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THAT’S JUST FINE—

The Portland Trail Blazers announced last month that they would be fining forward Ruben Patterson $100,000 for “conduct detrimental to the team, the organization, its fans and the City of Portland,” referring to an incident on Nov. 25 when Patterson was arrested for felony domestic assault of his wife. It is believed to be the largest non-suspension fine in Blazer history, and Blazer President Bob Whitsett said he thought that by fining Patterson he was “doing the right thing.”

IN RELATED STORIES—

Exotic magazine (THAT’S US) announced last month that the publication would be fining former Editor Jim Goad $500 for allowing last month’s offensive column “Hard Justice” to slide by the magazine’s review system. Publisher Frank Faillace (THAT’S ME) also announced the fining of former Exotic writer Officer Partridge for $5000, believed to be the single largest fine in Exotic history, for writing the article. Officer Partridge is a member of the notoriously eccentric group known as the Partridge Family Temple, a religious organization that worships the Partridge Family and drinks and eats each other’s urine. “If those people really believed in ‘Come On, Get Happy!’ and ‘I Think I Love You’ as guides to life, this article would never have been written,” said Faillace (ME AGAIN). Goad immediately announced his resignation and Officer Partridge was relieved of his writing duties.

The NBA announced last month they will be fining the Portland Trail Blazers over $55 million for being that much over the NBA’s “soft” salary cap. This is by far the largest single salary cap fine in sports history. The NBA will not be suspending the Trail Blazers, although they have promised the team will once again not make it past the first round of the playoffs.

All the strippers in Oregon banded together last month for the first time in history, forming the not-for-profit institute and liberal thinktank Oregon Strippers Association, and announced a $50,000 fine against Exotic (YOU’RE READING IT) magazine for publishing the “Hard Justice” column that was extremely derogatory towards dancers in the industry. The $50,000 figure was calculated as the monetary value of the emotional damage generated by the article. Officer Partridge was relieved of his writing duties.

Exotic (YES US AGAIN) magazine announced today that they will fine Trail Blazer President Bob Whitsett $1 billion just for being a stupid jackass.

Shawn Cassidy and Shirley-Jones of TV’s “The Partridge Family” announced they would be fining the Partridge Family Temple $972 for misrepresenting the loving, feel-good theme of “The Partridge Family” in their member’s actions over the last few years, including numerous documented bar fights and the writing of the disparaging article “Hard Justice” in last month’s issue of Exotic (THIS ONE) magazine. When asked, Cassidy said, “We love ALL people, INCLUDING strippers, and Officer Partridge’s words were just so full of hate and meanness. That’s not COOL. That’s not what “The Partridge Family” is about. It’s about LOVE, man.” The figure of $1972 was decided upon because that was the year of The Partridge Family’s last Top 40 single, “Looking Through The Eyes Of Love.” “It just seemed like the right amount, man,” said Cassidy.

AND IN OTHER NEWS—

Well, Exotic (IN YOUR HANDS) magazine finally “jumped the shark” last month with the publishing of the poorly-timed Officer Partridge column and then the shocking news that the U.S. Attorney General’s office and the newly-formed Department of Homeland Security nearly shut the magazine down after being notified of the article, citing the “possible terrorist links” between the Partridge Family Temple and al Qaeda.

Luckily, after pondering the situation and thinking, “What would Ward Weaver do?” the publisher (ME JAC-K-ASS) was able to convince Attorney General John Ashcroft AND Department of Homeland Security Secretary Tom Ridge that Exotic (THE ONE WITH SPELLCHECK) magazine was NOT a front for financing al Qaeda, but just a bunch of gender-challenged, lower-lifeforms trying to make an honest buck off naked women.

And they fell for it...suckers. Can I get an “Amen”!? All the liars-n-lawyers in the country can’t bring down Exotic (THE ONE PEOPLE READ).

So after all that, the biggest problem facing the publication was dealing with the angry strippers calling our humble little grammatically-correct-but-not-politically-correct magazine office. The pre-planned, stock answer to any-and-all telephonic verbal abuse was, “Problems in the coven, dear?”

MINDLESS FLUFF—

Finally, with this issue you may notice many, many changes, including the new Exotic logo. You may also notice the white background on the cover...And in case you haven’t heard, rumor has it that covers with white backgrounds secretly signify that I’VE HAD SEX WITH THE COVERGIRLS! This vicious gossip has caused me many, many months of ANGUISH and HUMILIATION. And I just want to say for the record: That’s nothing but a malevolent, mean-spirited, completely atrocious rumor...that I’ll completely admit. Hot damn that was fun! Whoohoo! I RULE!

My Ode to Jim Goad: He made me laugh out loud and scared the hell out of me at the same time. Everyone else is boring.
Not getting text messages like this?

Read *Exotic.*
GETTING TO KNOW THE EXOTIC STAFF:
Holy crap! After last month’s tumultuous changes, WE don’t even know who’s on the Exotic staff...Give us a couple weeks and we’ll straighten it all out. For now, all we can tell is some people showed up and somehow put this magazine together for the 114th month in a row...Not too shabby.

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Subject: assholes yours and mine
Date: Sun, 08 Dec 2002 02:40:52
From: poisonivynu@hotmail.com

Well you've got me, you've made your point Officer Partridge, we in the industry are swine, we are pigs happy to wallow in the proverbial filth that is our lives; oh well, at least we can admit it. I have just one question for you: Does our perversity give you any reasonable excuse for yours? If you're disgusted by the john, do you have a picnic lunch there every afternoon? I guess you do. Ah yes, a slice of pizza, and a peeper full of pooper, oh what joy! We are objects and prostitutes because you choose to make our lives easier by paying to stare at our bunholes. Hey at least it's earning its keep! Oh sure, (the bunhole) does that whole waste product removal thing, by the way, maybe you should have yours checked, there seems be it an awful lot of shit left in your system, maybe you have a blockage or something.

So, while you're in the bar paying greedy dollars to stare into our assholes, where is your wife? I'm sure she's exactly where you would have the rest of the female species. Do you feel superior as she grovels in the corner begging your forgiveness for daring to be born with a pussy? We all know your dirty secret; you dream of forbidden assholes as you jerk your pathetic little stinky underdeveloped dick until you fully wake up and remember: Oh shit! Stop that! They're nasty whores! I hate them, really, I hate them! Keep telling them. If you don't want to fuck you right? You and your irre-sistible polyester wearing, balding, Old Spice stinking cock. That's disgusting. I would be ashamed to be seen in public with you, let alone have your fat ass touching my temple. I think it's clear that the majority of women in my industry feel the same way. They are not ashamed of their God given form, they realize that we are all naked beneath our clothes, and they have learned to make an honest dollar in a money-hungry society instead of going on welfare and foodstamps. Consequently, the woman who feels no shame, the woman who actually dances around naked is decidedly independent and free of working for “The Man.” While you lowly, pathetic slime spend your week's paychecks looking at our assholes. We bend over, smile, scoop up half your week's earnings and think to ourselves, “What a fuckin' sucker!”

Hey, wait a second...I'm a man that frequents strip clubs...Now I'm offended. —Publisher
Subject: Ricki’s note to Officer Partridge

Mr. Trick (oops) I mean Officer Limp Dick, aka Partridge from the loser side of town, I’m not gonna waste my time with belittling you as that would be far too simple. I just feel as though people like you who are full of judgement and opinions are very hateful and don’t like themselves. Opinions are like assholes and I’m sure you have a big swool(sic) ass, that’s probably where your issues begin and end. You hate women only because you have issues about your own sexuality, men with tendencies that are in the closet hold this deep resentment towards women, especially beautiful women who have men bowing down to their every command! After reading your so-called article, I’ve made my own observations—they go like this: You fit the profile of a serial rapist who’s been screwed, I’ve made my own observations—they go like this. You fit the profile of a serial rapist who’s been fucking by his mom or dad since very young. You want to see a psychiatrist and be hospitalized before women come up missing in Portland. Please seek HELP!!!!!!! Thank you.

—Ricki

Wasn’t that one of the plots for Law & Order: Special Victims Unit? —Publisher

12/06/02
To the hypocritical idiot who wrote that letter last month:

I would like to start by telling you the entire stripper community has come to the obvious conclusion that you have been burnt terribly by a fellow stripper. We dedicate this to that Goddess. We love her.

Good job! Thanks for the laugh! You have no idea what you are talking about. I don’t know how you think you can classify a whole group of people by their profession, but you can’t. Yeah, what you said may apply to a lot of people; especially the idiot strippers who would ever talk to a jackass trick like you, or fuck you! (So you claim)—By the way, do you want a brownie button for fucking a stripper? Do you have any idea how many strippers are in Portland? People fuck every day, what’s your fascination with strippers?—Yeah, people will suck your dick for some E tabs, that’s just human. Someone that works at Taco Bell or Target might suck your dick for them also. I bet a cocktail waitress or bartender might too—What’s your point genius? You’re either scandalous or you’re not. I know it’s not just because they are strippers. I have friends in and out of the industry, and quite frankly, my “square” friends have been involved in just as much scandalous shit. I personally, and many like me, have never done coke or E. I have been stripping for 4 years, own my own home and car, and paid off more that $20,000 of debt along the way. I choose to strip. I have had many corporate jobs, 8-5. This is a choice, not a last resort. You openly admit you sit right at the rack and look at our assholes. That right there sounds like a personal issue to me. You don’t have a girl at home to look at her asshole, or in your case, maybe a man at home. You say you blow on clits! How exciting! Have you ever had a beer “accidentally” spilled on you? (That was for the blowing by the way.) There are two types of customers: The ones who we actually enjoy entertaining and appreciate coming in and having a good time. You can bet your bottom dollar (which will be my dollar by tomorrow) that on my nights off you may find me at another club looking at my friend’s asshole because I like it! Women are gorgeous and we all like to look at them, you, me, all of us, get over it! And then there are customers like you, who have bitterness coming out of their pores; we can smell you from a mile away! We just throw on our fakest smile, piss in your ear, and enjoy taking advantage of your wallet! You want to talk shit about how we show you anything for a dollar—well at the end of the night we go home with about 5 or 6 hundred of your “DOLLARS” and fuck our hot girlfriends and/or fine-ass men! So who’s the idiot? I’m not a prostitute by the way, or I’d be a fucking millionaire-- nice try. All I know is you go to work, wherever, no one cares where, and time and time again spend your paycheck on me. So you are my whore Biaaaaatch! Don’t get it twisted! And no I don’t have a problem showing my genitals. I have a bomb ass tight pussy and it looks good. I was born like this, God didn’t invent clothes, some jackass (probably with a small dick like yours) did. You who have problems with the naked body are the twisted ones. Again, at the end of the day, you go home broke and lonely, that’s why you’re so mad! You don’t have any more money to take out some square pencil-pushing bitch that might actually give you some pussy because you gave it to all of us whores. Luv ya.

I never got MY brownie buttons... —Publisher

In case anyone missed any of the 17 thousand flyers we sent out last month, here’s what they said...

FROM THE PUBLISHER
& STAFF OF EXOTIC MAGAZINE

An Open Apology To Everyone In The Adult Industry:

Please accept our apologies regarding the article in the last issue of Exotic (December 2002) on page 84.

In no way does the article reflect the views of anyone on the staff at Exotic magazine.

Although we have no good excuse for the act of publishing this contemptful writing, believe us when we say that the system we have for placing articles was severely compromised last month when this article was submitted at the last minute before going to press. Since it was so late, the usual, proper reviews of articles never happened and this piece was published with no review. If, in fact, it had been reviewed properly it would have immediately been rejected for content.

Although we at Exotic support somewhat controversial and contentious articles for the sake of satire and amusement, the article in question went way too far in its context and had no business being printed in our magazine.

We are very sincere when we say that articles like this will not be allowed in the magazine in the future. And once again we relay our sincerest apologies to anyone offended. We value and respect dancers as the lifeblood of our industry.

Sincerely,

Frank Faillace & the entire Exotic staff
Officer Partridge’s Hard Justice in Exotic, December 2002 Issue
“Sounds like he got run over by a stripper…”

It’s amazing what I’ll do for friends. Apparently some jackass didn’t know where his paycheck was coming from last month and insulted every one of Exotic’s readers and advertisers. So darling Frank Faillace bought me a couple fat manhattans at Suki’s and now here I am—editor of Exotic—again.

I know a lot of you really loved Jim Goad’s contributions to the magazine. One of my favorite local rock stars said there was nothing that helped him move his bowels so well as Jim Goad’s Exotic. I personally think he’s the cat’s meow, and the first person in ages who gave two shits whether or not there was anything worth reading in this magazine. And seeing as how he wrote about 90% of the copy, Exotic will be a completely different fish wrapper now that he’s hit the road, promoting his book Shit Magnet.

Of course, I’ve got a lot of other stuff going on, too. Many of you that know that I am a “musician,” a “writer,” an “actress,” a “burlesque performer” and that I show my asshole onstage downtown for dollars. Which brings me to…..

“A naked chick IS ART. Her asshole is art.”

Secondly, I am fiercely proud to be showing my asshole to strangers for dollars. Is having an asshole or genitalia something to be ashamed of? Obviously Partridge thinks so. But who cares about him. I think the female form looks best without clothes. “Prove me wrong!” And for the millionth time, a naked chick IS ART. Her existence is predicated on assholes, with twins. That’s what keeps our favorite customers coming back. And evidently that’s what keeps Mr. Partridge away.

I hate to respond to this column at all, because it seems to me to be the petulant cries of a neglected three-year old, but enough of you have been genuinely upset by Partridge’s idiot savant ravings that I feel obliged to REWRITE THE SAME FIVE HUNDRED WORDS I’ve been writing for SIX YEARS now.

First off, it really infuriates me when people use the words whore and prostitute like there is something un-noble about the business of trading sex for money. Goddamn it we do not live in the fucking Garden of Eden, and each of us must trade something in order to survive. Whether you trade sex for money or defend pharmaceutical companies in court or are blowing up women and children in Iraq for your paycheck is your choice. I will not deny that a moral continuum exists, but I will maintain to my dying day that the streetwalker who trades a BJ for $10 causes less harm to fewer people than George Bush, Vera Katz or even my dentist.

Of course, I’ve got a lot of other stuff going on, too. Many of you know that I am a “musician,” a “writer,” an “actress,” a “burlesque performer” and that I show my asshole onstage downtown for dollars. Which brings me to…..

“A naked chick IS ART. Her asshole is art.”

Secondly, I am fiercely proud to be showing my asshole to strangers for dollars. Is having an asshole or genitalia something to be ashamed of? Obviously Partridge thinks so. But who cares about him. I think the female form looks best without clothes. “Prove me wrong!” And for the millionth time, a naked chick IS ART. Her asshole is art. I don’t care if she’s an “artist” or a “dance technician” or a “burlesque dancer” or a METH ADDICT—she is art. And she’s art for the people. You can go up the street to the Pearl District and look at abstract assholes (cuz all art, all existence, is predicated on assholes, on fucking, on stinky, sloppy, sticky life) or you can fly to Barcelona and see pen-and-ink assholes in the Picasso Museum (all the guy did in his later years was paint cunts and assholes) or you can see real live assholes at any of the comfortable, well-stocked bars advertised in this magazine!

Finally, Officer Partridge may not like us running our mouths while we disrobe, may not like hearing the intimate details of our not-as-glamorous real lives, but many customers do. We are not on stage for his benefit, after all. We are businesswomen. And most strippers I know figure out pretty quickly that the guys who blow on your clit when you turn around and stare deeply into your asshole don’t come around as much as the customers who look into your eyes and want to hear about you ear, you kids, your cats. These are the guys who support us, and no one was more offended by Partridge’s misread of the strip industry than they.

Having an asshole is fun and easy. If stripping were as simple as that literally anyone could do it. But it takes a special kind of girl to make strangers feel welcome and comfortable in a strip club. It’s very generous work. And the hardest part of the job is not the unveiling of the body, but offering a glimpse, however brief, of the soul. So, girls, tell ‘em you’re a writer, that it’s your birthday, that you’re pregnant with twins. That’s what keeps our favorite customers coming back. And evidently that’s what keeps Mr. Partridge away.

Good luck surviving 2003...And Jim, if you’re out there, can we please see the last installment of Trucker Fags in Denial?
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A.C.E. Benefits & Legal Challenges

The Oregon Association of Club Executives (A.C.E.) the newest chapter in the national trade association got underway last month, with more than a dozen founding members meeting at Boogie Woogie’s downtown Portland to discuss the goals of Oregon A.C.E. and the current legal challenges for the adult industry in Oregon.

Legal challenges foremost on the minds of those present were the challenge to the Oregon Appeals Court ruling allowing local governments to enact “distance rules” between dancers and customers (which seems to be proceeding slowly to the Oregon Supreme Court), new Oregon Liquor Control Commission rules regarding dancers touching of their own body parts and new rules banning minors from performing in OLCC licensed establishments altogether.

The next A.C.E. gathering is scheduled for Tuesday, January 7th, 4pm at Boogie Woogie’s downtown. The next A.C.E., fundraiser is set for Saturday, January 18, 8pm at Cleopatra’s Viewpoint. All adult industry owners, managers and performers are welcome to come and mingle, have a good time and hear the latest news. You can call Exotic for more information at 503-241-4377.

Exotic Magazine Changes

AND IT IS WRITTEN...THERE WILL COME A TIME OF GREAT CHANGE...

So many Exotic magazine changes—resignations, terminations, salespeople, writers, logos, editorial design, deadbolt keys and alarm codes...

We figured we were in dire need of more estrogen in this testosterone-filled office anyway. So we did what any red-blooded, American boys would do: We called VIVA LAS VEGAS. Viva has once again taken charge of the editorial content, and we find ourselves back to the original focus of this magazine nearly 10 years ago...an IRREVERENT GUIDE TO SEX, CLUBS & ROCK-N-ROLL.

And due to a curiously EXCESSIVE amount of mail this last month, we decided now would be a great time to debut a long-anticipated, monthly LETTERS SECTION, tentatively called, “WE HATE EXOTIC.” You will find it every month in right near the front of the magazine.

Also this month we kick-off another new monthly feature, “KICK-ASS STRIPPERS.” Each month this page will focus on one, two or three strippers in the Northwest that, besides being goddesses of sex, embodiments of talent and bearers of hope and light in this cruel world, just plain exude that je ne sais quoi. And of course the natural focus this month had to be our once-and-future Editor cum stripper cum punk rock chick cum writer, Viva Las Vegas.

Even this column, “EROTIC CITY,” has returned back to it’s original purpose. No longer a rambling, meandering diatribe of whomever was writing it and whatever they were on at the time, but more what it was meant to be, an informative, interesting and hopefully amusing collection of news and views pertaining to the adult industry in the Northwest.

Our FEATURED ARTICLES this month include an exclusive, behind-the-scenes view of SHANE’S WORLD and the porno-fraternity trysts that are getting a lot of universities around the country hot under the collar. And in the musical arena we have nearly all the bases covered with genre-bashing acts like punk-rockabilly heavyweight REVEREND HORTON HEAT and hillbilly hip-hop artists BUBBA SPARxxx and HAYSTAK.

EXOTIC, EXOTIC...EVERYWHERE!

Even after last month’s editorial hijinks, you can still find Exotic in even MORE locations than a just a few months ago. The now-gentler Exotic can be found in more than 30 clubs in Portland alone, four clubs in Salem, five clubs in Eugene, as well as every single adult bookstore in Oregon and quite a few in Washington.

Exotic will also be teaming up with CONTROL FACTOR STUDIOS and their popular Cable Access TV show “MORAL REALITY” (Tuesdays at 11:30 on Channel 11) starring the effervescent LACEY LYNN. Benefits to our advertisers will be substantial, including FREE TELEVISION PROMOTIONS AND MARKETING.

And Exotic is also proud to announce a new distribution partnership with another large local publication. Starting next month you will be able to find Exotic magazine in OVER 50 NEIGHBORHOOD MARKETS all over the metro area. And that number will be increasing dramatically in the next few months. We’ll be sure to keep you updated (as if you really care unless you are stuck in one of the few neighborhoods where a strip club is more than five blocks away, and you have no cable television, no high-speed Internet access and nothing to “read” in the bathroom).

Gentlemen’s Club News

Club 205 at SE 99th and Stark has this month’s Exotic covergirls, Pisces and Destiny, working all month long. And make sure to stop and see them and all the other former Exotic covergirls at the Covergirl Dance Contest Wednesday, January 15th!

The Pallas at SE 136th and Powell is celebrating their Anniversary Party on January, 25th with food and drink specials, prize giveaways and special feature shows.

Do you like your women wet and wild? Well Stars Cabaret in Beaverton has a huge party planned for Saturday, January 25th called H2O. Featuring three hot tubs, two shower stages and over 30 lovely young ladies in, at the very most, bikinis...See wild hot tub, bubble bath and shower shows all night long! And bring a towel...

This month’s dance contest at Sassy’s at SE 10th and Morrison will NOT be on the regularly-scheduled first Wednesday of the month since that falls on New Year’s Day this year. Instead the giant contest, which attracts Portland’s finest strippers, will be on Wednesday, January 8th. We’ll see you there!

Jody’s at NE 122nd and Glisan is having another Giant Superbowl Party on Sunday, January 26th featuring a free buffet, two big screen televisions, $1000 in customer prizes and an amazing halftime show. Don’t miss this one!

Cleopatra’s Viewpoint near PDX airport at NE 82nd Ave. and Killingsworth is hosting the next scheduled A.C.E. gathering on Saturday, January 18 at 8pm. All adult industry owners, managers and entertainers are encouraged to attend, and will be treated as VIPs.

George’s Dancin’ Bare will be having their next Amateur Dance Contest on Saturday, February 15th. In the meantime stop by and say hi to one of Exotic’s favorite dancers, Joey, she works there, be it dancing, bartending or cocktail five days a week.

Magic Gardens, downtown at NW 4th and Everett and the home of Exotic editor and Kick-Ass Stripper of the month Viva Las Vegas, is hosting a new Sex and Service Industry Night (S.I.N.) every Tuesday night!

Union Jacks Club at 9th and E. Burnside has a whole smorgasbord of events in January, starting Saturday, January 4th with a New Year’s Party; January 15-18 is the Feature Show of the Year Contest; Thursday January 23rd is Wet T-shirt Night; and Wednesday, January 29th is a VIP Party.

City Limits Showgirls at SE 175th and Stark is featuring 2-for-1 Table Dances daily every month from 6pm to 9pm.

Montego’s at SE 158th and Division is featuring the all-new Luv Lounge and VIP Couch Dancing. And there’s something new and different nearly every night now at Portland’s only true tropical paradise.

Hearts, the 18-and-over juice bar at 3316 N. Lombard is open after-hours till 4am on weekends and till 3am on Wed., Thu. and Sun. Stop by for $3 bottomless drinks and $10 tables dances all night long.

Dolphin I and Dolphin II, in Milwaukie and Beaverton respectively, want to remind everyone that Miss Nude Oregon 2003 will be coming soon. It will be open to all entertainers and you should inquire at either Dolphin club for more information. Dolphin I will be hosting a Holiday Stress Relief Party on Wednesday, January 8th at 7pm with girls and specials galore.

Exotic’s new logo, new editor, new writers, and old “sex, clubs and rock-n-roll attitude..."
Lingerie Shop News

The Oregon Supreme Court accepted an appeal hearing on the Ciancanelli case last month. The case, a ruling against a lingerie modeling shop in Roseburg called Angels, was the catalyst for stopping all toy shows and two-girl shows at lingerie shops earlier this year. Should the Oregon Supreme Court overrule the Oregon Court of Appeals ruling, lingerie shop models will once again have more “freedom of expression” in their shows.

Intimate Obsessions, Exclusive Tan and Sheer Sensations, besides having specials running this month, also has the beautiful Majestic back from her much-too-long sabbatical.

Babylongs and Honeysuckles have their annual “Snow Day” specials. That means if it snows anyone can get $10 off their private show price just by mentioning it!

Centerfold Suites, downtown’s premier lingerie modeling studio, has a special this month on bachelor parties and other special occasions.

CORRECTIONS

In last month’s “Hard Justice” column (Exotic magazine #113), Publisher Frank Faillace implied that then-A.C.E. industry column Editor Jim Goad wrote that Exotic Publisher Frank Faillace had a “mullet” haircut. In fact, after careful measurements were taken and definitions refined, it turns out that Faillace does NOT have a mullet haircut. Exotic regrets the error and has relieved Goad of his writing duties.

In February 2002’s “The Industry” column (Exotic magazine #103), Writer Jon Bon Voji was an honorable guy and implied that he valued his friendships over money. Apparently that is not the case. Exotic regrets the error and Faillace has resigned himself to an even more cynical outlook towards humanity.

Adult Store News

Fantasy Adult Video (six locations all over the Portland metro area) has big sales planned for the month of January. Stop by and check out what you can get to put “more love and less attitude” into your life.

DK Wilds in Beaverton, along with special January sales on videos, is proud to once again be the sponsor of the Stars Cabaret Porn Fairy for 2003.

The Adult Underground wants to remind everyone that the landmark adult video store at SE 70th and Foster is under new ownership with a new look and new attitude to go along with it. Check out their new private booths, and mention you saw their ad in Exotic for special prices on any purchase.

Castle Megastore on Barbur Boulevard is back distributing Exotic magazines like hotcakes and watch for their special giveaways at the Sunday night Sinferno Cabaret at Dante’s.

Fantasyland at 16014 SE 82nd Drive and at 5228 SE Foster is celebrating the new year with a splash, offering specials on Kama Sutra and exotic lotions and creams.

Frolices at 8845 NE Sandy Boulevard has thrown out the glass! They now have live, private one-on-one shows with the gorgeous girl of your choice.

Hard Times Video downtown on NW Broadway is now open from 11am to 3am every day of the week with at least two beautiful girls awaiting your command in a private room. A great place to stop by after Tiger Bar closes next door.

Paradise Video out on SE 147th and Stark has a huge new DVD selection and a newly-expanded, even more glorious arcade.

Bob’s Adult Books in Salem will be celebrating the Grand Opening of their new Maxi-Theater & Social Club on Friday, January 3rd from 6pm on.

Butterfly’s Custom Clubwear at 5040 SE Milwaukie Ave. #139 is having a Huge Clearance Sale with up to 70% off clothing and shoes. The shop is now open Wed., Thu., and Sat. 11am-6pm or by appointment (call 503-239-8029).

A.C.E.

The Association of Club Executives

Committed to the positive promotion and preservation of gentlemen’s clubs across the nation.

The next meeting of Oregon A.C.E. is scheduled for Tuesday, January 7th, 4pm at Boogie Woogie’s downtown. A complimentary lunch will be served after the meeting.

The next A.C.E. Industry Fundraiser is scheduled for Saturday, January 18th, 8pm at Cleopatra’s Viewpoint.

All adult industry business owners, managers and entertainers are welcome to attend.

Call Rick at 503-330-0784 for more information or to volunteer.

EXOTIC MAGAZINE
I am, admittedly, a total sexual retard. I never had a boyfriend or went on any dates in high school, and I’ve mentioned before that I didn’t have intercourse until I was 24! I don’t know what took me so long, but finally around the time I was 23 I realized I was wasting precious years of fecundity, so I got to work.

Of course I couldn’t just jump right in and bang my way through the phone book. I had to start at the beginning! Before she gives it away, every good virgin has to experiment with 3rd-base folly like hand jobs and hummers. Normally, this kind of thing is pursued with a trusted boyfriend, behind the bleachers or in the coat closet at someone’s parents’ house... but I’m not normal. My first close encounter of the hard kind came under much freakier circumstances.

A friend had invited me along to the set of this independent movie that was filming high up in the Santa Cruz mountains of California. It was a bunch of local-yokel art students, real losers, but somehow they had managed to lure this one old Z-list actor out of his Hollywood cave and onto their movie set, which happened to be located on this old air force base that had been out of use since 1965. The actor was one of those out-of-work has-beens who enjoys having his balls licked by know-nothing kids, and sure enough, from the moment he arrived they were kissing his ass. But when I showed up in all my virginal splendor, he had eyes for no one else!

Even though this relic was about 70 years old and had been in some sort of horrible accident in his youth in which 90% of his body was terribly burned, I was flattered by his attention. In the movies he always played the bad guy—the vampire, the SS man, the KGB agent—and that’s because he was one fucked-up looking motherfucker. But if there’s one thing I love, it’s a freak...and this guy definitely fit the bill.

So I sat next to him and let him stroke my hand as he regaled me with tall tales of his lame Hollywood exploits. Privately I was laughing my ass off at his movie-colony pretensions, but I pretended to be impressed just to see what would happen next. And what happened next was definitely out of a horror movie!

During one of the shooting breaks, the actor invited me to “take a walk” with him around the grounds of the base. It turned out to be less of a walk and more of a beeline straight for the old, abandoned bowling alley nearby. Back in the day, young air force recruits would go there for a round or two after work, but on this occasion the only balls around were wrinkled, blue-veined and dried up! And they were attached to an equally desiccated penis, which just so happened to be the first one I ever saw up close and personal.

Now, I was curious to see what would happen next, but I wasn’t curious enough to let this burned-up old mummy penetrate my precious maidenhead. We started out just kissing, and he surprised me by whipping out his withered willy. But I’ve always been quick on my feet, so after a cursory glance, in the course of which I saw enough to last a lifetime, I decided to head him off with a hand job. Pretty quick thinking for a modest virgin! It was a valuable experience, as I have since used that tactic many a time when in need of a fast escape from a tricky situation. It’s a skill every girl should possess.

After that learning experience I jettisoned the actor and went in search of someone more exciting for the next phase of my sexual initiation. But now that I think about it, maybe if the first dick I ever saw hadn’t been so burned-up and wrinkly, I would have a better attitude toward sex today. But then again... maybe not!!!
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NAUGHTY PORTLAND NIGHTLIFE
A man once said to me that I seemed more like a man than a woman. Very upsetting since I was naked at the time. To be fair, though, I am larger than your average duck. My voice doesn’t exactly lilt softly along like aromatherapy and I know nothing about fabric softener or other primarily female wisdoms. But still...manly?

Though I wore a brave face, I was hurt. Am I not womanly? Do I not convey the ripe, fertile image of the goddess? Was it the tattoos, foul language and razor bumps? Did he see me pee standing up? I should’ve let it go, but I felt I needed to defend my feminality.

"More like a man, huh?" I chimed, slipping my middle finger into my pussy for a good dab of slick and shoved the shiny knuckle in his startled face. I growled coquettishly, "DOES THAT TASTE MANLY TO YOU, BITCH?" He blinked at me while I smeared it across his lips. I felt so vulnerable. I’ll show you, Mister Man. Maybe he didn’t mean womanly, maybe he meant ladylike...but I’m LADY-LIKE, aren’t I? Now I was pissed, so I clicked off the porn and made my case.

I suggested that his view of women might have been forged by his mom feeding him, wiping his ass and acting all excited about every little stupid thing he ever did. And now a woman was only a woman if she mutely supported and praised him constantly. Just because I assert my needs and wants from my man once in awhile doesn’t make me butch.

"You’ll jerk-off to cum chugging maniacs on stage and screen but God forbid I want more dick than you’re able to lay down... It’s not that I have a healthy sexual appetite, OH NOOOO. I have a PROBLEM. It’s not FEMININE. It’s not LADY-LIKE. Maybe I should hide my eyes behind a lace kerchief and say, ‘No, no, please, you filthy beast, you’re hurting me! A thousand times...NO!’ Maybe I should shuffle along ten paces behind you, my wanton eyes fixed upon my bound feet. Oooh! Or how ’bout I chop out my clit with some toenail clippers and you can fuck me through a hole in a white sheet while I weep in discomfort?"

I was pretty worked up by this point. I got up and pulled on a tee-shirt.

"You know what? I could trade my boots for pumps, I could get a manicure and start wearing underpants. I could train myself to swish a bit more. I could even learn to hold my tongue, wait my turn, be a good girl, mind my manners and all kinds of things to fit the bill. Be one of those independent-looking go-getter business types who kick ass all day in their high-powered jobs, but when they get home they’re slathered in cheap vanilla creme de RiteAid purring from behind a Marie Claire that they’re ‘not in the mood’...I could be all those things right fucking now. But the sad truth is, little guy, I could still kick your ass. That’s the bottom line, isn’t it? When you say that I’m more like a man, what you’re really saying is that you can’t handle me. I’m not too much, you’re just TOO LITTLE. I am all woman. I am a big fat iron-clad ovary rolling down the curved belly of Venus to crush you.”

I picked up my keys from the bedside table and flicked out my three inch blade from the Swiss Army keychain. "This LADY is going to fix herself a cup of English Breakfast tea and steep in a peaches and cream bubble bath while listening to a Margaret Atwood book on tape. So run along now, you little…"

He got up and started to blubber and apologize while I threw clothes at him. I wasn’t having it. My feelings were hurt.

"Save it for some other LADY.” I started to unbundle the chunky leather harness around my hips. My ROUNDED AND VERY WOMANLY hips. I pulled the greasy dildo out of its socket and handed it to him. I should’ve beamed him in the head with it, but that would not have been LADYLIKE. I sang victoriously, "THIS LADY is going to fix herself a cup of English Breakfast tea and steep in a peaches and cream bubble bath while listening to a Margaret Atwood book on tape. So run along now, you little…"

He struggled into his pants and hopped to the door where he stopped and looked woefully up at me. I grabbed his head, kissed him hard and cooed, "...and THIS LADY is never going to fuck you in the ass again." Hear me roar, BITCH.
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Imagine my surprise when I found the Rev alone in bed in a fancy Denver hotel, wearing nothing but mustard-yellow boxers with Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer on 'em! He was struggling through a hangover haze but too cozy beneath the sheets to get up and mix himself a bloody mary from the wet bar. I got a little star struck and started right in with what for me passes as small talk.

VIVA: Have you ever been to Portland’s titty bars?
Heat: Portland, Texas? Portland, Maine?

VIVA: OREGON! We have the most titty bars per capita here, worldwide!
Heat: Really? I thought Dallas did.
VIVA: No. We do. We have like fifty or sixty or...I have no idea, really. There’s this chick downtown at Mary’s Club named Meara. She dances almost exclusively to the Reverend Horton Heat, along with a little Dean Martin and the Clash and, uh, Danzig, and lots of other stuff, too. She’s to die for. You have to see her! Ryan Adams said that being in Portland is like being in the movie Grease. It’s all old cars and slick dudes and retro chicks and booze...it’s a total Reverend Horton Heat town, man! It’s like you christened it.

Heat: Well, we’ve had some really great shows there, Portland is one of our best cities. We love it. But I’ve never noticed that it was like the movie Grease.
VIVA: Well, when you’re in town, I’m gonna make sure you see Mary’s Club. It’s very Grease-y. You gotta see this Meara chick! Now, for the ladies, please tell me What’s Sexy. What’s the sexiest thing you’ve done so far this morning?
Heat: Well, I scratched my balls.
VIVA: What’s the sexiest thing
about waking up in a hotel room?
Heat: Gosh, I can’t think of anything.
VIVA: It’s not the stranger lying next to you in bed?
Heat: [laughs] Well, I’ve had a few of those episodes before where I’ve woken up scared...I slept really late today. I guess I needed it.
VIVA: It’s superluxe to do an interview from bed. Did you play last night?
Heat: Yeah. We’re doing this tour that I’ve always wanted to do. Instead of going to all the major cities and playing just one big show and one set, I thought it’d be fun if we went for four days and played smaller clubs. I’m selling just as many or more tickets, but I’m here for four days and we have to change the set list every night. So we’re having fun, you know, it’s challenging. I was a little off on some of the songs last night because we had to work up thirty-five extra songs. That’s a lot!

VIVA: That’s insane. Is it true you play 150 shows a year?
Heat: I think we’ve been averaging 200 shows a year. We’ve had years where we play 250 to 275. That’s what I do. My whole thing, my art form, is playing music, it’s not being a recording artist. I like recording, it’s fun to do, but it’s not my main thing. I think so many musicians wrongly focus their career on being a recording artist, and that’s a lot less valid of an art form than just being a musician.

VIVA: I suppose it’s easier, though. Do you have a family? Or a girl? How do you do it? Are you a dad?
Heat: Oh, yeah, I’m a dad, I’ve got girls. It’s great. That’s the thing: I might be gone two hundred days out of the year, but the other hundred I’m just there the whole time.

VIVA: Are you actually a Reverend?
Heat: No no no. Not like the Universal Life Church or anything like that...What would that give me the power to do? Conduct marriages? Funerals? Those things are at the bottom of my list of things I want to do.

VIVA: What’s the most rock-a-billy town you’ve ever been to?
Heat: L.A.

VIVA: What’s the sexiest town?
Heat: Probably Las Vegas.

VIVA: Really? I’ve never been. What’s the sexiest drink?
Heat: A vodka martini.

“My whole thing, my art form, is playing music, it’s not being a recording artist...I think so many musicians wrongly focus their career on being a recording artist, and that’s a lot less valid of an art form than just being a musician.”
VIVA: What’s the sexiest thing you’ve ever done onstage?
Heat: Well, back when we were smaller we used to do all sorts of antics...Play up on the bar, out on the dance floor, and there was some pretty silly stuff that happened when I did that.
VIVA: Like what? Did you sing with your face between a woman’s butt cheeks like Johnny Legend?
Heat: Yeah, yeah, I’ve done stuff like that.
VIVA: What’s the sexiest thing you’ve ever seen onstage?
Heat: There used to be this band in Dallas called Billy Goat, and they had this girl percussionist/singer, and she used to just get naked. Completely naked.
VIVA: And percuss? And sing?
Heat: Yeah, yeah! And then stage dive...she had fun. And she didn’t ruin any clothing! I used to do this thing where I’d get down on my knees and I’d hump my guitar...I had this tremolo bar on my guitar and I was actually able to manipulate it with my crotch. It would go woo-ooo-woo-ooo-wooo-ooo...
VIVA: And why have you stopped?
Heat: Because I kept ruining my clothes! I’d wear the knees out of my pants. I guess I’d have to eighty-six the pants. That’d be pretty risqué, because I don’t where any underwear onstage.
VIVA: What’s the best titty bar in the country? Taking into consideration that you haven’t been to any of ours...
Heat: Well, I used to have a lot of fun at this place called Star Garden in North Hollywood. It’s a real dump. If that strip bar were in Texas, all the girls would be over forty and about thirty pounds overweight. But since it’s in Hollywood, all the girls are just incredibly beautiful.

“Well, I used to have a lot of fun at this place called Star Garden in North Hollywood. It’s a real dump. If that strip bar were in Texas, all the girls would be over forty and about thirty pounds overweight. But since it’s in Hollywood, all the girls are just incredibly beautiful.”

VIVA: What’s the sexiest guitar you’ve ever played?
Heat: Well, I really like my ’54 Gibson 175.
VIVA: Sexiest song of all time?
Heat: Oh gosh, that’s a hard one. How about “In So Many Ways” by Brooke Benton. Or “Santa Baby!” The Eartha Kitt version. Della Rees, too, has a lot of really cool, sexy songs. And “Why Don’t You Do Right” by Peggy Lee. In fact, there’s a girl that sings in Portland that’s awesome. Her name is Erin and they call her Miss B. Haven. She’s super sexy.
VIVA: Do you have a favorite Pretenders song?
Heat: I think “Middle of the Road” is super hot. That’s a great, great rock-n-roll song.
VIVA: Favorite Stones’ record?
Heat: Exile on Main Street.
VIVA: What’s sexy about Texas?
Heat: We’re really friendly.
VIVA: What’s sexy about Colorado?
Heat: Colorado? I don’t know... Snowboarding?
VIVA: I know, I always try to avoid Colorado. Finally, the old Cramps standard, what color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them?
Heat: Well, they’re kinda yellow—no, mustard—and they’ve got Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer on them. A fat caricature of Rudolph. He looks really happy though. I’m really into funny boxer shorts. I used to have Ren and Stimpy ones. And of course the hearts. You gotta have the hearts. Dollar signs. Funny stuff. These Rudolph ones are great, because he’s kinda fat. His nose is fatter, too. It’s not a cute little red nose, it’s kind of a big fat wide red nose.
VIVA: An alcoholic Rudolph! Now that’s the Christmas spirit. Well, Reverend, I can’t wait to take you to Mary’s. It’s my personal mission that you see this girl Meara.
Heat: The rockabilly chick? That’s great. Does she have a dark tan?
VIVA: No, she’s very fair. Redhead, natural tits, very curvy....
Heat: Good, good.
VIVA: Yeah, those big-titted supertan girls don’t do it for me. They look like turkeys fresh outta the oven.
Heat: [laughing] I never thought of that.
VIVA: Yeah, well, I better strike that from the record. This is a stripper magazine, after all.
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*Please note that the full details of the events are not provided in the image.*
Pantera

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THE EXOTIC

BOOB JOB
CONTEST
2003

Coming in May to a strip club near you.
Jules Jordan's *Weapons of Ass Destruction* from Evil Empire productions in Porn Valley has one thing in common with weapons of mass destruction from our own evil empire: its stockpile of power proves less threatening even as it increases exponentially every year. We have the power to nuke Iraq but the downside is far worse. Were we to do so, we really would be the evil empire which would turn the world against us and make it impossible to run the global economy. In porn, ass destruction, ass worship, asses twitching and asses plundered have become so routine it is no longer possible to produce an ass vid of any real staying power. It's all been done before.

So, like the slow march to war, one goes for the middle ground. Threaten and bluster, all the while knowing those 12,000 pages of documents from Iraq claiming they have no weapons of mass destruction is the latest lie in a history of lies. I would not say 12,000 butt fucks constitute a lie. However, that does get tedious. So what I find remarkable about ass-bashing porn is that it must continue to sell or it would not be churned out.

*Weapons of Ass Destruction* begins promisingly with shapely buttocks encased in tight pants wiggling to the rising sound of jet planes taking off for a bombing run. Regrettably, that's the only connection between war and porn. I suppose one could read war into it if you consider plunging a dildo up Belladonna's ass a metaphor for sticking it to Saddam Hussein. Or rather, many dildos. Belladonna appears to enjoy the feeding. It looks like an experiment to see just how many dildos her ass can take at once. In this instance it was three. I shudder to think we may have a flurry of forthcoming vids trying to top that act. Remember the gang-bang vid phase a few years ago where one girl took on a hundred guys? Then it was 300. Then 500. I think it topped out around 564. I don't think any asshole could take 500 dildos, although if George W. Bush wanted to try that out on Saddam I'd be all for it.

The vid runs about two hours, so if thermonuclear ass worship is what jerks your erect radiance, this one is for you. The best scene is with Gauge in a cage. Gauge is the hottest looking girl in the pack. Decked out in leopard skin, she crawls around a cage haphazardly looking for cock. (The rinky-dink cage looks like something purchased at Wal-Mart and the scene is set in a well-lit office, so those expecting a *Tarzan* redux might be disappointed.)

Four naked guys approach the cage and stick their dicks between the wires. At moments like this, I always flip on the news on my other screen. Some expert analyst-type on Fox News is saying the Iraqi arms declaration fails to account for biological and chemical agents that somehow disappeared when the weapons inspectors from the United Nations left four years ago. The missing stuff included 500 shells filled with mustard gas and another 150 bombs stuffed with biological agents. On top of that, some British spooks are sure Iraq has bought oodles of highly enriched urani-
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Good things come in pairs...
By his own admission, the bulk of Elvis’ artistic larceny came compliments of white Southern Gospel, its boundaries with black Gospel blurred long before he made the scene. He had almost no hits with R&B remakes. His “Hound Dog” is credited to Big Mama Thornton only by virtue of legal technicality. The two versions don’t even use the same words. He did to it what the Clash might have done to it. In fact, “Hound Dog” was written by two white guys (Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller) who were writing and producing exclusively for black artists (the Drifters, the Coasters and many others). Otis Blackwell, who penned “Don’t Be Cruel,” “All Shook Up,” and Jerry Lee’s “Great Balls Of Fire,” was a peculiar, iconoclastic black artist writing for white rockers. Arthur “Baby, Let’s Play House” Gunter was a black blues artist heavily influenced by country music.

Why isn’t all this exchange between cultures a good thing? If props is the issue, Elvis didn’t call himself “The King Of Rock-n-Roll.” Take it up with the voice of white wealth and privilege, the cliché and catch-phrase reliant Johnny-come-lately “media” who initially savaged Elvis worse than anyone ever did N.W.A. or Ice-T. American Indian activist/poet/performer John Trudell calls Elvis “America’s Baby Boom Che,” for those of you who need politicized “leftie” credentials. He lifted himself out of abject poverty by forging cutting-edge, revolutionary, galvanizing, controversial music, which evidently is still controversial today.

It seems there would be more about Elvis for ghetto-born black rappers to relate to rather than condemn. It’s not about color, it’s about class. Read a little thing called The Redneck Manifesto, why don’tcha?

Which brings us to two current white Southern musicians who also elect not to perform bluegrass

Can white guys blah blah blah rap? Let me say blah blah about that. There are two kinds of music: good and bad. Was Elvis a racist who stole the black man’s blah blah blah? There are only nine zillion white artists ahead of Elvis to hang that rap on. Imitators, not innovators. The initial flak that Elvis caught was from whites indignant that he had rockabilly’d up hallowed old Bill Monroe songs like “Blue Moon Of Kentucky.” Elvis would have been a huge star even if he’d only recorded white shmaltz—his favorite. But then he’d be called racist for not covering black artists’ material.

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or dress like Brooks and Dunn: Georgia’s Bubba Sparxxx and Tennesseean Haystak. Sparxxx has had some mainstream success this past year and a couple hits with “Ugly” and “Lovely.” I learned of him in faggy, elitist, pretentious Rolling Stone—the nation’s Willamette Week—which nevertheless shows that Sparxxx’ appeal transcends regionalism. If you don’t have his Dark Days, Bright Nights (Interscope’s Beatchucl Records), pick it up.

Haystak (Car Fulla White Boys and The Natural on Koch Records’ In The Paint) is more underground but appears on the verge of breaking big. I learned of him in the tiny, near-militant, Elvis-hating Rap Sheet, which claims to be the only black-owned hip-hop publication. A street cred feather in his blue-eyed devil cap indeed.

As your typical rap fan myself (a dorky middle-aged white man who’s been known to wear dickies—rap name DJ Jazzy Biff), I must admit to having a predisposition to what my people bring to the rap table: Beastie Boys, Everlast, ICP (you heard me). To this homey’s ears, Haystak’s voice and delivery alone are perhaps the most compelling and engaging since Big Pun.

If you’re so hip and enlightened and racially color-blind that you just have to know who’s got what color skin in a musical production so you can not care about it (are you with me?), well, you’re hearing “black music” with all these guys. Dr. Dre (Snoop Dogg, N.W.A.) produces Eminem. Timbaland (Missy Elliott, Jay-Z, Ludacris) produces Sparxxx. Haystak is on Koch Records’ In The Paint label, current home of Public Enemy and KRS-One.

This is not to detract from the lads’ rhymes, mic skills, taste or talent one whit. Or from what they have to say. Sparxxx and ‘Stak piqued my slum-skills, taste or talent one whit. Or from what they have to say. Sparxxx’ “Bubba Talk” is scored for vocal, percussion, cow and banjo.

“’Yall don’t know me at all, I say the same thing but slower than y’all. A little southern charm to top it off: Okey dokey, it’s that Bubba Talk.”

Followed by two bars of cattle lowing. Still, you don’t want to make fun of these crackers.

“They call me white boy, cracker, (something unintelligible that rhymes with devil), damned white evil blue-eyed devil, paleface, and um proud to be that, dude. Make up some more shit to mean white boy, I’ll be that, too.”

I don’t think anyone’s saying those things to Haystak’s face.

“I represent the tribe when I’m behind the mic, don’t tell me nuthin’ bout no goddam stereotypes.”

Okay. Calm down, big fella.

“Tad and Brad come to school with gauges, start shootin’ up the rich kids in their faces. Then Mom and Dad duck the issue: It was the crowd that they hung around, the music that they listened to. White boys been dyin’ round here for years, but it never makes CNN, you know why? We were put here to die, so when we kill one another, it comes as no surprise: We animals in they eyes.”

Not exactly Hee Haw with breakbeats.

He’s right, too. Media coverage stops at the ghetto’s edge and the CITY LIMITS sign. He’s right on all counts. Bleeding heart liberals’ hearts bleed for anyone but him.

“This is dedicated to all the fags and hags who associate Haystak with racism and rebel flags…”

“I’m pro-abortion and burnin’ the flag.”

America—what went wrong? Here’s the voice of the socioeconomic pool which fights your wars and dies for your “freedom” agenda. Yet your art, your entertainment, your Hollywood, your academia, your media disrespect him before he even opens his mouth, invalidating his experience with taunts of “rascal” and “hillbilly.” Must you over-educated, PBS-minded, rhetoric-reciting, self-absorbed and self-obsessed “peace” marchers demonize controversial white voices in order to embrace your fascist definition of “diversity?” Is your self worth that shaky?

Black GIs returned from their segregated units in World War II to a country in which they were excluded from professional baseball, a country simultaneously embarking on unprecedented prosperity and a resurgence of lynching. That cultural dynamic still exists unabated, though it ain’t so “black and white.” Listen to proletariat resentment before it bites you on the ass.

Race, shmace. Rap, shmap. Ultimately it’s about hip-hop to cross boundaries as no music or art has before.

The track “Cool People” on Haystak’s The Natural talks about what constitutes good friends:

“People that’ll be there in jail to see yo ass, put them 45s to the glass . . .”

Is there anyone in this world you’d put your fist to the glass for?

“The redwood casket, all-gold trim, 3-piece pin-stripe, gators and brim.”

Word.
THE MEDIA STALKER REFLECTS...

I listened with disgust and dismay to the news a while back that Saddam Hussein had “won” the “election” in Iraq with “100%” of the “vote” in a race in which he was the only candidate. I thought how fortunate we are to live in a country where we have no choice at the polls, either, but at least get to be delighted and entertained by non-party candidates in the voter’s pamphlet.


You know how all Portland papers back the same political candidates and ballot measures? It’s all one paper, I keep telling you: Politically, socially, culturally and philosophically...literally the same handful of tired old names tossed back and forth between them. And their people and policies always prevail, but just barely.

That means a couple things: a) these papers’ influence is miniscule at best, and representative of no one, and b) our elected officials come to power care of a small group of undiscerning, easily-duped shitheads who just go along with whatever’s presented to them as the prevailing position.

According to Willamette Week publisher Richard Meeker’s mortifying, mealy-mouthed annual state-of-the-repulsive-alternative-newsworthy address, the Portland Tribune lost only $4 million to $6 million this year, down from $8 million to $12 million last year. Not because the public or advertisers gave any more of a shit about it than they ever have, but due to their own cost-cutting measures.

And the Portland Mercury “loses upwards of $250,000 a year.” Congratulations, Portland Mercury and Portland Tribune!

No matter, you understand. They’re sponsored by a convictionless business community and don’t have to make money, thereby circumventing the pesky problem of having to put out something that people actually care about, relate to, or be inspired by. That’s an interesting vantage point to be commenting on society from. So, put a lot of stock in what they’ve got to say, folks. If Portland papers don’t make your skin crawl, you haven’t got a shit-detecting bone in your body.

The Oregonian’s Steve Duin kicked up a shitstorm by reporting that the police had given “awards” to cops involved in fatal shootings, including that of Mexican national Mejia Poot last year. Journalists were particularly incensed because Poot used to mow their lawns.

Is there a more self-congratulating business on the planet than “journalism?” Forever bestowing dubious “awards” on themselves and accountable to no one—least of all you?

John Kitzhaber, who’s Oregon’s chancellor or something (I thought we were through with him), issued an official apology on behalf of the State of Oregon for the forced sterilization of lower-class state-determined undesirables throughout much of the twentieth century (“Our bad!”).

Congratulations, forcibly sterilized!

The final word in the Oregonian’s front-page story on same was given to Basic Rights Oregon, representing the opposite end of the sociopolitical spectrum than those people who had the Auschwitz-style experiments done on them by always-progressive Oregon. Its spokes-lesbian asked Oregonians “to honor those victims by telling the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender people in your life that you love them and accept them.”

So much for that “people are people” crap.

Darling, you’re cute when you’re being strident, but I’d wager that 99.9% of gay, lesbian, bi-, tri-, poly- and trans- people (you know, the ones we never hear from or about because they have fucking lives) probably aren’t pathetic fucks who need the self-appointed likes of you to speak for them. Or need a hug anytime someone other than themselves garners a moment’s recognition or sympathy.

Fascist organizations like Basic Rights Oregon and its house organ, Just Out, don’t represent people of certain sexual dispositions, they’re for people with fucked outlooks and self-images, regardless of whom they sleep with. Which is fine until they’re telling you at every turn that it’s your fucking fault, via your media or your government.

The issue isn’t sexual fairness, it’s through-the-roof favoritism. A handful of well-connected, monied, extremely white people are dictating whose thin-skinned sensibilities should be tiptoed around and whose should be run over. And with the full cooperation of a supposedly impartial entity like the Oregonian. And make no mistake—they don’t fucking like you.

“Part of me is satisfied to see the America I was never a part of suffer in a way I have lived with for years.” Thus reads a letter-to-the-editor published September, 2001, in Just Out. Prior to that, the magazine was calling for a boycott of financially-floundering Macheesmo Mouse for not carrying their cheery, warm, welcoming, all-inclusive paper. Later it snarled that a couple of local DJs were “playing with fire” because one made a clearly humorous, non-malicious play on the word “homo” and another dressed in drag.

“Basic rights” my fucking ass.

Fortunately for all these unelected bigmouth “spokespersons,” barely-elected politicians, barely solvent “newspapers” and self-titled “victims,” Portland is a city of somnambulant zombies who confuse “nonjudgmental” with noncommittal and passive acceptance with “tolerance.” And you’re being had right and “left.”

“Shifty– I just can’t see Portland media being the insidious ethics-bereft hellhole of manor-born snobs and empty posing and posturing you seem to feel it is.”

Why, no, not with that kind of defeatist attitude you can’t, young lady.

Congratulations, forcibly sterilized!
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For the first volume of Shane’s World’s “Campus Invasion” video line the company flew a bunch of professional porn sluts from LA to the campus of the University of Indiana at Bloomington to fuck, blow and spank their way through as much unrehearsed debauchery as possible and release it in movie form. “We picked Indiana University because the Princeton Review ranked it as the number one party school in the nation.” Says Calli Cox, actress in more than 200 porn films and current Shane’s World sex performer/publicist. “We wanted to go and see why it got the ranking. It was sort of our mission. When we decided to go there I sent emails out to several different campus organizations and let them know when we were coming, what kind of activities we had planned and basically what we were going to do, and if anyone had off-campus houses we could shoot in. And we got a really good response back. Fraternities were the ones who replied back and that’s sort of where we ended up going eventually.”

The game plan was harmless enough. “We set up two-hour time slot/appointments while we were in town and went to the party atmosphere of each different house.” Cox

“I’ve been in a situation where you have to go to the same location and shot a bunch of pictures there. Shane’s World set up to go up to four houses in one day and we went from house to house. It was a reality show atmosphere.” Cox said. “But we were just watching people. We’re not into the party atmosphere of each different house.” Cox

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The game plan was harmless enough. “We set up two-hour time slot/appointments while we were in town and went to the party atmosphere of each different house.” Cox
continues. “We held contests at each house. We had ass-kissing contests, pussy-eating contests and clothes-swapping contests and the winners would receive hand jobs, blowjobs, movies and T-shirts and things like that.” In keeping with the strict porn industry code of having a recent PCR/DNA test to eliminate the possibility of HIV infection, the Shane’s World crew was careful to put only themselves at risk while slurping the cum of a bunch of drunken, midwestern frat party pukers.

“We didn’t have intercourse with any of the college students because you have to have an AIDS test if you are going to have sex, and we took two male performers to film the sex scenes,” Cox said, “You can catch STD’s from blow jobs of course but we were all tested so there was no potential harm to any of the students. It was a risk that we chose to take.”

An instance of relatively obscure sexual behavior that would have otherwise gone unnoticed exploded into a major news story when an article that appeared in the IU student newspaper was picked up by the Associate Press and the “Dorm Porn” scandal immediately exploded onto the major news wire services, in addition to CNN and MTV. A controversy erupted over a scene that was filmed in a student’s room in a “taxpayer funded” student dormitory. “The first day that we were there we just kind of walked around campus and to promote that we were there we did an interview at the campus radio station that morning,” Cox relates, “This guy ended up inviting us back to one of the dorms and we actually shot a blowjob scene there with him. Past that everything we did was off-campus.”

Allegations of “illegal trespassing” upon University property and IU knowingly allowing porn to be filmed on campus flew fast and furious while news headlines citing IU as “The Nation’s #1 Porn School” put IU officials on the defensive. When conservative news pundit Bill O’Reilly from Fox’s #1 news show “The O’Reilly Factor” expressed his outrage, he virtually guaranteed the life expectancy of the story by having frequent updates on the progress of the investigation as well as millions of dollars of free publicity for Shane Enterprises’ late December release of the CAMPUS INVASION movie. “We just placed the order, and they said it would be here before the end of the year,” said Gary Marker, an employee of Eve’s Lingerie and Adult Novelties in Bloomington. “There is going to be a big turnout for this one. We already get 20 to 25 calls a day asking about it.”

The series of sexual behavior...exploded... was picked up by the medately exploded onto CNN and MTV.”
“O'Reilly Factor” segments included interviews with IU students and officials culminating with a heated interview with Cox herself where O'Reilly claimed the moral high ground while attempting to get to the bottom of the “porn on campus” debacle. “His take was how could the University not have known that we were going to be there and were going to be on campus, and why didn’t they do anything ahead of time.” Cox says, “He thinks they should have known because I set up the appointments with the students about three weeks ahead of time. But if your parents go out of town for the weekend and you are going to throw a big party you’re not going to warn your parents about it beforehand now are you?...It’s definitely great publicity for us. I have to thank Bill for that. He's shown a clip from the movie already. He is the only show that we have given a clip to and he played it this past week.”

The sizeable amount of publicity that has cropped up around the story has not gone unnoticed by those sensitive to the image of IU being portrayed in the media as “The Nation’s #1 Porn School.” The fact that prominent alumni and school administrators might have overreacted and inadvertently generated excitement around the movie is by now an accepted reality. “The porn movie company has executed a brilliant public relations gimmick,” one alumnus said. “The university could be fueling their fire by devoting excessive resources and manpower to the investigation.”

For Shane’s World Enterprises this is not the first instance of College Campus intemperance that has caused a University to blush over the intractable libidos and shamelessness of its student body. Last year at Arizona State University, four fraternities were suspended for hosting the film crew, and those in the video who could be identified were threatened with expulsion from the University, including the student government Vice President Brian Buck, for his involvement in the Shane Enterprises movie “Frat Row Scavenger Hunt 3.” “It was a pretty fun day,” Buck said. “It just turned into the biggest storm ever.”

As reality or so-called “gonzo” porn makes an ever increasing imprint on the $5 billion-a-year adult movie business, companies like Shane’s World continue to push the envelope with a stripped-down shooting concept that portrays what shows like MTV’s “The Real World” would be like if taken to an erotic extreme. “This is a new generation of porn.” Cox relates, “This is reality porn. Porn is becoming so mainstream anyway and we’re bringing more of it to real people...It’s college age, younger people who are buying the movies...We’re bringing it to them and letting them have fun.”

As to the question of filming college students having sex upon campuses of the country’s great institutions of higher learning, Cox is also thoroughly unrepentant. “The thing that gets me is all of these things that we have gone out and caught on tape are all things that are happening anyway.” She continues, “College students have sex. College students throw parties. College students do these things. They were happening before we went to the colleges and they are going to happen after we leave. We’re documentary filmmakers. We just get it all on tape.”

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