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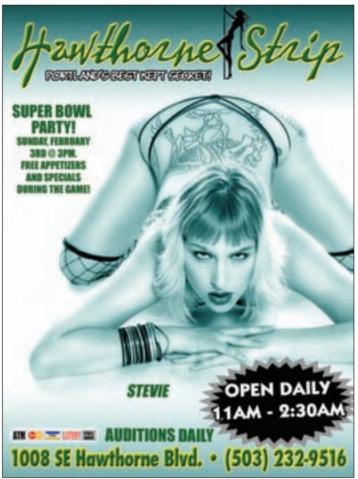
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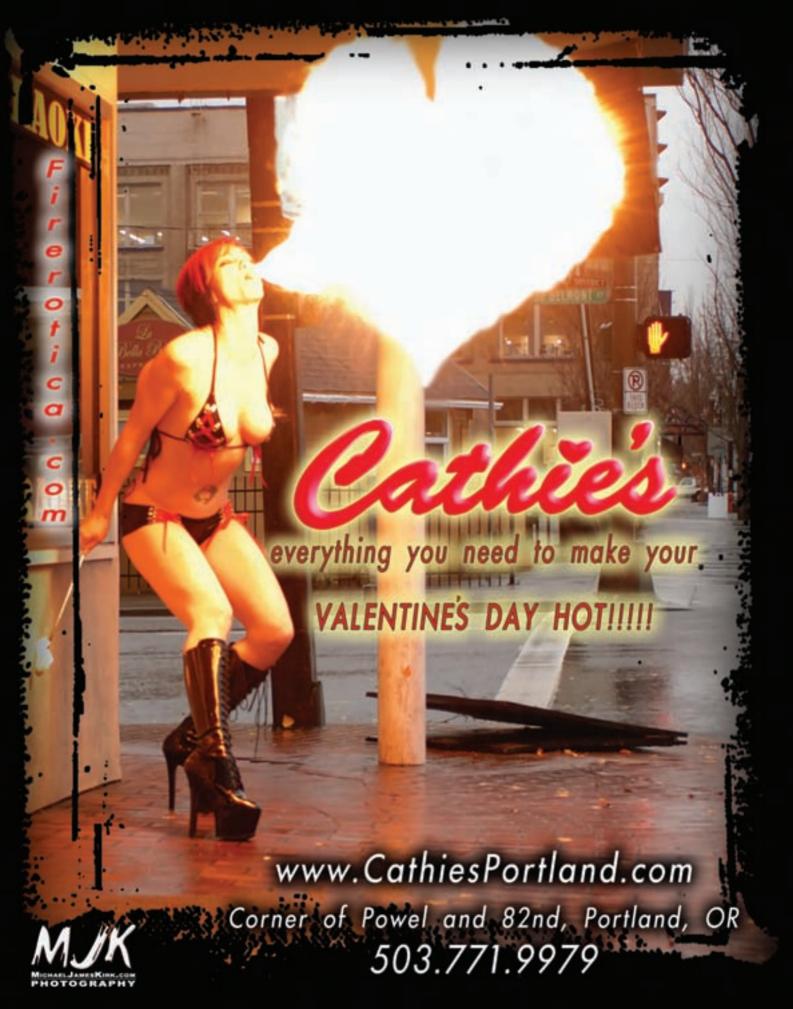
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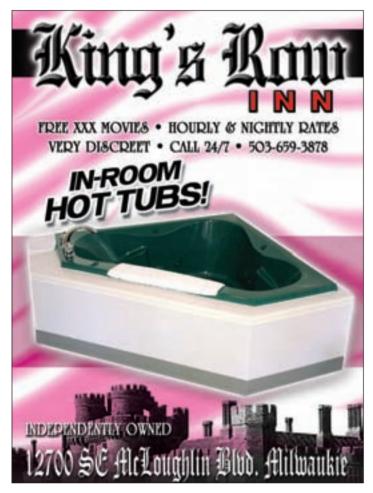
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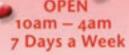








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exotic

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FEATURES



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nce every month should be Black History Month, and since I'm a fan of ripping through hearts with painful. erect objects, your regularly scheduled programming has been slightly modified this month in favor of Valentine's Day. In exchange for Tales from the DJ Booth **Volume 5.** I am proud to present the following heart-warming featurette:

Turning the Tables: Relationship Advice From a Strin Club DJ

Dear Statutory Ray.

I am a single mother of four, and in order to avoid homelessness, I took a night job as an exotic dancer. Although the extra income helps me buy groceries and gas, my current boyfriend (who I met at the club...he's a regular) wants me to stop stripping and get a "real job." I have no schooling beyond high school, but he says he'll support me if I decide to quit the industry. What do you suggest I do?

—Sincerely, Confused in Clackamas

Confused—has it occurred to you that no less than an hour before your boyfriend met you, he was trolling around with the intention of seeing some tits and drinking beer? Romeos and Casanovas don't frequent the Sugar Shack. If some Pabst-stained dipshit is yelling at you about how much he has to offer while Mötley Crüe blares out of a broken speaker, it's probably best to ignore anything other than the dollar bill on the rack. If the dude is a real player, he'll go to the ATM with his wife's debit card, overdraw her account, and tip twenties without asking anything in return. But the chances of that happening are slim-to-none.

Take it from a professional pervert: Whenever I actually have money, the last thing I intend on doing with it is helping anybody that's not currently volunteering for the Get Ray Drunk and Stoned Foundation. The bottom line is that anyone who is "all about tha Washingtons" isn't going to help you make a dent on your college loans anytime soon. Finally, there is no such thing as a "real job." Administrative assistants don't have the luxury of being protected by a bouncer when the creepy guy in the loud shirt decides to cop a feel. Usually, he's their boss.

I am a happily married man who loves his wife. However, I like frequenting the tittie bars, and my wife is starting to get jealous. Also, she doesn't like the fact that I have a large collection of pornography. Although I've never cheated on her, she gets jealous of strippers and porn stars, and I'm afraid that my taste in entertainment might end up ruining our marriage. Any help would be appreciated.

—Horny in Hillsboro

Double H: Let's explore your options. Either you jerk-off while looking at a TV screen and flirt with women who aren't legally allowed to

touch you, or you get blue balls until the girl next door starts to look less and less like a Sasquatch, at which point you end up cheating on your lady. It is a medically proven fact that frequent busting of the nuts reduces the risk of prostate cancer as well as anxiety. My wrists are the strongest part of my body, and thanks to that, I'm not looking at any anal-fingerings or stress panics in the near future.

Now, if your wife wants to know why she can't be the sole recipient of your man-chowder showers, use the following analogy: Tacos are good. In fact, tacos are great. I can't think of anything I'd rather shove in my mouth than a hot, crunchy, Mexican Masterpiece. But if I eat nothing but tacos, I'm eventually going to resent the taste of them. Therefore, I enjoy an occasional burrito or tostada in the privacy of my own home, with multiple-angle options and preferably a lesbian Catholic school girl zombie snuff theme. Even though your wife's pussy isn't gushing with sour cream and tomatoes (if it is, you've got bigger things to worry about), you can probably see where I'm going with this. Unless she'd rather have you stuffing your Sperm Worm into the neighbor girl, she's gonna have to learn to live with the box of tissues next to your computer.

Dear Statutory Ray,

I will probably be single on Valentine's Day, and it might seem lame, but I'm really lonely. Do you have any suggestions as to where I can go, what I can do, or who I can call to solve my problem? Thanks a bunch! -Emo in Estacada

Dear Emo: When's the last time someone besides yourself went through your cell phone history? How many times in the last week have you apologized for being yourself, staying out late, smelling like cheap perfume, or buying video games? Who

called you to whine last Sunday afternoon when you sat around Club 205 staring at tits and watching the game? Never, none, and no one. Keep it that way.

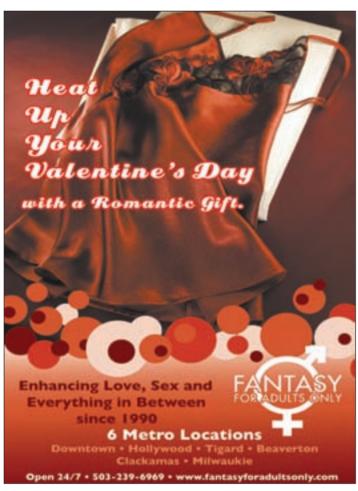
All too often Valentine's Day serves as a reminder to single people that they're lonely. I feel that the stigma is bullshit, and that happy couples are more deserving of a wake-up call than so-called "lonely" singles. For the unattached person, three months salary can add up to purchase a decent car,

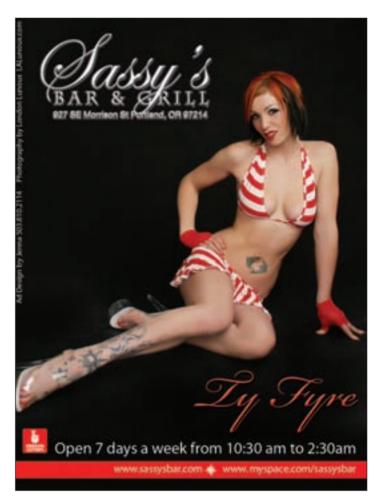
a PS3, and a bag of weed. For a person in a relationship, three months salary results in a circular piece of metal that has no intrinsic value other than the blood of dead foreigners and a price tag from Tom Shane. It's just not worth it.

> The irony of the traditional giving-of-abox-of-chocolates-to-a-loved-one gesture is overwhelming considering the Forrest Gump mantra: When you're in a relationship, life

isn't like a box of chocolates in that you do know what you're gonna get, day in and day out. Plus, sucking on

flower-shaped objects that don't have a caramel filling is quite unrewarding. Valentine's Day falls on a Thursday this year. If you're single, you have the whole weekend to round up more ass than a single occupancy toilet in a shit factory.







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will help you bring in Valentine's Day right! retire to the couches and the Dolphin girls autographed t-shirt and a couch dance our champagne dinner for two, then from Natalia the current Miss Nude Oregon... and who knows what could That's right for \$1 you could win an And on Valentine's Day we have happen from there!

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ere it comes, the one day of the year men fear more than a case of the clap. It's probably no coincidence that this holiday's initials are V.D. when you think about it. That's right, kiddies, I'm talking about the dread of Valentine's Day—a day set aside to supposedly celebrate love, when you know damn well the most you can handle is love's slutty sister, lust. Is this the most romantic day of the year...or a stressful, sentimental, overly-commercialized nightmare? You be the judge. Just realize that if you have a significant other, when the 14th rolls around, you'd be best served to ignore all the wonderful things you're about to absorb on this page and take care of your special lady. But for all you lonely hearts that will be spending mid-February alone, just be thankful you live in Portland, a town where those without love can lust in their hearts 365 days a year in the 50-some-odd flesh palaces this fair city has to offer.

IN THE CLUBS

Cabaret I and II will be the first to show Cupid the door as their lovely vixens will be celebrating with a Valentine's Day Party at both clubs, where you can also check out the Super Bowl on Cabaret II's big screens on Sunday, Feb. 3rd. Over at The Dolphin Clubs, you can enter their \$1 raffle to win Miss Nude Oregon 2007 Natalia's favors, including an autographed T-shirt and couch dance. Stop by on Valentine's Day to get yourself a champagne dinner for two while you're at it.

DV8 is serving up more entertainment than you can possibly handle as always, starting with a Super Bowl Tailgate Party Sunday, Feb. 3rd with a chili cook-off starting @ 2 PM. Then it's on to Tuesday, Feb. 5th with a Mardi Gras celebration. And on Saturday, Feb. 16th, be sure to pay them a visit for their Second Annual Devils' and Divas' Party with costume contest and giveaways starting @ 9pm, followed up by your chance to party with Gary the Retard for Crystal and Jim's birthdays with a Sirius radio raffle and a photo-op with Gary on Saturday, Feb. 23rd.

Safari Showclub will be turning on the action with a Super Bowl Party on Sunday, Feb. 3rd, and a Hawaiian Luau Party Saturday, Feb. 23rd featuring The Bad Fish Band. You won't want to miss adult film star Alektra Blue appearing Tuesday, Feb. 26th. Meanwhile, Stars Beaverton will also have their game on

for a Super Bowl Party Sunday, Feb. 3rd with a Texas Hold 'Em tournament, prizes, Super Bowl buffet, and 11 TV screens. Then onto their Twisted Hearts Valentine's Day party, dueling bands, bondage shows, comedy, fetish fantasy sets, tarot-card readings by Nekole, and a pain threshold contest where you can win a trip to Las Vegas. Alektra Blue appears in Beaverton on Wednesday, Feb. 27th. And wrapping up the Stars family's roster of events is **Stars Salem**, where you can help them celebrate their Two Year Anniversary all month long. Scheduled events include: an Ice Party on Saturday, Feb.

23rd, with a giant ice bar, ice-shot luge, and ice sculptures...a Fat Tuesday Party (New Orleans-style) with a Cajun buffet from 6-9 PM where you can wear your costume for free admission (beads and noisemakers will be provided)...and they'll be bringing in the big guns with Chelsea Charms and her 153XXX breasts appearing Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14th and 15th...not to mention two more chances for romance with Alektra Blue appearing Thursday and Friday, Feb. 28th and 29th.

One of Portland's favorite clubs for hot babes in a virtual sports utopia is **Jody's Bar and Grill**, where you can settle in for a day of hard-hitting action on Super Bowl Sunday with a free buffet, prizes, crazy specials and plenty of girls. Next up for Jody's will be a Mardi Gras/Fat Tuesday Party on Feb. 5th with even more insane specials, plus the Daytona Bash Sunday, Feb. 17th with lots of lovely ladies, prizes, specials and a free buffet.

Dream On Saloon is in on the pigskin madness with their annual Super Bowl Sunday Party, with all-you-can-eat taco bar and big screen HDTVs...as is **Soobie's**, where you can check out

the Super Bowl on their new big screen, opening at 1
PM on Sunday, Feb. 3rd to kick off the party. Also at
Soobie's you can join them on the 14th for an AntiValentine's Day Party featuring the first-ever strip club
speed-dating event. Show up at 9 PM for sign-in and hook

yourself up with a special Valentine's Day dinner and free gift bag for those couples eager to get aroused. And last up, check out the **Pallas**' Super Bowl Party with, you guessed it, an all-you-can-eat taco bar. Later in the month, the Pallas hosts their "Tacky Tie Party" where you can sport your tackiest tie—be a part of the wacky atmosphere and win some cool prizes on Saturday, Feb. 16th @ 9 PM.



CHELSEA CHARMS

Got porn? Looking for that naughty little something for that extraspecial someone this Valentine's Day? Fear not. You can stop by **B.A. Video** for a truly unique Valentine's gift, or drop by **Cathie's**, who promises to have EVERYTHING you need to make your Valentine's Day hot! Down south, rest assured that **Spice Video** of Salem and Newport is your number one source for that perfect Valentine's gift. And right here at home base, stop by one of the many locations of **Taboo Video** for lotions, potions and lubes at all stores and come in for Valentine's toys and games at special Valentine's prices.

Check out **Pussycats** for a private show or hire them for your special event as they celebrate the grand opening of their Portland location coming later this month.

Pay a visit to **Barber Babes** for men's haircuts specially priced at \$19.99, and you even get a free beer! You can find them out on NE 28th and Sandy Blvd. The **Smoke Shack** is your premier source for

all your smokeless, pipe, snuff, cigarette and roll-your-own tobacco needs, also featuring hand-blown glass and hookahs from local artists—plus, they are the only store in the NW that has BRAWNDO.

That should fill your plates pretty goddamned full now, shouldn't it, Portland? Trust me, there is so much going on this month that we actually had to edit it down to fit it into this page, so make sure you check out the rest of the mag and see what all of our advertisers have up their sleeves for you. Until next month, keep on sinning.







the future.

There's an extremely remote chance—but hey, it's a *chance*—that a recently discovered four-hundred-foot-wide Space Boulder with the catchy moniker "2007 VK184" will smash into Earth, the planet we call home, in the year 2048.

Scientists have also recently set the odds at a more promising 1-in-25 that a football-field-sized asteroid hurtling along at nearly 30,000 miles an hour will slam right the fuck into Mars in January, 2008. Happy New Year's, Martians!

Regarding the possibility of getting the chance to observe next month's possible ultraviolent cata-

clysm on the Red Planet—through a shiny telescope, of course, safely ensconced here on Earth—the head of NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Don Yeomans, recently enthused: "I think it'll be cool."

He thinks it'll be cool. This, naturally, got me to thinking about

how cool it would be if an asteroid were to come barreling out of the void and space-fuck all the life out of select areas on this planet that I personally don't find all that appealing.

The last major suspected "impact event" on Earth happened almost exactly 100 years ago, in June of 1908, so I think it'd be REALLY cool if we were to enjoy another one over the coming year to celebrate the last one's centennial. Estimates of the 1908 meteorite's size vary from 150 feet up to nearly 4,000 feet...and scientists estimate it exploded a few miles above the Earth's surface...but it left eighty million dead.

Eighty million fucking TREES.

The problem with that particular meteorite was that it had the poor taste to explode way up yonder in Siberia, where almost no one besides a handful of crazy Eskimo types live. The blast occurred in a psychotically isolated nook of Siberia called Tunguska, and no, I've never heard of it, either. Still, 'twas quite a blast—around a thousand times more forceful than the A-bomb that blew Hiroshima to little Japanese smithereens. Had it occurred over any major city in the world, the "Tunguska Event" would have immediately incinerated all traces of life and advertising all the way out into the 'burbs.

I think that would have been cool.

I think it'd be way cooler if, over the coming year, God would once and for fucking all prove to me he exists by winding up like a steroid-addled Roger Clemens and hurling a fastball at any (or all) of the following destinations... **NEBRASKA.** I've had the misfortune of traversing across this expansive shitstain four or five times now, and I am less convinced than ever that it has any solid reason for existing. The terrain is

brown and flat. The weather is relentlessly too hot or too cold. And the inhabitants, those proud "Cornhuskers," are without a doubt the grumpiest and ugliest bunch o' peeps our land has to offer. What has Nebraska given us? Corn? We can get our corn from Iowa. Turn Nebraska into a giant crater, then fill it with warm water and make it into the World's Largest Hot Tub. Then, and only then, will Nebraska be fun.

CHAD. The African country. Most African nations are, for better or worse, unashamed to be African. They'll give themselves colorful names such as Mozambique and Tanzania, which sound like the names of black chicks who spend a lot of time on their nails. There are even three countries

bordering Chad whose names all boldly hint at the "N" word—Niger, Nigeria, and Cameroon. (Remove the "amer," and you have "Coon."). But instead, Chad chooses the name of some boring white guy who passes out on the frat-house sofa after two beers. For this, it deserves incineration.

THE ENTIRE MIDDLE EAST. Not only because I'm fed up with this whole Muslims-and-Jews thing, but because nowhere else on Earth do so many men wear sandals.

A NEIL DIAMOND CONCERT. Listen, I think the "Jewish Elvis" is a talented songwriter, and I'll always be grateful that he wore blackface in that remake of *The Jazz Singer*, but I'd achieve an instant erection and spontaneously ejaculate if I were to turn on CNN and hear that 20,000 portly middle-aged white bitches were blasted to vapor after a fiery chunk of Space Junk ruined everyone's fun smack-dab in the middle of "Sweet Caroline."

AN ABORTION CLINIC. I think abortion is fantastic and grossly underused, but if a meteorite were to flatten an abortion clinic, I'd briefly enjoy the spectacle of loudmouth liberals shuddering

and pondering the possibility that Goddess has spoken, and she thinks abortion is murder.

YOUR MOTHER'S LEFT TIT. That's right. I wouldn't mind a whit if your mother's saggy left tit were to be slammed hard by a speeding asteroid while the wrinkled old cow whose bleeding twat spat you out was bending over and gingerly rubbing Lemon Pledge on the lamp table. That's just the way I feel. What the FUCK are you going to do about it?

Anyone who has ever written **"LOL," "WTF,"** or **"OMG"** during

the course of their Internet communications.* This special-but-crucial task would require Divine Intelligence to orchestrate a meteor shower that sends fatal fireballs crushing right into the skulls of anyone who has ever used the above shorthand—even once—as part of an online discussion. I would also hope and pray that God, in his infinite wisdom, would be able to spare my soul after discerning that I was only *quoting* these despicable acronyms here in a purely condemnatory manner rather than actually *using* them myself.

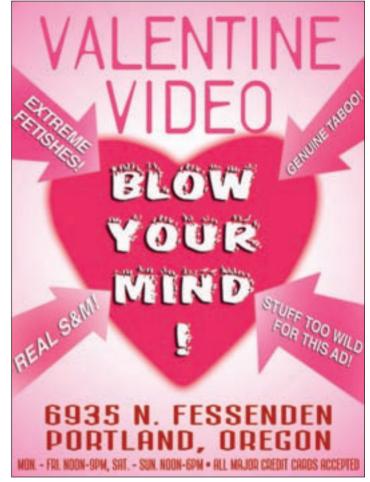


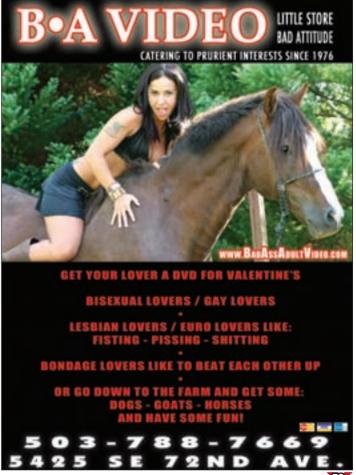
*Except, of course, John Bon Voji.

places, people, and things i wouldn't mind seeing hit by an asteroid over the coming year

Nebraska







What up, my peoples? In this month's column I'm givin' major love to all my ladies in the industry! A lot of men don't understand what y'all go through doing what you do to survive and pay bills! I will also be letting you know about my statewide competition that I'm having in Eugene, Oregon on Friday, February 15th. Plus, this month I'm featuring a honey that I met down in Eugene at The Nile. Ooooh-weee! As always, I'll let you know whatz crackin' around the town! Put it in the wind and let's ride...

whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

KEYANA

First Up..."My Valentines"

I got to give it up to all my "Valentines"—the ones that are disrespected, hated on, and not appreciated. This goes out to all the ladies in this adult industry that have ever felt like that. It has always

been important to me to show nothing but love to the ones that deserve it the most! For one thing, it takes a lot of heart to be a female entertainer, a waitress. or a bartender! Even though this industry is predominantly run by men, you ladies are the bread and butter of the whole damn thing! The strength and courage shown by my Valentines is truly amazing to observe! From dealing with the fatal attraction customers to the ones that don't tip at all, my Valentines always seem to overcome whatever obstacles are placed in front of them. Some of you have serious supermodel potential, yet you remain humble and carry your-



selves quite well! I just want you all to know that I see what you go through and I dig your hustle! My Valentines have the sexiest outfits, the best smelling fragrances and the hardest job in the world...pleasing us men! I commend you all, and on Valentine's Day as well as every other day of the year, you will always have my love & respect! Keep your beautiful heads up!

Next Up...The Two-Girl Stage Show Competition?

That's whatz up, and it's crackin' off on Friday, February 15th in Eugene, Oregon, at **The Nile**. The club is located at 1030 Highway 99 N. This is a statewide invitation to find the hottest two chicks in Oregon! We are looking for pairs only! You have until Tuesday, February 12th to sign-up and register. I have seen many two-girl appearances on various stages at many different clubs. To have the best of the best of every club in the state under one roof is going to be unbelievable! Each club can register its own ladies for this competition, and independent pairs can also sign up. It is being sponsored by my good friends at Cathie's Lingerie and 503girls.com, and it's hosted by yours truly. The Nile in Eugene is paying the winning two-girl duo \$1000.00 in CASH! There is a fifty dollar registration fee for each team to enter. Consolation prizes will also be awarded for 2nd & 3rd place winners. This is a must-see

event! These contestants will definitely be bringing their "A" game! Fire shows, pole tricks, candles, whipped cream and pure passion! If you or someone you know would like to enter, please contact me at myspace.com/mrjmack or call The Nile at (541) 688-1869. I look forward to seeing you there and crowning my first Two-Girl Show Champions! Good luck to all ladies that enter and the VIP After Party will be announced that night! Much love!

Prime Time Thursdays

It's back on with a brand-new feel and a festive new vibe! The cover charge has gone up, and so have my expectations for the live artists that will be performing there! The ladies have even stepped their game up, and the flavor is phenomenal! Each Thursday is "Prime Time," with dollar dances, strong beverages, fly honeys and a cool mixture of real people! Lately there's been a lot of ladies coming and kickin' it on Thursdayz, which is all to the good with me! Plus, the waitresses and bartenders are always making sure that everyone is well taken care of. That goes a long way in this industry! If your service is good, people will go tell other people about it, and that's how you build it up! Big ups to all the artists that have brought in new music to the Safari Club. If you got something cool that the honeys like, we'll play it and possibly have you perform! Hit me on that myspace address or swing by on a Thursday night and hit me up with a CD!

J.Mack's Hot Club Pick

The **Greek Cusina** has a real nice open mic night every Wednesday, and it's hosted by my partner Tiger. It's a cool opportunity for artists that normally don't get any exposure to get some! Not only that, but you can sell your CDs in the club as well! That's what's up! It's 2008, y'all, so let that bullshit go and let's make some bread!

Honey of the Month

This month's Honey is the very sexy and talented **Keyana**. Her national-

ity is Thai and she is just as beautiful inside as she is out. Besides being one of the best pole dancers that I have ever seen, Keyana enjoys modeling and traveling. You can check her spicy stage show out in Eugene at The Nile. Big ups, love and congratulations on being the February 2008 Honey of the Month!

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Cathie's Lingerie...This month featuring something for all lovers! Drop by the shop at 8201 SE Powell and check out the new goodies they have for you. They also have a website for you to view. Its cathiesportland.com, so you can log and see for yourself! Thanks to Maloni and the entire staff for all of your support!

503girls.com...Portland's #1 adult website is still miles above the competi-

tion! Big ups to Brian and all the 503 Girls!

Until next month, y'all keep it crackin'!

One Love, J.Mack



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o I thought I'd start off by tentatively bashing all the over-glorified and glamorized porn industry icons. but let's face it. old or new...it's

porn, hardcore, and in your face. When you

want it. vou don't want to worry about picking up ugly porn. unless. of course, vou're into that kind of thing. So here's how it's going down. I'm gonna give vou a neek at the tons of the tramps you just gotta have. And a painfully disastrous vision of a couple of former porn goddesses vou would presently want to avoid like a case of genital warts.

As we've made our way from the earlier 70s and 80s of the big-bush porn era, we've learned to clean things up a bit. Hell, we've gotten digitally

enhanced and remastered so stars like Ginger Lynn, Nina Hartley, John Holmes, and Kylie Ireland

all get to look crisper and clearer on our brand-new plasma flat screens. However, who of those five porn stars would you actually still want to view with your fancy new multi-angle

Jenna Jameson then...

remote? From the 90s we have super rockstar porn stars such as Jenna Jameson, Tera Patrick, Aria Giovanni, Janine Lindemulder, Stacy Valentine, and Jill Kelly. And again, who would you still want to see licking and sticking their fingers in who-knowswhat-and-whom? Well, my friends, I've done my research and the results are in.

Let's go ahead and start with the best. To discover which three will still make you

want to cum back for more, I checked out their substantial "bodies" of work (yes, I was forced to watch porn for you people—the things we do for our readers!), as well as the Before and Afters on Google to show who survived the test of time. Porn obviously can have a corrosive effect on the oft-naïve and easily manipulated starlets that fall under its allure of easy money and fame as well as the soul-swallowing temptations of drugs, vices, and

Traci Lords then...

by AmbeRed

other addictions. So it's a refreshing and surprising tale when you stumble across a story such as Traci Lords. Traci has been a virtual multi-talent in not

just the porn industry with over 107 adult films, but she published her own book, has been in a multitude of mainstream crossover films, debuted her musical career with the Lords

of Acid, released her own solo album, and continues to rock her smokin' frame without the help of Doctor 90210. In her earlier days of porn, she turned the industry upside-down when it was discovered that her 1984 Penthouse magazine centerfold appearance occurred when she was merely fifteen years old—a collector's item you might wanna keep to yourself along with the 77 films she had already made when Federal agents arrested Traci in 1986 for being under the age of consent. Yet somehow through all the chaos of her youth, the sexy, smart, and scandalous Traci still came out on top.

Next up is a sex bomb that

was discovered at the innocent age of 13 when the young Tera Patrick was signed to the Ford Modeling Agency in San Francisco. She abandoned the world of modeling at 18 and pursued education where she received her Associate's degree in nursing and a BS in microbiology. After transferring

to UC Santa Barbara in the late 90s, financial problems ed her back to modeling, which eventually led to Tera choosing to do work in softcore nude features, leading up to her porn debut in 2000 in Andrew Blake's Aroused. Tera immediately became one of the most recognizable and sought-after actresses in porn, with over 77 films, features in Playboy, Hustler, FHM, and runner-up as Pet of the Year

...and now

...and now

in Penthouse magazine and numerous adult

industry awards. In 2004, Tera married her love interest and screen partner of three years, Evan Seinfeld, a sucessful musician (Biohazard) and actor (HBO's Oz). Following their marriage, the two fought their way through Tera's contracts, sued the hell out of anyone standing in their way, including both Playboy and Jenna Jameson, and continue to conquer the industry presently as Tera helps fund organizations such as the Free Speech Coalition, hosts her own very popular webcast, The Tera Patrick Show, and runs her own modeling agency and film production company, TeraVision.

62 exotic magazine | xmag.com

In February of 2007, Tera announced her plans to only spend two more years in front of the camera, and her next release the following month of inTERActive broke records as HUSTLER's fastest-selling release...EVER! Eight years ago this lady looked damn near the

same as she does now in 2008. just with a little more pep in the step and flare in her bounce, she defiantly rocks the socks of this chick's box.

Last but not least in the top of heap is **Aria Giovanni**. She's another from "then" that looks fucking amazing in the "now." After spending a little time digging into her history, I found out she had quite the amazing survival story herself. Aria entered rehab at the age of 12 for drug and alcohol treatment and spent 26 months conquering her addictions. She began her education

in her second year of rehab and completed two years of education in less than 12 months before going on to junior college pursuing a degree ...and now in microbiology and eventually turning to modeling in 1999. Soon afterward, Aria started shooting for amateur porn sites such as BubbleGirls. (I dare you to check this one out; it makes the sweet and sassy Aria look like a fetish diva.) Professional porn came knocking in the form of noted adult industry and glamour photographer Suze Randall, whose pictures of Aria would land her on the cover of Penthouse's September 2000 issue. As her modeling work continued, she realized that her education would have to be put on hold as the window of opportunity for "modeling" would be a limited one. Her career in porn films was limited exclusively to the girl-on-girl exploits of Andrew Blake, though most of her lesbian scenes merely implied sexual contact. Today, Aria continues to dominate the Internet business as well as bondage, glamour, and erotic fetish photography. At thirty years old, Aria still gives the hardcore porn queens a run for their money.

Since we've covered the must-haves, it is now unfortunately time to explore the tragic remains of the haggard leftovers of our fallen porn queens. Sorry, I'm not naming any male porn stars, but the reality of that is unless you like man-on-man action you're not gonna

> remember or be very impressed with the selection of men in the industry. You might remember their cock size, but if asked to match the members to the face...forget about it. If I have one thing to say about men in porn, it is simply this: "Thank GOD Ron Jeremy doesn't do porn anymore!" Enough about that; it's time to move on to our most disastrous train wreck of pornographic proportions...starting with the infamous

Jenna Jameson, who made it much easier

for me while I was typing this glorious section by announcing her retirement from the adult entertainment industry right before my very eyes on VH1's coverage of Best Week Ever. This former beauty was once known as the Queen of Porn, who in spite of a horrid child-

Aria Giovanni

hood of rape, abuse, poverty, and nearly fatal drug addiction was able to take the industry by storm, grossing close to 75K for a day-and-a-half of "work" shooting a DVD or banking as much as 25K for a single night as a feature dancer. Her bankable options exploded in 2000 with Club Jenna, a multi-media monstrosity that dominated the web and production scene under the control of Jenna and her ex-husband Jay Grdina, a former porn actor himself. Her rise to success continued as Jenna's autobiography, How to Make Love Like

a Porn Star, debuted on the New York Times Best-Seller List on August 17th of 2004, where it remained for six weeks. As talks of turning her autobiography into a movie (starring Scarlett Johannson as Jameson) began development in 2007, the toll on Jenna's appearance started to become horribly evident, which Jenna simply blamed on her very messy divorce proceedings. Sorry, Jenna, but the retirement is a relief to all of us, actually; it's been time for quite a while now. You used to rock my world, but have you looked in the mirror

lately? Even He-Man's archrival Skeletor says you need to put some weight on, girl, and for God's sake, STOP WITH THE PLASTIC SURGERY, WILL YA, LADY? I can see that after starring in literally hundreds of porn features that maybe your <mark>little kitty has been</mark> through its nine lives, but after a failed vagina reconstruction, it's all gone to hell now, hasn't it? She's been rotating her breast implants like seasonal tires, and her lip implants...please, don't even get me started on that one. Both sets of lips should be entered into the Smithsonian as crimes against nature. Somehow this ex-knockout has managed to complete her transformative deterioration into some Michael Jackson kind of

alien space creature. Maybe if I were from another planet I'd want to bend her over and do her in the ass with a strap-on...maybe.

Another that you just couldn't bear to touch with a ten-foot pole let alone your own rod would be Ginger Lynn. Come on, guys, don't you remember that hottie from flicks such as Backdoor Slammers, Ball Busters, and New Wave Hookers? Her childhood was of course riddled with tragedy (see a common thread here, kids?), including attempted suicide at twelve years of age due to a pathologically dysfunctional relationship with her abusive mother. Her grandparents took her away from that situation, and after graduating high school she moved to the city of broken dreams, Los Angeles, in 1982. Then came the same well-traveled journey into the adult industry as foretold on every single lady we've discussed in this editorial...modeling, Penthouse, then porn. She had a very successful run from 1983 to 1986, being named the first Vivid Girl for Vivid Entertainment and well-known for her anal and double-penetration talents in a time when acts of this nature were very rare among the big-name porn actresses. She retired early from the porn scene to pursue acting in mainstream B-movie farces, only to return to porn in 1999 and again in 2006. She has continued her efforts of mainstream roles, but if you got the chance to check her out in Rob Zombie's The Devil's Rejects, you might understand the level of displeasure in viewing this woman even more than half-naked. Fucking Captain Spaulding's brains out will not be the last you get to see of this porn queen icon, unfortunately. Ginger Lynn has over six hundred titles to her name and has just released a new book documenting her years of wear and tear in the adult industry. If you like women over forty, this is the one to check out. But if you're like me, who wants to see pussy that's seen six hundred fuck flicks and, I'm gonna guess, double that amount of clits and dicks? Sorry, I'll pass!

That about wraps it up for who was great then, which ones are still great now, and the ones that lost their way in the process. So if you're feeling like some porn this Valentine's Day, I hope you found these hits and misses a helpful guide to getting yourself off. But don't forget, guys and girls, there's always something more than beautiful women in between these pages to keep you coming back for more. (But they definitely make it a lot sexxxier, don't they?) Until next time, you glorious deviants, I'm out.

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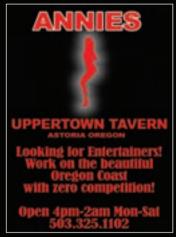
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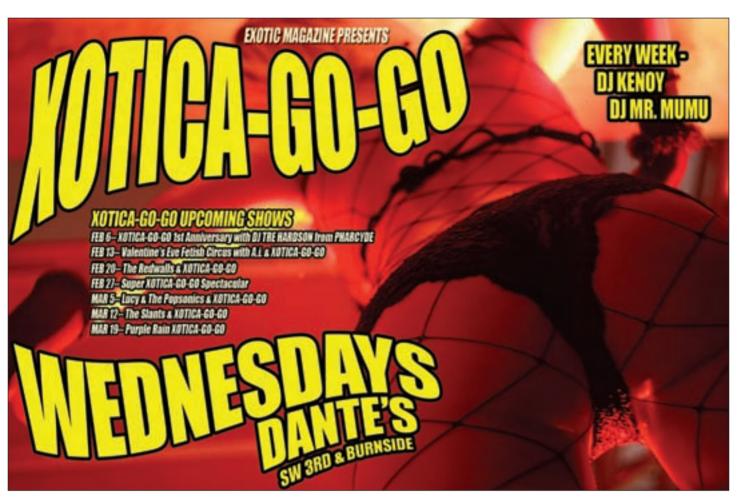
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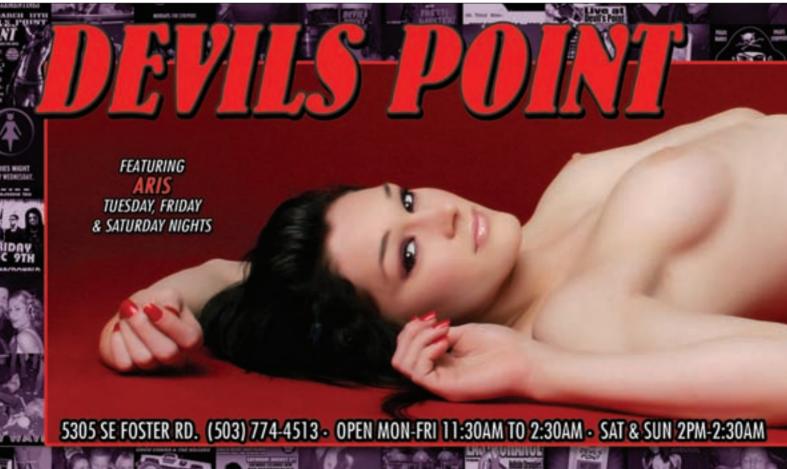
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BEYOND the BOBBITTS

honoring history's less-famous severed penises

That bearded cigar-sucking squirt-monkey Sigmund Freud placed tremendous importance on the penis. He based two of his major psychological theories on the notion that women were forever resentful that they didn't have cocks (penis envy) and that because of this, men were eternally fearful that women were going to violently remove their cocks (castration

While hairy-titted feminist blabbermouths may dismiss castration anxiety as a paranoid male fantasy, they sure as fuck cheer the loudest whenever some sap gets his knob lopped off by a violent, unstable paramour who invariably claims her bloody cock-chopping was justified by his physical abuse and heartless insults about her weight. Excuse me for breathing, ye nobly crusty coven of ancient, mustachioed lumberdykes, but within the first few days of most American males' existence, some dandruff-coated doctor will slice off his foreskin with a cold blade. So maybe we have a reason for being apprehensive about someone hacking off the rest. Our cocks mean a lot to us.

It's not as forcible ding-dong removal during adulthood is strictly the stuff of fantasy, either. The Bobbitt case is not an isolated incident. Of course, to the public mind, the very subject of cock-chopping conjures the insanely overpublicized case of psycho knife-wielding feminist hero Lorena Bobbitt and her dumb-as-a-stump husband John Wayne "Frankenpenis" Bobbitt. This ignores the scores of other cases that were every bit as entertaining.

The first rule of sensible social com-**RASPUTIN** passion is that as long as it's someone else's penis getting severed, it's always funny. For your edification and enlightenment, I'm casting a well-deserved spotlight on many of history's lesser-known penis-severing cases. Many, but thankfully not all, involve the same sort of castrating, controlling, cunty Medusa scenario as the Bobbitt case. They are pre-

sented roughly in chronological order. Ask your mom if you don't know what that means.

Our exclusive marketing research has determined that a staggering 98 percent of our readers suffer from severe castration anxiety on a daily basis. I need to remind you that I am here not only to entertain you—I'm here to offer hope. You see, our research also revealed that our readers spend a very high percentage of their waking hours with their hands wrapped firmly around their own penises, rendering forcible castration much more difficult. It's when you're asleep that you have to worry.

GENERAL KANG PING

According to Chinese historians—not that anyone should trust them— Kang Ping was an army officer under Emperor Yung Lo, who ruled China from 1402-1424 AD. After returning from an official trip to another city, the paranoid and insecure Yung Lo accused General Ping of slippin' his li'l Chinese dipstick in the fortune-cookie-sized vaginas of the emperor's official harem. General Ping claimed that he could prove his innocence, whereupon he instructed the emperor to look inside a special compartment of the saddle on which the emperor had ridden throughout his trip. Tucked inside his saddle, the emperor found General Ping's severed penis. Anticipating that he'd be accused of fucking the emperor's harem,

Ping had cut off his own ching-chong ding-dong and placed it inside the emperor's saddle before His Royal Highness had left for his trip. Of course, Ping forever impressed the emperor with such vivid proof of his psychotic, self-mutilating loyalty. That didn't change the fact that he died without a cock.

GRIGORI RASPUTIN

The famed notorious Russian mystic, meddler in Czarist affairs, and Crispin Glover lookalike met a violent end in 1916. Although the details of his murder remain murky, legend has spread since his death that it involved the severing of his legendarily huge genitalia. Rumors have also circulated for years that Rasputin's Ramrod was preserved for posterity. A recent photo, purported to be his flaccid boy-parts in a jar, gives tremendous insight into his famous persuasive powers—even limp, the Russki's root is the size of a sea lion.

A Japanese army officer's mistress, Abe caused a national sensation

SADA ABE

in the 1930s, and her gory story eventually became the real-life inspiration for the 1976 softcore porno film In the Realm of the Senses. Back in 1936, Abe and married officer Kichizo Ishida plunged into a stinkingly torrid sexual affair, but when Ishida drifted back toward his wife, Abe grabbed a knife and took matters into her own hands. After stranaling him to death with her robe's sash at the end of a two-day fuckfest, she chopped off his Nipponese wacka-doo, wrapped the bloody mess in a magazine cover, and wandered through the town for three days, his penis always by her side. She confessed immediately upon her arrest and never wavered from her eager assertion that Ishida had been quite the stud-muffin. "I loved him so much, I wanted him all to myself," she told police. "But since we were not husband and wife, as long as he lived he could be embraced by other women. I knew that if I killed him no other woman could ever touch him again, so I killed him." For a brief time in the late 1940s, Ishida's severed penis and testes were on public display at a Tokyo museum.

DUMOND

WAYNE DUMOND

While he never technically had his penis removed, DuMond's severed testicles recently became the subject of the Republican presidential campaign. Former Arkansas Governor Mike Huckabee petitioned for DuMond's release from prison in 1999, after which DuMond moved to another state and almost immediately raped and killed someone. But back in 1985 when he was facing trial for raping an underaged girl, two armed masked men busted into DuMond's house, whereupon they "hogtied him and forced

him to perform oral sex on one of them" and proceeded to slice off his cojones with fishing wire. An Arkansas sheriff with the classically crackery name of Coolidge Conlee was reported to have scooped up DuMond's bloody nuts, plopped them in a formaldehyde-filled jar, and placed them prominently on his desk down at the station, bragging, "that's what happens to people

who fool around in my county." Conlee later died in prison after being convicted of

corruption charges.

PRAYOON EKLANG

A rickshaw driver by trade, Eklang grabbed headlines **MEIWES** in Thailand in 1997 after he claimed his jealous wife drugged him and cut off his schween. This was not a unique case in Thailand, seeing as there had been an estimated 42 cases of husbands losing their cocks to jealous, knife-wielding wives in the preceding fifteen years there. What was exceptional is that Eklang claimed that after chopping off his bamboo shoot, his wife tied it to a helium-filled balloon and let it fly away in the wind.

ARMIN MEIWES

A homicidal bisexual German necrophile, Meiwes had placed a singles ad online in 2001 stating that he was looking for "a well-built man who wants to be eaten." A 43-yearold computer engineer named Bernd-Jurgen Brandes responded. Over the summer of 2001, Meiwes would eat sixty-six pounds worth of Brandes's flesh. But on the night CIOMU he eventually murdered Brandes, Meiwes videotaped himself chopping off his prey's penis, then cooking it in garlic, salt, and pepper, whereupon both men proceeded to eat the results. Meiwes, who insisted that Brandes willingly consented to his own murder and chose to also feast

upon his own genitals, complained that the penis meat was "tough and unpalatable." Although Brandes would not last the night, Meiwes insisted that after the castration, Brandes told him, "If I survive until the morning, let's have my testicles for breakfast." A police search of Meiwes's home uncovered a recipe for "penis in red wine."

PO DONG

In August of 2004 when Bangkok dockworker Po Dong's wife resisted his drunkenly lusty advances, he flew into a tizzy and sliced his own shrimp roll into several bloody little cubes. His wife, in a major exhibition of the too-little/too-late principle, would claim that Dong "shouldn't have made such a big issue out of it." If he had a Po Dong before he cut it off, can you imagine how po' his dong was afterward?

SORNLAM YOTBANYA

Yotbanya also comes from the castration-crazed country of Thailand and is the first of our three cases from the apparently castration-crazy month of October 2004. After his wife slashed off his Thai stick with a knife while he was sleeping, he woke up and did what any sensible person would do—he rushed straight to the hospital in hopes of having it reattached. However, the dumb castrated fuck forgot to bring his severed schlong along with him, and by the time he eventually retrieved it from his home, rampant cell death rendered reattachment impossible.

CONSTANTIN MOCANU

Mocanu, a 67-year-old Romanian villager, may have offered the lamest alibi for castrating oneself in history. He claims that when he ran outside in his underwear one night in October 2004 to confront a noisy chicken that had been making it hard to sleep, he grabbed his own cock mistaking it for the chicken's neck—and slashed it off. Mocanu says he then dropped the dismembered member to the ground,

whereupon his "dog rushed and ate it."

NAUM CIOMU

In another Romanian case from the same month as Constantin Mocanu's chicken-neck castration, Dr. Naum Ciomu became frustrated in the middle of performing testicular surgery upon a 36-year-old patient. After accidentally slicing into the man's urinary channel, Ciomu flipped the frick out and began chopping his patient's penis into bitesized little treats with a scalpel before stomping out of the operating room. Ciomu, who would receive only a one-year suspended jail sentence, later claimed that he had "overreacted.

KIM TRAN

In February of 2005 in dismally dark and cold Anchorage, Alaska, Kim Tran, 35, and her boyfriend, 44, had one of those pre-breakup arguments that wind up in passionate humping. As part of their post-fight frolicking, Tran's boyfriend foolishly allowed her to tie his hands to a windowsill, after which she brandished a kitchen knife and guillotined his organ from his body, flushing it down the toilet. She untied him and

dropped him off at the hospital. Police later arrived at her house to find her still cleaning up blood. They summoned a plumber from the city's Water and Wastewater Utility, who was able to finally fetch the severed weenie from an "S" curve in the plumbing pipes. The dirty dick was placed on ice and rushed to the hospital, where it was stitched back onto its traumatized, unnamed host. Tran was charged with assault and tampering with evidence—the penis.

JAKUB FIK

In March of 2006, Chicago police responded to a call on the city's Northwest side that a crazed resident was smashing car windows. They arrived on the scene to find Jakub Fik, 33, bursting naked from a house he'd burglarized and proceeding to hurl a series of knives at them. In the course of his knife-throwing, he also tossed his self-severed penis at them, although it limply landed only ten feet away from him on the porch. The bleeding dickless psychopath was eventually Tasered. Both he and his penis were taken into custody and ultimately reunited.

UNNAMED DRUNK LATVIAN GAMBLER

In July of 2006 after losing a bet in which he'd promised to cut off his own dick if he lost, a thirty-year-old Latvian man flat-out refused to welch on the bet. Defiantly shitfaced, he cut his manhood right the fuck off. He and his penis, both pickled in alcohol, were whisked to a hospital, where microsurgeon Aivars Tihonovs performed the first complete penile-reattachment surgery in Latvian history. "We have had a few cases with penis traumas, when it was half-cut or damaged," Tihonovs told a reporter, "but this is the first time that it was totally cut off—and brought to the hospital in a plastic bag."

UNNAMED BUDDHIST MONK

In Bangkok, Thailand—World Capital of Penis Severing—in November, 2006, a thirty-five-year-old Buddhist monk popped an involuntary boner during meditation. Disgusted with himself, he grabbed a machete and felled that boner to the ground. Since Buddhism preaches detachment, he refused reattachment surgery. According to the Reuters news service, a Bangkok hospital chief "declined to comment on the monk's erection."

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13639 SE POWELL • (503) 760-8128 • MON-SAT 11:30AM-2:30AM • SUN 3:00PM-2:30AM



3815 STATE STREET • SALEM, OR 97301 • (503) 363 - 0401 919 SE 9TH STREET • ALBANY, OR 97321 • (541) 981-2507



HELP US CELEBRATE OUR

2 Year Anniversary

SPECIALS, EVENTS, PRIZES....

AND MUCH MORE ALL MONTH LONG



GE PLANTY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25RD

AND THE HOTTEST LADIES IN OREGON...
WE HOPE THEY DON'T MELT EVERYTHING.

FRITTUESDRY

PARTY...NEW ORLEANS-STYLE WITH
THE BEAUTIFUL LADIES OF STARS.
CAJUN BUFFET 6-9 PM.
WEAR YOUR COSTUME FOR FREE ADMISSION.
BEADS AND NOISEMAKERS PROVIDED.

CHIEVER VECTER



AMERICA'S 158XXX BREASTS SWEETHEART APPEARING THURS, FEB. 14111 &



ADULT FILM STAR THURS, REE, 2817H FRIL FEB, 2817H

MORE ON MONDAYS

FREE PRIME RIB DINNER WITH YOUR PAID ADMISSION 6-9 PM

RETRO WEDNESDAYS
OUR DJS ARE MIXIN' IT UP WITH
HITS FROM THE 703, 803 & 903

1550 WESTON COURT (I-5 & EXIT 256) SALEM, OR (503) 370-8063