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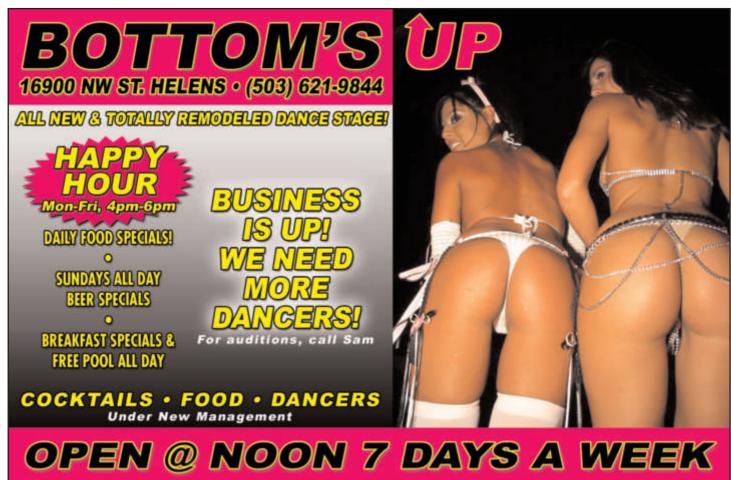




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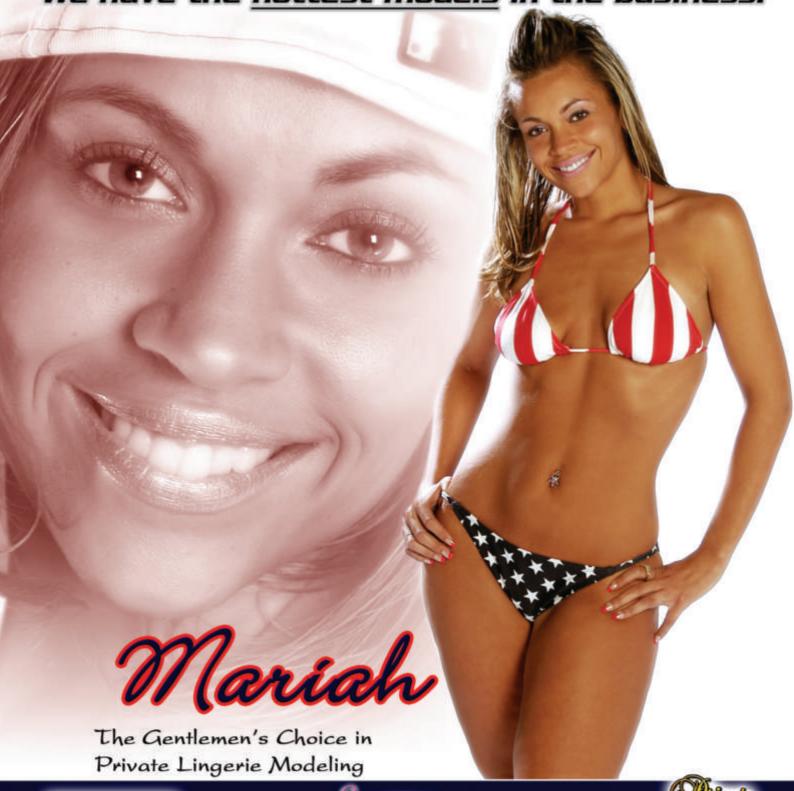








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# exotic

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# FEATURES



### **NUTTY KNOB NUGGETS**

funny penis facts **page 18** 

by iim goad



## **GOING, GOING, GONE-ZO**

hunter s. thompson, 1937-2005 **page 21**by robert wynia



#### **DOMINATRIX HANGS IT UP**

goodbye to all that page 59

by goddess severina



#### **METH MANIFESTO**

phantom weighs in page 68
Letters

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by Viva Las Vegas

ast night at the Shanghai Steakery, a middle-aged man rockin' a dirty blonde mullet and Captain Kangaroo glasses, dressed in a t-shirt that said ARMY on it and sporting a fullarm cast, bought me a drink. He needed change for video poker and the bar couldn't break a hundred without him buying something. So I got a pint glass of whiskey (the Steakery RULES) and thanked the gentleman profusely.

> "You in the army?" I asked. "Used to be. Late eighties to early nineties."

The guy was completely unanimated. His thin lips barely moved when he spoke.

"See anything interest-

"Nope. I was stationed here. I was a sniper."

"Ahhh. So if you had seen anything interesting, you wouldn't be able to tell me, huh."

He worked at a second-hand tire shop. A tire exploded and the shrapnel had torn a whole in his hand and ripped up the flesh on his arm. He was fresh out of the hospital. The Shanghai Steakery was his first stop.

"Sure am glad I'm single," he said, looking around, knocking over his beer in the process. On his left two elderly fags were making goo-goo eyes at each other. I was on a date. My date was wearing lots of eye makeup and had his hand down my pants. A busty sixty-something transvestite blushed as the pretty young bartender boy gave her quarters for the pool table.

"Don't gotta answer to no one. I'm free to just go where the night takes me."

"Get to surf the chaos, right?"

"Yep."

Sure am glad

I'm single.

Goddamn, I thought. Here he is. Another Angel of the Lord. Viva, Thou Art Single For A Reason, And Thou Art LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF IT.

God, it's so weird when God speaks through mulleted blue-collar types at gay bars. My last three columns have been pitiful pipe dreams of a thirteen-year-old who suddenly finds she's of child-bearing age. To recap: "I Want a Man", "I Want a Criminal", and "Here's How You Fuck Me." You probably expected this column to be a list of qualifications for sperm donors.

But you know what? I'm good solo. Real good. I love living alone, I get a ton done, I get to see all my girlfriends. The reason I've been in a half-dozen failed relationships is not because of the boys I've dated—Drunk, Dick,

Asshole, Loser, Liar and Prick—it's because of me. I can't do relationships.

I turned my attention from the Angel of the Lord to my date. I really, really liked him. He said all the right things and touched all the right places, inside and out. How long before I fucked it up?

Probably when he started wanting something I couldn't give: commitment. I'll suck your cock til the cows come home, but the moment you need anything else, well, anything requiring me to give up surfing the chaos of life, I'll disappear. So long, sweetheart.

I'm trying to change. I do have cats. Two cats. They expect to see me every night and, after nearly nine years with them, I'm falling in line. I'm committed to them. I can do it. Commitment.

Could I commit to you, Sugarlips? So far you've really fuckin' hit it. Maybe if you're patient and you persevere, keep saying all the right things and touching all the right spots, if you read my last three columns and are really fucking lucky...

Nevermind.

#### "Huh. That's not something you hear every day. Why do you say

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# fun PENIS facts

#### STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT ERECTIONS

A healthy male averages eleven erections per day—nine of them while asleep. After ejaculating, it can take him anywhere from two minutes to two weeks to achieve another erection.

#### **GALLONS OF CUM**

The average man shoots one to two teaspoons of cum per orgasm. During his life, he will cum over seven thousand times, resulting in fourteen gallons o' jizz, give or take a few drops. Each load contains approximately seven calories, and each spurt whizzes through the air at around 28MPH.



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# FROM SHOWER TO GROWER

On average, a limp penis will increase in volume 300% when it is erect. It will also contain more than eight to ten times its normal amount of blood.



#### **BIG'UNS**

The biggest erect penis ever recorded was 13.5 inches. Researchers estimate that fewer than five thousand men on earth have a penis eleven inches or larger.

#### **SMALL 'UNS**

History tells the sad tale of many men whose full erections didn't even stretch out to half an inch. Scientists refer to this condition as "micropenis," which can be surgically remedied to the point where the sufferer can boast a still-laughable post-op three-inch schween. For every thirty-five or so pounds that a man gains, his penis will appear an inch smaller. Napoleon was rumored to be totin' a notoriously small cock, causing him to freak out and attempt conquering the world. The ancient Greeks favored itty-bitty male organs, deeming them more visually pleasing than veiny purple power tools.

#### THE MYTH IS A TINY BIT TRUE

The Kinsey Report verified the longstanding rumor that black men have larger penises than whitey. The average black male's hard-on measures 6.3 inches, leaving the white man far behind at a pitiful mean of 6.2 inches.

#### **BOYS WILL BE BOYS**

Male fetuses can sport wood during the third trimester, according to Ultrasound tests.

#### **SMELLS LIKE A BONER**

Aromas reputed to increase penile blood flow: licorice, pumpkin pie, lavender, donuts, and chocolate.

#### **SUPER-DUPER SPERM-SCOOPER**

Scientists have recently speculated that the head of the human penis evolved into its current "mushroom" shape in order to scoop rival males' sperm out of the vagina.

# SMITE THEIR LAND AND SEVER THEIR PENISES

Around 1300 BC, victorious Egyptian troops marched home with more than thirteen thousand severed Libyan penises. Seven hundred years later, Babylonian king Nebuchadnezzar rolled over Jerusalem and sliced off thousands of Jewish weenies.

#### **TESTIFYING ON TESTICLES**

In pre-biblical times, men would swear on their own penises. The word "testify" is derived from a Roman legal practice of swearing on one's testicles. The word "penis" comes from the Latin word for "tail."

#### **DOUBLE TROUBLE**

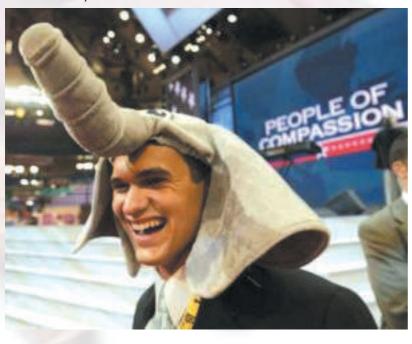
In 1609, an Italian physician documented the first case of a man with *diphallasparatus* (two or more penises). This ultra-rare condition has since been found in less than eighty men.

#### **NOT SO PLEASED TO MEET YOU**

Australia's Walibri tribesmen say hello by shaking one another's penises.

#### **LONGEST MONEY SHOT**

Medical researchers once recorded a man whose wad sailed a staggering 11.7 feet. The best I can manage is to squirt myself in the face every so often.





Albino Cave Dweller
Apple-Headed Monster
Bald Hermit
Baloney Pony
Bavarian Beefstick
Beaver Buster
Beef Bugle
Big Jake the One-Eyed Snake
Bilbo Baggins
Blood-Engorged Mayonnaise Cannon

Action Jackson

What's another word for

Almost everyone enjoys a good

## EUPHEMISM

so we've compiled some of OUR faves. YOUR faves probably aren't listed because, frankly, we don't like you very much. Blow Pop Bob Dole Bone Phone Bow-Legged Swamp Donkey Breakfast Burrito Eushwhacker Captain Winky Cattle Prod Chicksicle Chowder Dumper Corndog Crimson Chitlin' Cyclops Dangling Participle

El Capitan Excalibur Fallopian Fiddler Flapdoodle Fleshy Winnebago Fuckstick Gash Mallet Gherkin Giggle-Stick Gully-Raker He Who Must Be Obeyed Heat-Seeking Moisture Missile

Hog
Homewrecker
Homo Erectus
Jolo the Circus Clown
Kidney-Scraper
Kojak
Lickin' Stick
Little Willy
Meat Musket
Menstrual Miner
Mr. Clean
Mr. Mojo Risin'
Muscle of Love
Nebuchadnezzar
Old Blind Rob
One-Eyed Jack
Ovarian Pool Stick

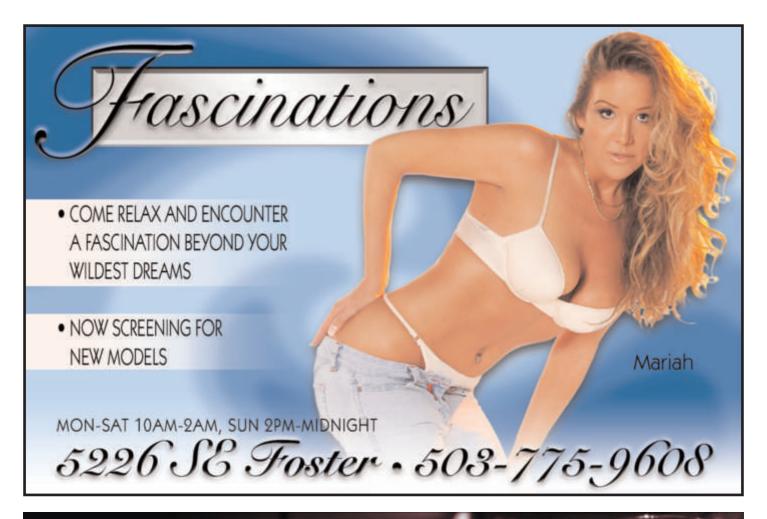
ovarian Pool Suck Pajama Pythom Purple-Headed Womb Brooter Rectum Rooter Schlongmaster 2000 Schmeckle

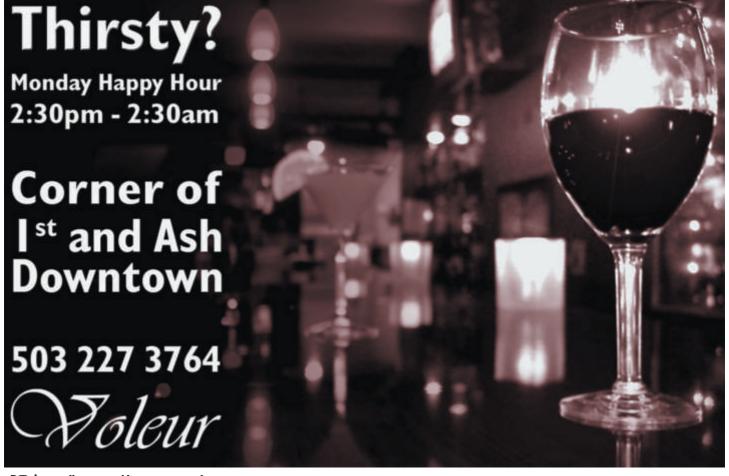
Schmeckie Snapper Slapper Squirmin' Herman the One-Eyed German Strumpet Thumper

Taco Warmer Tallywhacker Thunderstick Trouser Trombone Verga Verve Pipe Vlad the Impaler Wee Willy Winky

Whammy Bar Whore Thermometer Wiggle Stick Womb Broom

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# THE KING IS DEAD... LONG LIVE THE KING!

BY ROBERT WYNLA

"IHunter S. Thompson! fought for his America in the best way he could: by writing about its collapse. He railed against corrupt politicos, bad cops, incompetent judges and poor sports of every kind." nce upon a time there was an age when sex was only terrifying in the hellfire and brimstone religious sense, when drugs were still a mystery to the police and the government was, as far as anyone knew, trustworthy. An age when people spoke out for what was right, the wars we fought made sense, LSD was legal and smoking a cigarette didn't make you a leper. Like all epic ages it gave birth to a hero, someone who not only spoke for the age, but defined it and personified it. Hunter S. Thompson, the King of Gonzo journalism, was that hero.

Hunter Stockton Thompson was born July 18, 1937 in Louisville, Kentucky. He spent his twenties honing his skills as a writer during the gleaming American 1950s. Then came the Sixties, Nixon, Viet Nam and the disintegration of all that was glorified by the decade he had loved in his younger years. He watched and wrote as the America he loved so dearly ripped apart at the seams, spreading its innards all over the pavement it was laying down from sea to shining sea.

He didn't shrink from the collapse. He stood his ground and froze himself there, immovable in every sense, even continuing to dress like a 1950's cabana boy, never shedding his trademark cigarette holder, boat shoes and Acapulco shirts unless it was to change into a leisure suit.

He fought for his America in the best way he could: by writing about its collapse. He railed against corrupt politicos, bad cops, incompetent judges and poor sports of every kind. He began his own political party, the Freak Power Party, and just when the hippies thought he was one of them he proudly joined the National Rifle Association and then ran for sheriff.

Through all of the changes around him from the Fifties to the new millennium he stuck to his guns. Literally. He carried a .44 magnum with him whenever he was able. He yearned for the return of an America that was free and tolerant and got angrier and angrier as his wish drifted further out of sight. Seeing the retreat of the sterilized Fifties and then the turbulent Sixties, he felt less and less hope and more like a stranger in a strange land. In one of his most famous passages in the 1971 classic Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas he wrote:

"You could strike sparks anywhere. There was a fantastic universal sense that whatever we were doing was right, that we were winning. And that, I think, was the handle—that sense of inevitable victory over the forces of Old and Evil. Not in any mean or military sense; we didn't need that. Our energy would simply prevail....we were riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave. So now, less than five years later, you can go up on a steep hill in Las Vegas and look West, and with the right kind of eyes you can almost see the highwater mark—that place where the wave finally broke."

As the era ended and its Freaks and champions ran to hide in the woods, Thompson retreated to the outskirts of Aspen, Colorado, and tucked himself away in his private compound at Owl Creek. Withdrawing from the ugliness that was taking over, he still made periodic forays into the changed landscape of his lost America to write about it. And, like his golden era, he himself aged and was left with only memories and a typewriter, remaining however a hero and mentor to anyone with a drop of ink in their veins.

There have been many reactions to Dr. Thompson's death. Mostly they fall into two categories: those who think it's really cool that he blew himself away with a shotgun and that that was the only fitting end for him, and those who feel a tragic sense of loss. I tend to think that in some ways both are right. Thompson's suicide was a bit like Che Guevara being assassinated by the CIA. Everyone expected it to happen, but it still feels like a victory for the forces of Old and Evil. Thompson's latest book was titled: Hey Rube: Blood Sport, the Bush Doctrine, and the Downward Spiral of Dumbness. I guess that about tells you where his mind was at.

Friends of his have expressed shock and dismay, saying that he was never the kind of man to take his own life. He was too busy stomping the terra. He was too wildly alive. He was a man with more lust for life than any corporate-sponsored rockstar alive today. But others say that at 67 years old, he had terrible and constant pain from his broken leg and hip surgeries and suicide was his way of ending that pain. Medication may have been useless for a man of his, well, appetites.

Whatever his motivation, whatever his intent, Hunter S. Thompson spoke for those not yet mired in apathy, those who cannot live in a cubicle, those who reserve the right to abuse themselves in ways they see fit, those who pray for a change in the whims of the Great Magnet, and those who still rail against the forces of Old and Evil. With him went the loudest voice of the fugitive bunch. We will miss him very much.

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#### **COCK FIGHT!**

Once again Voodoo Doughnuts leads the local news, having hosted their second annual COCK FIGHT last month. Relatively sober contestants volunteered to beat their meat 'til it was hard enough to be measured with one to one hundred doughnuts. Only those who practiced in advance stood any semblance of a chance: what guy brings himself to the brink of orgasm, only to rein himself in so that some stranger can ram soft, sweet, slick and sticky DOUGHNUTS on his drumstick? And who among that tiny group would not just jizz all over the lot (as happened to the top cock in last year's fight)? The cock fight is indeed the hardest sport conceived since the biathlon. Too bad you missed it. Stop by their shop on SW 3rd Avenue for a limited edition IIZZ IELLY JUBILEE.

#### **CLUB CABOS CABARET COSTUME PARTY**

If you like alliteration, you're gonna LUV this. Sit stageside at this Southeast strip bar on Saturday the sixteenth for a stunning smorgasbord of sexy sylphs at Club Cabos' Cabaret Costume Party.

#### **EIGHTIES THEME PARTY**

The Dolphin Clubs are bringing back the Best Decade. Featuring special theme shows and "eighties prizes," these parties on Thursday the 21st (Dolphin 2) and Saturday the 23rd (Dolphin 1) are a guaranteed good time. Wear your best eighties outfit and win \$200 CASH. Wait.... was Xanadu an eighties flick or seventies? Can I wear roller skates? Will there be piles of coke and Wall Street Journal types?

#### HONEY OF THE MONTH CONTEST

May's Honey of the Month will be chosen on Saturday, April 16th during J.Mack's Honey of the Month Contest at Club Exotica. Don't miss the hottest monthly event in town!

#### MISS NUDE OREGON 2005

The Miss Nude Contest kicks off on May 12th at the Dolphin, so hit the gym, choreograph your show and bedazzle your costume, cuz the finals on JUNE 16th are right around the corner, and you wanna be there!

#### **HOT SHOTS**

Next month in *Erotic City* we'll be cutting down on boring old words to make space for more spicy photos. Wanna see photos of your slutty friends splayed across the society pages of *Exotic Magazine?* Send them to viva@xmag.com. Pictures of naughty girls & boys (18 plus, please) frolicking in skimpy outfits will of course be favored, but ample time will be accorded other photos, especially if they are a) gross, b) ridiculous, c) of your pets.

#### ROCK, etc.

4/1 NIRVANA featuring JERRY GARCIA @ satyricon (just kidding. april fools' day.)

4/9 MÖTÖRHEAD @ roseland

4/12 DJ ALWAYS ALISON @ dino's

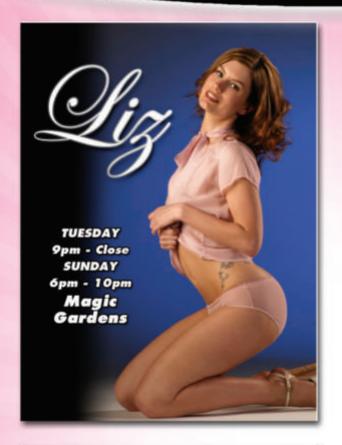
4/15 ELECTRIC SIX @ dante's

4/26 DJ ALWAYS ALISON @ dino's

4/30 DIAMOND TUCK & THE PRIVATES @ devil's point

# The Pink Pages











To advertise your schedule, please call (503) 241-4317.

This scuzzy NYC rag called Daily Planet came out this summer with surreptitiously obtained "art pics" of rock songstress Patti Smith's nekkid mamms and bush and the rest of what accompanies em. From when she was livin with artist Robt. Mapplethorpe in the early '70's and all sorts of artsyfartsies were being committed left & right. Fact is Pat and the law firm of Delson & Gordon're now suing the pants off the *Planet* folks for runnin those shots but in the meantime anybody with one or more eyeballs is in the fortunate position of bein able to 20-20 Ms. Smith's real fine unclothed fleshy goodstuff and even after too cause who's gonna go around confiscating personal property in this man's USA even if the courts throw the scoundrels responsible for revealing PS's outasite twat, hind and suckems in the penitentiary for 99 yrs and a day, right?

No actual dripping beaver is shown however, so all you've got is the shorthaired externals (good hair-pie but, y'know, big deal). Ditto on the arse: just a pair of all reet butthalves with nary a trace of rec-

tum (big deal again). TITS THO ARE ANOTH-ER MATTER ENTIRELY. What you see is what she's got. Big-uns for one of so thin a frame (97 lbs). Hangin down to maybe the 3rd rib or so. Squeeze em and your palm will not meet with dissatisfaction (take it from me cause I already have—got myself a real good grab that is—and not against the lady's will, goody goody for me, somethin that cannot be said for the famous Mr. David Dalton who was once told to lay his fuckin hands off brother, this gal is plenty selective).

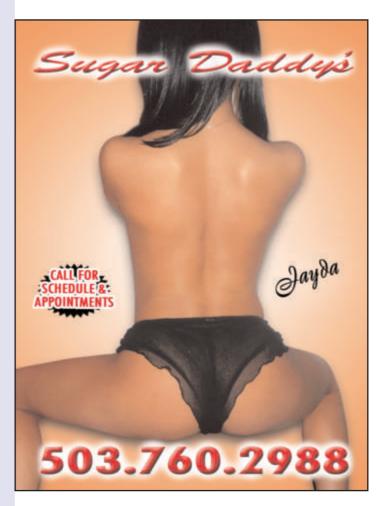
Nips on em're real fuggin my-t-fine too. Average size with real good definition and by average I don't mean average, I mean, y'know, no smaller than a pair of cantaloupes like hers fully merit. Round (some dames have em elliptical which is fine for geometry fans but rock & roll folks prefer em circular like their latest LP so Patti's right on the money in this regard). A little darker than average, tips a bit darker still when erect (as is often the case during a physical-as-heck Patti performance when she's wearin one of them real swell sweaty t-shirts that can be seen right thru but even if they ain't sweated up hard nips'll show thru anyways—in form if not living color) (greatest showtime showbiz nips since Janis's, greater in fact: only Jayne Mansfield's got the edge at this stage of things and she's deader than soot so Patti's got a chance to become the all-time nipple aueen).

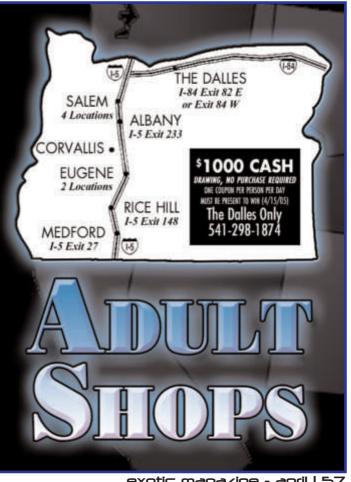
And lest we forget what God invented papillae for: yes Patti's have lactated droplets of hot nourishing mom's-milk (had an out-of-wedlock crybabe around whenever it was).

A "now" woman all the way, Patti Lee rarely adorns her South Jersey knobs in brazeers or any of that stuff (bouncy bouncy bouncy). Sometimes she does for heavy dates tho and imagine bein the lucky guy lucky enuff to remove her knockers and then proceeding south to dig for clam!

by richard meltzer

straps before nuzzlin her (Yes dates are most definitely required to get a peek at the actual goldmine beyond her thatch, as Patti has announced that no squish snaps are likely to be taken in the foreseeable future and printed up for mass distribution surreptitious or otherwise.)





Dear Cad,

The other day I went to my son's room to get him for dinner. At the door I heard the sounds noisy people engaged in sexual congress make. I knocked and there was abrupt silence. I told him it was time for dinner and that it was time for his friend Bruce to go. I saw a moment of a pornographic super-eight when I was sixtee.

by cesar augustus delillo

**CADvice** 

pornographic super-eight when I was sixteen (the same age as my son is now) quite by accident at a friend's house. I believe that what I heard was the audio to that kind of a movie.

Should I confront my son? I don't want him watching pornography. His best friend Bruce is in the drama club, and like all artists is of questionable moral standing. Should I forbid their friendship? I wanted to kill him for tainting his brain with such filth. I know that nowadays it is normal for a boy to be curious about sex, but I'm in a pickle. Any help would be greatly appreciated.

Thank You.

Shocked Curious Afflicted Nascent Custodian

#### Dear SCANC

You say that you wanted to kill him? It is lucky for you that you didn't. Sadly it's illegal. Until very recently if you needed a son killed you could frame him for murder and then there was a chance that the government would murder him for you. But last month the Supreme Court narrowly abolished juvenile executions. It seems that kids are no longer deemed fit to be executed by the government. Their brains aren't fully formed or some nonsense. Supposedly teenagers don't make sound decisions.

I saw from the postmark on your letter that you are from Texas. You would have had it made. Texas had twenty-nine kids on death row. If you couldn't get your child executed in Texas you weren't even trying.

These days there is no good way to have a child murdered. I suppose the Supreme Court wants us to go back to the bad old days when we had to have our children murdered in back alleys under unsanitary conditions like a bunch of barbarians.

Another great (but sadly no longer feasible) way to get rid of your kid was to prove that he had engaged in homosexual activity. If your son is sixteen and likes to "watch pornography" with an actor named Bruce then I can guarantee that

there is a t-shirt under his bed so stiff with seed that it



stands up by itself. In more enlightened days you could have used that shirt to prove him guilty of gaiety. DNA testing would prove that your son and Bruce were at the very least helping each other to a reach-around, and that type of manual man-on-man manipulation would have been enough for some serious jail time. The reach-around is common courtesy when watching porn with pals. It probably was even when you were watching that super-eight at your friend's house. Am I right? Had they used separate shirts for sop up you would have needed to secretly film them "watching pornography" which gets tricky because then you are producing child

pornography, which is still illegal.

It doesn't matter now, the Supreme Court struck down the anti-gaiety law last year. Now it's legal for your son to stuff as many cocks in his mouth as he wants, but tell him more than three at the same time can be painful. I learned that the hard way at a Young Republicans convention, and their penises were very small. What an embarrassing thing to admit. Me, a Young Republican!?

But I digress. If you want to keep cocks out of your son's orifices then you had best keep him out of jail. Inmates are gayer than Australian Cub Scouts. If you are bound and determined to get your son killed your best bet is to tell someone at his school that when your son sees Bruce, blood rushes to and stiffens his penis. Gay is the new black for lynching. Good Luck with the killing of your son!

All The Best,

Cesar Augustus Delillo cadvice@mail.com





# a fond farewell by goddess severina

#### 've been in the sex industry for twenty-one years. Wow. Twenty-one years. It seems like three lifetimes.

The greatest thing that I've learned from being in the industry is that not many people wear masks. You see what human nature is really about. It seems to me that in "normal" society, you never really know where someone is coming from or what their true intentions are. But things happen so quickly in the sex industry that people have no time to be phony. I have found that people are genuine and mean well for the most part. I leave this industry with no ill will, but with a great fondness. And the memories of all the good and bad times will be forever branded in my mind.

I ran away from home when I was fourteen. I had a smothering mother and my hormones were raging. I was a skate punk at the time and I had many friends that hung out in downtown Portland, so I followed them. Periodically I would get busted by social services and they would throw me into group homes here and there. After a couple years of being a "hard placement", I was forced to either go to an institution for girls or move back in with my mother.

My mother was so happy to have me back that I was able to do anything I wanted. I had my boyfriend move in with me and I was rarely home. I was hanging out at an underage gay night-club. That was where I got a taste for the stage by lip-synching to the likes of Nina Hagen and Blondie. However, I needed money to maintain my "free living" lifestyle. So, at the age of sixteen, I started to dance burlesque at the Carriage Room.

It wasn't full nudity and I was very tall. Perhaps that's why no one asked me for my ID. When I turned eighteen, I started working at Mary's and the Sandy Exit. The bartenders at these bars treated me like a daughter. They were warm and welcoming and filled with good advice. But I was getting bored with the Portland scene, so on one of my many trips skateboarding the ramps up and down on the West Coast, I decided to stick around in San Francisco.

I was quickly introduced to the tattoo and body piercing scene. Body piercing wasn't huge at the time in the hetero scene. It was mostly popular with leather fags who needed the different piercings to identify what their various BDSM interests were in the bathhouses. Some of the "bears" had insisted that I meet a lady named Goddess Brittany who was a professional dominatrix in a large house of domination in San Francisco. She said I would be a perfect candidate for the job as I was tall, strong and attractive. So I enrolled in her two-year training program where I earned various titles. Miss/Ma'am was the first six months, then Mistress for another six months; next came Empress and, finally, Goddess.

In no way was the title Goddess meant to imply that we thought we were immortal. We were highly trained in bloodsports, scarification and breath asphyxiation. Thus we played God with other people's lives.

Feeling a bit homesick, I came back to Portland. Since there was no place to advertise my new "education", I decided to work at Mary's and the Sandy Exit once again. I accumulated a few clients through the clubs and slowly but steadily built up my equipment and outfits. I found a few swingers magazines to advertise in, but because they all wanted my services for free and my equipment was expensive, I continued to work the circuit until the T&A Times came out. I was able to build up a large clientele through that publication and

leased several very nice facilities to store my wares. After a time, a new magazine called *Xmag* (which is now *Exotic*) with a large distribution became popular in the adult bookstores and strip clubs. Through *Xmag* I was able to build an even larger clientele which allowed me the time and freedom to do many things the average nine to five-er wouldn't be able to do.

While working in this industry, I never really experienced any scary or tragic events, save for losing a boyfriend here and there as they didn't like what I was doing for a living. Eventually I became determined to find someone who was accepting of me in every way. After eons of sifting through both the male and female dating scenes, I finally met my match seven years ago. My husband is kind, thoughtful, patient, and completely understanding of and interested in my past.

Now with a little bit of burnout and mommyhood on the brain, I've decided to get out of the industry entirely. I've opened up an animal care facility that offers boarding, grooming, daycare, food and supplies for cats and dogs. Over the many years of being in the industry, I was able to work many different "real" jobs on the side, and I was also able to complete college. Working with animals is my true love.

Still, I will always be involved in the kink community. I have met so many wonderful people involved at every level of the industry: dancers, models, escorts, club owners, bartenders, even customers. I will always be grateful for the wonderful friendships forged as well as the amazing opportunities the industry has offered me.

So, stay tuned for the next Fetish Masquerade Ball, Halloween Ball, or whatever else my company, Severina Productions, plans on doing. If you're interested in future events, you can email me at: severina@nwlink.com. If you have a kitty or puppy that needs pampering, go to www.dogandcatspa.com. Yeah, I went from training men to training dogs. Oh, the sweet irony of life.



hatz up my peoples? I'm bringin' you this month's column by way of Seattle. Washington. I'm up here promoting the New Young Lyfe CD with Y.L., D.L.B. and my partna Big Drawz. Seattle is definitely keepin' it Crackin' va'll!!! In this month's article. I'll be featuring another beautiful Honey of the Month. Oooh Weee!!! I'll also express my views on the Beefs and Peace offerings taking place in Hip-Hop. Then I'll let you know Whatz Crackin' in Portland this month. **Plus TOO SHORT returns** to the Rose City B!@#CH!!!

whatz crackin'? 50 Cent

by j.mack

The Game &

Have U Heard? Whatz Crackin' TV is at H20

That's right, Portland, starting Wednesday nights in April, I will be filming segments for my brand-new TV show Whatz Crackin' TV at H20. Make sure you dress to impress, and come and be a part of one of the town's hottest new shows. DJ Mello Cee will be providing all the cutz!!! The ladies are beautiful, the fellas are cool, and the food & drinks are on and CRACKIN'!!! I hope to see you there as we make Portland history. Also, make sure to check out Ladies' Night at H20 with myself and Mr. DJ George every

Thursday night. There's plenty of sweetz and

treatz!!! It's all love!!!

#### First Up — 50 Cent & The **Game. Friends Again?**

After going through some serious namecalling and wild episodes at Hot 97 Radio

in New York, the

two rappers recently Too Short had a press confer-

ence in NYC to announce that they have made peace with each other. I happened to catch a clip of the conference on one of the music news stations, and it didn't look like **The Game** really wanted to be there at all. 50 Cent got on the microphone and told everyone

there that he and his newly signed artist had made up and were cool again.

Trinity What caught my attention is that when they gave each other a hug, it didn't seem as if either one of them really meant it. In my opinion, someone above them called a shot, and both had to comply or lose out on some major bread. Then again, they could have both just started the beef to sell some records. Who knows??? I just hope that we see NO MORE VIOLENCE IN HIP-HOP!!!

#### Next Up — TOO SHORT RETURNS

On Tuesday April 12th, 2005, the bay area rapper returns to Portland to once again rock the shit out of the Roseland Theater. Last time \$HORT was here he put on a hell of show and the place was packed!!! If you read my article about his last show and the after party, please know that this cat is true to what he raps about 4REAL!!! TOO **\$HORT** will be appearing live in Concert with Trick Daddy, Lil' Flip, and The Outlaws at The Roseland Theater. Make sure you check this one out baby!!!! I'm out....

#### **Honey of the Month**

This outgoing attractive young lady pulled it off at my last contest, if you know what I mean!!! She is definitely eye candy and can be seen live at Club Exotica International. **Trinity** will be helping me crown the next Honey of the Month on Saturday

> April 16th at Exotica. The contest starts at 11pm and is open to all female entertainers citywide. Everyone of these contests have been on and poppin'!!! Seeya at the next one, and congratulations to April's Honey of the Month,

Trinity!!!

If you want to reach me with questions or comments, hit me up at whatzcrackin J@hotmail.com.

Until next month, ya'll keep it CRACKIN'!!!

One Love. J.Mack





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exotic magazine - april | 61



3	Sinferno Cabaret @ <b>Dante's, 11pm</b> (featuring Blow Fly & DJ Frane)	4	5
10	Sinferno Cabaret @ <b>Dante's, 11pm</b> (featuring The SuicideGirls)	Miss Amber Lee's Birthday Bash!  @ Devils Point, 9pm	12 Always Alison @ Dino's Inn
17	Sinferno Cabaret @ <b>Dante's, 11pm</b> (featuring Firerotica)	18	19
24	Sinferno Cabaret @ <b>Dante's, 11pm</b> (featuring The Lucky Devil Girly Show)	25	26 Always Alison @ Dino's Inn



Would you like your event on our calendar? Simply e-mail: info@xmag.com or call 503.241.4317

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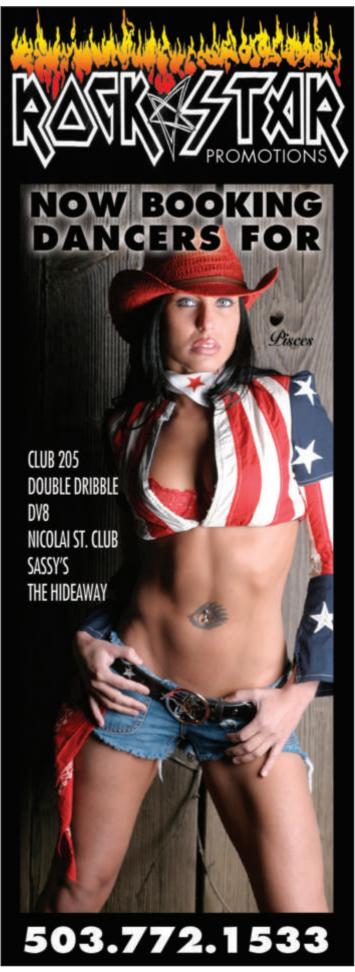


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# 'd almost bet a wormy-dog at rush hour across the billboard that you won't publish my article in your next issue, but I must have faith!

The Issue I would like to address: (The Epidemic) "Meth" "Faces of Meth"

The recent flood of over-zealous trigger happy police and C.P.S. workers, kicking down doors, snatching our children and arresting MOM & DAD on a rinse bag is more of an Epidemic than Meth

itself. I believe this is how these law officials and wanna-be GOD-like C.P.S. workers get there fix. My GOD! Don't stop and think for a minute. JUST ACT! Show of force and we can do whatever it is we want when we want, to whom we want. Threats, coercion, and downright brutality go a long way when you have Mommy 4'11" 98 lbs. strapped to the chair.

Let's address the real problem here. People use drugs to kill the pain! Forget about their despair, cope. Meth has become so widely used because it's cheap and lasts for hours. You can cope and subside that pain another day. It doesn't cure it, doesn't go away. It's still there and will continue to be, unless we address the reason why!

I'll tell you why. Because we can't afford to pay our bills, rent, buy food get a good job and live in a nice home with a nice car. Most of us made mistakes growing up and have buried ourselves in debt and financial ruin. So we do the best we can with what we have.

The government, the state and politicians are making it harder to cope with everyday life by taking the light at the end of

try, building prisons like McDonald's, to fill with the thousands of criminals running the streets. These people wouldn't be criminals if instead of punishing them for having an illness we would help them. I don't mean just send them to treatment, but help them lift that cloud of debt and despair.

the tunnel, making Oregon a prison indus-

Treatment can work. But even when you're clean and have successfully completed treatment you're still buried with financial burden. This is when we use to cope.

You wanna rid the streets of meth? Then it's going to take the big fatass bureaucrats to change the lobster lunch and the 18 holes to just 9 this afternoon and put down the Wall Street and pick up a local newsletter and start rubbin elbows or you'll see a prison on every corner and if you don't have a job as corrections officer, your only other option will be Inmate.

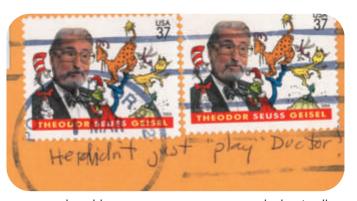
— THE PHANTOM

#### THIS LETTER IS LONG OVERDUE.

More than a little while ago one of these "local" industry magazines printed a letter from someone who seemed to have a stick up his butt. In this letter he ranted and raved about the women who are the mainstay of this business and clearly stated his disgust at what he felt he must endure.

My first thought was, like cable tv, if you don't like what you see, either turn the channel or leave the room. My second thought was to write this letter.

I have been a "regular" at clubs all over Portland for more years than I care to remember. My name is Chip and for those who don't know me I am the guy who frequently asks dancers if I can photograph them for my private collection. I assure dis-



cretion and could never give a promise or imply that I will make anyone famous. And have found acceptance with this straightforwardness. Over the years I have photographed close to 200 beautiful women. (You know who you are.) And, yes I've run into the flakes, freaks and weirdoes; but you know what at times I can be a flake, freak or weirdo. (I prefer the term dork.)

I used to be quite shy until the day that little light bulb went on that told me, "Hey! These ladies are here to be looked at; just as I am here to look." If I choose not to look I either change the channel or leave the room.

It should go without saying that dancing is work. And most dancers work hard and long for little reward. When I began hitting the clubs they were paid hourly plus tips, much like many others in various service industries. Where the hourly pay went I don't know or understand. That is why I offer to pay what I can for the opportunity to photograph these ladies.

I consider myself fortunate to have met and had the chance to get to know these women for more than just dancers. I am grateful that they have had the patience to help me hone the craft of photography on such fantastic canvases as the female form.

The purpose of this letter is twofold. One, to point out that you can turn the channel or leave the room; no one is stopping you. And two, I wanted to thank again the many women who have been considerate, kind and tolerant of my dorkiness and obsession. I cannot mention names but remember every one of you. Many I wish I could contact, but alas they have moved on, changed the channel or left the room.

Thank you again and again,

—CHIP



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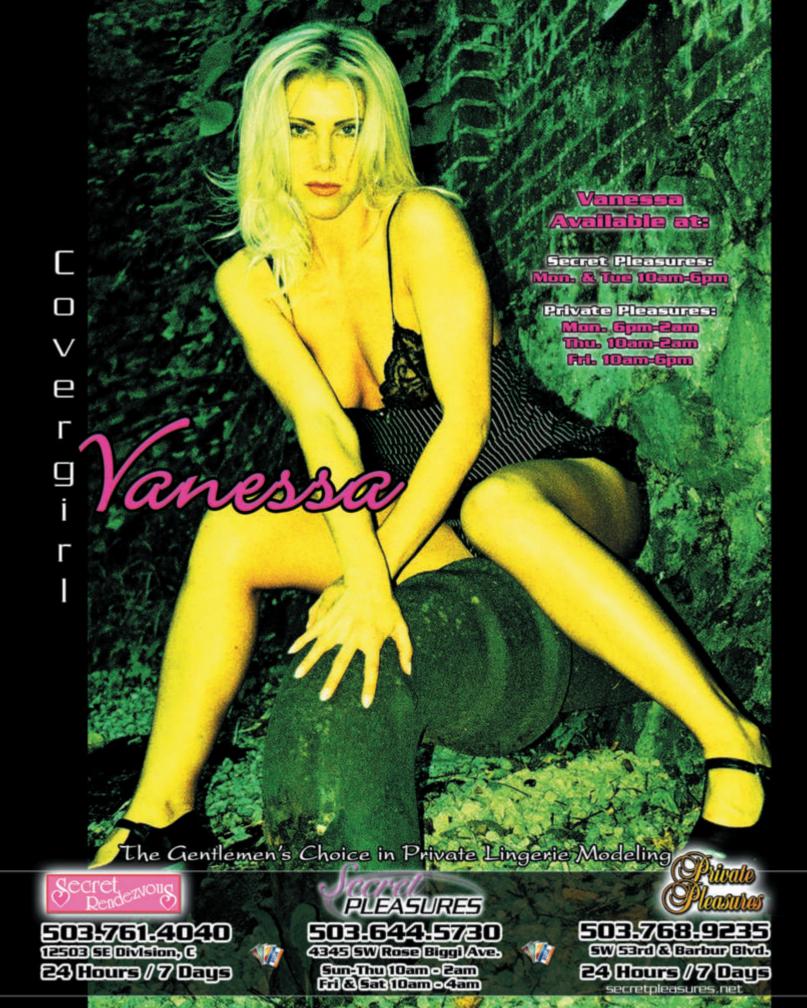


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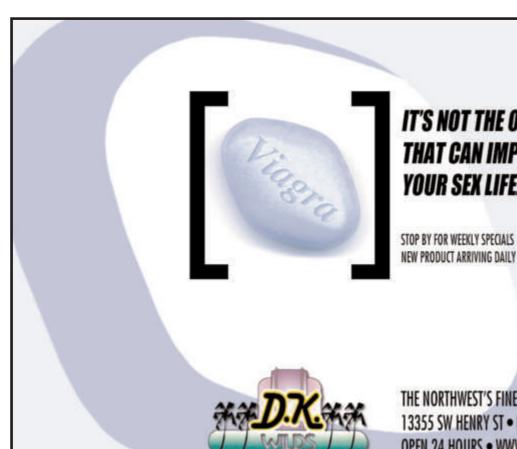
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