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Carnal Knowledge by frank faillace email: ffaillace@gwest.net

I have figured out the solution to everything

It's hot chocolate.

We've been drinking a lot of hot chocolate here at the office lately, and it seems to have smoothed over the multitude

of problems we experience on a daily basis.

We have gone through several hundred packets of cocoa in the last two months. The first month we started drinking it, we ran out near the end of deadline and Shon and I nearly panicked for the last three

hours. Little did we know then, that as a cruel joke before leaving us to work all alone in the dead of night, Bobby had hidden the box of hot chocolate in his desk drawer. Perhaps he didn't realize the consequences of his action at the time, or perhaps we have all just underestimated how cruel Bobby can be when we don't get our work done on time.

Fortunately, Bryan, in an uncharacteristically sympathetic manner, has kept us well stocked with hot chocolate for the last two months. Or maybe he just saw that we got our work done much better and faster when amped on the brown cups o' chocolatey, happy brew.

And after I drank my last cup just about a half hour ago, I realized that I cannot be angry at anyone after I drink a warm, creamy, sweet cup of hot chocolate. And the sugar and chocolate high is pretty much unequaled. Plus I've never been a coffee drinker. Too strong. Too bitter. Too fucking grown-up.



late

Thus, at 4:57 this morning I have come to the earth-shattering conclusion that hot chocolate is the key to every problem we face in the world today.

Not only does it take you

back to childhood, it soothes your nerves, yet perks you up. It makes you happy. It is primal in it's power.

Forget the duct tape and plastic. Steamy, creamy choco is where it's at. Saddam Hussein? Osama

bin Laden? They need to drink some hot choco-

George W. Bush? John Ashcroft? Hot chocolate.

The economy? Those Wall Street traders and corporate CEOs need to take five and down a few cups of Swiss Miss. It warms the heart.

Drunk, stupid people at your bar? Pour 'em a cup of the hot sweet nectar.

The French? Double hot cocoas. Oui, oui...

Fire in the nightclub? Throw some hot chocolate with great white cream on the inferno.

Frustrated because vour not getting enough Nashville Pussy? Hot Nestle is the key.

Global warming? Massive budget deficits? Hole in the ozone layer? Space shuttle disaster? School funding crisis? Rasheed's temper? Terrorist attack? Code red virus? Yeast infection? Liquor liability insurance? Erectile dysfunction? North Korea? Inhalation anthrax? Can't figure out what to write about? After sex, it's all about the hot chocolate. X



Every time you masturbate... God kills a kitten. Please. Think of the kittens.

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Send yours to xmag@qwest.net or 818 sw 3rd ave. #1324, portland, or 97204

Date: Thu, 30 Jan 2003 From: "Dan Han" <danishh786@hotmail.com> To: xmag@qwest.net Subject: Important

Hello,

I have emailed you on behalf of the November article that you have posted on your website. It is called



Turn Me On." I just want to know what the hell is it. Why the hell have you posted such false info about the Islam muslims? Were you trying to

"Muslim Girls

make a joke or do you really thing all this info that you have posted is true? I mean this email as a very respectable manner way even though that article has pissed me off. I just want to make a humble request: If its possible, can you please take that article out and post some meaning full article which does not spread false info among your true fans. Thank you for your cooperation.

P.S. Please reply back.

Okay, we are replying back. Yes, Muslim girls actually DO turn us on. Sorry and you're welcome.—Pub.

Date: Wed, 29 Jan 2003 From: Mahm5932@aol.com To: xmag@qwest.net Subject: I AM REPORTING YOU TO THE INTERNET

I HAVE BEEN OFFENDED BY THE RACISM THAT YOU HAVE DONE AGAINST MUSLIMS I AM REPORTING XMAG AND WHO WROTE THE ARTICLE TO THE AUTHORITIES YOU WILL BE PROS-ECUTED I PROMISE YOU.

FROM A MUSLIM YOU WOULD NOT DO THIS TO A JEW WOULD YOU?

Actually, yes, we would do it to a Jew, and I think we have. Jews, Christians, Muslims, white people, black people, rich people, poor people, women, men, etc... We are equal opportunity offenders. By the way, Tell THE INTERNET we said, "hey." and to watch out for that Ashcroft guy.—Pub.

Date: Tue, 28 Jan 2003 From: dzulaica@juno.com To: xmag@qwest.net Subject: Goad's Gone? May I Contribute....NOW???

Hey there,

Long time ago in a galaxy down the coast (San Francisco Bay Area here), I used to contribute to *Exotic*.



Gary Aker (can feel you wincing) was editor at the time, and I even contributed to the SF edition with Bob Armstrong waywayway back when. y head in and

Wanted to stick my head in and see if *now* there might be an opportunity for an occasional contribution, music or otherwise (the main pieces I did were music related). I covered the Exotic Erotic Ball back in what, '99?

I say *now* because it seems you guys have parted ways with that lovely man, Mr. Goad. Seems he didn't like music writing all that much. Oh well. So sorry he wasn't hugged enough as a kid.

Let me know if there might be any opportunities to query again. Had a lot of fun writing for you. If not, no problem. I'll find a way...somehow. Fondly,

DZ

There's always opportunities here at

Exotic if you can actually write. Which if I remember correctly in your case was in doubt. No... Wait, that was somebody else... DZ? Yes, you actually CAN write. Okay. And, for the record, Mr. Goad states that he actually received so many hugs that it resulted in cerebral hemorrraging, which is a possible explanation for your supposition. —Pub.

Date: Sat, 01 Feb 2003 From: "kumi" <kumi@kumimonster.com> To: xmag@qwest.net Subject: Lookin' for frank...



Hey hey, This is the girl from the Jan. 1998 mag cover...

Hmmm... Lookin for Frankie cuz I'm gonna be up in Portland for a fetish

party on Feb. 14 and I figured I would say hello!

His email contact on the info page bounced back to me though...

Could this message be forwarded please?

Thank you!

Kumi http://www.kumimonster.com http://www.madame-s.com http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ku mimonstersklub/

Kumi! Our friend and famous fetish model Kumi (see

www.kumimonster,com). We miss her. Sorry I missed you Kumi, I was down in San Francisco when you were up here. Next time...—Pub.

Send your comments and letters to xmag@qwest.net, or mail them to Exotic magazine, 818 SW 3rd Ave., #1324, Portland, Oregon 97204.





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I love cock. I love it love it. Big, giant, superhuman....average, small, wee...soft, hard, smooth, hairy, I love them all. They are wonderfully magnificent little beings, even if the person they're attached to is all too often a total dick.

I am relatively undiscriminating, though I prefer my cocks to be hard. Stubbornly, frequently hard.

Some of my favorites include the stranger's cock, wrapped in blue jeans and hard as a rock, teasing me through my short skirt sitting on his lap drinking a jack-n-coke and talking about stupid rock'n'roll. Or the reliable cock-in-the-mouth, getting bigger and harder and slippier with every suck. Or, best of all, the good-morning cock ready to rock and knockin' softly at my pajama'd ass.

I've taken a few courses in cockology and I know that there's quite a variety out there. And that stereotypes exist for a reason. The blackest cock I ever met was also the biggest cock I ever met and I thank Jesus to this day that that guy had a foot fetish. The smallest cocks I've encountered have been brown—Middle Eastern, Mexican, Southeast Asian—and attached to the BEST lovers. The white cocks have all been "above average" according to their owners, whose skills were ultimately below average. I don't really care. If it's hard, I'm happy.

It's come to my attention recently that many guys read much more into this cock size thing than meets your pussy. Like did you know guys who date exclusively Asian chicks have small cocks, the better to fit in their supposedly smaller boxes? Or that the only guys who cry on account of a woman after age ten have teeny weenies? Or that Napoleon's/ Hitler's/ your-band-name-here's world domination fantasies were the result of less-than-average guns? Or what about this current conflict? Your President George W. Bush vs. the evil whatchamacallits. Surely this economic stink bomb is resultant from the age-old coupling of penises and politics. Heck, if you take the *eni* out of penis and substitute it for the *olitic* in politics you have the SAME WORD. Weird!

"I Love Cock."

Does George W. have a big cock? Laura always looks pretty well laid. But whose fault is that? You can get off in a number of different ways in the White House.

Who is Saddam's cock sock, and why do we never see his/ her/ their picture? Here's a guy whose penis envy is so outta control that he builds million-dollar mosques to himself, festooned with phallic minarets that are actually in the shape of kalashnikovs and other military hardware—in a country where food is an unaffordable luxury. Jesus! Take a Viagra! Get a penis pump. Or just use your hands more, dude!

My diminutive Egyptian lover was the BEST. I still get crosseyed thinking of how he would pull me into him, placing his little hand on the small of my back. He could repeat this move anywhere—in a theater, on Second Avenue, at a funeral—and I'd wet my pants. He was also adept at that works-every-time trick of kissing a girl with your hand wrapped around her neck. This works every time! Why don't more of you dickheads use it?

The secret is to make us feel that you're in control, that you know what you're doing and that we are literally and figuratively FUCKED. Cuz the truth is that while you boys are following your unpredictable and impetuous cocks around, suckers to the vagaries of virility, we chicks are holding things together. It's exhausting and we need a break. If you can for half a second make us believe that you're gonna hunt and gather and kill and maim for us, we melt like butter. To this end your big cock will only take you so far. Use your tongue, hands, brain, mouth. Then use your hands some more.

Don't get me wrong—I love cock! But it's those creative cocks—the ones who start with an appetizer of chocolate-dipped toes, know exactly how to pull your hair and do really fucking great handiwork—that you always hear about in the dressing rooms.





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Exotic Covergirl Lacey Lynn

Yeah she's blonde and she's got enormous tits, but Lacey Lynn can talk, too. Listen to her weigh in on *Moral Reality* on

Channel 11 every Tuesday night at 11:30PM. *Moral Reality* is "a show that says its okay to be sexy and have some fun.... a place where men and women can express themselves in a safe and comfortable environment and talk freely about their fantasies or sexy reality without judgment."

Lacey invites lot of local

Miss Mona's Rack Closes

Unable to find a willing insurer and preparing for March '03 budget cuts, **Danzine** reluctantly decided to shutter its second-hand clothing store last month.

Their Bad Date Line, Bio-Babes and Needle Exchange operations will continue. A new issue of *danzine* is also in the works. Don't miss the Rack's **HUGE BLOWOUT SALE** on March 22nd from 1-6pm.

Clothes, furniture and fixtures, many of them donated by your favorite local strippers! Yum! hotties to her lair, interviews them, then has them do a few spins around the stage. A get-to-know-thestripper-next-door kinda show— funny, smart and sexy.

Lacey describes herself as "a whirlwind that can go from nice and loving to being so bad and naughty." Log on to

controlfactor.com to see naughty pictures of her and to get your exclusive invitation to a Control Factor **V.I.P. Party** at Stars Cabaret on March 11th.

Adult Store News

Can't afford to travel? Expand your cultural horizons this month with some Japanese Animation porn from **Frolics**. On sale!

Fantasy Adult Video has joined A.C.E. (Association of Club Executives). Along with DK Wilds, they have recognized the fact that being primarily adult video stores, even though they are not necessarily directly affected by laws regarding live entertainment, they have many of the same general concerns and liabilities when it comes to regulation and legislation. Hopefully these two farthinking companies will inspire more adult stores and clubs to join the association and help fight to keep all of our businesses from being treated unfairly.



Lacey Lynn relaxing at home, contemplating her next shrewd business move.

Gentlemen's Club News

The Dolphin I and II are hosting the Miss Nude Oregon pageant, with Semifinals this month. Get your tickets at the Dolphin II, and call Gary if you want to enter.

The "wildest porn star in America," Summer Cummings, appears March 26th and 27th at **Stars** Beaverton with her "Boobs of Doom." While you're out there, take a dip with your favorite girl in their new Hot Tub Lounge. You can meet covergirl and local cable television star Lacev Lvnn at Stars on March 11th, when she hosts a V.I.P. Party featuring guest entertainers from ControlFactor.com.

If you're in the mood for a catfight, **The Pallas** is the place for you on March 22nd. Hot chicks will be pulling hair, all slicked up and falling down, at their spectacular Oil Wrestling night. Hot Daisy Duke is throwing a party at the **Dollhouse** on March 29th. No word on whether or not Bo and Luke Duke will join their cousin at this rockin' event.

Montego's is having a special on Table and Couch Dances—\$5 and \$10, respectively! So if you like furniture.... Also, do not miss Montego's Naughty Schoolgirl Wednesdays!

Roc's Bar and Grill introduces live music every Friday and Saturday nights. There are a lot of great bands out there in Portland, and I'm sure they'll have some of them at Roc's.

On SW Barbur Boulevard, Flambe—formerly AJ's—has re-opened as a strip club again, this time called **The Big Bang.**

For this month's **A.C.E.** (Association for Club Executives) news see page 84.



-SEMI FINILS-Wednesday, March 19th @ The Dolphin II 10860 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy.

503.627.0666

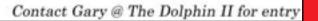


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what's your fucking problem?

advice from DEMI MONDRINE

It's common knowledge that the human tongue has taste buds for sweet, salty, sour and bitter tastes. Recently, the medical association has discovered some new little buds in the back. These

newly found taste buds are for tasting fat, and they're located just at the crest of our throats. This knowledge might be new to those stodgy scientists, but it's old news to this little tramp. I've been aware that the back of my throat is craving fat for many years. Fat cock that is.

My throat slicks up and I get all dribbly at the mouth over a smooth woody knob of dick. But I'm not here to tell you about my love of cock and all its yummy gifts. No, I'm here to talk about size. Size matters. But before you get upset about your wrinkly lil' guy downstairs, hear me out.

There once was a boy, we'll call him Big Dummy, who I was curious about. Curious like a cat-in-heat, howling and rubbing its butt on the floor and trying

"It was me and Cockzilla in the ring, the imaginary bell rang and the fight began."

to fuck your shoes. We were finally alone in my room, lights out, candles lit and all preliminary yammering done with. It was time to open my present. He was hesitant at first—turned out he really liked me and wanted to wait and blah blah blah. I told him we could go as slowly as he wanted as I slid my face down his big ol' chest, tracing every curve of ab-muscle with my tongue to just south of his navel. I heard him moan, but he could've also said "no". I was under the blankets and all sound was muffled. Pulling the blankets down to my shoulders I looked up at his face and slid further down. Just then his warm hand thunked against my cheek in protest, but looking up at him I saw that both his hands were behind his head. Hmmm.

I had to back up to see the whole thing. In the dark it looked like a plum on top of a ten inch soda can. Suddenly my butt hurt for no reason and my big mouth went dry. I put my hand on it and squeezed. It pushed back like a thick bicep. Big Dummy was silent and I thought that the amount of blood it took to fill this thing prob'ly knocked him into a coma. It was me and Cockzilla in the ring, the imaginary bell rang and the fight began. I did everything I could to get the head into my throat but my jaw was locked open too wide, so I had to do the juvenile stand-by of spit-slick hand-job while suckling the head as best I could.

Big Dummy was hitching his breath and moaning. "Mmmm, yeah. C'mere..." he moaned and stroked my head. I guess he was done waiting. As he pulled me up to him I felt like saying we should first wrap my hips in duct tape so I wouldn't bust open when he tried to plow me with his fucking thermos. I was shaky, but my pride urged me on. He kissed me and flipped me over onto my back and kicked my legs open. I took a deep breath and let it out as the carnage began.

Let's just say that Big Dummy and I had sex twice before I ended up in the hospital. Before we broke up all I could do with his cock was pose for pictures with it like a prize bass.

Gentlemen, you don't need a huge dick to rule the roost. In fact, it can work against you. Most girls love cock, but also everything that comes with itthe grinding, licking, suckling, spitting, swearing and a good sound smack across the ass....oh yes. So if you're hung like a duck, learn how to fuck. If you still feel you can't fill the bill, go buy a dildo or vibrator in any shape, size or color for backup.

As for me, if you shove it into my soft palate, rock my uvula and give those fatty buds a treat, you're in there. In my humble opinion, more than a mouthfull's wasted. Mmmmmm.

VISA

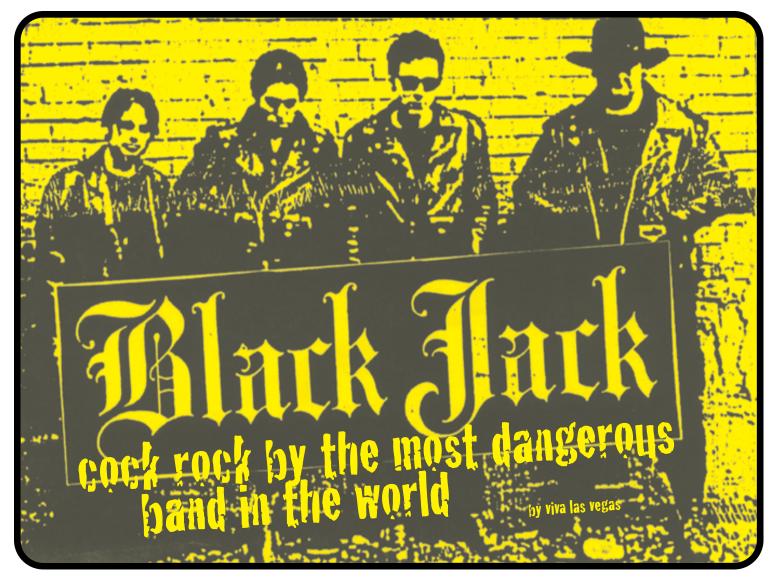
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I love Blackjack. I love them love them love them. They are the coolest hottest most dangerous band in the world and I never in a million years dreamed I'd muster the balls to interview them. I never in a million years dreamed I'd ever see them again, actually. Jail, rehab and other exotic locales kept them awful busy these last five years. Five years is a long time. David Bowie said that's all we got is five years, and boy was he right. The new kids have never seen or even heard of Blackjack. The old kids are dead or have bred.

So who and what is Blackjack? Imagine getting hit in the head with a club by an exceedingly well-groomed cop and really liking it. Imagine Wire's 32-minute opus *Pink Flag* done in eight minutes nine seconds. Imagine putting all your Misfits albums in a Cuisinart without the top on. Shrapnel, man! Beautiful and disfiguring.

I've talked with a lot of Big Names over the years, but no one got me so a-quiver as these four. They are total rockstars in a galaxy of indie nebulae. I'll never forget the day I ran into lead singer Captain Harlock at Fred Meyer, shopping for tchotchkes with his pistol hot ladyfriend. Might as well have been Simon fucking LeBon. I was totally starstruck. Blackjack!

Maybe you'll see them grocery shopping, too. Cpt. Harlock is the psycho lead singer who looks like Rat Scabies and bartends at the Matador. Born and bred in fabulous Las Vegas, this handsome crooner remains a mama's boy at heart, just like Elvis. Guitarist Jack Black looks like that guy from the Sex Pistols and that guy from

"Portland's reputation as being tunnel-type town is changing

the Clash. He is sooooo dreamy and shy. Why is that so often the case? Dreamy = shy? He plays guitar like that guy in GBH and he's never even heard GBH. Steve Reno plays bass and is every stripper's big brother. He is the greatest and I just love to hug him. He is also the smartest and from Chicago. Scottie is from Canby, Oregon and is cute as a button, whatever that means. He IS Blackjack. No one could ever replicate his seamless transitions from one twelve second song to the next. Outta sight.

What follows is Viva's Dream Come True. Blackjack, very alive and very well, sat around drinking manhattans with me on the day after Valentine's, the darkest day of the year. I love them so much. This amount of love even surpassed last year's VD lovefest with Slayer.

VIVA: Lotsa young kids have come of age in your absence...could you tell them WHO IS BLACK-JACK?

Blackjack: We are the guardian monster that only appears when music fucking sucks. And boy does it fucking suck!

VIVA: Why the long hiatus? And why are none of you dead?

Blackjack: You cannot kill that which is already dead.

Our band has had more fans die than any band on the West Coast. Except for the Wipers and Dead Moon.

VIVA: Has anyone ever died at a Blackjack show? Blackjack: Close! The golfball incident was really close. People are always talking about how violent our shows were, but people just stand there and watch us. Chicks dance. The only really violent show was at Club 21 when Harlock sang "AIDS" with his pants around his ankles. VIVA: What songs are vou working up?

Blackjack: We practiced forty-two songs yesterday.

"Uterus Hammer," "Down Syndrome," "Castrated".... VIVA: Do you have any ballads?

Blackjack: Fuck yeah we do. "Jack-Booted Thugs", "Call Me Unholy"....

VIVA: Have you guys ever played with any of the Portland darlings, like say Sleater-Kinney? That would be so rad.

Blackjack: At one point we were actually a Team-Dresch cover band. VIVA: God I hate Sleater-Kinney. Blackjack: If I had an extra bone in my body, it would be all full of hate for that band. If you're ugly and have no talent you can get a fuckin' dyke band together in five seconds in this town. VIVA: Obviously Blackjack is the best band to come out of Portland ever Blackjack: No, no, no. The Wipers, Poison Idea, Lockjaw....there's a lot. We're the best looking. VIVA: Okav. In the last ten years. So why do Pond and Quasi and Elliott Smith get all the props?

Blackjack: Because Portland is America's London, that's why....everyone has to be all sad.... Portland's reputation as being a tattooed, strip bar, shanghai tunnel-type town is changing into a fucking piece of shit.

VIVA: I think if you really experience Portland it still is a tattooed, strip bar, shanghai tunnel-type town, but to the nation we are an Elliott Smith town, and I think, due to your absence, it's your fault! stage at a show....he got really tired and took a nap and now here we are. That and a bunch of DUI's.

VIVA: So you've been gone a long time, do you think the kids are gonna cotton to ya right away again?

Blackjack: I don't care if anyone shows up or not. I'm just gonna get up there and jerk myself off.

VIVA: Any good good hair care or makeup products you cats can recommend to the strippers out there?

Blackjack: Cum. Strippers? I saw the biggest asshole the other day! Why do strippers shave their pussies but not their assholes in this town? I don't get it.

VIVA: When's the last time you were in a strip club?

Blackjack: With you! And the naked chick. What's that

your choice?

Blackjack: Italian suits. Pussy. Liquor. Cigarettes. VIVA: What's the sexiest thing you've seen onstage? Blackjack: Me. Viva Las Vegas. Nothing. Nobody. VIVA: Favorite movie? Blackjack: Dawn of the Dead. Day of the Dead. Night of the Living Dead. The Thing. VIVA: What's the longest Blackjack song? Blackjack: "Hate Generation" is about two minutes. VIVA: What's the shortest song? Blackjack: "Combat" is three seconds. "Blackjack! Blackjack! Blackjack! Game over." VIVA: What's the secret? Why do you guys kick so much ass? This artistic virility...how do you nail it

every night?



Blackjack: Cuz we are the perfect crew. Think about it: you got the little sexy guy [Scottie], you got the big happy guy [Reno], you got the quiet guy who doesn't ever say anything [Jack] [Editor swoons], and then you got the crazy guy who's out of control all the time [Harlock]. It's G-Force. VIVA: Would you rather go bowhunting with Ted Nugent or drink til va puke with Lemmy

Blackjack: Cuz we

steal from the best

bands in town steal

from the worst bands

like Mott the Hoople

Hoople are good!

and Thin Lizzy. VIVA: Mott the

bands and all the other

stripper's name? Bangkok? Where is she from? When does a stripper get off duty? That's the whole thing. If I'm in a bar and there's a stripper there, if I go over and give her like five bucks, she gets pissed off. But if I go to a strip club and give her five bucks, it's ok. So, why is she off duty? When I'm giving her the money all the time? That makes no sense! I'll sing anytime, give me a hundred bucks. I'm just saying, show me your asshole, here's a dollar. That's MY LINE. That Officer Partridge article used

a tattooed, strip bar, shanghai into a fucking piece of shit."

Blackjack: Good! Cuz that means it has the best underground punk bands.

VIVA: So, it's basically still Valentine's Day....what did you do?

Blackjack: I got high, took a bloodshit and hung around outside the girls' bathroom at the Shanghai Tunnel getting phone numbers.

VIVA: What's been goin on in the last five years? Are there babies? Are there wives? New venereal diseases? Felonies? Misdemeanors?

Blackjack: Last thing I remember is Reno falling off the

MY LINE. He can use it.

EXOTIC

VIVA: Any good bands of the last three years? Blackjack: Puffy Amiyumi. Yob. The Datsuns. The Dirtbombs always kick ass.

VIVA: Sexiest song of all time?

Blackjack: "I Don't Need Your Love" by Screwdriver. "Uterus Hammer." "Apple Blossom" by the White Stripes is smoochy.

VIVA: What's the best Pretenders' song? Blackjack: "Kid." "Brass in Pocket." VIVA: What's your antidepressant/ addiction of

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MAGAZINE

Kilmister?

Blackjack: I'd rather drink til I'm about to puke and then go hunt Ted Nugent. Then I'd like to go out and get drunk after I shot him. As soon as he fuckin kills a black bear I'll fuckin string his intestines up all over the fuckin forest. VIVA: Why? You like black bears? Blackjack: Yeah I'm Black Bear Clan.

VIVA: Really?

Blackjack: Fuckin' A! We're all vegetarians—I only eat vegetarian-fed beef. That way you get your meat and your veggies. I ain't got time to eat broccoli! Have the cow eat it! Then I'll fuckin' eat its ass! I did miss the McRib, by the way.

VIVA: What color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them?

Harlock: "I've got underwear on that says "Squeaky Clean" and they've got a rubber duck on them." Jack Black: [He checks, Editor swoons.] Black. "Like his dick!"

Steve Reno: Flesh-colored. "Just like you, baby." Scottie: Black Calvin boxer-briefs.

Harlock: "NOFX sucks! I just want this on the record. NOFX sucked from the day they started, but it just proves that if you go on tour for ten years, someone is gonna buy your record."

Blackjack is playing at The Matador on West Burnside in Downtown Portland on March 21st or thereabouts.



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Scooter is usually the person that fails in the deepest: falling prey to most of the pranks... but that's akay, love will keep him together.

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Then there is Sonie. God bless Sonie. If it weren't for her, these boys would poke their eyes out. She's super sexy and smart enough to keep PK at a distance. Fear is not seen anywhere around this lady. She's keepin' it real for all the girls.

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The prison warden at the Maximum Security Prison for Troubled Females in **DP PENITENTIARY** is an enlightened and caring official. He seeks only to rehabilitate wayward girls, not lock them up and throw away the key. Therapy of a special kind is in

order, the warden tells porn newcomer Keegan Skky.

Keegan has a face exuding pouty innocence and the sweet silky tang of a girl whose vulnerabilities might easily be exploited. So she seems taken aback when the warden says the "the female species thinks with her taint."

I never considered that delicate area between the glory hole and the booty hole to be a place where a woman hides her most intimate thoughts, but let's give porn some leeway in the where-might-the-minddark legs and there's a great transition where she's sucking on a cigarette, turns slightly and she's sucking on a cock. It's like the cigarette turns into a cock. The other segments in *Perverted* 7 are so-so. There's

Dalny Marga, covered with whipped cream, lying on her back with her neck turned back while a guy in a mask pounds her lips with his floppy ten-incher. Later Julie Rage is out in the desert getting analed while some guy runs around with

a couple of skulls. I anticipated the skulls would eat Julie out but perhaps that's in the next perverted segment. Francesca Le's **BUTTQUEST** features a

series of spangled porn queens all going through the same routine—sucking, gagging, clam digging, butt fucking and trying to fit a purple dildo in the perfect butthole. The best segment belongs to Rosanna De La Vega, a dark-eyed, round-faced wonder who begs the tool man to choke her with his stoker. Which he does.



X

"Later Julie Rage is out in the desert getting analed while some guy runs around with a couple of skulls."

be-located department. I mean over the centuries philosophers have located the mind in the head, the heart, the liver, and floating around outside the body. So why not a thinking taint?

Sitting behind his desk pouring over Keegan's rap sheet, the warden, who woefully lacks an ounce of acting ability, explains the prison program in great detail. It's quite funny, really, the guy sputtering out lines while Keegan Skky sits there batting her eyelashes, probably wondering if this dude can walk and talk at the same time.

The warden says female prisoners' taints must be massaged so "the lesser sex can become more docile." This rehabilitation program is then pursued with a vengeance. Keegan and a couple of other porn prisoners, Lena Ramon and Gabriella Banks, are decked out in chain gang black-and-white striped uniforms. After the preliminary taint therapy, the trio of bad girls gets treated to a lengthy series of double penetrations in their jail cells by the guards.

While watching the DP's roll across the screen around three in the morning, I glanced out my office window on the corner of 7th and Market and saw the SFPD in action. This is Drug Central in San Francisco and a cop was trying to subdue a scraggly white woman who was putting up a fight. He tried to get her arm behind her back, she twisted away and slapped him. Another cop got out of a patrol car, ran over and helped wrestle her to pavement, legs kicking in the air. Her taint must have exploded on crack. They finally cuffed her and took her away in the patrol car.

I slipped in **PERVERTED STORIES** 7. Liza Harper's sitting in a jail cell calmly smoking a cigarette. Not a lot of smoking in porn nowadays and this scene has a touch of fetish smoking to it, but they could have gone a lot further with that. Liza's enjoying her last cigarette before the plundering begins and her taint is very mellow. She's wearing a thin gold dress and mesh stockings. The camera does a lot of slow pans up her fine



Flat-chested, fine boned Jasmine Lynn gobbles away on a trio of deeply rammed dicks with unsurpassed glory in Joey Silvera's *NEW GIRLS 2*. A half-dozen other new girls, who seem to have had LOTS of rehearsal time prior to their debut in the face-fucking world of porn, provide enough sexual variety to satisfy the tastes of any social retard dreaming of the real thing.

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Penis Puppeteers Spew Pupes in Portland

Tips: Keep your face and front away from the audience while you are creating your installation. Also, make sure your buns are even.

Puppetry of the Penis? I felt a bit like Chicken Little when I saw the ad for this "world-renowned troupe of penile performers." Were they really coming? I could pay to see dick? It had been a dry spell lately. I kicked into high gear. I was gonna get as close to this cockfest as I could. After making a round of increasingly threatening calls and then cornering a certain Mr. Quinn in a dark alley, I gained press access and a pre-show interview. So, with my buddy Dietz-an ardent penis fan himselfand a tape recorder in tow, I headed to the Aladdin Theater. There, to the joy of all gay men, frustrated middle-aged chicks and art connoisseurs, the penis men were schlepping their schlong schtick for four nights.

When we arrived, a retired couple was holding up the line, the wife yelling at the cashier. "We traveled all the way from Corvallis! I'm sure our tickets were for tonight." I half expected the madness that cost so many lives during the Cabbage Patch Christmas of the mid-eighties. Corvallis grandma was sedated and we were let in. Our seats, front row center, were close enough to lick the stage had we wanted to (I wanted to, but had the magazine's reputation to maintain...).

Comedienne Traci Smith opened the show with jabber about vaginas, liposuction and mall culture. I've endured two years of "comedy" at Dante's, so stand-up really isn't my thing. But this was actually funny. I was actually laughing

After much ado, Jim and David, our penile performers, came onstage, clad in rhinestone robes that would make any Elvis impersonator jealous. We were introduced to their main prop: a huge projection screen the length of the entire stage which allowed even those in the balcony to see every pubic pucker. For the next forty-five minutes, Jim and David pulled, stretched, twisted and tucked their members into everything from vaginas to squirrels-the latter culminating with David sticking his cock squirrel-

like into a hole bored in a piece of wood. The hilarity built quickly as they worked through a repertoire of over fifty configurations. Every trick, from turtle to handburger, was preceded by verbal repartee and vaudeville sparring. I kept waiting for the drum roll. They made fun of themselves and of us. We had after all paid money to see two guys play with their dicks on stage. Penile configurations were referred to as "installations", and the boys' heavy Australian accents made it all feel like high art. During an audience participation bit, Miss Suzy Homemaker was instructed to hold David upside down. "It's a bat!" Jim cried, snapping a polaroid. I couldn't help wondering how it smelled for her up there.

Like any good motivational speakers, Jim and David have an easy step-by-step book, should anyone want to try penis puppetry at home (watch out, Anthony Robbins!). Even if you're penisless or not quite ready to twist yourself into a squirrel, *Puppetry of the Penis: The Ancient Australian Art of Genițal Origami* is still worth a read.

How does it feel to hit it big-selling out shows across Europe, Canada, and now America-while playing with your pee-pee? Eager to gain a deeper understanding of guys who stretch their scrotums, I won twenty minutes of show-and-tell time with Jim and David before the show.

Exotic: What inspired you to be penis puppeteers?

David: I was very poor as a kid, and I didn't have any toys. Actually, I used to be a bum puppet, and I used to draw faces on my ass and recreate great scenes in cinema. There was a puppeteer audition in Melbourne, and I went down there, but they weren't very interested in my ass tricks. So they said can you do any dick tricks? After a few beers I said well I can, dropped my pants and got the job. It's a bit of a Cinderella story there.

Exotic: Is there a boot camp for puppeteers? Jim: It's called the pub.

David: And sport change rooms.

Exotic: What are some of your inspirations? Jim: The fast food world is a big one. We do a lot of installations that resemble fast food: the hamburger, the hot dog, chicken thighs and the whole roast chicken.

Exotic: While on stage what can go wrong?

Jim: We had a complete blackout in Toronto. Jun: We had a complete blackout in Foronto. **David:** In Edinburgh the screen kept breaking down. It's a digital projector.... okay folks, don't fucking buy Panasonic. When the screen went out we had people who could-n't see, so we would do a dick trick, then we get into the undimner double. run out into the audience and do it again.

Exotic: Hard or Soft?

Jim: Always soft, the clay is easier to mold when it's soft, plus you can't mold it if it's already set.

Exotic: How has the show affected your sex lives? Jim: It hasn't really changed overly, you don't get very many girls who come talk to you after the show. However, when they used to ask [in a bar] what I do for a living and I told them I was a concreter, they were like "oh, okay." And then I told them I was unemployed, and they'd walk away. Now I tell them that I'm a penis puppeteer and they say "oh really, tell me more.

David: No one ever believes me about what I do. So now I just tell them I'm a backpacker.

Exotic: Do you have any groupies? Jim: No such luck.

chuckle the whole time.

Exotic: How have your love lives been affected?

David: When I first started doing the show I used to come into the bedroom and say to my girlfriend. "Hey look, look what I learned today." Like putting a painting on the refrigerator. After a while she said we should call it quits.

Exotic: How well does a penis puppeteer get paid?

David: We get paid enough to eat and drink alcohol and that's enough for us. It's basically a bacon sandwich and a slap on the ass.

Exotic: Have you ever been rec-ognized in public? David: Well, I was signing autographs in the Fresno airport and I didn't get my bags checked at all. We do get recognized and approached a lot for autographs, which is strange because the focus of the show is basically your penis.

Exotic: Do you follow any exercise or diet regimens? Jim: None of us work out.

Exotic: Do you have to shave or trim?

David: Hey do you remember the girl who wrote us a card? This girl sent us a card to the show asking us out on a date. I let it sit there for a while and we stewed over it. Finally I rang her up and it was all such a wash. We took her to the seediest pub ever. Jim came along just in case she was a freak.

Exotic: Was she? David: No, she was all right. Exotic: Did she put out? Jim: No, but her friend did.

Exotic: Who's been your most famous or most memorable audience member?

David: I would say that Anna Nicole Smith was the most memorable. I did a Christmas special at her house. It's nothing special, but she's got paintings up that she's done and above the fireplace there's one of Yassir Arafat. It's the most fucked up thing I've ever seen in my life. They filmed her coming to see [one of the] shows, and they took up the front row, and there are lights in front of us and camera guys in the wings. And she's sending them to get her drinks, but they couldn't, so she goes to the bar next door half way through the show. They were up and down like jack-in-the-boxes the whole way through, it was so frustrating. After the show she came in [to the green room] and drank all our booze. I did a show and Joan Rivers was in the front row. And you know, she's had a lot of plastic surgery, and her skin is all tight and all shiny. And every time I would stretch my testicles and scrotum, my skin would go all shiny like hers, I couldn't help but



David: They all fall out anyway, you can see them fluffering down on stage. We can't go with a razor near there, you don't want to kill the breadwinner.

Exotic: Underwear?

Jim: Boxers. You gotta let the boy run free.

Exotic: How well does your book sell?

Jim: Extremely well. The book is a great coffee table piece.

Exotic: How did your parents take your choice of career?

Jim: My mother has seen the show, but not with me. My dad has seen the video. He wants us to try him out to do the senior circuit.

David: My family is not too fazed with it, as long as I don't do it at Christmas.

Exotic: Have you had protesters?

Jim: We had a lone protesters? God Saves" poster. He kept on saying, "Penis. Vagina. Penis. Vagina. This is evil. Believe in Brother Bush." **David:** We got a bomb threat, the Hotel we went to had a Lutheran Church Convention [at the same time].

Exotic: Have you ever had any injuries?

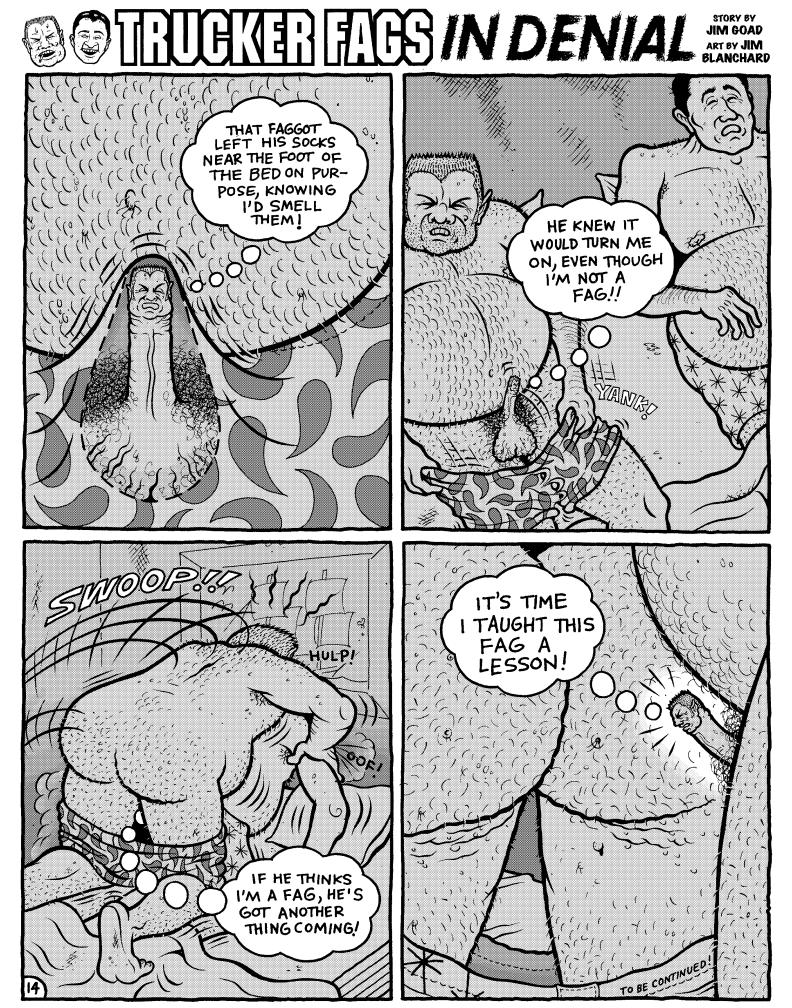
David: I'm pretty gentle with it. It's got to be business and pleasure. [Talking down towards pants...] You've got two purposes young boy; all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Exotic: Any last words?

David: Make sure it's warm, practice in the shower or hath Jim: Pete Townsend is innocent we tell you!

David: So is Michael Jackson.

Exotic: Thanks guys, I almost wish I had one myself.









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I've seen a lot of cock in my time. No, I'm not gay, although my girlfriend would have you believe that my fastidiousness and gastronomic habits belie a latent homosexuality. I've probably seen as much cock as the aged cut-rate hookers working the docks during Rose Festival. I get paid to look at and diagnose all of the cockrelated problems that bring one to the doctor's office, so I think I can qualify the title of this article.

I never intended to reflect on the study of Cockery. Like many intellectual exercises, this was borne out of a late-night drinking binge with friends. One of the guys had been dumped and the ex-girlfriend was telling everyone that he had a wee willy and was thoroughly unsatisfying beneath the sheets. Now, knowing this fellow, I had no doubt regarding the latter. Funny thing is that he didn't even care about being exposed as a shitty lover, but he was mortified at the accusation that his gear wasn't up to factory standards.

Women know that the best way to make a guy's life a living hell is to spread

rumors about him having a small penis. It's happened to all of us at one time, right? Well, not me, but to most of you guys, anyway. That's a joke. As the story goes, we were finishing up the night, alternately supporting him through the break-up period and pitching him shit about his dimensions, when some dumbfuck in the group dared him to whip it out. Thankfully someone restrained him. Hell, I was pretty drunk, and I'm sure the sight of his little toe-headed weenie hitting the table was sure to make me vomit. However, as the sole member of the group with any medical and scientific training, somehow it fell upon me to

EXOTIC MAGAZINE

restore his manliness and dispel the myths of the male genitalia. Hence, the infant science of cockery came to be. Here are the basic tenets and explanations.

All cocks are not created equal. Hate to burst your bubble, but there's no provision in the Constitution that guarantees you the right to a biggie. Ron Jeremy and Peter North are two perfect examples that big cocks can sprout out of just about anybody. Of course this is equally true for small cocks. There are several myths about the correlation of cock-size to hand and foot size. A British medical journal recently dispelled this, as well as the myth that there are racial differences.

I'm gonna give you the straight dope based on my own clinical experience. I've found that it's difficult to predict who's packing a Kielbasa. Most women I know will resort to the "feel test." I compared my medical notes with a lot of women who sort of get around, if you know what I mean. Here's what I found out.

Black guys don't have the biggest cocks. They're about the same size as everybody else's. I confirmed this with a hairstylist I know who only dates black men. The corollary is that the

ones that are toting something usually carry something analogous to a walking stick. Fat guys generally have really small cocks, which are usually buried in some stinky belly fold. Common there. sense Skinny guys are



usually packing heat. Poor, shitty musicians get laid a lot, and it ain't for the music, you know. Asian guys are a mixed bag. I confirmed this with he didn't work out because weights can make every part of your body bigger except one...and lifting weights only that look makes smaller. Anabolic steroids also add to shrinkage. Understand where part of 'roid rage comes from now?

Of course you want to know the answer to the most burning question: who wins the medal for minisculity? Before I reveal this, let me say that this is just based on

what I've seen and is not intended to offend. Hey man, it's scientific. Okay. The smallest cocks are on Mexicans. Not the American-born—they fall into the same sizing pattern as American-born Asians. It's the migrant workers. Again, I suspect

it has something to do with nutrition. but I've seen a lot of these guvs because they all get VD from local hookers. I almost cried when I had to do a urethral swab on some poor sod and realized that the two-mil-

partners have been happy up until now, then don't go fucking that up. You might be happy with what you measure, but what if you're unhappy? You'll only feel bad which will, in turn, diminish your selfconfidence and sexuality. This then spirals into depression and self-doubt and the next thing you know, you're in front of a jury explaining why you were hanging out on the Green River with that shovel and machete. A lot of sex-therapists will tell you to stick your erect cock in an empty toilet paper tube. If it does a

fairly good job of filling it up, then you've got nothing to worry about. This is what I advocate, but I have to use an empty paper towel tube, of course.

Now, one has to realize that sometimes when it comes to penises and vaginas, simple architecture and evolution will sometimes put you at a disadvantage. Use your common sense so I don't have to lay a bunch of biology and physics on vou, okay? I once dated a woman that could have passed for a Valkyrie. She was height-weight proportionate, but the tale of the tape gave her two inches and twenty pounds on me. She was pure Scandinavian huntress, with powerful haunches, ice-blue eyes, tremendous breasts and...where was I? Anyway, the disparity in body-size was amplified in the sack. Big women sometimes have big vaginas and even if I had my game-face on, I sometimes felt like a Lilliputian, angling incompetently inside of her. Your Legos won't work with Brio blocks and there ain't nothin' you can do about it.

"It's difficult to predict who's packing a Kielbasa. Most women I know will resort to the 'feel test."

limeter q-tip wouldn't fit up inside of the pathet-

I suppose that a lot of you are now feeling

ic pinky-finger sized nub he possessed.

a Caucasian girl I know who only dates Asian men. Those who are raised here are on par with everyone else whereas those who come from their native countries are on the smaller end. I think it has something to do with nutrition. You don't develop a big body on tofu, after all.

On that topic, most muscle-heads' cocks are inversely proportionate to the amount they can bench press. Comedian Richard Jeni once said compelled to get the old tape measure out. Don't, I repeat, DON'T do this. There's no real way for you to accurately measure a part of your body that is constantly changing size. Shit, it's like expecting barometric pressure to predict the weather with 100% certainty. Short of painful and expensive surgery, you will never be able to change what you've got, so don't go and do something stupid like measuring it. If you and your Oddly enough, I've noticed one other truth when it comes to penis size. It's the guys who boast the least about their sexual experiences that have the most satisfied partners and the least paranoia about their gear. So in the end, it would seem, the best cocks may be attached to those who don't act like one. Oh, and if you did fail the toilet-paper tube test, then go to **www.smallpenis.org** for help.

EXOTIC MAGAZINE

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WHAT Z CRACKIN

by J. Mack

What's up P-Town?

It was a pretty busy month for me but I was still able to get my party on! In this issue of "Whatz Crackin'" I'll give you an inside look at Girls Night Out at Club Exotica's V.I.P. Room. It was definitely crackin'! I will also be addressing some issues that I have with the way some of these Portland nightclubs have been treating the brothers. Our music is making them money, but we are continuously getting treated like shit at the door. Can you say "Stereo Typed"? I'll also fill you in on the cool thangz that are happening around town as well as on the national scene.

GIRLZ NITE OUT



This joint was a cool mixture of cool people, in a cool place, having a cool time. I haven't had that much fun in a while. If you missed it, you've probably heard about it. It was everything that a party should be. Even the security catz were dancin' wit' honeys. Party Girlz Entertainment promoted the event and plan to continue their mission to kick it every Sunday Night in the V.I.P. Room of Club Exotica International. D.J. Joe T. was in rare form!!! This cat played all the cutz, new and old school. He kept it jumpin' all night! The crowd consisted of a great variety of people having a blast. From older white catz in business suits to Hip-Hop heads in throw-backs, various nightclub owners, recording artists and some of the sexiest women in Oregon.

They were all there and it was all to the good!!! Just take a look at some of the

Night. Big ups to Sonni at N-Style Photography for the snap shots. Ooooh Weeeeh!!!

The Backwards Ass Clubs

First of all, this does not apply to all the clubs that play Hip-Hop music to draw their crowds. Mainly it's aimed towards a couple of places that I recently went to and was treated real fucked up at the door. I have always respected clubs that know how to treat people, and sincerely appreciate your business. These two spots have very litthe respect for the culture of people that their musical format attracts. It's like if I was to throw a country western party and not let anyone in that had on a cowboy hat or snakeskin boots. That wouldn't even be cool, plus it doesn't make any sense.

Let me break it down even more. These two clubs play 75% rap music and 25% other songs in between. They have signs at the front the read NO Tennis Shoes, NO Ball caps, NO sweat suits, and NO athletic apparel. Now think about the clothing worn by most rappers and people that are into Hip-Hip. They wear tennis shoes, ballcaps, sweat suits, and athletic apparel. At one of the locations mentioned above, I was told that I couldn't get in the club because my pants were too baggy. It's like they didn't want a brothers ballz to have any breathing room. Plus J.Mack does not own a pair of tight ass, nut suffocatin', wrangler jeans. This by the way is what this mutha-tucka had on. The other club had a doorman/ security guard/ hater who told me I couldn't get in the club because of my dada loafers. I told him "your sign says no ten-nis shoes". He was still trippin'!!! The cold part about this situation is that the same lit-tle buster, two weeks prior to this incident,, let me in the club wearing the same pair of shoes. He had to have been one of the dumbest haters I've ever met in life. He is also this month's recipient of the "Bass Ackward Award". Hotted and stunidity bad also this month's recipient of the "Bass Ackward Award". Hatred and stupidity had him in a headlock and wouldn't let him go. This cat needs love. Somebody hug 'm and tell that all black men in baggy clothes and shoes that he can't pronounce aren't out to kill 'm, or start any problems. It's OK...Don't be scared!!!

National Stiznuff

50 Cent is much more than pocket change. After receiving \$1,000,000 to sign with Eminem's label, this cat has not looked back. His new album GET RICH or DIE TRYIN' was recently released and it's been selling out everywhere!!! Nightclubs, radio stations, and T.V. shows got 50 Cent's shit on and crackin'! The album has had record-breaking sales and is holdin' it down on the charts. He hasn't gone on a tour

yet, but he just performed at a big party in Atlanta, Ga. It was hosted by our 2 favorite crack-heads, Bobby Brown and Whitney Houston. Imagine that!!! Mike Tyson won't fight. Damn!!! Whatz really crackin'? I can't believe this fight got canceled. The notorious ear nibbler backed out of it because of an apparent ill-ness. Then the day after, he decided that it's back on. Clifford Etienne, who Mike was



suppose to fight, said it was too late because people in his camp had already left Memphis, TN, where the bout was to be held. It had been reported that Iron Mike had to break major bread with Uncle Sam and wouldn't really make any money off this

fight. People in his camp also said that the ex-champ had been acting real strange. That might explain my boy's new tattoo on the side of his grill??? "Whether you fight or not I'll be prayin' for you_dogg." ONE!!!

Eminem has a Look-a-Like that has been hittin' bank licks in the New Jersey Area. F.B.I officials said this cat his hit over 10 banks for about \$30,000. When the description of the suspect was released, one of the agents commented that he resembled the rapper Eminem. Either Slim has a twin somewhere out there, or he's a lot more Shady than I thought.

J.D. & Janet Jackson- No!!!! Hell no!!! Say it ain't so!!! Tell me it's just some old bullshit rumors. I'm having a real hard time trying to figure this one out. Recently Jermaine Dupri of So So Def Records confirmed that him and Janet Jackson are definitely dating. FUUUUUCK!!! I'm not being a hater, but isn't that an odd ass couple? Just thinking about her doin' it to him gives me a headache and I can't stop my fist from balling up. I'm really trippin' y'all. In an interview with *Honey Magazine*, Jermaine Dupri said, "I love the way I feel when I'm around her." It must be real fuckin' nice dude! As for you, Ms. Jackson, I refuse to give up on you girl. I still love the term back dot's to the dute for the same to be a set of the same and the you boo. Just don't get mad at me for given you this month's "I GAVE COOCHEE TO A TROLL" award. I need some weed. I'll Holla!

The Honey of the Month—Ms. Dominique of the Party Girlz

This sexy Honey was selected because she is supadupa cool to kick it wit. She also was the life of the party at "Girlz Nite Out," and for her to be as fly as she is, she is still down to earth. I dig that! Congrats Girl!!!!!

My Parties in March

Every Sunday I'll be hosting "GIRLZ NITE OUT" with D.J. Joe T. inside the VIP Room of Club Exotica. OooooH Weeel

Thursday March 13th I'll be at the same location, but this time I'll be performing LIVE wit' new joints I recorded in I A

Saturday March 15th The Jam Stand @ MONTEGO'S

Reach Me!

If you have someone you think should be the Honey of the Month. Reach me and tell me why! Or if you would like more information about my parties, or if you just want to say what up, reach me at whatzcrackin_j@hotmail.com Until next Month, Y'all Keep It Crackin'!!!

I'm Out, J.Mack





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MARCH A.C.E. NEWS

First, I would like to start off by welcoming a very powerful new member to the ranks of A.C.E. Oregon chapter. Fantasy Adult Video has joined our growing alliance of adult business owners. Thanks guys, you are a welcome addition to our team. Although we may be called A.C.E. (Association of Club Executives), It is not specifically the adult entertainment clubs which are under attack, it is adult entertainment in general. Fantasy Adult Video wisely realized this and joined our cause. Our organization collectively salutes your decision and urges other video stores to follow Fantasy Video's example by joining A.C.E. . Our enemies have clearly declared total war on our industry as a whole in Oregon. Having been unsuccessful on two separate attempts to eliminate the Oregon constitutions protection of adult entertainment by the rightful electoral process, they have decided to circumvent the input of the public entirely (this is still a democracy isn't it?). The new approach appears to be by simply reinterpreting existing laws and legislation or by enacting new administrative rules to suit their purpose. Namely, the elimination and/or curtailment of adult entertainment in Oregon. By circumventing the electoral process they can bypass the will of the citizenry entirely. Or so they think.

For instance, rumors abound in the adult industry concerning Stars Cabaret and the OLCC's attempt to strip them of the liquor license which they have held for over six years now. What the OLCC is attempting to do to Stars Cabaret needs to be collectively acknowledged and fought by our industry. Basically, the OLCC wrote up a new Oregon Administrative Rule OAR # 845-006-0347 (it went into effect 8/1/02) which forbids the touching of breasts or genitals in "a lewd/lascivious or sexual manor whether clothed or unclothed" (Looks like Madonna won't be performing in Oregon any time soon). The problem with this is that you can get ten different answers on what constitutes a violation of this administrative rule by talking to ten different OLCC inspectors. So how do they determine who is in violation? Simple. Whomever the OLCC administration tells its inspectors is in violation. In Stars case, they were cited for violation of OAR # 845-006-0347 or lewd conduct (an entertainer touched her breasts) subsequently, they were also cited for violation of ORS#471.425(2) or maintaining a lewd business (entertainers touched their breasts again). It gets even better, Stars was given the second violation because the second entertainer who touched herself in a "sexually lewd manor" did so two days in a row. That is, the first violation took place at 9pm and the second took place after midnight (making two days get it?). So lets get the OLCC's logic in order here. An inspector walks

into any club in Portland at 11:30 PM and observes a violation at 11:45. He observes a second violation at 12:01 AM. He can then cite that business for ORS 471.425 (2) or maintaining a lewd establishment in that the "violations" took place over two calendar days! This is the very definition of unfair code enforcement at best. It is a violation of civil rights at the least. Think about it. Invent a new rule without a clear legal definition of how it is to be enforced. Then pick out a club that for whatever reason is not "in favor" with the OLCC and then cite them for violations of that rule repeatedly (even though you can see supposed violations of that rule in every club). Then move against their license by showing these violations as proof of "maintaining a lewd establishment" and all in one easy visit! How convenient, with one administrative rule they take us down one by one forcing adult business owners to engage in costly legal defenses to stay alive. The only real accomplishment this could have is to destroy legal businesses and well- paying jobs in an economy that is listed as one of the worst in the nation. All because a handful of OLCC administration officials has unilaterally determined for all Oregonians what type of entertainment they should be able to enjoy.

A.C.E asks Oregonians. Is this good government? A governmental agency which dose not answer to the very industry it is designed to regulate? An agency which enforces codes and administrative rules selectively according to whether they are adult entertainment, gay/lesbian or African –American venues? A.C.E. says collectively- No! It is our intention to fight the dangerous precedent being attempted on Stars Cabaret as well as to any threat against adult entertainment in general.

A.C.E. representatives will be out all month collecting pledges and seeking new memberships. Every adult business should consider it their responsibility to join A.C.E. and consider it the cost of doing business in the State of Oregon! Please take a few moments out of your busy day to spend with A.C.E. representatives. Feel free to relate any OLCC or governmental harassment, your experiences may help existing A.C.E. legal proceedings already filed on your behalf in the State of Oregon.

As always, A.C.E. stands for the right for Americans to make their own choices regarding the type of legal entertainment they wish to enjoy.

Serving the Adult Industry R Kallas Association of Club Executives- Oregon Chapter Ouestions? Rebuttal? 503-330-0784

UPCOMING ACE EVENTS

All members are urged to be there as we are voting on our 2003 platform March ACE Meeting Tuesday March 4th @ 4pm DANTE'S @ SW 3rd & Burnside (Downtown) Followed by Adult Entertainment Cocktail Social @ 5:30pm

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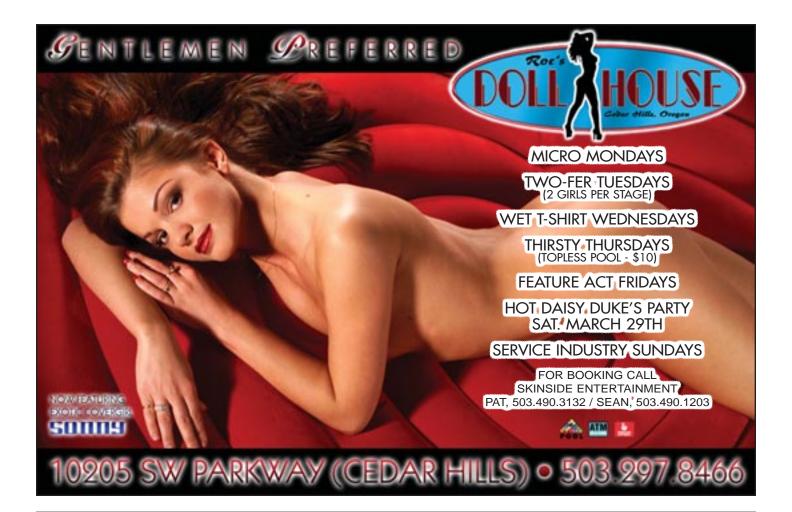
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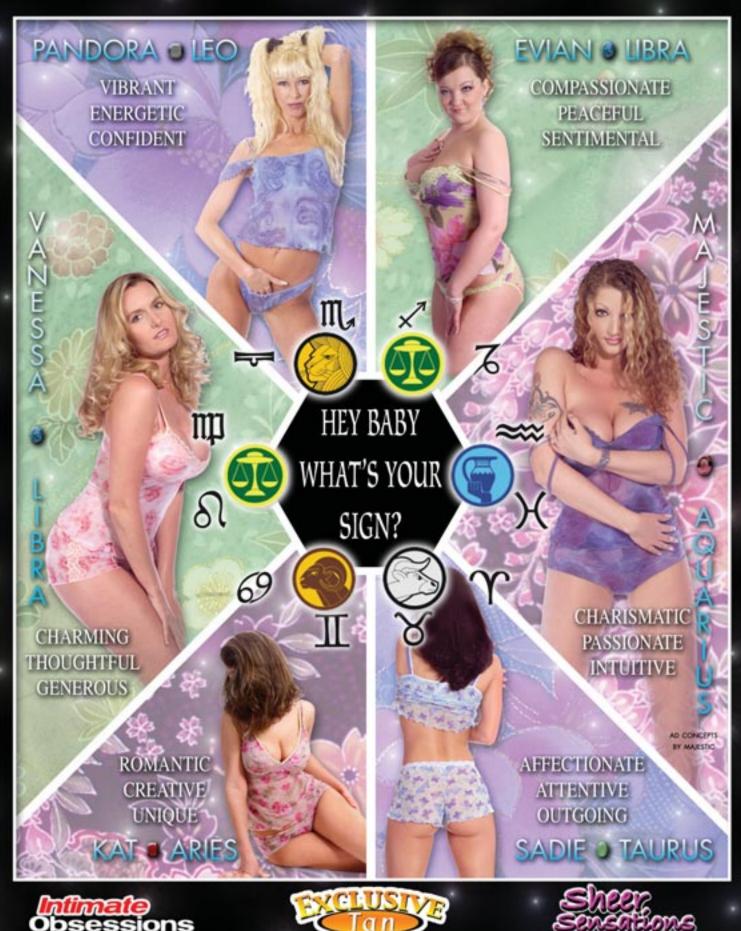






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