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Although I’m not a fan of the chocolate backroads, I do consider myself an ass man. In the bedroom, a woman with a flat chest and a nice booty, always gets preference over fake tits and a skeleton bum.

Keeping in mind that I have, for the most part, quit DJing at strip clubs on a regular basis, I’m still booking gigs as a “DJ” DJ (as in, one who’s allowed to mix and match on the clock). One such gig, landed me in Rockwood (bad) doing a benefit party (good) at a roller rink (awesome) that was supposedly after-hours and private (best). My buddy and yours, Jessie Sponberg (yes, the guy who is running for mayor of Portland), rented this badass roller rink out for what was supposed to be an invite-only, adult age, exclusive benefit for a sick friend.

Of course, the music selection of the night had little to do with why I was happy to DJ at Skate Nation, or whatever it was called. Instead, I was primarily looking forward to adult women on roller skates, wearing whatever it is that adults who go roller skating after dark wear, while I got to mix it up with some sexy beats of maximum glute-worthiness. Booty is best viewed in a circular rotation, while one cheek fights with the next, in a never-ending crawl toward a sweaty tramp stamp. Christ on a bagel, I was ready to get down and make the ladies roller-twerk (bootyblade?), and my cockiness became visibly apparent, as I put on roller skates, before unloading my shit into the roller rink’s DJ booth. I haven’t been on roller skates since I was twenty years younger (and a hundred pounds fatter) and it showed.

Anyhow, I wasn’t really ready for my first request. A patron informed me that “her girl” would like to hear the newest song about trap houses and crack hoes, so I told her to give me a second, while I downloaded it illegally off of the roller rink’s WiFi signal. I wondered if her girl was “thirty-six, twenty-four, thirty-six, but only if she’s five th... Wait, five?!” That’s where the rapping Sir Mix-A-Lot in my head scratched his record. I looked down and pulling at my pant leg, was a little kid.

“Who the hell are you? Are you lost?”

“My mamma told me that you were gonna get me some Fetty Wap.”

I showed my age in more ways than one, and asked, “Is that some sort of candy?”

The little kid was not pleased.

“Nah, ya old white man, it’s a song. Play the song please.”

And, like that, another handful of my dreams were crushed before my
“My dreams of playing sexy music for sexy women had been thwarted by the one thing that keeps sex dangerous—children.”

eyes, like a handful of saltine nightmares, on a bowl of fuck-this chowder.

Apparently, the roller rink patrons from earlier in the night had decided to stick around. At first, I thought that I’d have to clean up the musical selections, but after the fifth or sixth local rascal demanded some shit like “Bitch Niggas 4 Breakfast (feat. Crackdeelah the Hoesplitter),” I just gave up and put on Tyga’s Pando station. My dreams of playing sexy music for sexy women, had been thwarted by the one thing that keeps sex dangerous—children.

Now, I’m not saying that the GAS-MASKs (Gresham-Area Single Moms And Struggling Kids) weren’t fun to DJ for, but I’m not the type of guy to stare at a chick’s ass while she holds her kid’s hand, as I try to mix “Push It” with “Short Dick Man.” The situation did have one bonus, however. A handful of snout-nosed kids (who could literally skate circles around me) approached the DJ booth and demanded that I run a game of “red light, green light.” At first, I was getting really agitated, wondering how much money I could take away from a cancer benefit, but then a little kid by the name of “Buster” explained it to me; I play music, the kids try to skate from one end of the rink to the other, but if I stop the music, they have to stop skating (or they’re disqualified from reaching the finish line). I’m assuming most roller rink DJs give about five or six “red light, green light” commands during the course of the game, but once I discovered that half the kids couldn’t skate and that they would often crash and fall over when I said “red light,” I ran the game for about ten minutes and clocked in no less than five instances of kids smashing into the floor. It was the most fun I’d had in ages and it was completely G-rated in nature (or whatever the MPAA assigns to kids falling over and losing teeth, while a poorly-booked disc jockey laughs and spins rap music).

I was okay with the situation after two or three “crash, thud, wahhh” echoed into the DJ booth from across the rink. In fact, it was almost more entertaining than watching grown women twerk on wheels. I think, subconsciously, I knew that if I had actually been able to go home with a woman that I’d met in a Gresham-area roller rink, I’d end up having to be nice to the little shits running around her Crestwoodplace Manorsville RV Park property. Multiple middlemen were cut out of my planned festivities, and I went from complete stranger, to “Rick, who hurts the kids,” without ever having to buy a single bottle of MGD on the way home from the auto repair shop.

Sometimes, you ask the universe for things and it gives it to you like a smartphone using Siri with a shitty microphone. Be careful when you pack the DJ gear into your trunk, look at the night sky and say “Dear Lord, please let this event be full of hot, single moms with asses that won’t quit.” One lady had like seven kids. I think I got what I asked for.

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"Booty" is a bad thing, when speaking in stoner lingo. If the pipe is booty, it's ready to be ashed. If the plants are booty, it means that mold (or those meddling kids) got to the crops before harvest time. If the booty is booty, it means that your girlfriend found out about the trimmer chick you've been banging on the side, so she decided to move back to Berkeley. But, what do you do when the stash, ass, and cash, is all booty? Here are some suggestions for things to do, the next time you run out of weed and want to maintain the "it's not addicting" schtick.

**OTHER DRUGS**

Be warned: pot isn't just a drug that can be enjoyed by itself. It's also a companion substance that makes many other drugs easier to do. If you're about to peak on hallucinogens for the first time or come down from coke for the last time, weed can be your best friend. It's like a mediator between the good touch and bad touch of Uncle Substance. That being said, the only thing worse than being sober and out of weed, is being too damn high (this goes for rent, as well as narcotics) and out of weed. Doing coke off of fake tits in some random, semi-legal after-hours club located inside a storage unit? You're gonna wanna slow down that heart rate before the bouncer boyfriend (who paid for said tits) shows up. Taking mushrooms with mom on a trip to Canada? Be forewarned, the drive from the border to Vancouver is a long one, especially if you don't know where to get herb in the city (if you don't, just go to a place called the Camby Pub, stand by the jukebox without putting any coins in it and some dude with weed will approach you... you're welcome).

**TALK TO COPS**

Did you know that police officers spend at least fifty percent of their time doing things that don't involve beating up minorities? Part of the reason most people don't usually talk to police officers (aside from the dozens of obvious reasons), is that most of us are either holding, high, drunk, operating a motor vehicle, in possession of bootleg Disneyland merch or some combination of the above. When you're out of weed, though, there's really no reason to avoid the pigs (unless you're black, but that's a day-to-day thing, unaffected by the amount of weed a brother has in his pocket). The thrill of knowing you can just ask a cop whatever your sick mind desires and not have to worry about search, seizure and bail, is often better than that produced by good drugs. Just last night, I spent about a half hour harassing a cop about a weird one-way street in Salem and about halfway through the conversation, I realized that his job was to put up with dumb inquiries from people like me. I don't know if it's being close to a gun, repressed homosexual urges or a mixture of the two, but pestering the police without any worries of arrest, is as much of an exhilarating experience, as it is a uniquely-Caucasian one. The black version of "befriend a cop," may require participants to replace actual officers with mall security guard.

**DRINK WATER**

Water isn't just for showers and torture. Drinking the wet stuff that comes from the sink, can actually get you high (legally), but unlike jogging, most Americans can partake in it without breaking a sweat. If you drink a near-lethal amount of water, you will enjoy what is known as an "oxygen high," which is basically the opposite of a hangover. Drinking gallons upon gallons of water is a dangerous, but effective, way to feel lightheaded and ready to listen to shitty music. In addition to being a safe alternative to bath salts, you can benefit from being pot-free and drinking the wet stuff from the tap (by the pile of dishes), in the form of a clean U.A. (which will be easier to obtain, if you keep your pipes wet with something other than booze). Think of all the goals you can achieve with a negative piss test! Apply for a job, donate sperm, adopt a kid, join the Air Force... the possibilities are endless.

**GO JOGGING**

Exercise, particularly the cardiovascular type (which includes jogging and sprinting), mimics physiological effects in runners, similar to those caused by THC. This has been shown by multiple studies that I'm too lazy to cite here (but trust me, they exist). Basically, if you run out of weed, then time you run out of weed and want to maintain the "it's not addicting" schtick.
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Erotic City

THE RETURN

By The Artist Formerly Known as Spooky X and Tyler Bourbon

Erotic City came alive in the pages of Exotic magazine way back in 1995, as a nifty, little event-listing page to promote our advertisers’ events and Rose City happenings. But, the O.G. Erotic City also happens to be a song recorded in 1984, as a B-side to the single, “Let’s Go Crazy,” by Prince Rogers Nelson. I had graduated in 1983 and caught a dream job at a record store in a California mall, just outside of Oakland. So, I decided to grow my hair long and fuck off the college education I could have walked into.

This was at the dawn of musical monstrosities like Def Leppard’s Pyromania, Synchronicity by The Police and David Bowie’s Let’s Dance. MTV was changing the face of music, by actually playing music. Record sales were booming. In between living my own dream of working in that mall from Fast Times at Ridgemont High and cruising the ladies, I actually had to work at the record store. I had to inventory the Top 20 and be sure that endcaps were stocked full of the vinyl and cassette options. Duran Duran, Billy Idol, Cyndi Lauper, Lionel Richie and some broad named Madonna, were all chart toppers in ‘83. But, the battle for musical supremacy got serious, when Michael Jackson’s Thriller dominated the charts for the rest of the year and well into 1984… until the Revolution showed up.

On a personal level, I was a wanna-be rocker kid that looked like a reject from a Def Leppard cover band, with permed-frosted hair—ridiculous…yes, but goddamn, did I get some pussy. I had a system— by tracking the sales of what the hottest, horniest lookin’ babes were buying, that told me which concerts I needed to go to. Fade to purple…
Meanwhile, Michael Jackson still had the lock on sales—his fans were Legion, including kids, grandmas, your mom and the old dude that runs the corn dog stand in the food court. But, what if there was a Michael Jackson that was more about the important things in life, like pussy—who made music dripping with so much sexuality, that you can’t think about anything else but getting off—just so you can do it again. There is such a person, dear reader, and his name is Prince. This was before AIDS had terrified the world into mandatory abstinence and condoms were only for when you did butt stuff with hookers. Purple Rain was probably responsible for more one-night stands and illegitimate children, than any other album—a stat you probably won’t find on Wikipedia.

Purple Rain (Prince’s 5th album) followed Prince’s first top-10 album, 1999 (the 5th highest selling album of 1983), which featured top-10 singles “Little Red Corvette,” as well as the title track. But, with Purple Rain, Prince meant business when the album released on June 25, 1984 (my 19th birthday), followed by the major motion picture release a month later. To date, the film has grossed $64 million, while the album sold 13 million units in the US alone and spent 24 consecutive weeks at #1—dethroning the King of Pop.

Shortly after I caught on to the fact that the ladies loved Prince, the Purple Rain tour went on sale for 6 shows at The Cow Palace, just outside of San Francisco. And, guess who was the guy behind the ticket outlet terminal. Well, it wasn’t me, but I was standing behind him and the other three guys that all outranked me. But after that ticket machine cranked out the first set of primo seats, that baby kept on printing and printing, until all 6 of those shows (eventually) sold out in record time. At the end of the day, I got enough table scraps to score myself a couple of pairs—one for me and 1 for a “friend.” When I got home that day, my wife snatched the first pair of tickets for her and her BFF, (she didn’t know about my second set of tickets). Yeah, I was married, but I was secretly a whore. I was 19, worked in a record store where hot, and hope-fully-legal, girls threw themselves at me on a daily basis. I think my faithfulness cherry popped about three months after I got that job, but that’s another story. I took the other pair of tickets, called up my wingman and headed into the Purple arena.

That night changed my life forever. I don’t need to go into details; I’m sure most of you have witnessed the greatness that is Prince. He appeared as an ethereal being, that was sent here to share the gospel of sexuality. Between him and Madonna, I’m pretty sure the rest of that decade delivered some of the sluttiest and most magnificent moments in music history. Prince took all the elements of rhythm and blues greats, like James Brown and Marvin Gaye, with the sexuality turned up to 11. He was the king of pussy. Leave the pop for Michael.

I left the concert alone that night. My primary directive to find another temporary mistress for the evening, became unimportant. I locked onto that stage from start to finish, and by the end of that night, I decided it was time to talk about that annulment with the wife. There was so much more fucking to do! And, why waste the time of sneaking around about it? A week later, I got caught anyway, after a hot-little Latina from...
the troubled girls’ home down the street, left a note on my ’79 Fire-
bird’s dash, thanking me for the cun
nilingus. Prince set me free to be the
biggest slut I had ever been. Sure,
working at the mall slingin’ records
was a regular pussy smorgasbord,
but Prince taught me how to do it
right—until Bon Jovi taught me how
to dress, I never really looked good
in purple.

The music of Prince has
spanned decades, with volumes
of his work to enjoy as a legacy.
Since signing his first contract
with Warner Brothers in 1977,
at the age of 18, Prince has re-
leased 39 studio albums, five
soundtracks, four live albums,
five compilation albums, seven-
teen video albums and twelve
extended plays. He penned hit
singles for artists such as Cyndi
Lauper, The Bangles, Vanity, Apol-
lonia, Morris Day and The Time,
Stevie Nicks, Sheila E., Chaka
Khan, Madonna, Sheena Easton
and Sinead O’Connor. Everyone
wanted a piece of Prince, and most
of the previous list, got the full-
service treatment from the Purple
one…if you know what I mean.

Like David Bowie and other god-
like musical entities, Prince never
failed to deliver a body of work that
delivered a continuous metamor-
phosis of his musical craft, from one
album to the next. Even after deal-
ing with legal issues concerning the
use of his own name, Prince recraft-
ed and relabeled himself as a sym-
bol, which represented love.

Prince has had an effect on all of
us. Whether you realize it or not, he’s
been there for you—at a special time
in your life when you needed him.
You should probably thank him, be-
cause he helped get you off. He was
one of the beautiful ones. I could sit
here and do another two paragraphs
of working his song titles into erotic
puns, but I won’t. He was a master of
his craft, and music just lost another
true artist, in a very bad year to be a
rock n’ roll legend. Hopefully, this
will be the last—we’ve had enough loss
2016. Please stop reminding us that
all we’re going to have left, will be
the Weeknd and Lana Del Ray. Is any-
one going to cry at Kanye’s funeral?

Perhaps, we can sacrifice Limp Bizkit;
Nickleback and Kid Rock to the dark
lord, so that we can hang onto the
true artists, that fill our hearts and
minds with music to live by. In the
first five hours after the announce-
ment of Prince’s death, there were
61 million Prince-related interac-
tions reported by Twitter and Face-
book, while cities across the globe
held tributes and vigils by bathing
buildings, monuments and bridges
in purple light.

Back in 1985, they used to show
Purple Rain for $2 on the midnight
movies at the old, rundown the-
ater near the mall. That place might
of well have been a porn theater,
with all the ghost babies I planted
there. To this day, I can’t even listen
to a Prince song, without thinking of
sex. He’s up in the heavens, servicing
Aphrodite while Eros is tickling his
ass.

This title of Exotic’s longest-run-
ing column shall remain as it once
was, Erotic City. It was never broken
and didn’t need to be fixed. I was the
broken one, but I’ve still got a col-
umn or two left in me, until then.
But, that’s another story for another
day. Meanwhile, be it heaven, hell or
somewhere in between, they have
one hell of a band in the afterlife.
Cue the crying doves.

John Voge
ROCK HARD PDX

I spoke with a head ‘rocker-in-charge’ (management) who describes Rock Hard PDX as an ‘adult strip mall’ (pun most likely intentional). Folks of legal age can enjoy a live rock concert, eat an excellent dinner and, if choosing to venture into the secondary venue, can still watch a naked girl swing around a pole. While not yet equipped with a topless frozen yogurt stand or kiosks that sell prepaid cellular phones, visitors to Rock Hard PDX will appreciate the ‘strip mall’ approach that new ownership has used to revamp a previously-neglected location.

Although a lot of strip clubs that claim to have a ‘rock format’ are simply trying to say ‘no rap music’ without sounding racist, Rock Hard PDX actually means what they say, when they say that they bring rock n’ roll to the speakers and stage. With acts like Traci Guns of L.A. Guns (performing May 13th) grace the stage, Rock Hard PDX fills their daytime hours with the hits we’ve all grown to love—from AC/DC to ZZ Top, with newer bands (only the good stuff) thrown in for good measure. Plus, it sounds good, thanks to a stacked sound system that rivals the best venues in town. There’s nothing like hearing Mötley Crüe the way it was meant to sound—loud as hell and close to boobs.

If you’re looking for the same mozzarella sticks found elsewhere around strip city, go elsewhere. Everything on the Rock Hard PDX menu, whether a chicken fettuccine entree or a finger food appetizer, is made from scratch (meaning that it doesn’t come from a frozen box dropped off by UPS). Hundreds of liquor varieties adorn the bar, which, shockingly enough (considering that it’s in Portland), features bartenders who will stop what they’re doing to take drink orders from customers. I’ve been frequenting the same Portland coffee cart for ten years and they still fuck up my drink, so it’s really cool to know that not every spot in town hires directly from the unemployment office. I ordered a few pints of various I.P.A.s a few months back from Eco at Rock Hard PDX, returned last week and she had remembered what I drank, going as far as to remind me which specific brand I had liked.

In addition to live music on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, Rock Hard PDX features comedy on Tuesday nights, as well as karaoke every Sunday and Monday. Having performed stand-up at the venue myself, I’m confident relying the heads-up to other area performers—Rock Hard PDX is a better crowd, with a better host (Jamie Stewart), than most other non-mainstream comedy spots in the area. Doing comedy in a strip club may sound like a nightmare (even though stand-up started in burlesque joints, see last month’s Exotic), but at Rock Hard, the strip club is annexed away from the comedy stage. If it weren’t for the muffled sounds of Rob Zombie echoing through the floor, comedians (and audience members) would have no idea that there is a performer showing off more than jokes in the other room.

Considering the “this is not just a strip club and the strippers are kept in the back” pitch taken to this review so far, it is worth mentioning that the dancers featured at Rock Hard PDX are of a higher caliber than one would expect, especially considering the location. The venue has taken steps to eliminate any dancers who engage in “extra-curricular activities” (water polo is a huge problem in East Portland), filling their ads with headshots, not mugshots. The annexed strip club portion of the building has a separate entrance, and hypothetically, if comedy, music and karaoke offend you, but you find naked women to be comforting, Rock Hard PDX can meet your entertainment needs. The DJs at this spot are strip club vets and you’re not gonna see a girl on stage who isn’t qualified to be there (unless we’re talking about my friend Carrie, who thinks she can sing Pat Benatar at karaoke, but ends up sounding like a dying Stevie Nicks whenever she tries to sing “Heartbreaker”). Security at Rock Hard PDX is also a notch up from the building’s previously unattended state, and although ever-present in form, the club’s security guards are just as cool as the rest of the staff.

I’m a pretty hard-to-please dude. Getting me to drive halfway to Gresham, for anything other than traffic court, is next to impossible. However, I proudly look forward to my next visit to Rock Hard PDX and it’s a welcoming feeling, knowing that I’m probably gonna be the sketchiest person on the block when I arrive. Visit Rock Hard PDX on the corner of SE 136th and Powell in Portland, OR.
WED 4 – DEVILS POINT – 4TH ANNUAL STAR WARS PARTY
WED 4 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB – MAY THE 4TH BE WITH YOU PARTY
FRI 6 – CLUB SINROCK – POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND III
FRI 6 – STARS CABARET (BEAVERTON) KENTUCKY DERBY PARTY
THU 12 – KIT KAT CLUB LIVE MUSIC WITH EROTIC CITY (PRINCE TRIBUTE)
THU 19 – KIT KAT CLUB LIVE MUSIC WITH O’DELL’S MYSTERY TRIO
FRI 20 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB – 80S VS 90S STRIPTACULR
WED 11 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN’S CLUB POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND IV
THU 12 – FIREHOUSE CABARET PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR TAYA PARKER
FRI 13 & SAT 14 – SUNSET STRIP PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR TAYA PARKER
SAT 14 – STARS CABARET (SALEM) MARY ANN’S CARNAL CARNIVAL WITH BLAZE & IVIZIA
WED 18 – HAWTHORNE STRIP BURLESQUE WEDNESDAY
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Before I start my sermon, can you do me a favor? Say Maynai. Say it out loud. Maynai. May. Anal. Maynai. That’s a dirty-Frankenstein portmanteau that doesn’t want to be alive. Yet, here we are, it’s May and we’re talkin’ about anal like we don’t do it all the time anyway. Anal sex, that is. Ass fucking. Digging in the dirt pit. Getting your hole gophered. Snaking the drain. People have been taking it up the booty since time immemorial. But, WHO EXACTLY is taking it up the ass and where is their phone number listed? I’m going to give you guys a quick who’s who in the world of ass fucking and I won’t even talk about Catholic priests. Because who wants to beat an old, dead, they’re-still-getting-away-with-it horse?

After doing some research, I found out that myself, have been butt-diddled. Just goes to show, it can happen in your own backyard. In fact, if you were placing bets that I’ve had it in my ass more frequently than I’ve had it in my girl hole, you might possibly be correct.* Vaginas can be mysterious. When I first began to develop a need to stick things in holes, I felt safer and more comfortable putting things up my ass than in my pussy. Prior to that, masturbation was a lot of furious rubbing. Simple and to the point. The anal orgasm was a new level for me, though. It was deeper. It showed me that you can completely change your sexual experience by stimulating “unconventional” parts of your body. And thus, a freak was born. I won’t bore you with the extremely fascinating list of things-body. And thus, a freak was born. I won’t bore you with the extremely fascinating list of things.

Who else is getting fucked in the ass? Lots of folks! Most recently, Kanye West was outed for being a #fingersinthebootyasbitch by ex-girlfriend Amber Rose, an extremely untalented spokesperson for sex positivity. Rather than taking the opportunity to set a butt-positive precedent in hip hop, Kanye spinelessly denied that he does that sort of thing, adding that he, in fact, does not even own an anus and isn’t sure what they’re even for. Apropos of nothing, Kanye then professed rapeComic Bill Cosby’s innocence, we all promptly forgot how ashamed a full-grown man was of the consensual sex he likes—and reality got a little bit more meaningless for people everywhere.

Here’s some history about cavemen—Homo sapiens and Neanderthals interbred! But, only one of the two are still in existence. Which one? We’re not sure, but scientists suspect it’s us, based on evidence that we’re alive. Why come? Well, it’s this author’s opinion, based on a cool porno idea I had, that the practice of anal sex in interbreeding, kept Neanderthals from continuing their species into the present day. Homo sapiens as a species, excel at taking it in the ass when we need to. Now, here we are, having taken many a stone-age nut and we’ve come out on top. You could say anal is the defining trait of our humanity. I wouldn’t say it in front of people who have been to college, but you could say it to a hesitant sexual partner and see where that gets you, maybe.

You know that song Pour Some Sugar On Me by Def Leppard? Remember? You saw a drunk girl dance too confidently to it at a party way more than one time…remember, how it seduced 0% of the people she thought it would? Anyway, there’s a lyric toward the end that goes, “Do you take sugar, one lump or 2?” I think it’s pretty obvious that the lyric is a cheeky way of asking a woman if she wants to be DP’d. Double Penetrated. If you didn’t already know what that means, then you’re part of the problem. Put this article down and go watch some porn, dweeb. It’s one in the front pussy, one in the back pussy. Whose back pussy? That’s right, the girl at the bar. You don’t have to be seductive to get double pronged—luckily for a lot of us. You just have to convince your boyfriend he’s gay if he DOESN’T fuck you with another guy.

With an eye toward the future, I would like to direct your attention toward recipients of severe anal boning to come. Keep an eye out, to see the following honorable mentions get fucked in the ass: confident straight men, hella sex robots, future adults (aka today’s children), human survival in a crumbling global society that struggles to navigate climate change and depletion of resources (aka today’s children), and last but not least, a starfish punching that transcends all time and space. Partaken in by the whole of humanity, a sodomy that will continue long after the universe implodes and the stars cease to create new life, is the unfathomable, labyrinth-like dick pit known as Your Mother.

XOXO,
Wednesday

*studies have been inconclusive
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Come on, George. It was a mistake in 1993 that was kind of cute once, (because we were on the set of "PCU" and it made Jeremy Piven laugh), but it’s devolved from innocent taunting, to disrespect, to just plain mean. You know my name’s not “Booty.” Just stop it. It’s been 23 years. I love you, man. We’re brothers. We’ve been through a lot. Like the time you talked me down off the moon, after I got into the funk a little too hard and blasted off. Or, when I rescued you from all 13 of your renegade ninja brides.

We have each other’s backs, on and off the stage. I just have to be real with you. You’re hurting Bootsy’s feelings, baby! I admit that, once, I thought it was funny. Especially since I am usually, quite literally, neck deep in some booty. I love it. I yearn for it, live for it. It is my “raison d’etre.” My reason to be Bootsy. You’re just tearing Bootsy apart, baby. Look, I know you’re the King of Funk. I would never try to dethrone you. You don’t have to put Bootsy down! I am your trust-worthy knight! Riding into battle with my bass as my steed, felling all the pussy in the land.

George, I actually just stopped writing this for a solid minute and a half, to belt out a funky slap bass solo! Ode to you, baby! That’s how much you move me! That’s why you have to stop calling me “Booty.” Sure, we all laugh when you say it. Every time. Because you’re our leader, and also, you’re super sensitive. That’s why I don’t even feel comfortable addressing this with you in person. So, I’m telling you now, in print: Your terrible sense of humor is going to ruin relationships, George Clinton! It already has! Need I remind you of a certain beauty mark? I hate to go there. I'm sorry for bringing it up. I'm just telling you, it has to stop. Not for me, baby—for you! No more “Come check out this episode of 30 Rock, Booty!” or “I’m taking this last slice of pizza, Booty!” And, certainly no more, “Guess they ran out of room in first class again, Booty!” I know you’re just messing around, but it’s not clever. It’s not funny, and that’s not my funk-loving name!

I really do not know where this harbored resentment came from. Is it revenge for when we were in Spain and I called you Jorge? I thought I was just having fun and getting into the spirit, baby! I certainly did not mean for you to take offense. Jorge is just Spanish for George! I know! I asked! I have a feeling that’s what it is, so I’ll be waiting for you to step forward and admit it, then I’ll apologize and we can move on with our lives! I don’t want this to ruin our friendship. I think we still have like, three or four reunion tours left in us, so why don’t we just put this behind us. Stop calling me “Booty,” man. It’s ridiculous. You’re acting like a child. I’m a grown man named Bootsy and you know it. It’s a power thing, I think. You want to keep me down, put me in my place. I’m just the bassist, is that it? Look, I never even wanted to play bass! I was just trying to piece my life back together, after my time as a vigilante cost me everything. I can’t help being the way that I am. I’ve killed people with the funk, George! Sure, they were terrible men, they deserved to die, but I killed them with the funk! I didn’t understand how to control it. You handed me the bass guitar and you gave me a new life! A fresh chance! You taught me how to harness it and use the funk for good! You gave me everything I’ve ever wanted and more! I owe you, George. Owe you my life, but, I can’t take this abuse.

I have to be my own man. I have to stand up for myself. I don’t know, maybe I’m the one that’s wrong. Maybe, to you, it’s just an endearing nickname. I guess we’ve never really talked this through before. If that’s the case, I guess I owe you an apology for overreacting. I just care about you and I need you to know that this has been having an adverse effect on me for some time. This isn’t something I can forget about, like the time you landed the mothership on my foot. This isn’t something that will go away, like that little problem we had in Panama. This is us, baby. This is P-Funk. This is forever, but only if you take the first step. Just pick up the phone and call old Bootsy. No bullshit. Even if you have me in your contacts as “Booty,” it doesn’t matter. You can edit my name in contact preferences. I love you, George. Let’s let bygones be bygones and create sweet, sweet, ass-shaking, earth-quaking, pussy-dripping funk. Bootsy out.
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Anal play is a touchy subject. In a society with a strong love/hate relationship with sexuality in general, anal sex pushes real buttons. With all this ass tension, how do we move from scared to curious, to relaxed and gaping?

The scariest part of anal play, may very well be talking to your lover about it. In my practice, the most relevant and revealing question about a person’s problem is usually, “Have you tried talking to your partner?”

But if you’re eager to try it and you haven’t had the conversation, don’t ask for it out of the blue. Just like asking, “Hey baby, wanna suck my cock?” will go over much better if you’ve been making out for ten minutes, than if you approach a stranger at will. You are more likely to be rejected, if you ask for it out of the blue. Just like asking, “Hey baby, wanna suck my cock?” will go over much better if you’ve been making out for ten minutes, than if you approach a stranger at will.

1) Set the mood. Clean your house, so there will be no distractions. Make sure it’s warm enough to relax naked. Light some scented candles—nothing interrupts anal play like the wafting smell of cat shit in the litter box.

2) Don’t go straight for the butt—start with a full-body massage and move progressively closer. The asshole does not exist in a vacuum! Use coconut oil—that shit’s good for everything. Just make sure if you’re going to put some in somebody’s ass, you don’t put that jar back in the kitchen.

3) Get consent, give consent. Consent is often mis-understood to mean you have to ask “Can I {blank} you?” every step of the way. Not only is this redundant, but it can also wreck the mood and make people nervous. There are other ways to show your partner you care about what they want. “Do you like this as much as I do right now?” or “Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable?” are sexy ways to make sure your partner is engaged.

4) Listen to their body. With connected movements, make your way closer to their ass. If their body relaxes or they moan with pleasure, keep going. If they tense up or stay completely silent, they aren’t having a good time. The only real goal is to have fun touching each other and as long as it’s fun, explore anal. If a person isn’t ready in mind or body, anal sex won’t be fun and you’re unlikely to be invited back.

5) Wear nitrile gloves. They’ll make your fingers smoother and it’s less likely to spread infection. And, this way you can pretend you’re a doctor doing something naughty.

6) If you think you’re moving too slow, move even slower. Graze their hole, push on it with a wide touch, so there’s no risk of entry, and then move away. Keep massaging their ass. Make their hole hungry for your touch—please your partner until their body begs you for more.

7) Switch things up. Try different strokes: a hypnotist’s swirl, a mischievous villain’s finger roll, a dismissive hand flip. Vary your intensity—ticklish light or physical therapy firm. Use different speeds—slow and slower. “All the while, ask your partner for sexy consent… “Which is better? Does this make you want more?”

8) Wait until their asshole tells you it’s time to penetrate. When done right, anal massage transitions from external to internal when an asshole opens up and swollen swallows your finger. Unless it’s grasping at your fingers like an alien barnacle monster or your partner is begging for it, hold off on penetration. You’ll see what I mean. If you have to push or pull to get inside, you’re doing it wrong—slow down.

9) Stretch the sphincter slowly and gently. By now you’ve spent the approximate length of one Marvin Gaye album in anal massage and your partner’s baby-barnacle-alien-monster is sucking on your finger. Once inside, cautiously feel around the ass and notice there are two rings of muscles sucking on you. Some people won’t feel inner play as well as outer play, so be sure to check in, as always. You can stimulate both inside and outside at once, it’s called multitasking and frankly I think more people need to realize this during all types of sex. With plenty more coconut oil along the way, gently press and stretch outward in a circular motion.

10) Continue as long as it feels good. If your partner falls asleep, consent is revoked.

DO NOT ask for an anal massage immediately after giving one. Instead, soak up the praise and admiration of your partner, who is impressed with your new skill. Let them relax. Later, when they’re not expecting it, clean the house first and then hand them this article.

Dr. Helen Shepard is a clinical sexologist with a practice in Eugene. She’d be happy to talk more about the medical benefits of anal penetration and can be reached at EugeneSexology@gmail.com
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I grew up in a Hispanic neighborhood, where my brother and I were the only two white kids. I wouldn’t understand or fully appreciate the childhood exposure I had to Mexican culture until I was older. I’ll never forget the generosity of our neighbors, who would frequently bring us handmade tamales and invite us to their backyard birthday parties. It was a friendly neighborhood, although a low-income one.

Race didn’t mean anything to us then, though. We were all just kids. We were more concerned about who was going to be the first one to beat Super Mario Brothers 2, than what conclusions we were supposed to draw based on the color of our skin. We weren’t concerned with race, or politics, or many of the silly things grownups tend to carry on and on about.

The first time I recall my young child’s mind grappling with the difference between races, was when Hildergardo (he insisted we just call him “Ricky”) and I were both taking a leak behind the church bushes and I “accidentally” saw his uncircumcised penis. You see, my parents had failed to mention that they had VOLUNTARILY CHOSEN TO CUT OFF PART OF MY DICK when I was born (and it must have been so traumatizing that I couldn’t remember it). And so, through my formative years, I held the belief that the biggest difference between whites and Hispanics was our (comparatively) weird looking weiners.

Oh man, what a fun childhood though. We lived at the end of a deadend street so we could just play in the street all day long. We passed the time with hide-and-go-seek, soccer and a game that we invented called Gegg, which used a lopsided ball and combined elements of bowling, kickball and basketball. I remember this one time, when my cousin came over and she rode my bike really fast and then did a “ghost rider,” and we all looked on (seemingly in slow motion), as Tomás turned around just in time for the bike to hit him in the nuts at full speed. He doubled over in tears, as we died laughing. “Cause we were kids. And, kids are assholes.

Another time, after my brother and I were done playing My Little Pony in the backyard, I noticed that one of my mom’s raspberry bushes wasn’t doing as well as the others. So, I decided to water it...by peeing on it. I took it upon myself to get up real early, sneak into the backyard, “water” the bush and then sneak back into bed. Well, you may not know this, but pee doesn’t work the same as water. The bush was completely dead a week later. And, I’ve never told anyone. Until now.

Long summer nights were the best. Back then, we could climb up on top of Miguel’s house to watch the double features on the drive-in theater screen (i.e. - The Fly, Howard the Duck, Big Trouble in Little China, etc.) which was about a mile away and we could just baaaaarely tune in the sound on our boom box if we held the antennae just right. We’d sit up there, gorging ourselves on cherries that we had picked from the Rodriguez’s bountiful trees. One particular summer evening...I must have eaten at least a hundred of them and just as I was about to pop another juicy, delicious cherry into my mouth, I spotted a tiny worm crawling out of its center. Aaaaack! I threw it off the roof in disgust. And, then a thought occurred to me...fearing what I already knew to be true. I slowly began slicing open cherry after cherry after cherry...I found a worm in every single one.

Well, I could reminisce about my Spanglish childhood all day. Learning Mexican gang signs and curse words (Chupa mi verga, puto!), baseball bat/pinata mishaps, legends of Chupacabra sightings, digging tunnels in mom’s flower beds to play with our Transformers and Hot Wheels, and the (much later) realization that Uncle Flaco’s “pet chickens” had actually been roosters that he trained for illegal cockfights.

But anyway, fast forward to age 17-ish, I’m working my second job, which, like the first, I was pretty much the only whitey and spoke more Spanish than English in order to communicate with my co-workers (and the majority of our customers). It was fun working with those guys, but they gave me so much shit! The only really nice person was this tall, Mexican dude named Victor, who worked in the bakery as our cake decorator and who always smiled and winked when he talked to me. Him...anyway, they always seemed to think it was funny to steal habañero peppers from the produce department and slip them into my soda when I wasn’t looking. NOT FUNNY!!!

But, you know what was funny? When the boss bought every employee a scratch-it from the new lottery game and I won a thousand bucks. Guess who was laughing and counting his pesos all the way out the door? That’s right. The fuckin’ gringo.

Arriba la raza!

("by “playing My Little Pony” I do not mean that we were playing with dolls. No... We would fantasize about being Peach Blossom and Baby Cuddles, prancing about our pretend universe while singing the entire theme song by heart. Which we recorded onto a cassette and played every night as we fell asleep in our space-ship-themed bunk bed and tucked safely under our Star Wars sheets.)
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Trying to figure out why Portland isn’t an ass town, may seem a black and white conundrum—quite literally. As the whitest major city in the country, it’s unlikely that Sir Mix-A-Lot will be filming a video here anytime soon. However, the dude only lives two hours away, and seeing as how Tacoma was the birthplace of the man who brought “L.A. face and Oakland booty” to the airwaves, Portland has no excuse not to rep the Pacific Northwest. That pun was a stretch, which brings us to the first bucket list item on my list of things Portland girls can do to start becoming booty queens.

Exercise

This may seem obvious, but a bangin’ booty requires much more than leg days at the gym. Daily rides to work via fixed-gear bicycle only go so far (literally and figuratively). For those unfamiliar with the city’s layout, Portland has what is commonly referred to as a “west side,” one that expands far beyond the reaches of downtown. Miles of forested park exist in a place called, you guessed it, Forest Park. This park may be famous for dead hookers, but since it has no access fees and is located next to downtown, there is no reason not to take ass-avantage of Forest Park’s butt-eauty (boo-eauty?). Walking at an incline not only helps the gluteal muscles, but the stream of passersby on bicycles, as well as other joggers/hikers/walkers, will help you gauge whether or not your booty is making any progress, as long as said passersby are well-versed in the Portland cat call (“Hey individual who may or may not identify as a binary gender, your physical attractiveness, while subjective and clearly influenced by mass media standards, clearly warrants verbal recognition…”). On second thought, it may be a better idea to walk the stairs up the Steel Bridge, if you’re looking for ass feedback, as it connects to MLK (the chances of hearing a confirmation of “dat ass” somewhere in the cat calls are exponentially increased). Plus, you can get a nice, fat-filled, greasy plate of something other than kale. Speaking of which...

Diet

Vegans are all fun and games, until someone displaces a hip... at age 25... in perfectly good health. A vegan diet is usually adopted for reasons such as social pressure, the need for an identity, something to talk about on first (and often last) dates, or a moral compass that enjoys the fact that plants can’t scream and are therefore easier to eat (even though broccoli and cauliflower are technically surrounded by nerve endings). Now, I know there’s a dressing room full of girls at Casa, ready to rip these pages up because they’ve met (or happen to be) vegans with ass. Fine, but let me remind you, I’ve watched a handful (pun intended) of the best booty-having girls from vegan clubs, slip into the depths of deep fryers after hours at various taco stands and pancake houses. Any girl who will try out a butt plug for fun, will also sneak a few strips of swine to feel dangerous. And, trust me, when vegans slip, they fall right into the lard–n–slide (bacon is cocaine in meat form). So, aside from the exceptions to the rule, it’s a pretty safe, sweeping generalization to assume that you’re not gonna see a lot of ass outside the Belmont Kale Stand, Val’s Vegan Veal or whatever tax write-off, er... food cart is closing this weekend on Belmont St.

The nicest asses I’ve ever seen were on strippers who spent most of their ones at the McDonald’s drive thru. Now, please consider that I put exercise first in this column; you can’t just McNugget your way to a booty without tightening
it up first, or it will look like a McNugget does before it gets doused with chemicals and pressed into familiar shapes. However, whatever the hell they’re pumping chickens with these days (hopefully nutrients, probably hormones) is going straight to the asses of white girls everywhere—and I’m lovin’ it! If you happen to prefer real food, a diet completely void of fast food products is possible; load up on whole wheat, veggies, mixed nuts, sweet potatoes, lean beef and tuna. These will all help you get a bigger, healthier ass, according to the first result on a Google search (Bing suggests lean... not lean beef, just “lean”).

**Implant**

In a city with more strippers than Japan has Pokemon, it’s a damn shame that more women aren’t as quick to get a fake butt, as they are to get a fake rack. I know many day-job-having, church-going, constantly-clothed women (who are as far from being strippers as one can get without having a gay dad) that have fake breasts. I don’t know if they’re selling tits at Ikea, or if there was a coupon in the paper or something, but imitation ta-tas are suddenly as common in Portland as every other trend that was popular in L.A. during the 1990s. I’ve encountered the good kind (one or two sizes above natural), the mid-range variety (ripples visible during certain yoga poses, but otherwise covert) and the type sold by doctors who just got their first scalpel, but for some reason want to set a world record for 76WW cup breasts (and, make their patients cause pain in those they hug).

A quick web search for “ass implants” results in dozens of pages, but the bad news is that a good majority of these sites feature pictures of botched booty jobs or arguments against getting them installed. At first, this may be a turnoff to those considering turning a 30 into a 38, because 40 is just around the corner. Yet, if one considers how far breast implants have come (the increase in quality between Pamela Anderson and Pamela Anderson Lee is no argument), we’re only a few white girl rappers away from perfecting the art of backside silicone.

*Implant*

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This Is Paradise!
It’s not often that *Exotic* revisits an artist for an encore appearance, but when someone penetrates art in multiple mediums, we’ve been known to make exceptions—especially, when it involves putting things in our asses. So, when the Anal Issue came into play, it was only natural that we probed deeper into the mind of Jesse Lindsay. Aside from his brilliant, mixed-medium art pieces, sculptures, apocalyptic clothing and brutally modified NERF weapons, Jesse’s latest labor of love, takes his art off the wall and into your ass, with a very unique series of adult sex toys—more specifically, butt plugs.

His first leap into the world of modified sex toys, began with his fusion of a lightsaber and a dildo, that offered the perfect blend of the light and dark side of forcing things into your holes. The line was named Glow Fuck Yourself, and soon after his success with the dildos, he started developing a very diverse and unique line of butt plugs. The first of which, (the Magic 8-Ball Butt Plug) not only attracted local attention, but went absolutely viral on the Internet. I actually had a nerd-on when I saw Chris Hardwick’s *@Midnight* crew (including Kevin Smith) chatting it up about Jesse’s insanely brilliant idea by suggesting captions for the 8-ball such as *Moist Likely*, *Your Future Stinks* or *Reply Hazy…Ass Again Later*. And, with that, the Magic 8-Ball Butt Plug took viral to a whole new level.

Now that another of Jesse Lindsay’s homegrown idea has blossomed into a global sensation, it was time to bring it back home to Exotic for a second round of adventures inside the mind of the artist who just can’t wait to get inside your ass.

*X- From what part of your brain did you pluck the idea to mastermind these very unique butt plugs?*

JL- I assume one of the drunker ones, many of the ideas came together after a long night of drinking and mature highbrow humor. We started kicking ideas around that
would be funny to put inside of an anus or two, which turned into a LOT of laughter and now a business! There's something special about that moment when you see something beautiful and think to yourself, “Yeah...that's going in my homie's ass!”

**X- How long have you been making these butt plugs? And, when did they debut?**

**JL -** Honestly, I'd like to think that just about anything can be a butt plug—if you're brave enough! I started making the Magic 8-Ball ones as a joke last summer and then people started demanding them! Within a few weeks, I was getting commissions from all kinds of places, strip clubs, porn companies, bands, businesses wanting logos and all kinds of neatness! So, I wound up throwing together an ETSY page in February and it damn near exploded over night! Thus, becoming the only time I've ever associated the term “explosive” with “anal” and not been terrified or ashamed!

**X - What’s the most unusual butt plug you’ve made?**

**JL -** The guy who asked for his dead mother’s face on it probably takes the rectal cake, and the Mormon-themed ones are pretty impressive. Aside from that, the ones of mass murderers are probably the weirdest—they give you this unquestionably moist/warm/paranoia kinda feeling. Just keep in mind that a LOT more people want a portrait of Hitler inside of their assholes, than you would ever have any reason to guess.

**X - Do they vary in shape and size?**

**JL -** Damn right they DO! Although we mainly sell the small and med sizes, I'm down to cater to any level of elasticity my clients need. Randomly, a real anal adventurer comes along and gives me that“I need something more like...a pumpkin! Or, maybe something more like a baby making a fist?” kind of look and it really gets the creative juices frothing.

**X - Which is the most ordered?**

**JL -** So far, the Magic 8-Ball-style plug, the USB butt plug and the portrait of Jesus Christ are the sellout items. I mean, think about it, this allows people the opportunity to tell the future, show strangers how deeply you love Jesus and keep all your important files safe, in one of the most sensitive parts of your body!
**X - Which one is your favorite?**

JL - Currently the scorpion, the Ouija board and the Hellraiser puzzle box make me the happiest. But, just about any time a stranger, friend or co-worker runs up to me out of nowhere, bends over and shows me how happy they are to be keistering something of mine, that one becomes my favorite. Thank you, everyone, who has done this by the way! Your anus are all as beautiful as you are!

**X - Do you have an asshole fetish or do you indulge in ass play in any way?**

JL - I’m not super into anal, but I think most people deserve it! Anal is one of those things that can be absolutely amazing, assuming it’s both consensual and with someone who’s good at it. It’s kind of like eating sushi—it’s great if done right and by a professional. If not, you may wind up shitting your brains out, in tears, cursing the name of whatever god/bottle that put you in that situation.

**X - What do you see in the future for your butt plug empire?**

JL - Outlook good! I’m erecting a powerful empire the old fashioned way, with hard work, sex toys and ass play! I feel like as long as people love anal, then I’m going to do my duty to keep providing them with decorative options and rectal contraptions that will delight their partners, enhance their sex lives, impress their parents and REALLY surprise strangers. Ready your anus for victory!!!

**X - Do you do custom orders? And, how can someone purchase one of these beautiful anal pleasure/torture devices from you?**

JL - Indeed, I do! People can always get a hold of me directly with any questions or ideas. Online, my ETSY page is where I do most of my business—the shop’s named GlowFYourself and our home page is www.GlowFuckYourself.com. I’m always down to make custom plugs, educational toys, gag gifts and help you put stuff in the butts of your loved ones.
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