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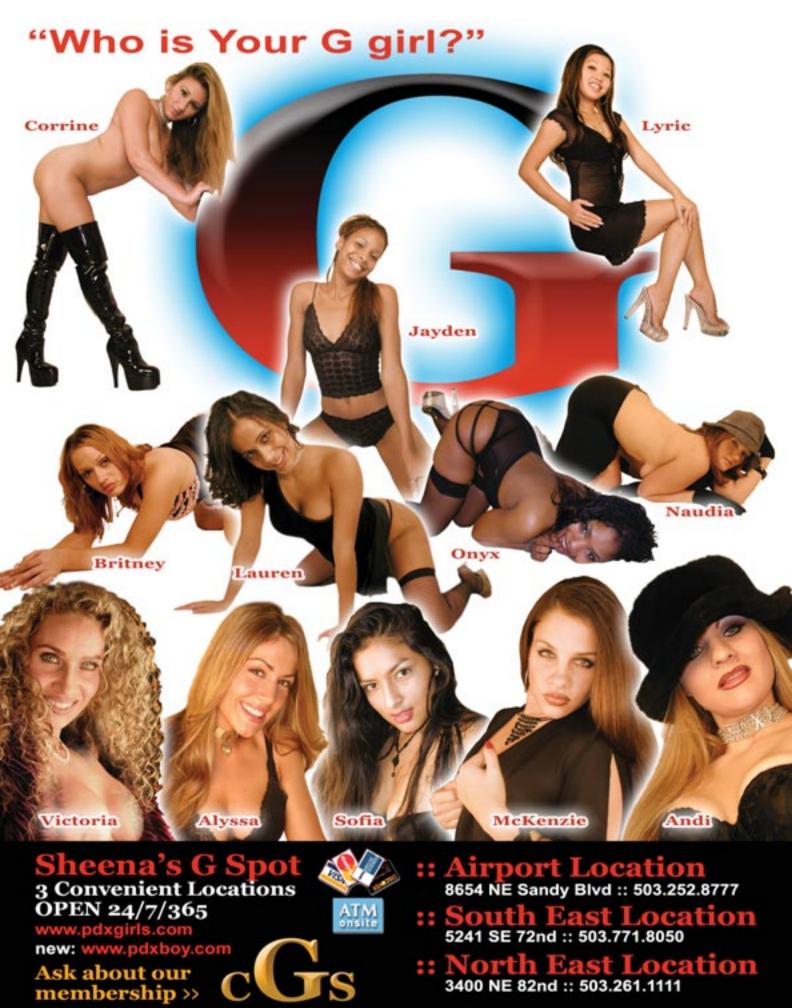
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#### Carnal Knowledge

by Frank "You Don't Know Me, So Don't Say You Do And Try To Get In Free At Sinferno" Faillace

e-mail: ffaillace@qwest.net

As I press on the gas pedal and weave the Silver Spider through the Los Angeles streets, with the carbon-monoxide-flavored wind blowing through my not-nearly-so-much-like-a-mullet-as-it-used-to-be hair, I feel an emergent sense of freedom, a new way of feeling, of seeing, and of experiencing the world.

Sure, I'm here to see tits, to feel tits, and to silently compare one set of tits against another, yet there are more things to life than tits, even though it is tits that butter my bread and it's undeniable that a tit-man I'll always be.

But I am here because LA has become my sanctuary, my refuge, a glistening neon vagina that offers a warm, rain-free coziness away from all the little screaming brats who need me in Portland.

I'm Portland's babysitter. That's been my job for years.

I am a kind man, a wise man, a generous man (and a tit-man), yet the only discernible reward for these virtues is the task of keeping some of P-Town's most incurable fuckups out of trouble. I have to keep Goad from beating women, I gotta tell Viva to stop blowing guys in public, and I'm always buying penicillin for everybody who works at Dante's. The minute I go anywhere, it's always, "Frank! Frank! Me! Me! *Do* something for me, Frank! *Help* me, Frank!" And what happens when I help them? They ask for twice as much help and then wind up stealing supplies from me.

I'm not even going to talk about Darklady and Gary Aker. I mean, I swore I wouldn't. But the first thing I'm going to do when I get back home is give Goad a 200% raise.

So don't hate me if I drive through LA, sippin' on gin and juice, with my mind on tits and tits on my mind. I *earned* this vacation.

It is the city of Portland, not I, that suffers when I'm gone.

PS: Our friends the Monks—Rob and Jane—offer everyone a hearty "aloha" from this sun-splashed land of palm trees and coconuts.



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## FEATURES



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**Rock 'n' Roll** kill the dj page 34 by Rob "Floater" Wynia



Las Vegas X-Mas Card he done me wrong page 70 by Viva Las Vegas



David J bauhaus guy page 82 by storm Large

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I VLAS Vegas by viva las vegas

So I broke up with my guy. I didn't like how he treated me and he didn't appreciate me expounding on his cock or that he was a loser in print. So I called it quits.

Of course I still love the guy. Of course I wanted him back two days later. Something about stripping and having everyone adore you onstage makes going home alone extra lonesome. So after ten days without him, I flipped out.

Strippers and customers alike had promised me that he'd see the error of his ways eventually and come back like a good little doggy. The best way to get this to happen, they said, was to a) leave him alone or b) fuck his brother, his best friend, his uncle, his ex-girlfriend, my ex-boyfriend and his boss. I was willing to try any-thing. But first I thought I'd see if my own strategy of revealing to him that I was a psychotic nymphomaniac would make him come around. So I drove to his house, 'cuz we had to "talk."

He lives out in the country. I'd driven a long way during deadline just to do this so when I saw him heading towards town in his pick-up I blocked the road with my Volvo. He was headed to Burgerville for breakfast with his big hungry friend and their two hungry dogs.



"We have to talk."

"You're in no shape to talk and we're starving."

"We HAVE TO TALK !!!!!"

He saw I was crazy. Said we'd talk when he got back. So I went to his house and sobbed in his bed until I couldn't sob anymore. Finally he returned.

- "So what do you want to talk about?"
- "Pleeeeease let me suck your cock. Pleeeeeease!"

"No, Viva. We're just pals. Pals don't suck each others' cocks."

I started sobbing again until he relented. I was still whimpering, sucking, crying when his friend's little Chihuahua got in on the action. The aptly named Johnson was a four month old fireball of unneutered male dog. His tiny two inch puppy penis was already out and ready to do some damage! He started humping my arm. I shooed him away and concentrated on the blow job at hand.

One thing led to another and we started fucking—glorious ex-sex, with my tears all over his face and me sucking on every inch of him like a baby that hasn't seen a tit in a while. I was on the bottom, coming, crying, coming some more when I realized the wonderful attention being lavished on my breasts was not the work of my ex but of Johnson! He was suckling and nibbling on my nipples with just the right amount of pressure. I shooed him away again, but halfheartedly. This dog was alright!

I climbed on top—coming, crying, coming.... Breaking up seems to unleash passions that weren't in play before. You want to eat your former lover alive, you're so empty, hurt, jealous or whatever. Which makes for stellar sex. The best sex ever is often ex-sex.

Anyway, I was really getting my rocks off. When the stars in my head cleared for a moment, I started to wonder how it was that my ex-lover was simultaneously devouring my tongue *and* my asshole. Maybe he had better skills than I'd given him credit for! Or maybe the guy on ass detail was.... JOHNSON!

Friends have told me not to print this one, that PETA will come after me for sure. Like I was intentionally inciting him to take out his tiny tinkler! Whatever! If anyone was victimized it was I. Sure, I've been known to masturbate my cat (she demands it) and Busta (an *Exotic* office dog who will literally push your hand from his head to his cock's head in one practiced motion), but I would never offer my services to a four month old puppy! That's petophilia!

It is time for a new bumper sticker on the Volvo, though: I ♥ CHIHUAHUAS.

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**STACY** @ Sassy's has a new rack. *Exotic* paid for these puppies after she swept the BOOB JOB CONTEST this summer, and now she won't even give us a bit of nip! Just goes to prove the old adage "as goes the cup size, so goes the nose." Kidding, kidding. Congrats!

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

**CHRISTMAS AT STARS** 

This invitation-only event for friends and VIP members has got the figgy pudding and the shaky pudding, so if you don't have your FREE VIP CARD yet, get one and get in on the fun! December 21st @ **STARS BEAVERTON.** 



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## **ROCK!**

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Don't miss **Diamond Tuck & the Privates** @ Dante's on 12/11 with the Makers or the **Distillers** @ the Aladdin on 12/18. And remember to attend the religious institution of your choice this holiday season, even if it is the Church of the Naked Lady.





## **DECEMBER 2003 NEWSLETTER**

The November ACE meeting included a discussion of the recent Oregon Supreme Court hearing of two cases affecting the adult industry. That hearing took place November 3rd at Linfield College. Several ACE representatives were able to attend the hearing, including ACE President Claude DaCorsi.

Also present at the November ACE meeting were members of the Portland Leather Alliance (PLA) and the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom (NCSF), who join ACE in defending the rights of adults to free speech and free expression, including responsible sexual expression. And also present was an officer of the Portland Area Business Association, which describes itself as "your GBLT Chamber of Commerce". (GBLT, or Gay Bi Lesbian and Transgendered, is intended to include "Gays, Lesbians, and their friends and associates in business," according to the PABA web site, www.paba.com.)

ACE is very happy to be on good terms with these groups. ACE is now developing a formal Affiliates Program in order to establish formal relations with these and other groups who share our interests and goals.

#### Special Meeting with new OLCC Director

#### 

ACE President Claude DaCorsi was one of several ACE members who had one-on-one meeting with the new OLCC Director, Teresa Kaiser, in recent weeks. She has impressed everyone so far with her willingness to listen and her apparent dedication to fair treatment for all licensees.

ACE looks forward to working in partnership with Ms. Kaiser to improve the strained relations between the OLCC and the adult industry. We expect to be part of the announced OLCC Public Forum scheduled for December 2003, and encourage all club owners to attend or send their representatives.

ACE members were invited to a special late-November private briefing on our meetings with Ms. Kaiser.

#### Fundraising

\_\_\_\_\_

The discussion of the Oregon Supreme Court cases made it clear that the adult industry is always going to be under attack and must always be vigilant in protecting the rights of adults to free expression. ACE's amicus brief to the Oregon Supreme Court may make the difference between victory and defeat - between continuing business, or a ten-foot rule requiring all entertainers to remain at least ten feet from all patrons at all times. Such a rule would immediately shut down over half the adult clubs in Oregon - those with less than ten feet to spare around their stages - and would probably destroy the rest in short order.

That amicus brief wasn't cheap - we had some of the best attorneys in the country help us, and ACE owes them over \$24,000. We won't know the outcome

of these court cases for another six months. But we need to pay this bill now so that we're ready to fight the next attack on our industry.

That means we want to resume our monthly ACE fundraisers. If you'd like to host one of these events at your club, please contact us at or.ace@verizon.net.

We've also got our newly designed ACE "Bill of Rights" T-Shirts available a custom design with the US Constitution's Bill of Rights on the front in black, with "Void Where Prohibited by Law" stamped over it in red, and the ACE logo on the back, beautifully silk-screened onto a heavy white cotton Hanes T-shirt. At \$20 this makes a great gift, and shows that you support the organization that supports you. Available in size XL only - supplies are limited.

#### Worried about Joining?

Some club owners and staff have expressed worries that the OLCC will crack down harder on clubs that join ACE - that they will be singled out for harsher treatment. Quite the contrary.

If the OLCC even gives the appearance of doing that, then they would appear to be violating your rights of free speech, free association, and right of equal protection under the law. That's a sure recipe for a public relations disaster - this industry may be unpopular in some quarters, but in America you're supposed to be allowed to be unpopular - you can't be singled out for ill treatment, and the bureaucrat who tries it deserves the same fate as Senator McCarthy.

Indeed, you should join ACE for exactly that reason - the OLCC cannot afford to be seen abusing people for simply joining a trade association like ACE. Joining may be your best guarantee of honest and fair treatment in the future. And remember, ACE can't defend you if you don't join.

#### Report OLCC Abuse!

Do you have a story of unfair OLCC ticketing, abusive treatment, or selective enforcement? We want your stories! ACE is committed to supporting the OLCC's proper mission, of protecting the public from the problems of irresponsible alcohol servers and establishments, while defending responsible servers and establishments from unreasonable treatment.

#### Next Meeting

The Next ACE meeting is on Tuesday, December 9th. The following meeting will be on January 13th. All business owners and workers in the adult industry are welcome at these open meetings, whether you've joined ACE yet or not.

ACE OREGON MEETING IS ALWAYS THE 2ND TUESDAY DECEMBER 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 Round and 'round went the big fucking wheel, In and out went the prick of steel. Until at last his wife she cried, "Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

- "The Fucking Machine," from The Dirty Song Book (Jerry Silverman, 1982)

cyber-nightmare stalks the American male's virility. The inevitable collision of sexual perversion and technological innovation has produced a new wave of "fucking machines"—motorized devices designed to achieve tireless, high-speed penetration of the human vagina and other even dirtier orifices. And what's more unsettling, these electro-powered metal-and-rubber monsters are being marketed to women and gay men—the two most dangerous elements of our society.

As a human male with a human penis, I am offended. No matter how many sit-ups I do or protein shakes I drink, I still can't compete with the greasy, steely stamina of these horny automatons. No matter how many handfuls of Viagra, Levitra and Cialis I jam down my gullet, I still can't muster 300 thrusts per minute until the electric company shuts off the power.

This sense of my relative physical frailty, the humiliating knowledge that I can't satisfy a woman of *my own tribe* with the same pistonpumpin' ferocity as a pile of nuts, rubber and bolts, is what informs and fuels my rage against the fucking machine. I am jealous of its stamina and, yes, maybe even its looks.

The granddaddy of fucking-machine websites, **www.fuckingmachines.com**, shows crude animated GIFs for a slew of motorized hump-contraptions with scary names such as "The Intruder," "The

RAGE AGAINST THE

ACHI

OTORIZED PENETRATION DEVICES

LARGE-BREASTED ASIAN WOMAN howis with pleasure at the orgasminducing thrusts of a "fucking machine."

> Trespasser," "The Hammer," "The Predator" and—my favorite name—"The Drilldo."

Watching these perpetual-motion appliances pumping away with locomotive fury was a shamefully emasculating experience for me.

The home page for **www.fuckmachines.net** only rubs more salt in my wounds:

These women experience pure penetration and unrelenting vibration for the first time in their lives. They control the speed of the penetration. They control the depth of the penetration. They control the intensity of the vibration. They fuck like they have never fucked

before. It's a beautiful thing to watch—orgasm after orgasm!

A man who builds fucking machines for a living describes their technical advantages over the human male:

With fucking machines...you can easily achieve more penetration stimulation than possible in any other way. My normal fucking machines might have a stroke up to 6", and up to 300 strokes a minute....One based on a reciprocating saw (my "Hole Saw") can easily do

over 2000 short (1-1/4") strokes a minute. Not a chance any human can match any of that.....

The website for a product called the "Jetaime," which resembles a padded barrel with a dildo sticking up through it, lists "REA-SONS WHY JETAIME IS BETTER THAN A MAN," which they claim is "Adapted from the Cucumber Book": JETAIME is at least six inches long ... JETAIME stays hard for as long as you

BY JIM GOAD BY JIM GOAD BY JIM GOAD BY JIM GOAD BY JIM GOAD

"My wife came over and over again," writes a fucking-machine manufacturer regarding his

spouse's first ride on a mechani-cock. "She scratched me 'til I almost bled."

A BRIEF, HURRIED GUIDE TO

### "As a human male with a human penis, I am offended. No matter how many sit-ups I do or protein shakes I drink, I still can't compete with the greasy, steely stamina of these horny automatons."

"It saved my marriage!" enthuses one satisfied customer's online testimonial. "[The machine] serves as the other male partner my wife always fantasized about (double penetration, a huge black cock, etc.), but that I would have never accepted with a real guy. And much safer, too (no STDs, no danger of her falling for the other guy, etc.)!"

"My wife cannot believe this machine," burbles another happy cuckold. "She has ridden it everyday for up to 3 hours...wow! Every orgasm is a "10." She's hornier than ever...."

In a discussion of fucking machines posted on **soc.sexuality.general**, one man shares my fear of imminent sexual obsolescence:

With all these mechanical dicks hanging, lunging and/or pumping all over the place, has the male penis, the actual embodiment of straight and hard, become obsolete? Have we, as men, lost our claim to the title of pleasurers of women? ... It is my pride and joy that I can get women off like they never have gotten off. But what good am I if she can have all of the above done by a machine?

**IT'S DIFFICULT TO MAP OUT** a history of the modern fucking machine. Although motorized sexual gizmos have existed as far back as the late 1800s, a discernible trend of elec-

tronic penetration devices only seems to have emerged as recently as the mid-1990s.

In her book *The Technology* of Orgasm, Rachel Maines chronicles over fifty sexualstimulation applicances developed before 1900, all under the medical guise of curing women of "hysteria." These ranged from small, hand-cranked doohickeys all the way up to giant steam-powered thingamajigs which necessitated a crew of laborers in a separate room to feed them with coal.

But between then and now, lost in a tangle of vibrating bullets, magical eggs, and battery-powered marital aids, there exists a sort of Dark Age regarding the genesis of the modern fucking machine. The makers of the "Sybian," which might be regarded as more of a high-tech vibrator than a full-on penetration gadget, claim the idea for their squirming dildo-on-a-barrel device was hatched in the early 1970s and finally began development in the mid-80s.

"I don't think any specific invention started the modern boom," claims a man calling himself "Sartan," who began building fucking machines in the mid-1990s and sells models crafted from such items as toolboxes and attaché cases. "There certainly aren't any components involved that couldn't be found or swapped at the turn of the prior century, if you didn't mind steam as a power source."

Sartan is the most articulate and passionate of the new crop of fuck-machine builders, these pioneers who meld sexual fetishes with

tool-shop savvy, who mix the Marquis de Sade with Bob Vila. They engage in a kinky techspeak revolving around pivot points and linkage, of converting rotary to linear motion, of stroke length and thrusts per minute.

"My own fascination with machine toys is twofold," Sartan writes on a Usenet discussion board. "First (and probably primarily) is the mental aspect...helpless before the machine, as it were. A machine, as opposed to a human, is relentless. Relentlessly consistent and mechanical. It doesn't ever get tired (as long as it has a continuous duty motor), doesn't quit, you set—it goes. I routinely use my fucking machines on my wife for several hours at a time (it's a power trip thing for me).... It's a huge turn-on to watch Jenni getting fucked by a machine."

This theme of using fuck-machines to indulge sexual sadism is even more evident in one post on a gay-bondage news-

group: I've heard stories of mechanical fucking machines that you can attach a dildo to and flip a switch—and fuck forever. Just imagine the look on a poor boy's eyes when after he's been tied down securely, the machine comes out—one that never tires, and is always indifferent and deaf to cries for mercy.

#### FOR REASONS OF UNBRIDLED

**VANITY** and a bottomless sense of insecurity regarding my place in the cosmos, I

worry about these so-called "fucking machines." I fret that the more these metallic beasts become popularized, the less currency I will hold as a sexual being. Painfully aware that I cannot compete with these apparatuses on the physical plane, I agonize over the fact that I will finally have to develop personal charm and act nice to women.

I asked a female friend whether she was aroused at the idea of these newfangled electro-studs, and, at least for the record, she denied that they moisten her lap. "I can't get turned-on by anything that doesn't have a heartbeat," she told me, possibly lying. In an online discussion thread regarding the sociosexual implications of fucking machines, other

women tend to agree with my friend's sentiment: "How can a machine kiss you and hold you afterward?" one of them gently asks. "It's the touch contact that is just as, if not more, satisfying than sex and multi orgasms. Only another person can provide this."

"You're human," counsels another. "You have a warm body. You have a mind. You can speak. You can smile, laugh, massage, cuddle, whisper sweet things, etc., things a machine cannot."

that a machine cannot."

That all may be true, Toots, but I can't wiggle my pickle 300 times a minute and keep it up forever. And that is why point, set and match go to those goddamned fucking machines.

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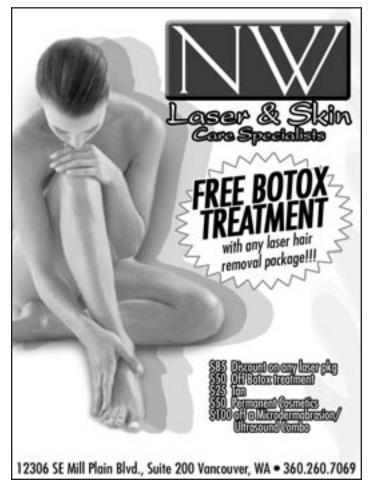


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### what's your Fucking problem?

#### advice from DEMI MONDRINE

When I was about fifteen years old, someone told me that a woman's sexual peak came around age thirty-five. This scared the shit out of

me. I was already horny and barely satisfied with the dorky punk rock boys that notched my belt. The thought of twenty more years of that twisted burning WANTING growing stronger in me was unimaginable. I dismissed it as myth and poppycock.

I convinced myself that society had invented this myth to keep girls my age from going off with the potent boys peaking around eighteen cuz horny young girls are a menace to decent society. It was just another grownup conspiracy falling under the banner "when you're older, you'll understand." Fuck that. I was fifteen, on fire and if I didn't understand it right then, I'd figure it out with hands-on experience.

Fifteen years later, I'm a few months into being thirty, working at a bar and stocking kegs in the beer shed. I was counting cases, doing

### "Like a begging, drooling dog at the dinner table, my pussy persisted with its demanding ache."

inventory and generally dull work on a warm afternoon. No one was in the bar, I was all alone when all of a sudden my legs went soft under me. The heat crept up underneath my clothes and my skin glistened with a light sweat. The tingling and the pressure building in my body buckled my noodley knees til' I went down plop on top of a keg.

"OH MY GOD I HAVE TO CUM RIGHT NOW!" my body growled. I barely got a finger into my pants. I came quick, but like a begging, drooling dog at the dinner table, my pussy persisted with its demanding ache.

I must've looked deranged peeking around with my pants pulled open, one hand ready to right them if someone popped in, the other squeezing and pinching a nipple under my shirt. I sat back in the shed and jerked off repeatedly, cursing every time I came, harder and harder because it wasn't working. "DICK!!!" my body screeched. "BRING US SOME GOD-DAMNED MANLY FUCK MEAT!!!!" After maybe fifteen minutes the heat wave finally ebbed. I went to the bathroom, mopped the girly shine out of my pants and tried to get back to work.

"Is this it?" I worried. "Is this the beginning of my peak?" Jesus. What a rip off. At thirty I was way hotter than I was at fifteen, but most men my age were starting to get into fucking you only once and then feeling just ducky about it for days. I prayed that my crazed heat was just a hormonal fluke and I could go back to being my normal horny self. The whole sexual peak thing was a myth, after all. I was sure of it. No way could it be that crazy AND get worse for another five years. A fucking conspiratorial myth.

Now as I write this, it's 2:30 in the morning, I'm naked, nearly thirtyfive and limping around the house moaning. I cannot sleep. My pussy is wet, crying silky little tears for the dick we won't get tonight. My boyfriend is snoring through a dream in which he's plowing a fifteen year old.

Myth shmyth.







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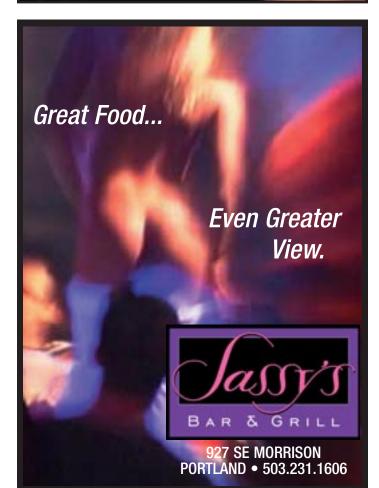


#### 26 | december - exotic magazine

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**TEASE-O-RAMA** viva is a "pretentious cunt"

#### From: <thepsychinomicon@cox.net> Date: Thu, 20 Nov 2003 9:24:40 -0500

You know, after reading about Tease-O-Rama I

have to say that I have some conflicting viewpoints. I was dragged into a strip club in Portland (Union Jacks) where it was all nude, left nothing to the imagination, and all it did was make me feel uncomfortable. The setting was all wrong! When I'm in a room with a completely naked woman (or sometimes even more than one naked woman) my dick is usually in some part of her. But when I was dragged to a burlesque show in New Orleans, I got

so fucking horny that I had to race the girl I was with home (the hot Jewish chick who put Tease-O-Rama together from the beginning, actually) and fuck her stupid. I think that's because it's not what you see but what you DON'T see that's the turn-on. That's why it's called a TEASE. Like how you have to TEASE a girl to get her hot and horny, you can't just "stick it in." STRIPPERS are simply gangsters in nothing left to the imagination with huge bouncers as shylocks.

But having known a bunch of these Tease-O-Rama burlesque cuties from a now-defunct club called the Shim-Sham in New Orleans I have to say: "GET OVER YOURSELF, GIRLFRIEND!!!" These snotty bitches think that because what they do is "art" that they are above reproach, when ALMOST EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM MAKES THIER LIVING AT A FUCKING STRIP CLUB. These "artsy" women have college degrees and are relieved when they can move on from the strip club to bigger and better things, like, say, bartending for a bunch of psuedo-intellectual punk rock coke fiends. It's like one day they were "just strippers" and then next they were "showgirls" or something. Don't get me wrong-I like the tease and all, (maybe not 6 hours of it, but you get the idea) but the attitude sucks almost as bad as the attitude of the pretentious cunt who write the article. Strippers, Burlesquers, doesn't matter-neither of you are honest: you're both selling something FAKE. The only really honest sex-worker is a hooker, and even they fake orgasms.

name and address withheld, sorry.

#### Date: Wed, 19 Nov 2003 14:23:54 EST

re:"Burlesque Is Boring". i could not agree with you more! thank god someone spoke up and said something about all the fat, tattooed chics and high-school talent show brand of entertainment because i didn't know how much longer i

was going to be able to hold my tongue!

thanks for the great review of Broad Daylight. JMM and i decided it could be sexier still, so we shot a few more loops so we could eliminate the boring, and spice it up a bit more for the DVD release. it'll be out December 6th. accompanied by our original black & white stag film, Shine On Sweet Starlet: which contains no burlesque and all sexy! if i send a DVD to this address, 818 SW 3rd

Avenue, Suite 1324 Portland, Oregon 97204 will you receive it?

you know, not all burlesque is boring. Alison Fensterstock (one of the organizers at TOR) and i have talked about putting together a Southern raunch fest in New Orleans for a year or so now. she agrees that TOR gets terribly tedious, but she doesn't handle the "talent" aspect, so there it is. she & i are, in fact, doing a mini-version of it next month on Bourbon Street with a few of the only truly sexy burlesque babes who really know how to bump & grind like they mean bizness and coupling it with a Broad Daylight premiere. honestly, put Kitten De Ville, Ursulina from Lucha Va Voom, and most certainly the fabulous Lucy Fur in one show together, have it last no longer than an hour, throw in some serious rock & roll and some drink specials and i guarantee you'll have an event that the kids will be talking about for years to come.

i hope your article will cause a few people to get a clue.

thanks so much, victoria

#### From: "Miss Minxski- Circus Diva" <missminxski@surfbest.net> Date: Wed, 26 Nov 2003 17:41:55 -0800

Dear Viva Las Vegas-

I agree that the show was much too long and rather unorganized. But I found your review to be aggressively vindictive and not indictive of all of the great stuff that did happen—the Wau Wau Sisters, Satan's Angel, ect. But I agree with you about the snobbery of many burlesque performers when it comes to strippers. I think that Lucy Fur is great and I had the priveledge of performing with her and a bevvy of other Portland beauties at Dante's last Feb.

Also picking on girls for being fat over and over again is just plain pedestrian. It made your review more boring than this 6 hour show. I know that Ms. Lucy Fur was bummed out she wasn't accepted and I think she should have been, personally. But couldn't you have done a more intelligent review to expound these points you are trying to make.

Really Exotic Dancer magazine can be such a great publication—and advocate of sex industry workers—so why not use this pulpit in a more educational way.

Yes—girls who strip and then do burlesque know how to deliver. I agree—I just thought everything else you had to say was stupid. And who cares about Spin—or Dave Mathews? Instead of pulling that grade school defacement bullshit you should have been watching my show—where I fucking deliver.

xo— Miss Satanica Szandor

#### **DEMI FAN MAIL** "talent for writing scripture"

Hello people,

Seems like there lies a little talent for writing scripture here. I'm of the same kind of style for writing scripture that Demi has and would like to be a contributor. Demi looks good from what I saw of the pic logo of her. My fucking problem is that I need a wife that's saying "What's your fucking problem?" And "Oh, shit! I meant to say, shoot! A language disorder, wherein lies the problem of the universe. Nobody can understand what each and everyone is talking about.

"Salve", that is to say "ointment" is regarded as a substance to be used to put on a wound to make it heal better, is a misnomer. We have a definitions problem. One thing means another and visa versa. Let's hear it straight. "Ointment" is for body washings and "salve" is for what your fucking problem lies.

I got something I need published. Send me a brandishing iron for a toy. And why, do you ask, do I need that for, when I got no pussy to make application? Got a girl masturbator who needs a vacation away from home? I don't know anything. This story to Lolita seems to be something.

[Exotic regrets that it cannot print your cuckoo Michael Jackson-esque submission, or your name, cuz we threw them both away.]



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# ROCK IS DEA

ing what had happened to their scene, their livelihood. Would they never experience live music again without having to go to an arena for a Dave Matthews Band concert? Would their entire music scene be reduced to swarms of

Rough black letters in sharpie on a bathroom wall read, "In 1997 the **Technics turntable** outsold the Fender guitar for the first time." Well, shit. I guess that about says it all. It was written on the wall in the most popular club in Chico, California, the home of Chico State University, voted number one party school in the

ROCHK BAND

country by Playboy magazine. The big fish club in an BY ROB WYNIA impressive pond. The same BY ROB WYNIA club that a few months before "changed format," switching over from live rock bands to DJs.

This symbolized the height of the new reign of the DJ, pumping electronic beats scientifically formulated to induce frantic consumption of Ecstasy, vacant staring and spasmodic dancing. The DJs' beats are rarely polluted by lyrics. Sure, every once in a while a little phrase creeps in for ravers to mouth to prospective mates, that clever "I'm gonna fuck you so good" look on their faces. The DJs' beats strip John and Jane Coed of their thoughts and reduce them to gyrating, coitus-hungry club monkeys. Quite a noble purpose for a computer-generated beat to have. America's party capital, in synch with the nation, fell on those beats like a pack of wild dogs.

As the perfect beats achieved their designated purpose, marching



towards the new millennium at one hundred ten beats per minute, clubs across America started changing. Live

• 1 drummer w/ transportation and

- 1 drum kit
- [1 back-up drummer for when drummer #1 blows up]
- 1-2 guitar players w/ 1-2 guitars amplifiers
  - effects pedals tubes cord, strings, picks
- [1-2 extra guitar players for
- when wife/girlfriend freaks out]
- 1 bass player w/bass (see
- above under guitar players) • practice space
- PA
- Van/Car/Girlfriend

teen-aged fanatics gathering to spawn in massive outdoor summer concerts at \$200 a pop? We sat and watched club after club switch over like the undead. The beats bite you and you're one of them. Ooh, that smell. With savage speed rock and roll was exposed, infected and nearly killed.

But the millennium had a few surprises. Since 2000, America's been bombed, seen fifty years of environmental progress

destroyed, alienated our allies, lost constitutional rights in the name of patriotism and started a brutal and vague war most of us don't believe in. The public's desire for live rock has arisen like Frankenstein, brought to life by violence and frustration with the New America. DJs still spin, but they spin a little differently, with a darker purpose. And they share the clubs and stages more and more with confused, anxious and driven bands. Art is growing back its claws.

That club in Chico has changed back again and is

hosting MTV2's Headbanger's Ball, Nashville Pussy and a slew of incredible bands this month. In 2003, the Guitar Center, the corporate monolith responsible for crippling and closing many local independent music stores, once again sold more guitars than turntables by a wide margin. Conservatives are still drunk with

• Records Headphones

music was dead, long live the beats. The entire industry scrambled to accommodate the sweeping need for a rave. Musicians, roadies, sound techs and fans of live music were left weeping in gutters wonderpower, but now there are kids out there who want to write something about the insanity they're drowning in. Soon they'll start screaming about it—Anarchy in the U.S.A.— backed by guitars, drums, amplifiers. Then we can listen and cry with joy. Long Live Rock!

ME H

## "In 1997 the Technics turntable outsold the Fender guitar for the first time."

Jasmine

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My husband is in the Navy and he's been out to sea for two months. I have at least four months to go and I am tired of fucking myself with the collection of fake cocks my husband bought for me before he left town. I need some men to help me fulfill my daily need. The catch is I want to try out a new kinky fantasy every day. If you think you are creative and you have lots of well-hung friends, give Penelope a try. Box #561482

Blue-eyed Celtic Goddess seeks worshipful pilgrim that is not afraid of cat and mouse type sex play. You must be willing to work for your reward by following clues to various public locales where we will engage in exhibitionist activities where the thrill of discovery is one that drives me wild. Your incentive is a beautiful 5'9" auburn haired, insatiable woman with long legs and a ivory complexion. Call Shavon to enter the competition. Box #571428

I'm Lucy and I love phone sex. My voice is as sexy as my body. I'm 5'7", 132 lbs., and I have black hair and blue eyes and a slammin' body. My tits are huge and I have a full round ass. My belly is pierced and I love to show it off. I also have long legs and everyone says a great smile. I'm looking for a man a little older then me, in his 30's or 40's. I'm looking for someone who is experienced and really horny. Box #549604

Explore your fetish and fantasies with the ultimate Mistress. Sensuous, lifestyle dominatrix. Long, black hair, green eyes. Experience power, pain, passion and ecstasy. Box #21702

My name is Claudia. I'm 5'8", blond, blue eyed with 40DDD knockers and nothing pleases me more than getting my very big nipples sucked and played with by a worthy slave. I love bondage and I have a few kinky fetishes. Leave me your name and box number and I'll tell you all about them. Box #22103

Slender, long legs, blond hair and green eyes. My name is Michelle and I love to give erotic French maid service. I have the hot outfit and an even hotter body. All I need is for a demanding man to put my little ass to work. Box #22302

My name is Dakota. I love to dress really sexy and have men admire my beautiful body. I'm a true exhibitionist and I always fantasize about fucking on stage or in public and having an audience of men and women watching me. Box #28101

Hi, my name is Ginger. I'm a blonde with blue eyes, I stand about 5'7 and my measurements are 36DD, I have a 26 inch waist and 36 hips. I'm into long walks, movies, quiet dinners. I also love sports. I'm looking for a rich man to spoil me, someone that knows how to treat a woman. He has to be between the ages of 30-45, looks don't matter. Give me a call and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. Box #574

Searching for a master. I'm Cindy. I'm 5'3", 115lbs., brown hair, green eyes. My measurements are 34D-23-34. May I worship you? Cater to you? Pamper you? I'm here for your sole pleasure only. A man who would enjoy giving me over the knee discipline is a plus. I just want to please. Box #667

Please call Diana if you want a hot time. Doggie style is my favorite and I hope you are really into oral because I love giving and receiving. I've got it all, dirty blond hair, blue eyes, nice tits and ass and legs that you won't believe. Box #39902

My name is Elizabeth. I love spanking, both giving and receiving. I'm looking for others who love to incorporate spanking into roleplaying. I'm petite with short, blond hair and brown eyes. I'm slender, but curvy and strong. I love to wear leather and rubber. Box #41702

Oral love games, party naked and make me your captive in silk. I don't think so! But, that might happen to you if you are the right slave. Call Mistress Valerie. Box #48301

Wanted, naughty sissy boys for bondage and restraints. I'll choose your punishment how I see fit. The only thing you are required to do before further instructions is to leave me your pathetic message begging for my attention. Box #48802

I'm a shy and inexperienced brunette looking for an experienced master to teach me how to give oral sex. I want to worship your cock and I'm ready willing and eager to do anything you may expect of me. Box #69901

Looking for all pathetic little men that need the proper training from a 6 foot goddess that will have it no other way. If you are willing to be pissed on and taunted with my blue studded dildo, I dare you to call me. Box #72002

Get down on your knees slave, hold your head up and get ready to submit to the sexiest, most dominant woman around. My name is Queen Elizabeth and I just started to make this scene my lifestyle, so I'm as excited about it as you must be. Nobody does it better. Box #72603

Hi, I'm a 19 year old submissive searching for a master. My name is Haley. I'm blonde, 5'5" and I wear a size 4. I never get tired of being your little cum slut. I would treat your pearly white drops as though they were gold. Box #443265 This is Mistress Angelique. I am specifically searching for inexperienced submissives to mold into obedient, respectful slaves. If your wish is to be dominated by a strict, gorgeous disciplinarian, then be at my command. Box #450829

This is Mistress Lonea. I'm a tropical beauty searching for worshipping foot slaves. I will bend you to my power and use you to fuel my desire to be worshipped and adored. My legs are long and shapely and demand your attention. If you feel you can serve me as I should be served and place me on the pedestal I am accustomed to standing upon, call me. I want to know what makes you worthy of being my slave. Box #511219

I am ravishingly Rubenesque and have a fondness for including sensual cuisine in sex play. I am brunette with jade green eyes and a peaches and cream complexion. I am very oral and I enjoy decorating my lover as though he were a banana split with a variety of toppings. Call Rachel if you'd like to be my tasty treat. Box #518465

Hot and sexy. Those are the best words to describe me. I'm Melody. I'm sick of taking home men from bars and I wanted to try something a little different. I'm 5'2", 122 lbs. and I have 34D's and a nice amount of junk in the trunk. I'm going to be blunt. I like to fuck. I love to go out and be wined and dined but at the end of the night there has to be sex involved. Kinky sex is a plus. If you agree, leave me a message. Box #522381

Hi there sexy. This is Maxine the honey colored Goddess you've always longed for. I have a big secret that some people find hard to deal with. It's increasingly difficult to conceal. My desire to share it grows every day. It'll take some poking around to uncover why I am a mystery. If you are ready to find the X that marks my spot, give me a call. Box #542955

Are you prepared to begin your training with exciting sensuous Mistress Laura? I will train you in the fine art of bondage and discipline. I am very sexy and experienced in erotic domination. I won't let you get away with anything. So if you want to let me take control leave a message in my box. Box #32902

Hello. my name is Laura. I'm a hot English bitch. I've just moved over here and I can't wait to get my hands on a real hot guy. Excitement is what I'm looking for, and a real dirty mind is what I need. People tell me I look really innocent, but that's what they think. Looks can be very deceiving. Call me and you'll find out why. Box #521

Hi guys, this is Kristin. I have brown hair, blue eyes, 5'8", 115 lbs., great body and a terrific butt. I'd love to have fun with you. So, if you want to have fun with me, give me a call. I can't wait to hear from you. Box #528



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			Happy 31 New Yearl	S.I.N. Night @ MaGic Garbens "Moral Reality" with lacey lymn Channel f1 - 11:80pm	<b>Football!</b> 29 -pig bang- pallas- <i>more-on monday</i> STANS BARDA MANUATORY MONDAYS with IMN & SASSYS FRESTRIPTERS © DEVILS POINT 9m	salsa suntlay STORIS BERUTERITON STORIS BERUTERITON SINFERNO CABARET Sex a Service Industry Night Featuring a simul Circus of Berhauchery/ TOpm @ DANTES sware Amonto
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**Flagstone Walker** 



I'm double screening tonight, watching the news on one tube and porn on the other. An interview with California's new governor Arnold Schwarzenegger just ended and he wasn't asked about his gropings. And I'm about half-way through SPACE **NUTS** from Wicked, a three-hour extravaganza with a dozen girls clothed with the sun and the moon shining under their pink feet while they soar into space. Along the way they get their clams speared and their butts fucked while they slob knobs in the Milky Way.

Good to know the Terminator's gropings two months ago during the

special election don't seem to haunt him. Those of us in porn land saturated with gang bangs and cream pies find it strange people would get so worked up over his creepy trespassings. We know all men are gropers. In every man's heart lurk force and fraud, what Thomas Hobbes called the "cardinal virtues."

Another

Lonely

Why all those screeching howls of indignation and shock when Arnold claimed he was just being "playful" on movie sets? Everybody knows Hollywood is decadent. I'd bet a dime on a dollar that a fair number of women, while jolted by the Treminator's snatchings, went goo-goo when he picked them out of the pack of extras. And I'd bet that some spent the night with him knowing full well there'd be no hugs in the morning. He's gone.

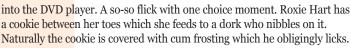
A porn fantasy, really. Grab, fuck and run. Though more frequently in porn, the guy doesn't have to grab because the women are so willing. Like Brittney Skye, Dee and Brianna Banks in **TITSICLE** from Vivid. The girls operate the Big Scoop ice cream company and offer up big scoops of themselves. The company's motto: "Whatever the customer wants, we're here to please and serve it with a smile."

It's rarely that way in real life—except maybe for guys like Arnold who

are famous and rich. Of course even he can't get it all and that's why he got outed as a groper. One time on the movie set he spotted a hottie, said "Come here, you sexy devil," grabbed her and pulled her onto his lap. Maybe that didn't bother her too much, but then he immediately whispered in her ear, "Have you ever had a man slide his tongue up your ass?"

If Arnold wanted to make a porn movie, that inquiry would be more than acceptable. But even star power has its limits. The girl didn't freak out. She got up and continued on her way. I slipped **TEN LITTLE** 

**PIGGIES** from Platinum



Cum

itsiCle

That scene in TEN LITTLE PIGGIES reminded me of another star power sex up. Years ago the cops busted a loud party only to find Mary Ann Faithfull sprawled naked on a rug with a Mars bar between her legs. Mick Jagger was eating the Mars bar. Don't know if it's true but if it is wish we could see that on a video. Call it Sympathy for the Devil.

Since Christmas is near allow Flagstone to unwrap a present for you.

raised in the desert, went wacko and started preaching a new religion. He got nailed to a cross, then went up in the sky as God's son. But Jesus now has a dirty little secret few people know about.

The Second Coming came a few weeks ago. Big J got out of the God business and has started a new career as a porn star. "I was walking down Sunset Boulevard and stopped in this ice cream parlor, the Big Scoop. This girl grabbed me and said, 'You look cool, dude, love the sandals. Wanna be in a movie?' Well gee everybody wants to be in a movie, even me, the son of God. I didn't know it was a porn flick 'til she got down on her knees and put my penis in her mouth. Wow! Heaven's great, but...." he told me in an interview.

This will be a big shot in the arm for the porn biz. Rumor has it Jesus' first DVD release will be entitled THE PESTILENCE THAT WALKS IN DARKNESS. Just think, Jesus' cock sliding down the smooth alley of a porn star, Jesus lying down in a green pasture for a head job, Jesus buttfucking a shepherd. The dude who dwells in the House of the Lord, his cup running over with cum.

Merry XXXmas.

a cookie between her toes which she feeds to a dork who nibbles on it.

Once upon a time a little boy named Jesus was born in Bethlehem,



Х



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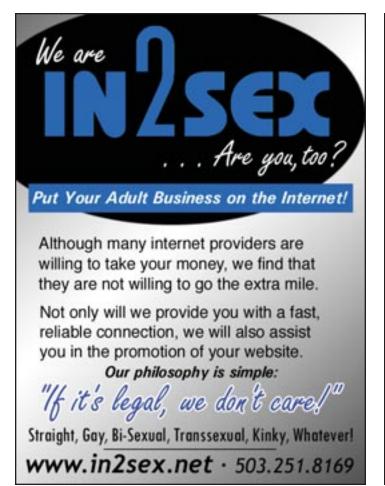


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January started out rainy like it always does. I made resolutions to (1) imagine I was Catherine Deneuve every day (this later changed to Brigitte Bardot), (2) write a book and (3) move to New York. We had a Magic Garden sleepover where we smoked lots of pot, drank a bunch of wine and ate

my favorite band ever, ZEN GUERRILLA, was playing in Portland while I would be in NYC, and playing NYC while I

was in Portland. Had to change my flight. Ashauna died in an auto accident on January second and it was really sad around the office for a while.

As most of you know, the Las Vegases hail from Minnesota. Most of you probably are also familiar with the Coen brothers and Garrison Keillor, and so are aware of our long-winded, much-ado-about-

1 601

ANGELO

MERR

nothing oral tradition. But what you probably didn't know is that this tradition—this need to ramble on for hours about the weather

Christm

**ASSHOLES** 

and other petty grievances that make up life-

reaches its finest form during the holidays when the Christmas letters hit the streets.

I myself was a bit in the dark about this. I've been on the road for a good thirteen years now, but whenever I'm home sweet home I've little better to do than sift through old mail and photos and keep up on the births, deaths, illnesses, marriages,

divorces, who's gay, who's straight.... I was doing precisely this when I stumbled across

Cousin Donna's annual Christmas letter.

Or should I say CHRISTMAS EPIC. The thing was eight pages in length. Donna went into careful detail about the most mundane things, covering them on a month-by-month basis. There was her husband Duane's foot surgery and lay-off, the several trips to the casino, where the bus stopped en route to the casino, what kinds of pies were served at the truck stops, what productions were seen at the

dinner theater and a recipe for Rhubarb Sauce pudding she created: "Rhubarb, brown sugar, Cherry Coke (or Coke Classic) and dry tapioca. MMMMMMM Good Stuff." It was pure genius. American beauty. Totally Minnesotan. ("Minn-eh-SOOHH-tin")

So, in honor of Cousin Donna Las Vegas, I thought I'd share my year with you. me. What a bitch. So I drank my Manhattan alone and smoked my last few legal cigarettes in an NYC bar and wrote many dismal poems while he whispered to everyone about me. I got a shirt made that said I

#### HEART ANGELO.

We broke up a week later, got back together and then broke up again the following week cause he said he didn't believe that stripping was art. God what was I doing with him?!

February started off RIGHT in NYC. I saw Zen Guerrilla at

CBGB's and bumped into BRETT FALCON there. He is sooooo

like the most romantic place in the world. I luuuuv you, Brett

dreamy. He makes the slippery stairs to the CBGB's shitters seem

Falcon! I went to see Omar at Lucky Strike and he wouldn't talk to



I chipped my front tooth at a performance of my acting class and tried to convince myself it was cool. Nobody died.

**March** I quit acting class, realizing I have absolutely no respect for actors. None! Zip! They want "HONESTY" in their work. Ha ha very funny! They should try STRIPPING.

March SUCKED. I had dinner at Ripe on the first (the owner is dreamy!) and then went by His Bar afterwards. He had locked himself in his car to avoid me and didn't answer my phone calls, even though I called twice every minute for half an hour. He was

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pissed that I wrote my cock column. Whatever! Who does he think he is? I've been writing silly stuff like this for strippers for FIVE YEARS! He said it wasn't classy. Whatever! He PEES ON

"Minnesotans' long-winded, much-ado-about-nothing oral tradition reaches its finest form when the Christmas letters hit the streets."

PEOPLE at his bar! I was so pissed. Especially because we were supposed to have a nice Seattle trip the next day.

He broke up with me for two weeks, thoroughly emasculated that I should refer to some "camel jockey" as the "best" lover I'd ever had. Eventually he took me back, just in time to go to His Bar to chain smoke and play pinball and Freak Out the night Paul Stojanovich died.

Paul was a creator of *Cops* and other reality shows. He was a very dear friend. He fell off a cliff at the Oregon Coast. I was in shock for a couple of weeks and really came unglued.

**April** HE took me to Vegas. I fell in love with it. It is the weirdest most bizarre place on Earth. Where else do folks throw BILLIONS of dollars around to out-weird each other? Pure genius. Shows that America can still crack a joke, even if it doesn't get the punch line. We stayed in a fucking pyramid that beams the strongest light on Earth into outer space for no reason other than to boast about it. So cool.

The best thing was the Cathedral on the Strip that has Modernist stained-glass by two Polish sisters depicting the Stations of the Cross. One of the

panels shows old casinos like the Stardust and the Frontier, disgorging their gamblers to the great casino in the sky.

Easter I went to church like a good preacher's daughter. I saw this gal I knew from the downtown

scene. She looked completely possessed. A week later her boyfriend OD'd. That put a heavy pall on my

doll?" That or Vietnam/ Cambodia/ Laos—wherever the last opium den is.

The Dictators came to town and I got to hang out with Richard "I Love New Yawk" Manitoba and Richard "I'll Never Go Back There Again" Meltzer. Heaven, I tell you! Heaven!

Nobody died.

**July** My guy and I were broken up and back together twice in July. I starred in an indie short. Three friends died.

eastside hangout and was sad sad sad. Cheers, Cherry Sprout.

**May** Nobody died. My guy and I celebrated our first anniversary, after which I broke up with him again. We got back together a couple days later cause I love him and always start to miss him.

**June** I broke up with him AGAIN! We had a nice coffee date as was our habit during which he said that it was impossible for a guy to want to fuck the same girl after three months. I endure most of his retarded and humiliating opinions, but after this one I just looked at him coldly and kissed him goodbye. He didn't realize I'd dumped him until he heard through the grapevine that my ex-boyfriend was driving me to the airport at 5AM the next day. For some inexplicable reason he was FURIOUS with me. For giving him what he wanted! Once again he said I had "absolutely zero class." Once again let me state for the record that HE PEES ON PEOPLE at his bar.

I went to NYC. It rained every day and was very cold. I missed Portland, missed my girlfriends, missed Sauvie's Island. Nick Tosches cooked me dinner—wonderful pasta with fresh salmon and French sardines and plenty of port—and we

WHY NOT

TO DATE

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chain smoked and discussed how much New York sucked for three days. He says "Why don't you move to Paris, baby-





Adam Cox, Matthew Fitzgerald and Jeremy Gage were killed when their van rolled outside of Eugene. They were members of

Portland's best band, the Exploding Hearts. The subsequent memorials were packed full of punk rockers wearing their nicest pink clothes in tribute to this group that boasted they were "100% POP", embraced a hot pink and yellow color scheme on their record and website and wore WHITE JEANS to the Satyricon.

Oh my god this one broke my heart good. I sobered up from my intoxicating relationship and decided it should really be O-V-E-R. Like some barfly said to me, "Life's too short to be with someone who doesn't adore you."

August I went home to Minnesota and South Dakota to see the Las Vegas clan. It was good. I performed at Bumbershoot in Seattle with Andrei Codrescu and it was good. Rain Stormm had her second baby boy in Nashville. Nobody died.

September Went back to Vegas for a final fling with the boy toy. Fell hard for the La Concha gift shop and Peppermill bar. Also got to meet DJ Harlock's mom, which was exactly like you'd expect it to be.

One week later I dumped him for good. THANK GOD. He was

killing me. Everyone at Exotic and the Magic made bets on when we'd get back together. Some of the bets are on 'til Thanksgiving. Whaddya say, Mr. Classy Pants? Nobody died.

October Back on the all-toast diet, which I always do when I'm single. Even opening a can is too challenging. Here's my

favorite slice of toast:

\* You take the really expensive WOMEN'S BREAD from Whole Foods or Wild Oats (made in Minnesota!) cuz it's

yeast free, sugar-free, packed with soy protein and flax and other life-sustaining stuff.

\* Toast this bread and then put almond butter on it. The best is the freshly ground stuff from the Fred Meyer nutrition section.

\* Then you put honey or whatever on it. This will keep you going indefinitely until some boy takes you out for food again.

I went to L.A. with Lucy Fur. We made fun of everyone for not being as cool as we were. Lucy Fur hearts L.A. and I finally started to see why: it is weirder than Las

Vegas.

Got back to hear that Morgan died. Seriously fucked. Who figured him to be a horse guy? Not me. The magazine was filled with his stuff. His friends kept coming by the Magic. I was dancing to

the Exploding Hearts. So many of us were still alive but all we could think about was these guys who were dead.

I did not go to New York. I did not want to. I was scheduled to go there to find a job and an apartment but I postponed my flight indefinitely. I started looking for a house here. Man I'm on a lot of Zoloft.

Sometimes I feel like I owe it to my dead friends to hang around here, to keep their memories alive. I'm starting to realize that I owe it to my alive friends, too.

November Nobody's died-yet. My best friend from high school had a girl, her FOURTH kid. My most recent ex seems to miss berating and degrading me and so calls to tell me I have no fucking class and shows up at parties I'm hosting. I went to His Bar to celebrate my other ex's

LAST BARTENDING SHIFT EVER and got eighty-sixed. "What did you expect?" friends asked. As if I care.

I saw the new Best Band in Portland at Kelly's Olympian, of all places. Diamond Tuck and the Privates RULE! They are carrying the torch. Jedediah–Be Mine.

December My brother comes to town to kick ex-boyfriend ass. I spend \$500 on Christmas tickets to Duluth, aka the North Pole. The dentist says my teeth are perfect. Everything is gonna be OK. Frank says Zen Guerrilla will be here in the new year.

Seeing as it's time for us all to make resolutions, may I suggest:

1. Hire Aristai to clean your house. You can't do better than hire a drag queen house boy. He gives great advice, rearranges stuff stylishly, is gossip central and will TOTALLY IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF YOUR LIFE. He is the best. Call Exotic for details.

2. More sex with fewer people.

3. Less sugar, more cats!



4. DON'T DIE

Peace On Earth, etcviva las vegas





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# WHATZ CRACKIN'?

#### by J. Mack

It's that time again, and I'm not about to let my loyal readers down. I've got some big thingz that are about to happen, so I gotta put ya'll up on whatz going down. I also recently interviewed one of the most diverse DJs in the adult entertainment business, DJ Diablo. This month I'll also be conducting a poll in regards to the ongoing rivalry between 50 Cent and Ja Rule. I want to know what you think about this Hip-Hop feud.

#### First Up — Somethin' for the Honeys?

Yes!!! This little somethin' is a function that I'll be hosting every Wednesday Night at Club Exotica. I have a lot of female readers that email me, asking when and where my next parties are going to be. I decided that

it would only be



right to give them their own night to kick it!

I'll be co-promoting each Wednesday night with Exotic Magazine and Party Girlz Entertainment. I'll be featuring a weekly singing contest for up-and-coming artists to win \$\$\$ and prizes. Two contestants will go head-to-head each Wednesday and the

crowd will always decide who wins. The winner will defend their title the following week. For audition information, email me at the address listed below.

#### Next Up — Whatz Crackin @ Stephanos?

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#### Let The Records Spin

That's exactly what DJ Diablo has been doing at Club Exotica International on Friday and Saturday nights. He's been keepin' it hot with his skills and all the latest cutz. I recently had the chance to chat with him in the Club's VIP Room and we had a cool conversation. I asked Diablo where he gets his drive. He said, "My love for music is what motivates me to spin." "I've been doing it for 11 years and I got

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my start in college, rockin' parties at the U of O."

This cat has a huge music collection from hip-hop to R&B, from old school to house and break beats. Regarding his future, DJ Diablo says, "I'm planning to release a mix CD with my own beats, and one day own and manage my very own nightclub." He gives mad props to DJ Pierre Amador for getting him involved with the Gentlemen's Clubs. He also says "DJ Mike May has been very inspiring and a great mentor." DJ Diablo

has been very inspiring and a great mentor." DJ Diablo says that he has nothin' but love for his fellow DJs, who include DJ Dej, DJ Pete, Julian (aka Sir Kutz) and DJ Alldin. If you haven't seen this cat throw

down, make sure to check him out Saturday Dec. 20th at Exotica's Winter Wonderland Party. Big ups to my partna Damon, aka DJ Diablo. Keep up the good work dogg... One!!!

#### The Feud

Ja Rule has just released a new joint aimed at the rapper 50 Cent. To tell the truth, he's hittin' him hard but I'm getting burned out on this shit. How do you feel about these catz? Email me at **whatzcrackin\_J@hotmail.com** and I'll be featuring some of your comments in my next article.

Honey of the Month & Angel Forever

This month's award goes to my beautiful friend who recently departed to heaven. Her name was Tracie Jackson and she will be deeply missed. I love you, God Bless you! My prayers go with you.... Your friend J

Until Next Month...Keep It Crackin'!!!

One Love, J.Mack



Tracie Reneé Sackson

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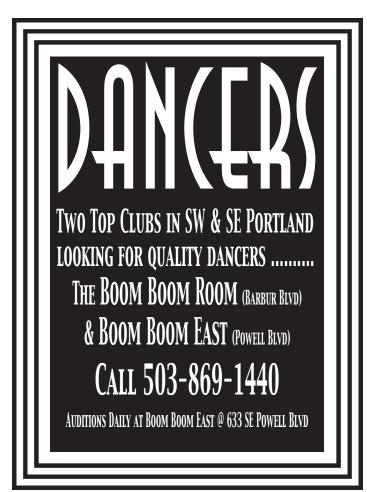
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# BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD... ...BUT THERE'S NO STOPPING

I used to be one of those sad bisexual vampires, pouting in the dark, drinking red wine, clicking my big fake black nails on the bar, starring in my very own secret movie where I was the tragic beauty. Yup, I was a total fag for about a year, painting cobwebs on STORM: Did you ever look out into the audience while playing with Bauhaus and see all the painted up death rock kids and think, "C'mon now, you look ridiculous."

DJ: Of course. I appreciate that people saw us as pioneers

of that whole goth scene, but we didn't really see it that way. And our fans weren't all like that.



S: I sure was. A total Siouxsie eyeliner-wearin' geek for you guys. But your most famous song that inspired the goth minions to swarm to the dark

> side, "Bela Lugosi's Dead," still holds up today. I see club kids and rockers alike sway all dreamily to it when it comes on. Do you still get a lot of happiness out of that song?

DJ: Well, yes. It's special because it's the first one we did as a band. We wrote it six weeks after the band formed.

#### S: Wow, and that was in 1978. 25 years ago.

DJ: Oh my, yes, it's been awhile I guess. I've recently heard some great stories that have made me feel good about it. A friend of mine was talking to Thom Yorke (Radiohead) and Bela Lugosi came on the sound system and [Thom] said that he loved that song and

when he's home he loves to break out all of his Bauhaus records. That felt pretty good.

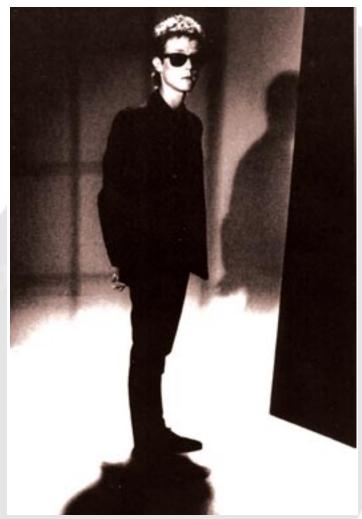
my face and stretching nasty black netting around my plump and pasty teenaged body. My soundtrack was operatic and often maudlin but The Greatest Song Ever at that time was "Bela Lugosi's Dead" by Bauhaus.

Bauhaus was Peter Murphy, Daniel Ash and brothers David J and Kevin Haskins. They disbanded in the Eighties. Peter Murphy went solo and the other three went on to form the more pop oriented Love and Rockets.

I recently got a chance to talk to the silky voiced **David J** and to see how he's moved on from his goth

icon status. I, too, have long since put away my Anne Rice and Aqua Net.





S: That's quite a nod. So, what got you into music to start with?

DJ: David Bowie. My brother Kevin had seen him on a television program and made sure I saw it when he came on again. He performed "Starman." It was incredible, and that was it for me. My Dad wasn't too happy about it, though.

#### S: My Dad didn't like you guys, either. He thought you were all sick, making me love you all the more. Now you're a father. Does your kid listen to anything that makes you roll your eyes?

DJ: At first he started getting into rap, then rap metal, then serious death metal. And I wouldn't say any-thing but I thought how can you listen to that?

#### S: That's pretty funny. Every generation has an Elvis. I think even Mozart was considered pretty punk by Austrian standards of his day. What are you up to these days?

DJ: Well I've been DJing, performing some cabaret, "Cabaret Oscuro," I've just released an album (on Hey Day Records) called *Estranged* and an EP where I did a remix using Jen Folkers' (of Dahlia) voice.

#### S: I love Jen, she's such a little sexpot. Speaking of sexy, there's a general opinion among most Americans that the English are a dry and sexually repressed people. What do you say to that?

DJ: There's a lot of truth to that. It's a very old ingrained social thing, religious-based. England used to be mostly pagan, where sex was part of spirituality and you could even pay for sex at a temple. So sex was a way to achieve a piece of the divine.

#### S: Here, here!

DJ: Then more dogmatic and strict Christian sects started taking over, and we all know how they view sexuality. But as with any extreme puritanical regime, the art and sexuality become very strong and come out as a sort of backlash.

#### S: We have a kind of twisted version of that going on here in this country. Jen is definitely a very sexual performer. She's got that whole 'whore of the temple' vibe dialed.

DJ: Yeah, I really enjoyed working with Jen. She's got a dirty laugh.

#### S: What would you be doing if you weren't doing music?

DJ: Painting. A book is coming out in Japan called *The Glittering Darkness* where the members of Bauhaus are the main characters. I did the illustrations for it.

#### S: For the whole book? How many pieces did you do?

DJ: About a hundred.

#### S: In how long?

DJ: About two weeks.

#### S: Jeezum crow, did you eat?

DJ: Not really.

David J is not goth, he's just skinny. He will be performing with Drumattica at Dante's on Friday, Dec. 19th. Check out



his very cool all-flash website at www.davidjonline.com and his latest album *Estranged*, in stores now (go to www.heyday.com for a free bonus CD). Now go eat something for God's sake, or you'll be all undead-undeadundead.

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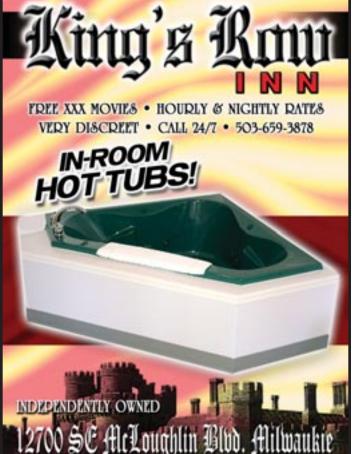
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