



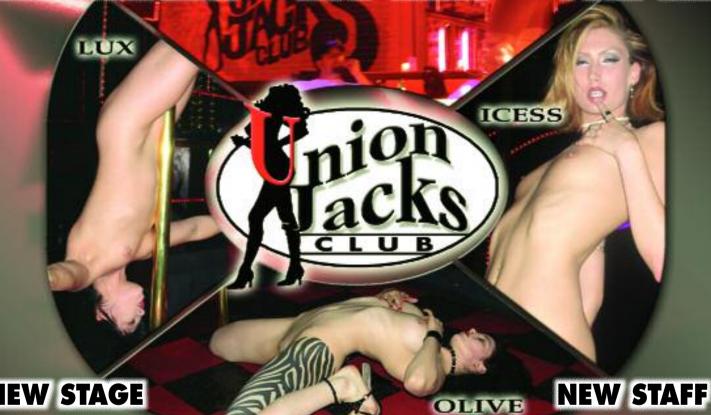




YOUR DADDY'S UNION JACKS ANYMORE

RE-DEFINING EROTICI

NEW DANCERS • NEW MENU • FULL BAR



NEW STAGE

SETTING THE STANDARD OF PERFECTION FOR EXOTIC ENTERTAINMENT OFFICIAL HOME OF THE "WORLDS BEST" COMPETITION

4 CATEGORIES - 4 CHANCES TO WIN

OPEN TO ALL DANCERS & AMATEURS

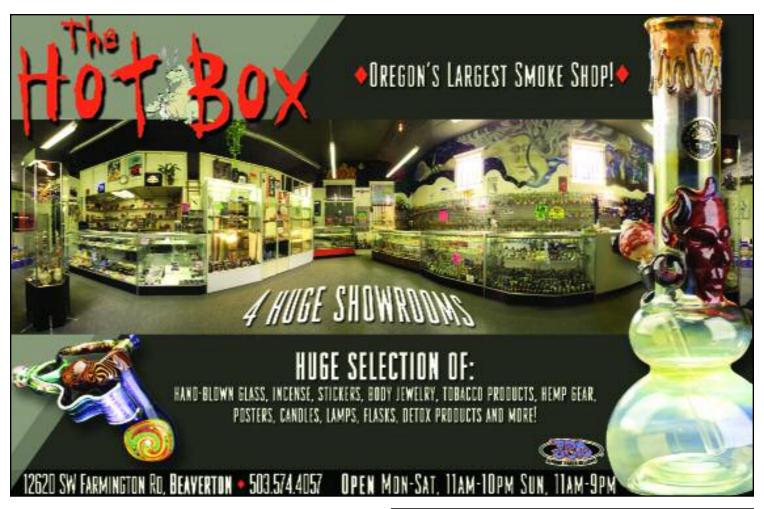
BEST BREASTS - BEST BOOTY - BEST POLEWORK - BEST DANCER

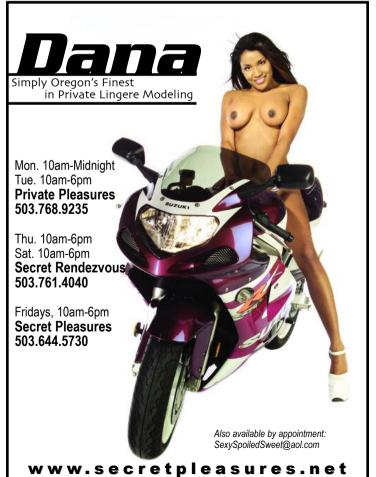
OVER \$4,000 IN PRIZES - JUNE 19TH-22ND

SPONSORED BY MONARCH, 94.7 NRK & EXOTIC MAGAZINE CALL FOR MORE INFO

BURNSIDE • 503.236.1125









1 ON 1

THE MOST EXPERIENCED X-OTIC MODELING IN OREGON

MODELING

FETISH & FANTASY

SHOWS

SHOWER SHOWS

COUPLES ALWAYS

WELCOME



PROVIDING PORTLAND'S FINEST EXOTIC ENTERTAINMENT - 24 HRS A DAY - 7 DAYS A WEEK 3242 NE 82ND AVE - 503-257-0622



IEE SEUZAND SUEKATIBUSZ CUREN, MUNFSAU HAMFZAM, SUNDAY HAMFZAM







CHECK OUT PORTLAND'S #1 HOTSPOT!



"NUT TUE " IS UT FUR"

OPEN 7 DAYS AT 7AM!

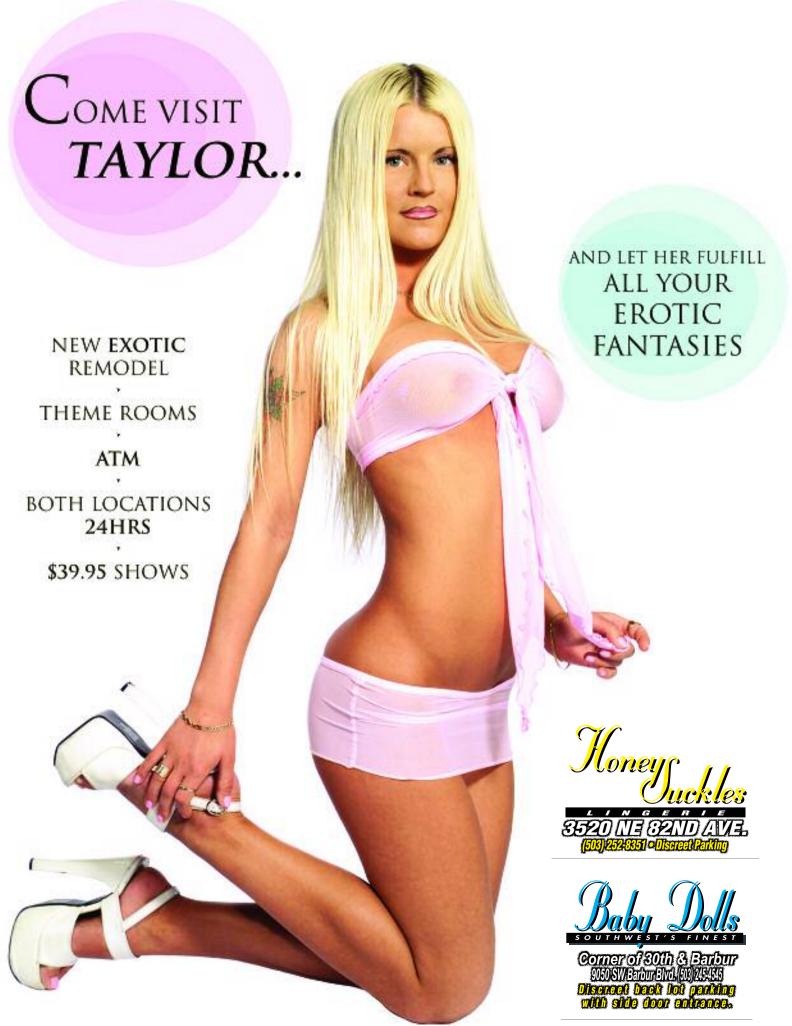
YOUR SUMMER FUN وعايناهاما كالمناطرين

> DAILY FOOD AND **BEVERAGE SPECIALS FULL BAR & KITCHEN** LOTTERY AND POOL



JUST BE HERE!

12035 N.E. GLISAN - 503.255.5039
FOR AUDITIONS CALL 4-STAR PROMOTIONS, 503-604-3647



Carnal Knowledge

email: ffaillace@gwest.net

WE ♥ LESBIANS

Ever since we had our little "What's With All The Lesbians" cover story a few

months back (February 2002), a lot of our female homosexual readers all over the Pacific Northwest have been a little unhappy with us.

Sure, we had a little fun at their expense. But to tell the truth, I was MORE than a little disappointed with their hate-filled responses: Pulling their advertising; Boycotting the magazine; Ripping a copy in half on Portland Cable Access; Saying horrible things about our editor Jim Goad and myself; Piling decimated Oscar Mayer Wiener packages in front of our office; Leaving thinly-veiled threats of violence on our office answering machine; Not letting us watch them **GET IT ON** anymore... I mean, we can take it, but it was a pretty goddamn extreme reaction to a harmless little satirical piece. How could they do that to us? We LOVE lesbo sex...

But see, that's what we do these days more than ever: We make fun of everybody. We will satirize anything. Why? Because it's FUNNY. It's INTERESTING. And sometimes, when it touches a nerve and you're not too reactionary, it even makes you THINK.

I've been keeping track. In the past year alone we have made fun of gay men 33 separate times, white people 43 times, black people 22 times, Jews 18 times, Muslims 16 times, Catholics 28 times, Italians 13 times, Asians 10 times, Latinos 11 times, the British 39 times, Nazis 16 times, Satanists 6 times, God 256 times, strippers 37 times, stripper customers 127 times, pornogra-phers 54 times, rock stars 18 times, straight men 39 times, straight women 62 times, fat people 29 times, skinny people 10 times, politicians 74 times, mulletheads 5 times, past *Exotic* staff members 17 times, current *Exotic* staff members

(ourselves) 93 times... So, we spread the sarcasm pretty deep and wide. And none of these aforementioned groups have gotten pissed off enough to let even us know about it. Except for that one Bob Marley fanatic... Okay, and the three Darklady fans...

But apparently, the genetic makeup of women predisposed to lesbianism not only is missing the "cock hungry" gene but also tends to omit the "comedy-satire" gene sequence as well.

Lesbians, for some reason, seem to be very serious and sensitive about their sexuality and their place in society. But it's the 21st century, and after Martina and Ellen and Rosie and possibly even our own Portland Mayor Vera (I love her still), we thought they were over all that.

Well, in the interest of all the love and kindness that fills our aching hearts and groins this warm and flowery time of year, we now officially apologize to all our lesbian and lesbian-positive friends: We're sorry we hurt your feelings. We like you. We really do. Ahh, heck, we LOVE you.

Especially when you're hot and you let us

Try Genuine VIA

JÜNE 2002

Copyright (c) 2002 All rights reserved.

Published monthly by Xmag, LLC Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites

Mailing Address: 818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324 Portland, Oregon 97204 Telephone: 503.241.4317 Fax: 503.241.7239 Email: xmag@qwest.net Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher

General Manager Bryan A. Bybee

> Editor Jim Goad

Production/Design Bobby "The Enforcer" Baldwin

Graphic Wiz-kids Darkstar • Kook Diggity-Dogg

Office Manager The Nubian Princess

Advertising
John Voge = BC Marketing = Karla D =
Adam = Steve Santoro

Distribution

The Rookie • Enrico Carrisco • DE Boy

Contributors
Bobbi Jo Schmidt • DebraJean Danger •
Viva Las Vegas • Goddess Severina •
Demi Mondaine • J. L. Stockman • The Pornographer Formerly Known as Spooky • Morgan Tisdale • Jim Blanchard • Flagstone Walker • Dr. Shlomo Nachas

Cover Model—Kitty Photography—Carl Geers

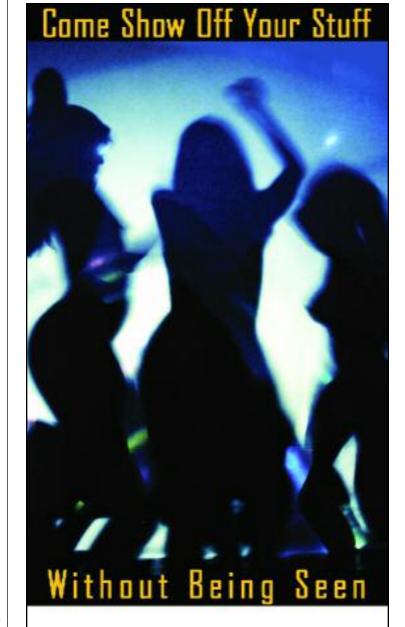
Contents

The Industry...(6 • Viva Las Vegas...18 • Erotic City...22 • The Cum-Hungry Genius...25 • The Herbal Date_Rape_Drug...26 • The Joy of The Herbal Uate-Kape Drug....25 • The Joy of ASS Machine...30 • Superior Sadist...55 • Priest Turns Confession Booth Into Erotic Lingerie Modeling Booth for Boys...62 • What Do You Think of the "New Exatic?...67 • What's Your Fucking Problem?...71 • I Hate Sex...72 • The Jack Shack...73 •

Trucker Fags in Denial...74 •

Exotic's Guide to Summertime Sexual Fun...76 Performance Anxiety...82

Exatic is not liable for any images of models used by advertisers to pro-mote products or services. Rights and releases are the sole responsibility mote products or services. Kights and releases are the sole responsibility of the advertisers. All persons appearing in photas are over the age of 18. One copy of each edition of Exotic is available free to any person each month. Anyone removing magazines in bulk will be prosecuted on their charges to the fullest extent of the law. Any reproduction of materials presented herein without the expressed written consent of the publisher is forbidden by law. Floag. of buddy, of pel...when fir staring at the computer screen on deadline and you keep yapping and I don't respond and keep staring at the screen, that's the sign that I'M BUSY and you're talking too much.



Shadow Dance Contest Every Thursday Night @ 10pm \$250 Cash 1st Place Prize

DJ SUGAR •

Dress code in effect•Dress to impress



560 **-** 1135 SW WASHIN

EXOTIC

503-245-4550

(6 free tablets with initial consult)

Available

from the convenience of your home

or office





FETISH ITIGHT

SATURDAY, JUNE 15TH

DANTE'S . \$10 AT THE DOOR

DRESS CODE:

HIGH FORMAL FETISH DRAG LEATHER VINYL RUBBER UNIFORM CYBER GOTHIC

PERFORMANCES BY:

TRANCESEND BODY CONTORTIONIST LUCYFUR BONDAGE BOYS HOT FETISH GO-GO GIRLS AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

PRESENTED BY:

THE INDUSTRY



JUST FLEW BACK FROM NEW YORK, and boy, are my arms tired! That's what happens when you beat the fuck out of a chick and strangle her to death.

And jack off to pictures of her being beaten.

And get beaten senseless and hung over a ledge by some Mafia thugs.

And get thrown out of a Brooklyn bar onto the sidewalk by a fat Elvis impersonator who then hocked a gob on my cheek.

And hire a prostitute who was so blasted on heroin that she, too, loogied on my face while riding me on top.

And drink bottles and bottles of whisky.

And what's best, it was all good, clean, LEGAL fun!

I committed all of the above acts in my role as Detective Jim McCormic, a vile, washed-up, alcohol-swilling private dick who spends fifteen minutes thrashing and killing the title character of *The Suzy Evans Story*. The feature-length film was scripted by **Dave "Doomsdave" Taylor** and *Exotic* columnist **DebraJean Danger**; Dave directed it, and Debra stars in it.

Acting's so much easier than writing. Acting has been a lifelong deferred dream for me. I wanted to be an actor throughout my teens. I even got accepted to study theater at NYU in 1979, but I never went. But more than twenty years later, these spoony-eyed kids offered me a golden chance: Not only the chance to act, but the opportunity to beat a woman legally and in front of a camera.

During the totally improvised murder scene, I got all Stanislavski on everyone's ass and went buck-wild. Breaking glass. Screaming. Threatening. Slapping. Dragging. Strangling. Talking all psycho. Then smoking a cigarette, looking defeated, and walking out of the room. Since it all happened at 3 AM in a midtown apartment building, it's a miracle no one called the cops.

After the scene was shot, Dave was crying and said it was one of the most powerful things he'd ever witnessed. DebraJean was shaking; she thought her arm was broken and says she actually lost consciousness during the filming.

Fun times. Good places. Summer nights.



I LIVE IN THE WEE CITY OF PORTLAND, but I was Philly-born and

raised. Grew up amid soft pretzels and white knuckles and brick buildings. Then I spent a couple of years in the NYC area. Then I lived seven years off Hollywood Boulevard. And then it's been Oregon since 1994. But my mannerisms are still more East Coast than

West, more jerky douchebag than surfer dude.

This recent trip was only the second time I'd been back East in the past fifteen years. I flew back with **The Dancing Jew**, who's from Portland but sounds more New York than everyone in New York and acts more East Coast than the very soil which comprises the East Coast. We spent a fun week together in her Upper Manhattan pad, then the little cartoon character flew on to London while I kept filming in NYC.

I had brought a thick deadly chest cold with me from Portland, hacking up rubbery green sea creatures, the cold-spring NY mist making it worse. Hacking and straining like the old man I nearly am, I vainly searched for an antibiotic to suck the disgusting green pudding out of my lungs. And since drugs are bad for the immune system, I didn't do any Ecstasy, Viagra, heroin, acid, cocaine, magic mushrooms, Xanax, or weed. (New York is about ten times bigger than Portland, which means that by the time you get the drugs, they're ten times weaker.) Bored, I shaved my balls one morning, chewed on some raw garlic cloves to try and chase away my chest cold, and then worked out to The Jew's sister's Lynyrd Skynyrd CD.

Ashen-colored, depressed-looking huddled crowds. Shitty exhaust-pipe air. Gunmetal raindrops and the purring wheezing air conditioner in the back of the late-night First Avenue bus, liquid filth churning into the sewers from a sudden spring rainstorm. The rude, invasive, bug-swarm humidity. 4 AM subway rides

where everyone on the train is stoned or crazy or both.

I didn't go to Ground Zero and I didn't see a Broadway Show and I didn't go skating at Rockefeller Center. I ate a cheese cannoli and slurped a root-beer water ice in Hoboken, gobbled a potato knish at LaGuardia Airport, and walked around The Bronx by myself, feeling like John Wayne among the Injuns, munching bravely on one of those Puerto Rican Meat-filled Pop Tart things. There are fewer places on earth I love more than the blown-out, psychotic, don't-evergo-there Bronx, a million crumbling tenement buildings like jagged teeth in the devil's mouth. I got kicked out of a South Bronx botanica because I was sniffing too many of the essential oils. No es bueno, no es bueno, admonished the little brown voodoo man, shooing me out the door. The Bronx is still the real New York, but, sad to say, even The Bronx has seen worse days.

New York sports a lower Lesbian Quotient than Portland, or at least fewer openly lesbian gals. Whether this is good or bad depends on where you stand on the whole Lesbian Question. And there are clearly more fags in NYC...and every one of them skips faggily through the Village leading a fruity French bulldog around on a gay little leash.



acters are both part of the

Exotic family.

EVERYTHING IN NEW YORK SEEMS HAPPIER and gayer and safer these days. One never expects a city to *heal* once it starts going bad, especially one that used to be as sick as New York. To my dismay, I kept finding places such as Williamsburg and Alphabet City, bullet-ridden wastelands when I left New York back in 1987, are now yuppified hipster finance zones. These days, apart from 9/11 and anxiety about another terrorist sucker punch, New York seems almost uncomfortably tame, like a huge tumor in permanent remission.

I almost felt sorry for this pitiful giant of a town which used to fascinate my Philly-boy mind. New York used to scare the hell out of me, and that's why I idealized it. But against my better wishes, I learned a long time ago that the average New Yorker wasn't a serial killer or a jaded sophisticate, but rather a female Mets fan from Queens with a slight mustache riding the subway with her four kids. The girls aren't any prettier there and the people don't dress better. I moved away from there almost fifteen years ago, and I don't regret it.

New York seemed more fascinating in the 1960s and 70s, back before I was ever there, back in the Dark Ages of Son of Sam and garbage strikes and The Great Northeast Blackout. New York, psycho heroin murder mecca, babies thrown out of project windows, Kitty Genovese murdered while her neighbors watched and did nothing. That was the New York I never got to see.

Back in those days, New York and San Francisco were *inventing* what we now call the sex industry and which thrives with such viruslike heartiness in Portland. **Al Goldstein** and **Ralph Ginzburg** were getting busted for obscenity left and right back in the day, planting all those seeds of destruction which would render something such as *Exotic* publishable almost forty years later, making room in the world for such a beacon of sweetness 'n' light as Yours Truly.





Times Square used to be Sex Industry Central. It was to sex what the Lower East Side still is for drugs...you could get anything you want, so long as you had the cash and the imagination. XXX movies and peep booths and sales on dildos and real hookers and fake heroin for the stupid white boys from Queens.

It was cheesy and microbial and dark and shame-ridden. It was nice.

But then came along Nazi Mickey Mouse mayor Rudolph Giuliani, who wiped away the Times Square sex industry as if it were a glob of snot on his Mercedes windshield. Times Square is now a Disney/McDonald's glistening Tokyo-style Jumbotron monument to All Things Family.

There's still a New York sex industry, boldly sputtering within the police-cordoned yellow-tape zone where the authorities have quarantined it; you see it in

"Cities are like hookers. The most expensive ones aren't always the best."

most NY dailies and weekly-freebies, whose back pages are stuffed with full-color ads for bony, scared-looking Asian escorts and puffy, airbrushed Superblondes. Manhattan in particular seems crazy for phone sex, which makes sense, because everything's so cramped you even order *groceries* and *drugs* by phone from your tiny apartment. And a New York escort section, whether it's in *Screw* or *Newsday*, wouldn't be complete without a full *page* or two of those

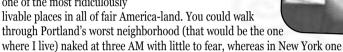
she-male ads, the kind I've never seen once in *Exotic*, the kind with hot Latinas danglin' thick pepperoni 'tween their legs. Why are New Yorkers so fond of Chix with Dix? And if there's an honest explanation, do I really want to hear it?

The New York sex industry is still there, if shamefully and fatally neutered by Giuliani's morality police. But there's no OBVIOUS sex industry like there used to be in New York and like there still is in Portland, where there seem to be as many strip clubs as Plaid Pantries and certainly more jack shacks than gas stations.

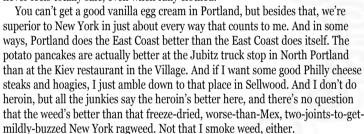


headed toward downtown on the Max from the airport, such a feeble excuse for urbanity that I wanted to nestle it under my armpit and protect it as if it were a malnourished baby canary.

But after nearly two weeks in New York, it looked like heaven. I love few things, but I love this town. I'm fidgety and like to travel. I've been to forty-seven states (forty-eight if that strip club in Alaska flies us up next month), and I'm here to attest that Portland is one of the most ridiculously



never feels totally safe, even when fully clothed.

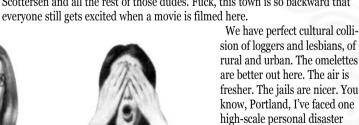


If porn's your thing...and judging that you probably picked up this magazine at a strip club, porn is, sadly, your thing..there's real need to go back East anymore. The sex industry, pound for pound, is much healthier here than the bleeding East Coast sex beast which the authorities have almost fatally gored. The cops and the laws, for the time being, are cooler here about everything industry-

related than they are back East. Just pray that no psychopathic sadist such as Kevin Mannix becomes governor and does to Oregon what Giuliani did to New

York. The Banana Joe-ification of Burnside has already started, and I think I feel sick.

But we still have Bigfoot and Buzz Martin and STRONG coffee and whitecapped mountains. We have Tom Peterson and Scott Thomason and Pete Scottersen and all the rest of those dudes. Fuck, this town is so backward that everyone still gets excited when a movie is filmed here.



the Perfect American City.
Just like in sex, bigger and dirtier doesn't always mean better. Not always.

love you, baby. You're almost

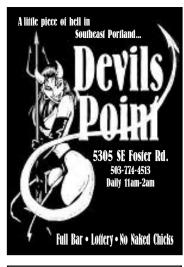
after the next since moving here

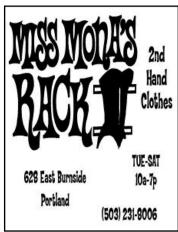
almost eight years ago, but I still

Cities are like hookers. The most expensive ones aren't always the best. And these days, Portland's looking mighty cheap and nice.

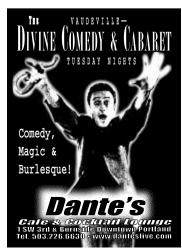












The Gospe "the laziest gal downtown according to Viva Las Vegas

then celebrated Exotic magazine publisher Frank Faillace conned me into this gig FOUR YEARS AGO, I almost said no. I was on my way out the door, after all, moving to New York or Antarctica or somewhere in between. I'd been in Portland for nearly two years—about as long as I'd lived anywhere else—and I was ready for new scenery. But somehow I got stuck. I think maybe I fell in love. With stripping.

Now I've been preaching about how wonderfully unique and inspiring and not-at-all-bad the sex industry is for six years. Jesus! Where does time go? And it turns out I was dead wrong-the sex industry IS bad. Cuz once you get a taste of it, you're pretty well spoiled for any other occupation ever. It's just too good.

I've seen so many girls come and go and then come back again. They get their law degrees, get married, have babies, go to rehab, buy houses. They say, "This is my last shift ever" and party and give away all their G-strings... but they're back a year or so later. They told me I'd be back, and I rolled my eves and cursed 'em under my breath, and HERE I AM. Even now I am psychologically in NYC, running across the goddamned Brooklyn Bridge every morning, but my body still manages to make it down to the Magic Gardens twice a week, where it undresses and purrs under the red lights. It's impos-

But really, it is time to go. It was time to go two years ago, but there were too many buts back then. Now there's only one or two.

And so I'm calling this my second-to-last column. Next month will be my 50th. I can't believe you put up with me for so long. It gives credence to my theory that what's sexiest about a girl isn't her exterior so much as her interior. Why else would you come to the Magic and Mary's after five years of

"Ultimately, walking across a tiny stage butt-naked shooting off my smart-ass mouth has been the job of my dreams."

virtually the same hot chicks?! It's about more than a girl's outfit, hair color, breast size or butt size. I think it's cuz you like getting to know us, and the fact that we chicks are all-nude and living exclusively off your generosity somehow makes us more willing to get to know you. It ends up being pretty intimate in spite of the contrivance. God, I love it.

So, what can I do to wean myself off of my addiction? I love to act and might pursue that, but you seldom get to say what you really want or be who you really are when you're acting. You can in music, but it's still more scripted than stripping and less physically satisfying. Ultimately, walking across a tiny stage butt-naked shooting off my smart-ass mouth has been the job of my dreams. Maybe I could publish my book, then crisscross the country giving all-nude book tours and college lectures. Ah, but those audiences are so whitebread! I'm ruined, see? You've ruined me.

I predict I'll be here through October, then party, give away all my Gstrings and kiss you goodbye. Maybe I'll be back! Who knows? Or maybe I'll stay forever. Miss Mona says that kicking stripping is harder than kicking junk. Until then I'll write dribbly interviews with rock stars and be all-nude downtown. And try not to fall in love with anything else.

Thanks a million for supporting the arts.

X

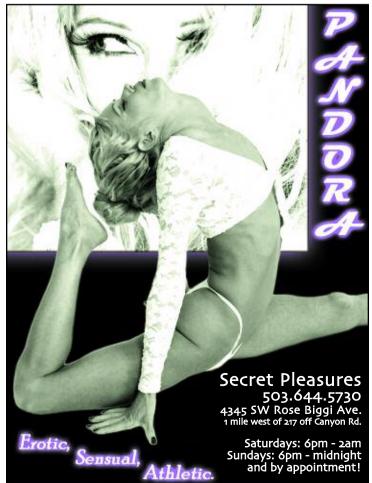


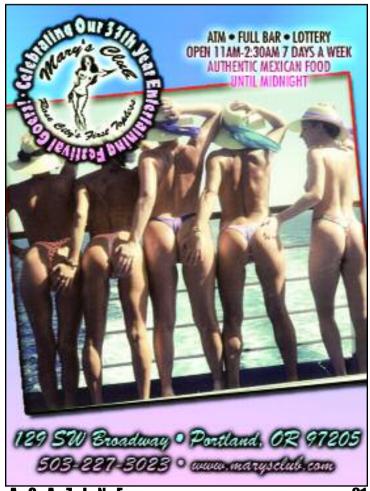














JUNE 2002

"Nothing but the Naked Truth

S ummertime...what does it mean to you? I'm not asking you this as some sort of intellectual transition into a stimulating topic I can fill two pages with. I *am* asking you this because I truly have no idea what the hell I'm supposed to do any differently now that the sun is doing its thing for a few months. Since this issue is all about "Exotic's Guide to Summertime Sexual Fun," I decided to sell out and let *Erotic City* follow the masses.

The world I live in really isn't all that much different with the change of the seasons. But on the rare occasions that I'm not protected under the black lights in the darkness of a strip club, I do notice a few things in the outside world. First off, there are hot babes walking around downtown, and they're all dressed like strippers now. In this town, all it takes is a ray or two of sunshine, and the clothes start flying off. But one of the most traumatizing summertime events is the nauseating pleasure of the Rose Festival. But I'm gonna delay any ranting and raving for a bit and be informative about what our fair city has to offer you. After all, it's tourist season...so I'm gonna help all you sex-starved strangers out and point your horny little peckers in the right direction.

Exotic's Official Summertime Guide to Rose Festival Sexual Fun

Odds are if you have this magazine in your hands, the bumper cars at the fun center just aren't doing it for you. You need something a bit

more stimulating to the sinful senses? We got your back. Downtown is where its all happening at Rose Festival time, so we're gonna take you on a quick little sexpedition you can accomplish on foot while the wife and kids are sucking snow cones on the Ferris wheel.

DOWNTOWN STRIP CLUBS

You have four convenient options if you're looking for flesh on foot. Two Portland classics lay on the west side at Magic Gardens and Mary's Club. Don't go there looking for high-tech lighting and champagne rooms; DO go there for artsy strippers in a "classy-trashy" environment with reasonably priced stiff drinks. Just on the east side of the Burnside Bridge you've got a very unique club called **Union Jacks**. A very kick-ass high-tech club, not to mention some very hot babes. Jacks used to be the kinda joint you didn't feel safe walking into without garlic and a crucifix. (One of the reasons I used to like it, actually!) But after a remodel, a new staff, and an incredible new collection of dancers this place is now what I have to call "Downtown Portland's Best Kept Secret."

One more eastside club within waterfront stagger distance is Sassy's on Morrison. Another no-nonsense kinda place with incredibly hot chicks. Just check out how many Exotic Covergirl posters they've got up on their walls, and you'll see what I mean. Statistically, I would have to say this has been the preferred spawning grounds among Exotic staffers for years.

OTHER DOWNTOWN EXOTIC POINTS OF INTEREST

Okay, so maybe you're looking for something a little more "interactive" than a strip club. A place where you can be more "hands-on," perhaps? Relax, sailor, that kind of thing is illegal in Portland. However, if hanging out in a private room with a hot centerfold sounds like fun to you, ya might wanna drop



anchor at Centerfold Suites. You can find their penthouse upstairs above Dante's on 3rd & Burnside. If you've never checked into the Suites before, lemme fill you in to avoid any ignorant indiscretions. You drop 40 bucks for a half-hour show, you drop your pants, you drop your load. Simple as that? Not really. The 40 bucks is the house fee; the ladies work for tips alone. So generosity would most likely improve the quality of your show. Now remember, sexual contact between you and the models is illegal. But if vou wanna swab your own deck, hey, we gots no problem wit dat!

If you're too shy to have a hot babe in your presence while you're takin' care of business, downtown has plenty of porn shops to satisfy

you sex-starved seamen. Hard Times and Cindy's are just off Burnside. Both shops offer toys, mags, vids, and preview booths. If you're a porn shop connoisseur, definitely stop by Fantasy Video on Burnside or Taboo Video on MLK (eastside). They've got the largest selection, and let's just say the floors aren't as sticky. Hell, you can even pick up an inflatable girlfriend to smuggle back on board for those lonely nights at sea. So there you have it, soldiers, before I return to doing what I normally do with this column, I'm gonna give you one more valuable bit of advice: Strippers get totally hot over those silly little sailor hats. Bring EXTRA HATS ashore with you and see what you can get a girl to give up for 'em. Enjoy your time in Pornland, boys, we'll see ya next year.

AND NOW...FOR THE REST OF YOU...

That kinda felt like a walk down memory lane, when Erotic City was just a promotional tool to stroke our advertisers. But the few dedicated readers that our publisher thinks I have were probably bored as hell reading about a bunch of "been there, done that" kinda crap. So just for you, I'm gonna try and squeeze in a little summertime shit-disturbing before we wrap this month's issue up.

First things first: Let's settle up a little confusion about this Spooky thing. You were all too smart for me; Spooky isn't really dead. I tried to roll with this Bon Voji thing to kind of mark a transformational period in my life. Apparently, the transformation has stabilized, so Spooky is back, kind of. You see, I recently met



this other dude down at Dante's who was introduced to me as Spooky. He's a pornographer too, but he jacks his gig for a hip little website full of naked goth chicks called **The Suicide Girls** (www.suicidegirls.com). And there's more...I'm a deeiay again. This time at **Soobie's Bar & Grill**. Hong has been adventurous enough to turn me loose on a microphone and let me spin my twisted and graciously uncensored tunes for all the hot babes to get naked to. You can find me there on just about any night except Sunday, Monday or Thursday. So I thought DJ Spooky had a nice ring to it, but wouldn't ya know it, there's already a DJ Spooky. I'd like to mention that I didn't choose the nickname Spooky; it was

appointed to me by one of Satan's little helpers down at Dante's years ago. So taking all of this into account, this has led me to my new name, "The Pornographer formerly known as Spooky."

Last month, Erotic City reached new levels or reader appreciation, with completely unexpected results. I can probably sum it up best with the reaction that a very sexy young lady by the name of Anna at Centerfold Suites greeted me with earlier last month. In a genuinely annoyed and dissapointed tone of voice, she asked me, "How come you don't wanna fuck me?" There is no warmer and fuzzier feeling I can possibly describe than the way I felt at that moment. Perhaps we were onto something here. Why hadn't we thought of this before? Maybe we should just turn Exotic into a 96-page update on who we wanna fuck! My response to the lovely Anna's question, as well as to every other hot babe that complained about being omitted from the Top 10 is this: "I would be more than happy to fuck every one of you." Most of you know how to find me: Just give me a call and make an appointment. I'm booking about a week out right now, and I have a Summer Sex Special starting this month. Call for details.

"The Top 10 girls We Wanna Fuck" was a lot of fun, and we will definitely revisit this list again in the near future. With so many hot strippers in one town, there are many ladies I've ran into over the past month that if I had thought about, certainly would have been on my list. Here's a few for va: Electra at Exotica, Shay and Octavia at the Dolphin, Icess from Union Jacks, and Emerald at Sassy's (make-up sex rocks!) and a ton of the chicks I get to look at naked all day and all night long at Soobie's Bar and Grill. (Though I promised Hong I would try not to breed at my new home club.) Now I know that a number of these young ladies have "insignificant" others, and I respect that, but given the opportunity, I would absolutely not turn it down. I mean, Christ, I'm single now. The potential benefits of this job just got a whole lot more interesting. What happened to the girlfriend? Well, I came home one night, and she was gone. So was her stuff, and the beer, and even the fucking toilet paper off the roll. So I pouted for about twelve hours, then I drank for about a week. And I met some pretty incredible people that I barely remember. One that sticks out the best is probably the one and only **Miss Mona Superhero** from Union Jacks. Now I had heard of this legendary creature before but never actually met her. On our first drunken night together, I allowed this woman to take a souvenir "lock" of hair from my

> head, which she removed with a butcher knife. I woke up the next morning, took a quick shower, and headed in for a day of hard work at the Devils Workshop. As I climbed the steps to the office, I noticed huge chunks of hair litter-

ing the stairs, hair the exact same color as mine. Lots of it. In my clouded hangover suffering state, the previous night's scalping all came back to me. Love va. Mona. Your boy-toy named me, and you nearly maimed me. Though Mona and I never had sex, there is a bond two people share when you allow them to slice through eight years of hair with a dull kitchen utensil. So when you see me out at the clubs with a new "do," now you know why.

But after a week of drunken near-misses, I finally scored. And scored well. But much to the dismay of my coworkers, I refused to divulge the true name of Little Miss Rebound. Though I did let one little bit of info slip to our publisher Frank when I admitted to him that the babe who's been secretly servicing Spooky was a titleholder on last month's Top 10 list. So they've been trying to play detective to figure out who the big score was. [been there.—pub.] But my lips are sealed...for now.

And one last topic for discussion is a new law within a revised statute by the Oregon State Court of Appeals which was passed last month like a thief in the night...the kind of thief that runs off with all your dildos and vibrators. You gotta love these laws. Vera and her minions have found a new way to force all of the

industry to make several lawyers very wealthy in order to protect our constitutional rights.

What are they trying to take away from us? The new ruling states that anyone involved in promoting, managing, or facilitating live shows involving sexual conduct is now in violation of the current reading of the law. This would include simulated sex shows, masturbation, simulated masturbation, and toy shows. OK, and that leaves what, exactly? It leaves a very cautious industry. Those of you out there that enjoy the services of lingerie models/escorts beware and give the girls a break. You can still yank it all you want, but the girls aren't allowed to play along now. They can dance around and provide more than adequate visual stimulation to help you bust your nut. But that's it for now. But the strength of this industry usually prevails in time. At the moment, an appeal is pending, so we'll keep you posted.



The new dancers at UNION JACKS know how to throw a party. Stop by Jacks for the "World's Best" Contests, June 19th-22nd.

Starting June 5th Every Wednesday from 6pm to 9pm Dante's Presents

BUMP-N-GRIND STRIPTEASE & BURLESQUE



Featuring Open Auditions for Sinferno Cabaret (Sunday nights) & Vaudeville (Tuesday nights) Burlesque, Striptease, Fire Dancers, Jugglers, Belly Dancers, etc.



With Your MC & DJ Dairy Plus Special Guest Performers Sex Industry Workers Treated Extra Special! Now Open to the Public!

Call 503.226.6630 for more audition information.



And then... Immediately following... Wednesday Nights at 10pm

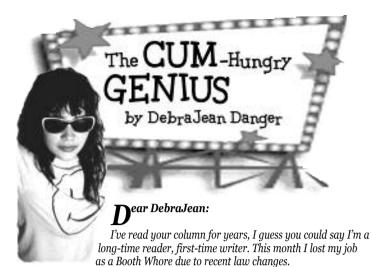
The Hellfire AntiSocial Club

Featuring Storm & Her Lounge Punk Sidekicks Plus Miss Lucy Fur & Miss Mona's Dancehall Girls (Only 5 Bucks a Dance!)



3rd & Burnside Downtown Portland Tel. 503.226.6630 • www.danteslive.com





For the past twenty years I spread not just my greasy yeast box, but also my rearentry "nether-mouth" in exchange for the money and disrespect of the men who need my type of sickness to get off. The years of inserting garden tools and lathered fists into my inner pencil holders to insure the financial well-being of the full litters I spray liberally into your world has left me rather unsuited to deal with jobs that require things like computer skills, a high-school diploma, and an IQ over 64.

I dream of days when all a woman needed to get by was a full figure and mouthful of semen. I dream of moments that all I needed do to live comfortably was suck down a black mouthful and pull a gray-toothed smile. I could have been all that the world thinks is good if not for men using and holding me down. The invisible shackles of the patriarchy chain me to a cum-covered mattress to lick up semen like a baby crawls to tit.

In mind and the physical life. Men forcing me to empty myself and their brimming nutsacks in return for a life full of trips to the emergency room and back alley; to the Toys 'R' Us and Burger King for balanced meals of grease and hormones to develop

"I dream of days when all a woman needed to get by was a full figure and mouthful of semen."

my child's spoiled streak and keep my tits animal-large. Beatings at the hands of men dumber then even me when all I wanted was to be taken care of. Every punch redeemed me in the eyes of God...suffering brought cleanliness, if only for a few minutes.

Death through rape-inflicted social diseases is what I hoped for. Instead of this sweet release of subtle suicide, I lived. A backwards blessing of God, a mockery really, what could be more cruel than keeping a whore alive?

Of all the things I asked of God, the one answer I was destined to receive was death. The only question left in me is, when will it come? You are the closest thing to God in the world of "sex workers," DebraJean. Please, tell me how to end this ever-living pain of a waking, no-way-back nightmare. I can feel nothing after the years of self-imposed sex abuse. I don't know how to get by in the real world.

Full Of Dignity, Zoë Nofuture

ZN:

Oh dear...what can I say? You sound like you have made some irreparable choices through your lifetime. More than wanting to give you answers, I want to ask you some questions. Why do you feel that men should take care of you, yet you resent them as if they are responsible for your situation? I wonder what made you *stick* with this path, not what made you find it in the first place. I see the pull of fast cash and good fun in the name of work. In fact, I did on a lark what you chose as a lifelong career. I spread and shoved my gash for cash and pleasure with the best of them, but I never thought of keeping open legs for years. There is a time and a place that fills me with nightmares. It's called your waking life.

Go to the hardware store and find a length of thin nylon rope. Don't worry about your fat brood needing a final kiss-off. Don't buy them a last bag of chocolate "Ho-Ho's" before you kill yourself; they will never care about you. Walk outside and feel the rain on your face, unable to wash away a bit of the landfill held inside of you. Use your transfer to get back on the bus and enjoy the bits of plastic and cheap velour under your fingers. Roll the rope in your hands, thin like most dicks you've seen, and think about your death. Every moment is our last, and it lives that way. Don't settle for the Diet Coke on this trip back to Milwaukee...get the regular. Breathe with the memory of your first rape...feel yourself get wet. Go home and die.



 ${\mathfrak C}$ The Alternative for Sensual Adults ${\mathfrak C}$



Fine Lingerie

Lotions

Potions

Toys
& Gifts

Video Sales
&

Rentals

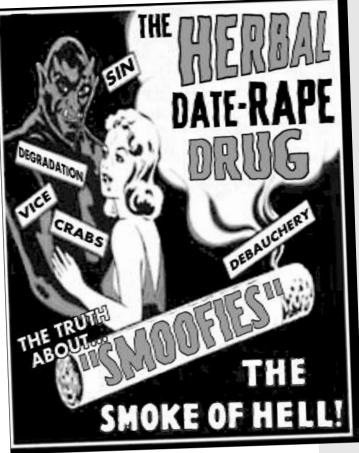
10018 SW Canyon RD Portland, OR • 503-297-0858

SERVING THE PORTLAND AREA'S ADULT NEEDS FOR TWO DECADES

VIDEOS - DVDs - MAGS - ARCADES



EXOTIC MAGAZINE



herbal date-rape drua." Rohydra is the herbal analogue to Rohypnol, a pill which gained fame as "the date-rape drug." Sex offenders and other thrillseekers will often mix some Rohydra into a ciaarette or ioint of marijuana, which is given to their intended prey, who are

rendered unconscious within

ten minutes of smoking

a "smoofie."

ABOVE: Pictures of an herb called

Rohydra, known as "the

IF THAT'S THE CASE, HOW DO I PROTECT MYSELF FROM SMOKING A "SMOOFIE"?

My simple advice would be, "Roll your own." Roll your own joints and smoke your own cigarettes. That's the easiest anti-smoofie step you could take.

WHAT IF I ROLL MY OWN, BUT MY DEALER LACED MY 40-SACK WITH ROHYDRA BECAUSE HE'S BEEN ITCHIN' TO GET IN MY PANTS?

I hadn't considered that. Really, I mean it—that's a really good question.

ARE THERE ANY DANGEROUS SIDE-EFFECTS THAT RESULT FROM SMOKING A "SMOOFIE"?

Apart from getting raped, no. Rohydra actually provides a strong, pleasant buzz with little in the way of reported hangovers or adverse health effects. Smoked in high quantities, it induces ecstatic hallucinations and epic dreams in the user. It's not addictive, and it's impossible to overdose. The main drawback is that the

shit is so good, it flattens you on your back pretty much instantly after you exhale the smoke, rendering it easier for people to rape you and stuff like that, which, as I pointed out earlier, is wrong.

WHAT IS THIS "HERBAL DATE-RAPE DRUG" I KEEP HEARING ABOUT, DOCTOR?

I'm glad you asked. The "herbal date-rape drug" refers to a simple herb named rohydra, which grows naturally throughout the Northwest. Just as ephedra is an herb which forms the organic basis of methamphetamines (i.e., "speed" or "crank"), pharmacists use the herb rohydra to derive a compound called rohypnol, which in pill form is called "the date-rape drug." In short, the herbal date-rape drug rohydra is merely the natural source for the pharmaceutical date-rape drug rohypnol. Only it's herbal.

WHAT IS A "SMOOFIE?"

"Smoofie" is street slang used by certain elements of the criminal underworld who traffic in the illicit sale of rohydra, a k a "the herbal date-rape drug." The word "smoofie" refers to a cigarette or marijuana joint which has been "laced" with rohydra. Those of the criminal ilk often refer to the pill form of the daterape drug rohypnol as a "roofie." By melding of the words "smokeable" and "roofie," we arrive at the term "smoofie."

HOW DOES A "SMOOFIE" DIFFER FROM A "ROOFIE?"

A "roofie," as I just stated and which you would have known had you been paying attention, is the PILL form of the date-rape drug. Roofies are typically dissolved into the victim's drink when she isn't looking. A "smoofie," on the other hand, is *smoked*. You *smoke* a smoofie. It is often slipped surreptitiously into a tobacco cigarette or a marijuana joint

and then unknowingly inhaled by the victim.

HOW CAN I TELL IF SOMEONE HAS SLIPPED ME A "SMOOFIE"?

It's hard to tell, and that's why this drug is so dangerous. Royhdra is tasteless and odorless. A tiny pinch of rohydra rolled into a joint of dank skunk bud is enough to knock Shaquille O'Neal on his ass for six hours.

HOW DO WE EDUCATE PEOPLE ABOUT THE DANGERS OF "SMOOFIES"?

I've started an ad campaign whose slogan is "Don't Be Goofy-Don't Smoke a Smoofie!" We've been hitting a lot of local high schools with a life-sized costumed character called the Smoofasaurus, who lectures these teenaged kids, who are at their most impressionable, tender, and firm-bodied age, about the perils of smoofie-smoking.

HOW MANY RAPES HAVE OCCURRED FROM SMOOFIE-SMOKING?

The estimates range anywhere over one hundred million. We've just discovered the

An Exotic MEDICAL EXCLUSIVE from a few dozen to Questions by the Exotic readers Answers by Dr. Shlomo Nachas

smoofie, so the data isn't as precise as we'd like it to be. It's too early to tell how many forced sexual penetrations this drug has enabled. It's hard to get my finger firmly placed on exactly how many smoofie-rapes there have been. But I want to make it clear that even one smoofie-rape is too many.

WHERE CAN I BUY A"SMOOFIE"?

I don't think that's an appropriate question.



Because of the herbal date-rape drug, women are cautioned from accepting cigarettes or joints from strange men. What seems like an innocent smoke might be a "smoofie," and it might lead to trouble.







ON THE SIXTH DAY, GOD CREATED MAN, and from his rib was born Woman.

Nobody knows who the hell is to blame for ASS Machine.

Hailing from the humid "Leather Clubs" of San Francisco's notoriously gay Castro District, and counting among their diehard fans such notables as Camille Paglia and Sir Benjamin Chester, ASS Machine has churned out seven full-length albums for indie music label Silence = Freedom since their founding nine years ago. I first heard about the band from a friend, who called me drunk at four o'clock in the morning and screamed, "It's Cruisin': The Musical! You've got to see these guys!"

What is ASS Machine? That's hard to say. More of a phenomenon than a simple band, the Machine is made up of the stunningly handsome and frequently babyoiled front man **Hotboy**; DAT-molester and Moogterrorist **Bottom Feeder**; and **Honey Bucket**,

an HIV-positive bass-manipulator. All are militantly homosexual in ways that normal people would find extremely unpleasant. Coming from the lunatic fringe of the gay S/M community, ASS Machine's lifestyle is a sweaty, leather-and-stud-packed Homo Utopia, stuffed to the brim with "glory-holes," "touch-parties,"

and unspeakable depravity. No Girls Allowed. They've done everything from produce pornographic videos to auction their jockstraps on eBay, and over the years, they've built a fanatical, almost political following among the S/M and leather scenes. Their music runs a disturbing steeplechase round industrial dance and grease-dripping disco, splashes through the pool of techno-metal, and then, when you thought the race was over, jumps the impossible hurdle of "Dark Show-Tunes."

Their lyrics are a monument to sexual periphery. Every song is a lesson, schooling the listener in Leather-Sex. In the song "Strong Man," Hotboy sings over a jolting House sound:

HOTBOY..."In 1993, the gay scene in San Francisco was

nothing but a bunch of faggots."

Pissing for you, yeah/ Give a little, drink a little, yeah/ Strong enough for you, yeah?/ Am I a man strong enough for you?

The Machine's bludgeoning heavy-metal hymn "Shit-Kiss" is a disquietingly tender ode to a boy who "writhes in my body-trash/hugging the filth." One of the band's numerous anti-woman anthems, "Cock Walk, Cunt Crawl," begins with the line:

Killing a woman's like killing a rock/ Only Man is human, take a look for the cock.

LEATHER SEX AND HARD S/M have been a part of the urban gay scene since the beginning. It's a bar-culture, populated by Bears, Boys, Bottoms and Tops, Slaves and Masters, Daddies, Jocks, Cow-Pokes, and Body-Builders; men sexually obsessed with "mansmells": body hair, fluids, and pain. There is no *Playgirl* for this crowd, no airbrushed photos of half-erect fashion models, no celebrity gossip. Magazines like *International Leatherman*, *Power Player*, and *Hard Garbage* report on the scene, filled with ads for "Bear Sex Party" videos and

"The Perfect Exposure Sling." Every issue contains several pages of personal ads running the gamut from the tame "Slave Wanted" to the outrageous "Piss in my Shitter."

ARTICLE BY
MORGAN TISDALE
PHOTOS BY
KELSEY LEE

that it wasn't some estillagrant misdirection
"Shitting is a thing
Bottom Feeder says.
"They may deny it to
your face, but believe me, they
do it. To me, it's always been a combina-

do it. To me, it's always been a combination of certain Eastern meditation techniques and good old-fashioned American elbow grease. First you squat down low to the ground with your legs at a 90-degree angle, concentrating on the Earth underneath you. Then you visualize yourself empty, you know, devoid of any substance at all. Then you relax your sphincter muscles until your bowels release. It's usually done on the floor, but it can be done anywhere."

I CAUGHT UP WITH ASS MACHINE at Silverado, a notorious gay bar in downtown Portland, as they prepared for their upcoming show. Hotboy sauntered in the door clad from head to toe in brown polyester, his plentiful muscles rippling. I found it difficult to watch him move; he appeared cut from marble, statuesque, almost cartoonish in his beauty. I think of the things this man does behind closed doors, and my brain boggles. The average woman would gladly lick his chocolate brown Beatle Boots, but if the words he writes are any indication, it's he who does the licking...and it isn't chocolate. Hotboy is trailed closely by Bottom Feeder, a gaunt, unshaven "sub" in brown leathers. Feeder's halfgrown beard is sprinkled with beads of moisture, and I cringe thinking of the possibilities. Honey Bucket is absent, supposedly "on a date."

After the introductions and a round of ice-breaking tequila shots, I wondered aloud how such a group might have ended up touring the country together.

"In 1993, the gay scene in San Francisco was nothing but a bunch of faggots," Hotboy explains. "We were strong. It made us sick, so we decided to form a band made up of guys we knew and write songs about our lives. Feeder had been DJing at the Stockade, a leather bar near my house, writing a lot of Hard Disco on an old Etonics-909 sampler. He was one of my sex partners, so we got

together with a couple guys we knew played, did some shitting, some push-ups, and wrote some songs. The rest is history."

"Shitting" is something ASS Machine mentions in its lyrics often, and I had been quite

curious as to what it was exactly. It seemed hard to believe that it wasn't some esoteric homosexual code-word or a flagrant misdirection of some kind. No such luck.

"Shitting is a thing that guys do when they're gay,"



BOTTOM FEEDER..."To me, it's always been a combination of certain Eastern meditation techniques and good old-fashioned American elbow grease."



ANALTRONIC

UP WITH SHIT,

DOWN WITH

WOMEN

THE LIFE OF A SHITTER...The members of ASS Machine plus "a friend of the band" doing what they do best. From L-R: Hotboy, Precious Moments [the friend], Bottom Feeder, and Honey Bucket.

A perfect explanation. Hotboy elaborated. "Shitting is a really personal thing. Everybody does it for different reasons. I do it to sort of gain control of my body from a gay perspective, you know what I mean?"

I don't. In fact, ASS Machine seem cut from an entirely different sexual cloth, as if they popped through a dimensional portal somewhere and were forced to adapt to our customs as best as they could. Other than "shitting," ASS Machine is keen to tell you about "pitting," where one man licks HOMO BAND IX the sweat from another's armpit; and perhaps most unsettling of all, "oil and soil," which is better left to the imagination.

"We do what we like," says Hotboy, "and we like to fuck other men. Sometimes we do it in ways you wouldn't understand. That's what we do; that's what we're about."

THE MEN BEHIND THE MACHINE are no strangers to controversy. Over the years they have been banned from every major radio market, blacklisted by nearly all of the nationwide motel chains, and publicly demonized by everyone from militant AIDS awareness group Project Action to 80's anti-music stalwarts the Parent's Music Resource Center (PMRC). Pat Robertson has come out against them on the 700 Club, calling ASS Machine "the most immoral band in the world." Senator Joseph Lieberman, Al Gore's vice-presidential running

mate and old-school censorship advocate, has campaigned to have the Machine's music legally classified as obscenity. In a recent speech before the Senate Subcommittee on Popular Culture, Lieberman, foaming slightly at the mouth, referred to the band as "the fucking Antichrist."

"Lieberman's an idiot," Bottom Feeder says offhandedly, stirring his drink.

"Of all the people in the world, whose idea was it to have a scrawny little feminine Jew act as our judge and jury? Now, Jesse Ventura, on the other hand, he can discipline me whenever he wants!"

Also riding shotgun on the Bash the ASS Machine Train are several high-profile feminist and women'srights organizations. There is even an

Anti-ASS Machine band called **Outraged**, made up of a ragtag group of transgender feminist musicians who take issue with ASS Machine's attitude toward the fairer sex. One of their songs is "Glass Machine," the story of an extremely masculine steel worker who gazes in the looking-

glass and discovers his "inner-equality-treater," becomes a vegetarian, and renounces his former 'anti-vaginal" lifestyle. Keith Jameson,

Outraged's lead singer, spoke to me in a noticeably tense telephone interview.

"ASS Machine's music is a form of rape," he said in a strange, high-pitched voice. "When someone says they don't like women, that's just like rape. It's thought-rape."

Hotboy chuckles when I tell him about Outraged. "Yeah, that's funny. Rape. I've got no problem telling people how I feel about women, because I

fucking hate women. They're weak, stupid, ugly, whining creatures. I'm a homosexual. I'm into masculinity. I believe that Man is God's greatest creation. Strong, muscular, hairy, dominating, hard-cocked Man."

Bottom Feeder goes even further. "If women were eliminated, think about what that would mean. No more weak femininity. No more soft bodies, flowery perfumes, or stinking, bleeding vaginas. If we wiped them out, all that would be left is men. I like that. I support that. I am definitely a misogynist."

This sort of brutal honesty does not sit well with the mainstream gay community. Local activist and director of Project Unity Reggie Carlson is one of the majority of "average" gays who take offense to the band's all-or-nothing attitude. He reluctantly spoke with me over drinks at Starkey's, a low-key gay lounge in Southeast Portland.

"I'm not saying these guys shouldn't be allowed to do their own thing, as long as they obey the law. It just makes me uncomfortable that they don't equate the Gay Struggle with the Feminist Struggle, when we're all fighting for the same thing; equal treatment and recognition from the White Male Patriarchy."

ASS MACHINE (continued on page 51)







* Simply * the Best

- * Classy Southern Lady *
- * Gentlemen Only, Please *
 - *** Upscale Location ***
 - * 7 Days a Week *

(503) 313-6133

see me @ www.adultentertainmentguide.com/julianne





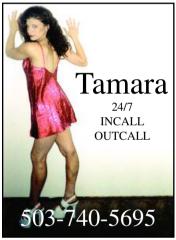
EXOTIC ULL-OUT >

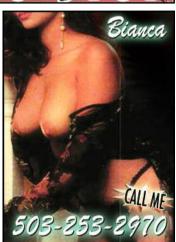
OUTCALL & PHONE SERVICES • APRIL 2002

FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION CALL (503) 704-7694

























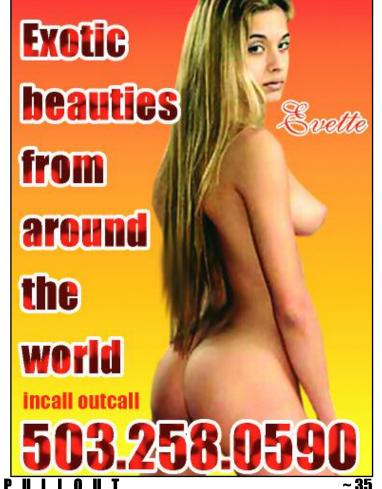








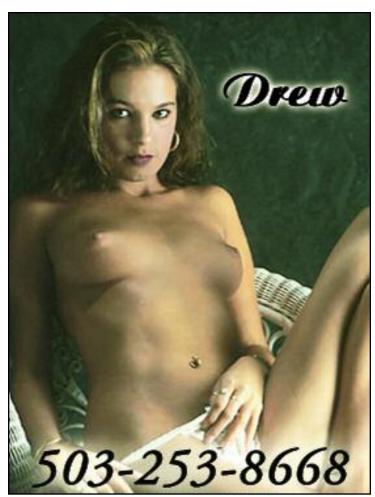














36 ~

FXOTIC

PULLOUT



Goina

In your house ...hotel ...incall

Hiring Petite Girls





Tired of being disappointed? Call Me "Sexy"

Ohauna Gweet & Seductive 18 year old Coed 503 774-3630

Now Hirina

Need Some Company?

http://portlandcallgirls.com/

I'm Wet ild Willina

503-380-8618 Incall/Outcall Petite Amy

T٥ **Advertise:** (503) 515-2019

Black Pussy on the outside, and pink on the inside

Classy/Nasty/Sensual 36/24/34

Cinnamen · Independent (503) 525-0909

Sweet Temptations

Full Service • Outcall
By Appointment Only

503-285-10*6*3

Have a Unique Fantasy?

Let me fulfill it with you. 503-807-6078 incall/outcall 24/7

Full Service Curvy, Cute 18yrs

503-449-3191

Wanted: HORNY BUSINESSMEN 503.408.8877

Secret Hideaway. Come see me

24hrs Sexy *503-380-8618* Sensual Rubdowns by the lovely Jessica

Incall: Evenings & Weekends (503) 515-8342

www.relaxwithiessica.com

Kinky, Naughty Willing, Waiting

24/7 cum to your fantasy Incall/Outcall Available 50 503.254.8339

Mandy, Natural, Busty, Beautiful! (503) 251-0724

Sexy Open-Minded Ready to Please Meadow (503)890-1505

KINKY&CUNT

INCALL

503 -380-8618 **Convenient Location**

INCALL/OUTCAL (503)869-4586 (503)380-8618

I Got What You Want . . . TOTAL PLEASURE

503-869-4586 24/7 Incall/Outcall 503.253.8668 Horny Little Devil

503 282 0260

HOT & PLAYFUL

Call me! 503-310-3661 24/7 • Incall//Outcall

~ 37

EXOTIC PULL-OUT

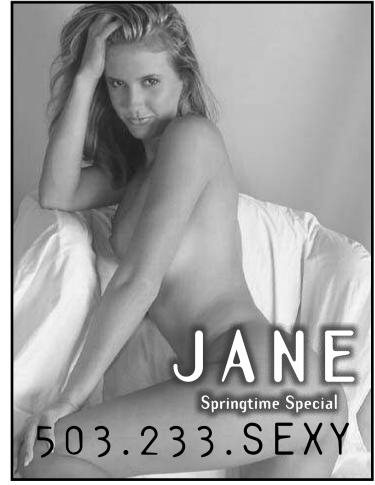












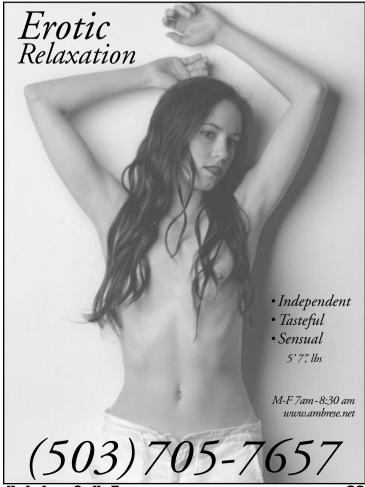






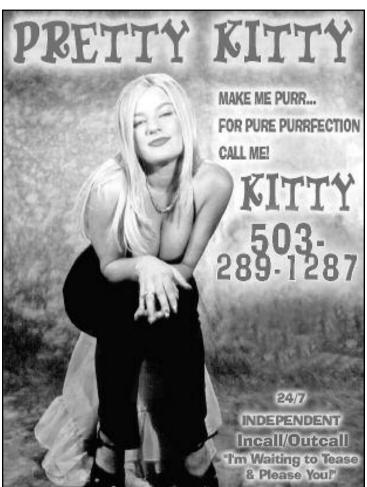














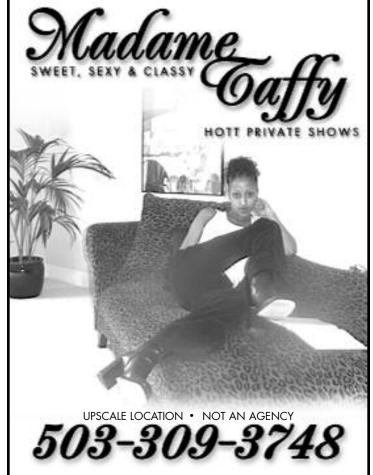














G000E88 TRATISSEXUAL

36C Bust

Private Shows legal inquiries only Let's have a good time!

(503) 777-8513 (503) 890-4347 (CELL)

7 days a week























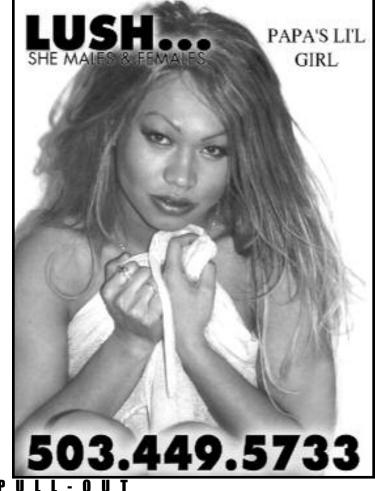
















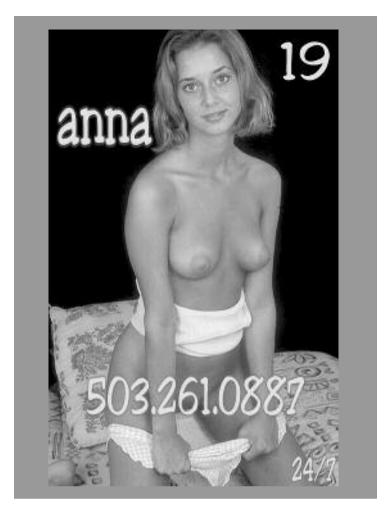


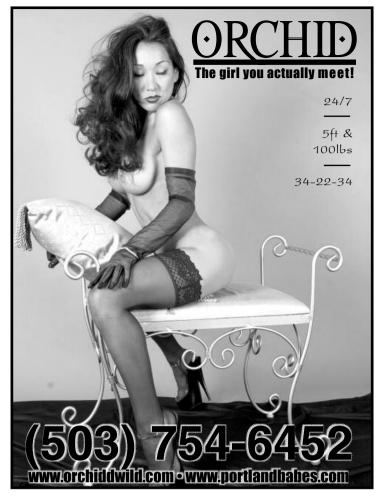


















Pleasure & Pain

TV Mistress Mota W/HAR) Cock 503 705-6307 503 788-1448 Wildfire Across Town

Incall/Outcall Tues - Sat Domination & Sensual Shows

Passion - Fem Goddess 503 329-5099











EXOTIC PULL-OUT

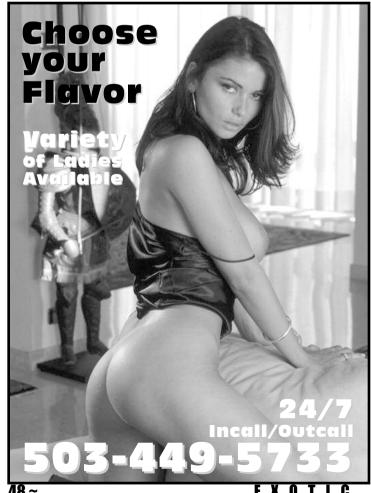
~ 47





Triple the Fun







EXOTIC PULL-OUT





Cooking for Something Special...

Barely Cegal Schoolgirl 36DD-24-32

503 525-0909









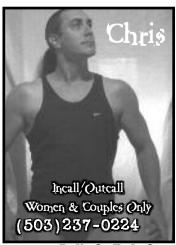


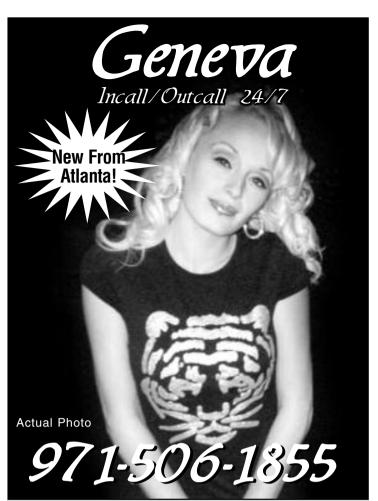


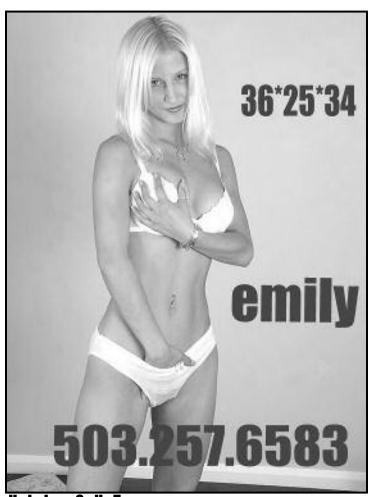


Wet Dreams do cum true Your place or mine? 24/7 (503) 310-3661

To Advertise:(503) 515-2019







ASS MACHINE (continued from page 31)



GIMME, GIMME SOME ASS...The boys of ASS Machine (L-R: Hotboy, Bottom Feeder, & Honey Bucket) enjoy a snack backstage before performing in front of a crowd of hostile homosexual men.

Hotboy's venomous response to Carlson startles me. "Do I look like a fucking weakling to you?" he bellows, knocking over his chair and flexing his massive chest until cords pop out of his neck. "Do you think I have trouble taking care of myself?"

Bottom Feeder diffuses the situation. "What Hots means is that we have absolutely nothing in common with those people. We would never allow

ourselves to be victims of any kind of discrimination. We're men. Strong, capable men. Men stand up for themselves. Those activist people, the women and the faggots, they're weaklings. They're born victims."

ASS Machine's unflinching misogyny and Social Darwinism go hand in hand, but Hotboy shows little interest. "People should mind their own business. If anything, they're begging for a fight."

SPEAKING OF FIGHTS,

ASS Machine's live performance has gained a well-deserved reputation for degenerating into chaotic violence as often as it does group sex or sadomasochistic revelry. Over the last nine years, they've been prosecuted in Virginia and Maryland for obscenity, in Oklahoma for public indecency, and in Iowa for inciting a riot. Protesters have gone as far as firebombing auditoriums in order to prevent the band from playing. Every member has endured at least one

broken bone as a consequence of playing a live show, culminating in the infamous San Francisco Homo-Coming Riot of February 21st, 1999, where Bottom Feeder lost three teeth and the feeling in his right foot.

"I got attacked by this gang of lesbians," he says. "They were beating me with clubs, and I kept thinking, 'What the hell are they so upset about? Why do they care?,' then I blacked out."

The band was burned-out. "Back in the 90's we played discos, rock clubs, you name it," Hotboy says. "It was hell. Every night we had to deal with psychotic feminists chaining themselves to the doors of the club. People slashed

our tires, broke the windows on our van. Every third show turned into a riot. It was a wide-awake nightmare. Something had to give."

What 'gave,' surprisingly, was Feeder's burgeoning interest in the Internet. He was convinced that electronic communication was the answer to the band's problems. He tinkered and experimented for several months, and in August of 1999, convinced that their fans were ready, ASS Machine opened "The Machine Shop."

"Machine Shop is our way of being able to play to our fans without the hassle," says Bottom Feeder, the band's designated 'Shop Steward.'

"Now, in order to see ASS Machine live," Feeder says, "you have to be on the list."

In the Machine Shop, fans are notified of upcoming shows via encrypted email. Through a method pioneered by the early-nineties LA rave community, the show's location isn't disclosed until a few hours before the band takes the stage. New fans are given passwords and put through a relentless screening process before being given the keys to the kingdom. By weeding out the haters, ASS Machine is guaranteed an audience of fans instead of those who would disrupt the night's festivities.

Tonight's venue is "The Underground Railroad," an infamous in-crowd Leather hangout in the sub-basement of an auto-parts plant on Swan Island. About two hundred men are scheduled to attend, and each must present a bar-coded invitation in order to be admitted. I am considered a guest of the band and, with their blessing, I'm ushered through a series of checkpoints.

My camera, notepad, and pens are confiscated, and I'm subjected to an exceptionally thorough strip-search before I am permitted to enter the main chamber.

"Every show since Machine Shop has been supercool," say Hotboy. "No women, no weaklings, no trouble. It's better this way. We'll never play in public again."

A FOG MACHINE fills the small, dimly lit club. The place reeks like an unattended locker room; honestly earned man-sweat and rank fart-smells permeate the air. The majority of the men are squatting on their haunches as if waiting for

"Protesters have gone as far as firebombing auditoriums in order to prevent the band from playing. Every member has endured at least one broken bone as a consequence of playing a live show...."

a signal, and they are rewarded as the DAT blips on, beginning the opening strains of "Shitter." ASS Machine takes the stage

with a mandate unlike any musical perform-

ers I have ever seen, stalking to their positions with a palpable menace. Bottom Feeder's keyboard roars to life with a dozen notes at once, and Hotboy roughly caresses his microphone, leaning into the yellow spot which flashes

on, a foot in front of him. He is a prince

among men, unattached, uninhibited, and untouchable. His chest gleams with oil.

What better life, than the life of a Shitter? comes the opening line, reverberating through the dank air alongside the incredible density of Feeder's music, and it's a question I find myself unable to answer. The audience trumpets a sloppy organic cheer, emptying their bowels on the black plastic tarpaulins that litter the floor.

This is ASS Machine at their best, a swaggering homosexual cyborg of a band, pistons working in perfect time,

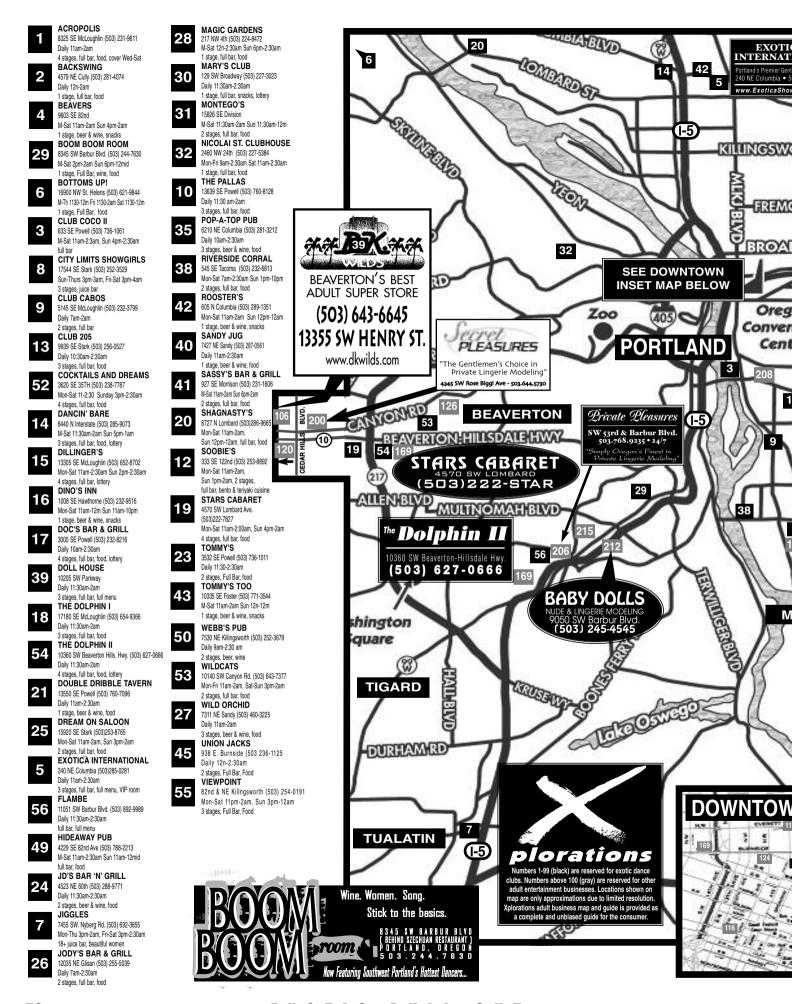
all systems oiled and primed to crush the opposition. The primitive stench of fresh male sweat and steaming shit combine with the careening beat, a sensual ambuscade, attacking me and pumping blood through my veins. Watching this display of unbridled masculinity makes me feel stronger, more powerful, and more virile than I have in years.

Give me the life, give me the life of a Shitter! And there isn't a woman in sight.











Southern Oregon Xplorations

SALEM

A THE FIREHOUSE

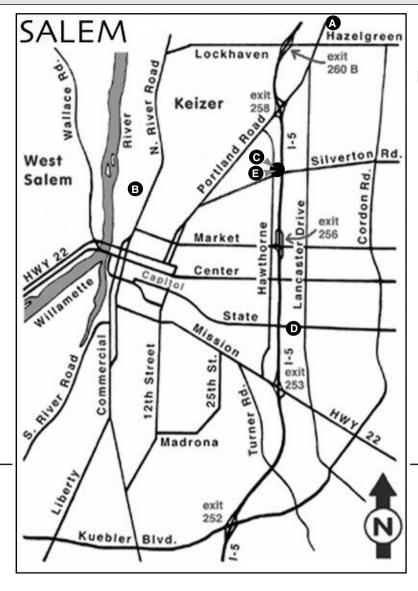
5782 PORTLAND ROAD NE (503) 393-4782 Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery 11am - 2am / 7 Days

B STARS CABARET

103 PINE STREET NE (503) 370-8063 Full Bar, Full Menu, Sports Room, 4 Stages Mon - Sat 11am - 2:30am, Sun 4PM - 2:30am

© FOXXXES

3453 SILVERTON ROAD (503) 371-9590 Juice Bar, Special Shows 5PM - Close / 7 Days



BOB'S ADULT BOOKS •

3815 STATE STREET (503) 363-3846 Books, Videos, 63 CH. Arcade, Mini-Theatre 9am - 2am / 7 days

TABOO VIDEO (3)

3473 SILVERTON ROĀD (503) 370-7080 Adult Videos, magazines, multi (H. Arcade 24 Hours / 7 Days

EUGENE

SILVER DOLLAR CLUB

2620 W 10TH PLACE / (541) 485-2303 BEER & WINE, FOOD, DANCERS W/ 3 STAGES MON - SAT 11:30AM - 2:30AM, SUN 6PM - 2:30AM

B&B DISTRIBUTORS

710 W 6TH AVE / (541) 683-8999
VIDEOS, ARCADE, CLOTHING, GAG GIFTS, NOVELTIES,
VIEWING ROOM (WATCH OR BE WATCHED!)
24 HOURS / 7 DAYS

FANTASYLAND

2727 WILLAMETTE / (541) 345-5065 VIDEOS, MAGAZINES, TOYS, LOTIONS & CREAMS 24 HOURS / 7 DAYS

GREAT ALASKA BUSH CO.

1030 HIGHWAY 99 / (541) 688-9027 BAR, FOOD, DANCERS 12NOON - 2AM / 7 DAYS

KISS & TELL BOOKSTORE

288 RIVER ROAD / 720 GARFIELD STREET (541) 688-5411 Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade 24 Hours / 7 Days

DIVAS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

2165 W. 11TH AVENUE / (541) 683-6021 Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers W/ 2 Stages Mon - Fri Noon - 2am, Sat & Sun 2PM - 2am

SPRINGFIELD

CASTLE MEGASTORE

3270 GATEWAY / (541) 988-9226 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes Sun - Thu Bam - 2am, Fri & Sat 8am - 3am

EXCLUSIVELY ADULT

1166 SOUTH A. STREET / (541) 726-6969 VIDEOS, MAGAZINES, CLOTHES, NOVELTIES, ARCADE 24 Hours / 7 Days, Closed Sun 2am - 10am & Mon 12 Midnight - 8am

SHAKERS NUDE DANCERS

1195 MAIN STREET / (541) 736-5177 Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers Noon - 2:30am Daily

MEDFORD

CASTLE MEGASTORE

1113 PROGRESS DRIVE / (541) 608-9540 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes 9am - 1am / 7 days

SCANDALS

3 SOUTH RIVERSIDE / (541) 772-4079 Full Bar, Full Menu Mon - Fri Noon - 2am, Sat & Sun 2pm - 2am

ADULT LAND

2755 SOUTH PACIFIC HIGHWAY / (541) 770-5493 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Arcade Mon - Thu 10am - 9pm, fri 10am - Midnight, Closed on Sundays

BARGAIN SPOT

3340 NORTH PACIFIC HIGHWAY / (541) 776-9964 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes Mon - Fri 9am - 7pm, Sat Noon - 7pm Closed on Sundays

'ERIOR SADI

BY GODDESS SEVERINA

"The Best Fucking Session"

nfortunately, couples only come to me about three or four times a year. I enjoy seeing couples immensely, because there is just so much more to do with a couple. The last pair that I saw was celebrating their 36th anniversary. They were nice and very open-minded, and I ended up giving them a pair of nipple clamps as an anniversary present. They had told me that they missed the whole '70s sexual revolution because they were raising children, and now they wanted to explore their sensual side. The couple I am about to describe to you were probably very young children back in the '70s.

They both arrived on time, and the man stood about 6'5," with thick, long black hair. He was clad in a leather vest so as to show off his Vin Diesel tattooed arms. He also wore leather pants, complete with jackboots on his feet. She was about 5'6" with long brown hair wearing a long black Gothic style dress.

They walked through the door, and he gallantly took my hand and kissed it and then proceeded to push her to the floor and commanded her to kiss my boots. She lunged for my leg, almost knocking me off balance. I bent over and stroked her hair and told her that I was fine. He and I sat down, her at his feet, and we reiterated what we had discussed on the phone. They wanted to rent my equipment and they wanted me to watch.

I told him to follow me into the other room so that I could show him all the equipment. She crawled at his feet the whole way. He pointed at the room that he would like to use along with all of the equipment and then proceeded to gather it all together. He also had a bag with him and pulled out his own equipment and set it aside. He asked me where in the room I would like to sit where I

"He then boasted to me about how all of his female slaves had to be waxed and have all body cavities cleaned inside and out before a session."

would be the most comfortable. I pointed out the area and then he walked into the other room, grabbed a Victorian chair and placed it accordingly. I sat down and he then retrieved a table where I could set my cigarettes and water.

"Comfy?" he asked.

"Yes. Quite," I replied.

He then commanded his pet to take off her dress. She did this quickly as to please him and also to show him how humble she was. She then quickly and neatly folded up the dress and crawled across the room to place it out of the way. She had a tan and slender body with small breasts, pink nipples, and a fabulous thong tan line. He commanded her to crawl in front of me and demonstrate how clean she was. She quickly hurried across the room to my presence While on all fours, she presented her back end to me, widely spreading herself.

"Ah...completely shaven," I observed.

He then boasted to me about how all of his female slaves had to be waxed and have all body cavities cleaned inside and out before a session.

"I also like them to use rose musk oil and to rub that thoroughly into their smooth soft skin, as it arouses and pleases me," he remarked matter-of-factly.

I looked at him and replied, "Great," rolling my eyes, as he was being a little

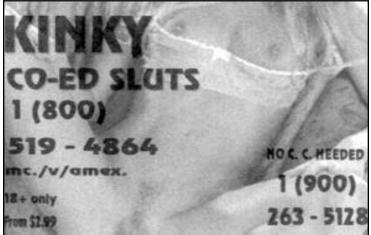
too boastful for my taste.

He commanded her to come over and make him comfortable. She stood up, unzipped, and took off his vest. She immediately got back on the floor again. He walked over to his equipment and instructed her to follow. She crawled quickly to him across the room, where he then placed a three-ring slave collar around her neck. Commanding her to hold out her arms, he placed suspension bracelets on her wrists and then commanded her to sit as he placed suspension restraints on her ankles.

Anticipation washed over me, for with restraints attached such as those, I knew what was to come

(to be continued)







Horny Nympho

Just Can't Say NO!

800-308-6888 as low as 2.99/min.

900-378-0202 4.99/min.

TP Partners





1-900-255-1212 (\$2.49/min.) 18+

Women call

FREE

1-888-261-4588 (99c/min.) 18+







Women Always Call FREE: 1-800-994-4618







GET OF

SEXY DOMINANT KINKY WOMEN

PERMIN

1-800-889-2444 1-900-454-6963

4.99 PER MIN 18+ TP PARTNERS, MA

FALK DIRTY TO ME

1-800 **JUGS-428**

1-900 285-9000

18+ / \$1.99 PER MINUTE









1-800-955-2867

SEXUALLY AGGRESSIVE WOMEN LIVE TALK NOW 1-800-975-4SEX 1-900-745-4227

CHEATING HOUSEWIVES LOCAL NAMES & #'S 1-900--435-6263 1-800-785-4676

BARLEY LEGAL NYMPHOS 1-900-993-2919



JACK HOUSE SERVICES



ELEGANT TRANSEXUALS ALLURING, FEMININE, YET WELL ENDOWED IN EVERY WAY!! 1-900-993-5335

1-800-877-9453

VOYEURS LISTEN IN ON **ACTUAL LIVE PHONE SEX!** 1-900-993-0880 1-800-830-5669

EXPERIENCED OLDER WOMAN... PURE PLEASURE 1-900-993-7760

> **BREAST FETISHES** 1-900-435-6280 1-800-521-CHOW



SEXY EAVESDROP LIVE



HEAR MOANING **GROANING CUMMING!!!** CALL OFTEN...

CUM ALOT

0-993-5572

ONLY \$2.50-\$4.99



FROM \$2.50 MIN 21+



NASTY GIRLS LIVE!! 1-900-535-SEXY (7399)

> **HORNY NYMPHOS** 1-800-669-7529

MC/V/AMEX & CHECKS WELCOME \$2.99-\$5.99/MIN. 18+ **HOT LIVE NASTY ACTION 24HRS.**



1-800-443-5678 1-900-993-1456



Casual S

Portland (503) 802-4848

Seattle (206) 805-4141

First 30 Minutes

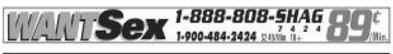
Salem (503) 581-6600 Vancouver, WA. (360) 816-6262 (253) 830-4747 Tacoma (425) 740-4141 Everett

(509) 321-2828 Spokane Call Toll Free for 302 other cities: 1-888-465-4588

Women call FREE

1-900-255-1212 (\$2.49/min.) 18+

1-888-261-4588 (99c/min.) 18+





Women Always Call FREE:





1-900-446-1212 (\$1.99/min.) 18+

Browse at www.interactivemale.com



Anything Goes

My name is Angel, something I'm not! I'm 5'7 with long curly strawberry blonde hair. I have a 26-inch waist and 36-inch hips. My tits are special for French fucking. These 38DD's are made to be sucked by all attractive men and women that are not afraid to explore a walk on the wild side. Box #640193

My name is Tara and I am very passive when it comes to sexual pleasures. I stand 5'6 and my submissive appearance speaks for itself. I love to fuck and suck all the time. I'm not particular about your gender, although I'd prefer to have both. I love to get fucked in my asshole very hard, and have my pussy pounded simultaneously. Call me if you have an insatiable appetite for sex. Box #705339

If you are looking for a beautiful, horny slave who is well schooled in submissive behavior I am your slut. My name is Yancy and I'm waiting to submit to your most sinful desires. I will obey and serve you and the pleasure is all mine. I'm 5'4", 120 lbs. and I have long black hair and hazel eyes. Box #1203 I am a very sexy girl that loves to go out and pick up hot men. I wear really tight tops showing off my big tits and skirts so short you can almost see my ass. I don't leave much to the imagination in my slutty outfits because you'll need all your concentration when you get back to my place and my girlfriend is waiting for us horny and naked. I hope you like double your fun with two pussies. Box #796624

I'm Lisa, 24 year old bisexual nymphomaniac, seeking an orgasmic sexual experience from a couple. I could go all day long. I'm looking for a ravenous sex addict because I have an unquenchable thirst. Please call me if you think you can fulfill my every desire. Box #871269

Hi you can call me slave or bitch. I'm looking for a woman to dominate me. It's never happened before but I'm willing to learn and be trained. I'll do whatever is necessary. Box #1293 I'm Mistress Raven, an aggressive redhead dominatrix in my early 30's. Looking for a generous slaves - beginners welcome, for imaginative, discreet domination with sensitivity. B&D, all fetishes, role-playing, wrestling and x-dressing a plus. Box #1338

I love a man who can appreciate a sexy pair of legs. I am 5'9"

so my legs go on forever and are extremely shapely. Would you like to rub your cock against my stockings or thigh highs while I wear a killer pair of stilettos? You can even cum inside my fuck me shoes if you're really horny. Don't be shy. Call me for some leg action. Box #872752

I am looking for a master who knows how to punish me. Wait until you hear all the naughty things I have been doing. I just love someone to be in control of me and spank my hot ass until my pussy creams. I will do everything you want me to just so you will play with me like the good little whore that I am. Please call me. I need to be taken control of now. Box #875457

I am a very athletic brunette with blue eyes. I just love a guy with a hard cock who loves to fuck all night long, but you have to be willing to share. My all-girl school taught me some really naughty habits one of them is my taste for a sweet shaved pussy, so I like to have my cake and eat it too. I want a horny man who is ready, willing and able. Box #905980

I'm Tammy. I have a 5'3 slender build with a wet virgin tight pussy. I'm 100 lbs, with a very nice figure, 35DD breasts with quarter size nipples that are almost always erect through my cotton tees. I love to have sex parties with multiple sex partners including men and women. If you are hot and you have a hot girlfriend call me. Box #918073

Sexy, shaved, very passable TV wishes to meet dominant men, women and other TV's who would love to tie me up and discipline me. You can use your favorite toys. Box #1403

My name is Madame Michelle. I can make you feel special when I give you a total body makeover from head to toe starting with putting some silk panties over that stiff cock for an unbelievable feeling. If you want to look glamorous, and feel spectacular call me. Box #636106

My name is Sandy and I'm in search of a slave that will obey, serve, and please me at all times because I make the decisions and give the orders. At all times you are required to wear a collar or other symbols of your status. I'm looking for a house slave that will also work as a apprentice underneath me remembering who is in charge, remembering the rules, and who obeys. If this appeals to you call me now. Box #740081 My name is Trish, and I'm covered in all the right places.

have a tattoo on my right nipple of a cherry, so if you want to bite and suck it, and try to get some of the juice that's dripping call me. Box #782714

This is a very beautiful mistress searching for a new whore who will be used in any way I see fit. I have lots of plans in store for you already. First we'll train that little asshole and see just how far it stretches. Then you will learn the proper way to lick my sweet pussy and ass. I have a room already prepared for you and if you are a good little slave I will keep you. Call me and tell me how you can serve me. Box #791078

My name is Samantha and I am a very sexy strawberry blonde. I have such a big appetite for sex but the one thing that really drives me crazy is a golden cocktail. I have been drinking champagne all night and my nipples are so hard just thinking about squatting and releasing all that warm apple juice from my tight little shaved pussy. If this is your kind of fun come play with me. Box #989153

Available Men

Hey, this is John. I'm a 21 year old, single, white male. I'm looking to get together with some hot, nasty women. I love to have my cock sucked. I love eating pussy and long, hard fucks and nice tits. Call me and tell me what you'd like me to do to you. Box #2205

Hi ladies, this is Robert. I'm 25 years old, blond hair, brown eyes, 5'9", 150lbs., 7" cock. I'd love to bend you over and do it doggie style. I'd love for you to suck on my cock. I can feel my cock going in your pussy. Give me a call and we can fuck baby. Box #2567

Hi, my name is Keith. I'm a 22 year old, white male. I'm looking for women of all ages and all races. I have a nice, hard body and a nice, hard cock, that will please everybody no matter what your pleasure is. I'm 5'10", blond hair, blue eyes, 160lbs. You won't be disappointed. Box #2766

Hi Ladies. If you like wearing sexy lingerie, we have something in common. I'm a 26 year old white single male, 6'3", 220 lbs., blue eyed, very submissive man. I love to fulfill women's fantasies of all ages. I'll be very discreet. Just tell me what you want me to do. My name is Randy. Box #2808 White male, handsome, in my 40's, professional. 6'1", 215

lbs. seeking married or single submissive uninhibited women for discreet meetings. Looks, race, age are less important than a desire to be trained. Matronly and shy women are especially enco raged. Call Joseph. Box #3704

My name is Curt. I'm 25 years old, 6'3, 200 lbs. I'm looking for lonely women who want to spice up their lives. We can get in touch by phone, mail, or possibly a sexual rendezvous. My biggest turn on is to fulfill a woman's desire and I'm very confident that I can fulfill yours over and over again. so, if you're horny and you need me, leave me a message. Box #934

My name is Mike. I'm a 33 year old white male. I'm 6'2", brown hair, blue eyes, about 180-190 lbs. What I mean by fun is I like to have a lot of sex. If that sounds like something you'd like to do, please leave a message on my mailbox. Hope to hear from you soon. Box #945

My name is Luiz. I'm an African-American male. I'm 28 years old and interested in meeting gorgeous, uninhibited, well endowed, full-figured women who love to be caressed and held. I love the toes the elbows and the asshole. Box #3797 Hi ladies. My name is Dave. I'm 31 years old, married, white male. I'm looking to have a hot, erotic fuck session. I want to have some sex. I also want to have some sex over the phone. I'm very good at both. I would love to meet you. Box #4028 Hi, my name is Dave, a 26 year old male, who's looking for either hot women or hot uninhibited couples for fun. I'm looking for really lusty sex with couples or with single women. Please give me a call right away. I aim to please. I satisfy everyone I meet. Leave a message on my box. Thank you. Box #4669

Hi, this is John. So what naughty girls are out there? I'm 6'3", I have black hair, broad shoulders, a broad chest tapering down to a thin waist and a very healthy cock. I'm very good with my tongue, my hands and this cock which gets hard almost all the time. Box #4925

Hi my name is Mike. I'm 37. I'd really like to talk to sexy women out there for a hot time on the phone and get each other off. Please call me. Box #5412

Hi, my name is James. I'm not looking for anything serious, I'm just looking for women who know who they are and what they want and like to have a good time. Women who are uninhibited and free and like pleasure and who are not afraid of men. I'm 6'2", 175lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. Just looking for a casual party. So if you are interested and this sounds good, get in touch. Box #9801

I'm Monique. I need a man who loves to dress up and play with me. I need a man who loves to put stockings on my beautiful legs and dress me up in sexy lingerie. I love being sexy. If you are tall, fairly good looking and have a good imagination, call this 5'3, busty blonde and we'll play together. Box #3805

My name is Riva. I have short dark hair, pretty features, perfect petite form. I'm at 115 lbs, 5'2 and am a 35C,24,35 with natural good looks, my raw high energy and spontaneous sensuality, I'll keep your fires burning all night long. Box #2789 Hi, I'd love to feel you in my mouth. I love the taste, and the smoothness. I want you, leave your mailbox number and we'll get in touch. Box #6182

Hello my name is Sandy and I am a beautiful exotic dancer. I have long fiery red hair and green eyes. My big tits measure

38DD and I love to have you play with them as I bounce my big titties up and down in front of your face. I want your hands all over my voluptuous curvy hot body. Let me be your private dancer and put on a special sexy show just for you. Box #3108 Habitual masturbating female, 25, loves to use toys, fingers, & vegetables on her steamy wet cunt daily. I'll probably be doing that when you call me. Lets do it together. Hearing a man's passion when he's hard and squirting really gets me off. Don't waste another minute, call me. Box #16801

I'm not a model, I'm kind of a plain Jane, in fact my name is Jane. I'm 27 with a sexy body. I love men of all ages and I love sex of all kinds. I know that I could please you with my sexual knowledge and my willingness to explore your fantasies. If you think we would be a good match, call me. Box #46001

Hi, I'm Veronica. I am currently single and very attractive. I have nice curvy features and a great personality. I love to have fun and lots of sex. Give me a call. Box #76700

Hello my name is Lacey. I'm an outgoing college student who wants to spend time with someone who's funny, sexy and smart. I'm extremely open minded and very sexy. Box #77500

I'm Simone and I'm very horny. I have long black hair and beautiful hazel eyes. I have big tits and a nice round ass. I'm looking for someone who will appreciate my body. Box #81001

Older sensual woman, 42, seeks men any age who want to give me all the sex I've been missing since my divorce last year. I'm ready to share romance and passion again. I love porno tapes, role play and slutty lingerie, plus masturbation and some kinky things too. If you share my interests, please call me. I'm 5'5", 36-24- 36 and pretty. You will love my shaved pussy and huge nipples. Box #57701

Hi, my name is Misty. I'm 21 years old and love to have a good time. I like it when things get really kinky and I don't mind trying out new things. I'm very experienced and don't mind teaching the inexperienced. If you want to have a good time then call me. Box #3159

My name is Kathleen. I'm a redhead with green eyes. I've been married for 10 years. I'm extremely frustrated sexually. I love my husband, however, there's nothing happening in the bedroom. I would really love a good licking of pussy. I am attractive and a real redhead. Call me and turn me on, I can play with myself just as well as you can. Box #3237

Hi, I'm Sasha and I have an invitation for you. I'll give you a hint. It has something to do with my 36DD breasts, 24" waist, and 36" hips. Now you take a guess, when you think you know the answer, call me. Box #2878

Hi, I'm Samantha. I'm a 25 year old kinky little cunt. If you get off on really nasty, hot, perverted, hard-core talk and sex, I'm the one you want to talk to. I'm looking for a real funky freak. If you think you fit the bill and want to give it a shot, keep your cock in your hand and give me a call. I'm waiting. Box #2928

Hi my name is Lena and I'm looking for someone to share my hot body with. I'm 5'9, thin and my breasts are a perfect 36C. I love to play games, be spanked and I am extremely obedient. If you like a woman who knows what it means to be hot, sweet, nasty and can put me in my place, call me, you won't be disappointed. Box #2948

Hi my name is Laura. I'm a feisty red head beauty. My mea-

surements are 38,26,37. I love outdoor sports, horseback and bike riding and especially swimming. I want to come out of the pool dripping wet right into your arms. I need you to warm up my soaking wet body. Box #1079

Hi, I'm Lisa. I'm 36 years old, white, 5'2", 115 lbs., cute and tight. I'm looking for a young, hot looking hard-body. He must have a nice set of balls. Box #991

Hi, my name is Alex. I love to fuck and suck. I'm looking for someone to share some erotic fantasies with. If any one is interested in me why don't you leave me a message. Box #997

Hi, my name is Darlene. I'm 5'7", 23 years old. I've just graduated from college. I'm a good little virgin with blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and a tight little box and ass. I'll dance for you, and open my legs wide. Let me wrap my strong legs around you and ride you. Pop my cherry. Box #1056

I'm tall, playfully bi-sensual and very uninhibited. I have silky, waist length, golden blond hair and a sexy, well-toned figure. I'm seeking a man to share intense ongoing adventures. Box #1097

Hi my name is Alex. I'm 5'4, 125 lbs, red curly hair, hazel green eyes. My measurements are 38C,29,34. Looking for a man that knows how to treat a woman. That can take me to a ballet and afterwards we can go skinny dipping. If you like what you heard, please leave me a message. Box #1138

Hi guys this is Melonie. I'm 5'3'', 22 years old, 105 lbs. I've got long, auburn hair and blue eyes and I'm looking to meet somebody who would like to have some sexual conversation. Box #1330

I'm across from you in a bar, in a tight mini, you look over to see me part my stockinged legs. I spread my legs wider - I'm not wearing panties - call me, I'll tell you more. Box #1440 Hi sexy, I'm Ashley and I love when it's really hot outside. The heat makes me want to strip down to my thong panties and stretch out in the hot sun. I'm hot and steamy right now so call me and together we can douse my hot flames. Box #1494 Do you like your women a little more meaty? I'm a hot blond

with 46DDD's that love them played with, titty fucking and showing them off in seductive lingerie. I'm a little chubby, not super big, but I can suck dick better than anyone! I love to eat cum and wear it too. I am Sheri and I want men of all ages who crave a REAL woman. Box #55501

I'm so horny, my pussy's so wet. My tits are just dying to be sucked on. So, if you're ready leave a message in my box and let me hear what you'll do to me. Box #2779

Hi, my name is Lisa and I am sexy. I have big tits and a big ass. I would like to get real with you if you know what I mean. Do you have a big cock? Call me. Box #2997

Hi, my name is Rhondalynn. I'm a 26 year old female, predominantly aggressive and I'm black. I'm 5'3, 110 lbs. I am looking for a guy who loves to have phone sex. Please leave a message in my mailbox. Box #3072

I'd like to get a nice massage and I have been very, very bad and I need a spanking. My name is Pam, so call my mailbox. Box #3504

Hi, my name is Nicolette. I am 5'8" tall, with beautiful brunette hair, green eyes and 36 double D chest. I love to have my nipples played with, it gets me so horny. I love to get a man real hard and then wrap my luscious lips around him and take him down my throat. I want to do you in every imaginable position. Call me. Box #3524



69 Moonlight Road • Carson City, Nevada • Minutes from Reno & Lake Tahoe
www.moonlightbunnyranch.com

PRIEST TURNS CONFESSION BOOTH into "erotic lingerie modeling booth for boys"...

he boy spins his skinny body lazily around the brass pole which juts phallically up through the cramped wooden booth. He is clad only in underwear, his creamy ten-year-old skin a pale canvas freckled with red splotches of light that bounce off the mirrored disco ball. The priest crouches in the dark on the other side of a small grated window, straining to see the boy's every move. Although the pumping anal-piston sound of British Trance music rumbles inside the small wooden booth, it is barely audible throughout the rest of the church.

After the requisite three songs are finished, the red light goes off and the priest declares that all the boy's sins are forgiven. The boy gathers his clothes and leaves. The priest waits a minute, then does the same.

The priest's name is **Father Brad Chomenstein**, and he's been shepherding the flock at the Saint Scrotus School for Boys in Tillamook since 1984. It was only recently, claims the tall, shifty, baldheaded Chomenstein, that God presented him with a "vision" that inspired him to construct his first-of-its-kind "erotic lingerie modeling confession booth for boys," which resembles a standard 'jack

shack' except for the fact that Lord knows it gets lonely for

shack' except for the fact that it's in a church and is intended to be used exclusively by prepubescent males. "The Lord knows it gots length for

me out here on the Coast teaching at an all-boy school, so he entered my bedroom one warm summer night with some surprisingly bawdy, yet tasteful, ideas for what eventually became my erotic modeling confessional booth for boys," Chomenstein tells me as we walk barefoot in a field of daffodils near his church. "The Lord said, 'Brad, my son, thou hast been living a chaste life devoid of carnal pleasures. Thou knowest that the body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost, so why dost thou not erect a shrine so that thou mayest pay tribute to the supple little Temples of the youngest lambs within mine flock?"

You mean God really talks like that?" I ask him, "with the King James Bible shit like 'thou mayest' and 'why dost thou not'?"

"Yeah," Chomensein says. "It's awesome!"

"I'VE BEEN DANCING FOR FATHER CHOMENSTEIN for almost a year now," says "Li'l" Davey Geary, a student at Saint Scrotus who Chomenstein claims is his "absolute favorite confession-booth boy." Chomenstein describes Geary as "a so-so student with a wonderful smile and a grace not unlike that of a salamander." Geary views his role as erotic confessional-booth dancer much more pragmatically: "The way I see it, I'd rather dance to three songs in my underwear than say a dozen Hail Marys. It's easier, and I walk out of that booth with my sins cleansed. Sometimes he even lets me play my own music in the booth," claims Geary, adding that his favorite music artists are P. Diddy and Kid Rock.

"THERE'S NOTHING WRONG with an erotic lingerie-modeling booth for boys," insists Father Ignatius Rectalopagus, a professional Catholic scholar and Chief Rector of the rectory at Saint Prostatus Church in McMinnville. "The Holy Bible, as well as apostolic tradition, is explicit on this matter—there is ABSOLUTELY NO prohibition on underwear-clad boys dancing for the pleasure of priests in the confessional. This practice is forbidden NOWHERE in Holy Scripture or Papal decrees."

"Yes," I challenge him, "but neither does the Bible explicitly forbid people to download pictures of naked boys from the Internet."

"You're right, sir," Rectalopagus says, his beard-fringed, vulva-like lips pursed into a smile. "The Lord allows us some mighty big loopholes, doesn't he?"

a disco ball, a paper-towel rack, a framed photo of a boy in underwear, and a state-of-the-art stereo system. LEFT: Father Ignatius Rectalopagus, a Catholic scholar who says Father Chomenstein's booth violates no church or biblical laws. **BELOW: Father Chomenstein and** "Li'l" Davey Geary, who confesses his sins at least twice a week in Chomenstein's booth. "I'D LOVE TO **NAIL HIM** on sex charges," says Portland police officer Frank Rhino, "but technically, Father Chomenstein's not doing anything illegal. The boys don't get totally naked. He's not touching them. There's no force involved or threats made-the boys can leave the booth any time they want. Plus, there's the legal matter of priest-client confidentiality. Since we're not permitted into the church to do surveillance and witness

TOP LEFT: The controversial "erotic lingerie modeling booth for boys,"

a traditional Catholic confessional

which Father Brad Chomenstein has

refitted with red lights, a brass pole,

the act as it's happening, we'd have trouble convicting him even if he were committing crimes. Young boys are notoriously unreliable witnesses. I mean, they lie about me all the time!"

"I'D LIKE TO CRUSH CHOMENSTEIN'S BALLS under a pile-driver," says Tex "Itchy" Geary, father of "Li'l" Davey Geary, the boy who is currently Chomenstein's favorite sin-confessor/erotic dancer. "I'd like to take a pair of tweezers and pluck every hair from Chomenstein's body one at a time and watch him scream in pain while I laugh. I'd like to shove a red-hot iron rod up his ass and videotape it, then make him watch the videotape. I'd like to slowly make cut marks all over his body with a straight razor and then pour a bucket of rubbing alcohol on him while I recited the 23rd Psalm, I'd like to cut off his dick and balls, make him eat them, wait until he shits them out, and make him eat the shit that's composed of the dick and balls he ate, and THEN eat THAT shit when it comes through again. I'd like to force him to watch kiddie porn and then smash his genitals with a mallet every time he starts to get excited, and then make him lick up the blood that splurts out of his little dick every time I hit him with the mallet. A modeling booth for boys—what kind of a SICK MIND would think of such a thing?"



PIMP 'N' HOE PARTY

Saturday June 15th • Hottest Hoe Contest



HOOTERS NIGHT!

Thursday June 13th

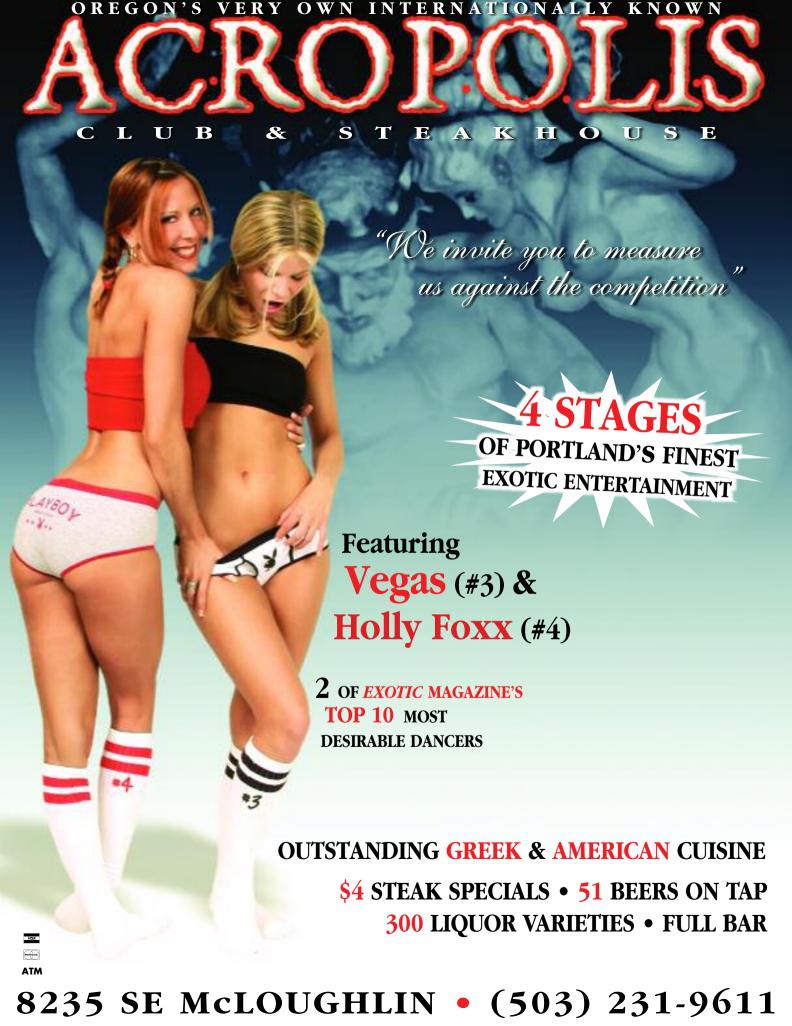
Featuring the Hottest HOOTERS and SPECIALS we can't mention!



WHIPS, CHAINS & GERBILS



5782 Portland RD NE • Salem Oregon • 503.393.4782
Just 40 minutes from Downtown Portland • 1-5 South Exit 260B then 1 mile East













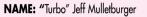


EXOTIC

asks the Man on the Street:

"What do you think of the NEW EXOTIC?"

Exotic named a new editor seven months ago, and P-Town's Monthly Literary Porn World has never quite recovered. The magazine took on a meaner tone. Old writers were fired, new ones acquired. Predictably, the new editor and all the personal friends he hires as "writers" are convinced that the "new" <u>Exotic</u> is far, far better than the old one, but what about the man on the street, the Average Joe whose hard-earned dough keeps our industry afloat? On a fine early summer day on the gold-paved streets right outside the <u>Exotic</u> office, we took a random sampling of Portland pedestrians' opinions about the newer, darker, more "sex-negative" Exotic magazine.



HOMETOWN: Portland (SE 82nd Street)

OCCUPATION: Meth Cook

WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THE "NEW" EXOTIC: "I think it's fuckin' rad! That's some twisted, fucked-up shit you dudes are doin' there! Me and the bro's can't wait for every new issue! Free speech, man! Don't let the government close down the party, dude! We need Exotic! The thick glossy paper makes it ideal to roll doobies on, too!"

NAME: Clovis "Gator" McTartan **HOMETOWN:** Canby **OCCUPATION:** Cabbage Farmer WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THE "NEW" EXOTIC: "The pictures of the

gals are hot—I like them a whole bunch but there are too many articles about homosexuals and nigras. It's immoral. I'm thinking about starting an all-Christian porn mag down here in Canby."



NAME: Mikey the Lump

HOMETOWN: Portland (3rd & Burnside)

OCCUPATION: Homeless Person

WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THE "NEW"

EXOTIC: "The new, thicker paper helps me construct a warmer, snugglier sleeping bag. It can get a good barrel fire started guicker than any other porn paper in P-Town. Makes for good asswipe, too."



NAME: Baron Jasper von Wiggleton **HOMETOWN:** Portland (Vaseline Alley) **OCCUPATION:** Infectious-Diseases Counselor



WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THE "NEW" EXOTIC:

"I love, love, love, LOVE Jim Goad! I've obsessively collected everything he's ever written. He needs to know that faas hate women, too! I'd love to be locked with him in a cell for a few hours! I'd show that boy why he has a prostate gland!"



Scotty O'Dionne

HOMETOWN: Beaverton **OCCUPATION:** English Teacher

WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THE "NEW" EXOTIC: "The editor seems to mistake misogyny, racism, and poo-poo jokes for creativity."

NAME: Nigel Bangers **HOMETOWN:** Manchester, England

(in Portland on a music scholarship)

OCCUPATION: Student WHAT HE THINKS **ABOUT THE "NEW" EXOTIC:** "Overall, I'm unimpressed. The editor obviously has some serious

issues with women. And I'm not attracted to American birds at all. I prefer British women with bad skin and bad teeth."

NAME: Javier Luis San Carlos

HOMETOWN:

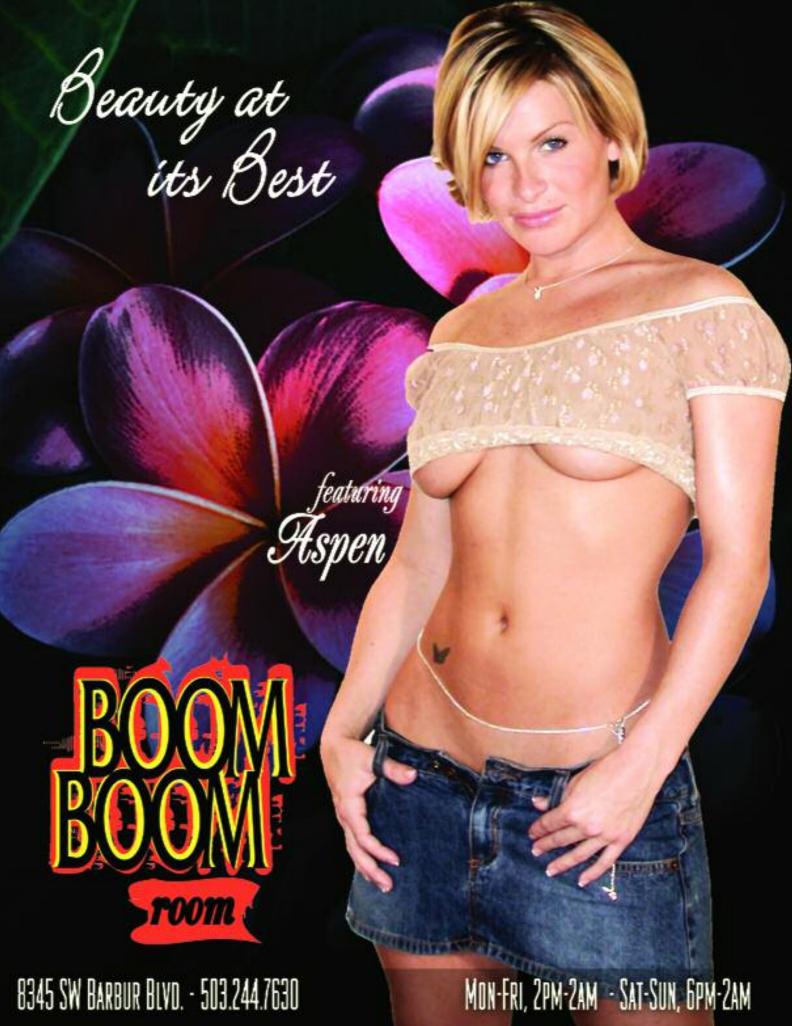
Guadalajara, MX (in Portland illegally)

OCCUPATION: Gang Member

WHAT HE THINKS **ABOUT THE** "NEW" EXOTIC: "That cartoon about

the faggots is funny, homes."





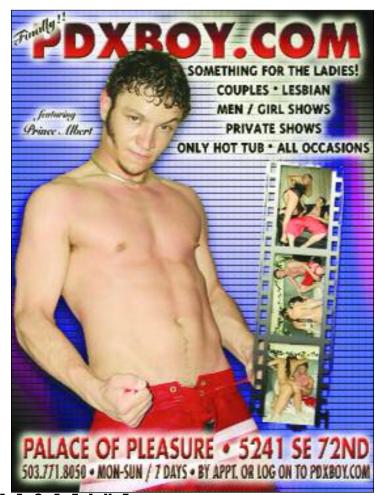














Advice from DEMI MONDAINE

love nasty talk during sex. Unless I'm swallowing someone's pride and joy, or sucking air around a ball gag, I'm an ecstatic fountain of filthy expletives. AND YOU FUCKING LOVE IT, DON'T

YOU, FUCKER!? We all have our favorite little phrases and banter... "Fuck that pussy like you paid good money for it!" was mine until I got out of middle school.

But if you run all stupid at the mouth, you can totally ruin everything. Just 'cause the stretchy, over-tanned girl-on-the-box in your cheap, 3-for-one-pornos will squeal and chirrup that she WANTS YOUR ROPEY MAN'S MILK all over her SWEET LIT-TLE RAISIN!!!!!!! doesn't mean everyone else does. Keep it real, or keep it to yourself.

While I was at school in New York City, I decided to give up sex for a while to GET FOCUSED. I figured I'd be fine getting myself off as needed and just concentrate on school. It worked out great...for a few months.

After seven months or so, I was a little tweaked, to say the least. Masturbation wasn't enough anymore; at that point it actually made me mad. On my last celibate day, my hand was stuffed into my cutoffs, rubbing slick little circles while I did a split in the back of a taxi. I didn't care about the swollen, blotchy driver taking it all in from his greasy rear-view mirror. In my fevered daze, I kind of got off on how revolting he was. I mused in my heat, "Oh, yeah...I bet his belly looks and smells like a runny wheel of parmesan cheese....mmm, cheeeeese!" I was sooo done.

My free cab ride spat me out at my neighborhood bar. I noticed a pretty, longhaired boy sitting alone with a cocky "c'mere" smirk just for me. I bought him a beer.

The door to my apartment had barely snicked shut and we were at it, clothes off, tongues out and in, hands and fingers everywhere. We wrecked my room. He took me every way possible, sliding and slamming, and I ate it all up. I demanded for him to

"Before I even started laughing, he knew he had utterly humiliated himself. It felt like every sperm stopped in mid-launch, turned tail, and marched right back to his nuts with their little white heads hung in shame."

FUCKING HURT ME. I came over and over again in sheer revenge against myself. Sweat was pooling between my tits and running from my winking navel while he heaved my legs over my shoulders. It was lovely and violent.

He was all grunts and happy panting. He had barely spoken since we had left the bar earlier. His non-verbalisms were of no concern to me, since I was commanding all possible airspace with my moaning, squeals and "Harder....Oh, my God...HARDER!"s. I was getting royally fucked and cared little for his lack of reply. Looking back on it, he would've fared better to have staved mute.

He had me from behind when he was ready for his pearly wet finale. I hissed at him to cum, yeah cum all over me....ALL OVER MY ASS!!! C'MON!!! I guess he was a little overexcited at that point, and his mouth unfortunately decided then to shoot off along with his nuts:

"Oh...ooooooo, OH YEAHHHH....HERE COMES THE HOT SAUCE!!!"

Before I even started laughing, he knew he had utterly humiliated himself. It felt like every sperm stopped in mid-launch, turned tail, and marched right back to his nuts with their little white heads hung in shame. My little Glam Stud got BA-HA-HAAAAed out of my apartment and was sent home without cumming. Funny now, yes, but had I not gotten off sufficiently before my little Eyeliner Pirate decided to ruin the moment...I would have beat the snot out of him. He was lucky.

"Fuck me" works great until you and whomever develop your own private code that comes with repeat performances. To spring the latest goofy pet name for your genitalia, sexual act, or anything with someone you barely know is a big no-no, people. It's insulting, and it could be a detriment to your future sexual encounters. I'm all about creativity, but hold your tongue if you're a moron....and you know who you are. Put that tongue to better use. There are way yummier things to stuff in your mouth than your big, stupid foot. So shut the fuck up.



Pacific Northwest Mortgage

Attention Club Owners Cash Available!!!

- Remodels
- Upgrades
- Expansions
- Additional Locations
- Contract Notes Due

Call Jerry (503) 224-4564 Office (503) 312-3332 Mobile CALL FOR FREE ESTIMATE TODAY

CREDIT REPAIR

ATTENTION ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY!

> Bad Credit? Damaged Credit?

LET US HELP:

We offer credit repair services so you can get the credit you deserve!

Call Jerry Wilson at Pacific Northwest Mortgage

OFFICE: 503-224-4564 MOBILE: 503-312-3332 There is definitely something wrong with me! Everyone knows that all normal chicks my age are sperm-guzzling nymphomaniacs with cock on the brain and jizz on their tits. Just look at the videos and magazines! Normal gals do it with everyone from the mailman to the school janitor to the entire black contingent of the football team. And when there're no men around, they'll even go down on each other! But I never get any of this action.

Don't think it doesn't bother me. Don't think I don't lie awake at night, praying for Jesus to deliver me a fist up my box! With my looks, I should have hairy knuckles tickling my uterus every night. I should have sperm on my face and a big black dick up my ass. I should be banging my way across the USA. But it seems like every time I get a hot offer, I screw everything up and drop the ball...like one time, when I was a cigarette girl at a hotel, and this one grizzled old porter had the hots for me.

Every time I walked through the hotel lobby in my little uniform, he would pop wood and strike up a conversation with me, his eyes darting down to my legs, his lips dripping the drool of old-man lust. Finally one morning he worked up the nerve to invite me over to his house. But this was no ordinary invite!

"Sperm on my legs, crapping on some guy's face, being rammed up the ass by Osama bin Laden... I could have been the star of my own adult video! I could have had it all."

Instead of coming over for dinner and drinks, he wanted me to show up in nothing but my nylons and my highest heels and walk around his house using this pair of old crutches he had! It seemed he had a fetish for crippled girls, and he said he would pay me \$100 if I would hobble around for twenty minutes and then let him cum on my legs. A tempting and lucrative proposal...but for some stupid reason, I declined.

Then there was this other guy who invited me over one night, a regular guy that I had gone to lunch with and who seemed like a class act. Imagine my surprise when he answered the door wearing nothing but a leash attached to his balls and asked me to lead him around the house! I complied and gave him a couple of good yanks, but no offer of \$100 was made, so I grew tired and dropped the leash. That's when he switched gears, begging me to crap on his face! When I refused, he said he'd settle for my pissing on him. When I still said no, he suggested I just pee in a wine glass so that he could drink it later! A tough offer to turn down...but foolishly, I did.



Then another night I was having a drink after work, and I complimented this black man sitting next to me on his beautiful Fat Albert jean jacket. As soon as the words left my lips, four or five other well-dressed black men appeared out of nowhere! They told me I was beautiful, but then cut straight to the chase: Would I be interested in working for them as a prostitute? The head pimp informed me that together, we would make millions by going international—to Afghanistan, for instance, where they pay up to \$500 for sex with a white woman...and up to \$1000 for anal!

It was a tempting offer, to be sure...but again, I had to decline. I knew I'd probably kick myself later for missing out on all the action, but at the time it just didn't seem exciting enough to be worth the time and effort. And that is why I believe there must be something wrong with me. Because any normal red-blooded American hottie would have been all over those offers like they were coated in cum! Sperm on my legs, crapping on some guy's face, being rammed up the ass by Osama bin Laden...I could have been the star of my own adult video! I could have had it all. But I said no.

There is definitely something wrong with me!

^

een a long time since I locked myself in a cum-stained cubicle and tried to wack off before the time expired on three bucks. Even though I got a stack of vids on my desk, I slipped through the door at CINDY'S ADULT BOOKSTORE off Fourth and Burnside and bought a few tokens. I think Cindy's is one of the last places that still uses tokens.

Since I was in Chinatown, I flipped through the channels 'til I got to ME LOVE YOU LONG TIME from Redlight District videos. Two guys worked over a so-so-looking Chinese girl with a large purple birthmark on her cheek which seemed to vibrate as she gave both of them blow jobs. But the video of the moment at Cindy's is **STUFFED BY A HORSE**. You never see the face of the girl, just her bod bent over and the horse doing her. Actually, you don't see much of the horse, either, except his monstro dick, so this may be some plastic balloon horse. Still, vile to the max. I asked the guy working there, "Henry," if it was for sale. "Nope," he said, "we don't even know where it came from, but after I saw it,

> I don't ever want to see a horse out in the country again."

I went back to my place, ran through about five vids, drank a bottle of Jack. The last vid was Ben Dover's ASS WORSHIPPERS from VCA. The girls weren't as cute as the babes I've seen in his previous vids, but it was OK. I tapped the remote button, stopped a Ben Dover gang-bang in mid-plunder, swirled around in my chair, and tuned into CNN on my other TV set. The neo-fascist Frog, **JEAN-**

> MARIE LE PEN, had just gone down to defeat in the French presidential election. The leader of the National Front won't be swinging his dick in the

Elysée Palace and drawing up his proposal for "transit camps" to process Arabs, Muslims, and blacks out of France.

Got the gang-bang going again side by side with Le Pen trying to explain that he really doesn't want colored heads to roll under the guillotine. "What do I have to

do not to be racist?" he asked. "Marry a black woman? With AIDS, if possible?" With the twin TVs spilling out buttfucks

and fascist howls, I went for a third visual lift—logged onto **suicidegirls.com** for the first time. I'd heard about the suicidegirls around the Exotic office but hadn't gotten around to scoping it out. My, my, what a nice change of pace from gang-bangs, moronic story lines, and the splashings of cum across a pretty face from some hairy-assed,

baby-boom porn director. An army of strippers and freelance dancers have

dropped their photos on the Portland-based suicidegirls site. Mini-profiles and daily journals clue you into the turnoffs and turn-ons in the chambers of their hearts.

FASCIST FROG Jean-Marie

Le-Pen: fantasies of an all-

French France are foiled.

Scrolling through the retinue of babes, my greedy eyes landed on Voltaire. She won my vote because of the French election's white

noise in the background. And her luscious eyes. On weekends, she dances at Doc's out on Powell. In her daily journal, Voltaire said the last time she was at Dante's, she "ended up just being lazy and dancing. It was cool."

Another journal entry: "Today finds me in fine spirits, even though my arms are killing me from work, (from the pole)." Heavy damage on the preposition "from" and no need for the (), girl. Try this: "Today finds me in fine spirits, even though my arms are killing me from stone Walk swinging around the pole."



cat-o'-nine-tails. One dude, who says he's

e-mailing Voltaire "from a

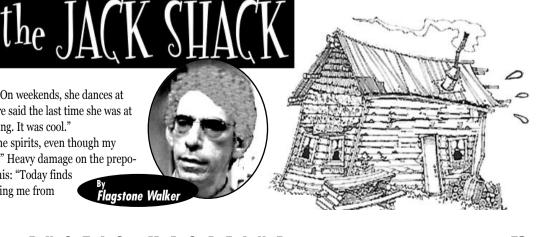
van down by the river," wants to know the deep meaning of the tattoo on her left rib cage. So do I.

In her profile, Voltaire says she has "a ton" of tattoos. She has a right to decorate her body however she sees fit, but isn't a ton excessive? Tattoo ADDICTION, perhaps? I suppose all that royal purple, midnight blue, apple green, pelican black, and fire-engine-red ink swirling around her marbles, slithering down her

"What do I have to do not to be racist?" he asked. "Marry a black woman? With AIDS, if possible?"

ribcage, and coiling around her long white legs turns on the poor sap in the van sinking in the mud along the banks of the Willamette. Not me. I just don't get it.

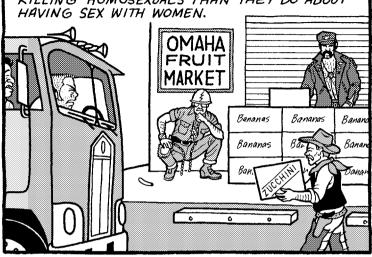
Every inch of her body came up 7's and 11's with nature's roll of the dice, then she dunks it in ink. I can't help but imagine Voltaire the way Ovid described her in **METAMORPHOSIS**: a cool "sheet of fresh air."

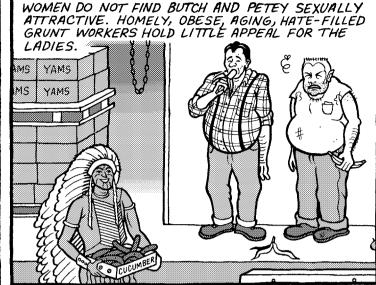


GITTE IN DENIAL

STORY BY
JIM GOAD
ART BY JIM

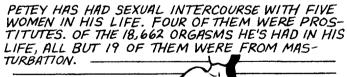


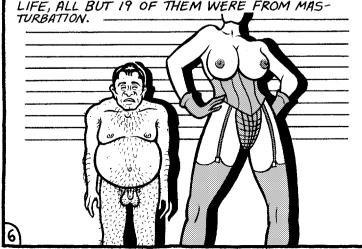


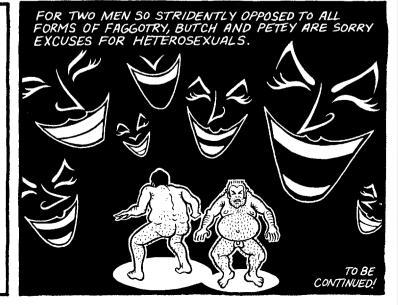














EXOTIC's Guide to

The heat is on in Oregon, and it's time for us all to sit back, sip a Slurpee, and savor some summery sexual goodness!!! We here at Exotic enjoy sex! We enjoy summertime! We enjoy having fun! We enjoy enjoying ourselves! And we enjoy putting together these "hot-weather sexual fun tips" for you with the hope that you'll enjoy them, too! Everyone knows that summer was made for sex, fun, and lotsa exclamation points!!!!!!

GET "PUMPED-UP" WITH A "FULL-GENITAL WORKOUT!"

Why do so many Americans become fitness-conscious in the summer? Why do they spend so much money on plastic surgery, tanning booths, exercise equipment, and liposuction? The answer is simple: THEY WANT TO BE MORE SEXUALLY ATTRACTIVE. And so they work on their abs,

lats, and delts, huffing and puffing and sweating their way into tip-top physical

shape...with one glaring exception. At the end of a workout, rare is the person who "feels the burn" in their genitals. You heard me correctly—in order to be more sexually attractive, people will exercise every muscle BUT their genitals! The "ordinary" muscleman neglects this ever-so-special place. He might have massive, wide-spread, manta-ray back muscles. He might be able to crush cans with his biceps. He might be able to crush walnuts with his neck. But if his penis and scrotum are puny and flabby, what are his chances with the ladies? Thankfully, we now have the Full-Genital Workout Kit, which comes complete with barbells, rope, and matching cock and ball rings. Your genitals will thank you—and so will that "special lady"!!!

MANUFACTURER: Nadknockers Unlimited from Walla Walla, WA

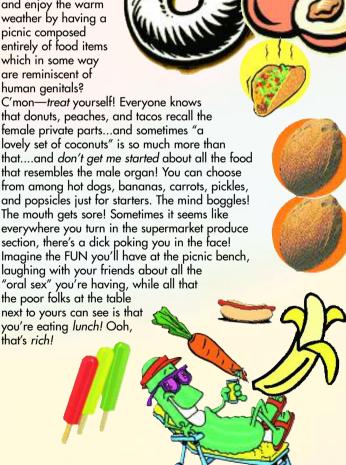
PRICE: \$99.95



There are two things everyone likes: food and genitals! So why not combine the two and enjoy the warm weather by having a picnic composed entirely of food items which in some way are reminiscent of

C'mon—treat yourself! Everyone knows that donuts, peaches, and tacos recall the female private parts...and sometimes "a lovely set of coconuts" is so much more than that....and don't get me started about all the food that resembles the male organ! You can choose from among hot dogs, bananas, carrots, pickles, and popsicles just for starters. The mind boggles! The mouth gets sore! Sometimes it seems like everywhere you turn in the supermarket produce section, there's a dick poking you in the face! Imagine the FUN you'll have at the picnic bench,

next to yours can see is that you're eating lunch! Ooh, that's rich!





TRY SOME SUNSCREEN/MOSQUITO LOTION/S.T.D. CREAM— IT'S FLAVORED!!!

It's a "scorcher" outside today, and you wouldn't be caught dead under that hot soleil without some high-powered sunscreen. Oh, yeah—those pesky "skeeters" are nippin' hard today, so you'd better carry along some mosquito lotion, too. And who knows how many chance sexual encounters are awaiting you at the beach today, so you'd better bring along some S.T.D. cream just to be safe, too. Geez, that's a LOT of stuff to carry! But wait, there's a ONE TUBE solution for all your hot-weather lotioning needs—the "3-in-1 Summertime Fun Gel" fights ultraviolet light, mosquitos, and most known sexually transmitted diseases except for the deadly ones! Just find someone to rub it on your back.
Then return the favor! And then, as an added treat, you can actually LICK the gel off one another's bodies, because this puppy comes in six exciting FLAVORS! You'll wish that every day came with the threat of skin cancer, malaria, and chlamydia!

MANUFACTURER: Rose City Greaseworks from Portland, OR

PRICE: \$8.95



GET WET 'N' WILD WITH A "BACKYARD HIGH-COLONIC LAWN-SPRINKLER PARTY"!!!

Is there anything more fun than a backyard party? Sure there is—a backyard party in hot weather where everyone can run under a lawn sprinkler, giggling like the dickens! But this isn't just any lawn sprinkler, fellas—it provides a thouing device. Just sit on the tubing device for a few seconds, and—voilá!—you've given yourself a high colonic! All that meat entombed in your sarcophagus of a your rectum! Not only is it cool, it's cleansing! The High-Colonic Lawn ing an orgasm-inducing 10,000 micro-spurtsTM of cool water per second right where you need it the most! You'll pray that summer never ends!

MANUFACTURER: Colonic Solutions from Clifton Heights, PA

PRICE: \$499.95



AMUSE YOUR FRENDS WITH YOUR NEW SET OF "BEACH BALLS"!!!

They "won't believe their eyes" when you drop trou and reveal that your scrotum has been lovingly colored like a beach ball! How summery is that? This hysterical new gag gift comes with food coloring, a beach-ball stencil pattern, a

Scrotal Size Chart so you can determine how large to make the pattern, and an illustrated instruction manual. The "Beach Balls" pattern will last 90 days on the average scrotum, meaning you can have a set of colorful, hilarious testicles all summer!

MANUFACTURER: Testicular Technologies from Rahway, NJ **PRICE:** \$14.95

DEVELOP YOUR CREATIVITY WITH "EROTIC SAND SCULPTURES!!"

Everything looks better when sculpted into genital shapes, and sand is no exception! Why, just lookit all that dull, flat, beige sand out there just ITCHIN' to be sexualized! As the waves keep pounding, pounding, pounding the sand into soft submission, you can sculpt genital figures that memorialize, at least until high tide comes in, the human

instruments of this eternal pounding motion which is, and always will be, the rhythm of life as we know it. Boy, you could really poke an eye out with one of those Giant Sand Penises! And hey—watch out you don't fall into the Giant Sand Vagina!









0 7 7

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
EXOTIG MAGAZINE WELCOMES THE ROSE FESTIVAL FLEET	CHE BOURS SOUTH				DOUBLE SHOT 2 gris on stage eveny friday night Soobie's bar & grill	
Danke's Sinferno Balatanes surviii topin - 3rd & burside	KARAOKE S FROM FLELL Bante's - 3rd & Burnside MORE-ON MONDAYS STARS CABARET	2 FER TUESDAYS GLUB 205 DOUBLE SHOT 2 GRISON STAGE SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL SLIN. NIGHT - MAGIC GARDENS	DANCE CONTEST Sassy's 10 pm BUMP-N-GRIND Bante's 6pm-9pm	MISS NUDE OREGON SEMINFIANTS THE DOUPTHY STARSCABARET	DOUBLE SHOT 2 cents on stage Soobie's bar & grill	8
Dante's Sinferno Badares Firedancers Buresque cabaret and all things sinfulii	KARAOKE TO FROM MOSELL Bante's - 3rd & Burnside MORE-ON MONDAYS STARS CABARET	CIUD 205 CIUD 205 DOUBLE SHOT SOBBIES BAR & GRILL SLR. NIGHT - MAGIC GARDENS	12 BUMP-N-GRIND Dante's Gpm-9pm	HOOTERS WIGHT THE FIREHOUSE CABARET SALEM KOTIC COVERGIRLCONTEST STARSCABARET KOTIC-A-60-60 - The Cobait Lounge BOUBLE VISION - Boom Boom Room	DOUBLE SHOT 14	THE ALL NEW 有 序置订图的 例图计订 WITH DEACOD × DAMES - 3RD & BURNSIDE
DEDUCE'S 19 SUNTERDO GEDETAGE FIREDANCERSI BURIESQUE CABARET AND ALL THINGS SINFULIII 10pm - 3rd & Burnside	KARAOKE TO FROM CHOST BUTTERS CABARET	CIUD 205 CIUD 205 COUBLE SHOT SCHISON STAGE SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL SLA. MIGHT - MAGIC GARDENS	THE WORLD'S BEEN BEAST COMPETITION UTION TACKES COVERGIRI DANCEC ONTEST CIUD 205 MENGER ATROIS PARTY SOOBIES BAR & GRILL COMPAGE ACONTEST PAGES STARS CABARET	MISS WUDEOREGON FINALS TILLE DOLLPLICE OF THE SOLUTION OF THE SOLUTION OF SOCIETION OF SOCIETION SOCIETIES OF STATE SOLUTION SOCIETIES OF SOLUTION SOCIETIES OF SOLUTION OF THE SOLUTION OF T	DOUBLE SHOT 2 cans on state Sobbie's bar & canil State of the Coording Bissy Competition of the Coordinate of the Coordi	THE PROBLETS BEST EXOTIGE COMPETITION UNTION JACKS
23 SECRET RENDEZVOUS CLUB 205 ANNUAL GOLF TOURNAMENT 30	KARAOKE 24 FROM HELD Bante's - 3rd & Burnside MORE-ON MONDAYS STARS CABARET	DOUBLE SHOT 25 cints on stage + Spoolky's direction Sooble's bar & grill s.in. night - Magic gardens 2 fer tuesdays Chub 205	26 BUMP-N-GRIND Dante's Gpm-9pm	27	DOUBLE SHOT 28 2 GRILL SOOBIE'S BAR & GRILL	FETISH 29 DIGHT WHIPS, CHAINS & GERBILS THE FIREHOUSE CABARET SALEM

HFI P WANTED •

Dancers wanted at Portland's **HOTTEST** clubs. Call for shifts at Club 205, Sassy's, Double Dribble, Hideaway Pub, Nicolai St. Club (503) 788-3336 (503) 788-3337

Boom Boom Room...

Classy exotic dance club on upscale Southwest Barbur Blvd. in Portland is seeking top quality dancers. Call (503) 226-7332.

MODELS WANTED!!!

For 3 high traffic lingerie modeling shops -Call John (503) 818-4215.

Models needed for top \$\$ shifts at Portland's long established lingerie modeling salon. All-female staff, easy working conditions. 503.701.0546.

Lingerie Models & **Dancers needed.** Work for yourself - Not an agency. Call 971-544-0500 (This is a PDX #)

All Female Staff & Owner

Now hiring, 3 locations for webcam models, studio, live-in positions, live cam. Ask for Anna 503-261-1111

Model where the \$\$ are at!

New Beaverton Lingerie Modeling Shop seeks beautiful and determined models. 503.909.2065

• MISCELLANEOUS •

Photographer seeking models!

\$75 per hour..paid same day. Call for interview. Female Only. 21 and over only. Attitude more important than looks. 503-704-7694

FREE GAY SEX!!! Hot guys, live and local. Call 503-548-8888 or 206-805-8888 Enter FREE trial code 6121. www.interactivemale.com

Anything Goes... Personal Listings

1-800-596-3262 \$2.99 min.

CASUAL SEX DATELINE..

Want Sex?...Act on it! Call Casual Sex Dateline in Portland 503-802-4848. In Vancouver 360-816-6262. Enter Free Trial Code: 5262.

Hev Girl--Bad Date? 603-813-0996 Portland Metro Area

Leave a message and we will spread the word!

Viagra..\$6 a dose! http://KwikMed.com/viagra/137168/

ADVENTUROUS LADIES...

needed for adult movie industry

MAKE BIG \$\$\$

Serious inquiries only! Must be over 18, call for details (503) 449-7311

High Society Magazine Cheri Magazine

Porn Oueen Sunset Thomas

are having a talent search! Sunset is filming an adult film here in Portland. They are searching for local females to be a co-star with Sunset.



sunsetthomas @pyramid.net

> or 503-704-7694

NOW HIRING FOR TOP PAY!

MODEL AT THE CLEANEST AND **MOST ELEGANT LINGERIE** MODELING SHOPS IN THE NORTHWEST.

QUIT DANCING FOR DOLLAR **BILLS -- CALL TODAY AND MAKE** THE MONEY YOU DESERVE!

•••••

Pacific Northwest Mortgage

Dancers-You can Buy a House Toda

No-Income-Verification Loans With Down Payment and Reasonable Credit.

> - No Tax Returns - No Proof of Income

Call Jerry (503) 224-4564 Office (503) 312-3332 Mobile CALL FOR FREE ESTIMATE TODAY

MAGAZINE

80 ~

Starting June 5th
Every Wednesday from 6pm to 9pm
Dante's Presents

BUMP-N-GRIND

STRIPTEASE & BURLESQUE

Featuring Open Auditions for Sinferno Cabaret (Sunday nights) & Vaudeville (Tuesday nights). Looking for Burlesque, Striptease, Fire Dancers, Jugglers, Belly Dancers, etc.

Call 503.226.6630 for more audition information.

Dante's Cafe & Cocktail Lounge

1 SW 3rd & Burnside Downtown Portland Tel. 503.226.6630 - www.danteslive.com



Southwest's Newest and Finest. Selectively Hiring.

4345 SW Rose Biggi Ave. • 503.909.2065

BEST SHOWCLUBIN TOWN

WEBB'S SHOWCLUB

7530 NE KILLINGSWORTH • 503-252-3679

NOW HIRING DANCERS • GREAT MONEY • 18 YEARS AND OLDER

OPEN SCHEDULE

• NO AGENCY BUILSHIT • PICK YOUR OWN DAMN HOURS

CALL MIKE OR PHIL TODAY!



WORK FOR PDX'S TOP DOG...



CALL FOR A BACHELOR PARTY PACKAGE TODAY!

Enjoy a new laid back agent aboard the Big Dog Staff - Welcome to Dave and Mason.



Now Booking Dancers For:

- Club 205
- Sassy's
- Nicolai St. Club
- The Hideaway Pub
- Double Dribble

503.788.3336 503.788.3337







PERFORMANCE weetie, honey-pie, my cute little spider monkey...I'm really glad we have this chance to talk about, in a rational manner, ANXIETY exactly what happened that night. I'm doing this because it's the least you deserve. I need to be responsible. I need to make myself accountable. I need to come clean with

the people I've hurt. You're worth it. We're worth it. It's worth it. All the work I'm doing, all the fines I'm paying, and all the classes I'm attending...it's all worth it. My counselor said I need to talk about what happened. The other men in my group have given me the "green light" to talk about what happened between us that night.

So this is it. This is my apology. This is me telling you I'm sorry. Now, since I can't remember what happened...since you were the one who TOLD me what happened...let me run it past you and see if I got it straight.

You know, people are always telling me I'm too selfish.

They're always telling me I should share. No matter how painful the

This Month's Guest Writer:

J. L. STOCKMAN

memory, no matter how embarrassing, no matter how it destroys any notions of my masculinity, or, indeed, my basic humanity. I should fucking share it with the world!

I've shared my warm loving, arterial-plaque-coated heart with you. I've shared my smoky-bacon-scented body with you, nuzzling you up to my warm, hairy nips.

I've shared the stories, no matter how exaggerated or outright false, of my childhood sexual abuse at my father's hands.

I've shared everything with you that's sacred to me.

On the night in question, if your account is correct, I shared a special part of myself with you. And despite the fact that everyone's always barking at me about how I should share, share, share, apparently I shared too much that time.

You accept the fact that I've been in prison. That I sired a child out of wedlock. That I don't like black people. That I'm a compulsive masturbator, which is the reason I'm so frequently "not in the mood" around you. That I'm tormented by sexual fantasies about Jim Goad. That I often scream out, "Give it to me, Goadie!" while we're makin' whoopie.

The way I see it, I'm just a free spirit.

But you act like you're being a "big person" when you "accept" all these "bad things" about me.

So why can't you accept the fact that I once passed out drunk and pissed all over you?

Really, what's your problem? And who's to say you didn't pee on vourself and blame it on me? As far as I remember, there were

no surveillance cameras in my studio apartment! Nobody ran DNA tests on the urine in question! Who's to say one of the Trail Blazers didn't break into my apartment, pee all over us, and leave?

Are you sure it was piss? Maybe it was lemonade or a nice pipin'-hot cup of chicken broth.

You're really making me angry. I think I'M the one who deserves an apology.

To tell you the truth...for perhaps the first time...I don't remember what happened that night. I remember slamming down about five pitchers of PBR at The Matador, I remember we fought about the gas bill and your relatives. I remember you were miffed about stepping on that cat turd near my futon. I remember refusing to go down on

you, which you didn't think was too cool. It's all about your pleasure, isn't it? Apparently, my feel-

ings don't matter.

The last thing I remember was you velling at me to wake up. You were pleading with me not to sleep in a puddle of my own urine. Well, you know what? That's why it's called MY urine. And it was also MY bed. And MY apartment. So if you don't want to be sprayed with my piss as if you were a joyful inner-city child playing under a fire hydrant in the summer heat, well, I hope the door doesn't slap you in the ass when you leave! I gave you something that no one else was willing to give you, and you have the gall to complain? Well, that's just perfect!

But there's no way the guys at group therapy are going to accept this letter unless I say I'm sorry. So even though I really don't mean it...and even though YOU'RE the one who should be saying "I'm sorry" to ME...here goes nothin'...

I'm sorry 'bout that whole peein'-on-you thing. It was a total thinking error on my part.

I guess you're just too immature to let bygones be bygones. I guess you're just sadistic and controlling enough to demand an apology when your feelings are hurt and your undergarments are stained beyond repair.

> I thought we were at the point in our relationship when I could use your body as a toilet and not have to face all that static and guff from

I was ready to make that step. I guess you weren't. We all move at different paces. So I'm really sorry that you weren't as advanced as I was. I'm sorry that you aren't in control of your emotions. I'm sorry that you're not as good

"You were pleading with me not to sleep in a puddle of my own urine. Well, you know what? That's why it's called MY urine. And it was also MY bed."

a person as I am. I'm sorry that you cry at the drop of a hat. I'm sorry you can't accept me for who I am.

I'm sorry you can't accept a liquid version of me.

Come to think of it, I'm sorry I didn't shit on you, too.

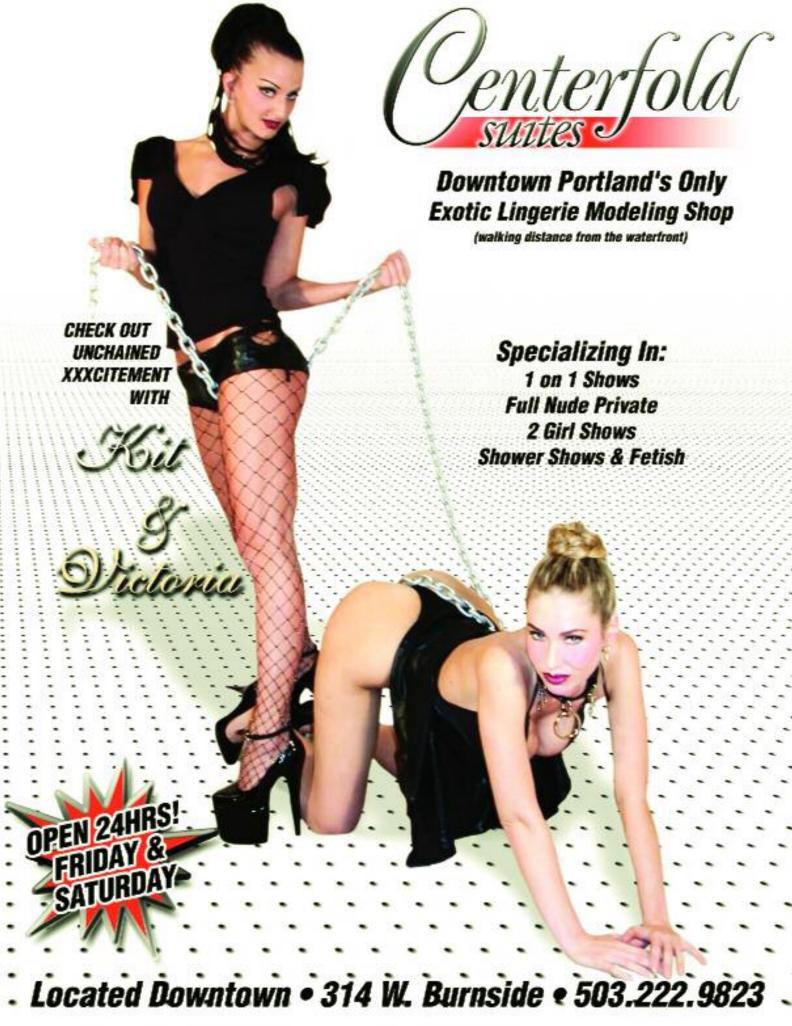
This isn't about me. It's about us.

Friends?

A monthly column in which EXOTIC's writers recall their MOST EMBARRASSING SEXUAL EXPERIENCES







SMOTH' CLASS

THE NORTHWEST'S LARGEST SELECTION OF GLASS

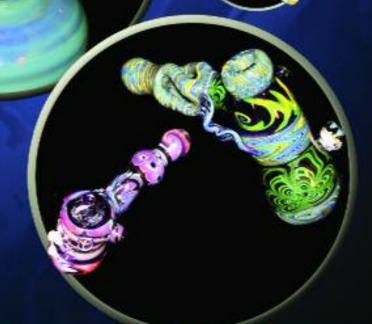


FEATURING
AWARD WINNING
FUNCTIONAL GLASS ART
INCLUDING A DIVERSIFIED
COLLECTION OF
PIPES & WATER PIPES



OPEN

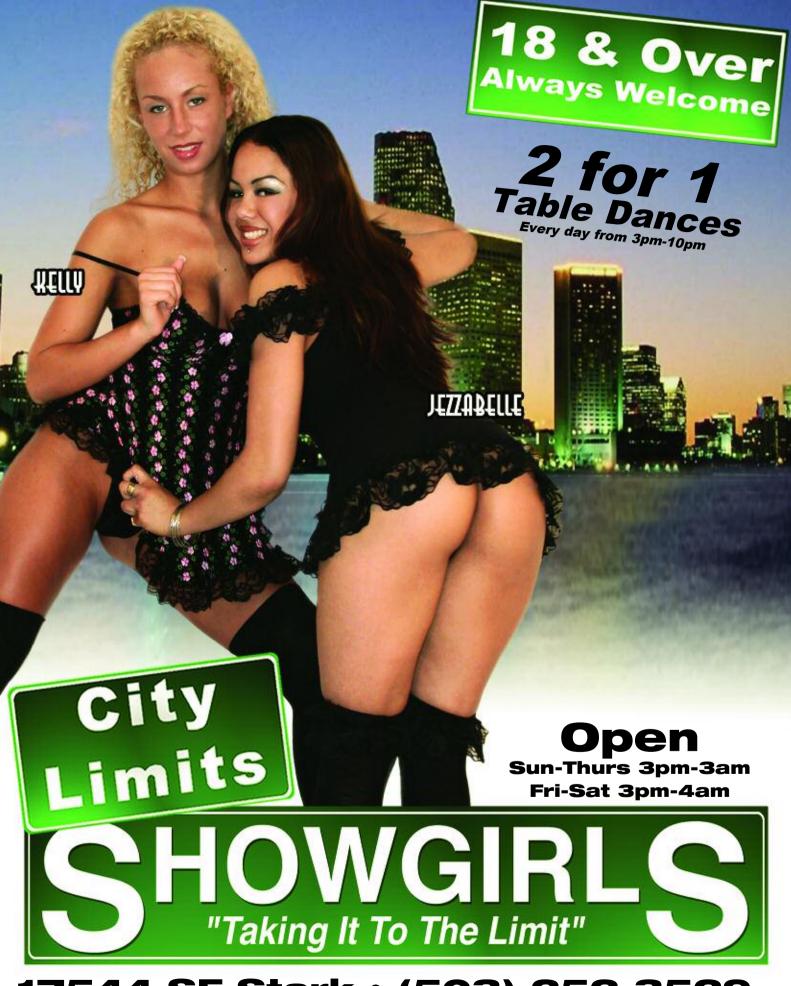
11'^{ISH} - 8:00 ^{PM} (SUNDAY 'TIL7:00 PM)





3862 SE HAWTHORNE • (503) 236-6022

(UPSTAIRS ON THE CORNER OF 39TH & HAWTHORNE)



17544 SE Stark • (503) 252-3529



Portland's hottest club just got HOTTER!

Now featuring Aspen & Logan



8345 SW BARBUR 503.244.7630 / MON-FRI, 2PM-2AM SAT-SUN, 6PM-2AM













2 LOCATIONS OFFERING PORTLAND'S FINEST EXOTIC ENTERTAINMENT FOR GENTLEMEN EVERYDAY FROM 11AM-2AM

Ohe Dolphin I & II

CHECK OUT OUR

NEW VIP LOUNGE

THE DOLPHIN II

FEATURING

MISS NUDE OREGON CONTEST

(OPEN TO ALL ENTERTAINERS)

JUNE 6TH - SEMIFINALS @ THE DOLPHIN JUNE 20TH - FINALS @ THE DOLPHIN II

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR A MONTHLY OPPORTUNITY TO HELP US PICK OUR DOLPHIN DANCERS

DOLPHING DANCER OF THE MONTH MORGAN

NEVER A COVER!

FULL BAR • OUTSTANDING DINING

DAILY FOOD SPECIALS

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW

BEAUTIFUL ENTERTAINERS

HOT COUCH DANCES • OREGON LOTTER

DOLPHING DANCER OF THE MONTH

THE DOLPHIN 17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd. 503-654-9366

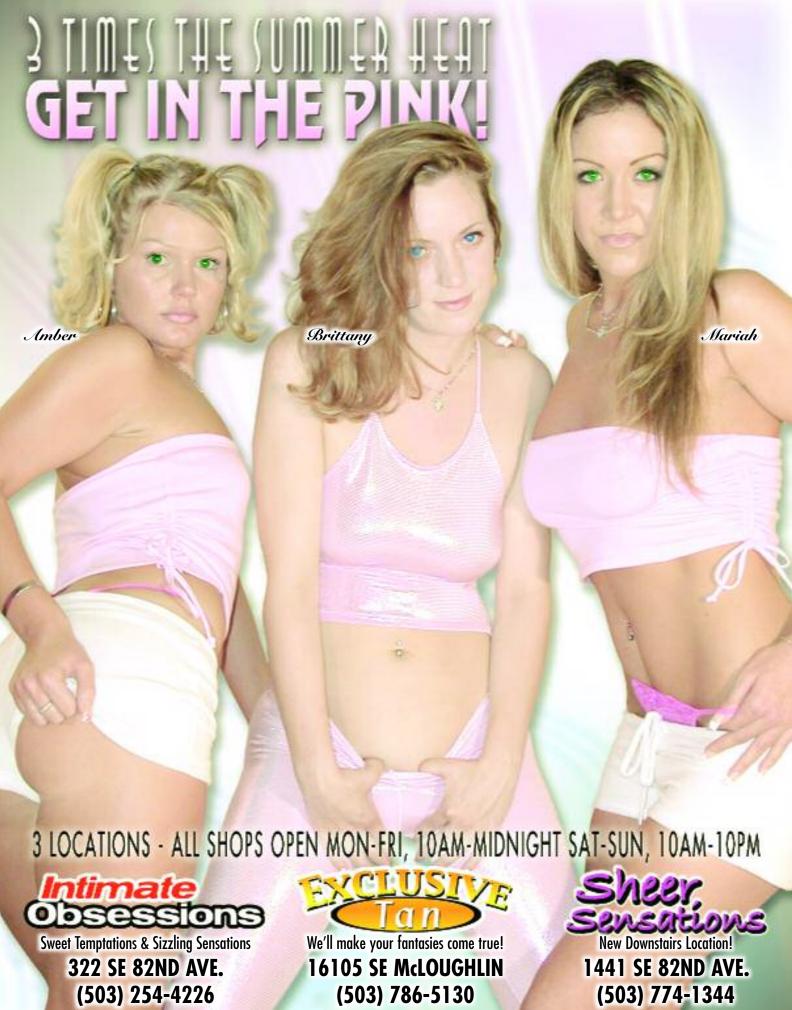
BOTH LOCATIONS
OPEN DAILY
11AM-2AM

THE DOLPHIN II
10860 SW BEAVERTON
HILLSDALE HIGHWAY
503-627-0666



24 HOURS, 7AM TO 7AM, JUNE 7TH! ALL 40 MODELS AVAILABLE FOR 24 HOURS

OPEN 24 HOURS TO PLEASE YOU! EVERY HOUR . EVERY DAY . EVERY DESIRE



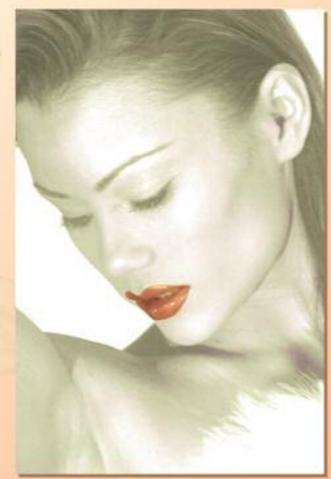


Control Factor Studios

"Your Alternative Production Studio"



Seeking Men, Women and Couples of all types looking to make extra income in a professionally controlled studio.

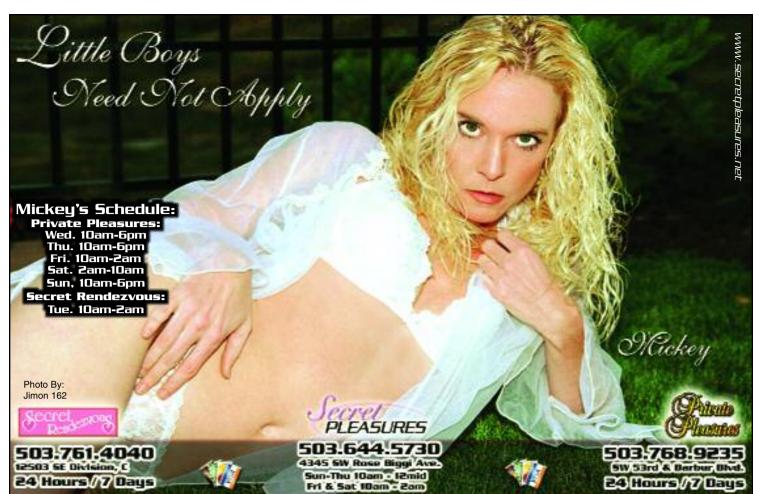




Looking for an alternative studio to photograph or film your unique expression for yourself or loved one?

- -Portfolios
 -Portraits
 - -Boudoir
 - -Nude/Non-Nude
 - -Video Production

Control Factor @ 503-251-8844 8231 SE Taylor Ct., Portland (East of 82nd)







Come start your summer right!

Lave a ball with...

ALEXIS KAYLIE PAIGE SIENNA

SIERRA

ASHLEY

TIFANNY

ALLISON

HOURS

10AM=12MIDNIGHT

masm

10AM-2AM



3633 SE 35TH PLACE, SUITE 104 • 503-235-0058 agross from cocktails & dreams

