JULY 2003
#120

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EXOTIC 10TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY
SEE PAGE 91
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Ten years ago, we published the first plucky little issue of Exotic magazine. It was an 8-page pullout stapled inside of X magazine, a paid magazine we had published for six months. Besides the 5000 copies we put inside of the third issue of X magazine, we printed an extra 7500 to distribute for free at all the adult venues in Portland. We continued to publish both Exotic and X magazines for a couple more months, then dropped X magazine to concentrate solely on the free monthly Exotic.

Now we have published 120 different issues...120 deadlines...120 cover shoots...120 huge printing bills...120 distribution days...Over 2 million dollars in printing and production bills...And 30,000 copies every month.

"When we started this humble little rag, Nirvana ruled the music world. Bill Clinton had just been elected President.

In the last 10 years we've seen plenty—at least 12 at last count—other local, adult-oriented magazines and papers come and go. We've witnessed dozens of strip clubs rise up and burn out. We've seen adult video stores and lingerie shops pop into and out of existence like primordial quarks. We've seen the music industry and the state try to legislate adult businesses out of existence more times than I care to think about and fought them tooth and nail—or pussy and balls—all the way. And we have survived.

When we started this humble little rag, Nirvana ruled the music world. Bill Clinton had just been elected President. My hair was halfway down my back. Nobody except university students, scientists, the military (and Al Gore) knew about the internet. We started publishing the magazine online, not on the internet but on our own local computer bulletin board system.

We laid the first issues of the magazine out on a Macintosh Powerbook 160 and a Mac SE. Both were black and white and neither had more than 4 megabytes of RAM. The 40 meg hard drive that held the final documents and images cost more than my car. What the finished product was going to look like was usually a crap shoot. Finding a printer that would print "smut" in Portland was nearly impossible.

Some things never change.

We were in the office in the middle of a 64-hour deadline stint when we heard the World Trade Center had been bombed (the first time). It kept standing. We predicted Kurt Cobain's suicide the month it happened (okay, so did a lot of people). We predicted O.J. would be found not guilty (ditto). We helped bring down the ultra-conservative Gubernatorial candidate Denny Smith, when we sent letters out to a few media people thinking it hypocritical that a religious “family values” candidate that professed his opposition to the adult industry actually owned the printing company that printed the T&A Times. He dropped out of the close race a week or two after it hit the nightly news.

We have been through six or seven editors, including myself, all whom have published detailed accounts of their own sex lives, the good, the bad, the ugly, the despicable and the unmentionable. Writer’s regret, and the abrupt end of relationships, usually followed.

We wrote about Jim Goad during the media blitz of the censorship trial of his magazine ANSWER Me!—only to hear of him going to jail a few years after that—only to hire him after he got out. We nervously watched as he brought unprecedented quality—and notoriety—to the editorial pages, only to flame out in a blaze of glory as only Jim Goad would have it.

The magazine rode out the longest uninterrupted economic expansion in American history. And here we are now in the depths of a long-overdue recession. But like all good capitalists—and Barry Manilow—we’ll make it through the rain...

I’d like to thank everyone out there who advertises with us, reads us, looks at our pictures or just curses us, for all the attention, good or bad, you’ve given us throughout the last decade. Without you, doing this would only be somewhat amusing.

And no one would get the joke except us.
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Just got back from New York City, the “greatest city on Earth.” It’s still pretty great, but like the sun that falls into the New Jersey wastelands every night, New York’s star seems to be on the wane.

The “terrorists” who brought down the WTC and the American economy may well have been foils for the Republican right. I am not opposed to the conspiracy theory that the Bush Clan masterminded this whole debacle, especially when I witness the ubiquitous mind controls being put in place in a city that is supposedly the Gateway to Freedom. It’s turning into a high-class prison state, its psychological terrain not unlike Snake Pliskin’s Manhattan in Escape From New York.

Since the last time I was in NYC four months ago, rent control has been abolished and rent stabilization has come under fire, an 8.5% tax has been levied on clothing, the subway fare has increased a whopping 50%, and you can no longer sit on the stoop of your apartment building or on a crate in front of your bodega. Seriously! The Daily News recently ran a cover story on a seven-months-pregnant woman who was ticketed by the police for resting in front of her

It is your DUTY to masturbate publicly.

manicure shop. Needless to say, you still can’t see a naked woman while enjoying an alcoholic beverage in the Naked City.

It’s a completely different New York. People seem downtrodden and beleaguered. It feels to me like a big fuckin’ preschool—everyone still trying to play, but following rules meant to keep four year olds from overturning the fish tank. It fucking sucks.

So put on your reddest lipstick and practice in the mirror. Everybody! “FUCK YOU!”

If they try to fuck you back, call Alex Hamalian, the “punk rock lawyer,” at 503-222-5641. He may be a lecherous asshole (he is a lawyer), but he says he will fight these cases FOR FREE. Plus he is kinda hot—in a lecherous asshole sorta way.
HAPPY ANNIVERSARY
YOU FILTHY
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I LOVE YOU!
XOXO
Demi
### Exotic's New Monthly Dancer Directory

**The Pink Pages**

- **Purpose:** Designed to promote dancers so they can communicate to their friends, fans, admirers, and loyal customers where they will be performing on any given night.

- **Rates:** Very reasonable.

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EXOTIC'S WIN A BOOB JOB CONTEST

Exotic's Boob Job Contest Preliminaries were the hot tickets in June. Highlights of the first round at Sassy’s included a watermelon show and a milk show. Yum! Carmen and Kat from Stars will advance to this month’s finals, as will Stacy from Sassy’s.

The second round was held at Cleopatra’s Viewpoint, and house girls Pelle, Luscious and Tiffany stole the show! Highlights included neon body paint, candlewax and a fiery magic strip act. The third round, at Club Exotica, was held after the magazine went to press.

The finals will be held at Stars Cabaret on Thursday, July 10th. Nine of Portland’s hottest girls will compete for brand new boobs (or $1500 cash) and other great prizes. Do not miss this exciting event! Good luck, ladies!

EXOTIC MAGAZINE’S TENTH ANNIVERSARY BASH

Come help us celebrate at Dante’s on Sunday, July 27th. We’ll be kickin’ it with lots of babes and booze, and all your favorite and least-favorite writers and designers will be in the house. July 27th is also Viva’s birthday, and she wants presents.

IT’S SUMMER!

It’s finally hot enough for the shower shows and outdoor stages at your favorite clubs, and there’s a lot going on around town. Secret Rendezvous at 125th and SE Division is having a BIKINI CAR WASH on July 13th. We’ve been assured the girls are highly skilled and put great care and lots of muscle into their work, and that their bikinis are “very cute.”

HOT CHICK ACTION: (l-r) Kaizen, Hong, Sheena

G-GIRL ACTION!

Sheena’s G-Girls from the G-Spot are doing a special show at the Viewpoint on Thursday July 17th. Twenty-five babes, partying and playing from 9pm to 2am! Sheena dropped off a bunch of photos at Exotic, and its doubtful she’ll get them back...these girls are pistols! Last month the G-Girls turned up the heat at Soobie’s on their way to the gig at the Pallas, where they put on a great show and rocked out with the band Debris. What a genius idea: a roving band of fun-loving super-hot strip-teasers!

The Dolphin II is hosting a SUMMER BEACH PARTY on Wednesday, July 23rd. They promise to “bring the beach to you,” with water, sand, a free BBQ dinner and forty bikini-clad babes doing theme shows. Bring your own lawn chair and get in for free!

Stars Cabaret turns seven this month, and they’ve filled their calendar with cool events. Every Tuesday night finds Exotic’s Strip Search Contest at Stars, with finals on July 22nd. Winner takes home $2000 and appears on the cover of September’s Exotic. And don’t miss Exotic’s Boob Job Contest Finals on July 10th!

Wanna get lei’d by hot scantily-clad chicks and feast on roast suckling pig? Try Stars’ Hawaiian Luau on Saturday, July 12th. The following Thursday, July 17th, features the return of Stars’ extremely popular H2O Night. Don’t miss the outdoor BBQ, beer gardens and swimming pool during the day, and at night, three hot tubs, two swimming pools and two shower stages. Awesome! Finally, Jill Kelly will be in town, and making thrice-nightly appearances at Stars July 23rd-July 26th.
UPCOMING EVENTS:
July 4th  DJ RAP
July 11th  ELECTRIC SKYCHURCH
July 12th  MING & FS
July 18th  DEEP SKY

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MY LITTLE PINK EARS were pressed right up against mom's vacuum cleaner as it sat hummmmmmmmmmm humming on the carpet. I was three or four years old, and I don't think I'd ever heard such a beautiful sound before. The closer I got to the machine's whirring motor, the more at peace I felt. I nestled inside a warm, invisible marsupial pouch of white noise, a sonic electric blanket which covered and protected me. Since then I've always found comfort in the monochrome drone of machines: Electric drills, fans, air conditioners, and blenders can all put me in touch with the universe's vibratory OM, the sound of God yawning.

MY SWEATY TEENAGED EARS were pressed right up against mom's transistor radio in the kitchen, perplexed by the hummmmmmmming sound that softly sprayed from the tiny speaker. It was 3AM on New Year's Day—only three hours into the 1980s—and the college-radio DJ had announced that this was the song his Philly-punk listeners had chosen to usher in the new decade. You call this a song? It sounds like a vacuum cleaner with some nervous, jail-punky guy saying the word "Frankie" over and over again. And then came the screams.

Frankie picked up the gun...pointed it at the six-month old kid in the crib...

AAAGGGHHHH!
Frankie looked at his wife...shot her....
AAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!
Frankie put the gun to his head...
AAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!
Frankie's lyin' in hell...
AAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
with the heartless two-tone persistence of a spiraling hypno-wheel. There are very few lyrics, and they are chanted rather than sung. Even the song titles ("Che," "Girl," etc.) are minimal.

And it’s the greatest album ever made. At least I’ve listened to it more than any other album. When my father was dying of cancer, I used to force myself to listen to it just to face the fear head-on. It’s the only music I’ve ever heard which is so dark and malignant that it might actually be able to give you cancer.

In the album’s center, clocking in at ten and a half carcinogenic minutes, is the unsettling track I heard on New Year’s Day—"Frankie Teardrop." It still scares me. It’s the only song I won’t play loud in my apartment because the screams are so real, I’m afraid someone will call the cops. It’s my "Freebird," “Stairway to Heaven” and "The End" all wrapped up in one.

Suicide’s immediate forefathers were noise-art weirdbones such as John Cage and LaMonte "White Man with a Black Name" Young, the latter of whom formed a "theater of eternal music" called the Dream Syndicate in the early 1960s. LaMonte Young once proposed a project where rotating musicians would play the same note forever. A violinist named John Cale (different guy from John Cage) studied with Young and later joined The Velvet Underground, who did their own noodling with drone potential on songs such as the seventeen-minute "Sister Ray." But that band featured Lou Reed, who’s a douche.

If you listen closely enough, you’ll realize how much music depends on The Big Drone...on beats endlessly repeated or on notes held for what seems an unjustly long time. It’s there in Gregorian chants and Scottish bagpipe music and Indian ragas. It pulses through disco and house music and trance. Donna Summer’s "I Feel Love," a song almost as mighty as the best of Suicide, droned its way to #1 in 1977 while "Frankie Teardrop" languished in the shadows.

ALAN VEGA, THE MAN WITH THE SCARIEST EYES and voice ever, the man who looks like Poncherello from TV show CHiPs if Ponch were an effeminate psychotic speed freak, claims to have coined the musical term "punk" back in 1971 on a flyer for a Suicide show advertising "a punk music mass." Vega and Martin Rev were near-homeless and hungry when they met each other and named their group after a comic book called Satan Suicide. I’ve heard tales of Suicide playing a twin bill with the New York Dolls at the Mercer Arts Center—both groups performing simultaneously in separate rooms. After a minute or two of ogling crazy Vega swinging a chain around, smashing himself in the face with his mic, and screaming bloody murder, everyone had left the Suicide room to go watch the much-safer Dolls.

Suicide tended to get lost in the late-70s NY punk-rock shuffle. Since they sounded like nobody else, offered no release from the blackness, and were so minimal as to be insulting, their live performances were often greeted with hostility and violence. A 1978 performance in Belgium, captured on the live track “23 Minutes Over Brussels,” erupted in a riot where audience members stole Alan Vega’s microphone.

Lost even within a world of misfits, Suicide were eventually adopted by spindly, supermodel-marrying Ric Ocasek of The Cars. A huge fan of the group, Ocasek wound up overproducing Suicide’s second album in 1980. He also produced their biggest-selling song, "Dream Baby Dream," before Alan Vega split off for a mostly unsuccessful Scary Elvis solo career. Although well past middle age, Suicide recently reformed and cut a newer, softer, dance-floor-friendly album which I could only bear for about twenty seconds before getting too depressed and playing "Frankie Teardrop" again. Alan Vega is now married and has a kid, but unlike Frankie, it’s reasonably certain he won’t kill it.

WE HAVE GARBAGE: Martin Rev (left), Alan Vega (right).
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exotic magazine - July | 25
As I walked with Vicki through the fluorescent lit hallway to interview her father, images of an aging pimp were flashing through my head. I was expecting an old man with slicked back silver hair, a cobalt blue leisure suit with matching shoes, and a pinky ring... the zipper pulled down on the front of his jacket to reveal braided white chest hair. I’ve watched way too many mobster films. Roy Keller was the opposite of that image. I had heard stories about him since the day I started working at Mary’s Club.

When we entered the room, Roy was lying in his metal hospital bed. I hid behind Vicki, peeking around her shoulder to get a look at this guy. He was so delicate but dignified; his silver hair stood out on his red silk pillowcase and his kind smile put me immediately at ease.

Roy Keller has owned Mary’s Club, Portland’s oldest strip bar, for over fifty years. His daughter Vicki manages Mary’s. His granddaughters Traci and Virginia work the bar, floor and stage. Pictures of his numerous great-grandkids adorn the cash registers. Mary’s gives new meaning to family-run establishment. It’s the heart and soul of the Portland strip scene.

Roy bought Mary’s in 1954 from a detective and his wife who were getting a divorce and didn’t know how to divide the business, so they sold it and split the profit. The detective’s wife was named Mary. It was a piano bar at the time. Roy kept it a piano bar for a few years with its built-in clientele. He kept the name because a large percent of his clientele were longshoremen who would get off the boat, hop in a cab and say to the cabby, “Take me to Mary’s.” He was a smart businessman and knew better than to change the name. The longshoreman would stay at the hotel that is still upstairs from Mary’s, so Mary’s was their living room when they were in town.

Roy commissioned an artist to paint scenes of longshoremen on the walls in their honor. The brightly colored murals stretch the length of the club, and feature Mt. Hood, a Chinatown scene and a reclining topless woman in Egyptian princess finery. The longshoremen were regulars when they were in town and Roy assumed that they would like a strip club.

However, as soon as Mary’s turned into a strip bar, their attendance began to dwindle. Mary’s soon changed from a hangout for longshoremen with a mild mannered piano player to a place with go-go dancers, strippers, transvestites and boa constrictors.

When Roy decided to make Mary’s a strip club in 1965, it was a quick decision. The piano thing wasn’t really working out for him. It wasn’t filling the house. He got the idea from a friend of his who owned Big Al’s, a strip club in San Francisco. Big Al’s was always busy and that is eventually where one of the first dancers came from. Opening a strip club was a scandalous revolution at the time. Everyone thought Roy was crazy. He had no idea “if it would go,” he said. Not only did it go, it paved the road for all the clubs standing today in Portland.

Roy tried to get out of the contract he had with the piano player but couldn’t, so he started having a dancing girl between each piano set. When lines started forming around the block for the intermission entertainment, the piano man packed up of his own accord.

Roy assumed that the longshoremen would love a strip club, but they didn’t seem to, although he wasn’t sure if they didn’t like the girls or the drink prices going up, which happened at the same time. He never figured out why he lost their business. Yet the murals he commissioned in their honor live on, whispering stories of a world that can now only be imagined, a world with pirates that seems as vague in relevance as the murals themselves hanging on the walls of the fifty year old strip club. Somehow the images evoke a fairytale world. Amazing how time makes fiction out of memories.

Bambi Darling, Tasha and September Rose were some of the first strippers. There was a transvestite MC who helped keep the crowd entertained between sets. His name was Brandy Scott. He would paint half of his face like a woman’s and the other half like a man’s. Eventually he became a she and started stripping—at Mary’s. There was also Wally who owned Wally’s Place—a store next to Mary’s—and would make the girls g-strings and also entertain the crowd by smoking spoons and eating cigarettes.

People’s attention spans were much longer then. The customers would come to see the strippers but were also there for the show. And what a show they got. A transvestite MC, telling

“Bambi Darling, Tasha and September Rose were some of the first strippers.”
jokes and prancing on stage until the go-go dancers were ready to bee-bop to Ray Charles’s "I Got A Woman." One girl had a boa constrictor, which got lost in the basement and found by the beer delivery guy, who shit his pants when the snake slithered from the rafters of the cooler to say hello. The boa then made its way into the sewers of downtown from a hole in the basement. "Was he ever found?" I asked Roy. He smiled. "Eventually, I think."

Tasha was the first stripper. She moved up from San Francisco and lived in the hotel above the club. Roy said he used to go to her room and get her when it was time for her to go on stage. Vicki interrupted him to say there were lines around the block to get in. Roy kinda smiled and said, "I would escort Tasha through the crowd for each performance." It was a burlesque performance. By law girls could not get naked, so the dancers had extravagant costumes and would take an article of clothing off for each song. They would dance to three or four songs and, just like today, would pick their own music from the jukebox. Tasha would strip down to her g-string and pasties.

Roy’s son Jerry ran Mary’s for a few years, and in the late seventies his daughter Vicki moved from California, where she managed a honky-tonk bar Roy owned, to manage Mary’s. She still runs it. She is an amazing woman, as tough as she is sweet. Every woman who works there swears it is the best place in town to dance. The dancers are treated with respect by Vicki, the staff and all our cool regulars. Mary’s is not at all your typical strip club—it’s a family run business, which adds to its mysteriously nurturing charm.

Its décor hasn’t changed much in fifty years; it is small and dimly lit. An old sixties TV is embedded in the wall between the neon beer signs above the restrooms. It probably hasn’t worked in forty years. Mary’s atmosphere is a character in and of itself. I can’t stand it when people walk in and say, "This place sucks. What a dump." Those people obviously lack taste and imagination. The first time I walked into Mary’s, I said to myself, "This is the coolest bar and I wanna work here." The place is oozing with stories, characters, history and personality. It may be a dive, but who needs new furniture and new paint when you’ve got great music, liquor, and—hello—beautiful naked women?

One of the things I was dying to know was what the tipping standard was back then. Was it nickels, dimes and—for the big spenders—quarters? Because today the average is a dollar a song. So I asked Roy, "How much did guys tip then? Did they tip change?" He laughed for a long second and said with a big smile on his face, "Yes, some guys would throw change on stage and the girls would throw it right back at them." He paused for a second, "A dollar a song was the norm I guess."

It’s comforting to know everything has changed but nothing has changed. If you throw change at a stripper today at Mary’s, be prepared for public humiliation and hopefully a scar from where the quarter welts your face. The stories Roy told me are endless and helping my book write itself, as are the stories of any day at Mary’s. Any of us who works there could fill manuscript after manuscript because the club seems to be a magnet for all walks of humanity. I don’t know if that is typical of strip clubs, but I do know that Mary’s is a piece of history and, I think, the best club in town. Before I met Roy I liked working at Mary’s, but after meeting him I’m proud to be working at Mary’s. As we were leaving his room, I said to him, "Thank you so much Roy. It was so nice to meet you." He grabbed my hand, kissed it and said, "Thank you for helping Vicki." Call me a sentimental fool but who wouldn’t be proud to work for a man like that?

Julie Gallagher has worked at Mary’s for one year. This article contains excerpts from her upcoming book.
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I’d been on the road all day when I pulled into Portland, and I’d nuzzled up to a lot of silicone tits in the last 24 hours. I was about as tired as my silly band KISS, and neither the prospect of yukkin’ it up for my buddy with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis nor my mighty Israeli constitution was enough to pull me out of the comfort of my town car. Portland Schmortland. I was dog tired and wanted to kick it at the Benson with some vegan yummies and the Shopping Network. I’m an old man, after all, and pretending to be a maniacal tit-grabbing goo-bag has lost some of its splendor over the years. I missed my BBQ and Paul Stanley was taking care of my cats and last time he watched them they ate the goldfish.

Suddenly I glimpsed on the horizon one VIVA LAS VEGAS. And I tell you I woke right up. Viva had consented to do an interview for me, even though she had several parties to attend and some bands to see. She wore fishnet stockings, which I asked her to remove and then stretched over my head. She laughed her musical little laugh and I felt like the ice was really broken.

I took her down to the basement and she grabbed a Miller Lite. I shut the door to my little green room and she made herself comfortable on the couch. We were alone, me and Viva Las Vegas—wearing nothing but a skin tight super short zebra slip, stretched over her lovely ass and refreshingly bite-sized breasts. Yum yum yum!

I asked her straight away if she ever tried KISS Krunch, our limited edition cereal that was made in Minnesota, where Viva hails from, and where all cereals are made.

“Are you kidding? How old do you think I am?”

“Please say eighteen....nineteen?”

“Ha!”

“Um, well, what is the sexiest song of all time?”

“Voodoo Child.”

“Sexiest cu—”

“Take of my boots.”

I took off her boots. She yanked my metal folding chair in towards her and spread her little pink toes all over my face, starting with my eyes. Thank God I shaved this morning! I swallowed hard. I had to know....

“Sexiest member of KISS?”

“Let’s find out,” she purred.

She giggled, moaned, panted, screamed. And the more I tried to push my fish through her ‘nets, the more I got into the restraints. The clouds of my warm hot breath must have formed a storm, for all of a sudden the skies broke and a torrent of summer rain ran down my cheeks, chin, chest!! It was pure ecstasy.

She got up and left as quickly as she—uh—came. I know she never really liked my band, but I like to think she liked me. She let me keep her fishnets, anyway. They’re still stretched over my face.
**Couples**

Hi, this is Michael and Samantha. We're a white couple that loves to角色扮演 and comprehensive fetish exploration. My fantasy will become your reality. Box #88301

Mistress Yvonne invites men, women and couples who are sincere admirers of dominant/submissive love to leave a message. Erotic role play and comprehensive fetish exploration. My fantasy will become your reality. Box #80301

I'm Lady Di. My slave girl and I are looking for a submissive male to join us in our private dungeon. If you can't handle verbal abuse and erotic torture don't call. If you do call you will never be the same. Box #88801

Hey there! I'm looking for a dominant, hot male. If you're well endowed and love to make your woman squirm with pleasure, I would love to meet you. I'm into anything and everything and will fulfill your every desire. My name is Linda, I have red hair, I'm slim, 26 years old with 34B's. If you love to be dominant, leave me a message. Box #97501

I've been a nasty, bad girl. I could use a good spanking, right on my beautiful round firm ass. Wouldn't you like me to be your special bad girl? Call me and I'll tell you why I deserve a real good spanking. We'll talk about all the bad things I do. Let's find out. Box #990426

I'm a beautiful African-American female. I stand 5'9", weigh 130 lbs., I have short black hair, deep dark eyes, and full lips. My measurements are 36D, 24, 36, with silky thighs and a tight ass. I am sexy, intelligent and can be a slut in bed. I love all men, color doesn't matter. I love to fuck, lick, suck, sip and swallow. I'm seeking all open minded men with big cocks. Box #921700

My name is Rachel and I have a craving to play with your ass and tell you how to masturbate for me. Can you handle being teased and sexually tortured? Let's find out. Box #990426

My name is Charity. I'm a sultry blond, blue eyed, 29 year old nasty girl. I have 36D's, long legs and a nice soft firm ass. So guys, you figure it out! If you like to cum, cum in me. Box #11301

Hello, this is Heather. I'm 5'9", 130 lbs., 36D, 24" waist, and 36" hips. I'm a model. I model erotic wear, such as lace, leather, latex and rubber. I'm currently modeling night gowns, teddys, G-strings, crotchless panties and pantyhose for a lingerie catalog. If you want to get as hot as I do, get back to me. Box #914900

This is Mistress Carmen. I am the bitch of all bitches. All you submissive slave whores, whores and duds will not be able to resist my dominant art of full toilet training and cock and ball torture. I will give you a stinging reminder of who is in command, either a spanking over my knee, a caining, hot wax or shackles. I'll crack your nuts, you slut! Box #89400

Hey all you submissive guys. My name is Jamie. I love to get into some S&M and B&D. I love toys and role-playing. I like to play more of a sensual mistress and don't really get into heavy pain. I'm 31, average height, with an average, very curvy body. I have long, blond hair and a very big attitude. If you are submissive and love to play games, I think we'd get along. Box #977001

Desperately seeking dominant, hot male. If you are well endowed and like to make your woman squirm with pleasure, I would love to

Meet you. I'm into anything and everything and will fulfill your every desire. My name is Linda, I have red hair, I'm thin, 26 years old with 34B's. If you love to be dominant, leave me a message. Box #97501

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Gallery's Girl Next Door Of The Year 2002
Holly Foxxx & Friends 9pm-2am

“A Little Piece of Hell in Southeast Portland”
Allen Ginsberg gave a reading at a Seattle bookstore some years back and afterwards dutifully autographed his new book of poems for a long line of buyers. He appeared to be very gracious as he whipped off signatures but I suppose he was pretty anxious for that line to end.

I thought back on that while watching BARBARA BROADCAST TOO! from VCA. Chloe plays BB, the sex therapist who is out flacking her new book, “Healthy Sex, Mind & Body.” At the book signing she sucks off the 100th customer. Now there’s a way to pack ‘em in at the book stores for readings. Probably not too many authors could take a hard mouthful with the same gusto Ginsberg could have providing the 100th autograph seeker was a young stud.

A journalist played by Dru Barrymore is sent to do a story on Barbara and becomes part of the story herself with the usual 57 varieties of doggie-style action, horizontal jogging and butt busting.

Seems to me some porn producer should play off the reporter going after the big story with a spoof on the huge scandal at the New York Times. You’ve probably read about the young Times reporter, Jayson Blair, who gamed the paper for five years with a boatload of fabricated stories. He made up quotes from people he hadn’t talked to, plagiarized from stories in other newspapers and snorted lots of cocaine. He may end up with a healthy advance from a publisher for a memoir on his journalistic crime.

Good material here for UP THE ASS OF THE NEW YORK TIMES. A reporter heads out for an on-the-scene interview with a guy whose wife has been murdered, gets waylaid in an anal triangle and cranks out a made up interview while getting a blow job under his desk. Next day the guy sees the interview in the paper, then shoves himself against Jennifer. Sandwiched against each other he urges Jennifer to swat Charlotte’s butt. She can’t do it. He takes her hand, does it for her. It’s hysterical, showing a girl how to slap ass. I’d never considered the possibility somebody didn’t know how to spank.

The scene moves on for a very intense sex ride, including the two fillies down on their knees with one sucking off Rocco and the other with her face in his butt. Then they switch places and repeat the performance. In this DVD, Rocco’s back on top with some solid blasts off the old back door trumpet.

Kira Keener plays the 983rd cheerleader in a porn vid who will do anything to make it on the squad in SWIRL.

Chloe works up when presented with the one-eyed Cyclops. Ginsberg could have providing the 100th autograph seeker was a young stud.

In other news we have hot blonde Brit Ashley Long riding the waves of a double penetration in TEEN PATROL 2 from Metro. Drimla, Sophia and some other chicks dick a private eye in ARSENIC 2 from Hustler, a DVD with a series of flashbacks designed to fill out a plot where there is no plot. A flock of porn queens flit about and drip their bitch butter on undercover cops and Mafia dons in LOST & FOUND from Wicked. Kaylani Lei and Melanie Jagger lick spo0 and whine about not being able to go to a party in the passionless PASSION from Sin City. Finally, there’s Kira Keener, who plays the 983rd cheerleader in a porn vid who will do anything to make it on the squad in SWIRL from Vivid.

My fave DVD this month is ROCCO: ANIMAL TRAINER 11 from Evil Angel. The Italian Stallion’s last four or five vids didn’t do much for me. All of them went overboard with about 50 people in endless group gang bangs. In his latest effort he’s trimmed back his “the more pussy attacks the better” ethos and gone back to doubles and trios with himself as the main pole.

Animal Trainer kicks off in a barn with a trim girl patting down a horse.
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Long-time pals Richard Meltzer and (Handsome) Richard Manitoba caught up for the first time in over ten years when The Dictators played in Portland last month. Viva sat rapturously in the middle and pressed play on her tape recorder. The rest is history. [For those who don’t know, the Dictators are The Greatest Rock and Roll Band of All Time and are from New York City, The Greatest City in the World. As New Yorkers they care passionately about the Yankees, boxing, wrestling, New York, White Castles, pizzerias, etc. Richard Meltzer is The Greatest Rock Critic of All Time and an ex-New Yorker who still cares about New York stuff but who now lives in Portland and swears he will NEVER GO BACK!]

VIVA: You guys are still around, still touring. Everyone else is dead. What’s the secret?

Handsome Dick Manitoba: We found the Fountain of Youth! We like feeling young. I stopped ravaging my body years ago. Everyone takes care of themselves for general purposes. And more specifically, I always sorta kept myself available to play rock’n’roll. Whatever job I had, I made sure I could leave it when the rock’n’roll bell rang, and come back to it to make money.

VIVA: And Handsome is still the handsomest man in rock’n’roll. What’s HIS secret?

Handsome Dick Manitoba: I dunno how to answer that, I’m humble.

VIVA: You’ve got a lot of hats.

Handsome Dick Manitoba: Just born that way, I guess. Lucky.

Richard Meltzer: So do you use any kinda haircoloring?

Handsome Dick Manitoba: Me? No. I dye my beard. It’s like once a week, I put this stuff on for five minutes. Cuz otherwise it looks all white and I don’t wanna look like Jerry Garcia. I’m bald and I walk around all the time like that, but on stage I wear the hats cuz it’s a better look. It’s like wearing a good shirt. It looks better and I look younger without being bald. If I were James Taylor I guess I wouldn’t mind, cuz then I’d be a sensitive singer songwriter.

VIVA: You’ve got a lot of hats.

Handsome Dick Manitoba: Yeah, yeah, I got a collection. I’ve got a custom NY hat with a Jewish star on it, I’ve got a Bronx hat...I’ve got all kinds of hats.

VIVA: What’s the weirdest hat you’ve ever worn?

Handsome Dick Manitoba: For my friends from Pennsylvania. They threw me a Philadelphia Phillies hat and I went “photo op!” and put it on for like two minutes.

Meltzer: Do you remember—the Die-heads were always trying to compete for Sandy Pearlman’s...
attention with the Blue Öyster Cult—so when BÖC had their Nazi period, you were doin’ your Nazi schtick, too.

HDM: Yeah, but ours was tongue-in-cheek. Pearlman was like mesmerized by Nazis.

Meltzer: Don’t you remember once your father was upset with you and said something like “Well what about our ancestors?” And you picked up a bar of soap and said, “Here’s our ancestors!” Remember this? Remember this?

HDM: No. God bless you, Richard, and your memory.

VIVA: On Dictators Go Girl Crazy, you rhyme “growing up” with “throwing up.” Were you listening to a lot of Bruce Springsteen and Greetings from Asbury Park at the time?

HDM: No. I think there are only so many words in the English language, and only so many chords, and sometimes in rock’n’roll they run into each other.

VIVA: On Dictators Go Girl Crazy, you rhyme “growing up” with “throwing up.” Were you listening to a lot of Bruce Springsteen and Greetings from Asbury Park at the time?

HDM: Our culture influenced us. Which was part music, uh...pussy, gettin’ drunk, White Castle hamburgers and cars.

Meltzer: Have you ever had a White Castle hamburger?

VIVA: Yes.

HDM: You got a good nose. I like your nose.

VIVA: Wanna have kids?

HDM: They’ve got the greatest thing now at White Castle. The Crave Case. Thirty! In like an attaché case.

VIVA: How many can you eat? You’d have to throw away the bun, wouldn’t ya? On your low carb diet?

HDM: No I don’t throw away the bun. Religion is religion, and White Castle is a religious experience.

Meltzer: So d’ya ever eat at Wetson’s? Remember Wetson’s?

HDM: Yes! I said that yesterday. Richard. I said, “Does anyone in this car remember Wetson’s?” Errol Wetson was the playboy son of Wetson’s. Their specialty was pas-trumi.

Meltzer: The cheese on Wetson’s used to be quite a bit like Velveeta. It was very bad.

VIVA: Any new music that gets you hot and bothered?

HDM: The newest band that I’ve loved was Nirvana. So that was like twelve or thirteen years ago. To me that was the last great rock band.

Meltzer: They’re from this part of the world, you know. Courtney Love used to give blowjobs in the parking lot of the Satyricon before Kurt came along.

HDM: She’s from Portland?

Meltzer: She lived here. Her father was a Deadhead! The album Aoxomoxoa—she’s on the cover. Wanna see what I’ve got in my pocket here?


VIVA: Sexiest song of all time?

HDM: It’s gotta be some black soul singer. I don’t know... Al Green? It’s gotta have that slow Al Jackson-Booker T.-Otis Redding slow, sexy....

VIVA: Sexiest record of all time?

HDM: What’s the difference between a record and a song?

Meltzer: What’s the sexiest cassette?

HDM: What’s the sexiest 8-Track?

VIVA: Alright alright. Who’s the sexiest singer?

Meltzer: Portland has 8-Track collectors.

HDM: Shakira.

Meltzer: Portland has a lot of people who collect 8-Tracks. They go to the Goodwill every week, see if something new shows up...

HDM: Or Ann Margaret.

VIVA: Sexiest thing about Debbie Harry?

HDM: Her face.
As daylight slowly filled the motel room with the force of truth dispelling ignorance...

...and the prior night's activities began to flood the battered psyches of these sad, aging men...

...butch and petey realized they had a lot of explaining to do.
For months now, the author of this letter has been warning the industry that the OLCC and other authorities have decided to up the ante with respect to their enforcement of liquor laws against nude dancing establishments.

Recently, several clubs have been cited for “lewd” activity; many others have been threatened with citations. The real question is, “What is lewd?” Unfortunately, this is a question that cannot be answered. The Stars Cabaret lawyers, who fought vigorously against OLCC’s interpretations, still cannot tell us what is “lewd.”

By the time this letter is printed, the Association of Clubs Executives (ACE – Oregon) will have taken the initiative to demand clarification as to the enforceability of the OLCC’s interpretation of lewd activity. ACE Oregon is a plaintiff seeking an injunction to prevent enforcement of these vague rules until the Oregon Supreme Court hears and decides two important cases this fall.

On its agenda, the Supreme Court will hear arguments overturning two Oregon Court of Appeals decisions. The first case, Ciancanelli, will decide whether an entertainer, club manager and club owner can be charged with a Class C felony if an entertainer touches her own breasts, buttocks or genitals. The second case, Duforth (or also referred to as the City of Nyssa), will determine whether cities can impose arbitrary rules imposes on club operations, such as distance to patrons, common tip jars, lighting, hours of operation, clothing and anything else a politician can argue that serves the interest of the community.

It would seem reasonable that an injunction be granted against the OLCC enforcement until the Supreme Court rules. But, some may argue, that these are not reasonable times. If the injunction efforts fail, the real battle still looms at the Supreme Court.

ACE Oregon is involved in all these efforts. ACE has filed briefs in support of the prevailing interpretation of the state constitution, which gives broad protection to freedom of expression. ACE is supporting the reversal of both Court of Appeals decisions.

Even if ACE prevails with the aforementioned injunction, or the Supreme Court rules favorably on the issues before it, the battle is surely to continue. On the horizon, many other issues are sure to arise. Not to be forgotten, of course, is that ardent nude dancing industry foe, Portland Mayor Vera Katz is possibly facing a re-election bid against another industry-hater, City Councilor Jim Francesconi. At the same time, look for Governor wanna-be Kevin Mannix to make another strong bid the state’s top job.

Life is never dull in our business, for sure. But the prosperity of the industry can only be assured when all of us work together. ACE is our best shot at uniting, and fighting the common battle. Strength in numbers! Get involved.

Randy Kaiser
ACE Member

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“Mozzarella is sexy. It’s just a glob of white that they bring up from the basement. And as you press it or cut a knife into it milk spurts out.”

VIVA: Sexiest thing about Joey Ramone?
HDM: His voice.

VIVA: Sexiest thing about KISS?
HDM: Nothing.

VIVA: Sexiest thing about NYC?
HDM: The fresh mozzarella that I get around the corner at Ruzzo’s. Sexy. Mozzarella is sexy. It’s just a glob of white that they bring up from the basement. And as you press it or cut a knife into it milk spurts out.

VIVA: Oooo! Lovely! Thank you. What’s sexy about having a kid?
HDM: I don’t know if it’s sexy—having a kid. It’s got everything else, but I don’t think it’s sexy.

VIVA: Sexiest Stones song?
HDM: When I was like eleven years old, “Satisfaction” was like my favorite song ever. And I like all those mid-sixties singles like “Mother’s Little Helper” and “Get Off My Cloud” and “Paint it Black.” To me they were perfect rock’n’roll songs. Hot!

Meltzer: I hear that Dylan is playing “Brown Sugar” as part of his set now.

VIVA: Do you have a favorite Dylan song?
HDM: Yeah. I heard it on the radio yesterday. FORTY YEARS after a song comes out I still get chills and I still get overwhelming feelings when I hear “The Times They Are A Changin.” It’s as heavy as the heaviest song ever written. I get a physical reaction to that song. To me that’s a song that changed the world.

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Meltzer: I hear that Dylan is playing “Brown Sugar” as part of his set now.

VIVA: Sexiest wrestler of all time?
HDM: Freddie Blassie. Check out this magazine. This is so amazing. Look at this photo! The caption says, “Women really go for me.” Now sit down. I’m gonna read one paragraph to you. But you have to imagine it in Blassie’s voice. Ready? Alright.

“About Antonina Rocca.”

“...Handsome Dick now....

Handsome Dick then....

Men are interested in Rocca because she was one of the most intriguing men in the business. A detail I figure that most fans didn’t know. He had the biggest cock most of the boys had ever seen. You should have heard them go on and on about it. They’d hold their hands apart and talk about the length. They’d cup their fingers together and describe the thickness. Then they’d talk about the site of Rocca laying back on a bench in the locker room with the head of his dick resting in the middle of his chest. But you can rest assured that Freddie Blassie never took part in these lively exchanges. I talked about wrestling and Cadillacs, women and making money. I was never interested in cocks.”

That’s genius! Like he doesn’t even say “I talked about wrestling, cars, girls and making money. He goes “wrestling...Cadillacs.” That’s like saying White Castles instead of food or hamburgers.

VIVA: Who are your three favorites?
HDM: The Stones, the Beatles and... what was your band called? Vom. [Vom is the proto-Angry Samoans band that Meltzer founded.]

Meltzer: What about the Doors?
HDM: No way. Not even close. He was an L.A. guy! No. The Stones, the Beatles and Brian Wilson. I love Brian Wilson. That’s one body of music I could listen to for more continuous hours without taking it off than any other body of music. I could listen to the whole box set and do my chores around the house and not get tired.

Meltzer: I think the Byrds’ version is even better.

HDM: If I was listening to two hours of music and you said well you can listen to two hours of the Byrds or two hours of Dylan, I’d listen to two hours of the Byrds. But Byrds didn’t change the world. Bob Dylan did.

VIVA: I love Gram Parsons.
HDM: I love Gram Parsons. I love the Byrds. I LOVE the sound of Roger McGuinn’s voice and I LOVE the sound of his Rickenbacker.

[Both Richards start singing “The Times They Are A Changin’.

HDM: That was just so powerful. It was like one of those times, like when Elvis came out and it was blown from zero to one. Three acts turned the world upside-down—not that they’re my favorites!—but Elvis Presley, Bob Dylan and the Beatles.

VIVA: What color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them?
HDM: Black 2 button Calvins. HDM DON’T WEAR NO PANTIES!

VIVA: Would you rather go bowhunting with Ted Nugent, or drink till you puke with Lemmy Kilmister?
HDM: Drink Yoo Hoo ’till I puke with LEMMY! [Suddenly watching the TV very intently.] Goddammit where’s the score I want? Boston won. Shit! Fuck!

Meltzer: So I really think that Clemens has the stink of the Red Sox on him.

HDM: Stink of the Red Sox... I’m not a huge fan, but he wears the pinstripes, so I like him. Sorry, Richard. Ha ha ha. The stink of the Red Sox.
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Scooter is usually the person that falls in the deepest: falling prey to most of the pranks. But that’s okay, love will keep him together.

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

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by J. Mack

Whatz goin’ down Baby Boyz and Girlz? It’s been a bomb ass month for your boy Mack and I’m about to tell you all about it right now. Plus I’ll be letting you know whatz crackin’ in the P-Town. California was on and poppin’. Besides that, soon as I got back to Portland, it was all kind of things happening. In this month’s article, I’ll also be puttin’ y’all up on one of the flyest after hour spots to ever hit the city. They’ve hired me to host the joint every first and third Saturday beginning on July 5th, 2003. So basically it’s on again!!!

First Up—Kickin’ It In Cali

It was 3:00pm Monday, May 12th, and I was in the biggest hurry you could ever imagine! I had just picked up my check from my record label and my flight was leaving at six o’clock. I only had two hours left until I had to be at the airport. The problem was that I still had a lot of shit to do. I had to finish packing, jet to the bank, go to the mall, hit up the swap meet, swing by the liquor store on M.L.K., grab me bottle, pick up a sizer, twist up a fat one, shave my head, hop in the shower, get G’d Up, and bounce out!!! My little cousin VO Glamarody came by the house just as I was making me a drink. He asked me “Jay what time is yo plane leavin’ man?” When I told him six o’clock, he straight started laughin’. It’s already after five o’clock and I’m still in my boxers, sippin’ on a drink. The homie Mike was outside in the truck waiting for us. VO started taking my bags out while I hurried to get dressed. Damn!!! I hate running late!!! We made it to the airport just in time. I was high as a hippie and slightly faded; walked on the plane crackin’ up cause I made it. When I arrived in LA, it was nonstop until I came back to Portland. I had rehearsals in Anaheim, studio sessions in Santa Monica, shows in Long Beach and Hollywood. I got my soul food on in Compton and Watts. Much love goes out to Lil’ Bre and her manager Andre for doing the new cut with me. It’s gonna get ‘em!!! But anyway, I’ll be performing some of my new joints at the After Hours Party on July 5th. Don’t miss it baby!!!

Next Up—Erykah Badu

If you weren’t there, you missed some real ass Hip-Hop. I had just got back in town and saw a flyer about the concert. Made a couple phone calls and got the VIP hook-up. I couldn’t miss my girl. When she hit the stage, the crowd went buck wild. I was with my boyz up in the balcony of the Roseland. I couldn’t believe how live this chick was. First of all, she came out with her hair in a ‘fro. Then she walked around the stage and modeled for the crowd. After that, she strolled up to a drum machine, which was in the center of the stage. I couldn’t believe it when she started playin’ these phat ass beats LIVE!!! She took it old school and had the whole joint rockin’. Big ups ma…….

The New After-Hours

The other day I had a chance to meet with the founders of “Hybrid Collective” and it was all to the good. Mike and Matt have just opened up one of the most unique clubs to ever hit Portland, Oregon. These catz have also given me two nights a month to do my thang. This new club will be open seven nights a week and the hours will be from 11pm until 11am (oooh weee). According to Mike, “This club will be a cool fusion of everybody.” When I asked Matt about his motivation for opening the Hybrid, he said, “I have been wanting to have a place that features good talent because I have been disappointed with some of the concerts that I’ve attended.” Mike went on to say that “The Hybrid Collective is the place where Under meets Ground and we’ve had a lot of volunteers who have literally poured their hearts into getting the club remodeled and ready to open. We want the exotic dancers of Portland, Salem and Beaverton to have a place that they can call home.” Saturday July 5th will be my first party and you know how J.Mack gets down. I’ll be in the house along with my DJ partna’ Mr. Mosaic every first and third Saturday of each month. We’ll be spinnin’ all the latest Hip-Hop, Reggae and R&B cuts as well as some old school joints. The Hybrid is located in the N.W. industrial area of downtown Portland on 30th and Nicolai. Both Mike and Matt told me that “This will be a place people definitely want to come back to, time and time again.” !!!!!! Seeya There!!! If you would like more info about it, holla at me at whatzcrackin_j@hotmail.com

Last Month’s Honey

Iesha

I wasn’t able to get her picture in last month but here she is. Congrats Girl!!!

Next Month

I’ll be featuring photos from N-Style photography. My cousin Sonny has captured some of the flyest parties on film. You might see yourself in some of these flicks so stay tuned and until next month keep it crackin’!!

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