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Exotic’s production manager threatened Frank this month that if he didn’t turn this column in, he was gonna’ do something really jacked up. I guess he made good on that threat, cause he turned me loose on Frank’s sacred column. Who am I? Well many of you thought I was dead (or at least wished I was.) Nope, didn’t die, I just went to Seattle, which is where they send all pornographers that have been bad. It’s me Portland, Spooky’s back and while Frank was away being the rock n’ roll playboy phenomenon that is he, I hacked into his files and have hijacked carnal knowledge with questionable intent. I was gonna write some bad shit about Doc’s, but they aren’t here anymore dammit. And nobody else has pissed me off enough to wanna’ trash them – I don’t have any alcoholic girl-friends to make me crazy and when I come out here to visit, something amazing has happened. Believe it or not, when I walk into a strip club here in the city of roses, I ACTUALLY HAVE A GOOD TIME NOW! That’s right, I sit at the rack, I buy tabledances and it freakin’ ROCKS! I can look at a dancer now and see a gorgeous naked woman and think impure thoughts, rather than all the “insider” crap that working in this industry used to torture me with. That’s one thing I gotta’ tip my hat to old Frankie-boy about. He and I are both about the same age and that man has still managed to keep his “boyish” charm and “kid in a candy store” approach to his interaction with the never-ending flood of exotic dancers that Portland continues to produce. He’s so goddamned good at it that writing this little column (apparently the most read column in the magazine) has gotten to be too much of a burden for him. Maybe having me violate his space will properly motivate him to do so next month. So I’m gonna’ leave you now, I gotta’ get back to my new labor of love called Exotic Underground Magazine in Seattle (consider it Exotic’s little sister that pretends to be a good girl, but is a total whore in the bedroom.) So I’m not gonna tell you to be good – you’re all so good at being bad, just keep doing what you do best. And if Frank doesn’t have that column in next month, I’ll be back and I’ll be busting out with some serious dirt for ya from Frank’s XXX files. Merry Christmas Portland!!!
– The former pornographer formerly known as Spooky

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From: <hber1980@hotmail.com>
To: <viva@xmag.com>
Date: Mon, 01 Nov 2004
Subject: 300-word essay contest...

Here is my entry to the 300-word essay contest on, "why YOU should get to eat pumpkin pie off my tits" (sic):

Yesterday I was sitting on my sofa with Exotic magazine in my left hand while whacking off with my right hand. I was beating off to your photo on page 16, whacking it to your short skirt and black boots. I was beating off to the curve of your nice ass and the way the light shimmered on your hot legs when suddenly the photo got blurry (I guess because my eyes crossed), then, "Wham", two big wads of cum shot clear over my head. Pretty impressive...tho' probably not impressive enough to win your contest. But it does raise an interesting point; could you please describe, in detail, the biggest cum shot you have ever seen (and please don’t lie)?

Thanks,

hber1980@hotmail.com

viva responds...

Well, hber, you did win the contest. Curly came in a close second, but I preferred your more creative approach. However, if it was the pumpkin pie you were after, you’ve caught me at a bad time. I’ve embarked on a strict raw foods regimen—only fresh raw foods (and booze!) contact my insides or outsides. So, as a consolation prize, I will tell you about the biggest cum shot I’ve ever witnessed...

I was at my attorneys’ on a rainy Sunday afternoon. One of ‘em works way too hard and is kinda catholic about masturbation. Whenever I visit him he shuts the door to his office and before we can talk business he gropes and paws at me until finally I pull out his monstrous dick. I run my tight moist mouth up and down the shaft about three or four times and POW! there’s cum everywhere, like snow flocking the trees in the midwest at Christmas.

Merry Christmas,
Big Al.

On this particular day the load was so extreme that it filled my mouth, went up my nose, coated my hair, rained on my jacket and streaked my jeans. It was also all over him. Instantly, as if on cue, the jerk-off he works with summoned us next door to his office to meet a certain Private Investigator. I quickly mopped up what I could with the two Kleenexes left in the box and smoothed my hair. My attorney put his dick away.

We went and shook hands (just a little sticky) with the P.I. I had him light my cigarette and poured myself a shot of bourbon, very Chinatown. We chatted a bit and I noticed that the guy was looking a little starstruck. Hey, comes with the territory!

Finally my attorney and I went out for din-din. On the way out I checked myself in the mirror. There was, of course, a dollop of cum on my bangs.

At dinner I asked my attorney if he thought his private dick—being a private dick, after all—had noticed. Nah, he said, he didn’t think so.

I just love attorneys.

Merry Christmas, Big Al.

xo viva
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DANTE'S • SW 3RD & BURNSIDE
Everyone knows Lucy Fur. When Willamette Week crowned her Queen of Burlesque this summer, that was old news to most of us. We’d witnessed her awe-some cabarets and titillating weekly shows at Dante’s Sinferno. We knew our Lucy had the goods: beauty, intelligence, creativity and balls, not to mention a pistol-hot body. But not many of us knew about her secret life as an acclaimed photographer.

The self-portraits shown here are several in a series that has been featured in Tease! magazine and will soon be published in a book. In them Lucy combines her technical virtuosity (both behind and in front of the camera) with her lusty fetish for all things burlesque: lingerie, hosiery, wigs, shoes, motels…. Wait motels?

Lucy Fur loves old motels that reek of 1960’s Americana the independently owned and operated treasures of America’s lesser traveled highways and byways, places that would rather keep a pristine 1970’s blown glass lamp and shampoo the red shag carpet than renovate a Motel 6. She’s spent a queen’s ransom transversing this country flying to Cape Cod, L.A., bumfuck Wisconsin, Iowa, Nevada, San Francisco, and even Hood River to shack up for the night in teepees, covered wagons, and Barbarella-style mirrored-ceiling shag-carpeted cocoons that double as motel rooms. Once behind the chain locks and peep holes, she takes out her Canon Rebel and surreptitiously photographs herself decked out in her vast wardrobe of vintage and fetish lingerie.

According to Lucy, every motel room has its own persona, and she morphs herself with wigs and costumes to fit the character of the room. She appears as Farah Fawcett in one portrait and as Clara Bow in the next, testing out myriad personas to fit with the often bizarre decor of these fossilized rooms from another era. Her work is as much about the motel rooms as it is about her. Motel paraphernalia such as room keys, Gideon’s bibles, pink-papered toilet paper rolls and sanitizing strips appear as prominently in her photos as do Cuban-heeled stockings, 9-inch patent leather heels and drop-dead gorgeous lingerie.

What captivates her so about these environments? There’s a mystery to a hotel room. You never know what’s going on behind those closed doors. They’re a self-contained environment. Anything can happen. Like, say, super sexxy pin-up photography?
It is generally accepted that God is a male, and as such, it must be assumed that he has a wonderful penis. In the vibrantly throbbing multiplicity of his creations, he has also fashioned all manner of animals, and he has bestowed upon most of them a wonderful penis all their own.

Lord knows how many animals Noah crammed on his ark, but we do know they filed in two-by-two, with each male animal toting a unique, divinely fashioned penis.

Let us take a moment to reflect on the variety of cocks our Lord has made—whether they come equipped with spines, hooks, knobs, twists, or bulbs—and let us be profoundly thankful.

To most marsupials, he has given a bifurcated penis, which splits into two columns like antennae.

To the gentle dolphin, he has given a marvelously useful penis which operates like a prehensile tail, enabling the highly intelligent creature to probe the ocean floor like a blind man searching for cigarette butts.

To the American skunk he has given an ‘S’-shaped penis, and he has gifted the lovable wallaby with a sexual appendage shaped like an ice-cream cone.

To the pig he has given a corkscrew-shaped member which moves with a rotary action and ejaculates once it is snugly within the female pig’s corkscrew-shaped vagina.

To the banana slug, especially a pimpin’ breed known as Dolichyphallus (“giant penis”), he has given a member equal in size to the rest of its body. And he has endowed the lowly barnacle with a Johnson roughly TWENTY TIMES the rest of the barnacle. Lady barnacles, rejoice!

Our creator’s handiwork is evident in the formidable schlong of the daddy longlegs spider, which measures roughly two-thirds of its entire body length. Scientists in Scotland recently unearthed a daddy longlegs fossil containing what is believed to be world’s oldest extant penis, a spider dick nearly 400 million years in age, blowing away the previous record-holder, a 100-million-year-old penis belonging to a tiny crustacean known as an ostracod.

God has included a literal bone within the “boners” of many mammalian species, and to the rest of us he has given a blood-engorged flesh sac which only approximates a bone, at least when I take Viagra.

Thank you, God, for all of these penises. Thank you not only for my criminally tasty penis, but also for the mystical, life-giving penises of all the birds in the air, the beasts in the field, and the fishies in the sea. Our penises all point toward heaven and thank you.

ASIANS, THOSE HAPLESS LAST-PLACE-FINISHERS IN THE HUMAN-PENIS SWEEPSTAKES, routinely ingest animal cocks in order to enhance sexual potency or revive a flagging libido. Cruising the back alleys of most Chinatowns throughout America, one finds dusty old stores which peddle potions containing all manner of animal cock—tigers, wolves, seals, deer, ostriches, goats, snakes, and even the cuddly li’l gecko lizard so beloved in current TV car-insurance commercials—ground into pastes, potions, pills, and soups which promise enhanced sexual performance among humans. China alone is thought to import at least thirty thousand seal penises every year for such purposes. In 1993, Chinese officials seized 731 seal and deer dicks which black-market weenie vendors were attempting to smuggle across their border.
THE FROSTY ISLE OF ICELAND, home to the midnight sun, glorious hot springs, and that shrieking psycho cunt named Bjork, also boasts what is thought to be the planet’s only “penis museum.” Nestled in downtown Reykjavik, the Icelandic Phallological Museum contains over a hundred specimens of animal cock, representing all of the island’s mammalian species save two—the human and the dolphin.

Not to fret, though—an Icelander named Pall Arason, described as “very far from being modest,” has willed his penis to the museum upon his death, provided that it be removed from his still-warm corpse before the blood clots in order that it can be injected with fluids to keep it forever erect.

Cruising the museum, one finds a staggering array of animal wee-wees: a tank containing 29 whale dicks; a dried bone from a skunk’s cock; a tanned bull penis fashioned into a whip; a jump rope equipped with animal-dick handles; a bow tie made from whale-schlong leather; a coat rack with animal-cock legs; and a smoked horse schvanz donated by surviving family members of an Icelander who used to eat such items “as a treat.”

Yum! Think I’ll fix myself a horse-cock sandwich!

“BROWNBEAR” AND “TIGGER” ARE THE PROPRIETORS of Zeta Creations in West Virginia, which to my horrified knowledge is the world’s only manufacturer of dildos modeled after animal penises. Cruising their website (http://www.furcen.org/~zetatoys), one marvels at the love and detail invested in plasticine re-creations of canine, equine, ursine, feline, and aquatic phalluses. The site boasts a sharply curved kangaroo dildo (for going “down under,” the ad copy explains) and promises an alligator dildo in the near future.

“It’s hard to explain to someone else what it feels like to have a bear cock slide slowly in,” reads their promotional literature, “or feel the slick curve of a dolphin penis gliding in and out. You’ll just have to find out for yourself.”

Uhh...think I’ll pass.

The testimonials from satisfied customers should induce nausea in most sane readers:

I haven’t felt this good since my 1st time with a male K9 lover.

Received “Smokey” the new bear dildo from “Zeta Creations” today, and it is quite fun to use.

I like the design and feel of the raccoon cock, but the curve is a bit much for me to take the whole thing, but I’ll keep trying. ;)

I just got ‘Squirmy’ from you recently. I have to say...it’s wonderful!

I purchased your Grand Pup toy, and I’ve enjoyed using it very much. It gets used as often as I can manage. =)

IT’S A WIDE, WIDE WORLD OF ANIMAL COCK OUT THERE. As long as there are animals, there will be animal cocks—getting hard, shooting their jizz, and creating more animals, roughly half of whom will have new animal cocks. It’s all part of God’s master plan. Thanks, Big Guy!
Greetings Valued Readers. I have the distinct pleasure of speaking with Mr. Steve Reno, one of Portland's icons of Rock, Punk, Indie, Dirty and Math in that order. Reno has been playing music in Portland for the past ten years with gusto and sometimes maudlin intensity that has brought this hammer drunk no true fame but perhaps infamy amongst his peers and the few random fans that have had the pleasure of seeing this monster of the bass play.

SIR ROD NEVETS: What brought you to Portland?
STEVE RENO: Actually I kinda got stuck here. I was just sort of rambling around the country when I stopped to see my aunt who lived in the 'Couve. I was aching for some music, and she suggested I go to Portland where there was this club called Satyricon. [laughs shaking his head] It was the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

SIR ROD NEVETS: So seeing Satyricon hooked you?
STEVE RENO: Yeah you could say that. The show was a death metal extravaganza or some shit like that. Some all-my-buddies-are-in-the-same-kind-of-bands-so-let's-throw-a-show crap. The only band I remember was Fall From Grace and the only reason I remember that is cause we—Black Jack—ended up playing with them about a year later. Anyway what stuck me was the trough in the guys' bathroom. Oh, the trough. I go to piss and there's two guys in there, one pissin and the other lying in the fucker. That's when I knew I was going to like this place.

SIR ROD NEVETS: You mentioned Black Jack. I know you've been in some other bands in your tenure in the music scene here. You want to talk about them?
STEVE RENO: OK. I guess start from the beginning. I'll make it short. I was in or at least I think I was in Black Jack, King Black Acid, Hellside Stranglers and my most recent band Diesto.

SIR ROD NEVETS: Yes, well, I just moved here from England and this is my first job in the States.
STEVE RENO: It shows. What did you get knighted for, guy?

SIR ROD NEVETS: With all due respect, Reno, I am asking the questions here.
STEVE RENO: Then ask away, Fish-n-Chips.

SIR ROD NEVETS: With all due respect, Reno, I am asking the questions here.
STEVE RENO: Then ask away, Fish-n-Chips.

SIR ROD NEVETS: That's uncalled for, sir.
STEVE RENO: This interview is over, ASS. Unless you get me another drink.

SIR ROD NEVETS: I wouldn't buy you a drink even if my life depended on it.
STEVE RENO: Well, it does, dick.

I stopped the interview here for obvious reasons. The ass I was speaking with deteriorated into a violent woolly mammoth screaming for more spirits, which I denied him forcefully. In all my years as a journalist I have never met a more self-righteous narcissistic twisted individual than Mr. Reno. This truncated interview as you read it is actually much longer and in-depth, delving into Reno's political, ethical and religious background. Although we spoke at length, these bits have had to be left off due to threats from the Agency of the Bureau of the Office of Homeland Insecurity. Although I despise the man, Mr. Steve Reno has a great understanding of life and all its complexities. This and his devotion to his instrument (which he plays like a whirling dervish) gives me a grudging respect for a man who, like the city he is named for, is dirty, yet somehow, in some way, alluring.
Christmas, Christmas time is here. Time to get loaded and screw the one you’re with. Or you can kick it at home with the Baby Jesus Butt Plug, and celebrate the birth of some people’s Lord and Savior in rapturous orgasm!! Or just rent Woody Allen movies and eat ice cream.

15th, they’re hosting Guys’ Night Out Shopping Spree and Fashion Show. The Dancin’ Bare babes will show you the hottest in lingerie, toys (naughty and nice), porn and more. When your old lady’s getting feisty with you for getting home at 3am, just say you were out shopping for her!

A.B.A.T.E.
Doernbecher Children’s Hospital Toy Run on December 4th

The party’s goin’ on ALL MONTH LONG at the Dancin’ Bare, beginning on Wednesday, December 1st with Biker Babe Night. The wildest biker babe wins cash and prizes at this A.B.A.T.E. Toy Run kick-off party. Buy a ticket to win a new Harley! The following Saturday, December 4th, the Bare hosts a Biker Breakfast before the A.B.A.T.E. Doernbecher Children’s Hospital Toy Run. What do bikers eat for breakfast, anyway? Beer and pussy, that’s what. Then they ride en masse through downtown up to the Children’s Hospital on Pill Hill, their bikes heaped with toys to give the kids. This is one of Portland’s most wonderful celebrations of the season (and a hard one to miss cuz the thousand or so bikers clog up the streets for a good hour).

Bottoms Up!

God I love Bottom’s Up, almost as much as I love Highway 30 where it’s located. Last time I was there this older gentleman was plying the stripper gals with BEEF JERKY. Bottom’s Up strippers LOVE beef jerky, and so do I. Know what else I love? Dino’s. They’re having another one of their extra special nights on Saturday, December 11th, featuring Desiderata and bar dancing divas.

Oi! to the World

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Ladies and gentlemen, over the past six years I have opened hundreds of letters containing god-awful erotic fiction that idiots submit to Exotic. Usually I just throw it all in the trash. How many times do we have to say it? Exotic DOES NOT accept fiction! However, this was the most unbelievably foul piece of crap ever to cross my desk, and I felt it only fair I share it with you. I have edited it as sparingly as possible. Happy Holidays.

Your Editor
Viva Las Vegas

Capsized in the frenzy of opalescence craving for a man. Undulating from the anticipation of fingered sweat all over the mountains of curvature and skin sensation. Clots of oppression shiver inside as the fire burns seething from desire within. So she puts on a second skin to prepare for outside exploring.

If only the outside could handle her naked presence. Legality is the mount of bondage with society. Exciting but this doesn’t serve her purposes at the moment. The silent but seductive lace displaces not a fiber of her being as she so delicately slips the string underwear over her rose pink legs. Tenderly she moves in rhythmic waves as her soft breasts are cuddled in midnight blue satin. She sways humble with natural balance as one foot penetrates through the shear silk nylon. Her liquid begins to moisturize her fold’s anticipation as the leg goes deeper into the fabric. She slowly lifts the other leg repeating the same lovely act of self-seduction. She then begins to pull the stockings up around her tender hips. With fingers so long and beautiful she slowly and intentionally moves her hands around her hot behind. "Underneath me,” she thinks as the reflection shimmers back at her. "Underneath and inside me." She fantasies the hopeful find of a partner, a man. She walks with a sense of weakness; getting dressed is so lustful. With this in mind she spots a modest dress, plain and conservative. "Perfect topping for watching," she thinks as the dress falls over the now concealed sexual craving.

Like clockwork with keys and purse, she leaves out the door locking with a kiss for protection. As she slides into the car her dress works past her wetness. She starts to pull the dress down but stops remembering the delicious sensation of the dress sliding up. She starts to slide back and forth on the seat of her car. Without restraint her hand begins to softly finger her clitoris. Her insides shiver unpreceptable shocks of excitement. "The anticipation for a man," she moans as her hand leaves to place the key into the hole. The engine ignites in sequence with her orgasm.

The movement of the ride, slipping and sliding from one lane to another, warms her. The faces of so many sexual beings staring, cursing, bored, and unaware of being observed. The hunt for perfect virgin prey pulses deep inside her from the deep dark hole of creation, up along the electrical pulse of the spine into the tip of her tongue, and she tastes the drips of life. Her appetite increases as she nears her favorite hunting grounds. All types of beautiful silk covered wands, with bodies of boys and men, slim, full, strong and weak. The hands are so important to the touch. "I love the hand that touches me, the sound of the breath at climax, the movement of the body as it swims with me,” she says out loud as she pulls the key out of the hole.

She puts on her wire frame glasses and steps out of the car. Her appearance is simple with a soft flowery pastel dress humming with the movement of her walk. Her shoes click a rhythm that the mariachi dancers use to warm up in the beginning of their seductive marching scene. Although she seems simple and somewhat prudish, her aura and charisma seethe out tendrils tickling the very backs of the crowd’s ears. People of men stop in a pause of time as she walks by them. They shake their heads in question as to what possesses them at this moment. Her natural fragrance is the signal that pushes one particular gentleman to notice her passing by.

Calculations and schedules punch up on his pocket computer. Streams of reflective light parade and dance in his eyes. A subtle swish draws his vision away. The eyes attune with the ears as a simply dressed woman walks by. He looks back at his laptop, only to be drawn away again by some strange
internal sense. He watches the plain maiden slowly walk away through the park with a rhythmic "click it ti clock" of her dance. He feels the tip of his manhood inflate in response to this image of a woman simple and quaint. Internally instincts are triggered off by the silent scent of her sexual secretions. Her tendrils of aromatic energy stretch out and softly caress his quiet energy body, fluffing it out to extend towards hers. Without thinking, he starts to walk toward her. He suddenly realizes the vulnerable state of his protrusion and tucks it in an unnoticeable position. The touch shoots a shattering effect upon his body and he quietly exclaims "Holiahhaamm." No time to reason out this unusual sexual arousal. He quickly strides upon her path. He slows to the same pace and rhythm as her walk, to observe.

Before him is the soft movement of paced sensuality. Her legs sway the body in a measured gait. The hips move the motion of infinity, magnetizing his hips to hers. His breath chokes up from the fiery beat generating from the primal forces so long dormant. All he can do is follow. Confused within the man still follows the woman like a hopelessly possessed male, a homosapien with a desperate need to make love. As the pace of the follow increases so does the pounding heat between his legs. This kind of behavior was not him at all. She turns and glides into a store. He follows so discreetly as to be just within the field of her emanating aura.

The smell of fresh herbs and flowery essences rises inside her nostrils, filling her with a feeling of great refresh. She seems to stand in a pure moment, basking in the sensations that arouse her deep maternal oneness with the natural products in the store. In this silent space, which seems to hover right above the movement of time, a tingling shimer runs down her shoulder and right into her womb. She feels someone looking at her. With a haunting knolwlege of every calculated move, from this new discovery she manipulates her muscles in a sensuous way towards the tingle. There, a golden blond man with chiseled features and the twinkling green eyes of a virgin prince staring at her. He is dressed in a fine silk suit; his shoes are worn but newly polished. He cuddles a laptop computer down by his waist in front of his zipper. His hands are long and perfect, without callus or dryness and have the grace of healer's hands. His lips are swollen with thick wet softness. He stands there filling the room with an odd presence, as if not belonging in such a store, but belonging to her. Like x-ray vision her natural insight sees the gentle curve of his shoulders melting strongly from his beautiful neck. His chest is firm with form, begging liquid to be spread upon it. His waist and stomach do not lack attention for form, tight and firm in gentle slopes of strength. His legs are perfectly straight like the secret hidden by the laptop computer. She could detect some sinew shapes of grace as a dancer's legs portray. The fibrous light that seems to reach for her is pink and red with beautiful glowing hues of midnight blue. Her breasts yearn to be caressed by his energy through his hands and lips. She opens her field of energy to allow his to touch her heart. She looks up and gives a little smile.

As he sees her eyes for the first time his eyes grow wide. They are deep pools of shiny night with a sleepy cat like shape. Her race is that of an ancient race, of a long forgotten
exotic people smiling the pearls from a sea rich with oysters. His mouth opened ever so slightly feeling a tug at his throat. A chilling sensation warms down through his chest and enters his stomach. He feels his face rush up hot. A flash of white light blasts through as the sound of his pocket pager hacks away at his sensitive state. He reacts drastically, practically dropping his laptop computer and quickly grabbing at his pager, while the longing protrusion seems to swing in the way of his efforts.

She saw the wand she was after. There, before his body of perfect proportion was a wand of fire. Its majestic appearance etched it's image along the silk surface of his pants. It was a holy object, alive and undefiled, filled with the sacred elixir of immortal life. She knew the signs and omens of this moment and knowing her joining with this energy so right, and perfect. It would propel both of them into another dimension of ecstasy only a few ever experience. All the waiting and hunting had brought her this Atlantean God of pure pleasure.

She rushes up to catch his laptop before it flies onto the ground. With perfect timing her body projects out into his field of energy, latching onto the now crimson fibers projecting out from his abdomen. Her energy swirls intertwine with his. Winding explosions of purple and pink balls of light, with glittering golden flashes move along the surface of both of their bodies. Her body rushes even closer and he lifts up surprised to feel her press firmly up against him. Time stops with a void for experience seeming more than a second.

Slowly as one would savor fine wine on the pallett, the two bodies touched. Their auras swished together in a glowing mix. Hot physical breath of both lips draw in and out of each other's lungs. The life force exchanges in a touch of impact as her hand grasps for the computer and his hand lifts up with the pager. Electrical tendrils shoot up their arms as they push high and hard into the sacred objects of joining. Her hand grasps hard upon his fire wand with the computer falling in slow motion to the floor. His hand catches up under her dress, releasing the pager and feeling the warm moisture of her fruit.

"Your computer, it's ruined. Your pager it's..."
"Julian, my name is Julian," said the man, before she could end her words.
"Fabrian," she softly whispered.
Julian brings down his sudden burst of ecstasy with a calming swallow and sighs. "Her voice so soft" he thinks.
"Oh, the computer, yes well, I'd better umm," he looks at her deep soul. "Fabrian, that name, it's, it's strange," he softly speaks.

Fabrian's eyes swim with a distant mystery echoing deep into his soul. His breathing becomes heavier as his heart begins to swell with indescribable yearning to dive within her life. He can feel his old self being ripped apart and redefined as he explores the avenues of his new (but old?) friend. There is something unexplained happening here and he knows it.

"Julian is a pretty name. J U L I A N. Fabrian slowly pronounces with the emphasis of a songbird voice from a dense forest uncharted by man. "Julian is gentle, yet speaks of ancient rulers that were just and fair," she softly says as she strokes her hand, never unlocking her gaze from his.

His pure and clear eyes too capture her as well. They change their colors from a soft green to an emerald blue color twinkling with a bit of shock, fear, and innocence. Yet there is a fire so deep and pure that it does not vibrate of lust but of love. Her womb grows warm and her heart feels like it is expanding outward past the confines of the store. His soul shines so brightly out that she twitches from the extraordinary amount of energy pouring into her own. She knows Julian, and well, from lifetimes upon lifetimes to the very one when the Gods split apart. He is her other half.

"Julian ask me out." She says it so quietly it seems inaudible.
As if in a deep hypnotic trance Julian responds, "Fabrian, will you go out with me?"
"Yes," she whispers.
They leave the computer and the now beeping pager behind. Those who witness the experience in the store stare with blank understanding. Only the lingering energy patterns seem to cloak the sacred moment of what happened. Everyone seems to feel it but only on an unconscious level for confusion has set in as to why the computer was left. Why would someone leave an expensive computer and ignore their pager? People's values bring them to question what the worth of possessions are when in love. So profound a thought shortly computes then passes by as a breath, when the clerk comes to pick up the pieces.
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First Up — My BIG PHAT NEW YEAR’S EVE PARTY

This party is the official Jump Off for 2005!!! It’s strictly for the Who’s Who of Portland, Vancouver, Beaverton, and Salem... You don’t want to miss this one!!! It’s taking place Friday, December 31st at the brand new VIPER ROOM, which is located at 720 SE Hawthorne St. The party starts at 8pm and goes until 5am!!! That’s right, 5am baby!!! We will have the hottest DJ’s and live special guest appearances, including Young Lyfe of Paperchase Records. The dress code is strictly upscale and semi-formal and will be strictly enforced!!! The Viper Room is one of Portland’s nicest spots, from the club’s staff to the décor!!! The New Year’s Eve Party will be hosted by yours truly, and I hope to see you there!!! If for some reason you can’t make it, I hope you all have a happy and safe New Year’s!!! I’m out....

Next Up — JARDIN

This is the name of Portland’s newest lingerie shop. Since opening in August of this year, Jardin is already making a name for itself in the adult industry. I had a chance to talk with the owner of the shop, Jazmen, and she told me that what makes Jardin different is that “we have a laid back atmosphere that enables the gentlemen to hang out with the ladies before their show begins.” She says that “both the management and the models want all clients to have a very memorable experience.” If you haven’t been there yet, you’re in for a surprise!!! Soon as you walk in, this shop makes you feel as if you’re somewhere in Europe. Its Italian slate tiles, the baby grand piano and the artwork all make for a very intimate setting. Jardin also has some of the largest show rooms that I’ve ever seen in a lingerie shop. Jazmen informed me that they have a lot of monthly specials going on, so make sure you check them out. The shop is located at 5427 SE 72 Ave. For more info, give them a call at (503) 777-1365. I wish lots of success to all the models and the management of Jardin. I’ll see you at my New Year’s Eve Party. Much love!!!

Who’s Hot??? The Jeans Bar

If you’re looking for the right place to get the right gift for the right person in your life right now, head on downtown to Portland’s hottest fashion spot, the Jeans Bar!!! They specialize in providing you with quality service and some of the best European style clothing for both men and women!!! Right now the Jeans Bar has a huge special going on through Christmas. You can get up to 50% off of just about every item in the store. You can’t beat that!!! Plus, they have styles of clothing that you don’t see everywhere, and I dig that about the shop!!! The Jeans Bar is located at 314 SW 4th Ave. in the heart of downtown Portland. Make sure this holiday season that you pay a visit to the home of “Reversible Jeans.” You can also check them out online at www.jeansbarpdx.com. Big ups to Walleed, X, Fatima, and the entire staff. I’ll be back to buy that lamb skin jacket... I’m gone...

For questions or comments, holla at ya boyeee!!! whatzcrackin_J@hotmail.com

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

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Dear SCANC,

I am ashamed. I am ashamed that we live in a country that churns dykes out of lesbian factories like Sara Lawrence. Statistically ninety-eight percent of the Sara Lawrence student body are lesbian. The remaining two percent are males who made a bad decision when choosing their college. Another interesting statistic: one hundred percent of Sara Lawrence graduates polled two years after graduation are heterosexual.

If you refer to the line graph on page 672 of my book Statistical Analysis Of The Population Of Liberal Arts College Women With Trust Funds, Problems With White Guilt, Art Degrees and Weight Issues available from Amazon.com and Barnes and Noble bookstores you will see this trend establishing itself in the mid-sixties and growing year after year to the present. Almost immediately upon graduation the lesbian community of Sara Lawrence and similar schools begins to mount the erect cocks of the net-back-cap-wearing dyed-black shaggy haired white-belted brown-cords-wearing bass-playing dirt bags of Boulder/ Seattle/ Brooklyn/ Austin/ Tucson/ Boston/ San Francisco/ Manhattan and/or Portland. Regularly cock-stuffed or not, these women hate men and I don’t blame them. I hate men almost as much as I hate women and I hate women almost as much as I hate dogs and monkeys. That doesn’t mean however that I get to use some other device as a jizz receptacle. The Lord wants me to use a woman for that. As long as I can get an erection by looking at the lovely and augmented ladies of the internet it is my duty to stuff that erection into a lady and pump her full of my seed.

God wants us to procreate and grow our children in the evangelical faith so that they might be tax-paying cannon fodder in wars against the filthy Arabs. God hates the filthy Arabs and this is what he wants of us. Guys do not produce children and that is why our government will not allow them the pleasure of shooting filthy Arabs. Sorry, “men,” that’s how it is. Produce a kid, shoot an Arab. It’s one of the only perks the government gives its disciples. The gays don’t get to shoot Arabs; they will have to be content cutting my hair and thinking about me while they jack off.

You think that fags have no choice in the matter? They do. But the fags want to have their cake and eat cock, too. They will bitch and complain ‘til the day they die of AIDS that they are discriminated against. Damn right they are. Man should serve God and country first. Doing a eleven-inch line of meth off of some guy’s hard cock serves neither.

Do you think that the rest of us want to marry some complaining bitch who still has the Supercuts version of the Jennifer Aniston haircut that went rancid seven years ago and who is P.M.S.ing the three weeks of the month she isn’t bleeding? Or do you think that we would rather have chosen that guy we spent the night with in the navy, that nimble-fingered guy who gave us a back rub and wound up mouth fucking us? Or that six-packed guy who now makes three times as much money as I do? Or that six-foot tall guy who can afford and has time to vacation whenever he wants to because he doesn’t have kids? Or that former model who lives with his muscle-bound fireman boyfriend and their westies in a three thousand square foot loft with a view? No. I wanted to marry a fat bitch who somehow got pregnant even though she was using the sponge, an IUD, spermicidal foam and jelly, a diaphragm, the female condom and was on the pill. Life is full of choices.

All The Best,
Cesar Augustus DeLillo
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Heidi Fleiss knows how to capitalize on her notoriety. The infamous “Hollywood Madam,” whose black book was filled with the names of Tinseltown’s stars, producers and high rollers, got busted in 1993 and did 21 months in the slammer on tax evasion charges.

After getting out of prison Heidi opened up a store with her own line of clothing and wrote a book, Panderdring, about her escort service. Well, “wrote a book” isn’t quite right. The tome is a collection of to-do lists, phone numbers, post-it notes, pictures (mostly snapshots of Heidi and her friends), and crumpled scraps of paper retrieved from the waste basket all pasted down in a running collage that looks like a tweaker’s guide to Nothingness. The USA Network also ran a movie, Call Me: The Rise and Fall of Heidi Fleiss, with Jamie-Lynn DiScala in the title role.

Heidi has now jumped into pornlandia with SECRETS OF THE HOLLYWOOD MADAM from Phoenix Releasing (phoenixreleasing.com). Aptly described by the company’s PR man as a “hardcore documentary,” the DVD features Heidi as a hostess gabbing about the ins and outs of her escort service. Using quick MTV-style cutaways, Heidi talks for a minute or two followed by long sex scenes. She’s on screen for about 10 or 15 minutes in this two-hour escapade. And this is only the first installment of an eight-part series that will be released over the next two years.

In an AVN interview last month, Heidi said she was pleased with the DVD but thought the director filmed her “way too tight, like if you put a magnifying glass so close to your skin it looks like you’re on Mars.” Over the years many porn companies have approached her with deals. “For me to come around to porn is to come full circle,” she said, I suppose, but the porn/strip/escort biz strikes me more as the circle remaining unbroken.

Some old habits die hard and for Heidi that includes her insatiable spending habit. She made millions on her escort service and blew it all. But I do like her attitude about money. The AVN interviewer asked her if she would consider performing in a porn film. Sure, she said, “It doesn’t matter if I make two million one month, I spend three. If I make ten dollars one month I’ll spend twenty, so if you catch me at the right time I could star in the world’s biggest gangbang.” Given the way money runs through her hands, that may be forthcoming in the Heidi series.

With Christmas upon us I don’t think Heidi’s adventures or any other porn DVD would make a good present. To each his own here, but wrapping a ribbon around COME IN MY MOUTH AND I’LL SPIT IT BACK IN YOURS from Devil’s Film or BIG BUTT SMASH-DOWN from Evasive Angels is not so Santa-friendly. For a stocking stuffer, instead of a stake-in-the-ass DVD, I’d suggest a book. And for Exotic readers the perfect gift is Portland Confidential: Sex, Crime and Corruption in the Rose City by Tribune columnist Phil Stanford.

Judging by Portland Confidential, our fair city was deep into iniquity in the 1950’s. This fast, crisp read has the goods on the jukebox gangsters, pinball operators, smear peddlers snaking across town in push-button Plymouths, dope dealers on Burnside (still there!), and women from Umatilla shanghaied as call girls upon arrival in this city of vice and sin. City officials either turned their eyes away or—more likely—were up to their necks in graft.

The whole deal came apart in the spring of 1956 with the indictment of the chief of police, the district attorney and mayor Terry Schrunk. A showdown the following year before the U.S. Senate Rackets Committee put the entire spectacle on national TV. At one point Portland D.A. William Langley, who’d been caught on a hidden tape recorder talking about how to divvy up the Portland racket, took the Fifth Amendment to all questions before the committee except for his name and address. One of the senators, Karl Mundt of North Dakota, was so taken aback by the D.A. refusing to answer questions he growled that city officials in Portland should “pull the flags down at half-mast in public shame.”

In the end Langley, who was indicted on six counts including conspiracy and accepting a bribe, was convicted on a minor charge of malfeasance for being present at a charity event where slot machines were the favored entertainment. He was fined $200 and dismissed from office. Mayor Terry Schrunk, who had been accused of picking up a $500 bribe at an after hour joint owned by a crime boss, was acquitted. Stanford notes “the jury couldn’t believe that a public official of his stature would be dumb enough to pick up his own payoffs, especially one that small. They were probably right.”

Stanford does an excellent job showing how the whole racketeering scheme unraveled when a reporter from the Oregonian, Wally Turner, started peeking through keyholes in Chinatown. Strippers who read Exotic will especially like the stories of Tempest Storm flashing her (covered) hooters at the Capitol burlesque house on Fourth and Morrison while her rival, Candy Renee, held forth at the Star on Sixth and Burnside. (The Oregon Journal, Portland’s other daily newspaper in those days, called it “the Battle of the G-strings.”)

Candy Renee was on exceedingly friendly terms with Chief of Police “Diamond” Jim Purcell. When the heat was on Purcell, who avoided prosecution for shakedowns by resigning from office, Candy split to Seattle. There she tried a turn at politics, running as a candidate for Republican Committeewoman on the “fair shake” platform. Wearing a plunging V-neck dress (“with nothing under it” she noted) Candy announced her candidacy pointing out that “any man who can find fault with my platform is plainly closing his eyes to the facts.”

A great burst of red and yellow type over a black-and-white photo montage on the cover give the little book the proper sense of pulp, as do the Speed Graphic flashbulb-in-the-face news photos scattered throughout the text. Portland Confidential is the perfect gift for anyone in the sex industry or on the wrong side of the law.
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