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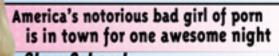
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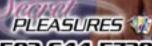


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Carnal Knowledge

by frank faillace email: ffaillace@qwest.net

Our publisher, Frank Faillace, was last seen flashing the "reverse devil sign" at The Spirit Room around 3:45 AM on Thursday, March 20 (see photo at right) following an all-night Exotic outing. If you see him, use extreme caution and do not alarm him. And whatever you do, **DO NOT APPROACH HIM!** Please call us immediately at 503-241-4317. *Carnal Knowledge* may be back next month. Thank you.



-The Exotic Staff





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> Exotic covergirl Isis at Devils Point Photo by Faillace



Date: Tue, 25 Feb 2003 From: "Chad Jackson"<chadj88@yahoo.com> To: xmag@qwest.net Subject: Reader Writes...The Rub



So the rub is you can't quit right? I moved to Oregon right after college 5 years ago now. When T&A Times was still around. From a small town with one broken down gen-

tlemen's club to the gentlemen's club mecca that is Portland. First time, I saw Jenna Jamison at Stars in Beaverton. That was the end of it for me. 5 years and Lord knows (or cares) how much money later I still find myself drawn to these places like a crackhead is drawn to a \$5 rock. It's really not about sex, what it is about I still can't figure out, nor can I 'get it' any place else. I've seen so many dancers come and go and come back only to leave again I can't keep track. You can tell the ones that will make it, the ones that are going to burn out and the ones that are strung out. It's like a great human circus of the soul, we go to chase something, something real something we can't get any place else. But, we know once your ID is checked and you push up to the rack nothing is real. And yet I keep going back because I need that 'real' fix.

Chad J.

"College Stripper Tuition Fund, making dreams come true \$1 at a time"

Thanks Chad. Not sure what your letter was about, but thanks anyway...–Ed

Date: Sat, 1 Mar 2003 03:42:27 EST From: Koli80@aol.com To: xmag@uswest.net Subject: (no subject)

This message is mainly for Weevil Shrimpsteen. I do not appreciate what you had to say about lesbians. If you don't like them then that's fine but you don't have to exploit yourself like that. What you said is disrespectful. I'm sure you could have explained your opinion in a more decent manner. I feel it was very inappropriate that you had to say all that about lesbians and nothing to say about gay guys.

It was actually fine until you started about all the Lesbian Coffeehouse crap and how we need to destroy all lesbians that was blown totally out of proportion. People make their own decisions; you have no right to criticize them.

This paragraph really disturbed me:



"C'mon, fellas, let's wield the powerful force of SHAME. Let's make them feel ashamed about being lezzies. Let them feel as if there's something lacking in their reproductive desir-

ability. Let them feel as if their DNA is misfiring. Treat them like freaks of nature. Evolutionary mistakes. Act like the daddy you were born to be and scold your little girl. The day will come when they wish they'd kept their panties on and their tongues in their mouths."

There was honestly no point in that paragraph. If guys can be gay why can't girls be lesbians? I don't know what crawled up your ass that morning or why you thought you had any right to write that article. I don't know your reasoning and I'm pretty sure I don't want to know the reason either. For all you know your daughters might grow up to be lesbian. Are you not going to love them because of that?? If so you are a small minded person. I'm telling you, you're going to meet a lot of people you disagree with but you need to suck it in and learn to bite your tongue once in a while. People are entitled to their own opinion to everything including their sexuality, including you, but in this case your opinion sucks ass. I have nothing more to say to you because I am total-

EXOTIC MAGAZINE

ly disgusted with you. You are going to rot in HELL, unless you can change your attitude fast.

~Laura Saucedo February 28, 2003

Ahh, there's nothing quite like the internet to just keep a good thing going...–Ed

From: "C.C. Aurelia" <moony@cmc.net> Date: Wed, 19 Mar 2003To: xmag@qwest.net Subject: 3 Things...



Hi, I am an exotic dancewear designer checking out the Portland scene and I have been searching for a booklet that I saw around 2 years ago that was a complete list of the

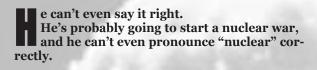
many clubs in the area, with ratings and maps. A friend had mentioned that it came out once a year but I haven't seen it recently. Can you tell me where to find it?

I really enjoyed the interview with the penis puppeteers but was disappointed that I didn't hear about the show before hand. Do you know of a way to find out their touring info? Website or such?

And finally I love the "Don't kill the kittens" ad you run, it is so hilarious . Is there anyway I can get a larger copy of it?

Thanks, C.C.

The only booklet we know with that kind of information is in your sodden little hands... www.puppetryofthepenis.com... We like the "Please Think Of The Kittens" ad as well.—Ed



The correct pronunciation: "noo-KLEE-er."

Instead, the dumb fuck says: "nuke-YA-ler."

He keeps saying nuke-ya-ler, nuke-ya-ler, nuke-ya-ler. Gotta stop Saddam from developing nuke-ya-ler weapons. Gotta prevent North Korea from building its first nuke-ya-ler bomb.

Common sense would seem to dictate that a person



shouldn't have the power to start a nuclear war if they can't even PRONOUNCE THE FUCKING WORD "NUCLEAR." Is that so crazy?

OK, here's a rule: If you're going to pretend to be an EXPERT on something, you'd do well to at least master

the BASIC TERMI-NOLOGY.

Would you buy a pair of sneakers from someone who called them "sneak-ya-lers?"

Would you buy a hamburger from someone who called it a "ham-burg-yaler?"

Would you give an Academy Award for Best Performance by an "Act-ya-ler?" According to an

online dictionary, "nuke-ya-ler" is one of our lan-

guage's 100 most frequently mispronounced words, alongside eternal annoyances such as "expresso," "volumptuous," and "supposably." Two of my all-time-most-hated phonetic blunders, "intrical" (integral) and "westrin" (western) didn't make the list, but "nukeya-ler" did, and nothing grates on my nerves worse than nuke-yaler.

But in this case, it's much more than a simple mispronunciation. It speaks of a horrifying ignorance previously unimagined. George W. Bush, the man whose uncontrolled-but-unwarranted ego may bring about the end of the world, will do this ol' world a tremendous disservice by MISPRONOUNCING its demise.

I mean, it's not like it's a foreign word. It's not like nuclear policy isn't part of his job. He has his hand on the button, and he can't

"Common sense would seem to dictate that a person shouldn't have the power to start a nuclear war if they can't even PRONOUNCE THE FUCKING WORD 'NUCLEAR." say "nuclear" properly.

It scares the shit out of me. Really—the shit's just hanging out of my ass and trailing all over the floor.

This is much scarier than when Dan Quayle, handpicked by G.W. Bush's daddy to be Vice President, couldn't spell "potato."

And just like bumbling retardo Quayle, our big-eared Commander in Chief didn't get as far as he did in life through merit. He got there through inheritance and connections and a terrifyingly soulless dissociation from the grave matters he's entrusted to handle.

If it was really a free market, and if America really rewarded merit instead of inherited wealth, a screaming mediocrity such as G.W. Bush would be working in a rock quarry somewhere. He's really that dumb.

Motherfucker didn't even win the election. Greasy plastic lizard Al Gore snagged more votes than Bush...Al Gore, yet

another millionaire. Name one major presidential candidate EVER who wasn't one.

Somewhere in Cleveland, there's a young black kid who didn't vote for Bush and who will never be a millionaire and who will go DIE in the Middle East to make the world

safe for millionaires such as Bush.

Maybe that silver spoon in G.W.'s mouth is making him mispronounce things.

He'd say that since I'm so critical of him, I'm supporting terrorism by default. WRONG AGAIN, Doodles Weaver. Despite Saddam Hussein's guerrilla chic, he's just another child of insane wealth like you. I'm down on ALL

power-hungry rich kids. But especially DUMB ones.

All that George Jr.'s presidency has proven thus far is that you can be dumb as a tree stump and do mountains of cocaine, and you can STILL become president if you're rich as fuck and willing to

tell lies while smiling. I'm sure he's a nice



guy once you get to know him. I just think the little spoiled bitch should fight his own fights.

If you want to start a war, Rich Boy, then get right up there on the front lines. Saddle up to one of those nuke-ya-ler bombs and ride it yourself, tuff guy.

For all the shit he talks about "national security," he ain't protecting anyone but himself. He's gambling with every life but his own. Punk pussy got a deferment FROM Vietnam while my brother got malaria IN Vietnam. And now the Silver

Spoon Cowboy wants to send more young Americans-almost all of them poor or workingclass—to go DIE DIE DIE because his feelings were hurt that the hairy Ay-rabs don't like his daddy much.

He felt his dad was unfairly dissed by Saddam, and so he's willing, brave man that he is, to waste THOUSANDS of American lives—as long as it isn't his own life--to get revenge.

You remember his daddy. He's the one who pronounced it "SODOM" Hussein.

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As I write the U.S. is waging a war for peace and murdering people to secure their freedom. I am an American. It is my fault. We have a system in place that puts checks and balances on our leaders, but we've all been too coddled and lazy and now look what's happened. You, me, your mother is responsible for killing Iraqi men, women, children, terrorists, cats, cows, culture. The machine has grown monstrous. It's all-but unstoppable. Bush is outta control Hitler-style and yeah I'm too busy trying to pay my gas bill in this Third-Reich-like economy to even give a shit. What Operation Iraqi Freedom is actually doing is finally laying to waste any notion that we U.S. citizens are living in a democracy. The usual maxims of war-is-wrong and war-kills have been skewered of any meaning by the new notion that war-is-unbelievably-dumb. Fuck you your brother is over there fighting....so's mine! It's time to turn our guns, dollars, FREEDOMS OF SPEECH against these motherfuckers. There are people with backgrounds in law, economics, protest who know how best to fuck the system. Talk to them. Then fuck!!!

It's the ultimate reality TV. War is good for ratings, right? Just once I'd like to see one of CNN's wartime correspondents get blown up LIVE. Last time I saw Paul Stojanovich at the Magic Gardens a week before he left us he said as much. He practically invented reality TV. Maybe the war is his fault. He seemed pretty sure this war would be The End of It All. Then he took me to Satyricon and let me cry on his shoulder all night over a broken heart, blahblah-blah. Paul steered me gently through three broken hearts in the last three years with his infectious optimism, patience and genuine love for every person he encountered in every walk of life. He was a wonderful angel of a

"Just once I'd like to see one of CNN's wartime correspondents get blown up LIVE."

man. And he was a wonderful friend of mine and of the Magic Gardens. After September 11th, 2001, one of my NYC barflies sadly mused that perhaps God had summoned Aaliyah (remember her? killed in a Bahamas plane crash in 8/01?) home to be an angel to welcome all those souls on 9/11. Well, I thought it was cheesy then, but I feel that way about Paul now. He is missed. Really, really missed.

For those of us still enduring these endtimes, there's some good stuff to suck on in April. On April 3rd, (Miss) **Mona Superhero** is having an opening at the Aalto Lounge, 3356 SE Belmont, from 6-9PM. Mona works with duct tape, making classically fabulous artworks that are vaguely Warholian and totally pantiesque. And FOR SALE. Get 'em now before she's worldfamouser than she already is. After the art show there is of course PORTLAND ORGANIC WRESTLING at the Satyricon, with booze enough for any broken heart.

Finally, April 19th, NYC heartthrob **JESSE MALIN** is singing his rockin' broken-heart-on-his-sleeve songs at Dante's. Jesse is the Crown Prince of the Lower East Side. He does this sorta Asbury Park-era Bruce stuff, very Ryan Adams, which makes girls cross-eyed. Cross-eyed girls are easy as pie to get your fingers into, so I want all you pretty boys and girls down there to welcome him to Pornland. Turn off the goddamn TV and see some live music. You'll feel younger, look sexier and have better orgasms. I promise.

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Liile Girl Big <u>Aititiuele</u>l



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Ashcroft Instigates Operation Pipedreams Nationwide

and

OPERATION HEAD-

the

Screw Operation Iraqi Freedom, how

about Operation Your Freedom to

Patronize Head Shops?? If you've

really been living under a rock, you

probably haven't heard that OPERA-

HUNTER 2 has made it all but illegal

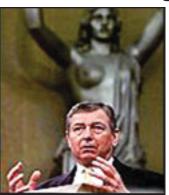
to own and operate a head shop.

Overnight, thousands of glassblow-

ers and smoke shop retailers were

TION PIPEDREAMS

upcoming



Ashcroft before he banned the bare-breasted news conferences.

out of work, and Tommy Chong of Cheech and Chong was in jail. Apparently the Feds think we're **Exotic Wants You...**

HEY LADIES! Exotic Magazine is preparing for the best Boobjob Contest ever. Got a boobjob? Demi Mondaine wants to know all about it. Do you have breast implants? Do you love 'em? Hate em'? The greatest thing ever or the biggest mistake you've ever made? Demi's looking for ladies to share their stories, before and after pictures and their experiences with breast enlargement surgery. We will run selected photos of breasts only and it's totally anonymous. We want to know about the surgeons, the facility where the surgery took place and the kind of procedure you had done: (armpit, through the nipple etc.). Demi and the Exotic staff will pick the best (and worst) looking jobs... again, totally anonymous, no faces, no real names.

Also, send us photos of you and your pets. Everyone knows what animal-lovers strippers and escorts are.... we'll run the photo, your name and where you work. No need to get all dolled up and pose... snapshots are super. Tell us your pets' names, too.

SEND photos to 818 SW 3rd Ave.

Ste. 1324, Portland, OR, 97204-2405. EMAIL images or contact Demi at xmag@qwest.net.

Last month *Exotic* inaugurated a new debaucherous monthly extravaganza: to celebrate Bobby Baldwin's birthday, we all slid into a phat red limo and toured a bunch of Portland's finest flesh emporiums, looking for the Top Ten Strippers Exotic Wants to Fuck.

The night was a huge success: Athena at **Stars** told us she had a sexual dream about one of us. Severina got her toes nibbled, Bobby got spanked at **Sassy's** while Viva got her ass-kissed by a band boy and the whole crew got onstage at Union Jack's.

We'll pile into the limo again some time in April, checking you out. Results are scheduled to run in next month's Exotic, and will appear haphazardly after that.

using glass pipes and water bongs to ingest illegal drugs like MARIJUA-NA, and now you and your friendly neighborhood smoke shop are Public Enemy #1. Our favorite and esteemed U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft wins this month's the Dude You Are SO Fucked Award. First he spends thousands of our tax dollars to cover the barebreasted statue of justice behind his news conference podium, and now this. (hats off to J. Mack on this award business).



One of Ashcroft's tools of evil that have jailed hundreds nationwide.

Gentlemen's Club News

The Miss Nude Oregon Finals will be held on Wednesday, April 9th at the **Dolphin II**. Don't miss this event, where the best of the best strut their hot stuff for a \$5000 booty. Tickets are available in advance.

Bisexual Britni will be the special guest at this month's VIP Party at Stars Cabaret on April 12th. The boys in the office describe Britni as "naaaaasty!", which always makes for a great show.

On April 19th, Stars plays host to oregonsex.com and ACE's Strip Club Crawl. Log onto oregonsex.com for more information.

J. Mack's fabulous Girlz Night **Out** is moving to the International Club at San Rafael and MLK Boulevard on April 20th. *Exotic* is co-hosting this event.

Boom Boom East opens this month at the old Club Coco II building on the east end of the Ross Island Bridge. Congratulations to Brandon, onehalf of the original Boom Boom owners. on his first solo venture. It looks as if lower Powell/Foster is gonna start heating up again with the opening of Boom Boom East, the maturing

of **Devils Point**, the ongoing run of **Cocktails**, the resurgence of Doc's and let's never forget Tommy's...

The Firehouse is hosting a \$300 Dance Contest Thursday, April 17th. If you've never been to The Firehouse, it's just north of Salem off I-5, only a 25 minute drive to see some of the hottest dancers in the state. Well worth the extra few minutes to get there.

> Late-night eats at The Spirit Room with the Exotic crew—Open till 4am every night at SW 2nd and Ash.

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what's your fucking problem?

advice from DEMI MONDAINE

I love Tom Leykis (Hottalk 1080). He's all about teaching boys to be men and not putting up with bullshit in the goofy game of gettin' some. Lots of folks think he's a sexist,

macho prig, but he is right on the money most of the time when talking about how to get around the dumb dating dance and into the sweet and squeezy prize b'twixt our witchy thighs. But he is guilty of perpetuating a myth that rankles me to the core: the myth that women don't want to fuck as much as men, that we lure men into monogamous relationships only to dry up sexually and refuse their cockworthy advances. It is utter crap.

I'm not talking about folks who have kids and house payments, the woman packing on fifty pounds, both of them working constantly until they barely recognize each other on the rare Sundays they get five minutes to stare numbly over their coffee cups at each other. I'm talking from my own childless young-and-hot-bodied life experience.

"I just want some dick every day. What's the big deal?"

Those of you who know me know I worship the cock. And when I say that I worship the cock, I fucking mean it. And there are a whole lot of us out there in the world. I understand that the honeymoon ends and all that, but for me, and others of libidinous likeness to me, I'm the one who stays horny while my men find things in the garage, on television or at work to consume their attentions. Most of my male friends have admitted to me that they lose interest in their women, sometimes because they crave new territory. I can totally dig that. Be a man, admit it, and go get you some new pussy. To be fair, not all men lose their perpetual hard-ons for wives and girlfriends because they want new pussy. The little boy who clenches his hands in prayer to Santa to please please pleaaeaase bring him a horny girl won't be as excited to play with her a year later as he is on Christmas morning. Totally normal, I understand, but why preach that the opposite is true?

Now, some women are guilty of programming men to expect an expiration date on blowjobs in the car and squeals of pleasure at a hot load on our tits. Lots of girls fake it, and shame on you if you do. But every single relationship I've been in, from 6 months to 6 years, I have been told at one point or another that there is something wrong with me. That I'm "weird". "Why do you want to have sex so much ?" "Why is it so important to you to have it every day?" I've been accused of being molested and not dealing with it, that my desire to screw my brains out with the man I'm monogamous with is a way of reenacting the event in a safe environment. Again, utter crap. Please guys, it isn't like I jerk off until my clit tears open or I need several partners or dildos every blessed time. I just want some dick every day. What's the big deal?

It's common knowledge that around twenty-five or so, you boys cop a nut and it's snack time, nap time. That's nature and I can't blame you for that. But stop accusing us of being messed up when we want to fuck more than you. If it makes you feel threatened or inadequate , get over it and admit you can't keep up with the demand. I can take that way better than hearing a bunch of dorks whining on the radio about how they want a hot, horny chick and are stuck with a dry, bitchy one. Fuck you. You can't handle one of us. You might be able to fake it for a minute, but in the longrun, you'll be pushing her away because you're reaaaaally tired and you just want to watch TV. Be a

man and admit it.

I still love Tom Leykis. Though I've never heard him admit to the existence of real live hot horny females out-fucking their partners, he admits that when he guffaws about cold-cunted and manipulative women, he's referring to about 60% of the female population, not all of us. And he is certainly not talking about me.

xo–Demi 🖌

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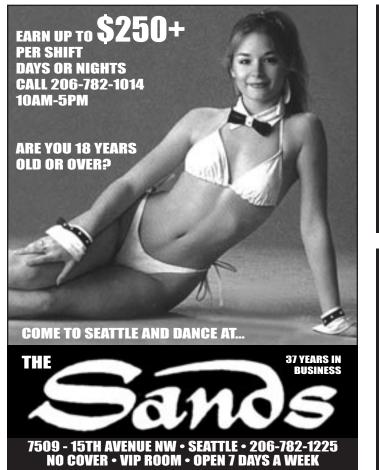




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EXOTIC MAGAZI

by christian cummings

Halli Aston is a diminutive, pretty, twenty-two year old fair-skinned redheaded ex-political science major from Orange County, CA who has been making her living performing in sex films for the last two and a half years. She has performed in thirty-three videos since accompanying her friend to a meeting with erotic film producer Seymore Butts at which she signed an exclusive six-month contract to work only with him on his Seymore Butts Home Movies video series. "After about six movies for him I decided that physically it was too demanding on me because this was a hardcore anal series and he does about one movie a month which meant that in one week I would have to do like three scenes," she says. "Also I had never had anal sex before I worked for him and my first time ever was on film and I wasn't 100% with my scenes so I didn't think that was totally fair. I'm really selective about who I work for and thirty-three movies in two-and-a-half years is like nothing.... Most girls do that in the first two months."

Welcome to Los Angeles's fast and loose world of "gonzo" porn that is carving an ever-increasing chunk out of the four billion dollar X-rated movie business. Aston and others like her who ride their genitalia to immortality via the LA adult industry meat grinder are now beating a path to stardom with a performance style based more on endurance and sexual vitality than anything else. Reality or "Gonzo" porn has begun to

out-sell and out-rent the ponderous, larger budget feature adult films that have heretofore been the industry standard. "Feature movies are probably 5% of my business," says Kurt Swaine, owner of Generation X video in Encino, CA. "Gonzo and Amateur make up the other 95%.... The gonzo stuff is hot and rents really well. People are tired of the same professional porn stars over and over again. They're tired of the same basic, stupid, boring plot and they want something real."

The term "gonzo" was first applied to 60's outlaw journalist Hunter S. Thompson's brash, highly personal writing style that blurred reality and fiction. Like an erotic video version of Thompson's drug-addled ramblings, "gonzo" porn involves impromptu scenes with willing, paid participants who cut to the chase with genuine, unscripted

EXOTIC MAGAZINE

enthusiasm. The absence of plotlines, make up artists, grips and lighting technicians all but eliminates production costs and allows for a stripped down, home movie like genre of erotic reality porn that is cheap to make and easy to sell.

Acting as cameraman, director, casting director, editor, and main stunt cock, Producer/Directors like John "Buttman" Stagliano, Adam "Seymore Butts" Glasser, Ed Powers, Matt Zane, Shane of Shane's World and porn legends gone gonzo like Randy West and Tom Byron can churn out up to four videos a Rapid technological month. advances in video camera quality and a culture-wide desire for greater and the tune of \$300 to \$1500 per scene, depending on looks, status and acts performed.

Most producers keep it simple by filming out of their own houses or studios. Video sex junkets to exotic locales like Mexico and Europe keep the fresh faces and bodies coming. Eastern Block sex meccas like Prague and Budapest (Bootyfest) offer a smorgasbord of economically disaffected euro-vixens who throw it up for the camera with unabashed enthusiasm. "There's no pussy like new pussy," says Jeff Marton of vid distributor Evil Angel.

However, the center of the porn universe remains Los Angeles's sprawling San Fernando Valley, where sex industry hopefuls from all walks of life can make the rounds

"The girls get to pick who they have sex with and how and the emphasis is on people having fun... the orgasms are real and the whole thing is enjoyable to be a part of and I think that comes across on video."

greater doses of reality-based human drama have made it possible for these enterprising lust impresarios to make their sex lives into lucrative businesses. The seemingly bottomless wellspring of video virgins make out pretty well, too, to from agents to producers in search of the next paycheck/sex scene. "If someone wanted to eliminate the porn industry all



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FOR 10 YEARS **PORTLAND'S #1** DISTRIBUTED ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE they would have to do is drop a bomb on the San Fernando Valley," says one former porn actor turned engineer. "If you think you have what it takes to get paid for having sex in front of the camera this is the place to be."

In a nondescript office park a few blocks off of Reseda Blvd. in Encino, CA, is the headquarters of Shane Enterprises Inc. Currently running the show and acting as casting director, producer and chief porn logistician is a freshly scrubbed blonde mid-western transplant known only as Mandy whose unaffected, Great Plains demeanor could easily be that of a Methodist church choir director or middle school teacher rather than the mastermind of a line of sex videos reminiscent of reality shows like The Real World or Road Rules taken to erotic extremes. Mandy, her real life partner "Camera Guy" (who assumes all filming and editing duties) and porn veteran promotions director Callie Cox form the stripped down production team for several differently themed video lines including Shane's World Slumber Party, Campus Invasion and Search and Destroy.

The classic format for a Shane's World video is simple and purposefully open-ended. "There aren't a lot of other people in the industry who shoot like we do," Mandy says. "We get a group of people together and we take them on a trip and we let it go from there. The girls get to pick who they have sex with and how and the emphasis is on people having fun. They have a better time and the orgasms are real and the whole thing is enjoyable to be a part of and I think that comes across on video."

On the set for the all-girl Shane's World Slumber Party #11, Halli Aston was forced to sit out due to late PCR/DNA test results. Safe sex has become the rule in the adult industry, although the condom requirements that were initiated several years ago have fallen by the wayside. Now every performer needs documentation of a recent PCR/DNA test, which decreases the window of possible HIV infection down to about 30 days. A delay in the return of results can mean lost work, so most regular sex performers make the monthly test a mandatory ritual. "The testing requirements are having a very positive effect," Mandy says. "It's probably a whole lot safer having sex with someone in the industry who gets tested all of the time than with someone you would pick up in a bar."

Keeping with Shane's World's customary dedication to quirkiness, an unsuspecting male stripper was hired to perform and be worked over by an equally unsuspecting cast for Slumber Party #11. The action was quickly curtailed by Mandy when the Speedo was removed revealing a hard-on that would go un-popped (no test results) and the nonplussed dancer was paid and sent on his way. As girl/girl sex scenes were being filmed in the jacuzzi, on the pool table, kitchen counters and living room floor, Aston sat crosslegged on the floor in a back room, her long red hair cascading around a white pajama jumpsuit. "I've done features for Vivid and some other companies and the sex is definitely real but it's a little more planned and planned sex isn't always the best sex. These [gonzo shoots] are definitely the most fun for me with the total spontaneity and the rawness and the sweat because that's what's real. I want women to know that they are beautiful no matter what. They don't have to have a ton of makeup on and a perfect body to be sexy. Being sexy is being confident and that is fun. That's sexy to me. Also with the internet it's accessible to everybody and I think it is important that amateurs out there making their own home movies know that there is a market for them and that anybody can be a porn star." Х



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Scooter is usually the person that fails in the deepest: failing prey to most of the pranks... but that's okay, 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.

Don E. is the new kid on the block with the voice that carries the same weight as gold. He has some big shoes to fill, but with the support of the best marning show on the planet it shouldn't be too hard.

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Exotic's Big Night Out



Here you see our lovely editor, Viva Las Vegas, in the limo at the beginning of the night, her journalistic instincts already kicking in.

As do most catastrophes, it all started out so innocently. Us hardy souls at Exotic decided to have a night out once a month where we could get a limousine, go to as many strip clubs as possible, see as many naked young women as we could, drink a LOT of booze, and take pictures to record the whole thing for posterity.



our graphic design genius and webmaster Darkstar was pretty much already fully inebriated before we even hit the first club.

Our stated goal for this evening was to find Exotic's top 10 strippers we most want to—as J-Mack would say—"get jiggy wit." Plus it was production manager Bobby "Bobaloo" Baldwin's 33rd birthday. We started out at Dante's. It was a Wednesday night. The world awaited our arrival...



We partied at Stars Cabaret for about an hour where our fearless publisher proceeded to pass out over \$300 in ones to tip all the dancers. And they call him a bad man?



From there we proceeded down the street to Dolphin 2 where Exotic adman Steve Santoro and publisher Frank Faillace found one of their favorite butts in town.

At the Dolphin 2 we all donned 3-D glasses in order to get a more "realistic effect" as we watched the girls onstage. From left to right here's Darkstar, former office manager Analana, Santoro, Faillace and business manager Bryan "Biscuits" Bybee. him a bad man?

Exotic Adman Adam "Ganji" plays with one of the Jody's dancers. And she with him.



Next we stopped off at former Exotic editor Jim Goad's house to drag him along with us. To our pleasant surprise, Goad was hangin' with our old friend Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. So we convinced old "Soddy," as we call him, to come along with us...

Here you see Soddy with his favorite rifle as Faillace, Goad and Bobby try to convince him to relax and have a little fun.





After a few drinks in the limo, Ganji, Bobby and Faillace toast to Soddy's future health...

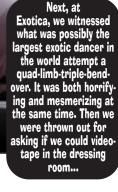


Next stop was The Acropolis, where this lovely round ass awaited our already bloodshot and beleaguered eyes.



On our way to Sassy's we made a quick stop at Osama's tent try to get him to come along with us, but he said he had a headache and would take a rain check.





EXOTIC MAGAZINE



Back in the limo, Saddam chuckles at one of Faillace's Jewish jokes while Santoro graphically describes how large his ex-girlfriend's vagina is, and in the background Ganji ponders what life would be like if John Ashcroft were to die.



At Union Jacks they forced us onstage, while Darkstar kept trying to put his beer up the poor young dancer's behind. Out-of-focus photography courtesy of Carlon3rd.



All natchets are buried as Exotic ad-goddess Severina professes her love for Goad, the former editor who a year ago dumped her as an Exotic writer. After listening to her talk for about 45 minutes, Goad seems to possibly regret the reunion.

To top off an already strange night, we run into the very same Exotica dancer, apparently melted on the sidewalk.

The next morning, after news of the previous night's misadventures leaks out, there is a huge public protest outside the Exotic offices at SW 3rd and Burnside. The crowd gets larger and larger as the day wears on. Eventually riot police are called in to control the angry mob...



Finally, breakfast time at The Spirit Room found us, Severina, Faillace, Goad, Bobaloo and Darkstar, tired and just a little bewildered. Bobby, however, seems to be just getting started...





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Ice-

T is back in the pimp game, this time with sort of a "How To" guide on DVD. *Pimpin' 101* from Fatt

Entertainment features the star

rapper as a host offering up a beginner's guide on how to be a player in the game, control the "bitches" and target the marks.

Before hitting it big time, Ice-T was a street pimp. He doesn't say much about his personal street cred running girls, nor does he dip his stick into any of the porn stars portrayed as hookers in *Pimpin' 101*. Instead, we get a glimpse of the life accompanied by the main draw: a soundtrack with the title song, his current hit "Swazy," and a batch of tracks by other artists including Busta Rhymes, Amil, M.O.P., Cuban Link, S.M.G., Rampage, Rockwilder, Dirty South and Ron Lyonz. The flick moves at a furious clip under the direction of Tony Diablo, a hiphop music director and, of course, the soundtrack is also available on CD. First, it's been ten years since he stirred up a shit storm with his mega-hit "Cop Killer," the incendiary rap that led to parental advisory labels on CD's. Given his role as a TV detective, he probably wanted to kick-start his bad boy image again.

Second, and more importantly, the pimp role he wanted hasn't panned out. Three years ago he negotiated to play the leading role in a film based on Iceberg Slim's book *Pimp*, the bible of

the game and *The Catcher in the Rye* for young blacks locked in the projects. Published in 1969 by a small black publisher, Holloway House, *Pimp* was ignored by the

critics. But Iceberg's gripping story of his life as a pimp in the 40's and 50's gained an almost all black audience by word of mouth that turned into a thunderous howl: the book has sold over six million copies to date and still sells.

Indeed, both Ice-T and Ice Cube took

their monikers as a tribute to Iceberg Slim. Numerous attempts over the years to turn the book into a film have fizzled. At one point Ice-T and Ice Cube were icing each other vying for the title role. One or the other may



"I asked God to let me pimp or let me die."

Decked out in an array of high-end pimp gear, including a purple Versace suit, Ice-T narrates blips and bursts of not too hard-core sex, breaking down the Kingdom of Pimpdom into five categories of women:

One: The Track Ho who turns tricks on the street.

Two: The Carpet Ho, hanging out at casinos, nightclubs and discos who will "date any guy with paper. She'll take the money quick or long. She's looking for payday sex."

Three: The Stripper Ho, who generates only contempt from Ice-T. He claims all strippers are prostitutes. Whoaaa, way off the mark! While it is true, as he says, that by lap dancing "the average stripper takes more body contact than the average prostitute does in a night," the gap between frottage and fucking is wider than the Grand Canyon.

Four: The Call Girl, who freelances on her own or works for an escort service and is at the top of the pile followed by...

Five: The Wife. Ice-T says 95 percent of married women are prostitutes since they don't love their husbands and marry for money, security, or both. True, some women are into the wife hustle, but to allow that only five percent marry for love, kids, SUV's and a house in the burbs says more about the rapper's attitude towards women than the reality of American life.

Porn queens Celine, Cherie, Chloe Black, Sharon Wilde and Ryan Conners glide through the sex scenes with enthusiasm, but they are almost a back drop to the highly amusing though not very enlightening tutorial Ice-T serves up with his massive ego. In one of his raps he blurts out, "I asked God to let me pimp or let me die." Apparently the Author of the Universe has seen fit to allow the former street Mack not only fame and glory but the ability to glide with ease into mainstream entertainment while maintaining his thug persona. While playing the role of a cop busting prostitutes on the NBC hit series *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*, he lays down the street rules for avoiding busts in *Pimpin' 101*.

I suspect he decided to go forward with this project for two reasons.



yet get the part, but as it stands now, once again the project is on the back burner, though Iceberg Slim's cold street prose and dead-on style remain alive and well in print.

Iceberg did about eight years in prison in four stretches over 20 years and finally got out of the game in the late fifties. He started writing seriously after a few practice runs in jail. *Pimp* remains his major work along with six other novels published by Holloway House about his life in the Chicago streets. *Doom Fox*, his last novel, was written in 1978.

Iceberg died in 1992 and *Doom Fox* remained unpublished until 1998. It took thirty years for the mainstream publishing world to catch on to him. Better late than never and *Doom Fox* found the perfect home: Grove Press (now Grove/Atlantic), the publishing house that fought at great cost and won several major censorship battles in the 1950's over dirty books we now call literature like Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

Doom Fox also has some icing on the cake. Ice-T wrote the introduction.



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was close enough to see his teeth, those stumpy, rotten, yellow-and-brown tombstones that signified he'd lived a HARD life. That jagged mouth spat thunderous fury against the rich and powerful. A rabid Clash fanatic, I had muscled my way up to frontand-center stage R and stood the entire concert about three feet away from Joe Strummer, that honest outlaw, that wrathful prophet of the dispossessed, that man whose bad teeth sought to leave deep fang marks in the ass of global injustice.

I'd never seen anyone sweat so much. The sweat poured from his face down his neck, down his guitar strap, and onto the stage. After a few songs, he stood on a sweat puddle three feet in diameter. I feared he might even electrocute himself.

It was like being attacked by an army, mercilessly pummeled by massive sonic steel artillery. I wondered how sounds of such magnitude could come from mere guitars. It was the most powerful musical performance I've ever witnessed. No one else ever came remotely close. The Clash had stolen Thor's hammer and beat me up with it.

This was back in 1980 at the Tower Theater right outside of Philly. The Clash were on tour to promote *London Calling*, an album that didn't have nearly the force of their live show. The next night, me and some friends drove over to Jersey to see The Ramones, who had visited Britain in

remembering **joe strummer**, wealthy spokesman of the oppressed

1976 and were subsequently plagiarized by every British punk band that followed, including The Clash.

But there was no comparison. The Clash blew them away. The Ramones were a good rock 'n' roll band. The Clash were something blinding, something frightening, a primordial fist knocking out all your teeth.

At the time, rock critics led me to understand that the

reason for this was because The Clash's music was POLITI-CAL, whereas The Ramones sang about sniffin' shoe polish with girls. Joe Strummer was

described as "a highly articulate rabble-rouser for the dispossessed," a man who was "working-class," even "proletarian." Every Clash song was an anti-rich, pro-poor raveup about how fucked-up the wealthy are, and isn't it great we're a little garage band from garageland, and the truth is only known by guttersnipes, and wouldn't it be cool if one day pasty-white Joe Strummer woke up as a dreadlocked Jamaican musician, à la Watermelon Man?

The problem, for me at least, is that Joe Strummer was born to wealth. His father was a British diplomat...a representative of the nation which colonized Africa and Asia and caused many of the Third World problems that fashionably leftist Joey-come-latelys could come along and decry...all while making millions and doing little to solve the problems. Joe spent his youth not in the Cockney London which he would later ape as part of his stage persona, but as a diplomat's son in Turkey, Egypt, Germany, and

> Mexico. When he returned to England, he

enrolled in a private boarding school.

He learned the gentle art of slumming very well, though. He even dropped out of art school! As a London subway busker in the early 70s, he fused his birth name (John Graham Mellor) with that of American folk singer Woody Guthrie and called himself "Woody Mellor." He also spent some time squatting in flats, presumably to see how "real people" lived. In 1982, at the height of The Clash's popularity, millionaire Joe disappeared for three weeks to try "living like a bum." How *cute!* The pro-Marxist Clash even once tried to arrange a concert in communist East Germany, but German authorities were frightened of their "inflammatory" lyrics and denied them.

Wonderful! That stands right up there with psycho feminist author Andrea Dworkin helping to write such strict anti-pornography laws in Canada, her OWN BOOKS were seized by Canadian Customs as being obscene. The Clash, who waved a Red flag wherever they went, would have been silenced and probably jailed...or even lobotomized...in the sort of Red People's Utopia they championed from afar. Communism proposed to uplift common people but wound up killing and torturing those commoners in numbers that would have made the Nazis jealous.

Over the years following that transcendent live show in 1980, I watched The Clash devolve from an unstoppable force of nature to a cheesy arena-rock band whose horrible doodlings in 3rd World riddim were not only insulting to everyone in the 3rd World, but to anyone who was forced to endure their sloppy, embarrassingly self-indulgent three-album sets. When me and my droogies were tooling around Philly in our car and heard the insipid "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" for the first time on the radio, we laughed at how low the band had fallen. Still, we went to see them again in 1982, only to witness a heartbreakingly hollow, mannered performance sucked clean of all The Clash's prior atom-splitting energy. To compensate, they now had a fucking LIGHT SHOW with scary POLICE LIGHTS and everything. The Clash, probably because they now sucked, went on to become MTV stars and were touring with The Who. These strident anti-capitalists eventually allowed "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" to be used in a Levi's commercial.

Worst of all, there were even rumors that Joe Strummer had used some of his lucre to buy himself a spankin'-white new set of teeth.

Wealth doesn't bother me. Neither does celebrity. And I don't think it's wrong for rich people to feel BAD about the poor. But it bothers the FUCK out of me when they PRE-TEND they're poor. And I'm irked that Joe Strummer, who SEEMED so authentic, was just another in a long tradition

of rich white kids pretending they're oppressed...and getting away with it.

In the end, he was

just a studio gangsta. Fool wasn't even FROM Compton.

He died of a heart attack right before Christmas, and officials were summoned to remove him from his milliondollar home. I was saddened. I'm also confused. If he was a phony, why was that show back in 1980 so powerful? I can only conclude that Joe Strummer was angry he WAS-N'T poor. REALLY, REALLY angry about it. Not angry enough about it to sell off his belongings and go live with poor people, but angry nonetheless.

It still doesn't explain the bad teeth, though.



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APRIL A.C.E. NEWS

What an eventful month for ACE. In the face of government harassment we continue to grow in size and strength. ACE welcomes new members to our organization in the month of April. Our first non- Portland members hail from the tiny beach community of Rockaway Beach on the Oregon coast. Our Place Restaurant & Bar in the town of Raceway (about 20 minutes north of Tillamook on Hwy 101) recently added dancers on Friday and Saturday nights in the small town. Interested entertainers should call Mike @ Our Place Restaurant in Rockaway Beach OR 503-335-3344.

ACE was on the scene at the recent protest of Mr. Peeps adult emporium in Aloha. Claude Dacorsi, ACE President had some interesting conversations with the SIEGE anti-porn coalition members picketing the establishment. All I can say after speaking with religious fundamentalists is this- thank GOD we have a first amendment right of freedom of expression and ideas in this country! It worries me that our government and agencies such as the OLCC are influenced by moral minorities such as SIEGE. They have made themselves selfappointed morality police for Oregonians who have sent clear, repeated messages in the polls that they want to retain the right for themselves to decide what kind of materials and/or entertainment they wish to view. Just because a business features adult entertainment, gay/lesbian venues or caters to primarily African-American clientele (by featuring hip-hop music), dose not mean they should be exposed to OLCC or government harassment. Yet the evidence is clear that this is, in fact, happening.

ACE continues it's search for lobby representation in Salem. Hopefully our association with Oregon's

Libertarian Party will provide the adult industry with direct political representation in Salem. Within the next few months it will be increasingly harder to process and pass laws which restrict adult entertainment and the peoples right to enjoy such entertainment.

ACE continues the court battles concerning the passage of distance laws in adult entertainment as well as the challenge to Oregon's protection of adult entertainment under the first amendment. We also announce the support of our minor entertainers who recently lost their right to work in an alcohol-serving environment. The OLCC, in a knee-jerk reaction to get rid of all minors employed as dancers, caused thousands of other minors working as musicians, comedians, actors etc. to be eliminated from their professions as well. The Musicians Union of Portland is considering a class-action lawsuit comprised of a variety of 18-21 entertainers who have lost income due to the OLCC's thoughtless reaction. Minor entertainers wishing to join in this class-action lawsuit may call the number below to get more information. You may be entitled to compensation for your lost income from the State.

Serving the need of the adult entertainment industry

Rick Kallas Vice-President **Oregon Association of Club Executives**

Please, all clubs send a representative who are currently members!

UPCOMING ACE EVENTS

Next A.C.E. Meeting Tuesday, April 8th 4:00PM **DANTE'S** SW 3rd and Burnside **Cocktail Social following Meeting**

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EXOTIC MAGAZINE

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Today's Lecture

(¦KA:



AND GIRLS' BEST FRIEND...

BOY WONDER

I love Viagra day at the clinic. Our wonderful Pfizer representative comes by with a crate of samples that I promptly lock up, and we are bestowed pens, watches, mouse pads, clocks and other knick-knacks that are spewed out of Pfizer's Indonesian trinket sweatshops. All this is done to drive home the brand-recognition of what is arguably the world's best impotence treatment. I always feel the eyes of jealous scrutiny as the staff longingly watches the crate of samples disappear into the locked narcotics closet. Just like Vicodin, this stuff has a strange way of evaporating into thin air.

"Then there are the guys who ask about snorting Viagra with X: they're usually wearing puka shells and driving a lowered Honda."

Like a lot of good inventions, the discovery of Viagra's effects were accidental. During the initial trials as a blood pressure medication, some astute egghead noticed that a lot of candidates in the test group were sporting more wood than their counterparts in the placebo group, and as a result, testing on erectile dysfunction (ED) began. The rest is history. The stuff hit the market and saved an entire generation of spoiled baby-boomers from the mental anguish of their own faltering libidos, spawned an entire culture of recreational use among clubbers and bestowed a few chronically ill septuagenarians one last sexual frenzy before their pre-existing conditions killed them inflagrante.

Viagra works by inhibiting the PDE-5 molecule. I'd give you the full scientific name and explain the biochemistry behind it but by the time I got done you'd either be catatonic or lose all interest in this article. The short version is that Viagra allows Nitric Oxide (NO) to cause prolonged vasodilation of blood vessels in the penis.

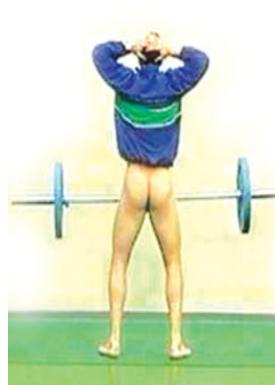
In terms of dosing, I start most limpies off at 50mg, which is the standard blue rhomboid tablet that is ubiquitously displayed in men's "health" periodicals. It should be taken an hour prior to activity and on an empty stomach since fat molecules can theoretically slow the absorption of the drug. Maximum effect is generally reached within an hour and persists for up to 8 hours.

Now listen up because this is the important section about side effects and pitfalls. First, priapism can occur in rare cases. This is an erection that actually cuts blood flow off to the penis, and requires immediate intervention. Second, because of its ability to dilate blood vessels, Viagra can work synergistically with other nitrate containing hypertension medications or amyl nitrate "poppers" and cause a precipitous drop in blood pressure. Mild headaches, runny noses and a slightly blue tint in the visual field are all temporary and common side effects.

A lot of people ask me about the rare deaths that are loosely attributed to Viagra. Most of these occurred in old men who had bad hearts or numerous health problems. These were the types of patients that couldn't walk across the room without having chest pain, let alone tolerate the physical demands of dead-end middle-management jobs and guys who are not only sexually impotent but socially impotent as well. For this group Viagra has the same cachet that cigarettes have in the prison system. I got a discount on my tires from a guy who was too ashamed to get his own samples.

The other sample-nags are the sex maniacs—greedy bastards who have to stick their weenies into every available orifice. Then there are the guys who ask about snorting Viagra with X; they're usually wearing puka shells and driving a lowered Honda.

Don't get me wrong, there are men who actually need the stuff. While there are no hard [ha-ha] numbers on how many American men suffer from erectile dysfunction, estimates put it at close to one-third. However, I have to say that the majority of the Viagra use I've seen has been recreational. Blue Thunder, V-Bangers... whatever you want to call it, Viagra makes a shitload



"The other sample-nags are the sex maniacs—greedy bastards who have to stick their weenies into every available orifice."

a few minutes of the old in-out. There were also a couple of cases where dipshits took Viagra with amyl nitrate, crashed their blood pressure and died.

I'm constantly pestered for samples, mostly from my friends with irritatingly overactive libidos or others who are unable to conjure up a palatable mental image to cover up the erectionkilling flaws of their partner. Then there are the middle-aged, divorced, baby-boomers. I must admit that listening to these guys whine inspires both revulsion and a shabby sense of superiority. I don't prescribe the stuff to anyone who's got any health problems. Funny thing is that the pushiest sample-nags are middle-aged men, a lot of whom are broken, divorced lonely sods who inevitably pursue women half their age. They are struggling to understand the utter mediocrity their lives have devolved into-guys whose greatest moments occurred on high school football fields, guys who are broken by alimony payments and of money for Pfizer at seven bucks a pill.

Just don't ask me for any if you're getting laid more than I am. I do have my pride you know.









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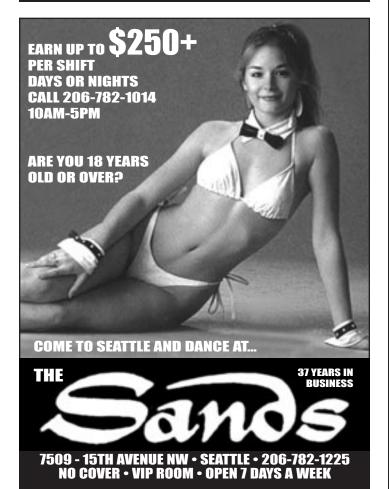
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EXOTIC MAGAZINE

1A CRACKIN

The U.S. is currently at war for oil? Should clubs hire strippers with bootie acne and other thangz? Are you bored with the Portland nightlife? Did that chick just fart on stage? These are just a few of the questions that I will be answering in this month's "Whatz crackin'."

Peace out to Club Exotica!

Last Sunday night was the end of Girlz Nite Out! According to the management, the owner of the club didn't want to pay my crew and myself what we were worth. Can you say "tight wad?" We gave this cat a love price from the jump and invited people to the club that actually spent money. I think that what it boils down to is that the OLCC (Oregon Liquor Control Commission) and the Portland Police



Club Exotica from a past manager. It's really sad that people plame music for the ignorance of others. My message to the owner is if something is broke then try to fix it, but while repairs are being made, don't hit it with a sledgehammer. To the DJ's, bartenders, dancers and management, thanks for the love. To everyone that came out and supported a real cool function, don't trip 'cause we are relocating to the International Club on M.L.K. & San Rafael on April 20th. The event will be copromoted by Exotic Magazine. If you weren't able to make it out, peep the pics!!!

Department has issues with

War for Oil?

If you claim that you're fighting terrorism, why become a terrorist? I guess the United Nations wasn't moving fast enough for our President. Even though Saddam Hussein has done some terrible things in the past, he's never dropped any bombs on us. For Mr. Bush to ignore the request of the UN and start a fight with Iraq is only going to cause unnecessary deaths and more problems here in the States. They claim it's not about the oil, but why are they in such a hurry to secure the oil fields? Bush also tries to say that he is freeing the Iraqi people from an evil dictator, but every one of them elected Saddam for their president. Little George Jr. is this month's recipient of the Hidden Agenda Award! Power to the protesters!!!

Lumpitty Bumpitty's

Some of these cats that do the hiring at the local strip clubs are blind in one eye, and can't see out the other. On my mission to find "The Honey of the Month," I came across some cuties and some bumpy booties. Those black lights in the strip clubs work wonders. This past month I decided to take a closer look In the strip clubs work wonders. This past month I decided to take a closer look at things, if you know what I mean. From a distance, I saw one of the prettiest girlz i'd seen in a while. I decided to walk up and sit at her rack. As she began to back that thang up, I began to back my chair up. Her facial features were beautiful and her body was bangin', but her ass looked like it had mutha-fuckin' chickenpox!!! Either that or somebody had been shooting her in the butt with a BB gun before she came to work. She is this month's winner of the Nasty Daths. Rashy Ass Award. This award is really not one to be proud of, so if you never want to win it, wash yo' bootie baby!!!

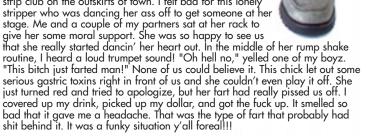


Ms. Lumpitty

This chick had a "Big" problem!!! She is this months winner of the What The FUCK Is THAT Award!!! Uhhhhhhhhhhhh Daaaamnnnnnn!!!

No She Didn't!!!

Yes she did and I still can't believe it! It wasn't cool and it stunk. Last weekend, while again searching for the right Honey to put in this month's article, I visited a little strip club on the outskirts of town. I felt bad for this lonely



Party Pick of the Month



"Rasheed and the Fam"

The Honey of the Month



MAGAZINE



If you have a honey that you think should be selected, e-mail me at whatzcrackin_j@hotmail.com

Until next month, "Keep It Crackin''"

Much Love, J.Mack



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