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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5TH
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AND WHO'S NICE!

CHOCOLATE COVERED PARTY!
MONDAY, DECEMBER 15TH

NEW YEAR'S EVE PJ PARTY!
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When you think about Xmas, you think about family, credit card bills, crowded shopping malls, over eating and about all the goddamn gifts you have to not only give, but receive. Pick up a copy of *Rolling Stone* or *Maxim’s* December issue and you will find that they have transformed into gift catalogs full of ads pushing AC/DC at Walmart, Guns n Roses at Best Buy and P.Diddy’s new fragrance at Macys. Somewhere in between the ads you might find something to make you smile, but turning those pages is not an easy task when every third page falls out and shoves some product sample up your ass (thanks Britney). Here at Exotic, to get into the holiday spirit, we put our own little spin on things. No perfume samples or chain store exclusives here, dear readers. Instead, we have painstakingly scoured the globe to try and find you some of the most horrid gifts we can find (we’re talking unquestionable re-gifting material here friends). Let’s take a peek in the back of Satan Claus’ hell-bound sleigh and see what the fat bastard picked out for you twisted fucks.

** Revenge Crabs **

We’re not talking about the tasty crustaceans you boil in a pot here, the friendly folks at www.revengecrabs.com have brought those nasty little crotch critters into the mainstream for all to enjoy. Pay their site a visit and you’ll find out how you too can give the gift that keeps on giving. Is your wife fucking your best friend? Has your roommate overstayed his welcome? This website is the perfect solution to rid yourself just about any social parasite in your life.

Revenge Crabs offers the following three levels of gift packages:

**BRONZE:** Single Crabs Colony—this colony may contain as many as 50 individual eggs in a single clutch. These will hatch within days of arrival and mature within the following week. This package include a single four-ounce bottle of delousing shampoo for your own use, in case of accidental self-affliction, and is yours for only $99 plus shipping (sales tax in New York only).

**SILVER:** Three Crabs Colonies Set—use the first one today and freeze the leftovers for up to 180 days. Or use all three right away. It’s perfect if you have three victims in mind or if you really want to carpet bomb that bomb carpet with a triple-dip dose of chiggers. Make your empty threat a “triple threat” or take advantage of volume pricing. Share an order with your buddies, they may want an affordable way to get in on that action. Ships complete with detailed instructions, three four-ounce bottles of delousing shampoo for your own use (in case of accidental self-affliction or for your sale as “the antidote”) and all for the discounted price of $219 plus shipping (sales tax in New York only).

**GOLD:** NEW! Now offering a limited supply of Shampoo-Resistant Crabs! These guys can still be killed using the traditional methods, but instead of two shampoo treatments and two washings of everything the victim owns, this particular crop can take as much as 10 days to kill off, even by the most diligent shampooing scrubber. Bred specially in the lab and guaranteed not to die by but by 100 percent coverage of delousing solution. Ships with detailed instructions and one 10-ounce bottle of delousing shampoo. All yours for the low cost of just $298 plus shipping (sales tax in New York only).

Why would you want to buy crabs? The site explains brilliantly: “The only answer to who gets crabs is everyone. Maybe not today or yesterday, but probably tomorrow, and if you don’t give it to your lover she’s going to give it to you because he/she is surely cheating on you. Don’t wait for the freight train of inevitability to run you down dead on the tracks of genital comfortability; take matters in to your own hands and glands and give your best girl the itches and scratches she probably deserves for the improprieties she might have indulged in, even if it was because of the fact that you’re an inadequate lover.”

Check out their testimonials for satisfied customers, such as: “I wasn’t sure if my boyfriend was cheating on me, so I bought some crabs and put them on him one night after sex. Sure enough, less than a week later [NAME RETRACTED] from my office couldn’t hardly sit for five minutes with all the itching she had. Thanks Revenge Crabs, you confirmed my suspicions!” Haley Y. from Chicago, IL.

This site has to be one of the most brilliant “pranks” I’ve ever witnessed. Or is it? Spend some time perusing their disclaimers and decide for yourself. But don’t delay, take advantage of their monthly special and order their major infestation package today and receive $10.00 off, plus a free pack of bedbugs.

---

**The All New Chastity Piercing**

Worried your wife, daughter, lover or concubine is getting some strange? Amazon.com actually sells an item called the Safe Lock Chastity Belt Barbell Steel Jewlery Piercing. The barbell features...
a padlock, presumably to keep you closed for business, however the item’s description warns: “This doesn’t actually work, be sure to use secondary methods to protect your virtue.” Now available at the reduced price of $9.95.

**GPS Bra and Panty Set**

Taking chastity into the 21st Century! Now you can not only invade on your woman’s privacy, but you can even tell if her pussy gets wet while she’s dropping the kids off at soccer practice! Hell, these panties can even help dirty blondes lost in shopping malls find their way out of Old Navy! If you’re looking to stalk you girl after she dumps your ass, have no fear. These panties can give you her location and even her temperature and heart rate, without her ever even knowing it’s there! Based on pioneering research developed by the U.S. military at DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency), this product brings revolutionary technology previously only available to the military, to you!

These “panties” can trace the exact location of your woman and send the information, via satellite, to your cell phone, PDA and PC simultaneously! Use the patented mapping system, **PantyMap**, to find the exact location of your loved one 24 hours a day. The technology is embedded into a piece of fabric so seamlessly she will never know it’s there! Pricing packages start at $1200, but hey, always knowing where your pussy is at, is priceless.

A satisfied customer raves, “They work wonderfully. My wife and I bought our Sarah several pairs so we can watch her around the clock and if we see her temperature rising too high, we intervene by calling her cellphone or just picking her up wherever she is. My only comment is it would be great to have a video camera, maybe you can work that into Version 2.”

**The “This Is NOT Sarah Palin” Sex Doll**

Considering how obsessed the nation was with Republican Vice Presidential Candidate Sarah Palin, it was only a matter of time before someone created a love doll in her likeness. Created by adult product purveyors Topco, the Sarah Palin blowup doll is known as This Is NOT Sarah Palin Inflatable Love Doll. Featuring a busty, conservatively dressed Palin lookalike, the box cover promises: “Cross party lines with your own inflatable running mate!” The political love doll’s suggested uses include: “Blow her up and show her how you’re going to vote, let her pound your gavel over and over and it’s time some male interns caused a scandal in the Capitol.” This blowup sex doll could really satisfy the swing voters.

Just in case you don’t mix politics with sex (dolls), you can always pick up the all new Sarah Jessica Porkher “Sex in her Shitty” love doll, which allows you to bang this tramp in three Glorious holes! Brought to you by the same geniuses who offer you latex blowup sex with celebrity supernovas. These will be great to have a video camera, maybe you can work that into Version 2.

**The Idiot’s Guide to Oral Sex**

You don’t have to be an idiot to appreciate interesting and effective tips on how to give your lover the best oral sex they’ve ever had. Hey, even if your oral sex technique have always left a smile on her/his face, wouldn’t you want to find out how to take it even further and make their legs completely give out? Surprise your loved one with something new or “blow” away your hot crush.

**Instant Happy Childhood Memory Breath Spray**

Walking along the beach looking for seashells. Watching the world below from the tree you just climbed. Sneaking into the kitchen in the middle of the night to steal some cookies. Bringing home something from school with a gold star from the teacher.

Ten minutes ago, I could not have written the four sentences you just read. But I took a spray of Instant Happy Childhood Memories and it all came flooding back to me. This stuff is just amazing. Just spray some of this wintergreen-flavored miracle into your mouth and long-forgotten memories will rise to the surface. Wait, another memory is coming to me...

Walking behind the athletic equipment shed with Mr. Lacey, my gym teacher.

No, wait a minute. I mean, learning to play basketball. Yeah, that’s the memory. Basketball. Really.
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The Dolphin Clubs wish everyone a safe and happy holiday season!

1st - We invite you all to Miss Nude Oregon 2007 Natalia's birthday party!
Thursday, Dec. 18th @ 8pm

2nd - Don't forget, as always, there will be a free Christmas dinner on the 25th served from 4pm until close!

January 1st we will be preparing another free dinner to bring in the new year!
Holy shit, it’s Christmas. A time when all the hustle and bustle of the holiday can leave you so overwhelmed and exhausted, all you can think about is knocking back a couple of pounders at the rack while your favorite dancer reminds you what you really wanted to unwrap under your tree. Here at Exotic, we’re a bit overwhelmed ourselves. Due to the fact that this month’s issue showcases a record breaking amount of advertiser support, I’m gonna go ahead and spare you the usual rant that is regularly offered as foreplay to your Erotic City event listing. As I’m writing this, I am finally preparing for the move back to the Rose City from Seattle on December 1st. So I can no longer admire you from afar. Come next month, I’ll be back in the thick of it. It doesn’t, so be forewarned. Spooky will be back. Until then, have a spectacular holiday season Portland. Enjoy the show.

FEATURED EVENTS
Monday, December 1st – Devils Point – Sagittarius fire sign party. Fire dancers, boobies, gifts for Sagittarians.
Tuesday, December 2nd – Cheetahs (Salem) – 2 for $1 Tuesday.
Friday, December 5th – Devils Point – Repeal Day Bash. Come celebrate the end of prohibition, D.P. style. Live music, fire dancers, strippers and booze!
Pirate’s Cove – Santa’s List Friday. The Big Bang! – Santa’s List Saturday.
Saturday, December 6th – Exotica – Third Annual Winter Freeze V.I.P. Event at 9 p.m. with giveaways all night, beverage specials, complimentary food and a chance to win a Belvedere snowboard.
Wednesday, December 10th – Cheetahs (Salem) – Military Night with $100 prize.
Monday, December 15th – Cheetahs (Salem) – Pirate’s Cove – Chocolate Covered Party.
The Big Bang – Chocolate Covered Party.
Wednesday, December 17th – Devils Point – Fourth annual Bad Christmas Sweater and Moustache Contest. Prizes, specials, moustache rides and one gynormous grand prize.
Thursday, December 18th – Cheetahs (Salem) – Ladies’ Night, free admission for the ladies.
The Dolphin Clubs – Miss Nude Oregon 2007 Natalia’s birthday party at 9 p.m. Friday, December 19th – Safari Showclub – Grand Re-Opening Party.
Cheetahs (Salem) – XXXmas Party Part 1.
Saturday, December 20th – Stars Beaverton – Naughty and Nice Christmas Party.
DV8 – Baldy Santa and his naughty effects arrive and party down at 9 p.m. Have your photo taken with the balddest Santa this side of the North Pole and get your naughty gifts from our effects.
Stars Salem – XXXmas Party Saturday.
Doc’s Club 82 – KKP Presents Pimps and Ho, Ho, Hoes Christmas Party featuring Deck The Balls performing your favorite Christmas carols, a Santa stick-suck, eat Mrs. Claus’ pudding and an extra special performance by Kali Kane.
Cheetahs (Salem) – XXXmas Party Part 2.
Sunday, December 21st – Doc’s Club 82 – Up and Coming Entertainment presents Ian’s birthday bash with Proven and special guests.
Wednesday, December 24th – Christmas Eve

Thursday, December 25th – Christmas Day – Cocktails and Dreams – Open Christmas Day at 5 p.m. Stop in to see who will take home the Monster (Energy Drink) refrigerator for Christmas.
Cheetahs (Salem) – Free Xmas dinner with paid admission.
The Dolphin Clubs – Free Christmas Dinner.
Jody’s – Free Xmas Buffet.

Exotica – Open at 5 p.m.
DV8 – Open at 6 p.m.
Wednesday, December 31st – New Year’s Eve – Cabaret I and II – New Year’s Eve Party at both locations with lots of prize giveaways, specials and featured shows.
Stars Beaverton – Second Annual Masquerade Ball New Year’s Party.
DV8 – Ring in the New Year at DV8 with Huge Heffner and the Playboy Bunny Pajama Party, where all sleepwear is encouraged and there will be food, champagne and party gifts for all.
Devils Point – 80’s New Year’s Party. Live music, dancers, 80s tunes all night!
Jody’s – New Year’s Eve Party with Jell-O shots and specials all night long.
Pirate’s Cove – New Year’s Eve PJ Party with no cover all night long.
The Big Bang – New Year’s Eve PJ Party with no cover all night long.
Pussycat’s Cabaret (Springfield) – New Year’s Eve Party.
Thursday, January 1st – New Years Day – The Dolphin Clubs – Free New Years Dinner.
Thursday, January 8th – The Dolphin Clubs – The Northwest Pole Championships begin.

WEEKLY EVENTS
MONDAYS – Safari Showclub – Texas Hold ‘Em Tournament.
TUESDAYS – Stars Beaverton – Totally Awesome Tuesdays. Dec. 2nd Toy Drive, Dec. 9th Clothing Drive, Dec. 16th Turkey Drive. (six-month V.I.P. membership when you bring in a full-size turkey), Dec. 23rd Food Drive, Dec. 30th Blanket Drive

FRIDAYS – Pallas – Free Porn Fridays sponsored by Still Smokin’.
SUNDAYS – Safari Showclub – Texas Hold ‘Em Tournament.

EXOTIC SUGGESTS
Stop by Carnaval for all new affordable prices with $5 admission and $10 lap dances. Welcome to Club Rube, a brand new club opening in mid-December downtown at Southwest Stark and Fourth Avenue (now hiring for all positions call (503) 227-3936). Check out our Hotties new 2-for-1 admission on Sunday through Thursday. Joey’s another kick ass club in the Southeast is now open on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 4 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. at Southeast Stark and 175th Avenue where there’s never a cover charge. Featuring the girls of Jody’s and private pole dances in their intimate V.I.P. room. Plus $2 Pabst (now hiring, call Kristen at (503) 415-3102).

Safari Showclub is now under new ownership, featuring new hot girls and $5 bento bowls.

Star Salem has the holiday spirit, where you can get 30 custom XXXmas cards with you and two of Star’s sexiest helpers. Stop by for your own photo shoot Dec. 1st through Dec. 13th. You can also stop by for free gift wrapping Dec. 1st to Dec. 23rd between 4 and 7 p.m. For more holiday shopping, stop by Tony’s Smoke Shop to check out their huge selection of custom glass. Why not pay a visit to the Adult Shops for all new Eugene location.
Frolics is giving your Xmas dollar more bang for your buck at their Holiday Super Sale with up to 70 percent off novelties, lingerie, gifts, shoes and more. Don’t forget to stop by your neighborhood Taboo Video where all $9.95 DVDs are three for $20 and you can enter to win a $250 holiday gift basket.

Exotic and The Boom Room would like to apologize to Sarah Poison for the unauthorized use of her image in our November issue. The bastards responsible have been dealt with using extreme prejudice. They’ll never work in this town again, and will probably not be able to shit right for a week.
Carnaval
Festival of Flesh
Located Downtown
www.carnavalstripclub.com

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TAKING A BITE OUT OF
ZOMBIE STRIPPERS

By Mort Ishin

To begin, I’d like to apologize for not reviewing this film during its very short run as a theatrical release (it only lasted about a week at the indie theater it was featured at). Fortunately, as suspected, the DVD release date wasn’t too far behind. Zombie Strippers takes on two genres of film I’ve always held dear to my heart. Actually, I should probably rephrase that, I’ve always held strippers dear to my heart, yet their depiction in film has usually been more frightening than the most terrifying of zombie flicks. Mixing the undead with strippers has even been tackled a time or two with From Dusk ‘Til Dawn and Planet Terror. Yet both of these films fell flat at doing justice to either subject. So when I slid the DVD into the player, it was with great skepticism and total expectation of witnessing a complete suckfest. I couldn’t have been more wrong.

In a near future, President George Bush has been elected for the fourth time (along with VP Arnold Schwarzenegger) and the war torn USA has expanded its battlefield in Iraq to Syria, Lebanon, Venezuela, France and yes, even Alaska. Due to the mass casualties of American lives in G-Dub’s escalated world war on terror, the government is researching a virus to reanimate the dead tissue of deceased soldiers in hopes of creating a powerful army of invincible undead. When the experiment goes wrong and gets out of control, an elite team of military bad asses, known as Z Squad, are brought in to assist the last of the scientists that haven’t been turned into flesh-eating undead. When briefing Z Squad on their mission the lead scientists explains, “The virus is based on the human X chromosome, so it stays more pure from woman to woman. But once you get a man in there, like everything else, it all goes to shit.”

Once Z Squad eventually loses control, one of their members gets bitten and flees into a tunnel which leads to an underground strip club (Bush has outlawed all nudity) named “The Neon Rhino,” owned by Jan (played by Freddy Kreuger himself, Robert Englund, in a hilarious role as an OCD, who sprays the strippers with lysol if they get too near him) an NRA card toting, (who doesn’t know how to use a gun but embraces his right to stockpile them) opportunistic prick.

This brings us to the obvious stars of the flick—the strippers. Leading the pack is legendary porn goddess Jenna Jameson as Kat, the queen bitch of the Rhino. Jenna finally found herself a role which made her look pretty good in real life, (in spite of her multiple botched plastic surgeries). Especially when you compare her to her rotted undead alter-ego that she transforms into once the contagious team member of Z Squad takes a chunk out of her throat during her feature performance (in both living and undead full frontal nudity).

Jenna’s clothing-deficient underlings include goth bad girl Lilith (played by Roxy Saint who also contributes to the flicks rockin’ soundtrack), a fresh from Nebraska virginal princess named Jessy (Jennifer Holland) plus Jenna’s arch-rival and nemesis Jeannie (played by Playboy model Shamon Moore). Also tossed in is Jenna’s boytoy and UFC stud Tito Ortiz, as a bouncer who runs away and squeals like a bitch when the zombie bedlam breaks out. Also in the cast is a Latino, donkey loving janitor, Paco (Joey Medina), whose stereo-typed one-liners peak when he takes the old, “we don’t need no stinking badges” line to new levels of hilarity.

Once Jenna turns into the undead, she rises from a pool of gore, stagger into the dressing room, sneers “Fuck it, I’m gonna dance” and pounces on the stage unleashing her new undead enhanced pole skills and tricks. The patrons’ reaction to Jenna’s dance of the dead flips from shock and awe to ecstatic worship as they carpet the stage with every last dollar they own. She

...
In a near future, President George Bush has brought in badasses known as invincible undead. When hopes of creating a powerful army get out of control, an Alaska. Due to the mass casualties of American conflicts in Syria, Lebanon, Venezuela, France and even the USA has expanded its battlefront in Iraq to VP Arnold Schwarzenegger) and the war torn nation been elected for the fourth time (along with the government is researching a virus to re...

By Mort Ishin

**ZOMBIE STRIPPERS**

**Taking A Bite Out Of Planet Terror.** Yet both of these films fell flat of the纽约一众吸血鬼的统治。当吸血鬼们聚集在旧金山的中心时，他们发现了一种新的变异病毒。

**The final showdown, cat-fight scene be-**

**BAD SANTA PARTY**

**SATURDAY, DEC. 20TH @ 9PM**

BADGER, SANTA AND HIS NAUGHTY ELF'S! ARRIVE AND PARTY DOWN!

Have your photo taken with the Baddest Santa this side of the North Pole and get your naughty gifts from our elf's!

**OPEN CHRISTMAS DAY FROM 6PM-2:30AM**

**RING IN THE NEW YEAR AT DV8**

**WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31ST**

HUGO HEFFNER AND THE PLAYBOY BUNNY-PAJAMA PARTY. ALL SLEEPWEAR IS ENCOURAGED!

Food, champagne and party gifts for all!

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**INDUSTRY NIGHT SUN.-THURS.**

**FROM MIDNIGHT TO CLOSE**
THE BLUE REVIEW
By Miss Scarlett

Sixty's spy parodies—outrageous, retro glamour and sets stolen right out of an Austin Powers flick may not exactly be your atypical elements for a XXX porn. Enter Atomic Vixens: Valley of the Sluts where we start a journey into the chicks versus dicks. The "villains," L.I.M.P. (our outnumbered cast of studs), are out to rule the female species via there awesome moon station, heavily equipped with killer lasers. The threat to destroy major cities doesn't seem to phase these sex driven bitches. Doubting LIMPs ability to command and conquer, these ladies pull out all the stops, send in their probes and make complete fools out of their male counterparts (mostly by pure distraction.)

The cast of double agents, fembots and spy girls kicks off with Mika Tan and Jade Starr busting out with a little girl-on-girl action. While digging for a double agent-infiltrator, Agent Ivanava (Jade Starr) enjoys a dinner of sushi, served on her newly initiated agent friend Jade Minx's (Mika Tan) belly and starts the interrogation with fingers, taunting tongue and nibbling teeth. Not wasting any time getting her clit wet, Ivanava takes charge of her busty Asian friend and lets her know where her G-spot is. The scene ends with Ivanava licking and sticking her favorite co-star with some titillating toy play and sending a gasping Jade into truth-serum-like orgasms. (Got to hand it to her co-star. While I was hoping for a trashy climax (expecting Jenna to be more than capable of slutty behavior), instead of a load in the face accompanied by dirty talk, all we received is Deuce dumping his load into Jenna's cupped hands. Her hands? What the fuck!! End scene.

Putting the sting on the first double agent only gets you ready for the second and third scene where each is introduced with a brief comic-book page-style exposition. These brief storyboard updates that separate the scenes are seriously hard to follow, especially if you're like me and not all that interested in the story in the first place. If you're arguing with me right now and claim you're really in it for the storyline, I call bullshit! Whether you're rocking it on the couch with your significant other or pounding out your own loads, who the fuck cares. If you like cum, spit and cock this is your scene. After leaving the hot rod garage, directors Ron Royster and Winkytiki take you to a strip tease bathroom scene where Roxy Brown (Marie Luv), a fishnet-clad, black, bad-ass booty goddess is being spied on by LIMP agents via their rubber devil duck surveillance device in her lathery shower scene. For the most part, she just teases the shit out of you for ten minutes, until squirting colorful bottles of goo on her curvaceous body and busting out her innovative glass dildo where she gets to the point with some wet stabbing action.

Now the last, and certainly not least scene, introduces Jenna St. James (Leah Luv) as a ditsy blonde agent captured by the LIMP agency and taken to the the elusive Deuce (Kyle Moore) where she administers a scary fucking blow job. I don't know how to explain other than to state the obvious; this actress looked like Courtney Love with braces. I was actually scared for her co-star. While I was hoping for a trashy climax (expecting Jenna to be more than capable of slutty behavior), instead of Deuce dumping his load into Jenna's cupped hands. Her hands? What the fuck!! End scene.

In closing, I don't know if I'd recommend going out to buy this stylish and retro flick, but it's definitely worth a trip to your local porn shop for a rental. Not the best plot, but it got my juice flowing in the first few sets. But hey, that's what these films are for right? Till next time, may all your dreams be wet ones.
her amazing and very convincing orgasms in the end of this shit out of the White Queen's (Justine Joli) set. Turned on by tights and milky white brunette chicks, you're going to dig the scene, I couldn't help but cringe a little when she enters her bitches. Doubting L.I.M.P's ability to command and conquer, moon station, heavily equipped with killer lasers. The threat of studs (versus dicks. The "villains," L.I.M.P. (our outnumbered cast with Mika Tan and Jade Starr busting out with a little girl-on-girl action. While digging for a double agent-infiltrator, Agent Ivanava (Jade Starr) enjoys a dinner of sushi, served on her newly initiated agent friend Jade Minx (Mika Tan) starts the interrogation with fingers, taunting tongue and nibbling teeth. Not wasting any time getting her clit wet, Ivanava takes the interrogation with fingers, taunting tongue and nibbling her favorite co-star with some titillating toy play and sending a gasping Jade into truth-serum-like orgasms. (Got to hand it to this stylish and retro flick, but it's definitely worth a trip to this film, they all totally kick ass in color, size and shape.)

Putting the sting on the first double agent only gets you ready for the best kind of porn's are the ones that get straight to the point, set you up and then let you finish it off. Whether you're rocking it on the couch with your significant other or streaming it late into the night, it's all about the experience. The last, and certainly not least scene, introduces Jenna (James Deen). Anita pushes her way into Rock's hotrod to plant a tracking device, but first male cockstar Rock Cockman (James Deen). Anita pushes the person in charge of selecting all the penetration devices for her favorite co-star with some titillating toy play and sending a mind-blowing results. The storyline is null by now, fellow readers, now we're just looking for what's gonna happen next. Getting right back into the action, we continue with fembot sisters SQ-24 and TS-64 (Lacie Heart and Ashley Steel). The most memorable part of this scene is when these lost-in-space blondes SQ-24 and TS-64 (Lacie Heart and Ashley Steel). The most memorable part of this scene is when these lost-in-space blondes SQ-24 and TS-64 (Lacie Heart and Ashley Steel).
Happy Holidays

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A well-established gentlemen’s pub offering a full bar, three stages (including our shower stage), video poker, pool, and private lingerie modeling.
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“Hate” is such a strong word. A word so strong in fact, that it almost sums up my feelings about December. To say that I hate the holidays is to say that I don’t think I’d really enjoy anal rape or that I might not particularly care for castration with safety scissors. Taking direct issue with Christmas, it’s logically flawed to argue that six weeks of mall-driven traffic gridlock, reuniting with relatives that you have actively chosen to ignore for an entire year and spending hundreds of dollars to find that one perfect gift that might make someone you kind of love say “oh, cool” is an effective way of approaching the celebration of the arrival of baby Jesus. Let’s ignore the fact that the Bible says that the fucker was born in the Spring (Romans 20:14: “And thy fucker was born unto the world in the Spring, Himdammit”), but the advertisers don’t want the son of God fucking up Valentine’s day or Easter any more than he already has.

Consumerism and hypocrisy aside (but not absent), the worst part of Christmas comes to us not in the form of virgin birth but in Virgin Records. Christmas music is, has been and always will be the worst form of audio media not sold as a deterrent to bad dogs. I am not referring to “holiday music” here, because Jews, Blacks and Satanists all of whom are capable of writing phenomenal music, have a disappointingly absent presence on record store shelves. You can bet your ass I’d buy A Very NOFX Chanukah, Death Row’s Kwanza Compilation or Slayer’s Solstice Special, but they don’t exist. Christmas music might not kill as many people as say, AIDS, but it’s arguably more irritating.

In an effort to convey my point through illustrative torture, I present to you a shopping list for those you hate, whether they are flying in for a visit or sharing an apartment with you permanently. I give to you:

Statutory Ray’s Worst Christmas Albums and Songs of All Time.

The Critters—Christmas with the Critters. Everyone hates the Chipmunks, but the high-pitched trio has earned their place as somewhat of a pop culture institution. The Critters, however, have not. What’s worse than a joke that relies on the same comic structure as a breath of helium? A poorly rewritten version of that same joke only available on cassette. Enjoy the exact same songs performed on Chipmunks Christmas album in a slightly higher pitch, with slightly different cover art (teaching us that, regardless of size, all fictional woodland creatures sing in high-pitched voices when celebrating the birth of the only meat-guzzling religion).

Insane Clown Pose—A Carnival Xmas. I fucking love ICP, don’t get me wrong. But early in their career, the duo had yet to hone the sight on their comedic rifles, resulting in songs such as “Red Xmas” and “Santa Claus is a Fat Bitch.” Although these classic numbers will provide atmosphere and ambiance to any empty strip club on the afternoon of the 25th, even Juggalos will actively ignore them for the remaining 364 1/2 days of the year. In defense of the Posse, the duo has released more self-aware and Juggalo-friendly Christmas songs in the years since (“Santa Killa” and “Xmas in the Hood,” included), but these are only available as somewhat exclusive, online mp3 singles.

Britney Spears—12 Days of Christmas. Shortly before Britney Spears came out as a sperm-slurping, meth-addicted trailer whore, she was every young girl’s idol. She still is. I guess, but once upon a time parents didn’t seem to care. Following in suit with other Enquirer-cover-to-be celebrities, Spears released a Christmas album weeks before publicly spiraling into her “downward spiral of drugs and depression” (copyright VH1). Mix one part still-a-virgin Britney, twelve parts played-out Christmas clichés and garish with a dash of “logically, she was just starting her coke habit about this time” and you have an album so awful even Catholics won’t forgive it. Not even for “I Saw Mommy Doing Santa Claus” featuring Jay-Z (really).

Run DMC—Christmas in Hollis. Yeah it’s a classic, and yeah, it’s catchy, but it’s also just as insulting as the rest of Run DMC’s catalogue when you think about time and circumstance (remember, this was the group that brought commercialization of tennis shoes to hip-hop and accessible guitar-laced rhymes to white suburban stereos). Inner-city New York during the holidays is a visible manifestation of class struggle, from the “lighting of the tree” to the heroin addicts sleeping in pias under it. While race wars, crack cocaine and corrupt government were rampant, Run DMC brought us a novelty song about Santa Claus. The accompanying coloring book, Uncle Tom’s Reindeer, was sadly not included with the single.

Various Artists Throughout Time—“Jingle Bell Rock.” A super-group comprised of various members from Chumbawumba, Smash Mouth, and Barenaked Ladies was formed by sadistic record executives and sent back in time to create this song. In an attempt to pollute office Christmas parties, movie trailers, shopping mall speaker systems and one out of three electronic dancing Santas sold at Walgreen’s with “the Christmas feeling” (whatever the fuck that may be), the creators of this song rival those of Phillip Morris products. If you enjoy this song, you encompass everything I hate about Christmas and I highly suggest you kill yourself (apparently my articles have that effect, but that was last month).

There is hope for quality Christmas music but it exists only in as-of-yet, unused potential. Think about it. Pancre, Donner, Blitzen, the Rza, the Gza and Inspectah Deck present: Shao-Lin Santa (all Big Baby Jesus jokes saved out of respect). Atmosphere might leak Sad Clown, Shitty Christmas. Maybe KMFDM will release EGNOG! or perhaps GWAR can put something together. Fuck, Tom Waits alone could save the entire holiday. Until then, I anticipate Hannah Montana to fill their place.
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As a long-time writer for Exotic and Exotic Underground, I've gotten my fair share of fan mail, for better or worse. For the most part, I am able to take the bad with the good and either agree to disagree or add them to the list of people who have way too much time on their hands or too many loose screws in their head.

Every once in a while, however, I receive letters from people who are so full of themselves and so self-righteous, it’s too tempting not to use my public forum privileges to rip them a new shitter. Plus, assholes of a feather tend to flock together, so we can use their choice insults to learn more about the senseless things people say about bi-girls. This is for educational purposes, really. So without further ado, James in Houston, this is for you.

Dear amazing, glorious Ophelia Derriere (OK, I’m paraphrasing, sue me),

Being a bi-girl is just a license to indulge in promiscuous behavior and to have as much sex and pleasure as possible. It is not recognizing a deeper self.

First of all, thank god I have James to tell me what being a bisexual girl is all about. Obviously he doesn’t understand that being bi is neither a “choice” nor something we do for “fun” though naturally that is par for the course. I’ve personally known I was bisexual since I was seven. Not only is it recognition of my deeper, true self, but to not act on it would be damaging to that deeper self.

Being poly just gives you license to jump from person to person while never truly taking a permanent responsibility for love. It is normal and healthy to find others attractive but it is selfish and irresponsible to want to have your cake and eat it too.

Here’s where I start to get the feeling James is a wee-bit prudish. I believe he is missing the point of “poly” in this respect. The whole point is that you do (if you’re lucky) have a partner—someone you love and are loved by—and are so secure with that person, you feel you can be truly open and honest about your desire for other human beings. As I’ve said before, desirable people do not cease to exist just because you’re in a relationship.

Bi-orgies? That is just stuffing your faces while cheating, depriving and hurting men by making them suffer without, and doing it with a smile. You are a fine one to sentence others to this fate with fist in the air shouting “my right!”

Ahh, the truth starts to come out. James was obviously left out of one too many orgies in his formative years. Maybe mommy took him off the teat too soon. This feeds right into the fire of repressive assholes. They despise us for having our cake and daring to eat it too—when in reality it’s when we refuse to share our cake with them that it becomes about their right.

(Editors note: Bi-Girls fans or foes will have to hunger for more until further notice, as Ms. Derriere will be on hiatus for an undetermined period of time. Think you can fill the void? Email editor@xmag.com with any worthy submissions and you just might have your voice heard.)

Don’t condemn me because I have found a group of people who love and accept me for who I am.

Indeed, this is just a sample of the kinds of people who are lurking in the shadows of our underground world, watching us, harvesting seeds of bitterness with every missed opportunity. While the compassionate (virtuous, ethical, loving, responsible) side of my heart breaks a little for them—the strong, proud side is tired of coddling repressive assholes. They despise us for having our cake and daring to eat it too—when in reality it’s when we refuse to share our cake with them that it becomes about their right.

Be honest. Do you REALLY love and care for these women? Or are you just looking to satiate your own lust and hunger?

The truth is, James, no, I do not love and care for all the women I sleep with. Do YOU? That said, there are many women I do love and care for deeply, and have real, emotionally tumultuous relationships that span over many years. Just as I do with men. Just as you do (I assume)
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Human lives and addictive drugs share a common characteristic. Once you take them for the first time, the instant rush eliminates any fear of taking them again in the future. If only there was a rehab for homicide addicts.

Pills, booze, pussy, poker chips. They’re all so easy to get help with if you just open up the yellow pages or stroll into a church. I would get help with my problem, or at least cut back, if there was a way to seek help without repercussions from the law.

Thank Christ I am the law.

It had been nearly a year since I hastily planned my first on-the-spot slaughter and I had become simultaneously accustomed to and somewhat bored with the technicalities of my new hobby. At first, the rush would last for weeks. Much like an amateur drug user feels as if the world knows that he or she is high, the after effect of my first few excursions in self-administered mortality testing was anxiety. Although I eventually learned that their life is a matter of minutes from expiring.

Today I found the solution. Actually, the solution found me. His name was James and he was a juvenile offender (assault in the fourth degree, something involving a peer) partaking in something called the Community Appreciation Project. As part of his probation, James was instructed by his P.O. to “actively pursue respect for and empathy with authority figures” and supposedly a police ride-along would help little Jimmy in his trek back to teenage freedom (if there is such a thing). Being the go-getter that I am, I snatched James’ paperwork from the communal assignment desk and told my other priorities (a convenient store owner filling a robbery report and a pile of pointless yellow sticky notes) to go fuck themselves (using different vernacular, of course).

James was excited to ride along with a real police officer, and I was glad to be one. Although he enjoyed decapitating them with various tools in video games and listening to them suffer slander in his stereo speakers, James had “like, mad respect for cops.” A noted liar with a tendency to use deception for his own gain, James was described by his file as having a potential for violent outbursts.

I informed James that we were going to participate in a prostitution sting. We arrived at the Unicorn Motel, purchased a single-bed smoking room and I began to set up for the “sting.” Using one of those free magazines you find at strip clubs, I located what timber lost consciousness. There is something to be said for the decorative touch that semen adds to a bloody tank top, but the stuff is forensic investigator heaven. The labs love the sight of cum more than the average pornographer.

Last week I had a breakthrough. As gauged by the irregularly small size of the pants I chose to wear on Tuesday (laundry day), I noticed that I become most aroused between the moment during which I make that first incision to a virgin throat and the time at which my target loses visible consciousness. If only there were a way to extend the precious emotions that flow from a person who has just learned that their life is a matter of minutes from expiring.

As we waited, James and I discussed various topics ranging from sports teams to politics. Shortly after, a knock on the door startled both of us as awkward silence of our room and placed her face down on the carpet, kicking the door shut behind me. As James watched in utter disbelief, I removed the television from its once-broken, twice-glued base and placed it firmly onto the back of Jessi’s head with enough force to shatter the screen.

Outside of the room, two men loudly discussed the difference in weather between Oregon and Florida. No one had heard a thing, and if they had, they didn’t seem to care.

James was petrified but still alive. Sure enough, the rush had not yet worn off, even though the hooker at my feet had stopped twitching. I had discovered that the arousal inspired by fear need not come from a dying source, as the expression on the young boy’s face was enough to keep me, shall we say, happy.

Another thought occurred to me and it caused even more

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WARNING!!! This fictional submission contains violent and explicit content which some readers might find disturbing. Read at your own risk!

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The world is a rickety roller coaster, I removed an open palm over James’ eyes so that he wouldn’t see my face and grasped his right shoulder like handlebars on a rickety roller coaster. I removed “Sexy Jessi” from the entryway with whom I now relate so well, much like the arms of the junkies became used to covering tracks of anxiety. Although I eventually ministered mortality testing was first few excursions in self-admistered mortality testing was anxiety.

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"What, is this like some sort of fucking sting? I ain’t no goddamn ho or nothin.’" The dial-a-model had apparently noticed my forgetfulness in dressing down (James had not mentioned anything, but he didn’t seem like the sharpest marble in the box) and was understandably surprised to see a uniformed officer at the door.

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shitty drink or a broken toilet. On the other hand, a pole and a Pabst keg do not make a strip club.

Enter the DJ. No, really, enter the DJ, bored and somewhat broke on a Tuesday night, walking into a lonely strip club on the outskirts of downtown Portland. The bartender pours a perfect drink, the girl onstage is attractive and the environment is clean and non-threatening. Yet, something is missing. Where is the blacklit podium covered in Sharpie’d CD-Rs and cigarette butts? Vaughn Playhouse* was not only lacking a DJ, but dollars on the rack. Customers seemed to be more interested in video lottery than they were the 34-whatdoesitmatter-36 proportions waiting patiently at the rack. And it didn’t take much to get her going, either, as a mere two bucks bought me the undivided attention of a naked woman for like an hour.

I obtained some poorly documented information from a heavily intoxicated dancer regarding the lack of a dance commander and the subsequent effect on the club’s business. Apparently, dancers can pick music without argument from a free jukebox that never asks them for sexual favors or drugs, but that seems to be the only perk. After my visit to Vaughn Playhouse, I visited six other area clubs that were without DJs. With the exception of Mary’s, an institution and a historical landmark incapable of changing its building design, every other club I visited suffered the same problems. Boring, dead air between sets, confusion regarding who was onstage (even though a dry erase board was usually located behind the bar area, on more than one occasion the dancer order was wrong and the bartender was busy doing more important things like “bartending”) and more often than not, a complete lack of character and flavor. This is not to say that the dancers were unattractive or that the bars in question did not serve quality food and drink. Simply put, visiting a strip club without a DJ is like visiting a karaoke bar without a KJ, a venue without a sound tech or a circus without a ringmaster.

To be fair and balanced (in the Fox News sense of the word, of course, I do still DJ now and then, so an economically-influenced bias is present), disc jockeys can cause clubs as many problems as they can prevent. Drug-dealing ex-jocks named Chad or Joey should not be given access to Kid Rock mp3s, a microphone and naked women. With that being said, I will note here that I will be referring only to “professional” DJs from here on out.

If the lack of a proper DJ is to be seen as a bad thing, what does a good DJ bring to the club?

First and foremost, a disc jockey orchestrates entertainment on the spot. When the right (or wrong) customer walks into the club, a good DJ will be able to remove all of his or her money (or body) and have it on the rack (or Burnside) within a few songs. Customer requests to the extent of “that one Clash song that goes ‘na-na-na da-da-da get the cash yo’” (Paper Planes by MIA), holy-shit-the-owner-is-here saves of face and nine-minute bonus tracks are all fires able to be put out easier by DJs than by naked performers.

Second, and not entirely unique from what is mentioned above, is crowd control. Customers often need to be reminded that they are guests of the club and not employees. The wrong bachelor party running on six bucks shared between ten people can be a disastrous presence if the only two people in charge are busy with a full house of horny and overzealous men who share a group identity. Taking advice from DJ Lee of Blush Gentlemen’s Club, a good DJ will use a balancing effect on a potentially explosive crowd. Although it is a good idea to please your customers, a room full of Hell’s An-

Who Watches the Watchmen?

Strip clubs, like any other nightlife business, rely on frills and gimmicks to maintain an appearance of individuality and innovativeness. Advertisements for fire shows, theme nights and holiday parties fill the pages of Exotic and plaster the comments sections of MySpaces, the next gimmick always one-upping the prior (I’m still waiting for a combination of UFC and stripping, but I have yet to find a venue equipped with Hello Kitty boxing gloves). Regardless of the presence of an original gimmick or a kick-ass theme night, a business has to focus on the core elements of whatever it provides in order to stay alive. On one hand, even the most tattooed and one-legged of strippers cannot divert the attention from a

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Finally, a good DJ will be an advertisement, as well as a potential feature attraction, at no direct expense to the club. Often relying more on a percentage of dancer tips more so than the minimum wage required to hire them, DJs are just as compelled to increase business as are dancers or bartenders, and most clubs only need two or three to fill the week. The same cannot be said for jukeboxes, which cost more per shift than a half-drunk carnie voice. Try testing the strip club DJ voice at funerals, drive-thrus, and breakfast lunches to see how well it’s received by the general population.

DJ Tip of the Month

Energy and clarity does not necessarily require carnie enunciation. Lose the roller-coaster voice. Try testing the strip club DJ voice at funerals, drive-thrus, and breakfast lunches to see how well it’s received by the general population.
same problems. Boring, dead air between landmark incapable of changing its building of Mary's, an institution and a historical clubs that were without DJs. With the exception of Vaughn Playhouse, I visited six other area nightspots, and the best was the one out of the way: The Hell's Angels' Blush Gentlemen's Club.

I obtained some poorly documented information from a heavily intoxicated dancer regarding the lack of a dance commander and the retention of a naked woman for like an hour. Apparently, dancers can pick music without regard to a free jukebox that never seemed to be the only perk. After my visit to Blush, I was more interested in video lottery than they were the 34-what-does-it-matter-36 proportions of the clientele, which were usually low.

Entering the DJ area, the dance commander was busy doing an order for the bar area, on a balancing effect on a potentially explosive customer order that went 'na-na-na da-da-da get the cash yo'.
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You are now rockin’ with the West Coast Bad Boy Kenny Mack giving y’all a monthly dose of truth.

Paint the White House Black

This shit is the truth right here, trill bizzness. We have seen some once in a lifetime type shit—got me watching Barack Obama on ESPN at three in the morning, type shit. I bet America, the land of the free, place of opportunity, never, ever thought that we would turn the White House black. I really never thought about it personally either, but this November this shit happened, ya dig! Time for some change. Obama fucked around and now he’s going to be moving his big-screen up in the White House. It’s going to be pictures of black people on the walls: grandmas, uncles, cousins. Time for some change to me meant time to get some money or time to change into some fly clothes. This change right here is history in the making, but at the same time how much change can anybody make black, white, yellow or green after all the bad decisions that have already been made. Even though it seems like we got what we wanted, how much change is really going to come down my street, neighborhood, block, ghetto, trailer park and where ever else “We the People” reside, ya dig? So for those of you that voted and got what you wanted, welcome to USA, ya heard? This is the first election I ever really paid any attention to besides the 2000 joint when the Bush Gang did their thing. On the robbery tip, you’ve got to salute a good heist, even when you’re the one getting robbed! This election had any and every one out in full force at the polls: artists, athletes, actors, drug dealers, escorts, convicted felons, hoes and even the strippers. Barack Obama in 2008, time for some change! Hopefully, this isn’t just another opportunity to kill a black man. George Clinton and Ice Cube talked about painting the White House black, but I really don’t think they meant it literally. One word of warning, don’t think that you can do anything new that you weren’t doing when Bush was running the ship. We might have Obama, but they will still throw you in the box, ya dig!

PICK OF THE MONTH

Atlas Tattoo Shop

I’m heavily into tattoos myself, as are a lot of the people that I fuck with in the streets. I have been to tattoo shops all over the United States checking out artist’s techniques, cleanliness, equipment, shit like that. I can put my own personal stamp of approval on the shop and the artists that tattoo people here. Atlas Tattoo opened up in 1998 over in the Hollywood district by Dan Gilsdorf and Jerry Ware and has become one of the premiere spots on the West Coast and possibly the number one spot in Portland. The other two artists that ink at Atlas are Scott Harrison and Lewis Hess. I have had a hard time finding a better overall experience. All the artists have at least 15 years of experience and a high quality of art. Atlas is located in North Portland at 4543 North Albina or by phone at (503) 281-7499. They fuck with walk-ins when available, but making an appointment secures your date with the electric chair.

The Streets Are Watchin’

West Coast heavyweight Krispy Hendrix has slaps on deck. He is one of the West Coasts new wave of producers that lives and reps the Northeast side of Portland. He has been making heavyweight slaps that power some of the City’s Superstars, such as 6IX, 97211, Cool Nutz, FliBoi’s and even myself. He supplies dope up and down the I-5 freeway (Washington and California), ya dig! I recently chopped it up with Krispy and this is his E! True Hollywood story:

Krispy Mack: How long have you been fuckin’ with musik?

Krispy Hendrix: For about 14 years, basically all my grown life.

KM: I know you’re busy getting your paper with this music, but where do you hang out in Portland?

KH: The Xbox (Exotica), the Pearl District, Northeast Portland, wherever it’s crackin’.

KM: Who’s in rotation on your ipod?


KM: What you think about this black president bizzness?

KH: I feel free, opportunity and good shit going on.

This boy right here is so trill, so if you want slappers get at the boy about the money, ya dig. If it ain’t no money talk, don’t even waste your time. It’s about to be 2009, so get your paper right. Nothing’s free, ya dig! Contact Krispy Hendrix at <www.myspace.com/monkmike> or direct at (503) 839-4567 (serious inquiries only).

New Releases to watch for:

Cool Nutz, The Miracle Street Album, West Coast Stand Out celebrates the release of his latest album on December 22nd at the Doug Fir Loitinge.

Dubble 00, Space Age Hood Slap, newcomer Dubble 00 releases an album of slaps for real December 30th.

Year 2008 is a done deal. Year 2009 is going to be the Year of the Champion. So get all the bullshit out of your program and make this your year, ya dig!

Until next time,

Kenny Mack
Dear Pantera and Wildflower,
My girlfriend of almost two years has always been a little lacking in the breast department. It has never bothered me but I constantly have to listen to her bitch and moan whenever a well-endowed specimen pops up. So, for Xmas I decided to buy her a boob job. I gave it to her early so that she could show it off during the holidays. But apparently it was a bad idea, seeing as how she ran out of my apartment in tears and hasn’t called me back for three days now. Her best friend says my girl thinks that I got it for her because I want it for me. What now?

Dude, you blew it. Good Luck.
—Wildflower Power to Ya

Dear DumDum,
A boob job is something that girls decide to get, buddy. Weather she’s a topless dancer with a sugar daddy or a mother of three who wants to refill the bags. Her self-confidence issues were not helped by you offering to buy her tits. Even more affected now is her perception of how you perceive her. So she bitches about big goodies, don’t be the dumbass who’s staring at the melons. Take this perfect opportunity to compliment your girl and the way that she looks or tell her to get over it. Whatever her obvious mental problems are they are not going to be solved by plastic surgery. Although plastic surgery has been known to change people’s lives for the better, it’s not something to offer an insecure female. Leave a message and tell her you’re a dumbass.
—Pantera

Dear Bottom Line,
My lover and I were exchanging pillow talk after a romp in the sheets and the subject turned to past lovers. It all started out playful and fun in the beginning, but when the subject of “how many” lovers we had each shared our beds with came up things got very uncomfortable. My man told me he had slept with more than he cared to mention and when I said, “It can’t be that bad, I’ve been with at least 30 men,” he flew into an enraged tantrum, got dressed, called me a slut and stormed out of the house. I guess sometimes honesty is not the best policy?

Honesty is the best policy. Now you know your lover is an ass with a total double standard. Move on and find someone who appreciates your experience.
—Wildflower Power to Ya

Dear Roll in the Hay,
What an asshole. I can’t believe you gave this guy enough thought to write in to us. Be glad he left. Not having to deal with a judgmental prick will save you much time in the future. I should hope a wanker like that would at least be responsible enough to ask a question like that before he stuck his dick in. Save yourself the melodrama of a half-cocked soap opera. Seriously though, only 30?

—Pantera

Dear Dirty Santa,
I am so glad you brought it up for me to think on. I would like all manner of beautiful, sexy men to do my bidding, since I’m quit the needy bitch at times. If I happen to not be needy come Xmas day, no worries, I will find plenty for them to do. Then I’d like a fleet of 10 limos so I can take all my close homies, including you Naughty Santa, to all my favorite places downtown. To finalize my naughty day, I’d like all my boytoys to come and play with me at once. Since I love each one for different reasons, it would be the perfect holiday having all my favorite things at once.

—Pantera

Dear Naughty Santa,
A girl can never have enough vibrators. But then again, you never know what a gal really wants. I suggest a gift card for a place like Babeland (look it up online). A card for lingerie shops or porn rentals can be fun too. Having the option to make choices is always best when it comes to sexual/sensual gifts. That way she can surprise you with whatever she buys, maybe it will benefit both of you—rope or cuffs anyone? Whatever you do, don’t offer to buy a boob job or any other personal body altering kind of thing. That is something that has to originate and be acted upon by the woman and the woman alone. Sounds like you aren’t that much of an idiot though. Nice of you to play naughty Santa! (Oh and if you are thinking of getting something for me, you will have to get past my Gardner first. My Gardner may beat you to any Santa-ness.)

—Wildflower Power to Ya!

Dear Bottom Babes,
I was thinking of getting you a naughty present for Christmas. What kind of dirty little secrets would you like Santa to stuff into your stocking this year?

—Pantera

Need a Bottom Line? Send questions to: exoticunderground2004@yahoo.com

“We are in no way, shape or form people that you should actually listen to. This is by no means a certified medical advice column. We’re simply two gals living in the land of confusion with everybody else, sharing our pearls of wisdom as we see fit.
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