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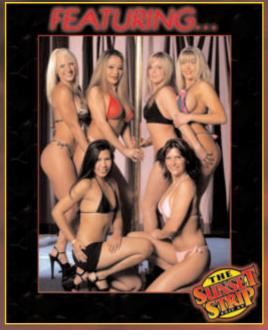
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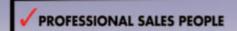
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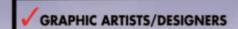


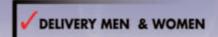


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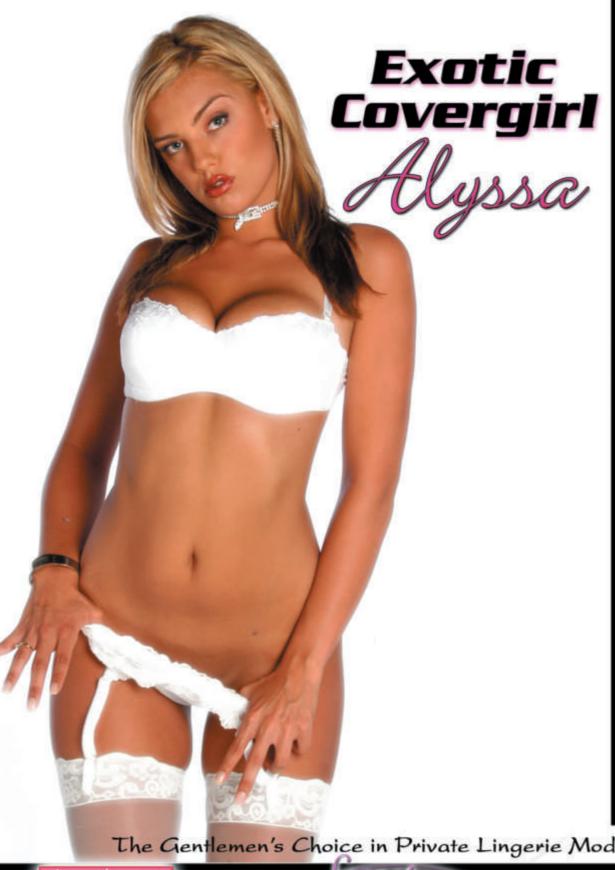


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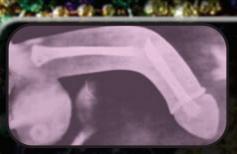
FEATURES



HOW TO SPOT A BASTARD

look before you leap! **page 18**

by viva las vegas



SEXUAL DYSFUNCTION

Par Philips Pl

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE

fuckin' funny
page 22
by jim goad



HOT PORN!

cars & girls page 59

by flagstone walker



GET OFF!

thethrillhammer page 68
by phillip lee

INSIDE STUFF

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A scene from
Exotic's newest
film "Sellwood
Girls Gone
Insane"





Um... so my last column? The one wherein I listed what I wanted from a male partner and then solicited resumes? Well, it was clearly incomplete. I got many wonderful responses—well-written requests for coffee dates, caring critiques of my value system, concerned advice and pats on the back, but what was obvious in the end was that this love nut is a lot harder to crack than I made it out to be.

Ultimately it was the Hottest Chick in Town who—in the dressing room—made evident the error of my ways.

"Oh, Viva! If they would just LIE and say, 'Honey, I just outran the cops today.'
Or comething They have to be RAAAAD.

Or something! They have to be BAAAAD. Or they have to lie."

My God. I thought she's right. Then I thought about my shri

My God, I thought, she's right. Then I thought about my shrink who repeatedly asks me to examine my fondness for dating criminals.

"I admire them," I say. "I feel they are at odds with a fundamentally fucked-up and unjust system, and I worship them for it."

Said shrink thinks I lack the capacity to read people, like the last guy I dated who was missing a handful of teeth and who tried harder to procure a doctor's note saying he was RETARDED than he ever did trying to get a decent job.

One of my applicants for partnership called foul on my whole list. He deconstructed every line to show that my mating requirements were merely the usual What-Every-Woman-Wants: a hot, rich guitar player who gives her head for hours (see pg. 22). He said my list was "at best coded and incomplete and at worst utter bullshit." Well, duh.

In the end it's all star signs and love potions. Men are from Mars, women are from Venus. Or, as my darling Scorpio supplicant put it, riffing on Tom Arnold, "All women are crazy. All men are stupid." Or, as my Brooklyn roommate is wont to say, "Chemistry is so important to you girls."

Isn't chemistry important to guys? Obviously they are less discriminating and can fuck a cold cantaloupe and get off happily, but aren't certain cantaloupes more to their liking than others?

Every ostensibly "good" relationship I've bailed on I've done so due to lack of chemistry. If I'm not totally turned on by you, sex feels sweaty, sticky, uncomfortable and, ultimately, not unlike rape. Conversely, if I am into you—you ASSHOLE—you could hit me and, as the Phil Spector song goes, it would feel like a kiss.

So obviously there's a new list. A continuance. A second page.

Dear Male Partner Prospect,

You must be a criminal. You must not treat me too well or I will not respect you. You must push me up against the wall of the shower on occasion and stick your tongue down my throat. Most importantly, I must really and thoroughly enjoy this. Otherwise you are going to jail.

The Bad Boy Amendment

Goddamnit I don't know. A lot of this boils down to hero worship. I've got to respect and admire you in order to get hot for you and most of you are so ugh! I've done a lot with my life. I've lived—alone—

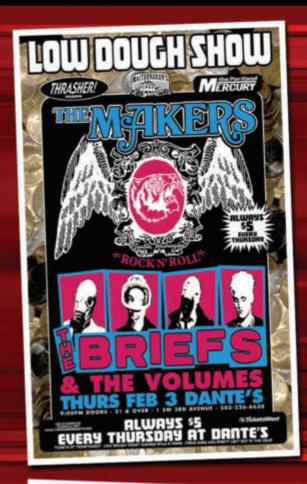
on four continents and in six states. I am an athlete, an artist and an intellectual. I play four instruments and speak five languages. I bathe frequently and I like to fuck. I have wonderful friendships with hot chicks and I volunteer time and money to charitable causes. I've recorded seven albums, appeared in countless movies, documentaries and music videos, and seen publication of my writing in national periodicals. Not to toot my own horn or anything, but it's getting harder and harder for you to impress me.

But then again how hard can it be? I'm a girl who's impressed by the bums on street corners. My last boyfriend didn't have a job or teeth! But in the end I run with wolves and you simply have to keep up.

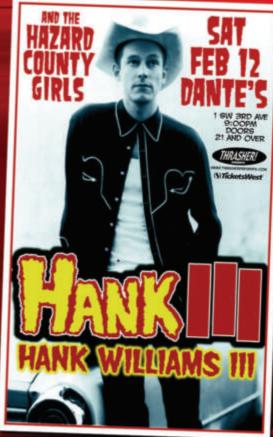
What you can bring to my life are the things I can't create on my own—that sweet easy feeling that everything is gonna be alright, that it's only life after all, that we're gonna rock out with our cocks out until they put us in the ground. And, on occasion, push me up against the wall of the shower, stick your tongue down my throat, and tell me you just outran the cops.

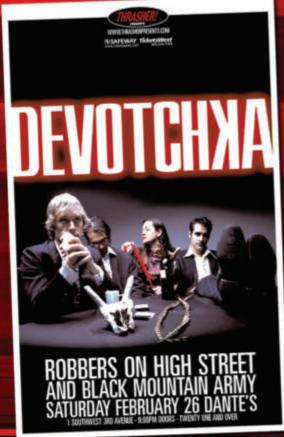
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DANTE'S • THE HEART OF PORTLAND NIGHTLIFE









ere at *Exotic*, we're not really in the habit of reviewing books. In fact, we're not in the habit of reading books, or reading at all! We'd rather look at the pictures. But something about *HOW TO SPOT A BASTARD BY HIS STAR SIGN*, by Adele Lang and Susi Rajah, just screamed to be read,



reviewed, and then purchased for every man, woman and child we know. HOW TO SPOT A BASTARD has won an Academy Award, a Grammy, two Golden Globes and the Nobel Prize for best book ever written. Here's why!

Say you just broke up with not one but THREE Arieses, as strippers are wont to do. Pour yourself a glass of wine or Drano and turn to page three (no boring ass introductions here!) and look under the heading We're-Hot-So-Shut-Up-and Worship-Us FIRE SIGNS, which begins thusly: "Out-of-control control freaks. Untalented show-offs. Ignorant know-it-alls. And that's their good points..." On the following page, the girls go right for the Aries Bastard's jugular:

"Once upon a time, in the Dark ages, there was this quaint little term known as a man's man. Nobody knew quite what it meant. Except the poor unfortunate thing who was the man's man's woman—and she died a horrible death when she willfully stuck her head in the oven unto which she was chained."

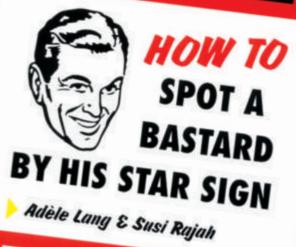
Brilliant! What insight! What empathy! What WRIT-ING! The next Bastard under Lang and Rajah's microscope is the Leo Bastard. Instead of a profile of Leo, they instead reprint (because he forced them to) a play written by Leo, produced by Leo, directed by Leo and, of course, starring Leo.

I personally seem to stick with Fire Sign Bastards, but I've been thinking about settling down, maybe with one of those *Hi-We're-the-Most-Boring Men-On EARTH SIGNS*, like, say, TAURUS. Well, Adele and Susi again know exactly where I'm at.

"You're weaning yourself off the lithium and you're in the process of finding a new job, savings account, and country to live in. In other words, you're in the delicate process of recovering from a horrendous relationship with a total bastard (Aries, Scorpio, and Pisces spring to mind here, for no apparent reason)."

How do they do it? Have they dated every bastard on earth? Judging by their especially incisive read on the Aquarius Bastard, they've dated a lot of those. They've Everything you need to know about men and their star signs... but astrologers are too polite to tell you!

LOOK NO FURTHER!





obviously also dated my last boyfriend, the Gemini Bastard ("the village idiot"). I realized this upon reading the final section of *BASTARD*, wherein there are twelve multiple-choice tests for you to discern which bastard you are most compatible with.

When I read I like to:

a. sit down

b. read a book revie<mark>w a</mark>nd then pretend I re<mark>ad</mark> the book

c. color in the pictures

d. Lick the pages to check for traps set by mischievous elves

They obviously also dated my lying sack-of-shit Aries ex-boyfriend, who obviously even lied to me about his star sign... He was a Pisces Bastard!

Love is:

a. a lie

b. a series of lies

c. never having to say you're sorry, no matter who you just slept with

d. none of the above

In honor of St. (SATAN!) Valentine's (SATAN!) Day (SATAN!), on the following page is a not-to-do list you can cuddle up with on your couch. Alone. With your cat.

YOUR BASTARD'S HORRORSCOPE

from How to Spot a Bastard by His Star Sign by Adele Lang and Susi Rajah



Little known fact here: Not only is the Aries bastard God's gift to women, he is actually God.



TAURUS

The one man in the universe who seriously knows what's good for you and goes about giving it to you, no matter how many times you tell him to get lost...



GEMINI

Gemini is particularly hard to spot. He'll be standing in front of you, talking at you one instant and he'll be a blur in the distance the next. This is a real problem if you want to shoot him.



CANCER

Water Sign bastards are to be avoided at all costs. They're deceitful, highly strung deviants who are hard to pin down except to a mattress.



LEO

Look up at him in awe and wonder, and say ingenuously: "My, what a big, strong man you are," "Gee, I wish I were as smart/witty/brave as you" or "Are you a famous movie star?" Or just wear a full-length mirror around your neck and don't say anything at all.



VIRGO

Ever wonder what goes on in the mind of a serial killer? Find out what the FBI has been trying to discover for years by dating a Virgo bastard.



LIBRA

Seven out of ten dead-end relationships involve a Libra bastard. The other three mainly concern Pisces bastards.



If, even after reading **BASTARD**, you still want to experience what it feels like to have a relationship with a Scorpio bastard, find a busy freeway and throw yourself under a large truck. It will feel just like dating a Scorpio bastard but will be comparatively much less painful.



SAGITTARIUS

The fact that real astrologers can find anything pleasant to say about him, wasting entire virgin rain forests in the process, is pure magic. **Indeed, advertising jerks have been able to**



retire on the government proceeds they received for the rash of safe-sex campaigns created especially for the Sagittarius bastard's girlfriends. (The original slogan, "Avoid Sagittarius like the plague, otherwise you'll end up catching it," was ditched during research when the male Scorpio component complained about out-and-out favoritism.

CAPRICORN

Finally, a man who takes relationships seriously. Blessed with the heart of a loan shark, the humor of an undertaker, and the sensitivity of a tax auditor. Capricorn takes *everything* seriously.



AOUARIUS

He prides himself on his otherness. It follows. then, that his views on romantic relationships defv conventions and escape comprehension.



See, commitment limits personal growth for both partners. Love (like currency) should be circulated for the benefit of everybody. not hoarded in a miserly way to be doled out regularly to one individual.



Water Sign bastards are to be avoided at all costs. They're deceitful, highly strung deviants who are hard to pin down except to a mattress.



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February 2005

SUPER BOWL SUNDAY

Bottom's Up is throwing a *HUGE SUPER BOWL PARTY* on Sunday, February 6th. Check out their new remodel, including a brand new stage and lots of hot new girls. Come in on Tuesday nights to see the Junior Varsity shake their shit on *AMATEUR NIGHT*, all month long!

If you're on the other side of town, the **Dancin' Bare** is the place to see the game 2/6. Relax while topless waitresses bring you your hot wings and beer. "The Twins" Danny and Daisy will be on hand—with big sis' Heidi—for halftime entertainment. So get off the couch, potato!

V.D.

Picking the perfect sensuous gift for your someone special will be fun and easy this year, thanks to

SPARTACUS' SPECIAL VALENTINE'S

SHOPPING EVENT, featuring 25% off purchases, free Valentine gift wrapping, beverages and hors d'oeuvres. Belly up to the LUBE TESTING BAR and watch kinky product demonstrations. Best of all, local favorites the Porcelain Twinz will be modeling lingerie. Don't miss it! Wednesday Feb 9th, 7pm-9pm @ Spartacus Clackamas Store (15536 SE 82nd Drive, 503-657-7666). Thursday, Feb 10th, 7pm-9pm @ Spartacus Downtown Store (300 SW 12th Avenue, 503-224-2604).



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2/4 RICHMOND FONTAINE @
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2/12 HANK III @ Dante's
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2/18 STEVE EARLE & THE DUKES
@ Crystal Ballroom
2/24 GOSSIP @ Nocturnal

MUSICIAN WINS BEST VALENTINE AWARD

From: Experience589@aol.com

Date: Sun, 16 Jan 2005

Hey,

My names Brandon i seen your ad in exotic magazine, and I liked it a lot. IM a 22 male i have short blonde hair blue green eyes 5"11 180lbs. I work out daily And play a lot of guitar. When i herd the name jimmi hendrix in the ad it really caught my attention, because im a huge fan. Especially when you said you want a man too play your body as well as he plays his guitar. That would be me i play a lot. I love kissing, im a lover and i would love to take you on hot dates in my car. Basicly my life revolves around music constantly. I sing and play drums too. Me and my dad have a studio with a lot of equipment in it, and i will be playing live when the time is right. Pretty much i just want to tell you your ad described me. So i would love to hear back from you. "Further more" im very good looking easy going loyal and hard working. So please email me back. I would love too talk too you. thank you. XOXOXO

P.S. Jimmi Hendrix, Jimmi Hendrix, Jimmi Hendrix

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exual dysfunctions are distinguished from the broader category of "sexual disorders" in that dysfunctions are manifested *physically.* Whether the root cause is physical or mental, a dysfunction somehow physically impedes the satisfactory completion of the sex act and is therefore pretty fuckin' funny. Although the inability to achieve orgasm without having a Teenage Mutant Ninia Turtle defecate on your face is likewise funny, such a syndrome is fundamentally psy*chological* rather than physical, especially if the pervert in question has no problem blowing his load after the turtle poops on him.

The syndromes we'll be laughing at here involve a crippling of the sexual equipment—in all cases except one, the penis. In every instance, what's so goddamned funny is that the victim *wishes* to achieve the cleansing release of a whoppinggood orgasm, but their *body* prevents them from doing so. With dysfunctions such as vaginismus and premature ejaculation, the physical problem is rooted in mental conflicts and thus has some hope of resolving itself. With others, tragicallywell, tragically for the *sufferers*, yet hilariously for the rest of —the problem is with the flesh itself and frequently offers a dim prognosis for the victim, his family members, and anyone who's ever called him a friend or lover. Funny shit!

DESCRIPTION:

A prolonged, searingly painful erection lasting anywhere from four hours up to a few weeks. The condition is

named after Greek fertility god Priapus, whose never-waning boner was said to be so huge that he could only have sex while standing in an open field.

CAUSES:

Sometimes caused by high blood flow to the penis; ironically, in other cases, it's due to low penile blood flow. It can also result from complications due to sickle-cell anemia or the use of certain anti-psychotic medications.

TREATMENT:

In early stages of priapism, decongestant medications can often induce the bone-bone to subside. But once the condition has advanced, blood must be drained through a needle

jabbed into the man-shaft. Even then, some of the penile tissue may already be dead. Blood trapped in the penis rapidly grows stagnant, and if left untreated, penile amputation may be necessary.

WHY IT'S FUNNY:

It's an erection, but it isn't pleasurable! It's painful!

DESCRIPTION:

At the moment of orgasm, semen backfires up into the kidneys instead of shooting out the penis. The cum eventually dribbles out in cloudy urine.



DESCRIPTION:

An involuntary contraction of the

vaginal muscles which prevents entry for all foreign objects. Sensing an intruder, the female organ clenches itself so tightly that not even a pencil can nuzzle its way inside. The condition is thought to afflict anywhere from two to six

percent of females.

CAUSES:

Daddy or an uncle raped her. Probably her uncle. Equating all penetration with the trauma of bluntforce sexual assault. the vagina shuts down like the door to the Batcave.

TREATMENT:

A lot of teddy bears, soft words, and the gentle, gradual insertion of plastic dilators escalating in size.



WHY IT'S FUNNY:

I enjoy the idea of a pouting vagina that puckers its lips and says, "NO!"

VSFUNCTIONS

CAUSES:

Sometimes caused by medication. In other cases, it's due to conditions ranging from diabetes to prostate or urethral surgery ditions ranging from diabetes to prostate or urethral surgery.

TREATMENT:

If caused by medication, the condition will typically subside once use of the medication is discontinued. If due to surgery, well, fella, you'll be squirting joy juice up into your kidneys 'til you die.

WHY IT'S FUNNY:

death-metal band.

As with "vaginismus," "retrograde ejaculation" would make a great name for a pseudo-intellectual

ARIOUS WAYS IN WHICH OUR BODIES HUMILIATE US

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DESCRIPTION:

Boy gets nervous. Boy shoots his goo way too early. Boy is ashamed. Girl is dissatisfied. Girl tells everyone that boy is a lousy lay. Boy is ridiculed and ostracized by townfolk. Boy

moves to a trailer in a wooded area on the outskirts of town, where he eventually kills himself in a grisly satanic ritual involving innocent livestock.

CAUSES:

Almost entirely psychological. In many cases, it's only a matter of youth and inexperience. In several others, it may be caused by performance anxiety when a partner is new and their genitals are unfamiliar. In yet others, it's linked to a complex of psychosexual traumas which would take years to uncover, providing fodder for dozens of additional jokes.

TREATMENT:

A girl needs to gently counsel her lover when he is besieged by the hamsterlike urge to squirt his measly Love Drops within moments of viewing her naked form. She needs to reassure him that he is not an inadequate, despicable, laughable shell of a man who often causes her to have masturbatory fantasies about his best friend.

WHY IT'S FUNNY:

Because whenever someone is told of an incident of premature ejaculation, they laugh. Always.

DESCRIPTION:

A severe curvature of the penis which renders intercourse extremely painful or impossible. Among some specimens, the penis is drastically shortened. In rare cases, the penis twists so much that its underside faces upward.

PEYRONIE'S DISERSE

CAUSES:

Often strikes middle-aged men when calcium deposits or scars form on the highly elastic "tunica albuginea" membrane inside the penis. The hard lumps act as obstacles, forcing the penis to curve around them while filling with blood, resulting in the banana-orworse degree of curvature that characterizes this affliction.

TREATMENT:

Although once stricken with Peyronie's, you are unlikely to ever render your manhood straight as an arrow again, injections of calcium-channel blockers directly into the penis have shown some promise in softening the penile plaque which causes this heart-breaking—yet sidesplittingly enjoyable, at least from the sidelines—dysfunction.

WHY IT'S FUNNY:

Look at ol' banana-dick over there! His junk is all curvy like a piece of macaroni!

DESCRIPTION:

Inside the penis, the spongy blood bags which engorge during arousal and give the appearance of "hardness" become ruptured, almost always during vigorous sex. A "popping" sound is often heard, immediately accompanied by loss of erection and howling pain. The penis becomes swollen, deformed, and is sometimes said to resemble an eggplant.

CAUSES:

Happens most frequently during the woman-on-top position when the penis accidentally slips out and bends forcefully against some other hard object. This is another good reason for never allowing a woman to be on top.

TREATMENT:

Intensive surgery, although it's not always successful in restoring proper sexual and urinary functions.

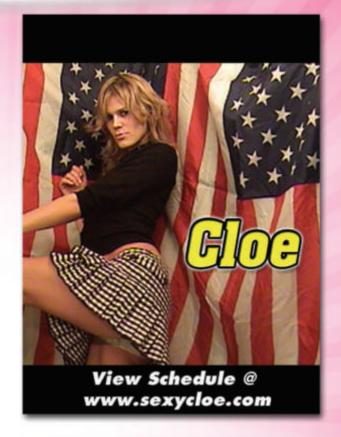
WHY IT'S FUNNY:

Hey, look, everybody! This is even funnier than the guy whose penis was curved like a boomerang! This guy's penis is broken! Wahha-ha-ha! Dude's motor won't crank! And there's no way to fix it! Must suck to be him!

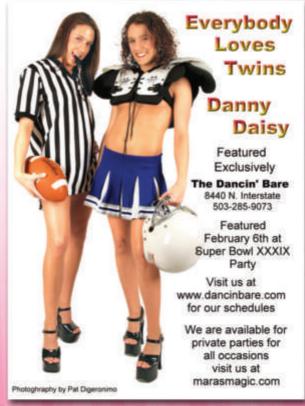


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Dear Mr. DeLillo,

I recently came upon your column while cleaning out my husband's car. A client had left a copy of a pornographic magazine in which you are syndicated in the back seat under a bunch of dirty t-shirts. Your photo reminded me for a moment of my father and that is what caught my eye. Before I knew what had happened I had read your horrifying advice and I was down on my knees praying for your soul. I think that only by praying to the Lord can you save yourself from eternal damnation. My husband disagrees, he thinks that even if you prayed nonstop from now until the hour of your death you would still be kindling for the fiery furnaces of hell. We argued about it for some time and I finally gave up because I did not want to upset our six little girls. Perhaps my husband is right. The Bible says, "A man who lies with a male as with a woman, both have committed abomination; they shall surely be put to death; their blood shall be

upon them." (Lev, 20:13) I begged my husband to fall upon his knees and pray with me for your soul. Lucky for you the Lord our God is more forgiving than my husband.

Praying for your soul's salvation, Scandalized Conservative Apostolic Notifying Christian

Dear SCANC.

First of all, don't ever pray for my soul again. I have sinned very hard to ensure a place for myself in hell in order to avoid being bored for all eternity by evangelical Christians in heaven. I swear to your God that if I hear that you have prayed for me after this warning I will be forced to kill and eat your six bible-thumping sluts-intraining to ensure my reservation in the netherworld. I would be doing you a favor. You would get to forever remember them as the little malnourished anemic greasy-haired self-righteous glassy-eyed mouth-breathing air suckers they are now and be spared seeing them grow up to be the fat malnourished anemic greasy-haired self-righteous glassy-eyed mouth-breathing cocksucking sluts that ninety-five percent of all girls from fundamentalist Christian backgrounds become.

Lucky for me your prayers mean nothing to God since you are your husband's property and God does not consider you human. As Exodus (20:17) says, "You shall not covet your neighbor's wife, or.... his ox or donkey, nor anything that is thy neighbor's." That's right SCANC, in God's eyes you're right up there with a donkey. Do you have a donkey? Maybe if the donkey and you pray together the combined power of your prayers might equal that of a dog's. The Lord ought to smite you for even forming an opinion on my column, which I feel safe in assuming God is an avid reader of. Since He sees all, I am left with little evidence to the contrary. Since He has not yet smote me I can only assume He more or less agrees with all the advice I give. I think it's safe to say that I am one of God's agents on Earth, while he considers you to be nothing but a house-cleaning, meal-making, fetus-incubating jizz receptacle. Why do I, a sinning cum guzzler, have God's ear, while your heartfelt prayers sound to Him like to the braying of a mule? As you have no doubt said a million times, "God works in mysterious ways."

Despite our close association, there are a lot of things that God and I disagree on. For instance I simply can't stomach treating women as property, as he commands me to do. It goes against what it is to be a freedom-loving American. Being an American is my first priority in life because being an American means that I am free to kill, free to colonize, and free to spread my values to colored people around the globe. A lot of people in the world inexplicably hate those freedoms and so we must bomb them till they understand that without our brand of enduring freedom, they would be left to the whims of a dictator who is likely to be appointed by his father's cronies instead of elected in a fair election, or "elected" in an election fraught with voting irregularities which disenfranchise minority demographics.

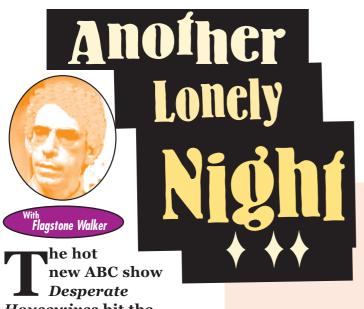
Sometimes enduring freedom is really hard and almost unendurable. That, SCANC, is something I'm sure you and I can both agree on. Everyone deserves a government that represents all its citizens. God thinks you are no better than a donkey, but I think you're a hypocritical evangelical bitch, and as such deserve a say in our government, just like everyone else who chooses to live in denial and believe that their Christian husband has a client who leaves pornographic magazines in other people's cars under a pile of cum-soaked t-shirts.

All The Best, Cesar Augustus Delillo, Agent of the Lord

Write: cadvice@mail.com X







Housewives hit the right nerve in America's suburban psyche.
We all like to peep through the keyhole and

Later Violet hosts a dinner party for her friends but gets upset that her husband bandies about the details of their sex life with the guests. Violet faints, which strikes me as possibly melodramatic since she has been fucking the gardener when hubby's at work. When she comes to, her houseful of guests are all busy fucking and sucking with abandon. So Violet joins in, going down on one of her girlfriends. These housewives are not so desperate after all.

Adam & Eve unloaded a huge box of DVD's on me, so I'll hang with them on my lonely night—alone as always with porn and dreams of what might have been. In **SNOW JOB** Carmen Luvana, a blonde wonder who's hot enough to burn the sun, plays a snowbunny grieving over some rich dude who died. Carmen and a bunch of her girlfriends retreat to a wintry mountain cabin to hear the reading of the will (kind of a weird place to dole out an estate). A series of flashbacks has Carmen's delirious lips drawing out the sugar in her sugardaddy's cock before he dies in a car wreck. Brittney Skye proceeds to add a conventional twist to this rather thin plot when she is told the dead dude left her nothing in the will. The situation is

"HONG KONG GOOEY is a two-hour Asian fuckfest. It's an awesome box of take-out that goes great with some pork fried rice."

check out the dirty little secrets of those seemingly contented women beeping the

garage door open for their SUV's. One of the housewives, Gabrielle, though married to a wealthy businessman, is banging their 17-year-old gardener on the side. In one episode she calls him on her cell phone and asks him where he is. "Algebra," he replies. That's gotta be the funniest line on TV this year.

Adam & Eve picked up on the lawnboy theme with *CAMERA CLUB*. But while network TV

can get away with a desperate housewife committing statutory rape with a math whiz, the gardener in *CAM-ERA CLUB* is way more than barely legal.

CC's housewife, Violet Blue, invites the gardener into the living room and gives him a dick massage with her cute feet. After the gardener leaves, Violet Blue's husband blasts in the door after a hard day at the office. The dutiful wife proceeds to do her hubby who in turn blasts her in the ass.

resolved when Brittney's husband plunges a pocket rocket in her pussy. Now there's a dildo with a payoff.

HONG KONG GOOEY is a two-hour Asian fuckfest.

There are about a dozen scenes with some of the cutest chop suey in the porn biz, including Mia Smiles, Miko Lee, Kaylina Lei, China Moon, Lilly Thai and Asia Carrena. It's an awesome box of take-out that goes great with some pork fried rice.

For goo splashing fans, **BLOW JOB MANIA** is a patched-together compilation tape that's got to have something in it for ever viewer, considering it's four hours long.

Carmen Luvana returns again in *RACER X*, infiltrating an East L.A. street gang that's into street racing and a variety of crime. Some cool cars in this DVD, along with Carmen getting banged on the hood of a trunk.

In the all-girl category, *EXTREME BEHAV- IOR* 5 continues the car theme with a group of girls who work in a garage. The muff mechanics

get a lot more lube out of each other than any of the cars in for repair. After a while they get tired of working on crank cases and take up streetwalking. It seems when a girl works on a car it's a straight line into prostitution, though I can't really figure out the connection. In any case they end up in a cat fight to see who gets to work the highest paying corner.

I'd go outside and check out that corner myself, but why bother when you can stay in and watch porn?

WHAT Z CRACKIN'!

Whatz up everybody? I hope all y'all had a Happy New Year's and everything. It's 2005, and best believe that ya playa partna got some hot shiznillyollyitt for Portland this year baby!!! My new T.V. show will air in March and it will definitely show the City of Roses whatz really "Crackin!!!" In this month's article, I'll let you know about a new spot to kick it, and I'll also let ya know how the Scarface concert was... Make sure that you also check out the Honey of the Month!!! Ooooh Weee!!!

First Up — OXYGEN WEDNESDAYS

That's right Oxygen!!! This hot night goes down at Baladna, a new club right across the street from PCC Sylvania at 11830 SW Kerr Pkwy (503-246-8227). It has a real cool atmosphere and they also play the cutz. What else could you expect with DJ O.G. ONE workin' the turntables? My debonair playa partna "X" got it crackin' every Wednesday night. It's ladies' night baby, and all



honeys get in free
before 11pm!!! Since
it is right across from
the college, my man
"X" is given MADD
love to all students
that are 21 and over.
They get in free
before 11pm. Now
that's love!!! So if you
not doing jack shiznit

on Wednesdays, make sure to check out Oxygen Wednesdays!!! Tell 'em you heard it from *Whatz Crackin*' and get a free trip to the dance floor.... I'm out!!!

Next Up — Whatz Crackin' T.V.

Yeah baby it's finally about to be on!!! I told my loyal readers last year that I would be droppin' a new show for T.V., and it's about to go down real big!!! This show is going to take you into my world, and show you the places and the people that I write about. We've been filming footage for a while now, and it's about to be on at the beginning of March. Big ups to all the places that welcomed me and my camera crew in. Club H20, the Viper Room, Alladat Clothing, Club Exotica International, and many other spots around the town. Madd love also goes out to my show's co-producer Mr. Gary Hassan!!! Thanks for all the hard work homie!!! Make sure to check your local listings in March for Whatz Crackin' T.V.!!! You might just see yourself.... I'll holla!!!

Big Ups Scarface!!!

This cat is a real class act!!! When I heard that he was coming to Portland, I knew that I had to be there at the

Roseland Theater to check him. The place wasn't really as packed as I thought it would be, but Scarface performed as if there were 10,000 people in front of him!!! If you missed the



you missed a real treat. Big ups to Cool Nutz for keepin' live Hip-Hop on point in Portland. Also congratulations on your new cut with Bosko, E-40, and C-BO. Make sure y'all pick it up, because it's that "Fire" that you need to be bumbin'!!! Believe that!!!

Honey of the Month

Selena

This sexy chick is not only fly but she is real down to earth. She represents many different races. Selena is mixed with Black, White, Mexican, Philippine, and Shumash Indian. You can check her out downtown at Magic Gardens, and make sure to show her some love. In her spare time this Honey says that she enjoys some good bud and playing with her pussycat. Smooches baby!!!



Next Month

I'll be giving you the scoop on several local artists that have some hot new music for you to swoop up. I'll also let you know whatz crackin' on the national scene. Pictures of The Honey of the Month contest at Club Exotica International will also be available for your viewing pleasure.

Until then, y'all keep it crackin'!!!! If you need to holla at me, hit me up at whatzcrackin_J@hotmail.com

One Love, J.Mack





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The human male has a deep and abiding fear of the machine. The machine has replaced skilled factory workers, and a machine can outthink the world's greatest chess player (such as Gary Kasparov's defeat at the hands of the computer Deeper Blue in a 1997 chess match). But there is a deeper fear. The truth is the deepest root of all these fears is the fear that male sexual prowess cannot compete with fucking machines. Any live demo of thethrillhammer, whether at one of Las Vegas' various sex expositions or right here at Portland's homegrown Masturbate-a-thon, is all you'll need to realize the machines have won again.

was right, Allen and Daphna's plan came together very quickly. The actual ideas for thethrillhammer go back to Allen's fascination with such parallel cultural phenomena as the Orgasmatron in Woody Allen's *Sleeper*, the old-school Apple 2 computer game *Leisure Suit Larry* and "Sy Borg" from *Joe's Garage* by Frank Zappa. Sounds sick, no? Yes, but the ends do justify the means, most definitely.

thethrillhammer can be built to spec with any kind of chair or upholstery and a wide range of machinery and dildos, but the standard demo model is a nice slick silver grey chair. With a little bit of oil you can slide all over it.

There was some resistance on the part of Daphna to the idea of building thethrillhammer, but now she is as into it as Allen is. Back in Seattle when they were living on a classic 1951 yacht, a Bullnose Chris Craft to be specific, Allen began to covet a gyneco-

THE SPEED OF LIGHT HAMMER BY Phillip lee

I first saw thethrillhammer in action at the first Masturbate-athon, held at what was then called The Dungeon in Southeast Portland. While a Seattle band called Blue Frame played porno funk for background music, several women mounted thethrillhammer to taste the heights of orgasmic bliss. Aural voyeur that I am, I recorded the first two women digitally with my stereo minidisc. Sure, photographs of the event would've been great, but the orgasms I got on disc are far more erotic than anything printed could ever be.

The master of ceremonies—or at least the master of the masturbating machine—is named Allen. He is one half of the husband and wife team Allen and Daphna, the owners and operators of thethrillhammer.com website, purveyors of fine custombuilt sex machinery for the high end market and co-sponsors with Darklady of the first three Masturbate-a-thons. They are the sweetest, funniest couple you will ever meet.

Guess if you're in the fucking machine business you've got to have a sense of humor. Allen never misses a joke. He can put a

crowd at ease with his jokes as adeptly as he puts the ladies at ease with a wave of his magic wand (the machine, that is). With everyone comfortable and a volunteer in the driver's seat, Alan starts the dildo of choice spinning and pumping with his control box. He is quick to give lessons on the operation of the control box and many women line up to get themselves off.

Allen's operation of thethrillhammer blurs the lines between masturbation, machine sex and sex with Allen, but he doesn't seem to mind. Anyway the machine never gets tired and Allen never gets tired of getting women off. He's approaching a thousand satisfied customers, with no sign of letting up.

The creation of thethrillhammer and the various spin-off businesses were a long time in germination, but when the time logical exam chair he saw in an antique store. He could not get the idea of the chair—and his planned modifications—out of his mind. Daphna nixed the idea as the chair's weight would have been about a third of the weight of the yacht. Plus, where would they put it?

Many months later as the internet boom was reaching its own orgasmic heights, Allen realized that all the elements were in place to start up the first tele-sex internet fucking machine site on the web and make a killing. He just needed that chair.....

Dapha and Allen, purveyors of thethrillhammer

His wife gave him an ultimatum: find the chair and give her a specific dollar

amount of what it would take to start the business and then he could have it. She gave him one day.

Allen was able to find the tattoo parlor in Renton,
Washington, that the chair had been sold to, bought it for next-to-nothing and got Daphna the budget she demanded. The

Super Humongous Corporation Incorporated and thethrill-hammer.com were created in a day.

In the realm of commercial tele-dildonics there were only a few products, such as the failed Safe Sex Plus in the early 00's, which was a consumer vibrator that had a function that changed the colors on a computer screen to match the activity of the vibrator. There was one other product built by a company called Sinulate. It was a cool internet-controlled handheld vibrator that acts like a heat seeking rabbit. But no one was focusing on large scale internet-controlled fucking machines. That was the territory that Allen and his team set out to claim.

The first machine was built to be a super cock. Allen and company began working with Sybian, which is the

Rolls-Royce of vibrators, taking their best unit and souping it up to make it even better. The average Sybian clit vibrator runs at 6500 rpms; thethrillhammer runs up to 7000



"Some women climb off the machine wondering if it will be worth it to have sex with a man ever again."

rpms. Most riders can take it, but not for too long. The other motion of the machine mimics the rolling motion of a cock and runs at 120 rpm. Just these two motions, the position of the rider on the machine and the skill of operation of the joystick are enough to send women into orgasmic bliss over and over again. Women who usually can't have more than one orgasm have any-

where from two to three in one session and many are left literally limp with their legs quivering involuntarily. Some women climb off the machine wondering

blonde woman enjoys various stages of sexual ecstasy with thethrillhammer

if it will be worth it to have sex with a man ever again. While the team was perfecting the physical machine,

Allen was developing his proprietary web-based internet control software. This is what makes the website a portal

to what might possibly be the greatest video game on Earth. Via remote control you can watch with a pan/tilt/zoom camera as the girl in the saddle responds to your every touch—on your computer.

Members of the website can watch hours and hours of pre-recorded

video of a wide range of girls getting their brains fucked out by thethrillhammer and other modified versions of it. Not only is it all great video, you don't have the annoying problem of watching the crack of some guy's ass as he fucks a girl. With thethrillhammer videos you're up close and personal to the girl's pussy and just enjoying pure feminine sexual response in all its beauty.

Allen has videotaped hundreds of amateurs and porn models, including Portland's own

adult film star, Corina
Curves, in her recordbreaking fifty-seven
minute ride. These collaborations with girls who
have their own chat rooms
and websites have been
good for the girls, giving
their members something
new to look at, and good
for thethrillhammer.com
website, which acquires
five-star content for its
archives and live shows.

thethrillhammer has been featured in Home Grown Video's *Sex Machine* series which has been on the market for the past four years. One of Allen's videos claimed the distinction of becoming the fourteenth most-rented pro/am adult video of June 2004, according to *AVN*. Allen says that they acheived that standing because what people want is "real women having real orgasms." I saw thethrillhammer produce two orgasms at the Masturbate-a-thon and they are about as real as real gets.

Other partners include NightMoves, which has featured a revolving cast of about fifty porn stars to date. Allen and thethrill-hammer joined the NightMoves rolling porn caravan in the Tampa area as they made a long string of guest appearances at

local strip clubs. Portland's ChickShack is another collaborator that's always looking for new content featuring thethrillhammer. A newly completed video for HBO's *Cathouse* series will air in March 2005.

Recently, thethrillhammer went on the road to the Chicken Ranch in Pahrump, Nevada. It was renamed the Roto-Rooster and one of the working girls, Mimi, testified that when the rooster got into the hen house she had her best orgasm ever.

Allen is the kind of weird dude that actually likes musicals. He says his experiences at the Chicken Ranch and Dennis Hof's Moonlight Bunny Ranch in Carson City, Nevada, were like a surreal, uncensored version of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. The local regulars got to play with the girls using the sex machine in person and the web remote regulars got to play with them via the miracle of tele-dildonics.

Everybody made out like a bandit.

And the accolades keep rolling in. thethrillhammer recently had its claim to fame as the "World's First Internet-Controlled Sex Machine" acknowledged by the newly opened Museum of Sex in New York City with a permanent display in their exhibi-

tion area. Fine art photographer Timothy Archibald traveled with Allen to the brothels for an extensive book he is preparing on sex machines. Photos of Allen setting up and operating the machine will form a large section of the book.

But the biggest moneymaker for The Super Humongous Company Incorporated doesn't have a thing to do with the internet market. It is the making and selling of customized sex machines. Machines start at \$4,200 and go up from there. The more features a customer requests, the higher the cost. Price doesn't really seem to be an object for this market. Often the women who buy the machines are busy professionals who have plenty of money but no time for a sex life. Now they can just hop on the machine for a while and then get back to work. Another market for thethrillhammer is the gay community and the BDSM crowd, well-educated users with lots of disposable income. It's hard to put a price on pleasure isn't it?

The next frontier for Allen is a machine to get guys off (Allen is a great believer in fairness and equal time). This involves the science of haptics, incorporating touch into a total immersion virtual environment that would allow the male user to reach out and touch a 3D scanned

model of his favorite porn star. One step further would be an actual remote sex encounter with these same stars, complete with a 'cock sock', special gloves and a full body suit. Sound crazy? So did thethrillhammer five years ago.

If you want to see thethrillhammer live you've got to wait for the next Masturbate-a-

thon in October of this year. But why wait? Buy one for your wife, your girlfriend or yourself. Remember one thing though, you may just have made yourself (or your man) obsolete. Machines can do it so much better.

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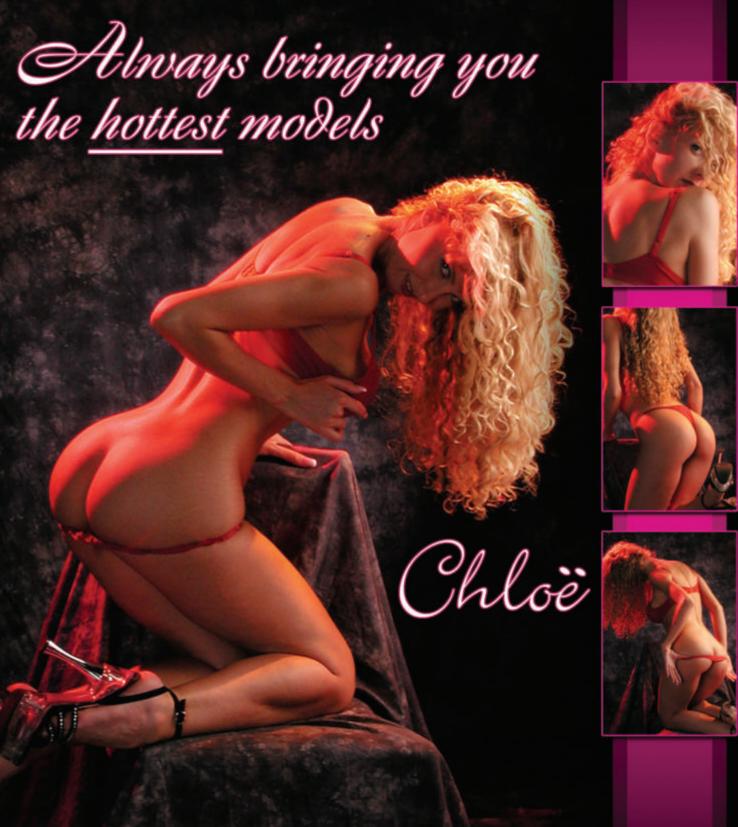


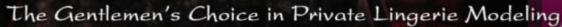
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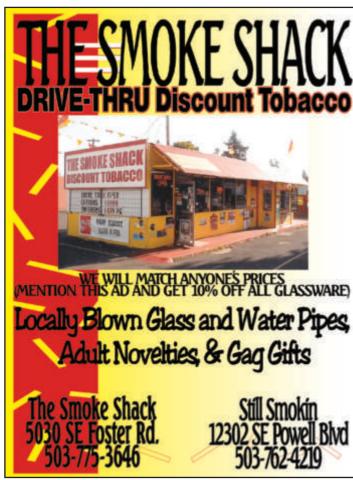
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