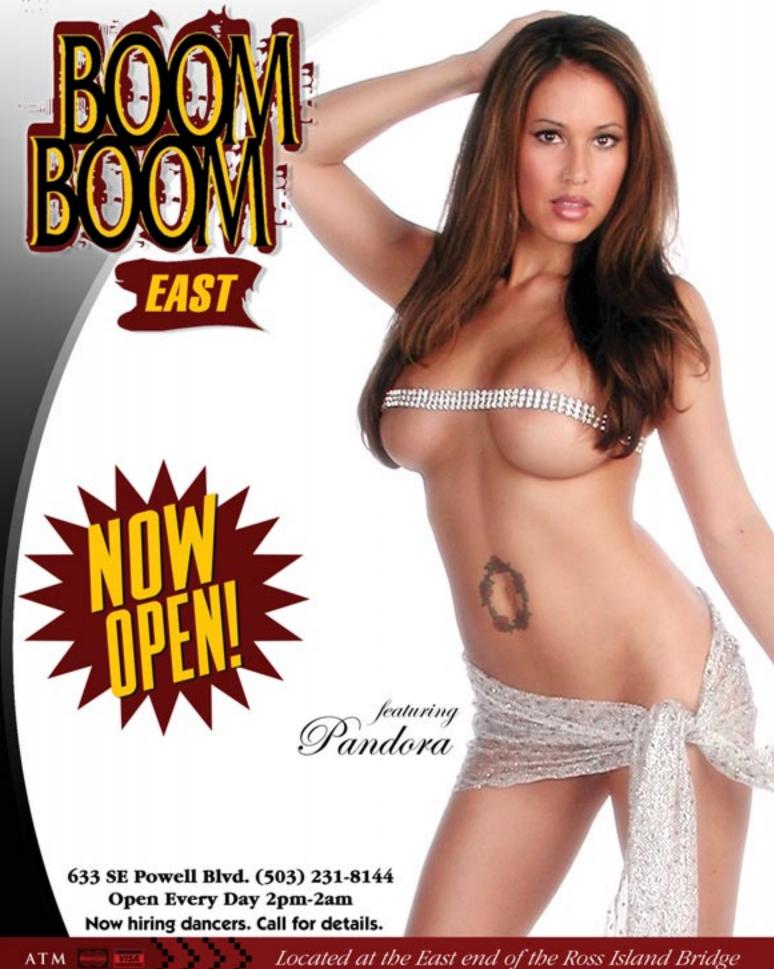
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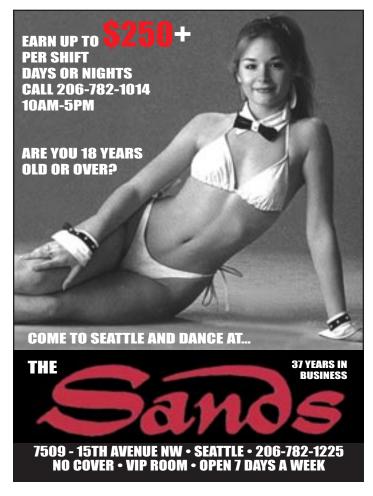
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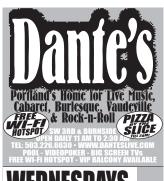
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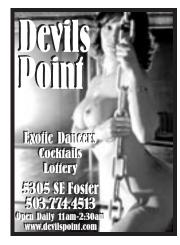
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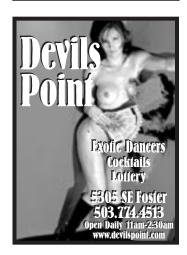
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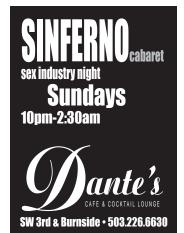
SATOCT 16 Demolition Doll Rod

NOVI DRUMAT











It is sooo nice outside. Everybody at *Exotic* is slacking (except of course Bobby). My column was due yesterday. I gotta write it, but all I want to do is play at the river. What to do? What I always do in a fix: SPANISH COFFEE. And a cigarette.

Usually this means I go to Huber's with my notebook and pen and let them get my juices flowing. But they recently were required by the Multnomah Health Department to forbid smoking until 11PM because they allow minors until that time. So I find myself sitting lugubriously at the Steak and Chophouse, smoking a cigarette I bummed from Severina (who smokes professionally) and drinking the worst Spanish coffee in town (great whipped cream, though). It's a hotel and as such is completely uninspiring. The requisite Sinatra stuff plays on the sound system. Ironically, Frank's singing "When Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," which gets stuck in my head, creating a soundtrack for this column. I ask for my check before my cigarette's even done. And scamper off to Huber's.

I love smoking. It's a very sensuous pleasure. I like the mild speedy high, but mostly I like how breath manifests itself as smoke. Suddenly you can SEE people's words, thoughts, life. It's so sexy. I love the taste of a guy who's had some bourbon and a few smokes. Hell, it's patriotic! Virginia tobacco, Kentucky bourbon, American boy.... yum! Tobacco is an indigenous herb, used for centuries by American natives for ceremonial and medicinal purposes. As it is today: medicine, pleasure.

So naturally the possibility of a smoking ban in Oregon bars has got me pissed. Really really pissed. It stinks to high heaven of hypocrisy and liberals-know-best. Yeah, they did it in Cali—one good reason why we shouldn't! Yeah, they did it in NYC... and bars went out of business within months. I dig the platform that defends bar workers' right to breathe clean air. What about their right to have a job? Bars EXIST because of people's choice to indulge in things that are bad for them.

Sure, smoking's not great for you. But the studies linking cigarettes with lung cancer and heart disease have been recently reported to be all-but-fatuous by the *New England Journal of Medicine*. If you have a weak constitution, smoking cigarettes will exacerbate it. But it doesn't directly cause these debilitating diseases. What is more harmful is obesity, sugar consumption, stress, environmental pollutants and alcohol. These are all mainstays of nearly every American diet. Why scapegoat nicotine addicts?

My friend in NYC has been a life-long smoker. He spends \$200 a week on cigarettes: one case of Camel non-filters, which he smokes with an elegant cigarette holder, and one case of fancy schmancy Euro filtered cigs. He's in his late fifties and diabetic. He's also rich and sees All the Right Doctors. They say his lungs are in perfect health and that his smoking is fine, but that he should avoid sugar and alcohol as they will kill him—and anyone—before the tar in cigarettes leaves the tiniest tumor.

He really loves his cigarettes. They fuel his life, his art. Now that they've banned them in NYC bars, he's fixing to move to France! He's as bitter as bongwater when he recounts his early days as a New Jersey hood and poet who caused his mother a lot of grief. When she went to the doctor complaining of anxiety fits, he prescribed her cigarettes. She'd take the prescription to Nat Sherman's on Fifth Avenue and have it filled: Fantasia Lights in blue and pink, gold-tipped and monogrammed with her name. Wow, we've come a long way baby. Backwards.

It is my opinion that cigarettes are healthier for people than sugar, alcohol, Weight Watchers entrees or driving. Even second-hand smoke is preferable to second-hand sugar, alcohol, etc. Life is dangerous. Life will kill you. Get over it! But don't expect OR ALLOW your government (that's Vera Katz and G. W. Bush, you liberal hypocrites) to protect you from yourselves.

I know I'm preaching to the choir at *Exotic Magazine*. And what a lovely choir you are, mes chères! But think about who votes—boring suburban assholes who think boring suburban lifestyles are the only way to heaven. And those assholes would give our moron President/ Mayor power to "codify" our lifestyles as second-class or even criminal!

Stop them. Because heaven is a cigarette and a Spanish coffee at Huber's.



rucking problem?

advice prom DEMI MONDRINE

Shocking as it may sound, the majority of straight American males think that being gay is a totally acceptable lifestyle. No shit. If you're gay, it is

A-OK with about 80% of the male population in this country. Gay, that is, if GAY means a totally hot lesbian who'll go down on her hot, nubile girlfriend for your viewing pleasure. And though they have many cute buzzing toys for penetration, what they're REALLY waiting for is a man (you) to come along and cure them with a good deep dickin'. Now THAT'S fuckin' GAY! WOO-HOO! Hand me a rainbow sticker!

I have a good friend who is a remarkable fire dancer. He is lithe and graceful—thin but beautifully chiseled. He, like his art, is hot-hot-hot. He's handsome, built and gay as a lace doily. One night, as I hooted and hollered for him while he twirled his torches to goth metal music, something funny happened. Two men at the bar asked if he was my boyfriend.

These guys had been trying to get my attention for some time with small talk and inane questions. How tall am I? How far does that tattoo go down? Annoying, yes. But this last line struck me as very funny, so I had to bite. "No, he is not," I mused. "Truth be told, he prob'ly sucks a better cock than me." This was highly offensive to the men, so I happily went on. "What's wrong with that? YOU could prob'ly suck better dick than any woman in here, only 'cause you have one... a dick, that is."

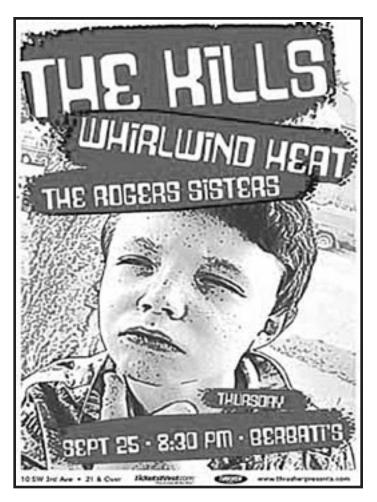
They both resembled the slack jawed buzzard from Bugs Bunny, shaking their heads comically muttering 'Nn-nn-noooope-nope-nope'. It was funny how upset they were at the very idea of one of them orally honoring the cock. I mean, who doesn't love cock? I pressed on, "Look, it doesn't make you gay to know what feels good. I can eat pussy better than any man in here, regardless of his length of tongue or his technique. Does that make me gay?" They brightened at this idea.

"Well, THAT would be OK.," blurted one. His friend guffawed in agreement. "Of course it would! As it would be OK for you guys to get it on with each other." They laughed out another stream of no-no-no's, clearly horrified at the thought. "But really, what makes you GAY is your choice of partner, your preference. Not the isolated experiences you might have while sexually experimenting. I've fucked a bunch of girls and I'm fairly straight. There are straight guys out there who like to get fucked in the ass with dildos and stuff by their girlfriends and they're not gay. They're just experienced. I mean, when you get down to it, a REAL man isn't afraid of ANYTHING. If he's a virile buck, a sexual tyrannosaurus, then he should be able to bravely slam into anything or anyone, man, woman or microwaved cantaloupe. He's in charge, he's the MAN. Fuck what anybody else thinks, right? Look at it this way.... you love to fuck women, right?" Enthusiastic agreement. "You're always chasing us around trying to get in us. You've been chatting me up all night trying. Maybe if you tried fucking another man, we'd have something to talk about, something in common. Taking it in the ass for women, now THAT'S a MAN. THAT'LL get you laid for sure!"

They were quiet for a moment. Then a little starting gun went off and they both were laughing the 'oh she's just fucking with us' laugh, chortling in unison. "No way. Never. Not me....ugh-uh. Nope, not the kid. No thanks."

"No one's accusing you guys of anything here. But it's common knowledge that the more vehemently one refuses to even contemplate homoeroticism, the more likely he is actually very curious about chugging cock or being ass-fucked by another man. But you're so scared someone'll think you're gay, you deny your feelings. At the same time, in your loudest man voice, you repeat endlessly you're not gay YOU'RE NOT YOU'RE NOT YOU'RE NOT! O.K. you're not. Funny thing is, the louder you deny being gay or homo-curious, the more you look like a big ol' closet case. So if you're not, shut up....nothing to prove, right? But if you are, be free, love the cock. There's nothing to be ashamed of. I mean 'GAY' is another word for happy, right?" X

They didn't answer and didn't talk to me the rest of the night.





The Pink Pages

The Porcelain Twinz



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Exotic's new monthly dancer directory, **THE PINK PAGES** are designed to promote dancers so they can communicate to their friends, fans, admirers and loyal customers where they will be performing on any given night.

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"Nothing But The Naked Truth"

Since 1993 • Volume 11 Number 3

September 2003

FIREDANCERS

In a place known for it's originality, firedancers will be heating up **Roc's Dollhouse** every Tuesday for Hell Night. The Dollhouse also features Double-Trouble Fridays, with two hot gals on every stage.

The recently-opened Pharaoh Room at Cleopatra's Viewpoint is about as hot as it gets, with sensual firedancers and belly dancers in a swanky Members-Only Lounge. Check it out at their 2nd Anniversary Party on Saturday the 13th, and don't miss Debris on the 20th—they rock!

Firestripppers? Yup! Every Monday at **Devils Point**. Ya gotta see it to believe it.

SECOND ANNUAL CONTRACTORS' BALL

At Stars! Ever see a chick strip out of a wifebeater, tool belt, and hard hat? Now's your chance. Stars' incredible dancers will show you how to use a hammer... and a whole lot more. Salem: September 19th. Beaverton: September 26th.

SUPERSTRIPPER

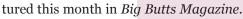
One of the hottest gals around is back on the circuit. **Amy** (formerly known as Sydney) is performing on Tuesday nights at the newly revamped

Dino's. Amy took a year off to fight breast cancer, and now she proudly sports a small scar near her left breast where she had a lumpecto-

my. She's sexy as And she'll be fea-

Grace the Pacific Northwest."

hell, and ballsy, too.



BOOM BOOM ROOM EAST NOW OPEN

Finally there's a new strip club in Pornland.

Boom Boom Room East is located on

Powell Blvd. at the east end of the Ross Island Bridge. They feature super sexy, sassy girls in a totally revamped club. Now with Boom Boom East, Doc's, Tommy's, Cocktails, Devils Point and 92nd Street Club, (not to mention Fantasy Video and Fantasyland), it looks like the Foster-Powell Corridor will really be heatin' up this fall!

GET READY

Coming next month is an event so spectacular that it could not die a respectable death. That's right kiddies, it's Portland's most notorious contest, back from a limited engagement on the community service tour in Hell, the event you love to hate...INK-N-PINK 2003. Venues are still in the preliminary stages at press time, and word has it that the event producer, Spooky, is locked away in rehab right now preparing for the event. Jesus, how many times do we have to fire that guy anyway? He just keeps coming back! They're even calling the event "The Resurrection." (It's starting to sound like another chapter in the Friday The 13th saga.) Details concerning the "unexpected" return of this event are shrouded in mystery, but rest assured that next month's issue will be packed with all the hot sticky decadent details. X







SEPTEMBER 2003 NEWSLETTER

The last two monthly ACE Oregon meetings have been jam-packed with information and new developments; Some of which can be forwarded here, some that cannot.

In July the ACE Oregon board decided to appoint new officers: Claude Dacorsi from Cleopatra's Viewpoint will be staying on as President. Everett from The Magic Gardens was selected as Vice President. Frank Faillace from *Exotic* magazine was selected as Secretary. Randy Kaiser from Stars Cabaret was selected as Treasurer.

Attorney Brad Woodworth updated all of us on the Oregon Supreme Court cases and the state's amicus brief filing. The Supreme Court hearing will take place at Linfield College in McMinnville on Monday, November 3.

Also discussed was the ACLU's argument with the OLCC regarding the new minor regulations and their case on behalf of under-21 musicians, dancers and other performers.

In August the ACE Oregon board decided to hire Tom Cox as a consultant to raise money and pursue and support political candidates with common political views on both a citywide and statewide level.

Secretary Frank Faillace took over the formation of the ACE Oregon website, www.aceoregon.org, which is now functioning.

The ACE National meeting taking place Tuesday, August 26 at the Gentlemen's Club Expo in Las Vegas was discussed and all ACE members present were encouraged to attend. ACE Oregon President Claude Dacorsi had plans to be there and will report back next month.

ACE Oregon finances, fundraising and alliances were discussed as well as the need to stress to potential members that the upcoming Nyssa Supreme Court hearing (November 3 in McMinnville), which could very well change the face of adult entertainment and businesses in Oregon, would never have happened had ACE Oregon existed at the time.

The next ACE Oregon meeting will take place Tuesday, September 9 at 4pm at Dante's in downtown Portland (SW 3rd & Burnside). Attendance is expected to be high for this very important meeting, it being the second-to-last get together before the Supreme Court hearing. All ACE Oregon members and potential members are urged to attend. There is free food and drink available during the meeting as well as a cocktail social immediately following.

For further information please visit the ACE Oregon website at www.aceoregon.org, or call Tom Cox at 971-570-4933.

ACE OREGON MEETING FOR SEPTEMBER

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 9, 4PM @ DANTE'S • 1 SW 3RD AVE. • DOWNTOWN • 503-226-6630 (THE ACE OREGON MEETING IS ALWAYS THE 2ND TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH)

Come meet our attorneys and get your questions answered on legal situations BEFORE problems occur.

All members should send a representative to each meeting.

ACE OREGON COCKTAIL SOCIAL TO FOLLOW AT 5PM

The Catholic Schoolgirl Fetish... THE SINS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE Philippings Lam pays of years old and have bent my uniform but only

are without peer in the wretched annals of Western Civilization.

Although the papacy is thankfully in decline, it once wielded a cold steel boner over the world, channeling its terrified followers' sexual energies into global Sadism Pageants. The church subsumed the faithful's carnal appetites and gave them back bloody Crusades, brutal inquisitions, and public witch-burnings. It systematically extorted poor, hardworking souls in exchange for the cynical

promise of a heaven that doesn't exist. It ostracized and punished and often killed those who dared challenge its divine authority. Its insane oligarchy's warped libidinal misery forbids abortion so that the fetuses can grow into little children ripe for physical and sexual abuse at the wrinkled hands of a depraved clergy. Chastity belts and mohair shirts and self-flagellation. The dead-flesh smell of incense, the rote torture of Mass and the rosary, the constant screaming threats of hell, hell hell...

The Catholic Church has been a naughty, naughty boy.

Catholicism is an S&M cult masquerading as a religion. It is the largest, longest-running Fetish Ball in history. There are heavy sexual undertones in its aesthetic of darkness, in its mandatory confession of sins, in its clerical vows of celibacy, in its nutty doctrine that priests can *literally* turn bread and wine into Christ's flesh and blood, in its teaching that the son of God popped out of a virgin's vagina, and in its insistence on showing the crucified Jesus in all his gore-splattered pain. (Note that Protestants display empty *crosses* rather than crucifixes.) It's no coincidence that sadomasochistic role-playing borrows heavily from Catholic iconography: undefiled virgins,

stern confession-booth priests hearing your most embarrassing secrets, and evil nuns, who were history's template for the modern dominatrix.

The Holy Roman Church has been in power for two thousand years, and it is therefore responsible for more human suffering and sexual repression than modern-day pestilences such as fascism and communism.

Despite all that, it has also given us the Catholic schoolgirl uniform, so I hereby declare all its sins forgiven.

Hi, my name is Sandra and I used to attend a nice Catholic Girls School in the Philippines. I am now 21 years old and have kept my uniform but only just realized that men like me to wear it when we have sex. I personally like to wear it without any underwear on underneath then sit on a man's face while he licks my bald pussy.

-Ad for a Hong Kong porn site

The young Catholic schoolgirl was being overpowered by her own budding sexuality. Almost by reflex, she slid her already-short skirt farther up her thigh. She took her pen and pushed it up the rest of the way

under her skirt, rubbing the bottom of the pen against her pink panties.

—From a fiction piece posted on alt.sex.stories

THERE IS NO CLOTHING FETISH MORE COMMON than that for the "naughty schoolgirl" outfit. It is so universal—so catholic, in the lower-case sense of the term—that it hardly seems like a fetish at all. It is a mandatory item in every stripper's wardrobe. In virtually all pornographic magazines and videos, you'll find some pigtailed maiden in a short plaid skirt acting young and innocent. Countless websites cater to the obsession, boasting come-ons such as "Who wants some tight Catholic schoolgirl pussy?" and "Catholic School Girls in uniform...and out....oops!"

The schoolgirl fetish is by no means limited to Catholic girls. In England, where they killed all the Catholics, the "naughty art-school girl" is a star player in erotic fantasies. In Japan, sexualized schoolgirls are a national obsession on a par with rape-themed comic books and penis enlargement.

The libidinous fixation on schoolgirl outfits belongs to a broader fetish for all uniforms, such as those for nurses, waitresses, and cheerleaders. Uniforms are sexy because they harness the individual. They depersonalize you and make you interchangeable with others in uniform. They imply tight, repressed, vacuum-sealed, anti-individualistic discipline...until the wearer can stand it no longer, at which time the buttons pop off and the zippers unzip. Uniforms bear something S&M about them that becomes more troubling when the uniform in question is common among underage girls. Nurses and waitresses are presumed to be adults; cheerleaders and schoolgirls aren't.

ASK THE AVERAGE MAN: "Do you like Catholic schoolgirl outfits?" and his answer will be, "Yes."

Then ask him: "Are you a pedophile?" and the answer will be, "No."

Yet since Catholic girls only wear uniforms until the end of high school...and since most high-schoolers only reach age 18 during their senior year...any adult male who's aroused at a girl wearing such finery is essentially fantasizing about sex with someone the law defines as a child. It's not as clearly pedophilic as "big daddy/ little girl" psychodrama, but it's still dicey.



"I believe that if a woman insists on wearing clothes, at least let it be a Catholic schoolgirl uniform."

it's not just for pedophiles!

AS PART OF MY LABORIOUS RESEARCH for this noble

essay, I asked about a dozen guys—none of whom seem like baby-rapers or cradle-robbers—whether they thought Catholic schoolgirl outfits were sexy, and they all said yes without hesitation.

So I can either conclude that they're all chomos, or that the main appeal of Catholic schoolgirl outfits lies outside the sickly realm of child molestation.

I should confess that I speak as one who shares the fetish. I believe that if a woman insists on wearing clothes, at least let it be a Catholic schoolgirl uniform. I find them so hot, my testes swell like boiled eggs whenever I see one.

My cock is drawn to a plaid skirt

like a big pink moth to a flame. I can't describe it because it is beyond words...it is spiritual. 'Tis something more mystical than the divine mysteries of the Eucharist. It is the power of the Holy Ghost moving between a girl's thighs.

Her plaid skirt is the matador's red cape, and my cock is the bull. I see that red tartan pattern, and I need to get at the little furry monkey beneath it. The girl could have the face of an algae-eater, and yet in that uniform, I want to make more little Catholics with her. Like someone liberating the German camps, I want to set free all that repression in her vagina.

Raise that Cunt Kilt and fuck her. Pull her pigtails and fuck her HARD. Spread her legs like

the Red Sea and savagely defile the wench. Stick your pope-thang up her. Fuck all the guilt out of her. Fuck all the Hail Marys and Our Fathers clean out of her. Nail her as if the bed is a wooden cross, she's Jesus, and you're a Roman Centurion. Grab that hot

Catholic ass and get busy.

I WAS RAISED CATHOLIC, so don't start squawking that I'm prejudiced. I was given a twelve-year sentence in their school system, so I know of what I speak. Twelve years of near-daily exposure to those uniforms. My testicles descended, my voice changed, and I sprouted pubes while surrounded by a forest of two thousand Catholic schoolgirls in uniform. My high school eschewed plaid kilts in favor of one-piece blue polyester zip-up things with a light-blue shirt underneath, blue knee socks, and a little patch on the left breast. The ample boobs of the girl who sat behind me in sophomore-year's homeroom class yearned to break free from their blue-polyester prison...or at least that's what I hoped.

I lost my virginity at age 12 with a Catholic girl, and I can attest that the "Sluts for Christ" rumors are mostly true. There is more sweat and desperation in their lovemaking than the public school girls, with their "sexually

healthy" attitudes. For a faith so allegedly sexhating, Catholicism produces females who swallow cum like it's holy water.
They're the sort of girls who'd raise
Jesus from the dead just so they could blow him. They are wanton cesspools of carnality, sticking themselves with dicks like a junkie uses needles, taking in cocks like a chain-smoker lights cigarettes, one after the other, more, more, MORE...

It makes sense that a religion which strove to destroy the sex drive would wind up producing oversexed progeny. It's as simple as a law of physics: You push it d

law of physics: You push it down hard, it comes back up hard. Tell her she can't do it, she'll do it twice.

Poor girl. The church acted as if it owned her vagina, forbidding her from

having an abortion, denying her the choice of having a baby or dumping it in the clinic wastebasket. But all the attempts to neuter her have ultimately backfired. The church placed a psychological cork in her vagina that couldn't help but pop. She could only "hold it in" for so long. How many thousands of times during her schooling has she been forced down onto her knees, eyes closed and mouth wide open awaiting the bland Christ wafer? So the first time she takes it upon herself to get down on her knees, be sure

she'll put something more substantial in her mouth.

So I'd speculate that the fetish for Catholic schoolgirl outfits has little to do with an attraction for underage chicks and much more to do with the allure of sexual repression finally unleashed. When it comes

to Catholic schoolgirl uniforms, the word "schoolgirls" is far less essential than the words "Catholic" and "uniforms." It's not prepube innocence which drives men wild—it's the LIE of innocence.

Whatever papal flunkey thought these outfits would be a good way to harness female sexuality was a Class-A Retard.

Or maybe not.

Perhaps there's something more devious at work. Drowning in scandal and dwindling membership, maybe Rome is using the Catholic schoolgirl outfit as a last-ditch recruiting tactic. I see similarities to the Children of God cult from the 1970s, where female missionary-prostitutes won converts by having sex with them.

It doesn't bother me, so long as you keep making those uniforms.





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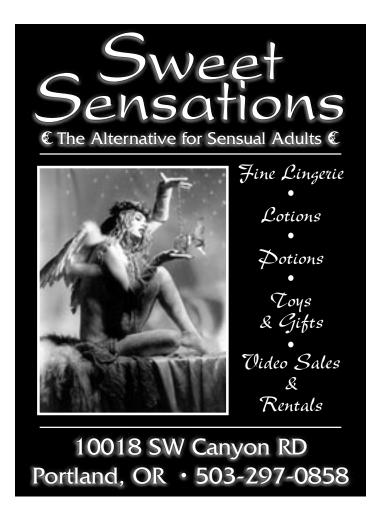
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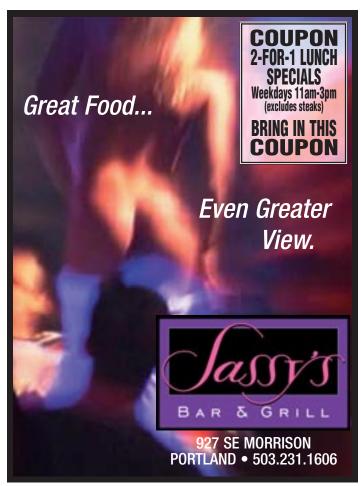


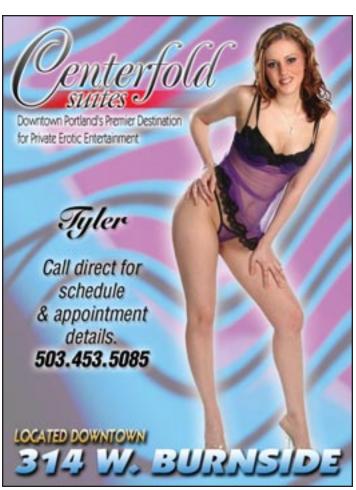
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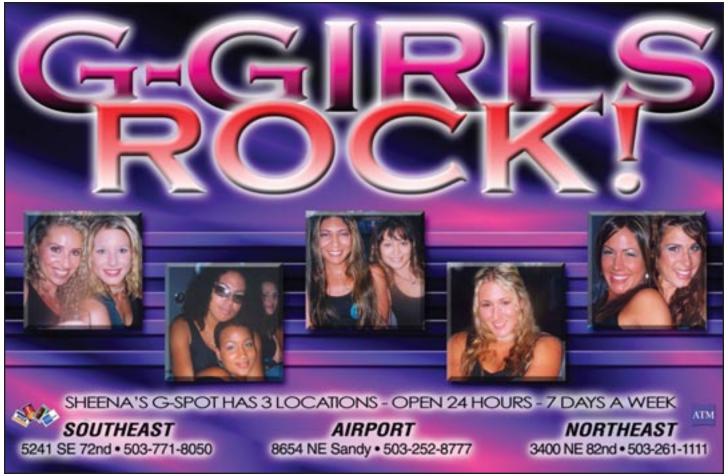






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WHAT Z CRACKIN'!

This month I'm cuttin' straight to the chase and letting all my true people know how much I appreciate the love I been receiving in regards to my articles. I'll let you in on the local scene, and my adventures in the City. Some of the parties I went to and clubs I kicked it at were on and crackin'! Plus I had a chance to hang out with Sheena and the G-Girls (oooh-weee). In this month's column I'll be adding something new called "The Hater of the Month." This title goes to those pathetic individuals that go the extra mile to express their haterisms and bitterness towards others. Their hatred is so blatant and noticeable that I had to give the little peons a spot in my article.

First Up—Exotic Magazine's Anniversary Party

I still can't believe how hard I kicked it that night! Me and my partna Dez got to the spot around 11pm and it was definitely on and crackin'! Dante's was jammed packed and it was all industry people on a mission to party. The VIP Room was lookin' like the beginning of a cool porno flick. You could just tell that something later on was gonna go down. They were lap dancin', tongue kissin', nipple rubbin' and drink slammin' like a mutha-fucka. The stage performances were off the chain, and sexy as fuck. I bumped into my pretty homegirl Sheena and the G-Girls! We found us a cool spot in the cut and put some thangs in the wind. It's nothin' like these Oregon trees. After the party, it was the after party and the rest ain't none of ya damn business. But anyway, I had hella fun. Congratulations to everyone at the magazine, and lets continue to keep it #1.

Next Up—Club Vegas

This spot is crackin' from dusk to dawn and it's all juice baby.

After a night of stiff drinks and club hoppin', it was cool to hang

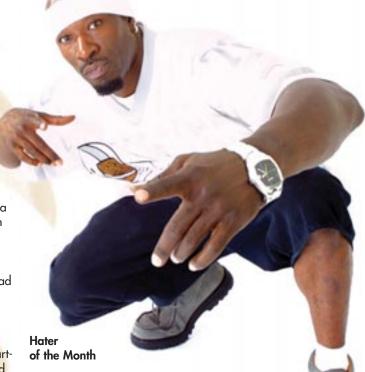
out at Club Vegas and get that cran-

apple juice into my system. They're still open way after the other clubs have closed and the atmosphere is real laid back and cozy. They showed ya boy mad love and I'll definitely be back.

My Ballin' Ass Homegirl

I don't stop with Sheena, because she is determined to stay at the top of her game for life. She's a topnotch female hustler that owns and runs several businesses including an all-girl promotion team called the "G-Girls." They recently held it down at the Snoop Dogg concert and continue to promote many clubs and private parties throughout the City.

Intelligence plus beauty and heart equals Sheena! Love ya ma and I'm looking forward to the collaboration. Big ups to all the G-Girls...! got ya backs!!!



I ran into this mutha-fucka one Wednesday night while on my way to the Love Jones to check out the poetry. He happened to be working the door at the club next to the Ohm. Me and my cousin Sonni of N-Style photography were planning on going there first to have a drink. Soon as I walked up, I was mean mugged and looked at from head to toe. My hater alert started beepin' loud as fuck and it's never wrong! This little tiny nut buster told me I couldn't get in because of my tennis shoes, which cost more than everything this punk had on. Yet he let another cat come in with sweats and sneakers. Come to think about it, this bitch still owes me money from when he used to manage Club Exotica. Plus he got rejected by every one of my chicks he tried to holla at. He's been emotionally pimp slapped for most of his life. So I didn't trip on his hatred, because that's what he probably wanted and expected. Instead, I walked away cool like the Mack

that I am. Plus he will never be half the man that his mama was and if you know who I'm talking about tell his ass he's J.Mack's pick for the Hater of the Month.

Honey of the Month

This month I had to give it to the exotic looking cutie pie Atreyu. She's currently in college studying to be an English major. Congrats baby and good luck in school.

Until next month, keep it crackin' and I'll holla when I see ya... Or you can hit me with an email me at whatzcrackin_i@hotmail.com

One Love, J.Mack







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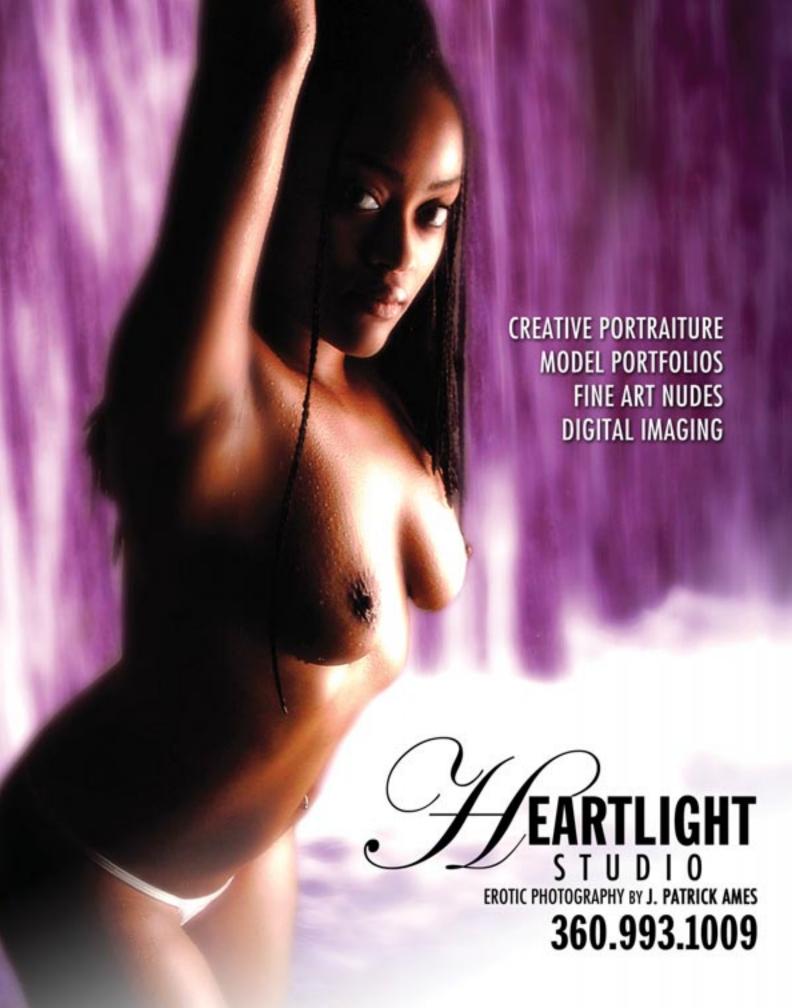
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Hey baby, I like it nice and deep. Once we start you'll never fall asleep. Leave me a fantasy in my mailbox and I'll make it all come true. Box #8245

Hi, my name is Charlene. I'm 5'6", 125 lbs. and have brown hair and brown eyes. I'm light skinned, and I'm very beautiful. I'll be waiting for your call. I need somebody to watch over me, because sometimes I can be really bad. I'll be sure to watch over you too. Box #6789

I need a man to satisfy. I'm horny. I want you to come home and rub me down with baby oil. I'm 5'3", kinda' short fellas, but don't worry about it. I'm the kind of woman who comes home to my man and satisfies him with good loving. Box #7154

Hi, I've been very naughty and I could use a good spanking. I'm tall and slender with short, brown hair and blue eyes. I'm very pretty. I want any race, good looking men who would like to take a little pet out. I'm really into rock-n-roll and kink. I can be very pleasurable and very sexy, but only with the right man. I'm Christine and if you call I'll tell you why I could use a good spanking. Box #1038

Sensuous, sophisticated, petite, slender, blond, seeks a gentleman over 50, for casual afternoon or evening encounters. I look forward to our meeting. Box #8733

My name is Charity. I'm a sultry blond, blue eyed, 29 year old nasty girl. I have 36DD's, long legs and a nice soft firm ass. So guys, you figure it out! If you like to cum, cum in me. Box #11301

Hello, this is Heather. 1'm 5'9", 130 lbs., 36DD, 24" waist, and 38" hips. I'm a model. I model erotic wear, such as lace, leather, latex and rubber. I'm currently modeling night gowns, teddys, G-strings, crotchless panties and pantyhose for a lingerie catalog. If you want to get as hot as I do, get back to me. Box #19400

This is Mistress Carmen. I am the bitch of all bitches. All you submissive slave whimps, worms and sluts will not be able to resist my dominant art of full toilet training and cock and ball torture. I will give you a stinging reminder of who is in command, either a spanking over my knee, a caining, hot wax or shackles. I'll crack your nuts. you slut! Box #89400

Hey all you submissive guys. My name is Jamie. I love to get into some S&M and B&D. I love toys and role-playing. I like to play more of a sensuous mistress and don't really get into heavy pain. I'm 31, average height, with an average, very curvy body. I have long, blond hair and a very big attitude. If you are submissive and love to play games, I think we'd get along. Box #97001

Desperately seeking dominant, hot male. If you are well endowed and like to make your woman squirm with pleasure, I would love to

meet you. I'm into anything and everything and will fulfill your every desire. My name is Linda, I have red hair, I'm slim, 26 years old with 34B's. If you love to be dominant, leave me a message. Box #97501

I've been a nasty, bad girl. I could use a good spanking, right on my beautiful round firm ass. Wouldn't you like me to be your special bad girl? Call me and I'll tell you why I deserve a real good spanking. We'll talk about all the bad things I do. Box #99500

My name is Rachel and I have a craving to play with your ass and tell you how to masturbate for me. Can you handle being teased and sexually tortured? Let's find out. Box #890426

I'm a beautiful African-American female. I stand 5'9", weigh 130 lbs., I have short black hair, deep dark eyes, and full lips. My measurements are 36D, 24, 38, with silky thighs and a tight ass. I'm sexy, intelligent and can be a slut in bed. I love all men, color doesn't matter. I love to fuck, lick, suck, sip and swallow. I'm seeking all open minded men with big cocks. Box #21701

Hello, my name is Shelly. I'm looking for a few good hot, hard and horny men. I'm 30 years old and I stand 5'9". I have auburn hair, I'm olive complected with 36DD's, a 25" waist, and 36" hips. I have a beautiful, round firm ass and long legs. If you are a hot and horny man, I'm waiting for your call. Box #29900

I am 5'11" tall, Mistress Pamela, the amazon goddess, and I demand to be treated as such. If you are lucky enough to get my attention, you will notice my long, blond hair, piercing green eyes, and 38C chest. Pleasure served with severe pain. Obedience is required of all slaves. Box #80400

Mistress Yvonne invites men, women and couples who are sincere admirers of dominant/submissive love to leave a message. Erotic role play and comprehensive fetish exploration. My fantasy will become your reality. Box #88301

I am Lady Di. My slave girl and I are looking for a submissive male to join us in our private dungeon. If you can't handle verbal abuse and erotic torture don't call. If you do call you will never be the same. Box #88801

COUPLES

Hi, this is Michael and Samantha. We're a white couple that loves to play around. We are pretty much open to trying anything although, we're a little shy about it. Box #1472

Hi, my name is Belinda and I'm looking for one or more females or

couples to help me fulfill several fantasies. If you enjoy being watched and also enjoy oral, anal, kinky group sex and are disease free please call. Box #3743

My name is Nicole, and I have a boyfriend John. We are an attractive young couple looking for a nice looking guy. I'm 5'4", 110 lbs, dark hair and green eyes. My boyfriend is 5'10", 170 lbs, with dark hair and green eyes also. He's muscularly built. I'm straight and he is bi-sexual. We are looking for fun and kinky times on the phone and in person. What really turns me on is watching my boyfriend service hot looking, young, hairy guys between the ages of 30 and 45. I'd love to watch him go down on you. He's really good, and I should know. Box #3962

Hi, I'm looking for a female or a couple. I'm interested in a first time experience. Box #4977

Hello, my name is Bobby, my wife's name is Michelle. We're looking for couples that want to get together for swinging. We've only done it one time before, but the curiosity definitely caught us. We're an attractive couple, I'm 33, she's 29. She's 5'4" and about 115. I'm 6 foot and about 210. We're just looking to get together with other couples and have a good time. Box #1542

My name is Tina and my husband name is Jason. We love to go out to bars and pick up sexy men and bring them home with us. We just love to make you wear panties and do a striptease for us. Then you'll bend over and while you eat my pussy you get a long stiff boner in your slut hole. You'll enjoy being blindfolded while we decide what to do with you next. Box #904827

Hey, my name is Fawn and I would live to get wet. I have a pool and I would love to meet a couple or a guy who would like to go skinny dipping with me. I have a guy friend and some girlfriends who love to party if that's what your into. I always have a lot of fun and I guarantee that you will also. Box #2701

I'm a straight, white male 6'2", 145 lbs., very muscular, blond hair, blue eyes. I have a 9", very thick, uncut cock. I'm looking for women, married or single and couples to have fun with. If you would like give me a call. Box #2837

Hi I'm Carmen and I'm 20. My husbands name is Angel and he's 29. We're looking for someone sensuous, sexy, that will share some time in bed with us. Call me at my box, leave a message. Box #3342

Hi, my name is Gary. I'm looking for females to have fun with, enjoy different things, photographing, very discrete sexual enjoyments. My wife is also, active. She's looking for 3 to 5 affairs, young guys just particularly for effect. Box #3477



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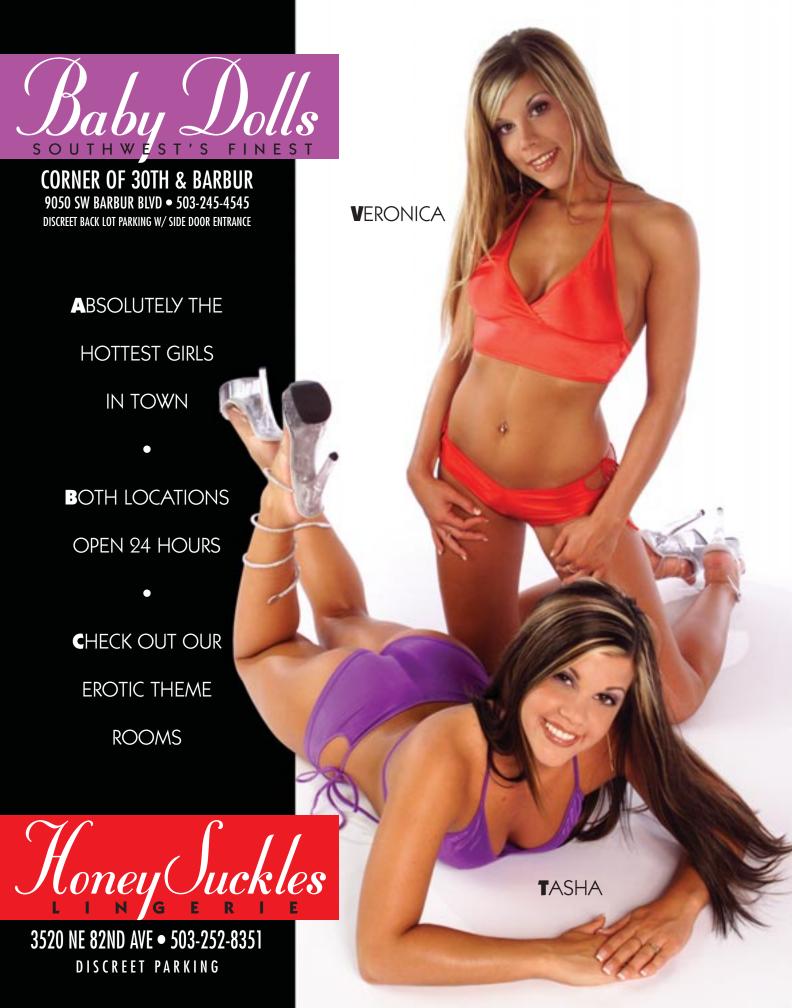


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Pinball has always been a guilty pleasure of mine, ranking up there with circle-jerk sessions and girls victimized by sex crimes.

Gottlieb Pinball Machines released a pinball game based on the proto reality TV series Rescue 911 in

May of 1994. I OLD-SKO fondly remember one of these beauties making its way into the game room of the Round Table Pizza where I worked in the Dimond Center shopping mall. It wound

up replacing the old 1991 Williams-made Addam's Family machine I'd come to know so well and had frankly

grown enormously tired of. It didn't take long for me to get back into the swing of things and I quickly found myself spending my lunch breaks pumping quarters into this bleep-

ing behemoth, losing myself in the drone of wailing

sirens and forgetting, if only momentarily,

how much my life sucked. I was an 18-year-old high school dropout, stuck going nowhere fast in shit-hole

Anchorage, Alaska. No girlfriend, a depressed loner, and washing dishes for a living. But no matter how bad things seemed to be, it was never anything that 30 minutes and a pocket full of change couldn't take care of.

To this day I'm haunted by the time I wandered into work on my day off, tripping on three hits of some potentially lethal LSD

I'd gotten from a friend down in Berkley, California. I cautiously made my way into the darkness of the game room, the only illumination coming off the

blinking neon screens of all the different games, casting ominous shadows and giving the faces of young teenaged boys and girls a cold lifeless look-technozombies stuck manning consoles under the control of the ghosts in the machines. I found myself standing

> before that blinking monstrosity of glass and steel, slip-

ping off into a world of my own design, but confident in

my ability to show this beautifully crafted work of art exactly who its master was.

I pumped two quarters into the coin slot, pausing only to take a deep breath and steady myself before pushing the blinking yellow button, slowly pulling back the hammer to send the first of my three balls into battle. Thus began a two hour descent into mind-numbing acid-tweaked pinball hell.

The first game didn't go well at all. I went through all three balls faster than it would take me to shoot a load into the mouth of a drunken high school girl. As luck would

have it, I won a free credit on a match at the end of play. I felt the zing of an addict, who while

lying in the gutter glimpses a heavensent bottle of Mad

Dog 20/20. The game was back on.

Knock after knock, replay after replay, the score climbed higher and higher as the credits continued to stack up, all the result of a single free game won off a

mere fifty cents!

MORGAN LIKELY After two hours finally snapped,

After two hours I handed the

machine off to the nearest person standing in the small crowd that had converged and ran out of the mall as fast as I could, howling mad gibberish into

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"The first game didn't go well at all. I went through all three balls faster than it would take me to shoot a load into the mouth of a drunken high school girl."

the sunlit evening sky. In Alaska even Mother Nature does her best to drive you nuts. Looking back, I like

to think that somewhere and somehow that machine still holds a highscore even God couldn't beat.

I'm far from the first to be hooked on this junk. Along with alcoholism, drug abuse, prostitution, domestic violence and crime, pinball gained vast popularity in the early 1930s during America's Great Depression. When they weren't standing in breadlines, giving hummers, picking pockets, shanking rich men in dark alleys or bashing each

other's brains out, America's out-of-work working class families loved nothing more than the cheap

> entertainment offered by the penny arcades to chase away the blues of poverty.

> The earliest pinball machines were rather crude compared to today's machines. Back then pinball was basically a game of luck. The ball was shot to the top of the playing field and then bounced down through a series of obstacles to land in one of many wholes lining the bottom,

each worth different numbers of points-rather like Plinko on The Price Is Right. But all that changed

after World War II during the Golden Age of Pinball, when in 1947 the flipper was introduced, adding a

whole new level of player interaction.

But enough history. Using the fine latex-covered finger of investigative journalism, I've gone deep into the rectum of Portland's underground pinball scene to get the local poopy scoop. Over the next few months I'll do my best to undress P-Town's hottest p-ball spots. And to really rock your balls I'll start off nice and slow, giving you a slight taste and see if you don't come running back for more. Let the games begin you naughty boys and girls.

The goods: Ye Olde Medieval **Madness** by Williams Electronic Games, Inc. (1997) at Conan's Pub on 39th and SE Hawthorne. Conan's is a nice laid-back neighborhood bar just down the street from Hawthorne's "Bermuda Triangle." It's a huge space with an enormous stage—perfect for all the metal shows you'll catch thanks to Geoff from

Nightpiper Productions. The fact that it's an old Masonic Temple adds mystique—just imagine what







bored rich white men did to each other in the dark, wearing those aprons of theirs. Modes of recognition? I bet!

The run-down: Medieval Madness is a joyous return to the Dark-Ages of feudal Lords and the Knights who served them, with fortified castles, fearsome fire-breathing dragons and the tasty damsels we all love to eat!

Object of the game: "Defeat the King and all his men to stop the madness and restore order to this great land." (Seriously folks, it's right there on the front of the game!)

Specs: This machine has your standard 2-flippers. It's the usual 50 cents for 3 balls with the first replay at 15,000,000 points.

The sweet lowdown: As far as being a pinball wizard is concerned, I'm not quite the protagonist of a Who rockopera. First game racked up 4,799,680, which is

almost a third of the way to a replay but remember the saying about horseshoes and hand grenades? The second game totaled a measly 868,850. Hang your head in shame young lad.

The best thing about Conan's besides Medieval Madness is a certain gorgeous young bartender who's more than a sight for sore eyes (you know who you are). Unfortunately this young lady will soon be fleeing the coop for the City of Lost Angels, which will only make Portland's eyes that much sorer. I think this sexy angel should stay here in Rose City where she's damn

well appreciated and guaranteed to put a tingle in the trousers of men and women alike. That flowing brown hair of yours and those hips swinging in time

to the natural rhythms of the universe.... how's a guy to concentrate on pinball with the likes of you sauntering around behind that bar?

Suddenly the face of the damsel in distress changes shape on the playing field. It's her. And she's being ravaged by a gang of sweaty hairy Frenchmen and all I see are silver balls flying and the beeps and blips turn into the sounds of creaking bedsprings and I can feel the hot breath of the dragon across the back of my neck and oh god there's a fire much hotter building in the furnace below and enough of this shit! I need to wrest myself from this machine and go home and take a cold shower.

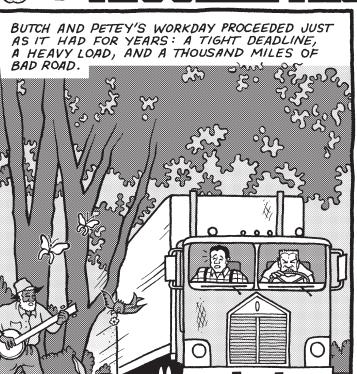
Women and pinball are dangerous vices, but given a choice, take the machine. The machine will not eviscerate you. The machine will not lie.

It will not leave a bulge in your pants unsatisfied and it most likely won't move away to L.A. In the end, the machine always wins, but the ride is always fun.

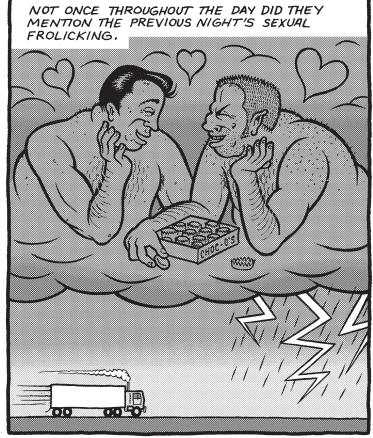


TRUCKER FACE IN DENIAL

STORY BY JIM GOAD ART BY JIM BLANCHARD



and an interesting









Well kids, September is here and that means school will be starting up again. As I kiss my summer contingent of piggish beer-swilling college trollops goodbye, I realize that unless I join our esteemed Publisher, Mr. Faillace, in combing the downtown streets for wayward high-school urchinettes, I'll be forced to rejoin Portland's incestuous singles scene. Everybody I know has fucked everybody I know, and I'm loath to climb back onto the sexual Mobius strip.

I was thinking back to my own carefree college days recently. Even back then the campus was no Elysian field of virginal co-eds who smelled of rose petals. Pregnancies and the rude awakening of that first painful burning with the morning's urination were common among my classmates. Since I was the requisite campus pre-med nerd, I was privy to many of these disasters. True, I never got laid, but I did learn how to make meth in my organic chemistry class—but that's another story.

Back to School?

In retrospect, however, I realize that while part of the fun was tormenting friends after a night of snuggling with Itchy the ugly campus floozie, many of them could have been well-served by a short talk about the kinds of foul things that infested the human Petri-dishes they were dipsticking. At my school most guys focused on rugby rather than the technical mastery and operation of the condom. And it caused a lot of grief.

Dark thoughts of STD's weighed heavily on my mind one particularly dark night this summer and I decided that it

by Dr. Edgar Burrows



would be a good idea to put together a basic primer on some of the more horrid diseases that parties share when making the beast with two backs. Now all of you Gen-Xers, Gen-Ys, rich-kidsplaying-hippies and other hipsterpukes need to pay attention. There are no grades being given on this material; it is pass/fail. I also

know that only half of you will read the course material prior to the first time you piss fire and pus, knock up some tawdry bar whore, or find a herpes blister on your gear, so don't say I didn't warn you. I'll concentrate on the biggies. For an added bonus, you can see which celebrities are afflicted. It adds an aspect of shabby nobility and coolness to these diseases if you share them with a famous person, I suppose.

Nrap Your Goddamned Niener!

HIV: aka "Big Nasty"

After a decade of decline, HIV infections are on the rise again. Joy. Didn't you dumbfucks take it seriously the first time around?

HIV is transmitted via blood and body fluids (semen, vaginal fluids). Rare cases of oral transmission have been reported. It is 20 times easier for a man to give a woman HIV. It is also easier to transmit HIV via anal sex versus vaginal sex. HIV is not spread through casual contact or mosquito bites.

Symptoms: Flu-like symptoms occur 3-6 weeks after exposure. Antibodies to HIV appear in the bloodstream about 4-8 weeks after the infection. After a possible HIV exposure, blood tests to confirm the infection are done at time zero, one month and three months. A person has to seroconvert, or in simpler terms, generate the blood-borne markers for HIV that the lab scans for. This takes time.

Cure: None. Expensive cocktails of several different antiviral medications aim to decrease the "viral load" or number of viral particles in the tissues. This helps to preserve long-term immune function and hopefully forestall full-blown

"At my school most guys focused on rugby rather than the technical mastery and operation of the condom. And it caused a lot of grief."

AIDS. When the immune system is under less pressure from direct attack by the HIV virus, the host is obviously in better health.

Celebrity Coolness Factor=9.5 Famous Victims: Rock Hudson, Liberace, John Holmes, Arthur Ashe, Freddie Mercury, Magic Johnson

Herpes: aka "The gift that keeps on giving"

Genital Herpes is caused by the Herpes Simples Virus II (HSV II). One out of four adults has it. 80% of those who have it are unaware of it. Herpes victims shed live virus all of the time, even when they don't have the painful burning blisters and ulcerations on their genitals. It's five to twelve times easier for a man to give it to a woman, and transmission is possible even when condoms are used. There are no documented cases of a person catching herpes from a toilet seat or surface such as a brass pole.

Famous Victims: Every French girl has it, so that means the chick from *Amélie* and the No Talents and the nice clean-cut college guy you fucked after he backpacked around Europe.

Chlamydia

The most common bacterial STD in the U.S., just edging out gonorrhea. Usually infection is first detected by painful urination, a mucouslike discharge and itching. Diagnosis is made by jamming a swab up the male urethra or swabbing the inside of the vaginal vault. Chlamydia can persist in the female genital tract for months without producing symptoms. Since the infection is "silent" in some women, long-term complications such as impaired fertili-

ty are a risk.

Treatment:

Usually a round of antibiotics will take care of this, but resistance to current medication is evolving.

Celebrity Coolness Factor=4

Famous Victims: The Girl Next Door

Gonorrhea: aka "the clap"

This is chlamydia's little brother. While it is the second-most common bacterial STD in the U.S., it ranks above chlamydia in other parts of the world. Symptoms include painful urination,



redness around the penis or vagina, and a thick discharge of pus. Like chlamydia, gonorrhea can extend out of the vagina and into the upper female reproductive tract in about 15% of women, leading to rare long-term complications. Gonorrhea can also cause infections in the mouth and throat in those

engaging in oral sex with an infected partner.

Diagnosis: Samples are collected as with chlamydia. Most clinics routinely test for each pathogen.

Treatment: Antibiotics can treat Da Clap fairly effectively.

Celebrity Coolness
Factor=5

Famous Victims: That guy in that band who works at that bar.



However, cases of oral herpes (HSV I) transmitted to the genital region via oral sex are increasingly common.

Cure: None. Antiviral medication must be taken at the onset of symptoms, which occur almost monthly in some individuals.

Test: Expensive blood tests are available, but a new finger-stick blood test is available as well.

Celebrity Coolness Factor=3



Syphilis

Caused by the same family of microorganisms that cause Lyme disease. Referred to as Spirochetes (spy-ro-keets), these guys are spiral-shaped and propel themselves by rotating like propellers. In the U.S. it is most commonly seen in black and Hispanic men from urban areas.

Syphilis has three stages. The first stage manifests on the genitals as a painless blister that then forms an ulcer. Lymph nodes in the groin area will often swell up, but are also painless. The lack of pain helps differentiate syphilis from herpes. In the later stages of untreated syphilis, nasty rashes occur all over the body. In the third stage, the disease can attack the heart and nervous system.

Diagnosis is made by blood tests or by examining a sample under a special microscope.

Treatment: 1.2 million units of Penicillin G in each butt-cheek. **Celebrity Coolness Factor=8** (due to it being an old school disease)

Famous Victims: Paul Gauguin, Al Capone, Scott Joplin, Nietzsche, Charles Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, Isak Dinesen, Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann

Pubic Lice: aka "crabs"

The most benign, but one of the most disturbing. These nasty little fellows infest the pubic hairs and the adult nits are visible as they clamber and scurry about.

Itchy blue rashes in the genital area measuring 2-3mm in diameter are common. Crabs are easily spread through infected clothing or sexual contact.

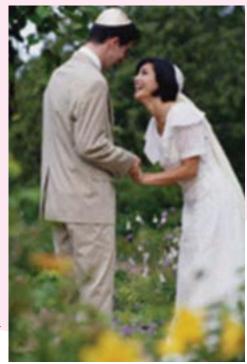
Treatment: The critters are easily killed using a topical cream, but all infected clothing and objects must be sterilized with heat. Clothes and linens must be put in a dryer at 65°C for 30 minutes, and combs, brushes and other objects must be boiled at 65°C for five minutes or soaked in insecticide for one hour.

Celebrity Coolness Factor=6.5

Famous Victims:

Questions remain whether or not he's a sufferer, but the Midnight Enquirer reports that Charlton Heston's dying wish was to be reincarnated as, yup, you guessed it, pubic lice.

Here endeth the basic STD guide. Granted, you should know that there are a myriad of other horrible things that are sexually transmitted, some of which are still incurable like Hepatitis B and C and small screaming children. Use some common sense, demand blood tests from a new partner, or at the very least use a condom. Above all, realize that the maxim that says once you fuck somebody, you've fucked everybody they've fucked is true. Hammer that one home the next time you're drunk and lustily eyeballing that person across the quad. But most importantly, don't come bitching to me when your own stupidity gets you into trouble, and stay away from anyone I'm fucking. X





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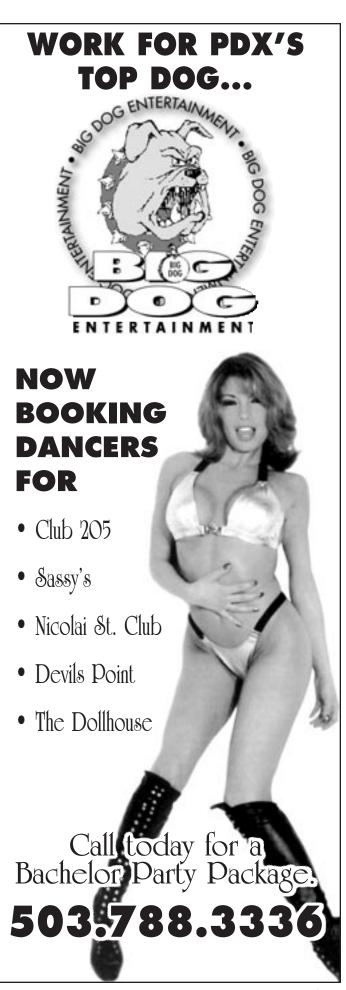
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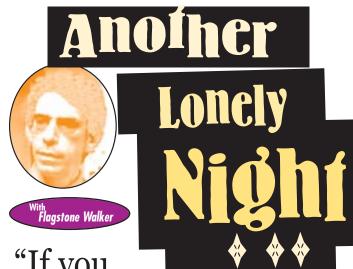
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LIZZY BORDEN: axe-wielding director of "Forced Entry"

With great fanfare, U.S. Attorney Mary Beth Buchanan in Pittsburgh announced on August 7 "a major obscenity prosecution." While Buchanan's stinking cunt is far more obscene than the defendants in this forthcoming case, she does have the advantage of working for the Fed's Bible-banging ballbreaker, John Ashcroft, who is determined to take another crack at wiping out smut.



"If you watch it and don't fast forward, and if you think about it, you'll see there's a moral to it."

This case could be the first blow in a new effort of America's Moral Squad to dismantle the porn biz. On the other hand, with any luck, Buchanan and Ashcroft will end up looking like the pathetic, sniveling blue noses they are. It will come as no surprise to porn watchers that the spoo auteurs about to land in the dock are Rob Black and his wife Lizzy Borden from Extreme Associates, the house of horrors that features incest, rape, violence and piss-drinking in their DVDs.

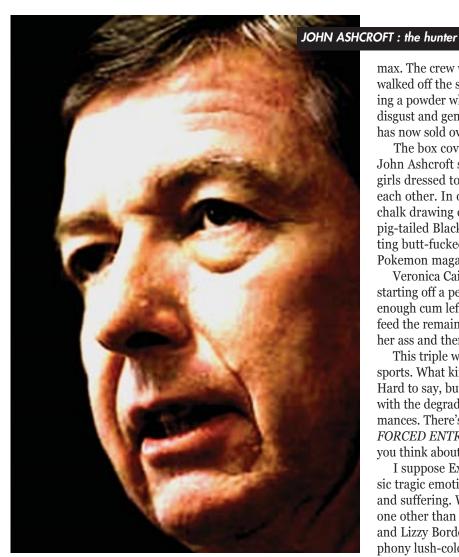
Last April forty-seven federal marshals and postal inspectors from Pittsburgh along with fluffers from the Los Angeles police department arrived at Extreme's headquarters with a search

warrant. They took away sales records and five vids for their case: EXTREME TEEN 24, COCK-

TAILS 2, ASS CLOWNS 3, 1001 WAYS TO EAT MY JIZZ and Lizzy Borden's notorious homage to serial killer Richard Ramirez, FORCED ENTRY. As Rob Black pointed out, the cost of flying these forty-seven federal thugs in from Pittsburgh and housing them in an L.A. hotel for ten days so they could issue a search warrant likely cost the taxpayers several hundred thousand dollars.

Black and Borden have been charged with nine counts of distributing pornography through the mail and on the Internet. There is also a tenth charge: conspiracy to commit crimes. The feds love to toss in a conspiracy charge to juice up a case. If found guilty on all counts, the hubby & wife porn team could get 50 years in prison along with a five-million-dollar fine. Likely that will never happen, but this strategy typical of the fascists in the Justice department is





designed to force the defendants to cop a plea on lesser charges along with driving the company out of business with a big fine.

Although there has not been a major porn case brought by the feds over the last 20 years, Ashcroft made it clear when he came into office he would target the cum brigade. It might have happened last year but for Saddam Hussein. Now that Iraq has been pacified, it's time to turn the guns on the enemies within who are shredding America's moral fiber. Referring to the indictment of Black and Borden, Ashcroft said this "marks an important step in the Department of Justice's strategy for attacking the proliferation of adult obscenity. The Justice Department will continue to focus our efforts on targeted obscenity prosecutions that will deter others from producing and distributing obscene material."

This won't deter anybody from churning out porn, but the word "targeted" is the key to his strategy. In effect, at least for now, the focus will be on porn that is over the top, as illustrated by the following three indicted Extreme DVDs.

Lizzy Borden's bash & slash *FORCED ENTRY* leaps into the galaxy of fatal rottenness with porn-dude Luciano playing a serial killer who overpowers Jewel De'Nyle, rapes her, pisses on her face and suffocates her with a plastic bag. Next up Taylor St. Claire plays a pregnant girl who gets her stomach beaten in by Luciano and one of his gang buddies, the deranged Mickey G. The third scene, the climax so to speak, features Veronica Caine getting cut up with a knife and left in a pool of blood.

Last year a PBS crew working on a Frontline documentary, *American Porn*, visited Borden's set when she was filming the cli-

max. The crew was so appalled by the "gutting" of Veronica they walked off the set. More to the point, they filmed themselves taking a powder which gave their documentary a load of authentic disgust and generated great publicity for *FORCED ENTRY*, which has now sold over 30,000 copies.

The box cover of *EXTREME TEEN 24* is a work of comedy John Ashcroft simply can't appreciate: the usual 23-year-old girls dressed to look thirteen surrounded by teddy bears fucking each other. In one scene porn girl Brie breaks away from her chalk drawing on the sidewalk to give a perv a blow job. Cut to pig-tailed Black Cat sucking on a pacifier in a kiddie tent getting butt-fucked by a guy who wins her over by giving her a Pokemon magazine.

Veronica Caine shows up again in *COCKTAIL 2*, this time starting off a pedestrian double penetration. The boys have enough cum left to blow through a funnel into her mouth, then feed the remains of a spit bowl into a tube which gets stuffed up her ass and then again shoved into her mouth.

This triple wammy offers rape, murder, kid fucking and water sports. What kind of review will the grand jury give these DVDs? Hard to say, but the vids also include "blooper" scenes at the end with the degraded girls laughing and joking about their performances. There's also Lizzy Borden's intriguing defense of FORCED ENTRY: "If you watch it and don't fast forward, and if you think about it, you'll see there's a moral to it."

I suppose Extreme's "Fatal Five" DVDs do illustrate the classic tragic emotions of an artistic work: shame, horror, fear, pity and suffering. While not a turn-on for me (and I doubt for anyone other than short eyes and serial pervs), I admire Rob Black and Lizzy Borden for their willingness to cut through all the phony lush-colored satin sheet porn put out by the likes of VCA and Vivid.

The high-rolling producers of this gutless crap will no doubt defend the right of Extreme Associates to take porn into the dark corners where girls are depicted as trash bins for predatory cocks fucking like a herd of elephants in heat. Then the gutless warriors of nice porn and their cock-sucking PR hacks at AVN who whine about every video store that gets shut down in East Jesus, Kentucky, will whisper among themselves that Extreme Associates got what they deserved for crossing the line the chicken-shit Adult Film Industry long ago drew in the sand.



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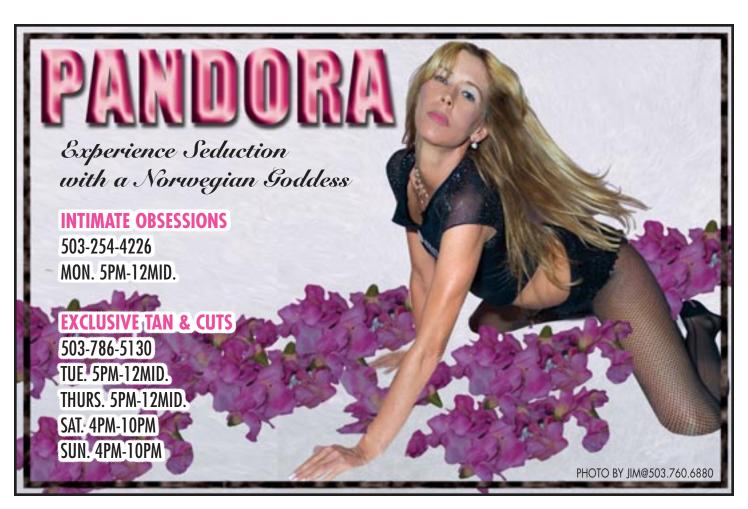
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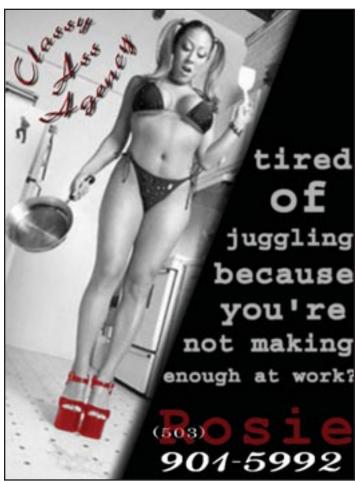












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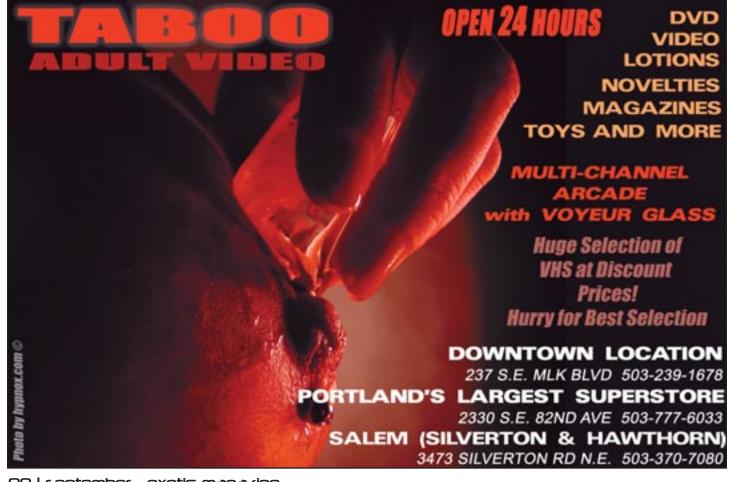
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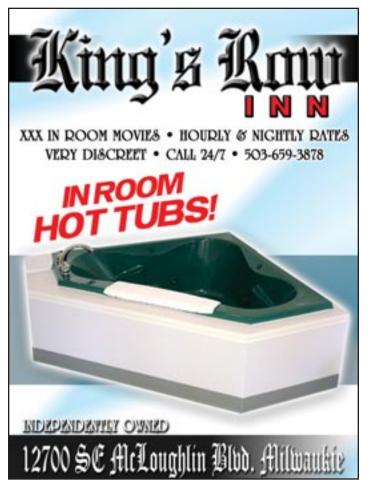
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