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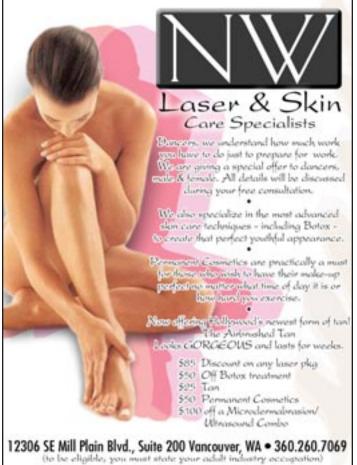
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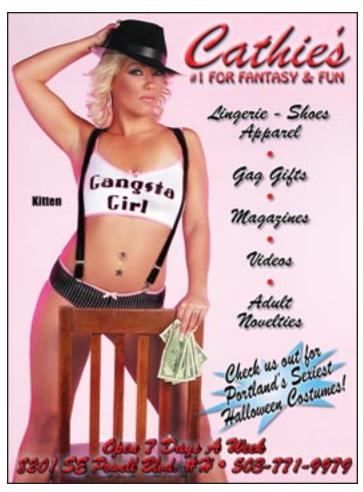


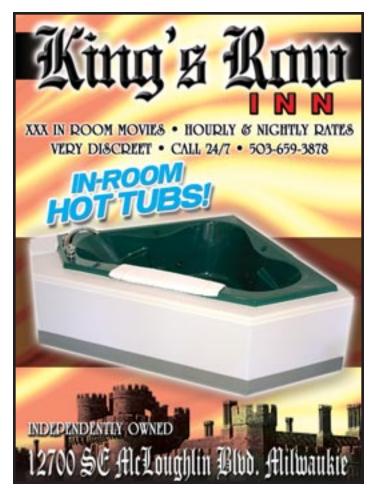
























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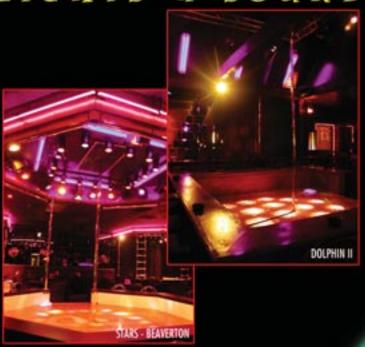
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Carnal Knowledge by frank faillace

by frank faillace mail: ffaillace@qwest.net

The Gospel According To JC or What Would Johnny Do?

I was brought up on the coast listening to "A Boy Named Sue." When I was four years old it was my favorite song. Last February, thirtysome years later, I was driving along Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood when I first heard Johnny Cash's rendition of "Hurt" on the radio. They say it never rains in Southern California, but it was pouring down that day. I had to pull the car over to the side of the street to listen to the song. I knew the voice, I knew the song, but it brought chills. It was old. It was raw. And it was real.

Some friends and I are sitting at the bar in our favorite downtown strip

club. It's smoky and hot and loud. I've been layin' off that whiskey... But I'm sipping on my usual Bacardi and Coke that's way more Bacardi than Coke. Almost as good as the bartender's slice of New York pizza. Occasionally I look over to admire the intriguingly graceful stripper onstage.

Dr. Paul makes an analytically elitist comment about one of our less fortunate fellow patrons. Todd adds an obnoxiously accurate color commentary. JT tosses in a conservatively compassionate yet pragmatic view. Joe pipes in something about Mexico... They overtook him down in Jaurez, Mexico, maybe? I agree with all of them, wander over to toss a few stray bucks on the rack, and stumble back.

The stripper is dancing to "Wanted Man" by Johnny Cash. "Wanted man in Kansas City / Wanted man in Ohhi-oh..." Johnny Cash is a good choice for strippin' music.

Besides the obligatory buck-a-song, customers should tip more when the music is good. Not that everyone has good taste in music. But they do at this bar. Love & Rockets an extra dollar...

Lou Reed or the Velvet Underground a couple more bucks... Tom Waits, Leonard Cohen or the Man In Black

himself should get at least three more...

Parameters are needed, some boundaries, some rules...to be creative, a basic structure. Can't "think outside the box" when there's no box. Tres says good things come in pink boxes. But that voodoo stuff don't do nothin' for me. At least that's what Robbie Robertson says that she said.

So I tell myself I'm tipping for the music. Although the view is, at certain angles and glances, nearly as awe-

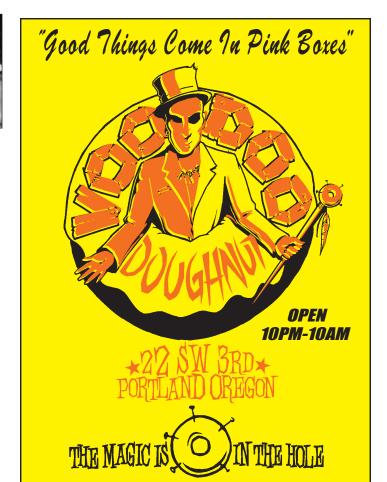
inspiring as the songs. But it could be my own self-manipulating form of inner, passive-aggressive irrational exuberance. Whatever that means. I had to use exuberance, says Jimmy-G. Although that could be some draconian subterfuge. Like going down and the flames going higher...

Late September. Now it's that time

again. No more wake-up-baking-naked-in-the-sun mornings. Don't really get a lot of those around here anyway. No more see-through summer dresses in the afternoons. No more too-hot-to-fuck evenings. No more sticky-hot-sweaty summer nights.

There are always things to look forward to— Like the death throes of the rotting, corrupt recording industry...
The imminent downfall of the current Republican administration... The sex scandals karmically awaiting Attorney General John Ashcroft... Al Franken's Lying Liars and Big Fat Idiots finally getting their due... And "Jesus" Cash of Nashville's quote, "I'm going to heaven. I've spent my time in hell."

But for now, it's time to walk the line. And start dying a little more once again.







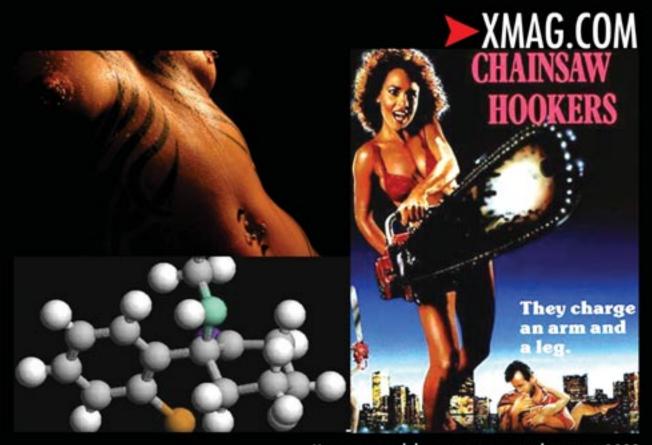
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> Did somebody say Ink-n-Pink?

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"Love is scary, like Halloween."

Thus ended my original October 2001 column. This year it's love's-beena-little-bit-hard-on-me. It's when-love-goes-wrong-nothing-goes-right. It's what-river-should-I-jump-in....

I've fallen in love four times in the last four years. Totally, completely in love. And man, is it heartbreaking! Each of these boys was totally dreamy, totally unique, totally sexy, totally brilliant and a wonderful kisser. I worshipped them. And each was more loser than the last.

"Why do strippers fall in love with losers?"

I am an expert at falling in love. It happens instantly and totally. I am unafraid of love and I never see the folly of my ways. And I always think I'll never find it, then boom, love walks in the room. But when it walks out, I

I only fall in love at first site. It's gotta be instant animal attraction or I'm not interested. And the guy's balls have to way outweigh his brain. This is evidently a prerequisite. The guys I love skate through life on charisma and creativity, but when it comes to paying rent or maintaining a car, they are dumbfounded. Most of them are just breezing through town, on the run from the law, adulthood, themselves.... It's like I want to trip them—fuck their shit up. Make 'em cross-eyed with love, saying, "I've never said this before and I can't believe I'm feeling this way, but let's get married and have babies." [They always say this!] Then I kick them in the balls and run away—a trick I perfected in first grade. I'm trying to recreate Pee Wee's Big Adventure, where Pee Wee tells his sweet dorky girlfriend to get lost, saying, "I'm a loner, Dottie, a rebel!" Yet by the end of the movie they have puppies and are riding a bicycle-built-for-fucking-two. My dream!

I have been completely poisoned by Hollywood and Little Golden Books to fall for the big bad wolf and tame him. I am a world-class game player who says I-don't-play-games. I am the girl who in high school renounced marriage 4-EVAH but who suddenly wants baby Vivas and doesn't want to do it alone.

Hanging out with all the other heartsick strippers, I hear a lot of the same stories. Granted most are wise enough not to want kids, realizing that we are selfish brats, but we all want long-term lovers. And we all seem to fall for LOSERS. (Pardon me! I mean "Outlaws." "Rebels." "Musicians." "Skateboarders.")

Why do strippers fall in love with losers? We meet hundreds of very eligible bachelors every day. They adore us. But it's the losers who win our hearts. Soon they've moved in and are beating us up and selling crack outta the front door (if they have a job at all) and are not coming home at night, while we wait up for them knitting little pink caps for our kitties and reading In Style. Why?

Some say that we are Bad Girls and so fall for Bad Boys, that we are living on the edge and so get off on guys who live the same way, that we are "outlaws", "rebels", "musicians" and "skateboarders" ourselves.

I'm not so sure. After seven god-forsaken years of mulling it over, I have my own philosophy. Strippers date losers because we can afford to.



and earwigs, I fuckin' HATE earwigs.

I thought maybe I could tell you about the time when I was fifteen, screwing this guy while I was flying on acid and he thought it might be funny to convince me that his dick was a knife, but since this is supposed to be somewhat of an advice column, I'll share with you a scary story that has a lesson in it.

me-save for the government. Oh,

You may have picked up from this column that I love anal sex, dildos and whatever vibrating toy that I can shove into me or whomever is in my proximity who sits still long enough. And you may have read my bit on the best and safest way to enjoy anal sex. If not, I mentioned in it that if you are playing with sex toys and one happens to be in your rear end when you cum, the contractions from orgasm can cause that little rocket to pop out your ass like the little man from a cannon. I myself am a shooter. For some folks, however, the opposite is true.

Bea is a trauma nurse and also a good friend of mine. She has regaled me with sick stories of late Saturday nights in the ER. Statistically, if you need to go to the ER, nine times out of ten it's on the weekend, so it's usually packed with inebriated freaks on Saturday night.

"If you're gonna ride a rubber pony until you pop, make sure it's got a wide base on it."

Late one Saturday night two men walk into the emergency room. Well, one half walks in and is half carried in by his partner. The half-walker is howling, doubled over clutching himself. His friend is keeping his cool while trying to check him in. The non-screaming man explained that a "foreign object" had somehow traveled into his friends body. "He didn't actually EAT it, but it's IN him...." the man said, trying to sound discreet and still be heard over the wailing. Bea knew right away what was up, admitted the guy and immediately pumped him full of a strong muscle relaxer.

Because it was Saturday night, the joint was jammin' and the man housing said "foreign object" was on a gurney curled on his side in the hallway, waiting for the next available doctor. Bea made her rounds, checking on the folks waiting. As she approached the man she heard something weird. Among the shouting, running around, intercom crackles and beeping machines she heard a low, throbbing buzz—like an electric toothbrush when you close your mouth around it—coming from the man's abdomen.

Apparently a big fancy vibrator with brand new batteries ended up in the man's descending colon-and it was on "high". According to Nurse Bea this happens a lot to men and women. The contractions from orgasm that enable me to pelt the far wall of my bedroom with cyberskin projectiles can actually suck inward with as much force.

So in the end, if you're gonna ride a rubber pony until you pop, make sure it's got a wide base on it or you or your partner have a good grip on it. You don't want to end up in the ER on a Saturday night with an embarrassing story that everyone will hear about someday. Be careful and be smart, because nurses talk.





An Evening With ... Edward Ka-Spel of The Legendary Pink Dots



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Oct 7- Int'l Playboys & Goddamn Gentlemen Oct 21- Boxcar Satan

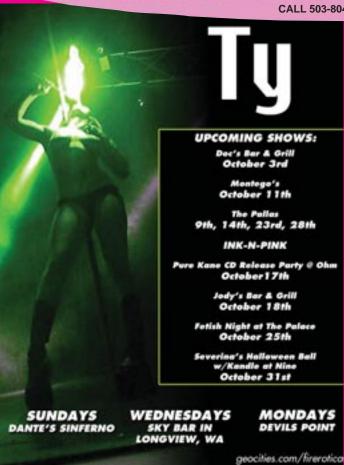


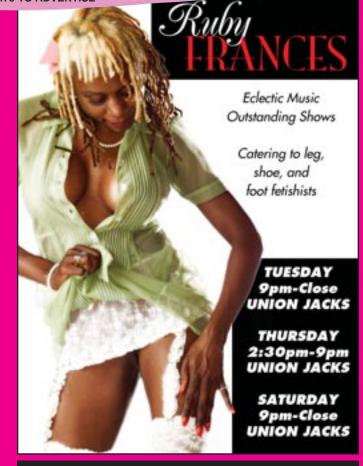
ednesday at 10pm & 12mid!

The Punk Group - Mestizo

Berbati's * The Heart of Portland's Nightlife District * Dante

The Pink Pages (







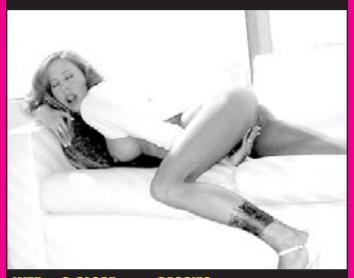
Exotic's new monthly dancer directory, **THE PINK PAGES** are designed to promote dancers so they can communicate to their friends, fans, admirers and loyal customers where they will be performing on any given night.

Rates are very reasonable. Dancers interested in advertising here please call Adam 503-804-4479.



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October 2003

INK-N-PINK

The Resurrection! Portland's fabulous tattooed stripper extravaganza returns this month. Opening night ceremony at **Union Jacks** on Friday October 10th followed by the Semi-Final Sacrifice on the 24th, also at Union Jacks. The finals will be on Halloween night at **Cleopatra's Viewpoint**. Don't miss this super hot annual event.



JACKLYN LICK

As seen on *The Man Show*, in *Orgazmo* and *8mm*, as well as over 250 XXX videos...

Jacklyn's back in Portland at Cleopatra's

Viewpoint October 30th – November 1st. Three nights only!

BOOM BOOM ROOM EAST

Grand Opening! Friday, October 3rd is the night to check out this hot new club.

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

Almost every costume shop in town is running sales to help you get your trick or treat outfit together. **Butterfly's** gowns and vinyl are 20%-70% off, **Spartacus** is offering 10% off everything to *Exotic* readers (men-

tion their ad!), **Cathie's** always has great deals, and Portland's "Best Vintage Shop" **Atomic Lily** has a pre-Halloween sale from 10/27 - 10/31.

Famous fetish model and former Exotic covergirl Kumi shows off the latest fetishes from Torture Garden

Once you're dressed up, get messed up at any one of the fabulous parties going on, from HELL NIGHT at **Stars** (10/30 in Beaverton, 10/31 in Salem) to Queen Ruth E.'s fabulous Pagan Bash at **Dino's** to the **Magic Gardens**' Midnight Monster Bash. And don't forget to stop by **Severina's Halloween Ball** at the Roseland on Halloween night for two floors of Halloween decadence.

at Cirque du Fetish last month.



OCTOBER 2003 NEWSLETTER

The last Oregon-ACE meeting held at Dante's on Tuesday, September 9 at 4pm was one of the most productive and highly attended meetings in Oregon-ACE history. With over 20 people in attendance including club owners from Nicolai St. Clubhouse, Magic Gardens, Stars Cabaret, Cleopatra's Viewpoint, G-Spot and the Boom Boom Room, and attorneys representing Miss Sally's Gentlemen's Club in Nyssa and ACE in the "lewd conduct rules" injunction against the OLCC.

Also, a large variety of non-industry professionals attended, ready to join ACE and offer exclusive discounts for ACE members including a 10% discount from a video security system company, a large discount from a well-known insurance company and a local point-of-sale system company, a 20% parts discount and flat \$20 labor fee from a very reputable refrigeration company, and discounts from janitorial services, web design and printing services.

On the legal front:

ACE, Cleopatra's Viewpoint and The Big Bang have filed an injunction against the OLCC for the new "lewd conduct rules."

The ACLU and several other nightclub owners, musicians and dancers have filed for a judicial review of the OLCC's new "minor rules" that went into effect this year.

The City of Portland has begun drafting a noise ordinance that would effectively regulate the hours of operation for any business after receiving only three letters of complaints from the neighborhood. City Commissioner Randy Leonard let ACE know about this ordinance and has offered his help to get ACE's suggestions and revisions.

The OLCC has also begun drafting "nuisance rules" for bars and taverns. They have been coming up with the rules in closed-door meetings and have yet to comment on what they are planning.

The OLCC's continued selective enforcement of its rules was also brought up. For instance, the recent ticketing of Stars Cabaret, Cleopatra's Viewpoint and The Big Bang for violations of the "lewd conduct rules" for dancers touching themselves, versus the seven mere warnings given to the Aladdin Theater for seven nights of the popular "Puppetry of The Penis" shows which involve manipulation of male genitals. The marginalization of the adult industry is apparent in this case as well as scores of others.

The Oregon Supreme Court hearings of Nyssa v. Miss Sally's and State v. Ciancanelli will be taking place Monday, November 3 at Linfield College in McMinnville. All interested parties, which should be every adult business owner in the state, should attend the next ACE meeting in October and plan on attending the hearing in McMinnville. This is a big one and WILL affect your business and your future.

ACE Memberships:

ACE Members must continue to help each other out, and should make a habit of publicly giving preferential treatment to fellow-members over non-members. That's one of the ways your ACE membership gives you value - it brings discounts that save you money. It's also part of the dues that you owe: when you offer a discount to your fellow ACE members, you are making an in-kind contribution that strengthens us all.

Please consider offering your fellow ACE members 10% off your best price. Member clubs, you should offer ACE-member entertainers 10% off your house fees, or preferential access (i.e. one day earlier) to shift selection, or both.

Offering discounts can cost you cash, so you shouldn't feel bad about raising your rates to non-members. Non-members are trying to free-load - they want all the benefits of collective defense with none of the costs. Let them pay more, so that - balanced against your discounts to your fellow ACE members - you end up no worse off than before, while ACE grows stronger.

And please, put the ACE logo in your ads, and mention your ACE-member discounts.

From Oregon-ACE President Claude DaCorsi:

With the new distance laws that could be coming into effect (Oregon Supreme Court case) we need to emphasize the devastating effect this could have on some, if not all of our adult business friends. They need to know that a lot of smaller clubs couldn't operate at all because of the impossibility of them to provide a 10 foot distance between customers and patrons. These are the clubs who need to become part of the ACE membership immediately. And they need to know the urgency that we have to fight these potential laws, and that we can't do it alone.

ACE OREGON MEETING FOR OCTOBER

TUESDAY OCTOBER 14, 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.

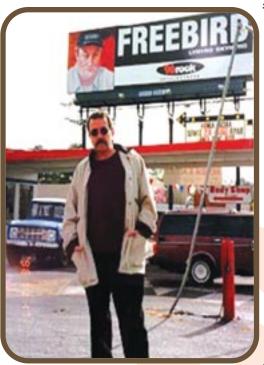
All members should send a representative to each meeting.

ACE OREGON COCKTAIL SOCIAL TO FOLLOW AT 5PM

Andrei Codrescu is as known for his devastatingly insightful, humorous and irascible commentary on NPR as he is for his incredible poetry. Born and raised in Transylvania, he professes his great love for his adopted home, America, in the thickest, sexiest accent I have ever heard.

Our paths crossed a year ago. Andrei had been escorted to Magic Gardens by his friends when a book tour brought him to Portland. He is

when a book tour brought him to Portland. He is a fan of all things sensual, naughty and late-nite and so fit right in at Old Town's finest



strip club. But even this professionally libidinous intellectual was knocked off his chair when a stripper recited one of his poems from the stage. Later he asked one of the gals to go to an after hours club with him. She declined, saying she had to go home and edit her documentary. Andrei was convinced that Magic Gardens was the best strip club in the world.

We met shortly
thereafter. He was in
town on another book
tour with his movable
feast of friends. Andrei
collects bizarre geniuses like I at one time
collected Strawberry

Shortcake dolls. He lives for it. When he took me out to dinner, he told me about his recent affairs with dwarves, amputees, and the librarian-lady-from-last-night. When I admitted that I'd never been to an S & M recommittal ceremony, he was shocked. When he asked me where we could find speedballs I was shocked. Now I thank my lucky stars for the friendship of this hedonistic lover who inspires me to ever more passionate episodes of soulsucking every time I meet him.

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW MUST BE READ WITH A THICK TRANSYLVANIAN ACCENT.

VIVA: You are something of a vampire yourself, in that you are an incredibly sexy Transylvanian who sucks the lifeblood of humanity wherever you go.

ANDREI: Yes, but I give back. I suck some of it, but then I give it back enriched. Once it goes through my nervous and intellectual systems, the next person I bite actually gets enriched with a bit of immortality.

ANDREI CODRESCU

VIVA: You're a wordsmith. Where does the word VAMPIRE come from?

ANDREI: Vampire is I think a Celtic word for the undead. But the vampire has different names in different countries. In Transylvania where I am from they have something called *virkolak*—the spirit of the undead that is restless and bothers the living. But the vampire legend itself was born there because we had a particularly cruel prince named Vlad Dracula who liked impaling people.

VIVA: Is he a national hero now? He brings in a lot of money.

ANDREI: Yeah. He was in my classroom when I was growing up. We had three pictures on the wall; we had Stalin, the local dictator, and we had Vlad the Imperious. He impaled people because he was sadistic. The German burghers in my hometown in Transylvania got tired of him sacking the town and impaling the best citizens, so they commissioned Guttenberg—the first printer—to put out a pamphlet detailing the atrocities of Dracula with woodcuts. They are really horrific. Pictures and text.

VIVA: Who could read?

ANDREI: This is interesting. The first printed book was Guttenberg's Bible. The second was *The Atrocities of Dracula*. It was a bestseller... the world's first bestseller and the first appearance in legend of the vampire.

VIVA: What is the goal of a vampire? Is it to satiate hunger?

ANDREI: It is to make humans happy. We live in such sad flesh that the attention of an immortal suffuses people with wicked black light and pleasure.

VIVA: It's almost like a Jesus figure.

ANDREI: Well, yeah. A vampire is a pagan Jesus.

VIVA: What is sexy about vampires?

BY VIVA LAS VEGAS

ANDREI: What was sexy about vampires is that they were seducers, and they seduced their victims slowly. In Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, he takes a long time with Lucy before she dies and he tends to her and comes to her at night and that is very sexy. Then came Anne Rice's vampires who were one-bite vampires, you know, quickies. Instead of one-night stands you have one-bite stands. I think it was very

INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE



much a product of the disco age and the gay revolution. The metaphor of the vampire is spreading blood, and the terror of it in Anne Rice has to do with A.I.D.S.

VIVA: Do you...uh...like those books?

ANDREI: No. I hate her.

"I always get an erection at funerals."

VIVA: You hate her but do you like the *Chronicles?*

ANDREI: Well, I'll tell you the truth now for the first time ever. I like Interview with a Vampire. I like that one because it comes from a real person tragedy. Her daughter died at nine years old of leukemia and Anne was trying to work out some kind of understanding of leukemia through the metaphor of blood. And she was very successful because that book is emotionally packed. But her dirty books are terrible. I could never come or jerk off reading Anne Rampling. I'm always amazed. I think that women have a different sexual mechanism if they actually get off reading those things.

VIVA: What is sexy about fear and why has All Hallow's Eve become a celebration of fear?

ANDREI: People think sex is dirty and it's best done at night and furtively and its eroticism is increased by the amount of danger that is around.

VIVA: Humans are attracted to danger.

ANDREI: The first reaction to a catastrophe or to tragedy is to want to make love, it's instinct. Eros and Thanathos, the God of death, are really linked at some deep primitive level. I always get an erection at funerals. Funerals are orgies for the survivors, you know. Not just Irish wakes, every funeral and wake. They turn into lovefests and fuckfests at some point.

VIVA: What is scary to you, my dahling?

ANDREI: You. You are very scary. Beauty is scary. Rilke has this wonderful poem that says "beauty is the beginning of terror." "All

angels are terrifying. Beauty is but the beginning of terror."

VIVA: What is delicious to you? Do you have a favorite vintage of human lifeblood?

ANDREI: I love a person who is filled by their selfunderstanding and their spirit. I like people who are filled by their minds, by knowing...every inch of their skin is filled by their consciousness. I don't like vacancy.

VIVA: What is the scariest word of all time?

ANDREI: Luftgruppen SS. That really sends a chill through this old Jew.

VIVA: What about the sexiest word of all time?

ANDREI: Viva.

VIVA [after squirming and squealing, abruptly changing the subject]: Love scares me, but my desire for fidelity scares me more. Why fidelity?

ANDREI: Fidelity is just an old peasant characteristic of ownership. Peasants needed all the hands around the house, so they couldn't stand them running around. So we got passed genetically this defense-of-property gene that manifests in possessiveness and jeal-

ousy and it's translated "noblely" as fidelity. But it's also, I think, a defense against the old men getting all the young women. I think it was invented for that purpose.

VIVA: What is the sexiest song of all time?

ANDREI: "She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain When She Comes."

VIVA: Sexiest experience of all time?

ANDREI: I hate to choose, but I'll tell you a strange one. I went to a demonstration against the war in Vietnam and the cops attacked the crowds and I found myself running with this woman, hand in hand, and we were getting incredibly turned on as we were being chased and about to be killed. So we found the first place we could to make out, and we didn't know each others' names. There were some steps going up and soon we were fucking at the top of these steps in the city of New York with this pure raw animal passion. And then

we came off the stairs and put ourselves back together and then looked up to see that it was the Planned Parenthood building.

Blood Countess

Many more sexy stories followed—sex in the brambles by the Coit Tower in San Francisco ("a stranger and I conceived an instant passion"), in doorways near the Strand in New York ("I would steal my own poetry after its first publication and wait outside to give it to beautiful women"), and on and on and on. Andrei is the sexiest. And inspires me to drink more human blood. I can never thank him enough.

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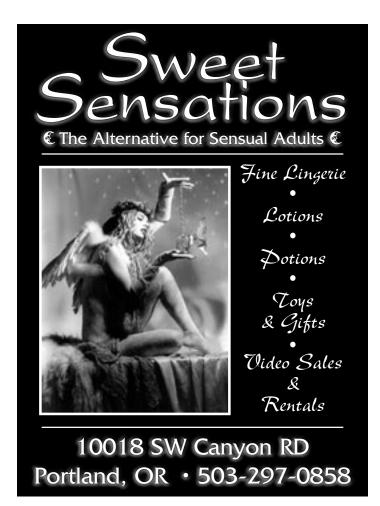
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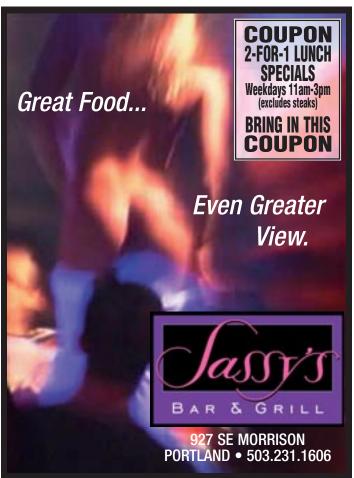
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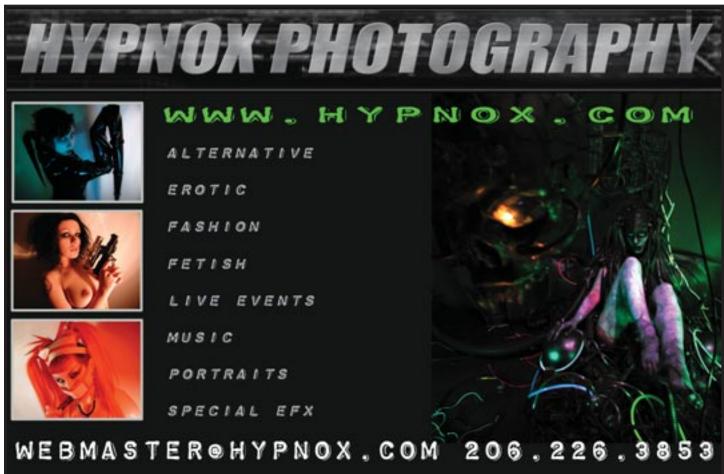
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WHAT Z CRACKIN'!

Whatz up ya'll? It's that cat from the 'hood that's known for keepin' it real like the air that you breathe. In this month's article, I'll again be doing just that! I've never been the one to bite my tongue on how I feel about the entertainment business and the people in it. I'll give credit where credit is due, and I always call it how I see it. In this issue I'll be addressing the recent violence that has been occurring in the rap game, the things that women want, and also whatz crackin' on the local scene.

First Up—Egos, Bullets and Investigations

In my opinion, who gives a fuck about who is the tightest rapper if being tight will get you hated on to the point that people want you dead? The verbal battling on records is cool to an extent, but when it leads to someone's ego getting so crushed that they want to kill you just to feel better it makes me sick to my stomach. Last month two lives were lost and others were threatened in the industry.



After a man linked to 50 Cent was murdered, a few days later one of Murder Inc.'s newest artists, D.O. Cannon was gunned down. He was hit with two bullets to the chest and one to the leg. By the time his friend was able to get him to the hospital, it was too late. In the days following these two deaths, 50 Cent and members of his entourage were apparently shot at while going into a Double Tree Hotel in Jersey City. Luckily no one was hurt but this shit has got to stop. You would think that motha-fuckas would have learned from what happened to Tupac and Biggie. There have been no arrests made in any of the incidents but the police are following up on many leads and continuing their investigations.



Every woman wants honesty even though some men are scared to be truthful. Most women may already know the truth, but they just want to hear it from you. If your relationship isn't crackin' fellas and you want to put some spice back in it, here's how. First of all we must have the ability to listen to our girl and be able to read between the lines. Even in a heated conversation or an argument you must keep your male ego out of it and be the man and the friend she really wants. Sometimes us men get so caught up in the things that we are doing that we forget we're even in a relationship. For the most part, women love a hard-working man that's trying to make it in life, but they still want to be reminded that you care about them. Women also want to be surprised and spoiled by their men on days other than just Valentine's Day, Christmas, Birthdays, and Mothers' Day. Women want a man that knows how to be romantic and affectionate. Some cats may think that's corny and dumb, yet these are the same cats that are having problems with their girls right now. Me personally, I love to give baby oil back rubs and chill with my babe in a candle lit bubble bath listening to slow jams. That's the shit!!!

Party Over Where?

It's taking place Friday, October 17th, 2003 at the Fuel Nightclub @ 1338 NW Hoyt. It's a Libra Joint and a CD Listening Party. Plus I'll be performing some of my new joints live! The cuts will be provided by my DJ partna Mr. Mosaic. Dress Code in Full Effect!!! 21& Over Baby...It's all love!

Honey of the Month

Trinity, stay fly and congrats girl!
I'll see you at my party on the 17th. Until next month, be safe and keep it crackin'!!!

One Love,

J.MACK













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Hi, I'm Jenny. I'm a 22 year old coed in my senior year of college. I have long auburn hair, brown eyes and a nice round ass. I'm tired of the books and classes. I'd like to meet a man who could really teach me something new. I love to experiment with my hot body. If you can do this, call me. Box #8817

I'm Felicia and I'm a deliciously hot and kinky female who loves nothing better than to please her playmate. All I want is to share erotic pleasure with you in paradise. I'm 5'6, 120 lbs with long shiny red hair to the middle of my back and large green eyes. I have a great body, my measurements are 36C,24,34. I've got full soft breasts and a tight little ass and I'd like nothing better than to take you on a trip to paradise with me, so call me. Box #9011

Sweet as candy. Single Hispanic female, 19 years old. I have honey blond hair with a model-like body with hazel eyes. searching for a man between 18 and 25 years old, with an incredible sense of humor, who enjoys having cool days and really hot nights. Box #9767

Hi, my name is Jenny. I'm a very outgoing girl. Very crazy, very wild. I'm looking for a man or a female. Just get back to me. Box #9983

Hi, I'm Carol, a college student. I don't have many friends. I have a weakness for men and I always seen to want to please them. If you are interested I have reddish-blond hair, green eyes and long legs. I would love to be any way you want me to be. Box #11000

I'm looking to meet single or married men for great phone sex and much more. My name is Jane, I'm a housewife. My husband is very straight-laced and he travels a lot. I want to find someone who is wild and kinky and is looking for a discreet, spontaneous, no strings attached relationship. I'm 38, I have red hair and green eyes and a very sexy, hot body. Your age or race does not matter. Box #18902

Big mama looking for little, sissy, diaper boys. My name is Lilly. I'm 44 years old, 5'8", dark hair and a hot, firm body. My 38DD breasts are waiting to warm your baby face when you're a good boy, and my hard hands will spank your sissy bottom pink when you are naughty. This Mommy will powder your behind and diaper you too. I will dress you up like the big baby you are, with ruffles and sissy boy pink. Be my good little baby and you will be rewarded, be a naughty little baby and you will be punished. So to all you thumb sucking. big. sissy babies. your Mommy is waiting. Box #22201

The secret to life lies in a deep, dark, moist place, that I alone posses and only the most brave, daring and adventurous of all you pathetic excuses for humanity, that are called men, strive to discover. If you are one of the chosen few, I will allow you to follow on a journey of

disgust and desire. Release your inner passion. Box #31600

Hi, this is Mistress Tyler. I'm looking for a slave to please me in every area of my body. A slave who can handle my big, swinging breasts and my pink, ripened nipples. You will suck them when I say so, otherwise you sit and drool at the sight of them. My ass if full, voluptuous and waiting for a hungry slut, such as yourself, so I can smother and grind on your face as your tongue laps every trace of juice up. Well, I think I've given you more than enough. Call me. Box #32801

I'm a hot, sweet slut looking for a strict master to develop and train me. I'm fairly new at this lifestyle, so you need to be a well experienced teacher. I'm 20 years old, 5'5" and 118 lbs. My measurements are 36D-23-35 and I have very beautiful, long, blond hair. I'm into S&M, B&D, spanking and I'm great at oral servitude. The bigger the better. Call me. Box #33801

I Hello slave. My name is Raven. That's Mistress Raven to you. I stand 5'10, my measurements are 38-28-34. I have long, dark, red hair. I'm a very strict mistress. I demand obedience and loyalty. I have all kinds of leather and bondage gear and it would be my pleasure to experience your pain. You really must worship me. Drop to your knees and send me a message. Box #408

Hi, my name is Bianca. I'm in my thirties. I stand 5'11", I'm quite tall. My measurements are 38-24-32. I'm a brunette. I'm a very sensuous Mistress. If you want to know the difference between sensuous and dominant, I love to tease. I can tease you for hours. You probably have to be tied up, but my teasing is very torturous in the way I get you excited and not let you touch, except when you deserve to. I love to wear sexy lingerie, anything to turn you on. It might turn me on for you to wear it. If you are interested in hot, sexy lingerie and a chance to get teased out of your mind, send me a message. Box #410

Very straight forward woman looking for someone who is interested in foot worship, oil massages and slight humiliation. Must be between 26 and 45, open minded, very clean and ready to explore. Box #81100

Dominant female wants to hear from all of those male wimps who enjoy watching submissive men being trained, disciplined and humiliated by dominant Mistresses. Box #91101

Hi, I'm a submissive female. I'm 24 years old, 5'4", 120 lbs. I'm interested in a first bi experience, cum baths, possible gang bangs. I'm not into pain and I do have my husbands approval. Box #93201

 $l^\prime m$ not going to beat around the bush, I want sex. Hot, nasty, wet sex. Soft sex is great but the real thing is even better. I'm looking

for a no strings attached encounter with a very horny, sexy guy. Box #96802

I'm looking for a dominant man who is rough and very strong, physically and mentally. I love to be bossed around and forced to do wild and nasty things. I'm 5'6", 126 lbs. with long red hair and green eyes. I'm so naughty and I need very badly to be taught a lesson by you. Box #540904

COUPLES

Hi couples, I'm just looking for a hot and wild time with anybody, anything, anyway. If you're interested, please call me anytime for anything, and I mean just to talk any way you want or we could meet and we can have some wild and fun experiences. Like I said, the wetter the better, the wilder the funner. I'm just in for the hell of it. So, if it sounds good to you, it sounds good to me. Give me a call, I'm waiting. Box #336

Hi this is Lisa. My boyfriend and I are looking for a sexy man who loves hot sex and fun adventures. I am a gorgeous blonde with big tits and full lips. Come over and play with us. Box #961415

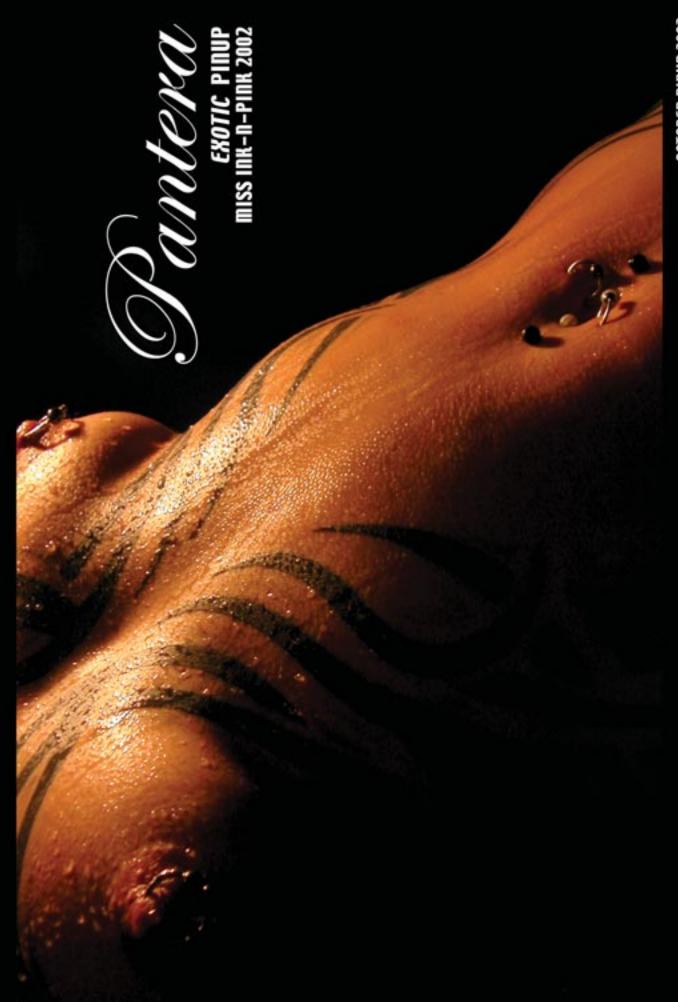
Hi guys this is Jamie. My boyfriend is always hinting that he would love to have another man join us in bed and I am really turned on by it. We are a very uninhibited couple and we would love for you to please us both. Box #973529

This is Vanessa and my husband loves to play little sex games. He actually video tapes me with other people so he can jerk off to it when he's on the road. It keeps our sex life really exciting. Want to join in? Box #973639

Hi, we're a thirty-something couple. I'm 5'4", 125 lbs., bi-curious. My partner is 5'10", 160 lbs., straight. Discretion is a must with us. We are drug and disease free and we expect the same. We seek a friendly couple with a bi female. Our likes are voyeurism, exhibitionism, we are very oral and we like XXX movies and photos. Box #1976

We are looking for couples who are interested in sharing. We're looking for couples under 35. I am 19 and he is 20. I am well endowed above the waist and my husband is well endowed. If you feel interested in meeting with us or talking to us, leave a message on our mailbox and we'll get back to you. Box #1959

Hi, my name is Debbie and my husband's name is Dennis. We are both looking for a female to share. I'm more into giving pleasure then I am receiving. We'd like to meet somebody to share varied interests. We'll go into more detail when you get a hold of us. Box

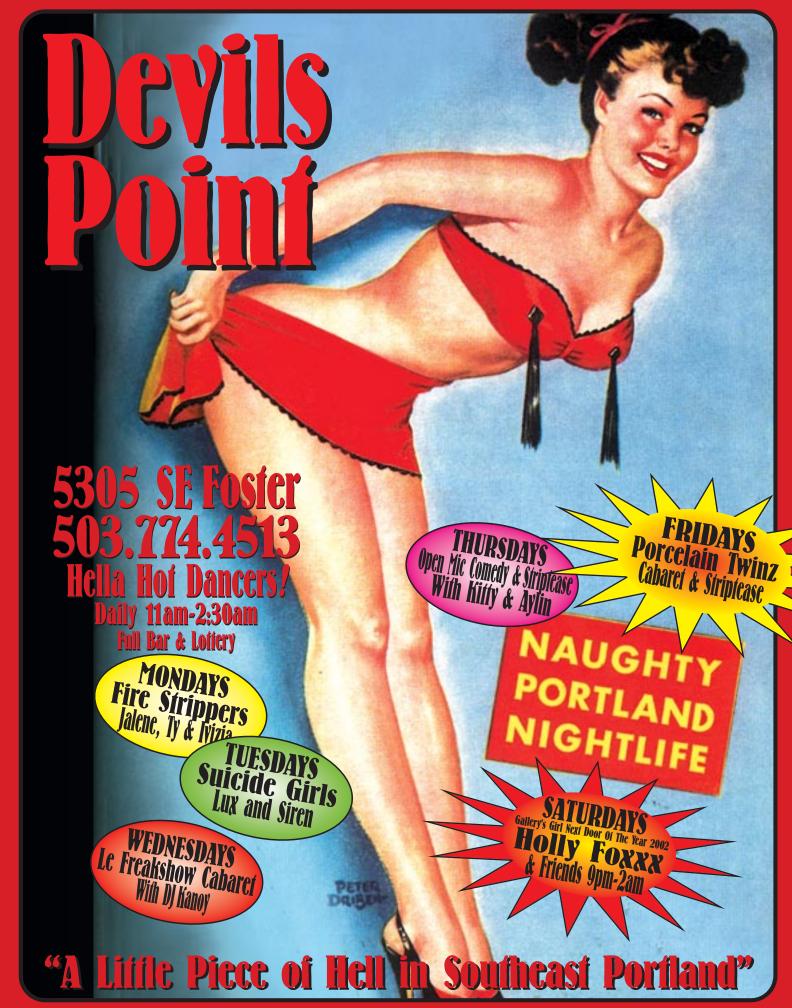


	SATURDAY 4	=	8	25	HALLOWEEN!
	FRIDAY BOOM BOOM ROOM EAST grand opening! The Porcelain Twinz @ Devits Point 9nm-2am	INK-N-PINK 10 union jacks The Porcelain Twinz @ Devils Point 9pm.2am	The Porcelain Twinz @ Devils Point 9pm-2am	INK-N-PINK 24. SEMI-FINALS union jacks The Porcelain Twinz @ Devils Point 9pm-2am	INK-N-PINK FINALS cleopatra's viewpoint SEUGLINA'S HAULOUTEEN BALU Crossband MACTO CARDEN MONSTER BASE ruth e. @ dino's SWEATY NIPPLES @ DANTES
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SEPTEMBER 2003 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 30 20 20	SUNDAY	SASA SLINTAN STERS BERUERFOR SINFERNO CABARET Sex a Service Industry Wight Featuring a Simin Circus of Buriesque, Fire Dancers, Dis 10pm @ DANTES swan a burnside	STATES BETTEND TO STATE STATES OF THE SEX A SERVICE INDUSTRY WIGHT FEARTH OF CASE OF THE SEX AS SERVICE TO BE TO STATES OF THE SEX AS A SERVICE TO STATES OF THE SEX AS A SERVICE TO STATE SERVICE TO STATES OF THE SERVICE SEX AS A SERVICE OF THE SEX AS A SEX AS A SEX AS A SERVICE OF THE SEX AS A SERVICE OF THE SEX AS A	STARS BENTEND TO SINFERNO CABARET Sex a Service Industry Night Farturing a Sinful Gross of Burlesque, fire Damers. Dis a Dehauchery!	STATES BEATGROUN STATES BEATGROUN SINFERNO CABARET SER A SERVICE Industry Night Featuring a Sinful Circus of Burlesque, Fire Dancers, Dis a, Dehauchery, 10pm @ DANTES SW 2014 Burssie



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Keeping spirit with Halloween tradition I'll tell a tale of two Addams families. The Addams Family Pinball machine first debuted under the Bally trade name in March of 1992, shipping with "original software" that had to be updated several times over the next two years to remove bugs in the programming. In 1994 Bally released The Addams Family Gold Pinball machine,

introducing a new edition of software that not only removed all the bugs but also added many enhancements and features making it more fun to play.

The Addams Family Gold Pinball was a limited release with only 1,000 machines rolled out on the market. They came in a gold colored casing with gold trimmings on the vault, the tops of pop bumpers and the Thing's box. Each machine had an individual number found on a gold plate in the lower right hand corner and included a certificate signed by all the members of the design team.

While I've never had the honor of playing one of the *Gold* machines, I discovered two of the originals here in Portland. And this is what I found...

The Goods: The Addams Family Pinball was manufactured by Bally (1992) and crafted by a special design team at Williams, led by Pat Lawlor, one of the most prominent veterans in the field of pinball concepts and design.

While working as a designer for Williams, Pat was credited for creating many top quality games, such as Whirlwind, Fun House and The Twilight Zone, but his crowning achievement was The Addams Family Pinball—considered by many enthusiasts to be the best and most popular pinball machine ever created. After Williams went out of business, Pat went on to form his own company, Pat Lawlor's Design, Inc., creating such recent projects as the Monopoly and Roller Coaster Tycoon machines.

Wherefore Art Thou? The Devil's Point at

5305 SE Foster. This mini-Dante's is a sinfully dark rock'n'roll strip club with a seductive atmosphere that boasts putting "a little piece of hell in Southeast Portland."

Ground Kontrol at 610 SW 12th Ave. is a classic video game

arcade in downtown



Portland that screams old school. They also buy and sell classic Atari systems and games.

Specs: Standard two-flippers with an additional Thing flipper in the upper right playfield and a mini-flipper along the lower

BY BALL

left side near the Swamp and Graveyard. The Million Plus ramp gives a cool mil each time it's hit (up

to 10 million). The center ramp is the Bear Kick ramp and gives extra balls and free mansion rooms. There's an Electric Chair and Swamp sinkhole with corresponding kick-outs. Hit the Bookcase to spell GREED and open the Vault to lock balls and start MultiBall. The Thing ramp is a

small ramp to the left of the Bear Kick ramp. It's a bitch to hit but starts Quick MultiBall and Thing MultiBall for mad points and extra balls. Best of all is the Thing, who

resides in a box, snatches your balls from play and carries them off to the Swamp. The Devil's Point is the standard 50 cents for 3 balls while Ground Kontrol is only 25 cents per play.



The Sweet Lowdown: The

machine at Devil's Point could use some maintenance. The game

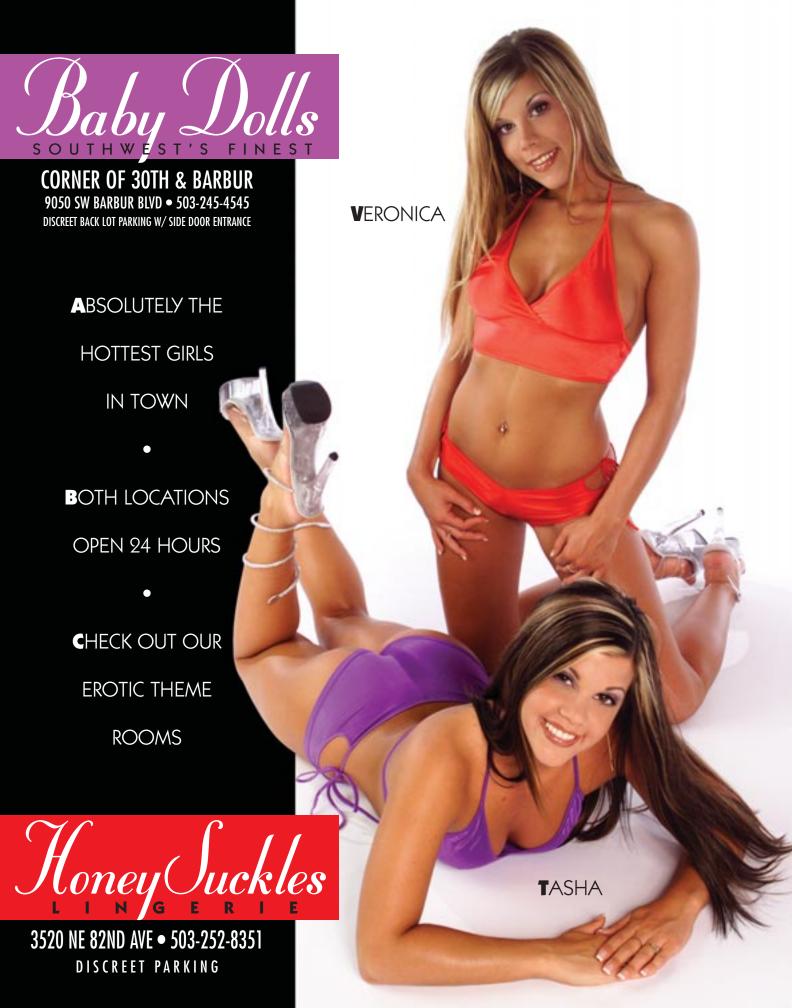
reset 3 or 4 times during play and maybe it's just me but overall this machine kicked the shit out of me. It could also have something to do with being distracted by all the beautiful women writhing around naked up on stage. It takes a certain level of skill to play a good game of pinball while trying to hide the hardon in your pants.

The action on the machine at Ground Kontrol is super-

smooth and I rocked the fuck out of it. I had some random ten year-old street urchin wander in to stand and watch me in awe as I racked up free games—I actually got two knocks and a match. Maybe it was the way he stood there all innocent and vulnerable, just waiting to be molested, pulling my plunger for me so I could keep my hands free for ball-whackin'. If I was a chomo or a Catholic priest I could have gotten lucky.

When it comes to overall environment, I suggest playing the Devil's Point. I'd much rather deal with a fucked-up evil machine on a Friday night while watching the lovely Porcelain Twinz or that sexy pagan waif Anika wave their whisker biscuits in my face... I can always wander across the street and deal with my hard-

on at the jack-shack, maybe even teabag a dirty old married man. Granted the machine at Ground Kontrol is cheaper, but who in their right mind would settle for stretching the pooper on a scrubby little kid over quivering nude sex-flesh? And make sure you tip the dancers, you cheap fucks.



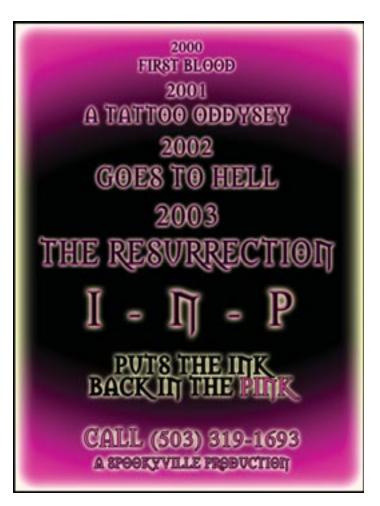




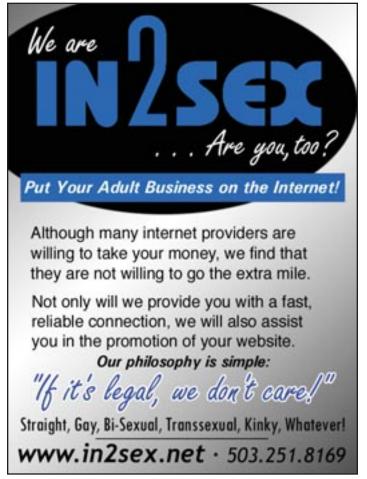












WATCHING THE AMBULANCE PULL AWAY

from the curbside, I entered the dark club and asked the bouncer what was happening.

"Some guy passed out in the bathroom. Overdosed on Special K."

"What the fuck is 'Special K?' Isn't that a cereal?"

"It's an animal tranquilizer. He took too much and went into a K-hole."

The term 'K-hole' was the most frightening slang I'd ever heard for a drug experience. Recreational drugs are supposed to induce euphoria and enlightenment, not shove you down a black hole and force an ambulance to haul away your drooling hulk.

It was at that moment that I knew I would have to try Special K.

ON A RAINY DECEMBER NIGHT a

year later, a twinkly-eyed, goatee-wearing young man stopped me at a party and told me he enjoyed my writing. As we began talking, I pegged him as a "Dr. Buzz" type—my label for a white male who compensates for possible social awkwardness by knowing everything there is to know about illegal drugs.

Dr. Buzz revealed that he was on a paid sabbatical from work and, to pass the time, he'd been shooting ketamine hydrochloride—the medical name for Special K into his ass muscles daily for the past eleven nights. He said that after doing ketamine, the "real" world seemed boring. He seemed bright and well-adjusted enough that I began to trust him. Touting the drug's glories, he and his bespectacled chum offered to share some K with my girlfriend and me. I still suffered from the impression that ketamine was merely a tranquilizer that would induce a heavily stoned "body high" rather than the most terrifying psycho-death trip of my life. He cautioned that since K impaired motor skills, it was not a social drug and we'd have to ditch the party and repair to his quiet lair far in Southeast Portland. He promised we'd be lucid after an hour or two and that he'd

Foolishly, we agreed.

drive us home.

WHEN WE REACHED HIS SAD, FLAT HOME, the lights were off and a man was already there sitting in darkness, bathed in droning electronic music. When Dr. Buzz flicked on the lights, the man's eyes were so glassy, he appeared retarded. He had reverted back to Apeman and looked at Dr. Buzz with faint recognition.

Dr. Buzz and Mr. Spectacles had already burned down some liquid ketamine into butter-colored powder for

needlephobes such as me and my girl. He cut out three huge lines for us enough to make a sandwich.

"That seems like a lot," I protested, sitting on a couch next to my girlfriend.

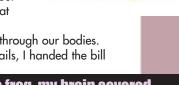


"No," he insisted, carefully drawing two syringefuls of liquid K from a vial with which to ass-spike himself and Mr. Spectacles. "That's a normal dose. You'll have to do that much to feel the full effect. You can do two lines, and she can do one."

He told us to snort it but to avoid trying to swallow it as if it were cocaine—just crush the crystals in our noses using our fingers. He said that within ten seconds, we'd feel a

warmth in our feet that would rise through our bodies.

After snuffling my two monster rails, I handed the bill



"I was a biology-class frog, my brain severed from my spinal column, pinned down in a steel tray, unable to move or feel."

and mirror to my girlfriend, who inhaled her portion. I closed my eyes for a second and then looked over at her. She appeared to be already dead.

BOOM! Almost instantly I felt warmth and a savage disorientation. I began to feel sucked inside a hurricane's slow-motion roar. The floor dropped out beneath me. Everything was TOO BRIGHT AND TOO LOUD. Wow...wow...somebody turn this music off and turn the goddamned lights off...it's too much...it's too much...it's too much...too much...too shit oh shit oh shit.

The one-level house suddenly had an upper and a lower level. It wasn't a house anymore—it was a space-ship casino. A deafening strobe effect pounded my head as if I was tied to the bottom of a subway car as it screamed through the Bronx. Faster than I could blink, images and sounds flew by like neon shrapnel. I was being munched alive by a giant digital machine, a com-

70 | october - exotic maga∠ine

'SPECIAL

puter-screen wonderworld where my identity was pulverized and pasted into a cold, endless tapestry. Pieces of myself were chopped up and spat

back with epileptic speed. I was being smashed down and torn apart and fused with "the one" against my will. I

was separated from myself and could observe my identity stolen and broadcast on the Jumbotron screen of

existence. Even my voice had become digitized and sounded as if I was speaking into an electric fan.

A crushed pile of plastic chips. Utterly synthetic. Bland virtual-reality mazescapes, the triumph of math over feeling. Dead flat cybernetic soullessness. Mechanical insect brain. The only emotion left was the most primitive one—fear.

I was a biology-class frog, my brain severed from my spinal column, pinned down in a steel tray, unable to move or feel.

Suddenly all was quiet and eternal. All the colors were burned to ash. Cold, dark space and emotionless planets. A dull grey orb surrounded by hissing blackness. Many things are deader than we'd imagined.

Rearing my woozy head, I realized where I was. I just saw shadows of other humans. No one was stirring. The music had stopped and the lights were off. A James Brown bobble-head doll on the table next to

me reflected the middle-ofthe-night moon rays and radiated cold, sadistic, voodoo death.

I squeezed my girl and said, "I love you." I heard my voice, but it came from two feet above my head and over to the left.

kept saying "I love you" over and over again to save both of us, huddled against a blizzard of blackness.

She said she had to leave. She had to go. Had to get out of there. She stood up and I reached after her. Don't go. As bad as it is here, it's worse out there.

> She took two steps and collapsed on the floor.

I stood up. I looked down at my feet, which seemed to be only three or four inches below my chin. On the floor beneath me was the unconscious

Mr. Spectacles with a Mongoloid grin. I began vomit-

ing. On the couch. On the floor. On the doorknob while walking outside. On the rock garden. Powerpuking until all I could taste was my own stomach acids and the rank

chemical ketamine taste. My eyes were watering, my foggy breath shallow.

My girl and I sat out in the carport in thirty-five-degree December rain for a half-hour, feeling no cold. Every time I opened my eyes to focus, I saw three of everything swirling around kaleidoscopically.

She finally managed to call a cab. Vomit rose in my throat the whole way. At a stop light, I opened the door and sprayed gut juice onto the asphalt.

"Don't do Special K," I mumbled to the driver as he pulled up to my building.

> I FELT A SPOOKY MALAISE for the next week. Everything seemed dead or in the process of dying. Cheap computer-generated TV ads and my rattling kitchenstove fan threatened to suck me back down into the K-hole.

> Researching ketamine on the Internet, I discovered that the recommended powder dose is a small "bump" rather than the twin peaks I inhaled. One study determined that users experience memory loss and "mild schizophrenia" for days after ingesting it. I also learned that Special K can induce seizures and cause severe brain damage in epileptics and left-handers.

I'm left-handed and mildly epileptic.

Thanks, Dr. Buzz. **KETAMINE WAS INVENTED IN 1962**

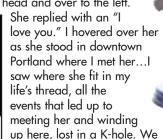
as a safer alternative to PCP, the drug of (continued on page 72)

exotic magazine - octoběr (71

ORSON

CORSICA







bloodthirsty psycho legend. Its molecular structure is almost identical to that of its scarier older brother.

Ketamine was employed as an anesthetic during the Vietnam War and is still being used on house pets and children worldwide. Its painkilling properties are so powerful, it's used in burn trauma and for post-amputation stump pain.

Along with PCP, DXM, and nitrous oxide, ketamine belongs to a class of drugs called "dissociatives," so named because the user experiences a clear split between ego and body. Physicians refer to such a hallucinogenic near-death state as an "emergence reaction."

Some people find the blotting out of self to be euphoric, an erasure of all self-consciousness; others, like me, find it nightmarish and run screaming back into themselves.

After media horror stories of its use as a "date-rape drug," the Feds finally declared ketamine illegal in

1999. You can still buy it over the counter in Mexico, which is where Dr. Buzz procured his stash.

Ketamine's most ardent spokesman was the neurophysiologist John Lilly (pictured below), who invented

the isolation tank in the 1950s. The films Day of the Dolphin and Altered States are based on Lilly's writings and experiences. Lilly is perhaps best known for his extensive studies trying to decipher dolphin communication patterns. What's not as well-known is that he was a lifelong K addict rumored at one point to be injecting himself with ketamine once an hour twenty times daily for the better part of a year.

After enough time surfing the K-hole with dolphins (he never gave K to dolphins but claimed he once dosed one with acid), Lilly started believing that the gentle cetaceans were intermediary entities between humans and the space-alien agents of the "Earth Coincidence Control Office (ECCO)." In the 1970s, he went so far as to warn President Gerald Ford that the dolphins could save us from ECCO. Lilly once told a reporter:

Dolphins have personalities and are valuable people....But what about their spiritual life? Can they get out of their bodies and travel?...I suspect that they're all ready to talk and carry on with us if we are not so blind. So we open up pathways to them with ketamine, LSD, swimming with them, falling in love with them, and them falling in love with us.

In short, John Lilly was insane, and ketamine probably played a role in his cognitive unspooling. He spent his life in and out of the funny farm.

Marcia Moore, a wealthy heiress and astrologer, was another ketamine cheerleader. She wrote a 1978 book called Journeys into the

Bright World, which included this eager endorsement of falling down the

> If captains of industry, leaders of nations could partake of this love medicine the whole planet might be converted into the Garden Of Eden...

On a frigid night early in 1979, Moore climbed into a tree, injected ketamine, dozed off, and froze to death.

The creepiest endorsement of ketamine, and the one which came closest to emulating my experience, is by David Woodard, described as a "requiem composer and a Dream Machine fabricator." His essay "The Ketamine Necromance" includes

this psychotic passage:

Although ketamine is a drug administered and experienced by living beings, the necromantic communications facilitated by its use tend to benefit the dead, offering their spirits a tantalizing portal through which they may experience the world of the warm-blooded. Perhaps the dead are desperately clustering around an elusive window they have been chasing down for five or six thousand years of gnashing, burning, excruciating torment. Perhaps one of them would manage to claw his

way into the ketamine user's fleshy, nubile brain for a 56-minute respite. Such communication seems a match of spirits at times fencing, at others playing mah-jongg or a game of decapitate the endless row of tractor drivers or amputate the handicapped. In a ketamine experience, you are likely to become a subatomic particle sniffing at

the ominous butt of nuclear war, the pinnacle of NDE-driven necromantic glory and the greatest hope of all dead spirits that are not enjoying themselves.



R. BUZZ AT A CLUB about a month later, at a point when he'd been shooting Special K in his ass every night for seven straight weeks. He asked me if I wanted to do it again. No more Ku Klux Ketamine for me.

Despite all the psychonautical jibberjabber about ketamine's satori-inducing potential, or its application as a pharmaceutical biofeedback machine, or even its use in helping the dolphins save the Earth from ECCO, all it taught me is this: X

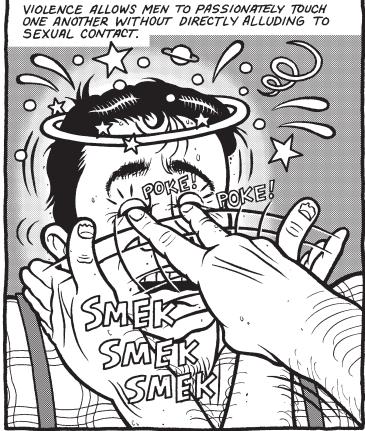
I don't want to die.

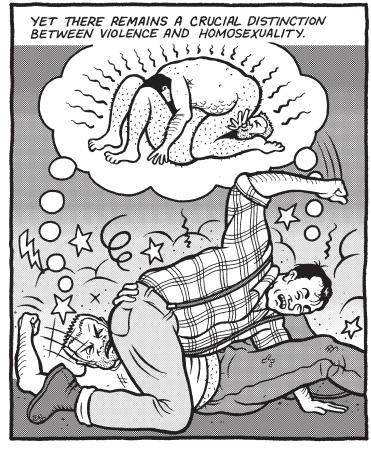


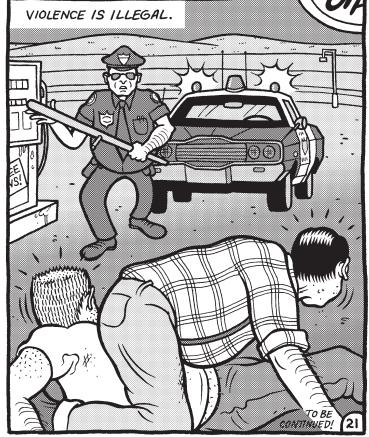
OF TRUE FIGS IN DENIAL

STORY BY
JIM GOAD
ART BY JIM
BLANCHARD









S BY MORGAN LIKELY of my vince I didramon

Every culture celebrates and remembers their dead. The Mexican holiday Día de Los Muertos (Day of the Dead), dating back to the time of the Aztecs, celebrates not only the memories of the dead but the continuity of life as well. Three of the six major festivals found in

Chinese culture are reserved for the dead, and every tribe in Africa practices some form of ancestor worship. And this is only the tip of one large rotting iceberg.

After hearing stories about nearly every bar and strip club in Portland being haunted, I took to the streets to see for myself. So over the past few weeks I've been collecting stories and mingling with our dearly departed, composing a list of places to check out that just might raise a few hairs on your arms and send a tingle down your spine. This is just some of what I found.

The Portland Memorial Mausoleum

14th & SE Bybee in Sellwood Described by Portland's own Chuck Palahniuk as a cross between Dracula's castle and

Nordstrom's, this seven story twisting maze of Tiffany stained-glass windows and Carrara marble statues houses over 58,000 residents in a chilling City of the Dead. Just when you think you've seen all there is to see, you'll turn another corner to find even more winding vistas that go twisting on forever. A friend who worked at Oaks Park told me how he'd wipe down the rides each morning to remove the ash that drifted over from the crematorium's smokestacks. It's overwhelming walking into this place at first, but once you get

comfortable, the setting becomes absolutely peaceful and romantic. A perfect spot to take a date and have some morbid sex, or to put the finishing touches on your latest poem or manuscript.

The Lone Fir Pioneer Cemetery 20th and SE Morrison

This place boasts being the oldest gravesite in Portland. After having a haunted experience

of my own stumbling home one night drunk at 2 a.m., I convinced a few friends to join me on a midnight foray. Although I didn't get a chance to see the apparition rumored to pace amongst a circle of trees or the writing that mysteriously

appears on one of the crypt walls each night, I still had a great time running around in the dark, avoiding the cops in full-on ninja attire.

The Magic Gardens

217 NW 4th Avenue in Oldtown/Chinatown
From Viva and Drea playing Johnny Cash at closing
time for Christian (R.I.P.) to the old bartender who'd
set out a cup of coffee each morning for Curtis and
the plaque that commemorates beloved customer

Michael A.'s favorite seat, this is one strip-joint that knows how to keep memories of those who've crossed over alive. The one hundred year-old building used to double as a whorehouse back in Portland's heyday and is also rumored to have once been the main entrance into the Chinese Underground.

About 12 years ago, Everett, owner of Magic Gardens,

employed a kindly old man named

Curtis to work as janitor and cook. One morning when Everett arrived to pick Curtis up from his single room hotel in Oldtown, he found the poor man lying in bed, dressed for work and dead of a broken heart. Curtis had no friends or family outside Everett and the other Magic employees and he loved the place so much he simply refused to leave. Doormen would come up from the basement to ask the bartender, "Who's that old man sitting downstairs?" Even Everett's daughter and her friends talked of once having a conversation "with the old guy down in the basement." Naturally, the gentle gray-haired man wearing glasses fit Curtis's description. No one ever saw him coming or going. Even bartender babe Hallie reports feeling a breeze late one night after close, followed by what felt like a hand lightly touch-

ing her face. The last sighting was nearly three years ago, so perhaps Curtis has made peace and finally moved on to greener pastures. We can only wish him the best.

Union Jacks

938 E. Burnside

Formerly known as the Paris Tavern, this place doubled as an inn with several rooms upstairs and a jukebox located in the bar where patrons would pay ten cents per song to dance with one of the many lovely ladies. Sometime during the forties a



fire broke out in one of the upstairs rooms and a young woman in blue died from smoke inhalation. The rooms haven't been used since the fire. People still talk of hearing footsteps upstairs late

Portland was known to sailors around the world as the Forbidden or Unheavenly City....

at night. Boards covering the windows, securely fastened with massive drywall nails, have been found torn off and thrown to the floor. A promotional photo of the building revealed a shimmering image of a woman in blue, standing in one of the windows gazing across the street at the sidewalk down below. Recently, another photograph was taken inside the club, and standing in front of the stage was a vague image of a woman in blue.

Next time you find yourself at Union Jacks, request a classy old song from one of the dancers, close your eyes and do a little toe-tapping, and make sure to give a loving smile to any women dressed in blue you see standing off alone in the corner.

The Paris Theater

Corner of 3rd and Burnside I've heard conflicting stories about a woman who killed herself inside this hundred yearold building sometime between 1920 and 1940. One story says she was a homeless drug addict; another story speaks of a depressed burlesque dancer. Either way, she's dead but far from forgotten. It's hard to let go of the memory when Larry Paris talks of people being tapped on the shoulder late at night when nobody else is in the building. On top of all this is the super-spooky basement, with its numerous entrances into the tunnels beneath Portland, all filled with dirt and bricks and who knows what else. Larry talks of sudden cold spots throughout the establishment and occasional spine-chilling moments that raise the hairs on the back of your neck. What do you expect in a place that has housed live sex shows, an adult theater, a

whorehouse and a burlesque cabaret club?

The Shanghai Tunnels

Also known as the Portland Underground, the tunnels connect the basements of downtown Portland from the river all the way west to NW 23rd. The intersecting passages of brick with stone archways were home to the illegal maritime practice known as shanghaiing—kidnapping able-bodied sailors, loggers, vagrants and other hard-working men and selling them off to sea captains who would force them to work aboard their ships in exchange for their lives. Women were also drugged and dragged out of restaurants and saloons at night and sold into sex slavery in exotic locales, never to be heard from again.

The most notorious of all the Shanghai thugs was hotelier Joseph "Bunco" Kelly, who bragged about being able to find an entire ship's crew in less than twelve hours. Kelly once ran across a group of men who had stumbled into the open cellar of a mortuary and, believing it to be the basement of a bar, drank embalming fluid. By the time Kelly found them many were dead or dying. Claiming the dead were merely dead drunk, Kelly sold all twenty-two bodies to a ship's captain who sailed far out to sea before realizing he'd been had. Another famous story tells of Kelly selling a dimestore Indian wrapped in heavy blankets. The angry captain threw it overboard where it was dredged up and recovered by two men nearly sixty years later.

From 1850 to 1941, Portland was known to sailors around the world as the Forbidden or Unheavenly City due to tales of this method of slavery. Hidden trapdoors known as dead falls were used to drop unsuspecting victims into the tunnels below. At the height of Portland's shanghaiing days it was

estimated that at least 1,500 people were smuggled through the tunnels every year, never to be seen again.

The NW Paranormal Investigators are the official paranormal investigative team for the Portland Underground. Mike Jones and the Cascade Geographic Society occasionally run tours of the tunnels, although they are currently suspended until further notice. Check out http://northwest-paranormal.freehomepage.com for more information.

I've come to the conclusion that if you want to see or feel real ghosts or have one of those chilling experiences that'll make your blood run cold, you need to go where some unspeakable act or atrocity occurred. The graveyards and mausoleums I've been to are much too peaceful to harbor any ill spirits. Catch a flight to Poland and wander around the Nazi death camps at Auschwitz or Treblinka

this Halloween. Step across the border into Russia and follow in the steps of Hitler's wandering death squads or track down one of the mass graves where Stalin interred nearly 20 million. Go hunt down a scene where someone was brutally raped and murdered—Oregon City's not that far away. Check out the place on the Steel Bridge where two homeless addicts hung themselves five years back. Better yet—kill yourself and send a telegram back this way before chasing down the light at the end of the tunnel. Or just take a look in the mirror to see if you recognize the shattered image of your former self—the only ghosts I've ever known were the ones I created inside my own head.

Then again, after a few Jägermeisters and a round of ghost stories, any bar, strip club or graveyard can look like *Night of the Living Dead*.



Another Lonely . Flagstone Walker The green glare of a

black cat gazes down on a pizza-faced serial killer eat-

ing sliced elephant testicles on rye bread in a crypt filled with snakes. Don't know if that movie's been made vet, but seems like it would have possibilities during the season of the witch. Let that diseased-face monster lose on the 12-year-old boy doing his trick-or-treat shakedown at the door, standing there brandishing his soap bars and rolls of toilet paper that he'll attack your windows with if you

don't fork over a big Butterfinger bar.

Halloween allows you to unleash all your venom, the one night of the year it's okay to sleep in a coffin while murder drifts through your mind. Slasher & Splasher films rule the screen. Michael started out as a seven-yearold boy who had just cut up his sister in the opening sequence of John Carpenter's first Halloween film, then emerged as a deranged young man sporting a white rubber mask in...how many sequels? Five? Six?

The all-time favorite is Leatherface, the retarded psycho killer in Texas Chainsaw Massacre, the film Harper's called "a vile little piece of sick crap." But Leatherface has become a memorable cultural

image most of us adore, including the porn director who apparently spoofed the master with **HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS**. Regretfully, Flagstone had a very lonely night trying to find any info on this vid. Searching many web sites, he found only one reference to this film supposedly produced in 1987. So if anybody out there knows if a porn vid with this great title exists, let Flagstone in on it so he can review it next Halloween.

Nightmare on Elm Street was definitely revisited in 1988 as NIGHTMARE ON PORN STREET starring Britt Morgan, Brandi Wine and Shanna McCullough. And Nick Andrew's **DARK ANGELS** released in 2000 is considered a porn vampire classic. It stars Jewel DeNyle as the unlucky girl who witnesses a

murder, becomes the next target, hires a detective to help her out, continues to get stalked by the Queen of the Undead (Sydnee Steele), and ends up becoming one of the Undead (although that doesn't stop her from giving many excellent blow jobs). More info on Dark Angels from Digital Sin can be found at newsensations.com.

On the web, B Movie Theatre (www.b-movie.com) is a good place to start if you're looking for some borderline Halloween porn. In **MISTRESS FRANKENSTEIN**, Baroness Helena Frankenstein (played by Jade Duboir) gets killed in a horse accident and a thoughtful

professor gives her a second chance to reek havoc among the undead with a new brain. *ICE FROM THE SUN*, starring



Ramona Midgett and Angela Zimmerly, asks us to believe a pretty young woman can really hunt down and assassinate The Presence, a hellish being deep into thought control. In **HALLOWEEN HORRORS**, two sisters get kidnapped and thrown into a dungeon where they get tortured on the rack and scream unconvincingly.

The French director Jean Rollin has cranked out dozens of Euro-horror flicks over the years, including GRAPES OF DEATH, fea-

turing a girl nailed to a door who then gets beheaded. LITTLE **ORPHAN VAMPIRE** explores the deep meaning of tender throats getting cut and fangs biting into butts. BRIDES OF **DRACULA** finds nocturnal monsters crawling out of castle windows to requisition bodies in graveyards and mad nuns in the **ORDER OF THE WHITE VIRGINS** acting like she-wolves in search of edible flesh. For more info on Jean Rollin check out shockingimages.com.

Have a happy undead Halloween. Spark up your jack-o'lantern, let your vampire cloak spread like the wings of a condor over your sex partner and listen to the silent graves speak.



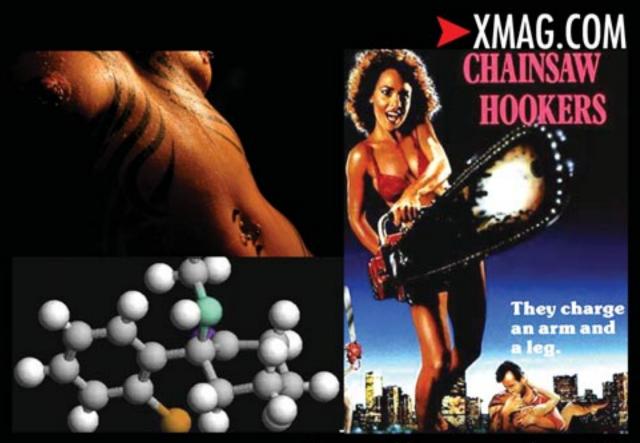


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BLOODSPORTS

For as long as humans can remember, there has existed the desire to prolong our own lives. The denial of the inevitable and the craving for strength and power through immortality could be construed as fear of our own demise. Or it could merely be survival of the fittest, the desire to sap the strength from those weaker than us. This is what makes the race of Vampires appealing to those in many different social strata.

The true history of Vampires can be traced back thousands of years and throughout the world. The most famous of Vampires was Vlad "The Impaler" Dracula, who came to power in the mid fifteenth century in the southern district of Wallanchia, located in the southern region of Transylvania (modern day Romania). Though he only lived to see his mid-40s before his beheading in 1476, it was his bloodthirsty legacy and penchant for brutality that secured his place in history.

Fast forward to the modern day Vampire. There do exist groups of

people who claim to be of the Vampire ilk. While they may not be immortal, can indeed walk in the sunlight and do not cringe at the site of religious objects, there are those among this group who partake in the drinking of blood. Unlike vampiric lore in which the victims are unwilling participants in this blood feasting, those involved in modern day vampirism are typically involved in a consensual relationship. Truth is, these rituals have existed for many years. However, back in times of yore, people needed more spiritual or non-scientific explanations to explain acts and people who were misunderstood, and so certain "myths" were added.

Human Living Vampires, or HLVs, profess to have a desire to consume blood either since birth or after a sudden "awakening." Most HLVs refuse to call this any sort of "fetish," although the ingestion of one human being's blood by another could be considered a highly erotic act. Think back to Vampires and how they've been portraved in print, television and cinema over the years. Many of the victims seem to experience a certain amount of fear, morphing to light-headedness and even ecstasy as the blood is taken. Call me crazy, but fear, light-headedness and ecstasy remind me of losing my virginity in high school. To HLVs, the taking of blood is never sexually gratifying, nor is it done using a nonwilling participant. But blood-taking is

about the only comparison one can make between HLVs and the classical Vampire. At least I've never heard or seen documentation of someone who can fly, turn in to mist, live forever, etc.

Intriguingly, the closest one could come to being an actual "Human Living Vampire" would be if they had the disease Porphyria, the symptoms of which include sensitivity to light, skin lesions and the receding of the gums, giving the canines a more "fang-like" look. Also of note is the fact that this recessive genetic disorder was prevalent in noblemen in Eastern Europe, as they had the tendency to marry within the same family. Because the disease affects the iron levels of the hemoglobin in the blood, a theory exists that those afflicted with the disease may have imbibed the blood of others in an attempt to alleviate the symptoms of their disease.

Bloodletting itself, as well as the drinking of blood, is a ritual that has been around for thousands of years. In certain religions, animal sacrifice coupled with the drinking of blood preceded going to war or celebrated a royal birth. One example was the cult of Mithra, where converts were accepted into the "church" only after undergoing twelve trials, including ordeals by fire, water, hunger, cold, flagellation, bloodletting and brand-

ing. While this may sound like a highly successful fetish event, this exhausting ordeal lasted anywhere from two to seven weeks, unlike today's events where after a good flagellation at the club you hit the Taco Bell drive-thru, go home and peel off your black PVC.

While several religious organizations believe that bloodletting and Satanism go hand in hand, I personally think that these are simple ceremonies carried out so that one person may feel more empowered by the other person's spirit or lifeblood. In actuality, this is no different than the realms of consensual BDSM. Certain safe zones should be paid attention to (i.e., don't go right for the wrists or jugular, make small incisions, and don't have some sort of blood borne disease).

My personal experience with blood ritual is limited to getting hit in the face on a 4th grade playground and the occasional bloody nose. Oh yeah, and there is the act of falling down some stairs while drunk, but I'll spare myself the embarrassment of going into that. Blood is not a "sweet nectar." It's warm, thick and salty, and the human being's typical response is to NOT want to drink it. In the best case scenario, a bit of blood would be sucked from an incision made on another. Any amount of blood from a wine glass is probably too much, not to mention the fact that there is the whole problem of coagulation once

blood comes into contact with the air. While the imbibing of another human's blood may be intriguing and sultry, the idea of chewing on a scab is downright icky.



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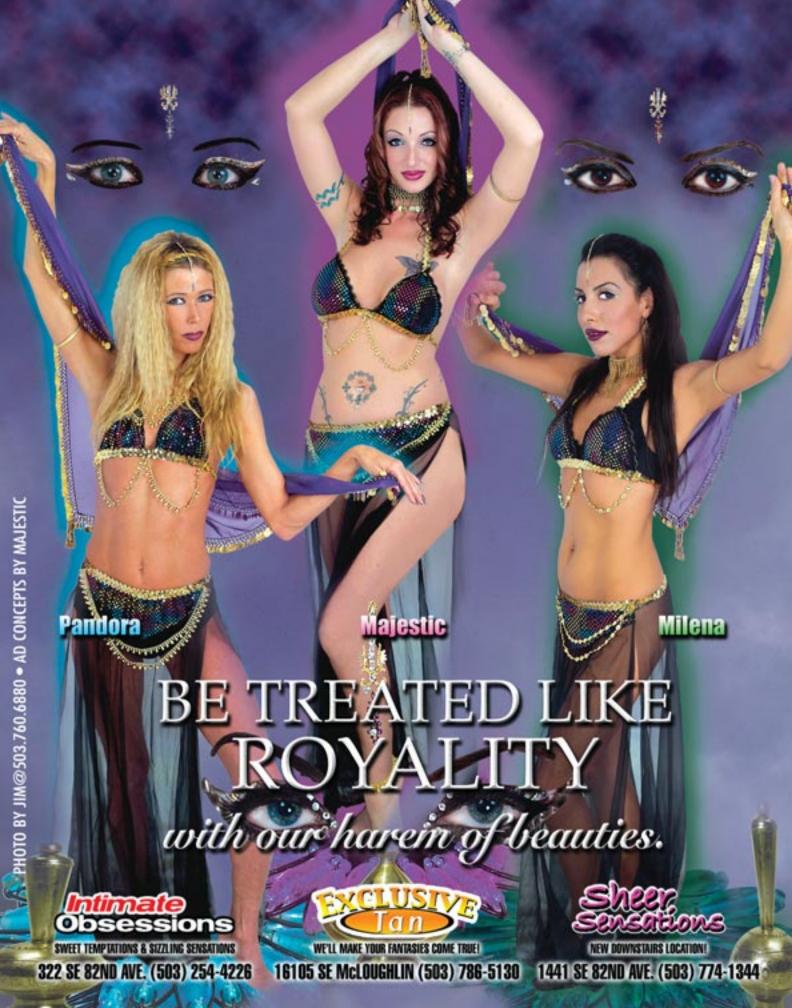
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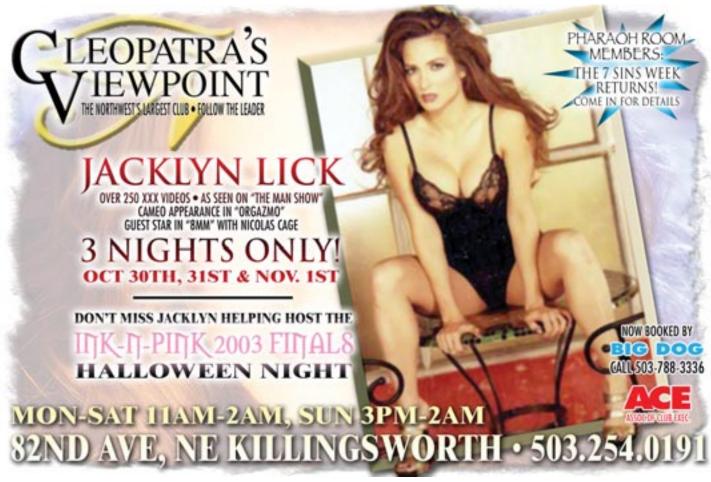


















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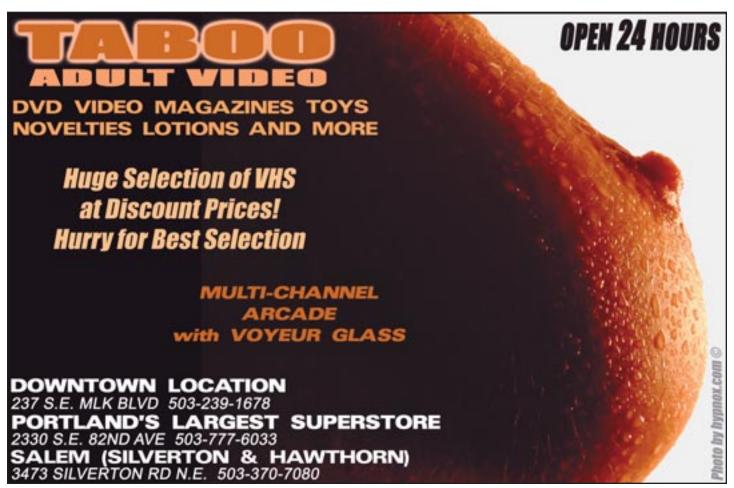
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THURSDAY
PLAYERS CLUB NIGHT

HOLDING ONE OF THE NEW PLAYERS CLUB UIP CARDS? WANT TO? UIP HOLDERS SPIN THE WHEEL FOR INSANE SPECIALS ALL NIGHT LONG GET A CARD FREE IF YOU BRING IN A CREW OF EIGHT OR MORE.

SUMDAYS SALSA SUNDAYS

IN ADDITION TO THIS BEING OUR EMPLOYEE NIGHT, WE ALSO HAVE A FULL TACO BAR 'TIL 11PM!











