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Things are a little off again...

The new traffic lights being installed all over the city are doing strange things. The light on the far right at almost every intersection is a fraction of a second slower than the others. It’s a little disconcerting. Is it just me? Is it some LED electrical synchronicity problem? Or is it something more ominous? Something more sinister? Is it a sign that the nine-dimensional, quantum string super-symmetry is out of whack? Is it a small glitch in the Matrix?

Is this just the beginning...

Saturday, October 11, 1:30am... At Dante’s I got word that a friend from the county medical examiner’s office was trying to get a hold of me regarding a possible death of an employee. The only person who hadn’t shown up for a couple days was Morgan. I immediately called his roommates and they confirmed the worst. Morgan had been found dead in his bedroom. Another heroin overdose.

Tuesday, October 21, 2010am... “Frank, I’m gonna go to jail...” A message on my voicemail from Isaac, our friend in the wheelchair who guards “our” corner of Third and Burnside. He was audibly upset, and he said he was sorry and he’d see us in about three weeks. Something about his cell phone and how they don’t want him in the “drug free” zone. He told me to let everyone know he loves them.

Tuesday, October 21, 5:45am... Inside Plaid Pantry an old, slow-moving, gray-bearded guy walked in and started knocking the pastry displays over. Then he shuffled over and started knocking another display over. Then he just stood there while the clerks yelled at him and called 911. The customers, including myself, stood and watched. There was no sense of danger from the man. It was almost funny. Kind of sad. He just stood still in the middle of the floor with a blank look on his face. I finished buying my hot chocolate and newspaper and he shuffled over and started knocking another display over. Then he just stood there while the clerks yelled at him and called 911.

Tuesday, October 21, 13:37pm... It’s degrees. The humidity is 98%. That’s all fine except it’s almost fucking November. The jet stream is doing some strange things as well...

Tuesday, October 21, 13:30pm... Sitting at the bar at Magic Gardens, supporting “The Arts” by watching Viva Las Vegas perform onstage, I got a phone call from a friend in L.A.: Elliott Smith, one of Portland’s most amazing gifts to the world of music, was found dead. The people who knew him, the fact that he finally succeeded in killing himself came as no surprise. Elliott was known for his depression, his drug problems and his alcoholism, as well as his unequaled mixture of ingeniously simple and heartfelt writing and superbly sweet melancholy music. But what was surprising was the way he ended it. When we first found out, we all assumed it was yet another heroin overdose. But Elliott had been clean and sober for several months. He killed himself by stabbing a knife through his heart.

MORGAN'S LAST JOURNAL ENTRY:
(From his website www.swallowmy.com)

“Vince is ambolming (Frank’s friend) Alex and he’s not being nice about it. Alex ends up sitting on the other side of me and starts talking loud trash. He wants to give Vince a facial, shoot his had all over his face. Vince hears this shit, stands up and marches right out... I don’t know whether to slap Alex or laugh my ass off. That was kind of some funny shit. Another crazy night at Dante’s. My life is a complete circus. I wind up helping Quiet Riot do load-out... Whatever gets these old farts the fuck out of here faster. That turned out blue-haird (Suicide Girl) where is hanging out in the parking lot. She’s talking shit about me to Steve. I’m an asshole? You’re a fucking late night trolley slag. So hit the trainyards and suck a bum’s cock for a slug of stereo cunt. What a completely insane night. Just can’t wait for it to end...”

“Earlier tonight I headed down into the office and catch Etta and Alana changing shirts. At first Alana starts to freak, covering up her tits but Etta says something about it just being Morgan, no big deal. What the fuck is that shit? She gets Alana to show me her tits and sweet Jesus man, they’re beautiful! I’d love to slide my dick in between them until I shot my load all over her sweet brown freckled face. Could you imagine the gleaming white string of pearls wrapping around that chocolate coffee colored neck of hers... I’ve seen Ett’s tits before and granted, it’s a nice rack but Alana? Fucking hell! If she wasn’t married I’d be all over her... Etta does have a great set of chest-sucking lips though. I’d powerblast her in a second... The way she gets all sauced around the office, I might have to whip it out on of these nights and gag her with my cock. Especially when she’s dropping this “It’s only Morgan” shit. She think I’m a fucking psycho!? I’ll show her poof when I root that hole out raw. I would have paid them $5 to hug right then and there, we those big white and big brown titties smashed up against one another, nipple to nipple. I need to go yank this “It’s only Morgan” shit. She think I’m a fucking psycho? You’re a fucking late night trolley slag. Go hit the trainyards and suck a bum’s cock for a slug of stereo cunt. What a completely insane night. Just can’t wait for it to end...”

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At least his journal had a happy ending.
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It’d been a violent week in my downtown strip club world. I was in a fight, I witnessed a scratch match in the dressing room and I had to cancel band practice when some psychotic drunk tried to murder my bass player but murdered her car instead.

What the fuck was going on? Were current economic woes turning men into monsters? Was it the moon? Or Mars, careening so close to our planet? Maybe just coincidence?

Nope. It was Johnny Cash, stirring things up from beyond the grave.

I got decked onstage at Mary’s last month. It was my second set of the night. The place was packed. I was in maniacally high spirits, giggling through a babydoll set in a white nightie that barely covered my fluffy bunny-tail g-string. I danced to “Sunday Girl” by Blondie. Danced to “The Kids Are Alright.” Then started a pissing match with a buttoned-down mid-fifties businessman from North Dakota.

He was sitting at the rack, which was full of tippers. But he wasn’t tipping, wasn’t gonna. He was “waiting.” And saying extremely rude and retarded things. I asked him sweetly to move. “No.” I asked the staff, wasn’t gonna. He was “waiting.” And saying extremely rude and retarded things. I asked him sweetly to move. “No.” I asked the staff

“I love Las Vegas
by viva las vegas

“Get the FUCK off my rack NOW.”

sweetly to move him. “You can’t make me.”

Johnny Cash came on the jukebox, singing Dylan’s “It Ain’t Me Babe” with his wife June. Go away from my window. Leave at your own chosen speed. I picked my nightie up off the floor and danced around with it like it was an imaginary boyfriend. Then I put it back on. Cute!

Asshole pipes up again, more rude, more retarded. So I drop the babydoll act, roll my eyes and relax onstage. “Sir, you are a real asshole.” He says, “Shut up and take off your clothes.”

That was it. I got on my knees and crawled over the rack so I could be at eye level with him and snarled, “Get the FUCK off my rack NOW.” I was pointing at him sternly, Uncle-Sam style, when he slapped my hand away, hard.

So.... I hauled off and hit him. His little round businessman glasses went flying across the room and broke. Then he hit me right back. In an instant, the entire bar was up, chaos and chivalry mixing for a very sexy effect. The guy was escorted out in a headlock by some musician friends of mine and Mary’s fixture Jerome.

Me, I’m still onstage. Johnny Cash is still singing the Dylan song. My eyes welled with tears so I swallowed hard and realized that my mouth was filled with blood. What a dick! I forced some giggles and pulled it together and finished the set. Every guy in the house came up with a one, a five, a twenty. Someone even tipped a hundred dollar bill. Everybody bought a Mary’s Club t-shirt. The bartender complained about it, saying, “I feel like I’m working at the fucking Gap!”

The stupid fuck came back in later looking for his glasses. The cocktail waitress yelled, “If I find them, I’ll break them AGAIN.” Vicki the boss gave me one of the lenses as a souvenir. My mouth kept bleeding all night and my tongue swelled up for a week. Now the boys call me Slugger, Bruiser, etc. They suggest that I stage fights more often. And why not? The take was pretty good, after all. And I gotta say I kinda liked it. It was a great show, and I’ve always said you should get decked once a year, just to remind you you’re alive.

Lamb of God? They gave him a bunch of strong incense to kill the stink of animal dung that lay in steaming piles around his cold-ass manger. What’s a manger? A dirty, splinterly box of hay all clotted with llama spit. Cozy. Poor thing. Jesus very well could have been thinking, “Man! I’m the friggin’ LION! This birthday SUCKS!”

Here’s another holy nugget to chew on.... God made us in his image, correct? That’s what I hear, anyway, so it’s safe to say that God can cum, right? We all know Jesus could cop a nut, otherwise his abstinence wouldn’t have meant much. Jesus was THE badass superstar punk of his day. He had the best and baddest whores on his tip constantly, yet he never gave in to the yearnings of the flesh and went on to be a rock star of love and peace and, you know, all that other cool stuff he did.

But you’re you and it’s Christmas again and what the fuck am I getting at?

I say spend the holidays jerking off. If you’re in a decent relationship, get each other off repeatedly. Listen to your favorite music, eat your favorite food—as much of it as you want—and drink the good stuff (whatever you consider the good stuff to be). Do what you want to do and do it ‘til you’re satisfied. Though I’m pretty sure the Son of Man never got drunk and whacked off, he turned water into wine for a reason.

These are the holy-days. God is love, so do what you love, do what you love-love-me-do and get off on the fact that you are doing God’s work. Jesus was totally against the grain of the status quo back in the day. And I know he would be psyched if, in honor of his birthday, you were being all anti-establishment by not going to the mall and buying shit you can’t afford for people you don’t even like.

This is how I plan to get through all this. And before you know it, New Year’s will lurch at you like a fat, stinky drunk chasing you around at a party, and through the fog of the first day of the New Year, you’ll swear off booze, sugar, white bread and sex with strangers, so live it up now. Do it for Jesus.
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**WEDNESDAY NOV 19**
PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES
+COBRA HIGH & YOUNG PEOPLE

- **SATURDAY NOV 1**
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+COBRA HIGH & YOUNG PEOPLE

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+COBRA HIGH & YOUNG PEOPLE

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The PALLAS is the place for Monday Night Football, with free tacos, halftime giveaways and an all–buttrcock soundtrack! This sexy club is also hosting their own FETISH NIGHT on Saturday, November 29th.

If you’re a westside guy, the BIG BANG has Football Specials Sunday and Monday nights, with big juicy 1/2 lb. burgers and fries for only $3. And for those with more advanced palates, TASIA will be catering to every man’s fantasy of a hot half-naked babe who can cook, preparing and joining you for delicious meals every Tuesday.

GINA LYNN AT STARS

AVN superstar and featured actress on HBO’s Sopranos, Gina Lynn is the queen of Bada Bing. Don’t miss her rare Oregon appearances: November 19th and 20th at STARS BEAVERTON, November 21st at STARS SALEM and Saturday November 22nd at STARS BEND.

Also at Stars Salem, a PAJAMA PARTY! You’ll think you’ve crashed Hef’s Playboy Mansion when you see the superhot Stars’ girls in their nighties playing spin the bottle. Nothing is better than thirty babes in bed! Don’t forget your bathrobe!

DIRTY VEGAS

EXOTICA INTERNATIONAL is throwing a party for all you highrollers. The club will be filled with casino tables and hot girls—don’t miss it. On a more wholesome note, Exotica is also the place to be for Thanksgiving, when they’re dishing up a Thanksgiving buffet.

DEAD!

Exotic’s newest writer Morgan Likely is playing pinball in greener pastures now. Morgan was the brightest-eyed, bushiest-tailed kid around and he will be missed. Hope you’re revelling in simultaneous orgasms with gorgeous willing females wherever you are.

Ex-Portlander Elliot Smith, famous for lovely nodding-off songs with a suicidal undercurrent, has also chosen this year to explore new realms. If there was ever a soundtrack for Portland, Elliot wrote it. Viva’s wanted to loll around in bed with him ever since she heard of his insatiable love of Russian novels from former bandmate Sean Croghan. Couldn’ta seen this one comin’, could ya?
October ACE Meeting:
The last Oregon-ACE meeting held at Captain Ankeny’s on Tuesday, October 14 at 4pm was a very active and informative get-together. It included a special visit from Portland City Commissioner Randy Leonard’s Policy Advisor, Brent Canode. Also in attendance were representatives from Cleopatra’s Viewpoint, Stars Cabaret, Sassy’s, Exotic Magazine, G-Spot, Doc’s, Excitement, Boom Boom Room and various other attorneys, consultants and vendors.

Brent Canode, Policy Advisor of Commissioner Randy Leonard reviewed with us the proposed draft for new city/OLCC regulatory guidelines.

On the legal front:
The Oregon Supreme Court hearings of Nyssa v. Miss Sally’s and State v. Ciancanelli will be taking place Monday, November 3 at Linfield College in McMinnville.

The ACE injunction against the OLCC for the new “lewd conduct rules” is ongoing.

ACE Memberships:
ACE Members must continue to help each other out, and should make a habit of publicly giving preferential treatment to fellow-members over non-members. That’s one of the ways your ACE membership gives you value - it brings discounts that save you money. It’s also part of the dues that you owe: when you offer a discount to your fellow ACE members, you are making an in-kind contribution that strengthens us all.

Please consider offering your fellow ACE members 10% off your best price. Member clubs, you should offer ACE-member entertainers 10% off your house fees, or preferential access (i.e. one day earlier) to shift selection, or both.

Offering discounts can cost you cash, so you shouldn’t feel bad about raising your rates to non-members. Non-members are trying to free-load - they want all the benefits of collective defense with none of the costs. Let them pay more, so that - balanced against your discounts to your fellow ACE members - you end up no worse off than before, while ACE grows stronger.

And please, put the ACE logo in your ads, and mention your ACE-member discounts.
Making out to DRUMATTICA leads to harder stuff.

You know when your friends give you copies of their latest musical efforts and you give it a listen because they're your friends? All the while you're praying that the thing doesn't totally suck ass so you'll have to come up with some bullshit to say to them about how it's not really YOUR thing, but you're sure it's cool for SOMEBODY.... Well such was the case when Brian Lehfeldt (Drumattica co-founder, TV616 drummer and a big Sweaty Nipple) dropped off his latest from Drumattica for my perusal.

Well, I love Brian. I actually love everyone in Drumattica—Keith Brown (Drumattica’s other co-founder and TV616 man), Rob Wynia (Floater) and the delicious Jen Folker (Dahlia). [DJ Slowburn and Brandon Mikel I do not know, but no doubt I’d love them, too.] So I played it while I cleaned my kitchen. By the time I had finished pine-sol-ing the floor we were at track five and I found myself filled with hate and disappointment. The music was excellent, and these people were clearly more talented than I was.

The record, from top to bottom, is the best local effort I've heard in ages. The content and production are brilliant and beautifully sculpted. It's like landscape—shifting, rising jagged and smoothing down into warm salty water while you fly around the world on a magic carpet. I called everyone in the band at ungodly hours to curse their brilliance and the fact that I couldn't stop listening to the damn thing.

My favorite tracks are the duets between Wynia and Folker. They sound like someone snuck a microphone into their sleeping bag while they're slow fucking on mushrooms in the desert. My hate melted into a bright and prickly aroused state. This was a fantastic makeout album and I loved it. Damn.

I swallowed my pride and met with Keith Brown in Southeast Portland to talk about why it took Drumattica three years to release A Part Of Something.

STORM: How did Drumattica happen?

Keith: Brian and I had been talking about two drummers playing live to taped dance music, kind of jungle-y and electronic.

STORM: How long ago did Drumattica start?

Keith: Our first show was opening for Floater at the Aladdin for the Millennium New Years show, so four years ago.

STORM: Why'd it take you so long to release this, your first, record?

Keith: Well, all the people involved are in other bands, so it’s really tough to coordinate everyone. Plus, people in the Northwest are seasonal. In the summer we tour, go camping, play a million shows and get very little else done. In the winter we pack up and head inside to go crazy and write. In the spring we come out and release our new stuff.

STORM: You should do what I do—systematically destroy your band members’ personal lives so they only have you. So, how did you get all these busy folks to write for the record while they were hibernating?
“The duets between Wynia and Folker sound like someone snuck a microphone into their sleeping bag while they're slow fucking on mushrooms in the desert.”

Keith: I would write the music, sometimes Brian would come in and do some drum adjustments before we'd send it to Rob, and though he's fairly busy, Rob writes really fast, he's amazing.

STORM: When did Jen hook up with you guys?
Keith: A little over a year ago. Sometimes Rob would be on tour with Floater and we would be playing Sinferno Sundays at Dante's once or twice a month and we needed a vocalist. I've been friends with Jen for about ten years and I love her voice. It was a no-brainer.

STORM: Rob is a sexy bastard, but put Jen in there and you've got a serious makeout record on your hands. You're gonna be responsible for folks getting knocked up listening to this damn thing.

Keith: Not me. Making out isn't fucking anyway. It's very intimate—long slow kisses, fondling, getting off on the closeness and intensity.

STORM: It totally becomes fucking, though. I've NEVER made out with ANYONE and not gone down on them or ended up screwing them. I get too turned on.

Keith: Sounds like you have intimacy issues.

STORM: Whatever. What would you be doing if you weren't making music?

Keith: Pitching in the minor leagues. I used to be a really good baseball player, I'd like to see if I could still do that.

STORM: That's awesome! I could hit and throw, but couldn't catch to save my life. Speaking of baseball, what do you consider first base?

Keith: Tongue kissing.

STORM: I think it's anal—goin' straight for the ass.

Keith: What's a home run?

STORM: Hiding the body.

Keith: I really think you have intimacy issues.

STORM: Oh, whatever.

Don't overdo it on Halloween, because Deflower, Drumattica and TV616 will be playing Saturday, November 1st at Dante's for the Last Match Records showcase. Bring breath mints and condoms!
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by J. Mack

What up peoples? It’s ya boy Jay with the scoop on whatz crackin’, what was crackin’, and whatz about to be crackin’! If you weren’t at my birthday party, I’m sure you probably heard about it. In this month’s article I’ll be letting you know how it all went down. I’ll also be addressing the communication gaps in the local music scene and letting the City know about the new “Kitty” on the block.

First Up — My Big Phat Libra Joint
It was everything that a party should be! My birthday couldn’t have been any better. My day started with a big ass breakfast with NO PORK! I got my grub on for real. Plus the sun was out and my day was going smoother than a shaved coochie. I had to drop off a few more invitations before going to Club Fuel to set up for the night’s event. After that was done, I jetted to the hizzle to change my gear. When I returned to the club it was about 11:30pm and it was already jammed packed. I was trippin’ off the love and shocked as hell to see that many people down to celebrate and kick it wit’ me. My DJ partna L.B. aka Mr. Mosaic had the place jumpin’ off the block! My playa partna Darin and my big homies on the security squad made sure the whole night was cool, without any form of drama. My cousin’ Sonni of N Style Photography had prepared a tight ass slide show than ran on the big screens throughout the club. My moms was even poppin’ it at the party. It was on and “Crackin’” in a major way. Much love to all my family, my friends and my business associates that made My Libra Joint a night to remember.

Next Up — Pink Kitty’s
It’s new, it’s sexy and it has class. In the words of Missy Elliott, this place is “Supa-Dupa Fly.” It’s Portland’s newest lingerie shop. What I think is cool about Pink Kitty’s is that the owner and manager of the place decided to switch from working for lingerie modeling shops to opening up her own business. There are a lot of women in this industry that work for an employer who’s never done this type of work himself or herself. Therefore, some of these individuals lack the understanding it takes to relate to the wants and needs of their employees. Having been a lingerie model for several years, Nadia (founder of Pink Kitty’s) has and knows what it takes to make her shop a huge SUCCESS. Congratulations baby!!! I’m very proud of you. You said you were gonna do it and you did it! I love that!

The Gaps in the Game
The Hip-Hop culture has, for the most part, bridged thousands of gaps in the music and film industry. With the music from various rap artists in heavy and constant demand, the popularity of rap and R&B continues to grow. It has grown to the point that the clubs that years ago refused to play it now need it to survive. Some of these owners still don’t understand the culture, yet hire DJ’s who play 90% hip-hop, thus drawing a hip-hop crowd. The things some of these owners don’t understand cause uncertainties or fear, and what they fear they either get rid of or change to their liking. I feel they should take the time to get to know this powerful culture, especially if it’s part of their livelihood. Introductions, handshakes and conversations are key steps in bridging communication gaps in all walks of life. If more people could sit down and talk about their differences and intellectually obtain a comfortable balance, we wouldn’t be at war right now! Feel me?

Honey of the Month — Maleen
She is a very warm hearted honey who is just as beautiful inside as she is outside. Her personality is also something very special. Congrats Girl!!!

Future Joints
I am currently in the planning stages of a one-year anniversary party for Whatz Crackin’? It will be jumpin’ off sometime in December. I’ll keep you posted. I will also be droppin’ a new CD at that party. Don’t miss it!

Until next month, ya’ll keep it Crackin’!
Holla back at whatzcrackin_j@hotmail.com

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My husband is in the Navy and he's been out to sea for two months. I have at least four months to go and I am tired of fucking myself with the collection of fake cocks my husband bought for me before he left town. I need some men to help me fulfill my daily need. The catch is I want to try out a new kinky fantasy every day. If you think you are creative and you have lots of well-hung friends, give Penelope a try. Box #561482

Blue-eyed Celtic Goddess seeks worshipful pilgrim that is not afraid of cat and mouse type sex play. You must be willing to work for your reward by following clues to various public locales where we will engage in exhibitionist activities where the thrill of discovery is one that drives me wild. Your incentive is a beautiful 5’9” auburn haired, insatiable woman with long legs and a ivory complexion. Call Shavon to enter the competition. Box #571428

Hi, my name is Ginger. I’m a blonde with blue eyes, I stand about 5’7 and my measurements are 36DD, I have a 26 inch waist and 36 hips. I’m into long walks, movies, quiet dinners. I also love sports. I would enjoy giving me over the knee discipline is a plus. I just want to please. Box #667

Please call Diana if you want a hot time. Doggie style is my favorite and I hope you are really into oral because I love giving and receiving. I’ve got it all, dirty blond hair, blue eyes, nice tits and ass and legs that you won’t believe. Box #39902

My name is Elizabeth. I love spanking, both giving and receiving. I’m looking for others who love to incorporate spanking into role-playing. I’m petite with short, blond hair and brown eyes. I’m slender, but curvy and strong. I love to wear leather and rubber. Box #41702

Oral love games, party naked and make me your captive in silk. I don’t think so! But, that might happen to you if you are the right slave. Call Mistress Valerie. Box #48301

Wanted, naughty sissy boys for bondage and restraints. I’ll choose your punishment how I see fit. The only thing you are required to do before further instructions is to leave me your pathetic message begging for my attention. Box #48802

I’m a shy and inexperienced brunette looking for an experienced master to teach me how to give oral sex. I want to worship your cock and I’m ready willing and eager to do anything you may expect of me. Box #6901

Looking for all pathetic little men that need the proper training from a 6 foot goddess that will have it no other way. If you are willing to be pissed on and taunted with my blue studded dildo, I dare you to call me. Box #72002

Get down on your knees slave, hold your head up and get ready to submit to the sexiest, most dominant woman around. My name is Queen Elizabeth and I just started to make this scene my lifestyle, so I’m as excited about it as you must be. Nobody does it better. Box #72603

Hi, I’m a 19 year old submissive searching for a master. My name is Haley. I’m blonde, 5’5” and I wear a size 4. I never get tired of being your little cum slut. I would treat your pearly white drops as a great smile. I’m looking for a man a little older then me, in pierced and I love to show it off. I also have long legs and everyone looks can be very deceiving. Call me and you’ll find out why. Box #522381

Hi there sexy. This is Maxime the honey colored Goddess you’ve always longed for. I have a big secret that some people find hard to deal with. It’s increasingly difficult to conceal. My desire to share it grows every day. It’ll take some poking around to uncover why I am a mystery. If you are ready to find the X that marks my spot, give me a call. Box #542955

Are you prepared to begin your training with exciting sensuous Mistress Laura? I will train you in the fine art of bondage and discipline. I am very sexy and experienced in erotic domination. I won’t let you get away with anything. So if you want to let me take control leave a message in my box. Box #392902

Hello, my name is Laura. I’m a hot English bitch. I’ve just moved over here and I can’t wait to get my hands on a real hot guy. Excitement is what I’m looking for, and a real dirty mind is what I need. People tell me I look really innocent, but that’s what they think. Looks can be very deceiving. Call me and you’ll find out why. Box #521

Hi guys, this is Kristin. I have brown hair, blue eyes, 5’8”, 115 lbs., a perfect body and a terrific butt. I’d love to have fun with you. So, if you want to have fun with me, give me a call. I can’t wait to hear from you. Box #528
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“A Little Piece of Hell in Southeast Portland”
Johnny Wadd, AKA John Holmes, is back. No chunk of porn wood has matched Wadd’s star power, except for perhaps fat and happy Ron Jeremy, though Wadd had the advantage of disintegrating into drug oblivion along with getting accused of a murder rap. This makes his legacy more marketable in Hollywood. Holmes was part of the inspiration for the lead character in the film *Boogie Nights* and the subject of a 1999 documentary film: *Wadd: Life and Times of John C. Holmes*. (Note the middle initial to ratchet up his class status.) All stops have been pulled for the third retelling of his life in the just-released Hollywood big-budget flick *Wonderland*, with Val Kilmer playing John Holmes.

In the seventies Holmes made over 2,500 porn films, many of them in the role of Johnny Wadd, a private eye with a dick two inches longer than a standard ruler. Needless to say, Wadd was a far cry from Raymond Chandler’s hard-boiled Philip Marlowe and his black automatic, forever fighting off predatory vixens. Still, the classic Wadd spoofs like *The Flesh of the Lotus* and *The China Cat* are better and much funnier than the dreck spewed out of Porn Valley today.

*Wonderland* focuses on Holmes’ final years, after Wadd had pretty much completed his cinematic mission of stuffing over 14,000 porn dolls. He’d made a lot of money in porn but not enough to cover a $1,500 a day habit of Peruvian marching powder. Besides freebasing coke he liked downers. One of his friends in the earlier documentary film said he once popped fifty Valiums in one dose, enough to kill an elephant. He ended up pimping out his 15-year-old girlfriend for cash and working as a runner for his main cocaine connection, Eddie Nash, a Hollywood nightclub owner who supplemented his bar receipts by retailing large quantities of drugs.

Somewhat of a sociopath with few loyalties, Holmes also picked up a few bucks as a snitch for the LAPD. He apparently decided to cash in on Eddie’s illicit profits with a scam of his own. *Wonderland* tells the story from the point of view of various participants, since it’s still unclear exactly who did what to whom. Most likely Holmes dispatched four of his friends to rip off a pile of cash and smack at Eddie’s house. They got the goods, but Eddie quickly fingered Holmes as the culprit and forced him to reveal where his accomplices lived—an apartment complex on Wonderland Avenue. Holmes was escorted to the apartment by a couple of Eddie’s thugs and forced to watch while they bludgeoned all four of his friends to death.

Given the mind set of all those involved, I’m surprised Eddie Nash didn’t have his boys make a snuff film of the quadruple homicide. In any case, nobody went down for the murder. Holmes was tried, acquitted, and died of AIDS seven years later as a result of sprees with boys. He favored women but his tastes were elastic. Holmes was also in a few gay porn films, including *The Private Pleasures of John Holmes* where bottom Joey Yale gladly receives Wadd’s famous truncheon.

Eddie Nash was tried and acquitted at a second trial after a hung jury on the first go around. He eventually ended up in the slammer in 2000 on a racketeering charge, did eight months and was released for health reasons at age 72. *Wonderland* should hit the screen in Portland about the same time this rag gets dumped off at your friendly local strip club. *Entertainment Weekly* says it’s “a bad trip of sinister sleaze.” *TV Guide* seconds that, gasping that it’s “an elusive but dazzlingly sleazy examination of addiction, selfishness, greed and self-destruction in the California sun.” Those reviews will get me into the theater. The *Village Voice*, true to its lefty nature, says Holmes was an “exploited freak in capitalism’s dankest subcellar.” You really gotta be blind-sided by old Karl Marx to believe a man has been exploited by fucking 14,000 women in porn vids.
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exotic magazine - november | 69
Burlesque is, according to Tease-O-Rama’s dictionary, “a witty and mocking send-up of vaudeville entertainment.” Pretty goddamn postmodern, since vaudeville was generally witty and mocking in the first place. I’d say, after attending the third annual three-day burlesque convention TEASE-O-RAMA, that burlesque is “fat unpretty tattooed girls awkwardly aping opera histrionics.”

Whoa! That’s harsh! I can’t believe that just came out of my pen! Naughty, humorless pen.... Those Tease-O-Rama folks gave Exotic two free V.I.P. passes—a $200 value—and I can’t say anything nice?!

That’s not true. I have plenty nice to say (see sidebars). But the general tenor of this fat fest was so catty, so anti-stripper and devoid of any kind of sexy that I took to committing petty misdemeanors to entertain myself. I guess ya can’t help but get catty at a festival full of broads.

My photographer, Lucy Fur (a fabulously burlesque STRIPPER), and I arrived in Los Angeles just in time for the press junket, where we pressed the flesh with burlesque luminaries and overheard the New York bitches bitch about their L.A. litter mates and vice versa. Very silly. Some great outfits came, no sex was had and the Bigfoot Lodge (hipster dive) stole the show.

The next evening, after a feverish day spent shopping for shoes, corsets, panties, fringe and rhinestones, Lucy and I settled into great seats at the supercool Henry Fonda Music Box Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. I was braced for maybe two hours of tassels, but NO! It was a SIX HOUR flesh parade, and one hour into it I had already had my limit of shoulder-length
gloves unceremoniously ripped off and tossed to the floor and was yearning to see a live pee show. I had had all the fringed flab I could stomach, and even the site of one chick’s MISFITS tattoo oozing out of her overly-tight pink corset failed to amuse me.

I hightailed it to the V.I.P. rooftop lounge, lit up a Lucky and downed two tequilas under the stars and the smog. There I witnessed the best show of the weekend—two old punk rockers gussied up in suits doing a swell Sinatra bass and vox schtick while falling into folding chairs. Reinvigorated, I went down to the mezzanine where I defaced over one hundred Spin magazines, writing “I SUCK” on coverboy Dave Matthews’ t-shirt. I didn’t know how I was going to endure three more hours before headliner Dita von Teese took the stage.

Dita is evidently HOT SHIT. I don’t know because I don’t care. Burlesque has always seemed phony to me—a cheap parody of Sexy, absent of any and all sincerity. But enough about me. DITA is Marilyn Manson’s chick. Her claim to fame is rhinestones, rhinestones, rhinestones: rhinestoned gloves, fans, shoes, chairs, tampons, etc. She was a Playboy covergirl, which in the hypocrisy of the new burlesque is very fucking cool and lends legitimacy to the entire movement. Mostly Dita does a soulless rip-off of the inimitable Betty Page.

Dita was lovely. Moved like an actual dancer, like, say, a STRIPPER who dances eight-hour shifts five nights a week. She was professional and not fat. Or tattooed. Really she had nothing over Portland’s fabulous gals other than rhinestones (silly) and Marilyn Manson (alright I’d fuck him).

Speaking of Pornland.... Portland was completely unrepresented at Tease-O-Rama. Sure, the Suicide Girls Inc. signed on late in the game and sponsored the show, but none of the acts were from the Beaver State. Maybe because we host a more fabulous, sexy, witty, intelligent skinfest every night of the year! But we are strippers, and as such somewhat unwelcome in the burlesque scene. We dance for a living, not to make a statement. We are willing to give lap- and table-dances. We are unopposed to getting fake tits. We are not fucking around. We are the REAL DEAL.


Part of Tease-O-Rama’s mission was to educate with a “bawdy history lesson,” and to that effect they had seminars on tassel-twirling, teasing, the history of burlesque, writing about burlesque, and other unsexy stuff. But I gotta say that I did learn something at Tease-O-Rama. I learned that there is an “IT.” There are “it” girls and there are girls who are not “it.” If you’re not “it,” get off the stage! If you are, smile, cuz God loves you. And nothing in the history of the universe is sexier than an “it” girl, smiling, giggling, and doing whatever the fuck she wants in the face of certain doom.
One highlight of the festival was the premiere of **Broad Daylight**, a wonderful full-color homage to the classic stag loops of the fifties and sixties, starring the better burlesquers (including our own Lucy Fur!) and set to a totally rad punk rock soundtrack. Teaser Candy Whiplash directed the gals and shot them on Super 8 with the help of Memphisean John Michael McCarthy. The DVD, CD and LP will be available in December at www.guerrillamonster.com.

**KITTEN’S GOT “IT”**

**Kitten Deville** is the best! Miss Exotic World 2002 and a member of L.A.’s burlesque troupe the Velvet Hammer, this chick has got “it” in spades! Clad in a padded bra, fringed g-string, blonde ringlets and an enormous smile, she takes the stage and shakes it. And that’s it! Shake, shake, shake. Air-kiss. Exit stage right. Ya gotta see it to believe it.

**BONNIE DON’T**

Bonnie Dunn brings new meaning to the phrase “making the audience squirm.” Her amateurish vocal stylings and absolutely wrong theatrics culminated in what was far and away Tease-O-Rama’s worst moment. Singing off key “I Could Have Daaamned All Night,” she patted her “pregnant” stomach. Suddenly she pulled a large plastic bowl out of her dress, delivering her “baby,” and squealed, “Where’s the placenta?!” Then she fell on the floor, kicked her feet in the air and finished her song. Bonnie probably hasn’t been fucked in ages.
Y’ALL ARE BEING CHARGED WITH THE CRIMES OF SIMPLE ASSAULT, FELONIOUS ASSAULT, ASSAULT BY BITING, PUBLIC MENACING, AND PUBLIC LEWDNESS. Y’ALL ARE GONNA SPEND A LONG TIME IN JAIL!

JAIL?!!

Y’ALL SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO CAUSE A RUCKUS IN HARNEY COUNTY, BOYS!
Everybody likes toys. Even though we’ve graduated from Fisher Price and Mattel to Doc Johnson and California Exotics, we still need to replenish our toy boxes. It may seem like you’ve tried all the vibrators and anal beads and tasted more lube flavors than Baskin Robbins ice cream, but there’s always something new to put on your wish list. And just like at Toys R Us, don’t forget the batteries!

Doc Johnson’s **I-VIBE RABBIT** leads the pack, blending beauty and power just like CEO Barbie. At the flick of a switch one can change the speed of the vibration and/or mix and match its functions. The control panel is reminiscent of a digital stereo’s equalizer bars. As a girl’s best friend this delectable diddler, made of soft plastic similar to a gummy bear, is sculpted well enough to look and feel like an actual penis. Just below the shaft is a window revealing pearls that create delicious friction while the Rabbit vibrates, multiplying the sexual sensation. At the base of the shaft are lovely little sculpted flowers.

- Vaginal and anal stimulators vibrate
- Shaft rotates front to back or side to side
- Multiple speeds
- Available in blue, green, orange, red and aqua
- Quiet enough for the back aisles of a library
- Retails for $79.95
- 4 AA batteries

Pipedream Products’ **MINI-MITE** is a different kind of vibrator, which you’ll affectionately name your Portable Pleaser. Transportable as a bag of jacks, this clit pleaser is small and slender enough to fit in your favorite little black purse.

- 4” long, about 1” in diameter
- One speed fits all
- Available in red, purple, green, orange and blue
- Too noisy for church
- Retails for $16.99
- 1 AA battery

Five attachments fit easily atop the vibrating device—the nipple enlarger, anal exciter, penis arouser and clit stimulator.
Pipedream Products’ **MICRO MASSAGER** fits like a tiny tampon in the hand and feels like a vibrating tongue between your most sensitive crevices. Basically it’s a smaller, more aerodynamic version of the Mini-Mite.

- 2” long, 1” in diameter
- Available in pink or iridescent
- Quiet enough for a busy restaurant
- Retails for $18.99
- 1.5 V battery (included)

Moving behind the scenes to anal beads, there are two words of advice: material and retrieval. Find strands with an end ring for easier insertion and retrieval. Doc Johnson’s may be the prime example. The smallest bead plunges the deepest, and the largest bead is one inch in diameter and is directly next to the retrieval ring.

- 12" long
- Ten graduated beads
- A ring at the retrieval end makes pleasure one delicious pluck
- Retails for $6.99
- No batteries

Also try the **MICRO PLEASURIZER/VIBRATING ANAL BEADS** by Pipedream Products. Barring overuse, this combo will never become boring. It’s a micro massager and a flexible, detachable strand of silicone anal beads.

- Five graduated beads
- Lavender
- Retails for $17.95
- 1.5 V battery included

Now let’s get a little kinky with something tantamount to Twister: ben wa balls. The key to this toy is movement. Kinetic movement, such as walking or jumping, provides the stimulation needed internally to reach peak pleasure. **GOLD BALLS** by Golden Triangle are two gold vibrating balls, conveniently linked by a string which allows for handy retrieval. Doc Johnson makes strands with two, three, or four balls, available in black, red, blue and white latex. Swedish Erotica makes a strand of five latex-coated beads connected by a nylon string. Once again, the easy-retrieval string cannot be overemphasized.

- Balls are 1” in diameter
- Retail prices range from $6 to $32
- No batteries required

Feeling artistic? Break out the Play Doh of sex toys: the **PLEASURE SWING** by Whip Smart. This swing’s possibilities end when your imagination does. With its inherent suspension abilities, the swing allows couples to do things otherwise cumbersome on furniture, floors, walls, and other immobile objects. It lends flexibility to people who aren’t otherwise limber. One favorite activity is bouncing vertically onto an insertable sex toy suctioned to the floor beneath the swing.

- Secure to a ceiling stud within clear distance of walls/doors (installation equipment included)
- Two leopard-print cushion-y seats
- Superb for intercourse, oral sex and masturbation while reclining, kneeling, sitting and swinging
- Stirrups effortlessly support ankles horizontally and vertically
- Back- and butt-supports ensure comfort
- Supports up to 400 pounds
- Swings 360 degrees
- Retails for $149.95

Somewhere between Mr. Potato Head and a Lego set, the **LIBERATOR** is a mix-and-match collection of furniture. Washable blue velvet cloth covers foam wedges, blocks and ramps. Place the smaller, pillow-like wedge over the large wedge for deep penetration; place the wedges atop the stage for incredible back door action; use the cube atop the stage for terrific all-fours action. All arrangements revamp traditional positions and facilitate imaginative positions.

- Pieces come with position guides and discreet storage covers
- Especially helpful for larger people
- Eases lovemaking for pregnant and older couples
- Wedge retails for $65-80 (two sizes)
- Ramp retails for $130-180 (five sizes)
- Stage retails for $130-160 (three sizes)
- Cube retails for $100 (one size)
- Buy multiple pieces at discounted prices
Men would do well to remember the old adage "don’t ask what you don’t want to know." This is certainly true when it comes to a new girlfriend’s sex toy use. When a man asks if we have a vibrator or if we enjoy sex toys, what response does he really want? The question is a double-edged sword, guaranteed to intimidate and/or intrigue with a single word.

"How often do you use it?"

We typically respond with a one-liner, refusing to elaborate. We know the images running through his mind. He’s silent for a moment, a smile delicately curling his mouth. Then his mood changes and he looks away. A shadow, maybe doubt, crosses his face.

"Would you ever prefer your vibrator over me?"

"No," we say, adding humorously, "Unless you’ve been a complete jackass, I do not privilege my vibrator over you."

But what is it about toys that we like, sometimes even post coitus?

"If a woman has a problem orgasming, her partner should encourage using these things. Women aren’t like men—we can’t always have an orgasm like that," says Heather Schmucker, who works in an adult toy shop in Sarasota, Florida, snapping her fingers. She offers another reason for a man to support his girl’s affinity for toys—beside the obvious fact that they’re fun for couples to explore. "If your man’s always traveling I’d strongly encourage him to buy you something. Having a sex toy keeps women less likely to stray. See, we have needs, too, and if they aren’t being fulfilled, we can stray like a man."

But no, she says, a vibrator could never replace a man. "It’s not the embrace of a man, the throb, the warmth of a man. Men don’t need to feel threatened."

Eve Oak of Troy, Ohio, agrees. She could certainly have used a toy to prevent infidelity when her boyfriend moved to another country. "But when we first started dating a few years before that, he was really intimidated by my Purple Friend and I got rid of it for him. Well, I learned my lesson—and so did he—after that." Now, she says, she doesn’t have the intercontinental love affair but she does have a drawer full of toys.

Gary Wilham of Chicago, who’s been married for about 20 years, enjoys buying toys for his wife and using them with her. His suggestion is somewhat unconventional for the field of adult toys: sexy high heels. "Every woman should have a pair of heels with no scuff marks on the bottom," he says. "These shoes should never leave the bedroom." His other recommendation: glass dildos, such as the beautiful, artistic, hand-blown toys by Phallix (www.phallixglass.com).

Heather suggests using strap-ons. "There’s nothing wrong with guys using a strap-on, (especially if) he’s not lasting long enough for her. I recommend he get one close to his own size though if he doesn’t want to intimidate or ‘overdo’ her." (Check out some strap-ons at www.safesexmall.com.)

And don’t forget: fresh, clean bananas and cucumbers never go out of style. One word of advice regarding cucumbers: smooth out the bumps before devouring! Yum.

SEX TOYS ‘R’ US
Where to Shop

Ignore clerks or shop in the nude for your new toys by visiting the sites listed below. Quite often these sites are significantly less expensive than retail stores. It’s worth the time to explore these sites thoroughly for competitive prices and for toys that fit your personality.

www.shopxtc.com
www.superstore.goforit.com
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WORK FOR PDX’S TOP DOG...
YOU HAD ANXIOUS, SQUIRMY EYES that made me uncomfortable around you. Creepy but earnest, a little chubby and stubbly, you ran around doing favors for people. You were usually very, very drunk whenever I’d see you, and while on one of your benders, you confessed to me that you hadn’t been laid in two-and-a-half years.

I figured you’d be a little calmer if you got yourself some gash, and I made it a personal goal to find a woman in Portland willing to engage in the sweaty mysteries of sexual intercourse with you.

Unlike most people your age (mid to late twenties?), you were passionately interested in ideas. You once got into a late-night argument with my girlfriend about whether the US government was worse than most communist regimes. (You thought it was.) You were obsessed with writers and the act of writing. You’d often hand me your latest essay and ask me what I thought about it, and honestly, I rarely looked at any of it, but once or twice, I swear I saw something good in there.

I knew you’d done some time in an Alaskan prison, presumably for something drug-related. I was unaware that you were actively using dope.

A couple of weeks ago, all alone in your room, you slammed a shot of dope into your arm and overdosed. Your e-mails are still in my inbox, but you’re dead.

I WON’T GIVE YOU any moralistic admonitions about monkeys on your back and chasing the dragon’s tail. I just want you to know where I stand on all this. I don’t like junkies. It would weaken my estimation of ANYONE to learn that they were a junkie.

I suppose I might sound a little square about this. I confess to a distaste for syringes and a disdain for addicts. Using a needle to get high is a barrier I’ve never crossed and never want to cross.

And heroin, for some reason, still bears a stigma for me. It’s just that using heroin shows...I don’t know...really BAD judgment. Of all the dumb mistakes I’ve made, I’ve always had enough sense to avoid heroin. There’s something extraordinarily final and extreme and bleak about it. Maybe it’s my hangup to think there’s an indelible taint to heroin.

Two generations ago, a drug addict was among society’s most-stigmatized characters. A junkie was considered among society’s dregs. A "hype" was nearly as low as a child molester or a commie. Now, with half of the population on illegal drugs and the other half on prescription drugs, being called an addict doesn’t have nearly the same sting. This is largely because drug dependency has become widely viewed as a "disease" rather than a character flaw. (It is, of course, a character flaw.) Let us bring back the shame of addiction and force dope users to feel bad about themselves.

I KNOW I WOULDN’T BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT. I know how compulsive I am. I’m not strong enough to swallow poison all the time and live. I respect it too much to do it instantly. I’d be Sid Vicious in less than a week.

What made you think you were strong enough? People don’t become addicted to things they hate. One guy in jail told me it felt like your whole body was covered in an electric blanket. Someone in my college writing class said he tried it once and vowed to never do it again—it was so good, it scared him.

I’ve never known anyone who’s been able to handle it. No one who can control it. It’s just too powerful.

So what made you think you were strong enough?
It sure turned you into a dried lump of dung. It flooded your cells and wiped you away. The heroin has taken you. You became its dead bitch.

I’ve never known anyone who hasn’t been made worse by using it. I’ve seen it turn hot young girls into sallow old hags within a year or two. I’ve seen men who swore never to try it wind up wallowing in their own vomit and pus, ready to kill for a fix.

Know your limits, ye weak men. Death can be beautiful, but living death is always ugly.

Heroin is a seductive party treat that turns around and eats your life. And if it doesn’t swallow you whole, it always kills parts of you forever. Everything that’s vital withers and rots. Human beings turn to garbage—they smell like garbage, they look like garbage. Relapses and OD’s and robberies and handcuffs. Hep-C swelling your liver like a football.

Crusty, unwashed, sallow and jaundiced, the opiated zombies snort, smoke and shoot it. Smashed glass, fast-food wrappers, ghetto insects. Endless sickness, decay, rancidity and potato chips turning moldy to green.

Pieces of flesh fall off their faces as they vomit, sweat and writhe. Selfish, self-pitying, scabby angels. Bleak sick cancer waste depression. Slow pathetic zombie suicide. Bowels turning to concrete, they squeeze the cotton balls dry. With that pathetic waifish searching in their eyes, their brains all gummy and sludgy, each cell junk-drenched, these gaunt, spectral, idiot addicts prove that heroin is everything NOT romantic.

It sure turned you into a dried lump of dung. It flooded your cells and wiped you away. The heroin has taken you. You became its dead bitch.

Life turns you into a bitch in so many ways over which you have no control; that’s why choosing to become a bitch is so despicable. And that’s why I have little sympathy for overdose victims.

Heroin is the choice of cowards, escapist and under-achievers. It’s an act of despair, a way of saying, “I give up.” It’s perfect for submissive types, because you have to prostrate yourself and pay tribute to the smack. But there are enough slackers. Enough apathy cases. Enough do-nothings. Enough shrugged shoulders.

Was your life too hard, my little poppy seed? Were you sticking it to the man by sticking it in your arm? That’s always good for a laugh—hearing heroin-charred waste cases complain about the “system”—these junkies who can’t even run their own lives!

I’m sorry—I know I’m being harsh. It’s because I feel guilty. I have a confession—when a friend first told me over the phone that you’d OD’d, he paused and then laughed awkwardly. Then I laughed a little bit. Then we both started laughing—a LOT. And even though we didn’t feel good about doing it, we kept laughing.

I’m sorry for laughing when I heard that you’d died. I wasn’t happy that you were gone. But Jesus Christ, a heroin overdose is such a pathetic, BORING way to go! It’s not like it’s a new way to die. Maybe it had a tabloid-shock cachet a couple of generations ago, with Puerto Rican kids nodding out and falling from Cleveland tenements in the 1950s. But these days, the sight of white hipsters dying from dope only annoys me.

And it’s hard to feel sorry for you. When you try heroin, you know what you’re getting into. If you choose to shoot smack aware that it could kill you, you deserve to die from it.

How could I pity you? It’s like feeling sorry for someone who got killed while running across a crowded freeway. If you wanted to do heroin, God bless you. Just don’t expect me to be a pallbearer. No pity for junkies and fuckups.

Eulogies are never pleasant, and without being asked, I volunteered my services to deliver this sermon about you. It is not my intent to besmirch your memory. O dearly departed, although I feel like I’m standing over your carcass, spouting off. I’m constantly reminded that you’re freshly dead, and I keep checking what I say.

I’m not sure what I expected of you, but I expected something better than this. I thought you were capable of more than suicide-by-dope. Maybe I’m not pised at you, but at the situation’s predictability. Show biz is all about entrances and exits, and you made a lackluster exit.

If you’re in some other spirit realm where you can hear me but I can’t hear you, well, you’re one up on me. If you’re just gone, well, no harm done in making an example of you.

I could have gotten you laid, man. I know I could have. I could have gotten you laid…
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