

THE INDUSTRY



I'M THE NEW EDITOR here at *Exotic*. Some of you will celebrate. Some will mutter curses under their garlic-scented breath. Many of you, the vast cluster of functional illiterates snuggled within this marvelously nurturing, mentally stable community known as the SEX INDUSTRY, will emit a mild burp of indifference. But the important point is that I, as editor of a sex-industry-themed magazine, am now also a member of the sex industry. In short, I am a sex worker, too. We're all in this together, people, and I think we'd all agree that selling sex for profit is a noble, proactive, *human* thing to do. My only advice is that you all get used to my presence. Think of me the same way you might have once thought of anal sex. It hurts at first, but you might actually grow to like it.

EXOTIC EMPLOYEE* OF THE MONTH I was all set to inaugurate a satirical new column whereby each month we'd profile a different staffer here at The World's Most Fun Place to Work. The idea seemed harmless enough—poke a little fun at one another, but also share with our dedicated readers a taste of the sweetness 'n' light that is this office, especially around deadline. My first choice was a man whom we'll call "Butts." I bestowed upon him the rare honor of FIRST EVER *Exotic* Employee* of the Month because he is by far the most psychologically fascinating member of our Wild Bunch here. Butts is a thoroughly Machiavellian character, with perhaps a twist of Wilhelm Reich's "Little Man" thrown in to give it that bitter, vengeful intensity. He was involved in some sort of dealings with the Russians during the Cold War. His father was said to have been the man who first appeared on the scene after the crash at Roswell in 1947. We have nicknames for Butts...things such as "Porno Turtle" and "Li'l Smutty." Sometimes in the office, he'll wear his "Funky Monkey" T-shirt and sneeze so

"My only advice is that you all get used to my presence."

loudly, you'd think a gob of his lung was gonna fly out through his nose. His adolescently high-pitched voice will shriek things such as "Neener, neener, neener!" and "I wanna Nutty Buddy!" He uses decidedly unarousing terminology for sexual organs and practices...words such as "pooper" for "ass" and "tally-whacker" for "cock." He always makes sex sound soulless, disgusting, and obscene. I could say more...MUCH MORE...but then I think of Butts in his Scooby Doo boxer shorts, eating a Nutty Buddy all alone on a rainy winter's day, cruising eBay to see if anyone's buying his Osama bin Laden Styrofoam



This is a picture of a man who looks somewhat like the *Exotic* staffer who threw an in-office tantrum and threatened to quit if we profiled him as Employee* of the Month.

Toilet Targets, and a heady Roman Catholic sense of guilt sets in. Despite what he may think, I love the guy. And no matter how he squirms, I think he enjoys it when I hug him.

Perhaps with good reason, Butts was immediately suspicious of my intentions regarding this so-called "profile." In front of an office full of employees* who'd shown up for the Monday Afternoon Free Lunch, Butts's normally dough-colored skin turned an even more sickly ashen tone as his chubby little body popped up and down, insisting that he not be profiled or identified AT ALL in this magazine. I laughed and wondered what the hell he was hiding. I was amazed and depressed—but not surprised—that someone who'd spent his life with a magnifying lens up the ass cracks of others would run like a titmouse when the lens turned toward him. It's also ironic that he's so freaked about one of us getting him in trouble for something; fuck, everyone *knows* that he's the office stool pigeon! Woe unto the hypocrites, saith the Lord Jehovah.

*The publisher would like to clarify that for tax purposes, there are no *Exotic* "employees" per se; we're actually "independent contractors."

THE INDUSTRY



TITS, ASS, AND HALLELUJAHS Speaking of apparent hypocrites—and I guess the very act of calling someone else a hypocrite is kind of hypocritical—I was a mite befuddled this week to receive two copies of "The Hallelujah Times (Formerly the T&A Times)," a pair of one-sheet *mea culpas* from currently incarcerated pornographer Phil Yoder. Yoder was jailed back in February and charged with a stack of heavy Rape and Assault charges after a rendezvous with a lady friend went suddenly sour. In the first "issue," written by Yoder in jail and released by his friends in August, he claims that his six months behind bars had at that time "opened my eyes and heart to a whole new world, which now includes a belief and faith in GOD through Jesus Christ." He also claimed that his accuser was lying and had a history of lying about other men. In the second issue, dated October/ November 2001, Yoder claims he was intimidated by the weight of his charges into accepting a plea bargain which should release him back into our world sometime late in 2002. "With the recent Terrorist Tragedies," Yoder writes, "I'm reminded of the fact that we don't know about tomorrow (please read Matthew 6:34). If you don't know if you're Saved, or whether you'll have Eternal Life in God's Kingdom," etc., etc., blah, blah, blah, give me a fucking break.



Now...I don't know Phil Yoder. And I really don't care what he did or didn't do to this girl or who was lying. Chicks lie all the time about this sort of shit. But as far as I can tell, they're both still able to walk around, so whatever happened must not have been too bad. And, yes, the justice system is fucked-up, Amen, my brother.

But what bugs the FUCK out of me about this "Hallelujah Times" goobiness is the ultra-cheesy, ultra-predictable CHRISTIAN CONVERSION. When I was in prison, the surest sign of a sex offender was the Bible tucked under his arm. All the rapos would gather together and pray to Jesus, the only person who'd forgive them. I don't care about the Yode-man's guilt or innocence only to comment that his newfound faith makes him look guilty to *me*. And I worry about Jesus's safety once all those rapos and chomos get up to heaven and pin Jesus in a corner. "Hey, no, guys, really..." *Yoder-ay-hee-hoo!*....

SO YOU WANNA BE AN EXOTIC WRITER? I received this gem of a query letter from a gentleman who, via e-mail, proposes "a column called 'Tales of Worthless Husband, Beautiful Wife,' where I would write from the perspective of one of those guys you see who are just perverted jerkoffs but somehow have a beautiful wife/girlfriend. Lucky fucks! Life is strange, but truth is stranger than fiction....I would write stories (mostly fiction, but based on some of my experiences in the RocknRoll and S/M scenes) that covered a lot of taboo subjects in an entertaining way." Sounds GREAT, Chief! I was also mailed an erotic short story from a Florida student which features this sexually charged passage: "The sight of her ass curving outward was more than I could take. I stood behind her, cupped both her cheeks with the palm of my hand and slipped my finger in her wet, inviting pussy. She gasped with delight as I knelt, pushed her thong aside and began feasting on her loins." Is it just me, or is it getting HOT in here? GOOD WORK, GUYS! *Exotic* pays 10 cents a word, so the first guy gets a check for \$7.60, while our budding erotic novelist takes home \$5.30 (before taxes). Welcome to The Industry, fellas....

I WAS THE DOORMAN throughout October's fabulous Ink-n-Pink 2001 competition, a traveling tattoos-and-vaginas circus which blazed through six local strip clubs and one weird hippie-style loft place with a bad draft. I cherish many warm, meaningful memories from Ink-n-Pink, but perhaps my favorite is the sight of *Exotic's* own beloved Spooky cavorting around in a *Seinfeld*-styled "puffy shirt" and wearing a *Phantom of the Opera* mask. Or maybe it was Reed McClintock's balloon trick, which just got better with each repeated viewing. Or maybe it was the packed house on Halloween night when Miss Ink-n-Pink 2000 winner Sage commented that the entire competition had been "very emotional." I've done many things in my life of which I'm not proud, but being involved with a group of folks who actually *care* about the plight of tattooed stripper chicks is not one of them....

I'LL BE THE DJ at Dante's on December 6th sometime from 6 to 8 pm. Me and some other writer guys (mostly unknowns) will each be spinning our favorite songs in an event hosted by *Barfly* magazine. Have no doubt that I will rock the house and raise the roof. Expect some Sweet, Slade, Standells, and maybe even a Tammy Faye Bakker chestnut or two. Dante's also regularly hosts the alluring magic of Reed McClintock, a man who exudes raw animal magnetism and claims to be "one of the world's top twenty coin magicians," and we all know what a coveted title *that* is...

WHAT WERE "SEX WORKERS" CALLED 20 YEARS AGO? Whores.



THE INDUSTRY



PROSPERO AÑO NUEVO, all you lonely, creepy masturbators of the greater Portland area! Just holding a copy of *Exotic* in your hands makes you sexier, doesn't it? There's enough jack material in this issue to keep your bony lil' paws busy for a month. And lest you grow uneasy, I'm here to assure you that there is nothing shameful about masturbating to *Exotic*. Alright, there's *plenty* that's shameful about it, but we butter our bread by peddling the illusion that being a pathetic, inadequate, sex-starved spud is somehow redemptive, so go wild, you crazy jerkoffs!

As your editor and personal guide, I've made it my mission to usher in a new era of sex-negative literature. In each issue, I plan to print at least one thing that'll kill that hard-on of yours. In fact, that's my New Year's Resolution: to render a dozen of your erections noodle-limp.

It's right before Christmas as we go to press, and I get a warm, crinkly feeling seeing all the naked sex workers mincing through the *Exotic* office for last-minute photo shoots. Our humble compound is stuffed with so many freaks, desperados, and drama queens, one could write the whole magazine without ever having to leave the office.

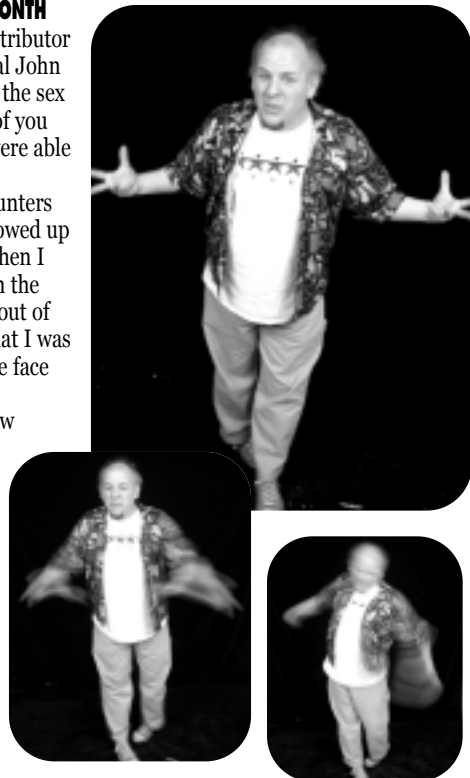
"I've made it my mission to usher in a new era of sex-negative literature."

EXOTIC EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

Henry, a k a The *Exotic* Distributor Formerly Known as The Real John Henry, has been working in the sex industry since before most of you whippersnapper strippers were able to shave your pubes.

I fondly recall prior encounters with Henry...the time he showed up in the middle of the night when I was sleeping on the couch in the back room, scaring the shit out of me...the time he confided that I was one of the few staffers whose face he didn't want to FUCKING SMASH IN every time he saw me...the manic, hilarious, utterly frightening phone message where he harangued our beleaguered publisher with desperate exclamations such as "I'm not your nigger, Frank!"...and the time he and a lady friend burst into our office, sweaty and panting, claiming that a rival publication's distributor had threatened their lives.

Henry is psychotic. He'll tell you that himself. He's been diagnosed and everything. Henry has two moods: He's either exceedingly polite or he's threatening to



The Exotic distributor and human dynamo formerly known as John "I Work at Magic" Henry...then "The Cosmic John Henry"...and "The Budding Genius John Henry"...and "I-Ras Jah Henry"...and "Famous John Henry"...and "The Real John Henry"...and "John Henry"...and now simply "Henry."

THE INDUSTRY



lives," he tells me, and I believe him.

In contrast with some difficulties we've encountered with the award in the past, I'm glad to report that our lucky winner this month is also an eager participant in the proceedings who pledges to fulfill his Employee of the Month duties to the utmost of his capabilities. Not only did Henry graciously endure a grueling photo session, he also supplied me with several cartoons, poems, and background information about himself. Right before we went to press, he ran into the office insisting that I do shout-outs to his friends Joanna and Mr. Bohem.

Knowing that I now [plug, plug] spin country records at Dante's every Friday from 5 to 8 p.m., Henry also generously bequeathed me a stack of old Christmas-themed 45s, including "Yingle Bells" and "I Yust Go Nuts at



Christmas" by Yogi Yorgesson, "I'll be Home for Christmas" by child-batterer Bing Crosby, and "Santa and the Kids" by country superstar Charlie "The Only Negro in C&W" Pride. I was at first suspicious of the big white flaky substance that was caked on most of the 45s. What could it be? Dried cum? Anthrax? Henry tells me it's soap flakes, which help keep

A rare ACTUAL PHOTO of Exotic publisher Frank Faillace sacrificing an innocent cat to appease his Demon Masters.

the records from getting scratched.

Henry also left me a microcassette player containing a tape on which he breathlessly recites a ghetto-themed "The Night Before Christmas"—"The Crips were selling crack on the corner/And the Bloods were hidin' under their beds/With visions of drive-by shootings dancing in their heads."

Henry is a fan of *The Redneck Manifesto*, so I have no beefs with the man. He claims that our last issue sold more in coin boxes than any prior *Exotic* issue. In an unedited passage from a Christmas card he left for me on my desk, he opines about the reasons for this (note—Henry writes, and speaks, in all capital letters):

"IT'S BECAUSE THERE WAS A GIRL AND G— WAS WOMAN AND BOTH OF THEM WHINERS AND THEY WERE ALWAYS BITCHING AND THEY NEVER SOLD NOVEL AND AND BOTH ACTED LIKE THEY WANTED ME TO PUNCH AND ONE NIGHT I ALMOST SNAPPED AND HIT G— BUT THEN I DIDN'T BECAUSE YOU SHOULDN'T HIT ANYONE ESPECIALLY GIRLS AND BOTH WERE GIRLS AND THEY BOTH CRIED LIKE BABIES SO WHO WOULD WANT TO BUY A FREE MAGAZINE AND LISTEN TO THE CRYIN' THAT GOES ON FOR DAYS EVEN AFTER THE PERIOD IS OVER BUT WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH THE HOLIDAY CELEBRATING THE BIRTH OF THE LORD JESUS?"

There are no formalities with Henry. He exudes the refreshing, cut-through-the-bullshit candor of the truly insane. He's a sparking, sputtering live wire of restless psychic energy, a whirling dervish who tends to become so wrapped-up in whatever he's talking about that he doesn't realize he's being VERY, VERY LOUD. Looking into Henry's eyes is like beholding the face of madness. He has the battle-scarred bearing of a man who's stared into the face of Pure Evil without flinching. I'm quite fond of the guy.

BYE-BYE, VIVID BLUE We bemoan the loss of yet another *Exotic* contributor: VIVID BLUE, authoress of the much-loved and to-be-sorely-missed "Sex Around the World" column, recently called our office all huffed-up about the rude treatment she'd received at the hands of



crush your skull. If it hasn't happened already, Henry will probably kill someone someday...and then feel bad about it...and then justify it...and then feel bad about it again. "In this life, I've lived many

an unidentified staffer who'd answered her previous call. According to Vivid, when she asked the staffer, "Who is this?," she was greeted with a lecherous, "Well, who do you want it to be?" Upon resigning, Vivid let it be known that she's written for such prestigious publications as Swank and Genesis without ever having to deal with such rude, dastardly, and unprofessional behavior.

My only previous run-in with Vivid was a few months ago when she left a serious of frantic (sexists might say "hysterical") calls to our office, claiming that she was being stalked and demanding that her real name be removed from her column. (Er, if your stalker already knows your real name, what's the sense of trying to hide it?)

We wish Vivid Blue the very best and hope she continues having sex all over the world.

Which begs the question: How many more *Exotic* contributors will voluntarily resign before we have to start playing mind games with them over the phone?

WHY ARE ALL EXOTIC READERS NAMED "MARK" OR "JOHN?" A man identifying himself as "Mark" left us a phone message claiming that he'd been fired from his security-guard position for reading *Exotic* while on the job. He added that after being fired, he went and watched Viva Las Vegas perform at Magic Gardens, which made him feel better. This should also make Viva feel better, if not safer.

RACIAL INJUSTICE JUST AIN'T COOL, DUDE The female owner of a local lingerie boutique recently visited the *Exotic* office and made it a point to loudly assure Bobby Baldwin, our production anchor and widely thought to be The Only Sane *Exotic* Employee, that she had always opposed prejudice in all its forms, even before it was considered cool to do so. (Bobby is black.)

"FAILLACE" MEANS "BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL" IN ITALIAN A startling allegation has recently crossed our venerable news desk, one which threatens to topple the formidable *Exotic* empire. It comes

via a musician and former Christian preacher who fronts what might properly be termed an industrial/metal-style musical combo. Apparently, *Exotic* publisher Frank "Just Pronounce it 'Flatch'" Faillace and his henchman Reed "One of the World's Top 20 Coin Magicians" McClintock are high-ranking satanic priests who sacrifice strippers to appease the Demon Gods. What's worse, they then dump the used corpses in a bottomless pit which is hidden in a "secret" chamber in the basement of Dante's, a hyper-hip nightclub nestled beneath the second-floor *Exotic* offices. Dante's is also owned by Mr. Faillace.



Reed McClintock: Lord of Illusions...Prince of Darkness?

The angular, amiable, fashionably disheveled *Exotic* publisher and the shadowy, brooding, slightly tubby coin magician are said to be involved in an Oregon sect of Aleister Crowley's O.T.O. which has made a mission of placing convicted criminals in high-ranking positions within the *Exotic* organization. (Hence, um, *me...*) The musician/accuser noted that several of Dante's drink specials are "satanically themed" and that the club's phone number contains a damning "666" in it.

Faillace offered a tight-lipped "no comment" regarding the rumors. McClintock vehemently denied all allegations and then tried showing me a card trick.



Thank you, Father Gallagher, for giving me my first orgasm. I'm glad that it was a man of God who popped my cherry. Somehow, it makes me feel cleaner.

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned—with you. Again and again and again. And I don't feel dirty about it. I want to shout it from the mountain-tops. I have an evangelical thirst to spread the Good News of your holy, holy, lovin'.

You turned me on. You turned me out. You turned this altar boy into an altar man. You made me the whore that I am. You showed me joy. You showed me pain—both physical and emotional—of a magnitude I thought impossible. You reached up under my frock and taught me the meaning of tough love. As I stood eagerly perched on manhood's hairy cusp, you caressed my muscular ass as if my buttocks were twin golden goblets filled with Christ's blood.

You said that you had spoken with God, and that he approved of what we were doing. You told me we were just sharing the bodies that God had created. You said that God the Father and God the Son did this sort of stuff together all the time when the Holy Ghost wasn't around. You said that God insisted on an Immaculate Conception with the Virgin Mary because God was a homosexual who was physically repelled by women's bodies. You called physical intimacy between priests and boys "the eighth sacrament." You spoke of Bible passages that the church had suppressed, passages which told in graphic detail what God actually did on the seventh day when he "rested." You said the Bible was using sexual symbolism when it said Jesus "rode into town on a donkey." You mentioned other apocryphal passages which detailed wild parties featuring Jesus and his apostles. "Thirteen men living together, working together, praying together," you'd say with a sly wink. "Think about it. From time to time, they'd need some physical relief."

You were a good man, Father Gallagher—I don't care what they say. You listened to my problems. You bought me things. You left me cute little notes. You played miniature golf with me and took me to the zoo. You taught me Latin and I showed you how to play Nintendo. And we had hot, steamin', Old Testament-style monkey sex. You nailed me in the ass like Christ was nailed to the cross. You split open my buttocks like Moses parted the Red Sea. It was a gas, *mi*

"I'm glad that it was a man of God who popped my cherry. Somehow, it makes me feel cleaner."

padre. Thanks for the good times, dude.

Remember the lazy afternoons by the riverside, sipping sacramental wine and munching on a bag of eucharists? Remember the time we got kinky with a crucifix? Remember the time we did it right on the altar? Remember the party where we snorted poppers with the Cardinal? Remember the embarrassing trip to the Emergency Room to pry loose the rosary beads from where they were lodged? Remember how turned-on you'd get when I wore the Roman soldier costume? We didn't just have sex. What we did was a form of prayer.

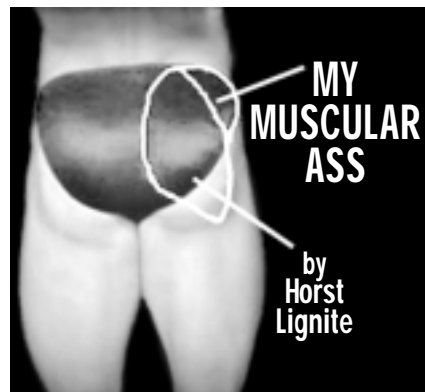
I doubt that rabbis do such things with young Jewish boys. I can't see Buddhist monks doing anal with little Buddhist boys. Muslim clerics, well, I'm not so sure about them. But this I know—you did it with me, Father Gallagher.

When I read about you in the paper the other day, I felt like crying. It's really unfortunate about those sex charges. I'm saddened to see that boys who once claimed to be your friend have grown into men who seek to put you behind bars. I can't see how they can so easily banish so many tender memories from their minds. I remember how it was back then, and they were just as into the sex as you and I were. I hope you beat the rap and continue ministering to the flock. And I hope that one day we can get together, if only for one magical night, and relive old times.

That is, if I'm not too old for you now.

Just kidding, ya big lug.

Call me on my cell phone some time, ya hear?



THE INDUSTRY

by JG

So I'm downstairs at Dante's during deadline doing my Dice Clay fake-door-man routine as one of those events peculiar to THE INDUSTRY transpires before my cynical, world-weary eyes. Some emaciated male with a hot-pink mohawk is swinging around onstage, suspended by meathooks plunged into his shoulder muscles as an appreciative crowd whoops, hollers, and enjoys whatever sense of "community" such a spectacle engenders. An ocean of "modified" people mills about with sewing thimbles plunged through their earlobes and "tribal" tattoo work denoting tribes to which they have absolutely no ancestral connection. An arrow through the head—now, THAT's hardcore. But a bottlecap in your earlobe? Why don't they just go the whole nine yards and put dinner plates in their lips? If they were to set foot on soil where this sort of "self-expression" originated, they'd be instantly cannibalized.

Supposedly, this is a fundraiser for some "troupe" of body-modification rapscallions. I was unaware they were strapped for cash. I was under the impression that, no matter how they try to emulate their oppressed brethren in Zaire, this was a "scene" populated by ultra-rich, ultra-bored, ultra-uninspired trendy snotrags. Don't they already, like, charge *millions* of dollars to punch holes in other people's bodies? Are staple guns getting *that* expensive?

EXOTIC EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH Let's face it—*Exotic* is now the only interesting publication in Portland, and perhaps the country. For years, if I may be so bold to state this, the five or so percent of the magazine devoted to editorial content flailed about like a dying fish on a wooden deck, choking to death on a dreadful, sour-tasting "sex-positivity" which postured itself as intellectual but was actually the rankest sort of infantilistic self-absorption.

I will state my case for the record—there is NO NEED to be positive about sex, just as there's no need to be positive about defecation or nose-picking. People are hard-wired to enjoy sex, and writing about how a base animal function is spiritually empowering merely RUINS the experience for those of us who have sex in the flesh rather than in front of a keyboard.

It took one man's bold efforts to remedy the mag's editorial crisis. Because of this man's tireless dedication, people now realize that *Exotic* actually contains *articles* you can *read*. There's a buzz about town regarding the "new" *Exotic*, a buzz engendered and nursed to fruition by one man with a messiah complex and an indomitable drive to prevail.

That man is me. My name is Jimbles Lee Deuteronomy Goad. And it's high time I selected myself Employee of the Month. Unlike those who've come before

»»»CONTINUED ON P. 24»»



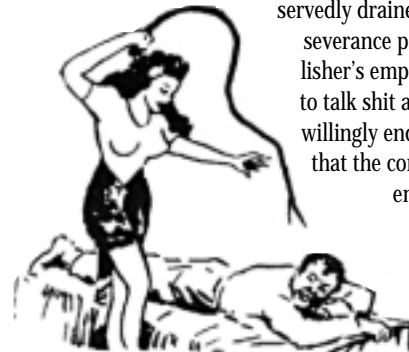
THE INDUSTRY

»»»CONTINUED FROM P. 15»»

predecessors, I have a *new* book (*Shit Magnet*) due to be published in April. Unlike my predecessors, whose only brush with fame might be when they've interviewed a famous person, I've actually *been* interviewed and featured in just about every mainstream publication you'd care to mention, both locally and nationally.

So no matter how much they moan about me being a talentless schlockmeister, the truth is that I've got them all—*combined*—beat in terms of both underground cred and mainstream success. And I could whup all their asses in a Spelling Bee. Fuck *all* o' y'all. Seriously. I *hate* other writers.

EXOTIC EX-EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH Speaking of despicable writers, it has come to my attention that my immediate predecessor, regarding whom I've tried to be quietly gracious for lo, these many months, recently made an appearance at Dante's to pick up an installment check of the blood money he so undeservedly drained from our esteemed publisher as



trying to snatch him out to governmental authorities about (falsely) alleged illegal employment practices.

The bitter little unsung hunched-over, fingerless-glove-wearing, hand-rolled-cigarette-smoking, too-late-to-be-a-beatnik made it a point during a conversation with an *Exotic* staffer that he couldn't even bring himself to read the new *Exotic*, so horribly juvenile and anti-literary was the mag's new direction. He's threatening to take his bad self and his stable of newly unemployed, scarily talented, world-renowned ex-*Exotic* writers and start his OWN magazine, an announcement which understandably had me trembling.

It's notable that when I started working here over a year ago, I had never heard of our former editor, although he knew who I was. And this disparity, I fear, is what caused all of his animosity toward me. For months, he'd systematically shoot down my article ideas in favor of TERRIBLE, themeless, ill-conceived, rock-band Q&As and aimless cuntily navel-gazing by female scribes on whom he apparently had crushes. On the odd occasion I actually had something published, he'd bury it in the back and made sure it wasn't printed in color. The suggestions he gave for "improving" my articles were always dreadfully misguided, especially since he let verbal atrocities fly from other writers which never should have seen ink set to paper. I'm sure it irked him that the only articles in the magazine people were talking about were those I'd written.

His own writing smelled like bad feet. This is a man who could pen things such as "my zipper whispered of things to come" and "I was never the hunter, always the hunted" without a hint of the comical irony such phrases beg.

He was curt and graceless in all his dealings with me, despite the fact that I covered his ass by finding *hundreds* of typos—both in articles and ads—which he was being paid to catch.

He was the sort of person who sucks all the charm out of a room when he enters it. He was a rude little dismissive cunt to friends and girlfriends who'd call or stop by the office looking for me. His repellent personality would have

me, I've been to prison. But also unlike my predecessors, I've had a book (*The Redneck Manifesto*) published by one of the world's top book companies, a book now in its sixth printing. Unlike my

possibly been warranted had the man possessed the merest shred of talent, yet it quickly became apparent that his



EXOTIC EX-EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH: Put out to pasture, the editorial cow continues to complain.

behavior was engineered precisely to compensate for a *lack* of talent.

No one I know ever had a positive thing to say about him.

The guy was paid a living wage for coming in three hours a month, handing over e-mailed text articles to me from his stable of crappy, unknown writers, then going home. That was his job as "editor," and he should have been grateful that he was getting away with it. Instead, he bleated like an old goat about how horrible it was to work here and what a dick Frank supposedly is. He once told me, with a straight face, that he was the only *Exotic* staffer who had any vision or integrity, and it was an effort to keep from laughing heartily and spraying saliva all over his shaggy goatee.

I truly felt bad for him because he's old, bitter, and headed for nothing. I appreciated this fact. But I kept my feelings about him to myself.

This all changed back in August when he commanded me to shut my "fucking dog" up because it was barking and apparently interrupting his concentration on a canon of work that he probably feels will one day—not in our lifetime, of course—be appreciated for the genius that it is. I then, somewhat angrily but certainly not threateningly, told him I'd bitten my lip for months and endured his pissiness, but that he'd better be respectful regarding that slobbering little pug I love so much.

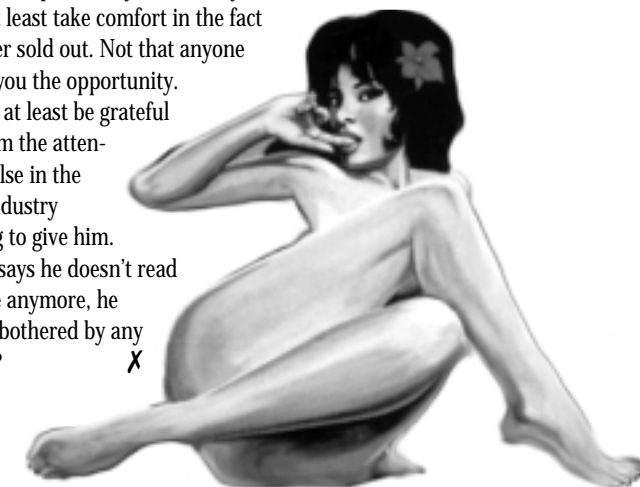
"You lay one hand on me," Mr. Bohemian Radical stated, "and I'll send you back to the jail where you came from." I sort of half-laughed and said, "You really are an old Jewish woman, aren't you?" Fucking little snitch faggot. Yeah, fuck authority, dude, until you get a little scared, and then you go dropping a dime and begging for police protection.

I'm a better writer than you are. I'm more well-known than you are. I'm fucking far better-LOOKING than you are. I'm a better dancer than you are. And I could beat you at arm-wrestling. So just shut up, go away, and try to repair your mess of a life.

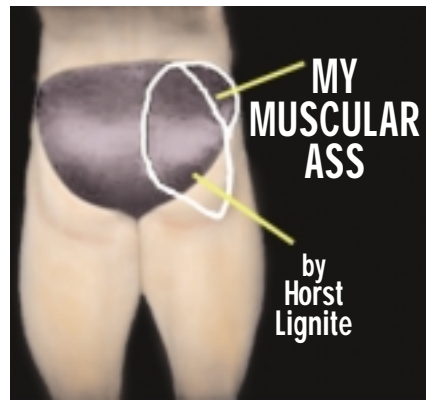
You tried to sabotage me as best you could while you were editor, but my kung fu is too strong. What are you gonna do now? You CAN'T beat me with words—we both know who'll win every verbal altercation. Are you gonna pull another bitch move and call my parole officer with some made-up story? Guess what? I'm not on parole anymore, bee-yatch! *Now* what?

You can at least take comfort in the fact that you never sold out. Not that anyone ever offered you the opportunity.

He should at least be grateful I'm giving him the attention no one else in the publishing industry seems willing to give him. But since he says he doesn't read the magazine anymore, he shouldn't be bothered by any of this, right? X



My dungeon is better-equipped than most dungeons out there. It's a high-tech, state-of-the-art, classy dungeon with a beautiful doggy cage and a wonderful set of vintage stirrups. A lot of care and thought went into my dungeon. And although I might charge more for sessions in my dungeon than other doms in other dungeons do, no one else delivers more bang for your buck in terms of torture, pain, and ritual humiliation. You want a shoddy dungeon, go ahead and pay shoddy dungeon prices and get a half-assed domination session which doesn't even come close to destroying your self-esteem—just go ahead and see if I care.



I'm a Pro Domme Top Double-Down Contortionist Butch Femme, and I have been so for over fourteen years now. In my platform stiletto heels, I'm nearly eight feet tall and don't look nearly as chubby. I am bold, sexy, and, um, intellectual. The painful fact is that I'm superior, and I'll keep telling you that until we both believe it.

My most recent client was a Gothic bottom-feeding femboy with a shaved chest and a scrotum wonderfully patterned with steel rivets. A disgusting, dirty little boy. A bad little piggy-wiggly. He had seen my website and knew about my extensive background in Asian spanking techniques. He kept up to date on my weblog with its frequent reports about my latest dental work.

It was our first meeting. He was a bit disappointed to see me in the flesh, not knowing that I photograph really well.

I was dressed as a Greek Orthodox bishop. He was clad in a diaper and was hovering motionless in my elaborate Suspension Device™.

I had read his application form where he listed his kinks, which mainly involved fresh produce and former Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir. We agreed on a safety word, which was "nougat."

I removed the acupuncture needles from my autoclaving device and jammed them into his armpits while forcing him to recite Mother Goose rhymes.

He shrieked loudly as I proceeded to clip the battery cables onto his weak little rosebud nips. His screams only drove me toward loftier sadistic delights. His face was red with shame as I applied the cock ring and butt plug, tightening them to maximum tension. The butt plug was in his ass so deep, I was certain its shit-encrusted tip would pop out of his mouth.

"Would you eat my farts?" I asked him. "Oh, yes, I'd gobble 'em up, Goddess," he slobbered.

I fetched him a bowl of fresh water and a can of Alpo. He barked appreciatively and lapped it up. I then spanked him, called him a bad pony, and refused to give him his candy cane.

I had severely bruised his body with a plethora of pretty little lumps, bruises, and scratch marks. I felt pleased and oh-so-full-of-myself.

Werner Klemperer-style, I took a long tug from my cigarette holder and proceeded to interrogate him.

"Would you eat my farts?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes, I'd gobble 'em up, Goddess," he slobbered.

"Would you eat my fragrant farts right as they billow from my muscular ass?"

"Yes, I would, Goddess—you already asked me that."

"Don't get snippy with ME!" I yelled at him. "Get me a sandwich," I commanded.

"What kind of sandwich, Goddess?" came his meek inquiry.

"Turkey on rye," I snapped.

The pathetic slug, that groveling human worm-boy, fetched me a surprisingly tasty turkey-on-rye sandwich with a frosty beverage on the side.

I grinned. He cowered. My grin grew wider.

"I will sever your wiener," I told him sternly.

"Oh, do it, Goddess! Sever my wiener!"

"Call me Goddess Sever Your Wiener."

"You are in command, oh lovely Goddess Sever Your Wiener."

When he had reached his credit-card limit, I informed him that our session was over, and my lovely Slavic boyfriend escorted him out.

I went upstairs, popped some food in the microwave, checked my e-mail, and prepared myself a warm bath.

I am so glad to have this sort of danger in my life.

THE INDUSTRY



I am not a consumer of pornography. I've never bought a porn magazine, and except when I'm reviewing them, I never watch porn movies. I've never paid for sex. On the few occasions when I find myself in strip clubs, I'm unable to ogle the girls—it all seems so artificial and silly. If I ain't gonna get the pussy that night, I don't want to stand around looking at the pussy. I believe that the sex industry, despite what the activists would have you believe, is far more degrading to men than to women. It is far more damaging to the human soul to shell out cash in exchange for physical intimacy than it is to receive cash for it.



I'm sure you'll be happy to hear that I've been masturbating a lot lately, and my mental imagery never involves the airbrushed porn confections you find in *Exotic's* pages; it's always some broad I've either nailed in the past or have a likely chance of nailing now...the scenarios are realistic, raw, and human. Bodies are never as important as psychological situations, and her tits are never as important as the way her hair smells.

Sometimes, I just don't know about you guys and your porno.

EXOTIC EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH He started life as a small, greasy peasant child somewhere in the Italian Alps, and through a series of machinations, some of them questionably legal, he was able to climb his way to the top of P-Town's porn industry and become entrenched as *Exotic's* ruthless, much-feared general manager. I speak of Bryan "Don't Call Me 'Rico" Bybee, who, along with Bobby Baldwin, has the most alliterative name in all the *Exotic* family. Bryan Bybee. Bryan Bybee brought his bouncin' black baby a burnt biscuit in a big brown box.

The most fascinating component of Bybee's psychology, judging by his modes of dress and vocal inflections, is his apparent conviction that he is a black American male. This is especially pronounced when an actual black American wanders into the office. Bybee, whose speech might be somewhat comprehensible ordinarily, is suddenly all *hizzit in the shiznay* and *bang-bang boogie said up-jump da boogie to the rhythm of the boogie-da-beat*. It's quite a startling transformation. He greases his hair with something called African Pride, a typically goeey, coconutty, tree-bark-spackled urban hair-care product. His CD collection is composed almost entirely of urban mating songs and tropical canary music. He's always "dissing," as they say in the "hood," everything white—

>>>CONTINUED ON P. 24>>>



THE INDUSTRY



white people, white skin, and everything else non-Negroidal, seemingly unaware of his own obviously Caucasoid ancestry. And just like the stereotype of his would-be African brethren, Bybee has recently taken to acting all uppity. Whereas we once had come to know (and mildly care for) a genial and cooperative (though still-greasy) general manager, we have lately been confronted with a power-hungry, porno-peddling, two-legged shark who has lost all semblance of his former humanity. Whereas he'd once tolerate rampant drug abuse, chronic absences, refusal to fulfill one's duties, spendthrift behavior, and defiant displays of verbal and physical aggression among the *Exotic* staff, Bybee has switched to more oppressive managerial tactics in a self-aggrandizing effort to whip our motley crew into obedient, efficient servility. Whereas our staff once enjoyed lavish restaurant meals and an open drink tab during our weekly Monday-afternoon meetings, we now—if we're lucky—face two lukewarm pizzas and maybe a cold beverage. This is simply intolerable, and if conditions continue, it won't be too long before the staff explodes. For now, Bybee has earned an unsavory nickname among the underlings he seeks to squash—to us, he is **The Man Who Took Our Meals Away**.



EXOTIC EX-EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH After a celebrated stint of something like thirty years writing for *Exotic*, **Darklady**, the world-renowned, internationally published, Queen of the Sex-Positive Literary Netherworld has been given her walking papers by yours truly. I'd say a recent contributor summarized my decision with the statement that "the two of you don't seem like you should exist in the same universe, much less the same publication."

DARKLADY: *Sitting in the darkness and (for the most part) being a lady about her dismissal.*

Having heard horror stories that the girl had an ego to match her girth, I initially dreaded giving her the axe. At first she responded to the news with a terse e-mail inquiring what had brought me to such a "monumental decision," and for a moment I thought she was being sarcastic...but then, mulling over whatever thought processes are laid bare in her writing, I realized that she might actually consider her dismissal from *Exotic* to be an event of monumental importance, not just for her and her alleged legions of sex-positive naked mole rats, but for perhaps Western Civilization itself. I wrote back stating that it was a matter of simple aesthetics, and when you're trying to form a punk-rock band that plays well together, a classical musician is out of place. I was trying to be diplomatic. She fired back a hostile, I-was-never-asked-to-the-Prom-flavored, well-I-guess-you're-just-too-cool-for-your-britches-Mr.-Goad e-mailing. Although the anticipated flood of outraged letters from irate Darklady fans (read: friends) never came, there's always next month.

We hope that Darklady continues writing about her life, her loves, her self...um, her *self*, and whatever else it is she writes about.

EXOTIC ALLEGED MULLEHEAD OF THE MONTH

Frank Flatch is a cool cucumber indeed, a man who keeps his head screwed-on straight even when it's swirling amid the scabby dysfunction of our totally *mental* industry, but his feathers were recently visibly ruffled at the allegation that he sports the oft-maligned-among-hipsters "mullet" hairdo. I've never seen him quite so upset. I've seen him handle death threats better than this new accusation of mulletheadedness.

white people, white skin, and everything else non-Negroidal, seemingly unaware of his own obviously Caucasoid ancestry. And just like the stereotype of his would-be African brethren, Bybee has recently taken to acting all uppity. Whereas we once had come to know (and mildly care for) a genial and cooperative (though still-greasy) general manager, we have lately been confronted with a power-hungry, porno-peddling, two-legged shark who has lost all semblance of his former humanity. Whereas he'd once tolerate rampant drug abuse, chronic absences, refusal to fulfill one's duties, spendthrift behavior, and defiant displays of verbal and physical aggression among the *Exotic* staff, Bybee has switched to more oppressive managerial tactics in a self-aggrandizing effort to whip our motley crew into obedient, efficient servility. Whereas our staff once enjoyed lavish restaurant meals and an open drink tab during our weekly Monday-afternoon meetings, we now—if we're lucky—face two lukewarm pizzas and maybe a cold beverage. This is simply intolerable, and if conditions continue, it won't be too long before the staff explodes. For now, Bybee has earned an unsavory nickname among the underlings he seeks to squash—to us, he is **The Man Who Took Our Meals Away**.

white people, white skin, and everything else non-Negroidal, seemingly unaware of his own obviously Caucasoid ancestry. And just like the stereotype of his would-be African brethren, Bybee has recently taken to acting all uppity. Whereas we once had come to know (and mildly care for) a genial and cooperative (though still-greasy) general manager, we have lately been confronted with a power-hungry, porno-peddling, two-legged shark who has lost all semblance of his former humanity. Whereas he'd once tolerate rampant drug abuse, chronic absences, refusal to fulfill one's duties, spendthrift behavior, and defiant displays of verbal and physical aggression among the *Exotic* staff, Bybee has switched to more oppressive managerial tactics in a self-aggrandizing effort to whip our motley crew into obedient, efficient servility. Whereas our staff once enjoyed lavish restaurant meals and an open drink tab during our weekly Monday-afternoon meetings, we now—if we're lucky—face two lukewarm pizzas and maybe a cold beverage. This is simply intolerable, and if conditions continue, it won't be too long before the staff explodes. For now, Bybee has earned an unsavory nickname among the underlings he seeks to squash—to us, he is **The Man Who Took Our Meals Away**.

EXOTIC EX-EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH After a celebrated stint of something like thirty years writing for *Exotic*, **Darklady**, the world-renowned, internationally published, Queen of the Sex-Positive Literary Netherworld has been given her walking papers by yours truly. I'd say a recent contributor summarized my decision with the statement that "the two of you don't seem like you should exist in the same universe, much less the same publication."

Having heard horror stories that the girl had an ego to match her girth, I initially dreaded giving her the axe. At first she responded to the news with a terse e-mail inquiring what had brought me to such a "monumental decision," and for a moment I thought she was being sarcastic...but then, mulling over whatever thought processes are laid bare in her writing, I realized that she might actually consider her dismissal from *Exotic* to be an event of monumental importance, not just for her and her alleged legions of sex-positive naked mole rats, but for perhaps Western Civilization itself. I wrote back stating that it was a matter of simple aesthetics, and when you're trying to form a punk-rock band that plays well together, a classical musician is out of place. I was trying to be diplomatic. She fired back a hostile, I-was-never-asked-to-the-Prom-flavored, well-I-guess-you're-just-too-cool-for-your-britches-Mr.-Goad e-mailing. Although the anticipated flood of outraged letters from irate Darklady fans (read: friends) never came, there's always next month.

We hope that Darklady continues writing about her life, her loves, her self...um, her *self*, and whatever else it is she writes about.



EXOTIC PUBLISHER FRANK FAILLACE: *"I am not now, nor have I ever been, a member of the Mullet Nation."*

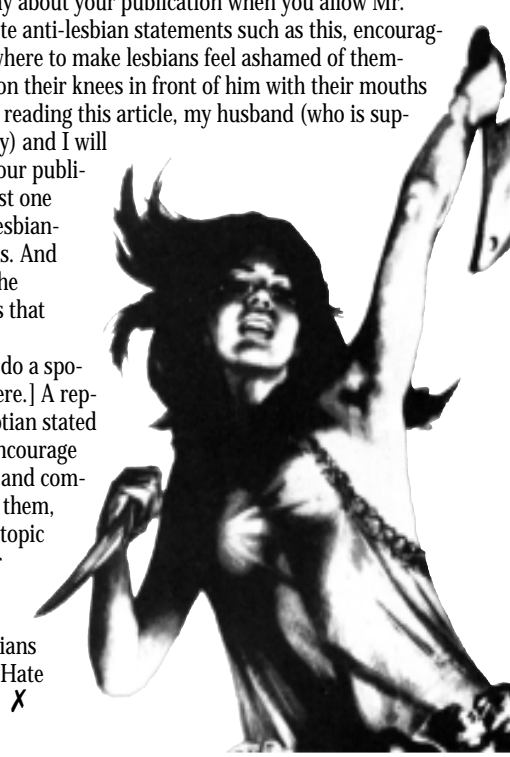
But the accusation is hardly new. "Frank's such a hip, good-looking guy," I've heard one chick after the next say, "so why the FUCK does he have to wear a mullet?" In the days which passed after being initially confronted with the accusation, Flatch wove an elaborate defense for himself, citing a mullet-themed website's "10/90" standard, meaning that an ideal mullet should have about ten percent of the hair in the front and ninety percent in the back. Flatch passionately argued that his front-to-back ratio was nowhere close to 10/90. Strangely, his hair also began getting shorter and shorter in the back before we were able to bring in an expert hairdresser to determine his exact front-to-back ratio. Flatch argued that his hairdo was not a mullet at all, but rather a bob. "It's a bob," he'd say over and over. "It's a bob." If you see Frank, and you don't think he has a mullet, it would mean a lot to me if you went up to him and consoled him.

WHILE SURFING FOR LESBIANS on the Internet at around 3AM alone in the *Exotic* office, I came across the thoroughly unsettling photo you see at right. The dark-haired lesbian, the one licking the floppy-and-tattooed-breasted other lesbian from behind, bears an undeniable resemblance to gravel-voiced, puglike Dante's soundman **Stevie**. The resemblance is so striking that many are whispering that "Stevie" is actually a lesbian performance artist who masks her gender identity in order to sidestep sexism in the local sound industry.

HEY, STEVIE! IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T A LESBIAN?: *Photo of lesbians from trailertrashgirls.net website wherein dark-haired lesbian's appearance is frighteningly similar to that of Dante's soundman Stevie (below, with pet pug Mogwai).*



SPEAKING OF LESBIANS, it appears that several Portland-area Daughters of Sappho were outraged by last month's "What's With All the Lesbians?" feature. One woman identifying herself as a sex-industry worker left a vituperative voice-mail message at the *Exotic* office stating that the article was "fucked-up, dude," that we needed to fire the editor, that half of Portland's strippers are bisexual, and that she wasn't going to buy [?!?!] the magazine anymore. And the funny thing is, she didn't really sound like a subliterate walking garbage bag who's snorted so much crank over the years that it rotted her teeth out straight from the roots, slurring her speech but making her blow jobs that much better. Another woman identifying herself as bisexual e-mailed *Exotic* with a stern "I had no idea that lesbian-bashing was the in thing to do at your so-called publication....What does it say about your publication when you allow Mr. Shrimpstien [sic] to write anti-lesbian statements such as this, encouraging straight men everywhere to make lesbians feel ashamed of themselves and to get down on their knees in front of him with their mouths open, as he put it. After reading this article, my husband (who is supportive of my bisexuality) and I will not be buying [?!?!?!] your publication anymore." At least one advertiser, allegedly a lesbian-owned store, dropped us. And over at dyke paradise The Egyptian Room, word is that the gals were none too happy. [I would love to do a spoken-word thing over there.] A representative for the Egyptian stated that the article would encourage people to bash lesbians and commit hate crimes against them, but this is untrue. That topic will be addressed in our upcoming article, "I Think It'd Be Really Cool if We Bashed Lesbians and Committed Lots of Hate Crimes Against Them." X



THE INDUSTRY

by JG

THESE DAYS IT BOILS DOWN to a choice between writing and fucking, and sometimes I ain't too crazy about the writing. Deadline's breathing down my neck, and I was supposed to finish this column last night. But the **Grim Reaper**'s also breathing down my neck, and I chose to have my face buried in a nice silky pussy instead of staring half-retarded at a computer screen. I'd rather hear a girl say, "Oh, my God!" when I shove myself inside her than sit here pecking away for the fleeting amusement of the 1% of you who exhibit the vaguest comprehension of what I'm trying to get at with all these words, month after month.

Total real-life drama last night, too, the kind that words can never quite capture. At a dark, crowded club, I bump into a girl whom I've wanted to fuck ever since I met her a few months ago. I thought she hated me, though, so I never pushed the matter. She pulls me aside and says she can't stand her boyfriend. He's stupid and doesn't understand her. She says I'm the only smart guy in the club, the only one that could possibly hold a conversation with her. She's crying. She's *nuts*, too, but I tend to go for that type. I ask her if she wants to go somewhere and talk. We whisk past her boyfriend and out of the club.

We find a quiet place. She says that she's drawn to me. I confess that I've had a crush on her. A light kiss. And then the chemicals start flowing.

I tell her I feel bad about her boyfriend.

And then I tell her I don't feel bad enough to stop.

You know when it feels right and when it doesn't. This felt right.

I sent her off in a cab this morning and came down to work, but now I wish we had just rolled over and kept sleeping. Instead of watching her walk around in my bathrobe, now I have to deal with morons who sell *crotch* for a living but somehow are righteously offended by my words.



Your humble editor dons blackface and lectures schoolchildren about the evils of racism.

Words aren't dangerous. What's dangerous is how stupid people react to them. Smart people never freak out over mere words. If you need someone to take you by the hand and tell you what's right and wrong, I ain't the guy. And if you're that simpleminded, why would I want to breathe the same air as you?

EXOTIC EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH There is only one man in the *Exotic* office who has the lanky frame, cheetah-like grace, two-tone hair, leopard-patterned shoes, and tumultuous personal life that spell "rock 'n' roll SUPERSTAR in the making." There is only one man who has been rockin' since the early eighties and who absolutely flat-out *refuses* to quit rockin'. Wherever this man is, there, too, is rock 'n' roll.

This man is **John "Spooky" Voge**, *Exotic* ad representative, photographer, and gracefully rockin' *bon vivant*. He is so thoroughly rockin', such a torch-carrier of the never-say-die rocker spirit, that I have rechristened him **Jon Bon Voji**. When I first saw him, I thought, "Gee, now *there's* a man who rocks." If you were to, say, look up the term "rockin' Portland sex-industry dude" in the dictionary, I'd bet dollars to donuts that there'd be a devilishly mischievous picture of ol' Spooky, his eyes saying, "Let's Rock!"

Speaking of pictures, John threw a snit-fit last month after I accidentally stumbled across a naked photo of him while skimming through a computer folder in search of a new mug shot for *Erotic City*. There, amid a comical portfolio of late-80s Howard Stern-style shots of Voge looking rockin'-but-sensitive, was a self-portrait of an apparently stoned Spooky, naked as the day he was born, his rockin' penis dangled teasingly in the frame's bottom. He looked lazily off-camera as if unaware that it was he who was taking the photograph of himself. I gasped, laughed, and then closed the picture. When Voge found out, he seemed genuinely hurt. In response, we tracked down a photo of Voge's penis tethered to a stripper's vagina with some *Modern Primitives*-style steel wires, and we placed the incriminating pic on his computer desktop.

We haven't had an Employee of the Month more apprehensive about his profile since the infamous freakout by "Butts" when this award was first tendered. All month long, Voge would groan whenever he passed me, almost cowering like a dog who's been abused. It got me wondering about what skeletons might be hanging in Spooky's closet. I mean, doesn't everyone already know about the substance abuse, the domestic stuff, and the fact that the Korean Mafia has placed a hit on him? That's *old news!*

The most embarrassing thing I was able to find on him—and it's mild, really—was a cyber-dating profile he'd posted of himself a few months ago, never suspecting that my informants are many. In the profile, he describes himself as an "Exotic Bad Boy with Good Heart" and describes his style as "kind of Motley Crueish, before they all shaved their heads." He claims to enjoy wine-tasting and snowboarding and describes both his hair and his occupation as "Other," which seems about right. His dream mate would be "Wild, Sexy [sic], Exhausting, Affectionate (PDA's okay by me), Loyal, Honest, Beautiful inside and out, trusting and confident."

Apparently there's a stripper in town who dances to Johnny Cash and trucker music. She told Voge she's interested in me, and this Friday after deadline's over, Voge is going to hook a bro up. And that's why I'm not going to say anything bad about him.

See, I *can* be bought if the price is right!

DARKLADY'S SO BIG, IT TOOK TWO

ISSUES TO FIRE HER Big-boned temptress Darklady is up to her ol' Internet-spammin' ways in the wake of my rude, unfeeling dismissal of her last month. She is apparently wired up to a bunch of those eternally FUN sex-positive online discussion groups and recently tried to rally her minions to bombard the *Exotic* offices with outraged e-mailings decrying the fact that we no longer squeeze the Big Lady into that Small Column.

A whopping SIX people responded. Amusingly, three of them defended Darklady, while three of them were relieved to see her flushed down the editorial commode. Even on her own turf, *half* of the people hate her. Delicious!

Comments from her detractors include:

I think I might like to shake your hand for firing her. She's horrible.

The darklady author is gone. No tears here. She's on several lists that I enjoy participating in and it never fails...I unwantingly know more about her goings-on than my own dog's perusings.

I would like to personally thank Jim Goad for having the chutzpah to pull the plug on *Tales of the Darklady*...I have been irritated by Darklady's insipid, sexist, unsexy drivel for months. Now I might reconsider picking up a copy of *Exotic* magazine once again.

Her supporters claimed that *Exotic* was becoming a bastion of "pure vile hatred." One of her acolytes, a person who claims to be affiliated with something called Senior Unlimited Nudes, warned that we were

sending a message to current and future employees, freelancers, advertisers, news sources, and other associates: After Jim Goad has finished using you, he may try to humiliate you.

Fair enough.

Another exasperated sex-positive-but-probably-sexually-unattractive Darklady fan gasped,

Jim Goad's a convicted felon with an unsavory nationwide reputation, who has written vast volumes of painfully misanthropic material. And you put him in charge of a magazine?

Yet another easily freaked-out "transgressive" type wrote that

people would be *happy* to run from Mr. Goad as fast as their feet can carry them, and I must agree my image of Darklady would only suffer from any association with him....

The Big Gal herself, the one who is presumably called "Darklady" because she casts a huge shadow wherever she waddles, moaned that *Exotic* was becoming "anti-sex" and that she had meant to leave anyway—but somehow *musta* forgot—before I shit-canned her:

I consider it to be a matter of pride to have been fired by this guy...I figure it's only a matter of time before Goad's found beating the hell out of a stripper somewhere...

Well, you know how it is with us compulsive woman-beaters. We just can't help ourselves. Since Darklady so graciously brought it up, I'd like to share with you what a typical Jim Goad day is like:

- 9AM Wake Up
- 9:15AM Continental Breakfast
- 9:30AM Start Beating Women
- Noon Lunch Break
- 1PM Resume Beating Women
- 6PM Dinner Break
- 6:30PM Write About Beating Women
- 10PM Sleep

You know, Mama Darklady, I could beat the hell out of a *thousand* strippers, and your writing would *still* suck. Your name would *still* be a punchline. Oh, how primitively Catholic is your priggish moral tut-tutting of whatever demons you think I represent. Clean thy own nest, thou filthy, bitter bird. Hey, did you ever consider that maybe the "new" *Exotic* is not sex-negative at all...just opposed to the idea of sex with people such as Darklady? Besides, you're just jealous that we've replaced your column with "Stories of the Shadow Woman" on page 72.



DARKLADY: Refusing to go gently into the darkness.

TWO NEW HOT CHICKS have joined our venerable stable of writers, two chicks who easily pass our new "lookist" policy that *Exotic* writers must be physically fetching as well as verbally gifted. I welcome **DebraJean** "The Cum-Hungry Genius" **Danger** and **Bobbi Jo** "I Hate Sex" **Schmidt** to the *Exotic* family and place them warmly under my wings. DebraJean can be seen in varying states of undress on the **suicidegirls.com** website. She is currently in New York, scripting an independent film in which I am slated to star as a police detective who kills her. Talk about type-casting! Bobbi Jo Schmidt hosts a very funny website under her real name, which she doesn't want revealed here. Their new columns are on page 62.

Next month will see the inauguration of a new full-page column called "Performance Anxiety" in which a rotating stable of writers will detail their most awkward, embarrassing, and horrifying true-life sexual experiences. In my checkered history I've had some doozies, so this column should be wall-to-wall FUN STUFF!

THOSE WACKY ACTIVIST GIRLS over at **Danzine** and **Miss**

Mona's Rack would like it announced that they are hosting a "Bad Date Line" whereby female sex workers, as well as normal gals who *don't* charge for the pooty tang, can tattle on physically or sexually abusive males with the hope that other women stay away from them in the future. They have compiled a list of Bad Dates and are willing to share it with interested parties. You can anonymously report Bad Dates at 503-234-9615. I have several misgivings about the idea of a Bad Date list, chief among them the fact that the name **Jim Goad** was not included.



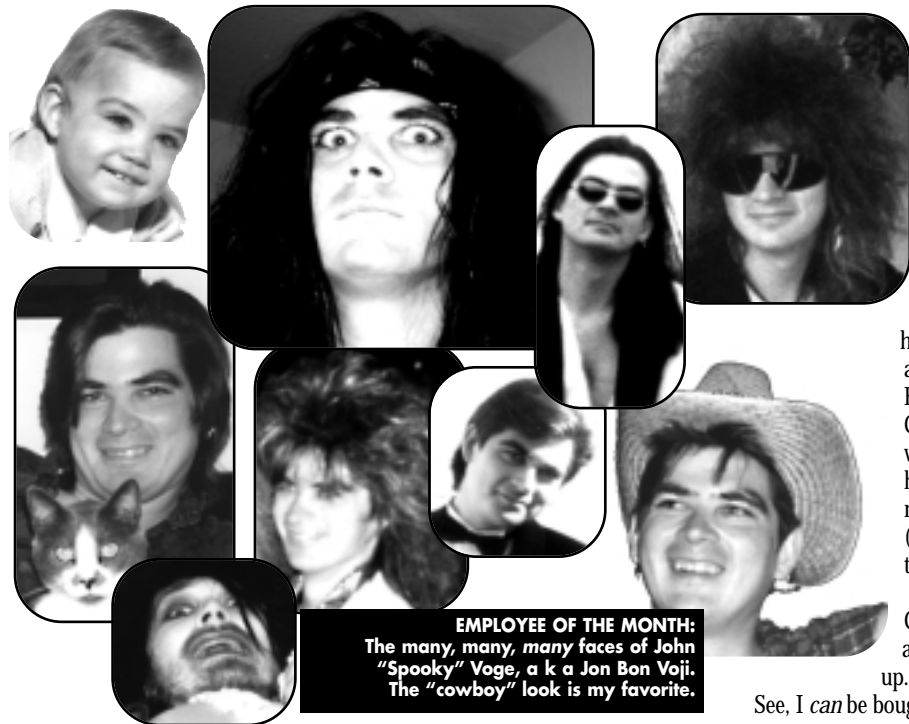
I ATE BOBBY BALDWIN'S MANDARIN DUCK out of the *Exotic* office refrigerator during a sleepwalking episode at about 4AM during the last deadline. I woke up dazed, wandered over to the fridge, and gobbled it up. I would like to publicly apologize. Bobby, let's got out to the Candlelight sometime soon. I'll buy the drinks, and we'll both mack on big-booby white chicks.

REED McCLINTOCK ROCKED THE HOUSE along with brothers **Porter**, **Boyd**, and **Groin** as barbershop quartet **The B.M.s** (Brothers McClintock) crooned their way into the hearts of an initially skeptical **Dante's** audience in late March. Reed, who is known to Portland crowds as One of the World's Top 20 Coin Magicians (which would seem to imply that he didn't make the Top 10), exhibited some rare emotion at the sight of all those McClintocks reunited in one place. "I haven't seen **Grandmama Bundt McClintock** in what seems like ages," Reed said, a tear swelling in his eye. Reed's father **Rind** chipped in: "It's good to see the kids and the old people together again. And, oooh, can those boys sing! *Hot tamale!*" For this writer, the evening's highlight was when Reed's little sister **Blintz** came onstage to play dulcimer as her brothers belted out a spellbinding "Sweet Adeline." If you haven't yet seen the B.M.s live, I'd suggest you catch the wave before it rolls over you, because this shit's gonna blow up MAJOR!

AM I A NEO-NAZI? No. I'm an *old-fashioned* Nazi. But thanks for asking! X



"The B.M.s" **ROCK THE HOUSE!** Up-and-coming vocal combo **The B.M.s** (Brothers McClintock) recently tore the roof off **Dante's** for a standing-room-only show. From left to right: **Reed**, **Porter**, **Boyd**, and **Groin**.



EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH: The many, many, many faces of John "Spooky" Voge, a k a Jon Bon Voji. The "cowboy" look is my favorite.

THE INDUSTRY

by JG

The steam skims off the top of molten-hot bath water as I float like a bloated Caucasian matzoh ball, washing the sex off me. My slobbery scrunchy dog is scratching on the outside of the bathroom door, trying to get in. **The Jew** is sleeping in the bedroom with a smile on her face.

I'm sneezing from all the pollen churning through the air, all those spores that recently exploded from the cold winter ground in a spermlike rush to fertilize things. **Springtime**, when my brains turn to mush. All I can think about is goin' up inside that girl. Like this hot bath squeezes the toxins out of my body, the warmer weather pushes the hormones straight out through my pores, and all I think about is sex.

Whoever designed the **pussy** knew what they were doing. More and more, just about every second lately, I find myself either rammed up her tight little sugarcave or thinking about doing it. I see her walking next to me on these warm spring days, and my instincts just flutter down to her kangaroo pouch. It's only natural.

They say I hate women. Well, yeah, if you remove their bodies from the equation.

Here at *Exotic*, where **The Industry** butters our bread, pays our rent, and buys our toilet paper, we paddle our boat through a pinkish ocean of pussy and sometimes aren't as grateful as maybe we should be. We sit here all day, Photoshopping pimples and bruises off chicks' bodies, wondering what it all means. Dipping your head inside a huge boiling cauldron of sex-for-cash, day after day and month after month, can't be nearly as injurious to the human soul as the critics allege, could it? Sure, there's a seamy side to this industry, but this industry also shows people at their best—naked and enjoying themselves, their genitals flapping all over the place.

"Hoist your mugs, ye mateys, and let's drink to another hundred years of sex-for-cash in Portland!"

Our industry actually *benefits* society by...by...by, um...by giving *us* cash and by giving *them* sex. We fulfill each other's needs. It's very nurturing! It's a *good* thing. And the people who try to suppress, regulate, or abolish our industry—they're the bad ones. *We're* the good ones and *they're* the bad ones.

I've heard that there are more **titty bars** in Portland per capita than anywhere in the **WORLD**. I'm too lazy to research whether that's true, but I just wanted to pass it along. It wouldn't surprise me. Everywhere you turn, someone's doing a pole dance.

When I moved up to Portland eight years ago, I couldn't believe how huge the sex industry was. While one was forced to drive miles and miles through P-town to find a gas station, there was a strip club on every corner serving up shaved pussy, cheap beer, and Chicken 'n' Jo-Jo's Blue Plate Specials. Every other girl I met was either a stripper, or she sold dildos and bongs along 82nd. I was intrigued by the idea that Portland seemed so sex-crazed. It might be a gloomy place where everyone was fat and pasty, but all the rain and drugs apparently drove everyone indoors and into the bedroom.

Even while I was married and living in LA, I fantasized about moving up to Portland and gettin' myself one of those **stripper girlfriends**.

I made my fantasies come true and embarked upon a romantic relationship with a girl who used to dance at Magic Gardens and J.D.'s. It didn't work out too well, but at least I'm **off parole** now.

But I wouldn't be so petty as to blame the industry for my misfortune. That would be immature. This is a fine industry, and it's already received enough undeserved blame. The industry does not abuse women. It does not churn their bodies through a meat grinder, spitting them out as old and unwanted by the time they turn twenty-three. Nothing shady goes on within our industry. No one gets hurt or exploited. No one suffers psychological damage from all this.

One shouldn't bite the twat that feeds them, and I fear that this is exactly what I've been doing for the past six months...but I promise to do it no more. I am here to state, on the record, that this is an absolutely **COOL** industry, and I can't think of another industry in which I'd rather toil!

I have resolved to chide the industry no more. If I even *try* to chide, you should tan my hide. I will not engage in my trademarked, intermittently amusing character assassinations of the sundry personages who wade through our industry like so much toxic bilge oozing through a sewer pipe. From this point on, I will refrain from making smug, catty comments about their appearance and character, no matter how homely or despicable they may be in real life.

As the daffodils sprout outside and the skies turn from grey to golden and the children wave their bubble blowers through the air, I consider it my moral duty as editor of this fine publication to say **I'M SORRY** for all the hurt feelings, misunderstandings, recriminations, and litigation that have erupted since I manned the wheel of the Good Ship *Exotic*. As a man grows older and his days dwindle, he ponders life's finer points with a cold glint in his bloodshot eyes, and my conscience has lately been pricked (ouch!) by the troublesome notion that my endlessly self-

absorbed public wrestling matches with my psychological demons—wrestling matches which should be kept private, with only me and my demons in atten-

dance—have been unnecessarily hurtful to the fine folks who used to people our pages with their poignant, pithy pontifications.

Henceforth, I will no longer make sport of the writers, no matter how dreadful, who used to splatter their black ink on our white pages. In

fact, I would like to take this opportunity as is my duty in this sacred editorial role which you guys used to play, to **SALUTE** all you *Exotic* writers and editors who are no longer a part of our warm, womblike family and who

Your editor, during a tender moment of sex-positive intimacy, considers being nicer to people in the future...

may, yes, unwittingly suffer at the expense of our merciless, never-ending, oft-creative in-office jibes. I sincerely wish you a **LOT OF LUCK** in your burgeoning writing careers. We should all get together for a nosh sometime soon.

So, again, peoples—I'M SORRY if I caused you any undue stress, and I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT when I said your writing sucked.

In the same spirit of remorseful, self-hating, shit-eating reconciliation, I salute **all you lesbians!** I've thought it over, and I've changed my mind...now I think it's **REALLY COOL** that you lick each other's pussies. That's *rad!* And what's better, it's *brave!* It's also awesome when one of you straps on a fake cock and pretends you're a guy. **I was ABSOLUTELY WRONG** to make sport of your precious lifestyle! What the hell was I thinking? I'm sorry I hurt your feelings! Maybe I had given you more credit than to think you'd react so bitterly and humorlessly...just like the Christians who persecute you. But I'M SORRY that I gave you so much credit. You obviously need reassurance. You need to be patronized, and I'm just the guy to do it. You chicks are cool! *Slurp on, sistas!*

I salute the girls...ahh, **the girls...**the ones who whisk through our lives like a warm, lilting summer wind...the ones who leave voicemail threats to our publisher from in and out of mental wards...the one who stole a thousand-dollar video camera from an *Exotic* staffer...the one who rushed into our office after being attacked by a coworker upstairs...the ones who run escort ads to help feed their three kids...the escort girl whose cell phone rings with clients the entire time she's here placing her new ads...the one who shoved brightly colored dildos up her Eskimo snatch in the back room when we were doing Internet porn...the ones who struggle valiantly with chemical-dependency

Hey, all you sex workers! EXOTIC salutes you! We think you're the tops! You're a buncha cool people, you are!

issues...the ones who strain with every fiber of their being to try and forget what their fathers did to them...the ones who find a new Mr. Right just about every three weeks or so...the ones who stay in the industry long after they should have left...the ones who couldn't buy enough makeup to cover it up...the ones who place themselves in situations where they'll find plenty of good reasons to keep hating men...the ones who won't recover from it, who never developed the skills to get past it...the ones who give you that look, as if you'd possibly have any answers for them...the ones to whom you could explain it very clearly, and they still wouldn't understand...all I can say is that I'M SORRY if I ever suggested that any of you are unstable. You girls—YOU are the ones to whom I pay special tribute as I celebrate this wondrous industry that pays for the honey which I lovingly ladle atop my steamy morning oatmeal.

I will no longer question the motives nor intelligence of the innumerable young ladies who pass through our office and walk through our hearts. That's a promise. That's right, *I salute* the estimated two or three thousand Portland girls who swap their female charms for cash—why, you're the tops! I love you dames! We all know that the stereotype of the

unstable, formerly abused, histrionic erotic dancer is merely that—a stereotype—and is hardly typical of the fine gals who populate our noble profession. For every Borderline Personality Disorder harpy who leaves death threats and is always attempting suicide, there are a dozen other female sex workers who are clean, well-adjusted, and eager to please. There's a big basket fulla female sex workers out there in P-Town—don't let a few bad apples spoil the bunch for you, guys!

I salute the **strip clubs** where men, couples, and the occasional lesbian gather in order to sate their primal need to see naked people with whom they have no chance of having sex. The strip club, truly, is the Temple of the New Goddess, a church where seekers congregate to worship the life-giving pelvic nexus variously referred to as the vagina, the cunt, the snatch, the snapper, and the stinky woodchuck. Plus, the drink prices are reasonable, and sometimes the food isn't that bad.



I salute (and apologize to) the **Exotic readers**, whom we have unfairly depicted in the past as lonely, inadequate schmuckjobs who are unable to procure sex partners without waving hundred-dollar bills in front of them. This was an unfair, cruel accusation, and if I was able to apologize to every one of you personally, I'd surely do it. I have reconsidered my beliefs, and now I'm of the staunch opinion that you guys pay for sex because, well, you must *like* paying for sex.

But even beyond all that rigamarole and poppycock, we, the employees of *Exotic*, gather together to defer, pay homage, and submit in a quasi-sexual manner to this shapeless mass that no one has ever seen but everyone calls **THE INDUSTRY**. Let it be declared that there will be no *Exotic* Employee of the Month this month. No, not this month. Next month, but not this month. If someone asks you whom the *Exotic* Employee of the Month is this month, you'll have to tell them, "No, no, there isn't one this month." Instead, we have selected **THE INDUSTRY** as...

EXOTIC EMPLOYER OF THE MONTH.

And what a damn fine employer it is!

Hoist your mugs, ye mateys, and let's drink to another hundred years of sex-for-cash in Portland!

We salute the EXOTIC readership, too, and offer a hearty "Thank You" for your continued patronage!



THE INDUSTRY

by JG



JUST FLEW BACK FROM NEW YORK, and boy, are my arms tired! That's what happens when you beat the fuck out of a chick and strangle her to death.

And jack off to pictures of her being beaten. And get beaten senseless and hung over a ledge by some Mafia thugs. And get thrown out of a Brooklyn bar onto the sidewalk by a fat Elvis impersonator who then hocked a gob on my cheek. And hire a prostitute who was so blasted on heroin that she, too, looged on my face while riding me on top. And drink bottles and bottles of whisky. And what's best, it was all good, clean, LEGAL fun!

I committed all of the above acts in my role as Detective Jim McCormick, a vile, washed-up, alcohol-swilling private dick who spends fifteen minutes thrashing and killing the title character of *The Suzy Evans Story*. The feature-length film was scripted by **Dave "Doomsdave" Taylor** and *Exotic* columnist **DebraJean Danger**; Dave directed it, and Debra stars in it.

Acting's so much easier than writing. Acting has been a lifelong deferred dream for me. I wanted to be an actor throughout my teens. I even got accepted to study theater at NYU in 1979, but I never went. But more than twenty years later, these spoony-eyed kids offered me a golden chance: Not only the chance to act, but the opportunity to beat a woman legally and in front of a camera.

During the totally improvised murder scene, I got all Stanislavski on everyone's ass and went buck-wild. Breaking glass. Screaming. Threatening. Slapping. Dragging. Strangling. Talking all psycho. Then smoking a cigarette, looking defeated, and walking out of the room. Since it all happened at 3 AM in a mid-town apartment building, it's a miracle no one called the cops.

After the scene was shot, Dave was crying and said it was one of the most powerful things he'd ever witnessed. DebraJean was shaking; she thought her arm was broken and says she actually lost consciousness during the filming.

Fun times. Good places. Summer nights.



Your editor surveys what remains of New York's sex industry after Rudolph Giuliani.

I LIVE IN THE WEE CITY OF PORTLAND, but I was Philly-born and raised. Grew up amid soft pretzels and white knuckles and brick buildings. Then I spent a couple of years in the NYC area. Then I lived seven years off Hollywood Boulevard. And then it's been Oregon since 1994. But my mannerisms are still more East Coast than West, more jerky douchebag than surfer dude.

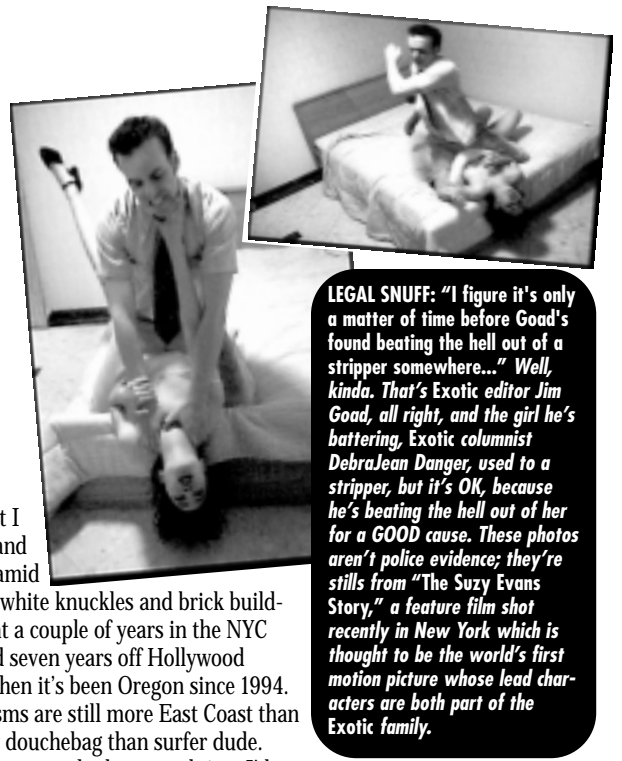
This recent trip was only the second time I'd been back East in the past fifteen years. I flew back with **The Dancing Jew**, who's from Portland but sounds more New York than everyone in New York and acts more East Coast than the very soil which comprises the East Coast. We spent a fun week together in her Upper Manhattan pad, then the little cartoon character flew on to London while I kept filming in NYC.

I had brought a thick deadly chest cold with me from Portland, hacking up rubbery green sea creatures, the cold-spring NY mist making it worse. Hacking and straining like the old man I nearly am, I vainly searched for an antibiotic to suck the disgusting green pudding out of my lungs. And since drugs are bad for the immune system, I didn't do any Ecstasy, Viagra, heroin, acid, cocaine, magic mushrooms, Xanax, or weed. (New York is about ten times bigger than Portland, which means that by the time you get the drugs, they're ten times weaker.) Bored, I shaved my balls one morning, chewed on some raw garlic cloves to try and chase away my chest cold, and then worked out to The Jew's sister's Lynnyrd Skynyrd CD.

Ashen-colored, depressed-looking huddled crowds. Shitty exhaust-pipe air. Gunmetal raindrops and the purring wheezing air conditioner in the back of the late-night First Avenue bus, liquid filth churning into the sewers from a sudden spring rainstorm. The rude, invasive, bug-swarm humidity. 4 AM subway rides where everyone on the train is stoned or crazy or both.

I didn't go to Ground Zero and I didn't see a Broadway Show and I didn't go skating at Rockefeller Center. I ate a cheese cannoli and slurped a root-beer water ice in Hoboken, gobbled a potato knish at LaGuardia Airport, and walked around The Bronx by myself, feeling like John Wayne among the Injuns, munching bravely on one of those Puerto Rican Meat-filled Pop Tart things. There are fewer places on earth I love more than the blown-out, psychotic, don't-ever-go-there Bronx, a million crumbling tenement buildings like jagged teeth in the devil's mouth. I got kicked out of a South Bronx *botanica* because I was sniffing too many of the essential oils. *No es bueno, no es bueno*, admonished the little brown voodoo man, shooing me out the door. The Bronx is still the *real* New York, but, sad to say, even The Bronx has seen worse days.

New York sports a lower Lesbian Quotient than Portland, or at least fewer openly lesbian gals. Whether this is good or bad depends on where you stand on the whole Lesbian Question. And there are clearly more fags in NYC...and every one of them skips faggily through the Village leading a fruity French bulldog around on a gay little leash.



LEGAL SNUFF: "I figure it's only a matter of time before Goad's found beating the hell out of a stripper somewhere..." Well, kinda. That's *Exotic* editor Jim Goad, all right, and the girl he's battering, *Exotic* columnist DebraJean Danger, used to a stripper, but it's OK, because he's beating the hell out of her for a GOOD cause. These photos aren't police evidence; they're stills from "The Suzy Evans Story," a feature film shot recently in New York which is thought to be the world's first motion picture whose lead characters are both part of the *Exotic* family.

EVERYTHING IN NEW YORK SEEMS HAPPIER and gayer and safer these days. One never expects a city to *heal* once it starts going bad, especially one that used to be as sick as New York. To my dismay, I kept finding places such as Williamsburg and Alphabet City, bullet-ridden wastelands when I left New York back in 1987, are now yuppified hipster finance zones. These days, apart from 9/11 and anxiety about another terrorist sucker punch, New York seems almost uncomfortably tame, like a huge tumor in permanent remission.

I almost felt sorry for this pitiful giant of a town which used to fascinate my Philly-boy mind. New York used to scare the hell out of me, and that's why I idealized it. But against my better wishes, I learned a long time ago that the average New Yorker wasn't a serial killer or a jaded sophisticate, but rather a female Mets fan from Queens with a slight mustache riding the subway with her four kids. The girls aren't any prettier there and the people don't dress better. I moved away from there almost fifteen years ago, and I don't regret it.

New York seemed more fascinating in the 1960s and 70s, back before I was ever there, back in the Dark Ages of Son of Sam and garbage strikes and The Great Northeast Blackout. New York, psycho heroin murder mecca, babies thrown out of project windows, Kitty Genovese murdered while her neighbors watched and did nothing. That was the New York I never got to see.

Back in those days, New York and San Francisco were *inventing* what we now call the sex industry and which thrives with such viruslike heartiness in Portland. **Al Goldstein** and **Ralph Ginzburg** were getting busted for obscenity left and right back in the day, planting all those seeds of destruction which would render something such as *Exotic* publishable almost forty years later, making room in the world for such a beacon of sweetness 'n' light as Yours Truly.

Times Square used to be Sex Industry Central. It was to sex what the Lower East Side still is for drugs...you could get anything you want, so long as you had the cash and the imagination. XXX movies and peep booths and sales on dildos and real hookers and fake heroin for the stupid white boys from Queens.

It was cheesy and microbial and dark and shame-ridden. It was nice.

But then came along Nazi Mickey Mouse mayor Rudolph Giuliani, who wiped away the Times Square sex industry as if it were a glob of snot on his Mercedes windshield. Times Square is now a Disney/McDonald's glistening Tokyo-style Jumbotron monument to All Things Family.

There's still a New York sex industry, boldly sputtering within the police-cordoned yellow-tape zone where the authorities have quarantined it; you see it in



"Cities are like hookers. The most expensive ones aren't always the best."

most NY dailies and weekly-freebies, whose back pages are stuffed with full-color ads for bony, scared-looking Asian escorts and puffy, airbrushed Superblondes. Manhattan in particular seems crazy for phone sex, which makes sense, because everything's so cramped you even order *groceries* and *drugs* by phone from your tiny apartment. And a New York escort section, whether it's in *Screw* or *Newsday*, wouldn't be complete without a full *page* or two of those she-male ads, the kind I've never seen once in *Exotic*, the kind with hot Latinas danglin' thick pepperoni 'tween their legs. Why are New Yorkers so fond of Chix with Dix? And if there's an honest explanation, do I really want to hear it?

The New York sex industry is still there, if shamefully and fatally neutered by Giuliani's morality police. But there's no OBVIOUS sex industry like there used to be in New York and like there still is in Portland, where there seem to be as many strip clubs as Plaid Pantries and certainly more jack shacks than gas stations.



PORTLAND LOOKED SO PITIFULLY SMALL as I headed toward downtown on the Max from the airport, such a feeble excuse for urbanity that I wanted to nestle it under my armpit and protect it as if it were a malnourished baby canary.

But after nearly two weeks in New York, it looked like heaven. I love few things, but I love this town. I'm fidgety and like to travel. I've been to forty-seven states (forty-eight if that strip club in Alaska flies us up next month), and I'm here to attest that Portland is one of the most ridiculously livable places in all of fair America-land. You could walk through Portland's worst neighborhood (that would be the one where I live) naked at three AM with little to fear, whereas in New York one never feels totally safe, even when fully clothed.

You can't get a good vanilla egg cream in Portland, but besides that, we're superior to New York in just about every way that counts to me. And in some ways, Portland does the East Coast better than the East Coast does itself. The potato pancakes are actually better at the Jubitz truck stop in North Portland than at the Kiev restaurant in the Village. And if I want some good Philly cheese steaks and hoagies, I just amble down to that place in Sellwood. And I don't do heroin, but all the junkies say the heroin's better here, and there's no question that the weed's better than that freeze-dried, worse-than-Mex, two-joints-to-get-mildly-buzzed New York ragweed. Not that I smoke weed, either.

If porn's your thing...and judging that you probably picked up this magazine at a strip club, porn is, sadly, your thing...there's really no need to go back East anymore. The sex industry, pound for pound, is much healthier here than the bleeding East Coast sex beast which the authorities have almost fatally gored. The cops and the laws, for the time being, are cooler here about everything

industry-related than they are back East. Just pray that no psychopathic sadist such as Kevin Mannix becomes governor and does to Oregon what Giuliani did to New York. The Banana Joe-ification of Burnside has already started, and I think I feel sick.

But we still have Bigfoot and Buzz Martin and STRONG coffee and white-capped mountains. We have Tom Peterson and Scott Thomasen and Pete Scottersen and all the rest of those dudes. Fuck, this town is so backward that everyone still gets excited when a movie is filmed here.

We have perfect cultural collision of loggers and lesbians, of rural and urban. The omelettes are better out here. The air is fresher. The jails are nicer. You know, Portland, I've faced one high-scale personal disaster after the next since moving here almost eight years ago, but I still love you, baby. You're almost the Perfect American City.

Just like in sex, bigger and dirtier doesn't always mean better. Not always.

Cities are like hookers. The most expensive ones aren't always the best. And these days, Portland's looking mighty cheap and nice. X



THE INDUSTRY

by JG

AREN'T NINE-YEAR-OLDS FORBIDDEN TO VIEW PORN?

Exotic is nine years old! That's...spectacular! Happy spectacular nine-year anniversary, *Exotic*!!! To celebrate the spectacularity of our nine years, I bring you this, our **9th Anniversary Spectacular!** Actually, this issue offers very little in the way of comments, photos, or retrospectives regarding our nine years...and to be honest, there isn't much that could rightly be termed "spectacular" in this issue...but force of habit and an innately vain sense of entitlement impel us to note every year's passing with a giant, irrelevant cover headline.

Have I really been working here nine years? Fuck, no! I haven't even been in *Portland* nine years. Frank gave me a job here when I got out of prison nearly two years ago because he knew that gainful employment was one of my parole conditions. And all things considered, it's been really, really gainful here. Spectacularly gainful.

Though I'm an industry neophyte...an upstart...a mere sapling...someone who, to be fair, doesn't know very much about the industry and isn't making any effort to educate himself...my uncrushable sense of destiny, of my congenitally programmed superiority, gives me the sort of arrogance to declare with utmost authority that the following sentence is The Greatest Line Ever Uttered About Portland's Sex Industry:

I know more Jasmines than I know Daves.

—**Kook Dogg**, an *Exotic* graphic artist who insists he will resign if I select him as **Employee of the Month**

What a shimmeringly concise summation of life in Rip City's sex industry—"I know more Jasmines than I know Daves." That says it all. Down here in the Valley of the Sex Workers, stage names outnumber real ones like fake boobs outnumber homegrown taters, and a fella indeed runs across fewer Daves than Jasmines. Kook Dogg, you are not alone—I, too, know more Jasmines—not to mention Jazzmens, Yazmins, Jaszmeens, and Ys'm'n's—than I know Daves.

Speaking of fake names—"Kook Dogg" is a euphemism I've affectionately bestowed upon our newest *Exotic* staffer, a man who, as he's told me several times, made a deal with Frank when he joined our mutually nurturing porn-publishing family that he would up 'n' quit if his name or likeness were ever featured 'tween our covers.

Good sport that I am. I will not tell you Kook Dogg's real name. Neither will I offer any physical descriptions of him, so that any of our fine readers who might be disposed to, say, murder him...or not hire him...if he were unflatteringly spotlighted in *Exotic's* pages will have to do a HELL of a lot of research to track him down. Not that it's impossible to find him if you really wanted to. Where there's a will there's a way, I guess. And money always helps, if you know what I mean.

A clinical diagnosis might reveal that Kook Dogg suffers from afflictions both neurological and cognitive. He displays a disturbing, unsettling, oft-annoying energy. When confronted with my assessment that he is possibly unstable, he graciously agreed. For his first couple of months here, his sputtery nerves proved nearly unbearable for the other staffers. I've never seen him relaxed. He's either talking too much or he's quietly moping because everyone told him he's talking too much. Many times when he thinks I'm making fun of him, I'm not. And other times, when I'm stone-cold goofin' on K-Diggity's ass, he takes me seriously. He's fun that way.

I will not write much about Kook Dogg beyond speculating on his paranoiac reluctance to be written about. When I broke the good news to K. D. that even though it was only his third month here, I had jockeyed him up to the head of the pack and had designated him Employee of the Month, he became visibly sweaty. When I told him that for his celebration photo, I wanted him to pose topless and oiled-up while eating a banana, he refused. And like a few other spineless she-men who shall remain nameless (at least for now), Kook was also afraid to participate in this month's whimsical **café Beef-Cake** photo shoot. He told me that it might possibly jeopardize the other job at which he toils when he's not sitting five feet away from me, staring at a computer and wondering whether or not I really like him. He also explained that once the economy improves, he hopes to get a "real" job at an advertising agency, and any association with a free strip-club rag would irreparably damage his chances at snagging said job, much more so than, say, his own questionable social skills.

When I told him that I was going to write about him anyway, his body began emitting radiation waves of panic.

"What are you gonna write about me?" he asked, not even attempting to conceal his anxiety.

Whatever I want to write, I deadpanned like a grizzled old newsman along the lines of Jimmy Breslin or, say, Lou Grant.

And then he muttered some ominous Chinese parable that ended with everyone waking up in the morning with their balls chopped off.

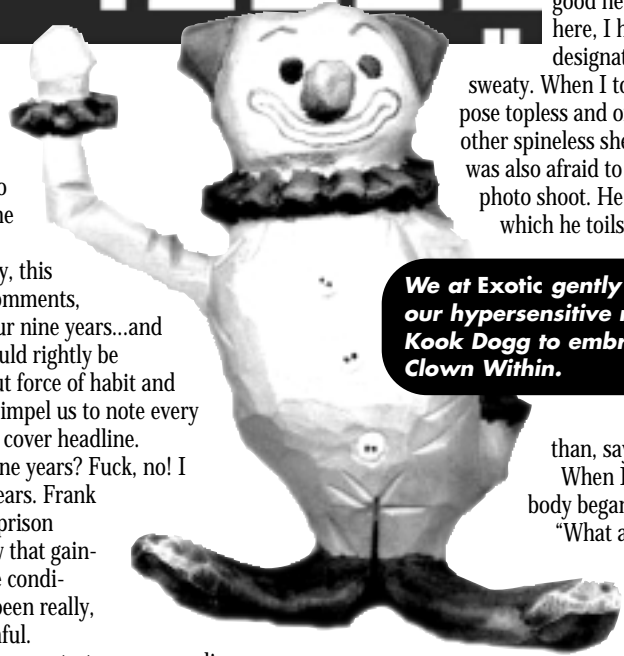
Even now...*right this second*...as I'm writing this, he's asking me if I have this article done yet so he can see what I've written about him. I'm fairly assaulted by the waves of fear that roll from his body less than two yards away from me.

Kook, my friend, I'm writing about you because you're currently the most interesting—and thus inkworthy—character in the *Exotic* office. We're all well aware that you've done some unspeakably weird things when you thought no one was looking, and this is the part I like about you—the insecure, neurotic weirdling rather than the boring, oversocialized, wannabe citizen. I prefer the "Kook Dogg" within you over the "real" guy with the regular name and the overblown sensitivity.

I like you, Kook Dogg. I think you have a good heart. But you want so desperately to be liked, you end up fucking it up every time. You don't have to try so hard—in fact, it's the trying-so-hard part that's irritating. It's the *freaky* part of you that I like, not the part that struggles to hide it. "Weird" is not a pejorative in my book. To me, "weird" means "complex... colorful...interesting." To be abnormal is good when one considers the norm.

Sadly, Kook Dogg presses onward in an ultimately doomed attempt to shield the world's eyes from the Weirddness Within Him.

We at Exotic gently encourage our hypersensitive new staffer Kook Dogg to embrace the Clown Within.



OBEYING THE MUSE™ One of this industry's main perks is the ceaseless pipeline it provides to fun new experimental **BONER DRUGS** such as Viagra. Our office was recently mailed a product called **MUSE**, manufactured by Vivus, Inc., who hunger for a slice of the Pharmaceutically Enhanced Erection Pie which is now almost entirely gobbled up by Pfizer's Viagra. MUSE contains **alprostadil**, a blood-vessel dilator that occurs naturally in semen. A booklet called *Restore the Feeling*, published by the manufacturers, claims that MUSE is at least as effective as Viagra, and possibly more so, when it comes to givin' ya a woodie. The main difference between Viagra and MUSE is in its administration:

- 1) Viagra is a pill that is comfortably swallowed...
- 2) Muse is a plastic "urethral suppository" which you jam down your dickhole in order to inject a tiny pellet.

At first, MUSE seems more like the stuff of political torture than bedroom hijinks. When the MUSE suppository and instructional booklet arrived in our office, the male staffers stood around the package cringing, reluctant to even touch it. I know of few males who are enthusiastic about the idea of ramming

ANYTHING down their fragile pink urethral tunnel.

But I'm a self-starter. I'm all for improving my attitude and improving my erections. I become the volunteer Astronaut Chimp for this sexual pharmaceutical. Everyone else in the office was too timid to try it, so, as usual, I had to step up to the plate and hit a home run.

My unwitting female guinea pig is, of course, **My Jewish Companion**. One early summer night, as she lays in the bed of my plush East Burnside penthouse awaiting another round of our interfaith sexual frolicking, I excuse myself to the bathroom and rip

open the tinfoil which holds the foreboding plasticine Dick Injector.

The booklet instructs me to piss first in order to lubricate my urethra. Then I pinch and pull at my pud in order to ensure pliability. Then I jam the cold two-inch clear-plastic proboscis inside my dickhole. At first it doesn't go in more than a half inch, and it pops out almost as if my cock had spitten it out. I finally manage to plunge it in deep, ever fearful of the booklet's admonition that it's possible to tear my urethral lining and cause bleeding. The drug is contained within a tiny pellet encased in the plastic tube, and I press down on a button that releases the pellet. Then comes the most uncomfortable part—I have to *jiggle* the device inside my urethra for five seconds to make sure the pellet is dislodged. Then I slip out the tube and massage my cock between my hands as if I was rolling dough.

Initially, the drug afflicts my penis with an uncomfortably hot sensation as if someone's burning a Zippo lighter inside my dick, but that soon fades. In ten minutes, I'm in bed and my cock is hard enough to knock someone unconscious with it.

The Jew says things such as: "Jesus Christ, you're hard like steel!" and then... "Oh, my God—you're in so deep!" and finally... "OK, OK, you're gonna have to stop, or I'm gonna pass out."

She tells me she lost count after eight orgasms. I shoot a grateful load after about a half-hour of fuel-injected eight-cylinder pumping.



I won't tell her I've used the Penis Pellet until the next morning. At one point during the night she reaches over, gasps, and says, "Sweet Baby Jesus, you're hard *again!*" But I'm not really hard "again"—I'm STILL hard. My dick is a mallet. I could play a round of croquet with it. I was a slab of pink granite for nearly two hours after I came. At one juncture, mesmerized by my tool's firmness, she squeezes it in her hand with such force that I thought my cock would pop off my body in a bloody explosion. I yelp with pain. She apologizes.

"I'm a self-starter. I'm all for improving my attitude and improving my erections."

Despite the fact that MUSE made me harder than Viagra did—almost frighteningly hard—I'm sad to report that it boasts none of Viagra's druglike effects, none of its Garden of Eden-like euphoria. Arousal and hardness aren't always the same thing. The penis pellet affected my cock but not my mind.

Restore the Feeling claimed that MUSE would give me "a natural-feeling erection," which is false. Rather, my boner felt uncomfortably swollen, as if a hundred thousand Kurds had fled Iraqi persecution and were seeking asylum within my cock. The booklet also cautioned that one shouldn't use MUSE if you have "an abnormally formed penis." In my case, not to worry. My penis is so beautifully formed, they should hang it in an art museum, I swear.

See? Unlike Kook Dogg, I'll tell you everything about myself, **ESPECIALLY** the things you don't want to know. I'm the master of Giving Too Much Information.

I AM NOT GOING TO GLOAT about the news I recently heard regarding the editor who immediately preceded me.



SOME OF MY FAVORITE THINGS:

- When a chick calls another chick "man"...
- When people emphasize the wrong syllable or word...
- When the cure is worse than the disease...
- When the innocent get blamed...
- People who can't speak a word of English...
- People who can't speak a word of anything *but* English...
- Butte, Montana...
- All of West Virginia...
- The words "Negro," "nougat," and "treat." [I've even combined them into a sentence: *The group of inner-city youths sat lazily on the picnic blanket, nibbling on their nougaty Negro treats.*]

ADVENTURES WITH THE PENIS PELLET: Is a monster two-hour erection worth jamming a sharp plastic tube two inches down your urethra?



THE INDUSTRY

by JG



WOULD YOU SUCK A COCK FOR TEN MILLION DOLLARS?

“How about takin’ it in the ass? Would you take it all the way up the ass for ten million dollars?”

There we stood, three *Exotic* staffers—all of us men—standing in the soft summer sunlight on the rooftop of our downtown building, discussing which supposedly degrading homosexual act we’d do, and how much money it’d take for us to do it.

One of them, the Ganja Gandhi, a k a **Ganji**, said that sucking cock was more degrading than getting it in the ass, and I was afraid to ask him why.

But everyone agreed that it would be worth ten million bucks to either suck a cock or get it in the ass. “Ten million bucks is a LOT of money,” Ganji said, and we all nodded in agreement.

What does that say about us as men? As Americans?

Beyond that, how much is one’s hetero-male dignity damaged after admitting you’d do it even if you know that no one’s *really* going to give you \$10 million to do it?

Against our better judgment, we found ourselves falling into the Whore Pit.

I SAW A WOMAN WITH A FULL BEARD

the other day as I was ordering my hipster coffee at a politically, um, *aware* hipster coffee joint on East Burnside. The Bearded Lady turned to me and my friend as we were talking, smiled, and then muttered some pleasantries, but all I could focus on was that BEARD. I smiled like George Costanza did in *Seinfeld* when his date removed her hat to reveal a bald head—a polite smile, but one which has no hope of masking its bleeding discomfort. And this beard wasn’t the scraggly, wispy, pubic kind you sometimes see on chins in P-Town’s dykier enclaves, either—I’m talking a full-on *Jerry Garcia* beard, and it was on a woman with a woman’s voice and a woman’s tits and a woman’s annoying mannerisms.

What am I supposed to do about this? How am I supposed to feel about it? Am I supposed to approve of it, to say it’s politically OK...*desirable*, even...when every fiber within me is repulsed by it? Am I required to have sex with her just to prove I’m a nice guy? Is this what the Sexual Revolution has wrought? I was almost as afraid of this Bearded Lady as I was terrified...and I mean full-blown psychotic nightmares...by all the freaky animals in Dr. Seuss books when I was a lad.

It’s called shaving cream, honey. It’s called electrolysis. I don’t think the Goddess looks like Allen Ginsberg, and I don’t think you should, either.

INK-N-PINK TO SINK? *Exotic* staffer **Jon Bon Voji**’s fabled, mocked, oft-despised, world-renowned, unintentionally hilarious **Ink-n-Pink** competition will inaugurate its third—and final—trip ’round the mulberry bush this fall. If you like tattoos and vaginas—together—then you’d probably like Ink-n-Pink. But sad to say, the once-proud, once-profitable, once-vibrant “event” is but a wheezing semblance of its former self. Whereas the first two years saw a *series* of runoffs and qualifying rounds throughout some of Portland’s greater adult establishments (meaning anyone who’d take it), this year’s Ink-n-Pink

competition has withered down to a *single* night of undoubtedly yawn-inducing festivities at a club yet to be determined. After that, Bon Voji will call it quits on Ink-n-Pink. The buzz within the industry is that my proposed **Twats wit’ Tats** competition has Voge and his ilk runnin’ scared, and rightly so. *My* competition will feature the hottest twats with the raddest tats! If you’re a twat with tats...and you covet the title of Miss Twat wit’ Tats...contact the *Exotic* office.

HOW MANY LOADS OF JIZZ are shot daily, on average, in Portland? How many female orgasms are there? How many chicks fake it every day? How many guys try to get it up and can’t? How many different DNA samples would forensic technicians be able to scrape off that couch in the back of the *Exotic* office? How many wads have been blown back there? How

many in the bathroom?

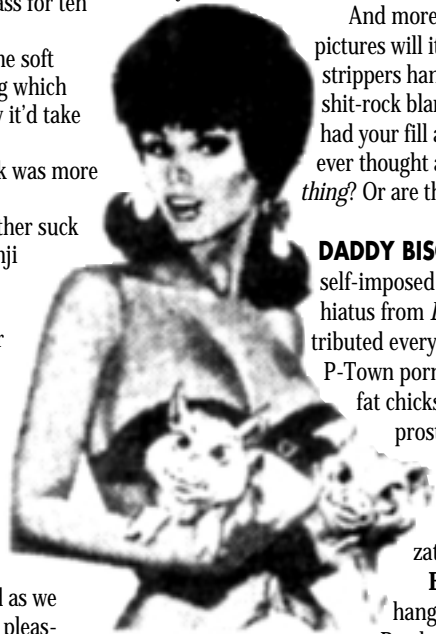
And more importantly, young laddie: How many dirty pictures will it be ‘til you’ve had enough? How many tweaker strippers hanging from scuffed brass poles as some sludgy shit-rock blaers from the speakers will it take before you’ve had your fill and push away from the buffet table? Have you ever thought about that? Have you ever thought about *anything*? Or are the pictures enough for you? I need to know.

DADDY BISCUITS, a k a J. L. STOCKMAN, is on a self-imposed (meaning his girlfriend forced him into it) hiatus from *Exotic* this month. The portly ex-con had contributed every month for the previous eight issues, delighting P-Town pornhounds with his whimsical observations about fat chicks, man-boobs, and the rigors of life as a male prostitute. He also graced our pages with hilarious photos featuring his disturbingly photogenic roly-poly self. This month, he had agreed to attend and write about a meeting of an organization called **Portland Black Men 4 Sexy BBW’s**, which was to be held at bitter-divorcée hangout **Bodacious Classics** in Southeast Portland. The event seemed filled with potential for

countless jokes about race relations and female body image, not to mention golden photo ops of Daddy Biscuits cavorting joyously amid black men and fat white chicks. But at the last minute, the bacon-scented scribe fagged out of the agreement, claiming he had to work until 1 AM and couldn’t make it. But me and **The Redheaded Jewish Clown** went past Stockman’s workplace long before 1 AM, and it was already closed. We think he was afraid to set foot in a bar because of the new twelve-step wringer his ex-girlfriend is squeezing him through.

Because he lied to me...forcing me to write yet another uncredited feature article under deadline for no extra pay...he must now face a double humiliation—therefore, I mock him not only because he is now affiliated with a dangerous mind-control cult, but also because he was afraid to tell me about it.

I don’t care what his girlfriend or the twelve-steppers say—Daddy Biscuits has star potential, and I’m the only one who gives a damn about helping him break into show business. He’s built for better things than diaper payments and sobriety chips. I hope that in future months he is able to redeem himself and realize the magnitude of his sin and folly. And I hope he finally gets around to helping me write that screenplay for *Negroes in a Haunted House*.



IN OTHER EXOTIC-COLUMNIST NEWS,

a literary catfight emerged...and then petered out...between two of our female writers this month. Their original columns for this issue were filled with nasty

barbs aimed at one another. Both of them seemed to be operating from erroneous presumptions about the other. Each implied that the other wanted to fuck me. Then, within minutes of one another, they requested that I pull their articles and wait for them to submit something new and not nearly so catty. And in the interest of the sistas workin’ it out, this is what I have done. Their new columns make no mention of one another.

I welcome “**Shifty**” **Henry** into our dubious ranks as our resident **Media Stalker**. It’s always good to have someone with a cruel sense of humor on your side. He just might be the man able to piss off more Portlanders than I can....Next month will inaugurate **Officer Partridge’s Hard Justice** column. His mother is a well-known feminist. He isn’t...And if you want to be an *Exotic* columnist—and you’re a good-looking chick who can write—flip over to page 18 and see how you can make your dreams a reality!

“How many tweaker strippers hanging from scuffed brass poles as some sludgy shit-rock blaers from the speakers will it take before you’ve had your fill and push away from the buffet table?”

ONCE YOU’RE IN THE INDUSTRY, can you ever really get out? Earlier today around the water cooler, the fellas were talking about the brawlin’ bitches in the Beaverton bar and some whacked-out stripper chick who’s addicted to Ecstasy and is a great fuck but is totally insane and the lingerie model who does so much tweak, her eyes get crossed. And then I look at **Kook Dogg** hunched over there at his desk, slapping naked pix of Portland chix onto the scanner’s cold glass and feeding their bodies into our computer system, and I wonder if the poor hapless youngster will ever really have a chance to make it in the “real” world after being exposed to something as degrading and soul-crushing as *this*. I hope he doesn’t read this, because I predict a future of heartache, alcoholism, and nonstop porno for him.

Earlier tonight, the girls from the jack shack upstairs were standing outside the front door of our building on Burnside, all tarted-up and handing out flyers advertising their shows. It was almost like being in Amsterdam’s Red Light District, and suddenly I felt myself whisked away to a land of herring sandwiches, windmills, festive clog dances, and hash brownies. It was a sweet moment, and I wish I could have captured it on one of those disposable cameras. I can’t complain. It’s not entirely unpleasant to be stuck here in the fuzzy belly button of downtown Portland on deadline...deadline, when I feel as if 50% of my body is composed of Dante’s pizza, while the rest is coffee and Altoids. By the way—wouldn’t “Altoid” be a great name for a black guy?



SO WHAT’S NEW IN GOADVILLE?

If I told you what really happened this month, you wouldn’t believe me, and I’m unsure whether you’ve behaved well enough to deserve hearing it, anyway, so I’m not going to tell you just so you have some time to sit around think about your mistakes.

The *real* news is that I’m going to tinker with my image somewhat. The country truck-driver thing is getting played out. My plan is a simple one: I’m going to *dress* more like a Nazi, but *listen* to nothing but wigged-out Afro-licious black soul music from the late 60s and early 70s. I’ll be stomping around in motorcycle-cop leather boots and a starched black workshirt buttoned up to the throat, groovin’ out to Sly and the Family Stone and Curtis Mayfield on my Walkman. That should make everyone happy, I think. It’s best to cover all bases, you know?

That’s the thing about me. You could talk to me for twelve hours straight and still wind up confused. The Redneck

Express is a hard train to stop, my niggas.

I’m more of a freak than y’all could ever be, but I’m also more solid than you could ever manage. I’m smarter and stronger than you. You’re nobody, and I’m somebody. I could kick your ass on paper and in the streets.

And I never throw the first punch. But the second through the last are all mine...ain’t that right? I keep hitting back. Harder than you do. And you know it, bitch.

All I’m saying is, I’m not going to let any of you retarded jackass, inverted jackboot, inconsequential gnatty cloneboys think you can fuck with me. Nuh-uh. Flavor-Flav ain’t goin’ out like dat.



I DIDN’T WATCH ANY PORN videos this month, didn’t see any live strip shows. Didn’t read any porn mags, didn’t go to any jack shacks. Didn’t hire any escorts, didn’t pick up any hookers. I haven’t even done any erotic dancing ever since the Health Department shut down **café BEEF-CAKE**.

So what qualifies me for this job?

I don’t know. I just think they’re afraid to fire me. X

COOL STRIPPER NAMES I DON’T THINK HAVE BEEN USED YET:

- Toxin • Ovaria • Pockets • Jemima • Ragweed • Beltaine • Schmutzy • Fallopia • Donut • Cellula • Shrimpy • Teton • Turnip • Romaine • Cutley • Falafel • Rotgut • Mandible • Tampon • Gravy • Minoxidil • Midol • Urethra • Beaver • Slit • Gabardine • Bucket • Petunia • Hamhock • Boobs • Strumpet • Lube • Pita • Calamari • Matzo • Candelabra • Leche • Cochlea • Puncture • Custard • Sherbet • Crisco • Salamandra • Gibleet • Osteoporosa • Fluorine • Manganese • Galapagos • Vermont • Nougat • Glove • Skidmark • Kibbles • Tinder • Omelet • Melanoma • Limburger • Speedbump • Socket • Cancer • Positive • Pap • Dent • Possum • Sticky • Tuna • Ointment • Box • Shaggy • Sheath • Envelope • Tunnel • Quagmire • Duh • Itch • Boa • Hoagie • Sardine • Kegel • Flan • Truffle • Doorknob • Trench • Puta • Soup • Cornhole • Shiner • Manatee

KOOK DOGG’S SUGGESTED NAMES:

- Gakky • Propecia • Monistat • Dysplasia • Loo • Mothra • Carpa

NAMES THAT BOTH KOOK DOGG AND I CAME UP WITH INDEPENDENTLY OF ONE ANOTHER:

- Dilda • Urethra

AN IMPENDING WAR WITH IRAQ, as well as strict new laws designed to cripple the local sex industry, recently forced *Exotic's* general manager, **Bryan** "I Really Should Go Back to the Old Haircut" **Bybee**, to lay down a series of tough new restrictions governing the behavior of *Exotic* staff members.

In between bites of a roasted-chicken sandwich at a downtown P-town bar 'n' grill during one of our legendary Monday-afternoon pizza feeds, Bybee complained about a new law forbidding erotic dancers and lingerie models to touch themselves in "intimate" places during their performances. Pausing to softly burp, he then railed against an even newer statute that prohibits all girls under age 21 from performing in strip clubs and lingerie shops.

Wasting no time in transferring his personal anxieties regarding these new laws onto his dutiful workers, he then assumed a stern tone, enumerating our new guidelines as an incredulous staff gasped and made tasteless, inappropriate noises:

- The *Exotic* staff is no longer permitted to consume illegal drugs on the roof of our building.
- We are no longer allowed to bring firearms with us to the Monday-afternoon meetings.



Suddenly, as if by magic, the Exotic office was filled with young starlets hoping to replace Goddess Severina.

- We are no longer permitted to threaten other employees' lives.
- The free bowl of Viagra pills at the front receptionist's desk is being discontinued.
- We now have to bring our own toilet paper to all *Exotic* events.
- There will be no more free nonalcoholic beer for me at Dante's.
- We have to unchain and set free all the girls we were keeping in the "secret room."
- If we have sex in the back room of the *Exotic* office, we are now required to throw our used condoms in the garbage can.
- **Kook Dogg**, after a two-month sanction of enforced silence, will once again be permitted to speak.

After laying down these new laws, Bybee sipped some water, smiled to himself, placed some papers in his briefcase, checked his watch, sprinted out of the restaurant, and disappeared down the road on his futuristic motorcycle.

We all looked at one another, dumbstruck and flabbergasted. We knew it was the end of an era...a lazier era, perhaps, and certainly one which was less cost-effective, but an era that MEANT something to us all here. The old regime meant FREEDOM, man. It meant doin' your OWN thing. But here

THE INDUSTRY



comes our general manager with his number-crunching and sales projections and pocket calculators and plastic slide rules and efficiency experts flown in from the Dakotas, all of it designed to bum our high and take away our happiness, dude. *Exotic's* on a one-way bus ride to Squaresville, baby.

WHILE ON THE TOPIC OF ONE-WAY TICKETS, I have finally decided to issue a nonrefundable one-way pass on the next train out of *Exoticland* for the last columnist remaining from the old regime (if you don't count **Flagstone Walker**). The editorial cleansing that began so many months ago is now complete. Ahh, relief...

I will try to take the high road here. I mean, I guess I could get nasty if I wanted. A lot of people have offered personal testimonials regarding our newest ex-columnist, and there's some pretty juicy stuff amid it all.

But instead of *personally* attacking her, I will now list many of the *business*-related reasons why this particular "writer," who will remain unnamed except in the humorous caption contained beneath the photo to the left, is being given the heave-ho:

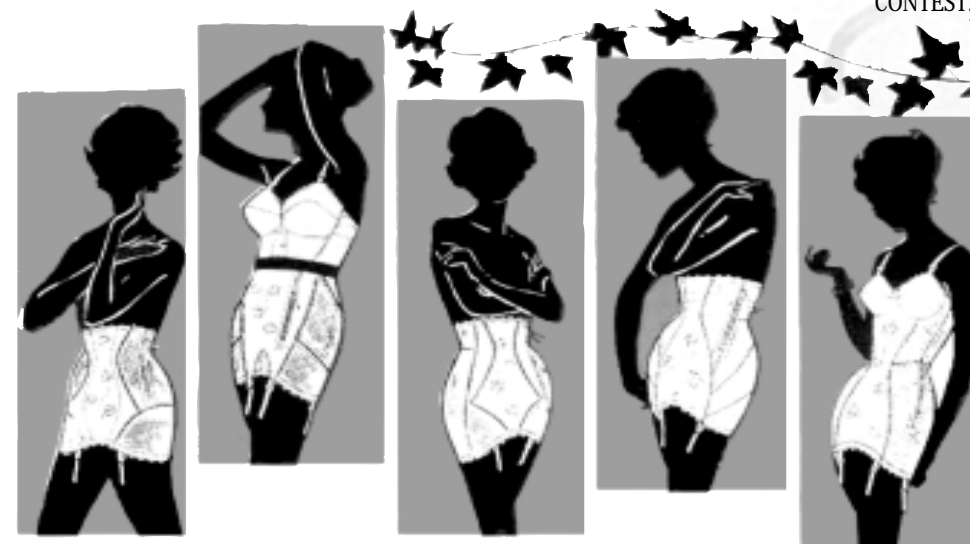


- 1 She always hands her column in late...always later than everyone else, as if she is somehow more entitled than the rest;
- 2 Unlike all the other columnists, she can't seem to figure out how to e-mail her column directly to me, forcing me to rush over to another computer in order to fetch her substandard prose and forward it to mine;
- 3 She is grossly overcompensated and currently receives goods and services worth more than FOUR TIMES what other columnists receive;

4 She's supposed to be a dominatrix, but in a column she wrote intended to attack me, she didn't hit *one* of my weak points. Everyone was amazed at how tepid that column was. I mean, isn't a dom's job to sniff out someone's weak spots and nestle inside them? I'm sure there's some 200-IQ psycho dominatrix out there who might write an interesting column about sadism, but this dom isn't the one.

5 She can't write. That's the biggest problem. So...dom-diddy-dom-dom... she's fired.

What *is* it with you industry workers? Just because someone pays for the privilege of licking your feet doesn't make you an artist. Just because you do a sorry retread of naughty bondage movies doesn't mean you can write. OK? I never claimed to be a stripper, but it's amazing how many of you assume you are writers. And for years, this very magazine was staffed with editors who nurtured the delusion that you're all much more than people who take your clothes off for cash.



CONTEST. You should also attach photos with your e-mail, because it's imperative that we judge you to be attractive.

AS THE NIGHTS GROW COOLER and my balls shrink accordingly, my thoughts once again turn to one of my favorite topics, **lesbian censors**. Our "Dyke Like Me!" feature of two months back apparently caused so much emotional turmoil within the softly fluttering hearts of two women of the lesbianic persuasion, it impelled them to march into a local **Castle Megastore** crying REAL TEARS about how the article had shattered their little robin's-egg minds and how it'd be a really nice thing if the magazine were removed so that way they wouldn't have to fear all those penis-totin' men lurking out there in the dark, seeking to rape them back into a hetero

lifestyle...or at least they wouldn't have to fear that kinda stuff so MUCH if the magazine were removed.

So after I made sport of Dommy O'Domina in print yet again last month, her boyfriend, who seems much more level-headed than her, politely asked me for constructive criticism about how she might be able to write a better column, and I tried to offer some, but it was ultimately hopeless. You can lead a horse to water...

"Just because someone pays for the privilege of licking your feet doesn't make you an artist."

The last straw came the other night when she began talking shit about me to my girlfriend, **The World-Famous Jewish Cowgirl**. She went so far as to call The Man Who Makes Her Text Legible an "asshole." Well, I understand physiology somewhat, and it seems that an asshole's job is to take a dump, and that's what I've just done.

Our newest dumpee is telling people that the negative attention I've given her is somehow evidence of a personal obsession on my part.

Funny—a former female *Exotic* editor who's now trying to jump-start her nonexistent career by running for the state legislature (and who, in an apparent fit of non-libertarian spite, recently tried to SUE *Exotic* for printing a photo of her jowly self), has inferred the same thing. THERE'S some solid ol' jilted-female logic fer ya—I got RID of them because I can't stand living WITHOUT them.

REGARDING LAST MONTH'S CHICK-COLUMNIST CONTEST,

the most politely diplomatic thing I could say would be to announce that we've yet to select a winner. Very few of the entrants



seemed to understand that the essay contest's theme was "WHY I SHOULD BE EXOTIC'S NEW CHICK COLUMNIST" and instead chose to reveal unsolicited details regarding their personal sex lives. So we'll keep the contest open, hoping that someone out there possesses a vagina, a brain, and a writing instrument that is somehow able to connect the two. Entries should total around 650 words and can be e-mailed to xmag@qwest.net with the subject header CHICK COLUMNIST

Instead of politely humoring the ladies or rudely dismissing them, Castle management buckled under and yanked the magazine permanently, advising us solemnly that they are "gay-owned." Yeah, so is **Fantasy Video**, but at least those fun-lovin' homos over there have a sense of humor. It's sick to observe how some of you have turned into a warped reflection of the easily offended Republicans you've fought so hard against, how you strain to exterminate everything that makes you uncomfortable...just like them.

I open the *Exotic* microwave oven and pop in two more spicy hot links purchased at **Dugo's** market, which is next to **Dugo's** bar, easily the scariest place to drink in Portland. I wearily scratch my interminably itchy scalp and wonder why humorless sanctimony seems to afflict lesbians so disproportionately. Can't they take a *pill* for that or something?

I ADMIT I'VE SMOKED CRACK, even though it was a long time ago. Never had a habit—I smoked it maybe a half-dozen times. It gave me the same weather-balloon-sized head rush as nitrous oxide or amyl nitrite. But I am the only one in the office who admits I've smoked crack. They say that crack's an East Coast thing. Many of them freely admit to having smoked PCP, but crack? *No, no*, they shrug dismissively, as if I'm uncultured merely for suggesting it.

This all comes as a HUGE surprise to me. I thought *everyone* smoked crack. You look at some of those dancers at some of the slimmer places, and you'd swear that half of their bodies were *made* of crack. I thought this industry's economy *revolved* around big yellowy golfball-sized crack rocks, huge white clouds of crack smoke spewing from the lungs of strippers and wealthy businessmen scraping melon balls out of each other's brains in a doomed quest to find that last unmet need that hides deep within their skulls.

But I was wrong. I stand corrected. Crack cocaine does not rule the sex industry, at least not in Portland. That honor belongs to **crank**.

THE INDUSTRY

by JG

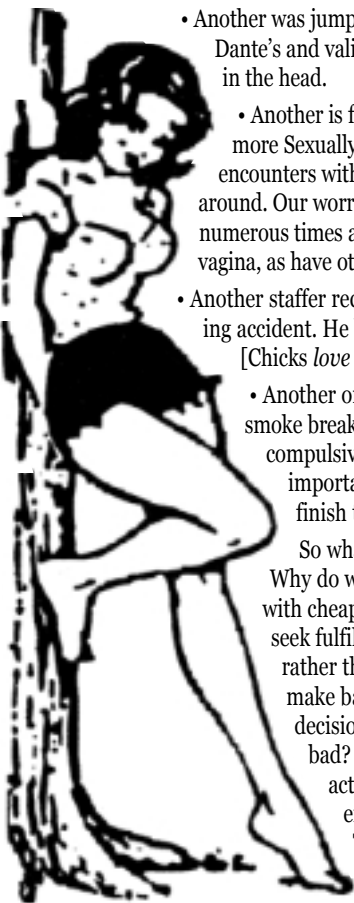


GOD, THE ETERNAL SADIST, has cast us back into the Dark Months. Summer flew by too fast, as it always does up here. Now it's scant daylight and heavy rains. The clouds marched in and will stick to the sky until next June.

The clouds are also dark and heavy within the collective soul of the *Exotic* staff, this bold brigade of desperadoes and troubadours who comprise what very well may be The Finest Staff of a Free Sex-Club Magazine the Northwest Has Ever Seen. A once-happy, carefree office crew has lately assumed the morbid demeanor of pale, creepy characters in some cheesy Edgar Allan Poe story. An uneasy sense of impending trouble pervades the office. The drama and intrigue seem to be reaching a crescendo, with a new sex-and-violence scandal popping up every week:

- One of our staff recently spit on a bar bouncer who's a hundred pounds heavier and a foot taller than him. He's also plunging deeper into a Hatfield & McCoy-style feud with an ex.
- Another staffer beat the fuck out of somebody who hit him first...I really can't say much more than that right now, other than it looks like his hand's broken. That, and I really didn't think he had it in him...you go, boy! He was also alleged to have thrown a ceramic gargoyle at a chick recently, but I'm sure he'd deny it.

- Another was jumped by a gang of seven jocks outside Dante's and valiantly fought back, kicking one of them in the head.
 - Another is fearful that he was infected with one or more Sexually Transmitted Diseases after a few encounters with a local girl who's rumored to get around. Our worried staffer also complained numerous times about foul odors wafting from this girl's vagina, as have others.
 - Another staffer recently twisted his ankle in a skateboarding accident. He has also developed gout in his ankles. [Chicks love gout!]
 - Another one revealed to me, during a tender smoke break in the office bathroom, that they compulsively masturbate and sometimes miss important appointments because they have to finish themselves off.
- So what's going on here? Why all the drama? Why do we seek to slake our restless souls' thirst with cheap violence and cheaper sex? Why do we seek fulfillment in the pleasures of the flesh rather than the glories of the spirit? Why do we make bad decisions, then *continue* to make bad decisions after our decisions are revealed to be bad? Why do we find ourselves committing acts we thought we'd never sink low enough to commit?
- The answer is easy:
It's all **Karla's** fault.



REASONS WE'RE SUPERIOR to the Islamic countries... *ary* reason we should bomb them into a flat sheet of glass with...is the whole **beard** thing. Apart from the fact that no etter in a beard except guys with third-degree burns all over I personally just can't manage that much facial hair. I'd make ned Muslim, no doubt. And their God is really too pissed-off, for me. I tried reading the Koran while I was in jail, and that e Allah's got some serious anger-management issues. One e he's saying he's merciful, the next he's threatening to scorch ss into the desert sand. Doesn't sound too merciful to me, . Although, I will admit, the seventy-virgins-in-Paradise e really was a stroke of marketing genius worthy of the craftiest sex-industry promoters.

THE HANGING RUBBERY NIPPLE of Cookie, my pet female pug, recently slipped into the mouth of **The Salty Jewish Ballerina**, my pet female girlfriend, one morning as we all lay about in bed. As my gal was talking, my hyperactive twenty-pound dog walked over her face, inadvertently forcing one of her long, pliable dog-teats into my paramour's oral cavity. She stopped talking. After the initial shock wore off, she described the nipple as having felt warm and oddly comforting.

FUNNIEST VOICEMAIL MESSAGE WE GOT THIS MONTH: *Yeah, this message is in reference to your [In Search of the] Prostate Gland: a k a "The Male G-Spot." I just had some hooker come over and try that for me, and it was the most horrifying experience of my goddamned fucking life. You guys must be a bunch of ass-packers, because I don't know what the hell that was all about. We followed your instructions. I think maybe you need better instructions, because this chick could just not figure it out, and now I'm scarred for life. Thanks a lot.*

Ouch. Sorry to hear about your ass and stuff. All I can say is that you probably shouldn't fool around with the home breast-implant kits (page 76), either.

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TOO MANY UGLY PEOPLE, but lately the problem has gotten out of hand. Just as disgusting little cockroaches reproduce and survive with greater ease than the beautiful swan, the ugly people out there are reproducing themselves with such ferocity that we beautiful ones are threatened with extinction.

Human sexuality is a warm, wonderful thing when left in the capable hands of physically attractive people. But when practiced by the ugly and deformed, human sexuality becomes something closer to a crime. Ugliness leads to rejection, which leads to heartache, which leads to anger, which leads to desperate criminal behavior. As editor of this, the finest, um, free sex-industry publication in the entire Northwest, I've tried to refrain from clubbing you all upside the head with politics. But the problem of ugliness needs to be addressed before the entire human race gets swallowed up in the Sea of Ugly. In my opinion, we need the government to do two things:

- 1) sterilize the ugly;
- 2) offer tax breaks and monetary stipends to enable physically attractive couples to reproduce.

Over one or two generations, human ugliness would be eradicated. How could anyone who isn't ugly be offended by this plan?

"Human sexuality is a warm, wonderful thing when left in the capable hands of physically attractive people."



A FOND FAREWELL, YE MIGHTY KOOK DOGG It is with equal measures of sadness and relief that I announce the abrupt departure of **Kook Dogg**, the incurably neurotic pullout-section graphic designer who wormed his way into the staff's consciousness, and into the pages of this magazine, over the past three or four months. Why, it was only last month that the big man with size 16 sneakers finally loosened up, donned a grass skirt,

and posed topless for several playful pictures in the office, a few of which made it into the magazine and apparently led to a new career for Kook as a professional belly model.

We used to make fun of Kook. But these days, he won't even return our phone calls. Things are blowin' up for Kook Dogg. Now he has a Hollywood agent and TV contracts and percentages of the merchandising. We launched his belly into superstardom, and now he doesn't need us anymore. Back in the day, back when we thought we had Kook under our thumb, when our barbs and insults became would too frequent and vicious, Kook would vow that he'd show us all and move on to a better, more legitimate job.

And now it appears that he was right. *We* were wrong, Kook, and *you* were right. You showed us. You used our cruelty and turned it back against us. You had the last laugh. You're a world-famous belly model, with your comically hairy gut popping up in TV and magazine ads all over the world, while we labor in obscurity amid the shadowy, borderline-legal industries of this glorified cowtown.

I will always remember and savor the good times with you, Kook, and even if your newfound wealth and power allow you to hire a hit man to kill me or break my legs in retaliation for the cruel ways in which I treated you while you were an employee here, well, I guess that's they way the potato chips tumble out of the sack, you know what I'm sayin'?

Kook has been replaced by **Peter**, who has only been here a few days and is so quiet that he's difficult to gauge at present. He looks like he might be a member of some Mexican gang or something.

WELCOME BACK, DADDY BISCUITS

After a two-month sabbatical in which his uniquely chubby brand of sexually charged humor was sorely missed by *Exotic's* hundreds of thousands of readers, my perpetual sidekick **J. L. "Daddy Biscuits" Stockman** is back in our stable. [See "Big Black Dicks & Big Fat Chicks," p. 72]. I had the good sense and discretion not to personally ask him what happened and why he disappeared from sight, but I'm still enough of an asshole that I'll publicly speculate about the causes.

I think he returned to the life of a homosexual street whore, and he was ashamed to tell me. He's been drinking a lot lately. You can smell the alcohol vapors rolling off his body from fifty feet away. And when he starts drinking, he starts shooting speed, and when he starts shooting speed, he starts staying up all night, and when he starts staying up all night, he starts going to gay bars, and when he starts going to gay bars, he starts picking up young skinny Thai men and brutally ass-fucking them, and when he starts picking up young skinny Thai men and brutally ass-fucking them, he returns to the life of a male prostitute in order to finance his lascivious lifestyle. Everyone reading this can relate to that lifestyle—one teener after the next, one boy-ass after the next, one mug shot after the next. It's a vicious cycle, and I thought Daddy Biscuits had pulled himself out of that sort of behavior a few years ago the last time he got out of prison.

But this industry has a seductive pull, and the most convincing proof of that is the fact that Daddy Biscuits is still out there on Burnside, sucking cock for little more than pocket change.



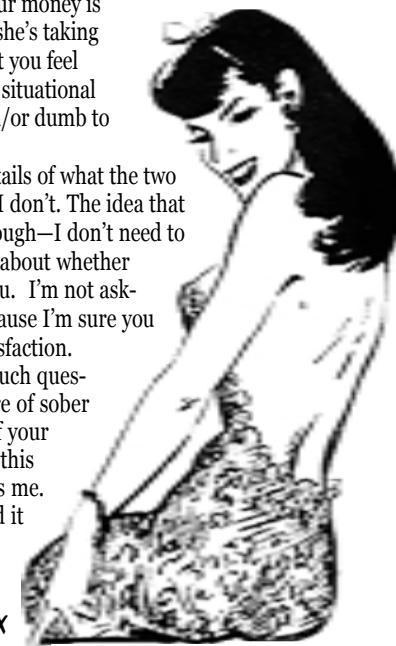
OUR JUDGES' COMMITTEE HAS YET TO SELECT a new *Exotic* Chick Columnist, so the several hundred women who applied should not lose hope...not yet, anyway. There will be plenty of time for all but *one* of you to lose hope in the immediate future, and that's assuming we pick someone rather than ditch the idea entirely. Those who have yet to apply for this, the most coveted of journalistic assignments, can still do so, but do it quickly by writing a 650-750 word essay centered around the theme "Why I Should be *Exotic's* New Chick Columnist" and e-mailing it to **xmag@qwest.net**. You must also forward us a picture of yourself. The picture is very important. It's crucial.

So strange. I started this contest sort of as a half-joke, and then I see this endless parade of hopeful women scrambling for that thin half-page column every month, and I start feeling guilty and tell myself that I really should start reading some of their submissions rather than tossing them aside and going back to the activity that consumes most of my waking hours, namely, searching my name on the Internet.

YOU'RE ALONE LATE AT NIGHT and you leaf through this magazine and decide tonight's the night you're finally going to call one of those girls in the pullout section. And so you pick the one who has the hair and the tits and the facial expression that inflame your loins so much, you don't consider it undignified to throw a couple hundred bucks at her. So when she shows up, what do you say to her? Do you lie about how much money you make and how important you are? Do you tell her about all your problems and how you've never met a woman...before her...who understands you? Do you convince yourself that she really likes you? Do you have a true appreciation of how closely your money is linked to the fact that she's taking her clothes off for you? Don't you feel the least bit *weird* about the situational dynamics? Or are you too drunk and/or dumb to feel self-conscious?

I really don't want to hear the details of what the two of you did or didn't do. Believe me, I don't. The idea that you *have* a sex drive is offensive enough—I don't need to hear the specifics. But I *am* curious about whether the experience was *satisfying* for you. I'm not asking whether you shot your load, because I'm sure you did, but that's not all there is to satisfaction.

I suppose it's rude of me to ask such questions, and I'm sure that any measure of sober self-analysis would ruin the thrill of your little callgirl escapades for you, but this whole sex-for-cash thing still baffles me. And the fact that I don't understand it is probably the chief reason why I find myself unable to treat this industry with anything properly resembling respect.



THE INDUSTRY

by JG

I'M FLAT ON MY BACK ONSTAGE, and three strippers are writhing around me, wagging their twats in my face as the cheesy sex-disco beat plods on like a retarded dinosaur. After about a minute of this fake dance of seduction, at a point when the girls start to take my shirt off, I feel someone tugging at my feet, dragging me down off the stage. It's my girlfriend, **The Strikingly Attractive Jewish Drum Majorette**, and she's witnessed just about all she can take. As I stand up and try to compose myself, she reaches down and cups my package with her hand to check whether or not I'm aroused.

Are you *kidding* me?!?
I'm shriveled-up like a jellybean!
It isn't the girls' fault...they looked fine and were only doing what the DJ was telling them to do.
It's the *situation*. So silly and cheap and stupid. So flat and soulless and phony. Such an embarrassment. A loud, wet, smelly fart on a crowded elevator.

Rather than getting a hard-on, I had wished that the stage would open up and swallow me in a single bite. At one point during the Phony Lesbo Love Dance, I looked up at the blonde topless stripper hovering over me and said, "I hope they're paying you a lot for this, because they aren't paying *me* anything!"

I had agreed to appear live at a local tattooed-stripper competition at the behest of the DJ, who for the last two years has been my coworker—one whom, it will soon be revealed, no longer works for us. He was the one who thought it would be cute if I staged an open debate with some local lesbians. But because the ad copy he'd hurriedly scribbled made it seem as if this was a private party, no real lesbians showed up, and,

well, he really didn't have much other entertainment planned. So he makes everyone sit around in an unforgivably smoky bar for THREE

HOURS before he finally tells me to go up. So after I sing a karaoke version of "If You're Going to San Francisco" (but with new lyrics about Southeast Portland bulldykes), I'm left standing there onstage with the mike as the DJ keeps spinning loud, gurgly-burgly, industrial shitrock. I vamp as well as I can, but it unravels quickly. The DJ and current *Exotic* Ex-Employee of the Month—did I mention that he's a fine, fine fellow?—then springs a highly theatrical "surprise" on me—namely, that I should lay on my back and have three strippers wriggle around me.

Apparently, within the industry, this is what is known as a "creative idea."
To me, it just looks like a loose pile of shit.
Later that night, as me and some other Studs of *Exotic* were driving back downtown, I said, "It's going to take a long time to wash all the shame off me."

INKY-PINKY EPIPHANY The next night, as the brilliantly conceived and highly tasteful tattooed-stripper festival moved to another club, I sat at my merchandise table, gazing disconsolately at the Porno Cattle wading around, these lost nobodies looking ACTUALLY EXCITED that there were nude twats wit' tats almost within arm's reach...I sat slumped, profoundly depressed at the spectacle of these pathetic, potato-normal shlubs shelling out their dehumanizingly hard-earned Benjamins to get a closer look.

Empty. Couldn't be emptier. You couldn't fit any more emptiness inside them.
And you know they're burning those real-live naked images onto their minds so they can weave down the road toward home all half-tanked, rush indoors and pull all their rage and rejection out through their little pink dicks in angry hot spurts.

I'll give you forty dollars if you say you want me. Fifty if you wink and say you really mean it.
Funniest moment of the night:

Little bottle-blonde bim nuzzles down to her only customer at the rack...stands back up and says, "A DOLLAR? That's all you got—A DOLLAR?"

Contestants come up to my table and ask me to vote for them. I tell them that I'm a felon and my voting rights have been stripped. That's usually enough to get rid of them.

At one point, the tattooist who had apparently been promised our table comes up and tells us that the event's organizer...the DJ from the prior night...the guy who up until only days ago had been with *Exotic*...the man who milked our publisher's kindness for all it was worth and then betrayed him severely...the guy toward whom I'd never done anything remotely underhanded or malicious...told the tattoo guy that he could have the table anyway because he was going to kick us out.

What a bitch.
You don't have to kick me out. I'm leaving. I don't belong here. You do.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE COLORLESS, crisp, early autumn afternoons where you almost brace yourself because your bones can tell that summer has finally given up for good and you're being rushed headlong into something darker and deadier.

On gray, blustery Burnside Street that afternoon, he matter-of-factly told me about his betrayal. He said they came to him, offered him a lot of money, and it was time to move on, anyway, and he really loved Frank and didn't intend to hurt him, but, you know, it was a lot of money, so, really, anybody else would do the same thing in his position, so he really doesn't know why everyone thinks he's the devil.

"It's going to take a long time to wash all the shame off me."

It didn't seem worth mentioning that no one had called him the devil. Nor the fact that there are some people who won't do some things for money.

I ALWAYS HATE TO SAY that there's anything redeeming about humanity, but sometimes people will come along and fuck up my program by consistently acting noble and generous for no apparent reason. This rare strain of human is so good, so decent and fair in all their dealings with others, that I call them "asshole barometers"—anyone who'd dare say negative things about them would have to be an asshole.

Our publisher is one of the finest asshole barometers I've ever met, and I've met some world-class ones in my time. A stunning testament to his highly evolved character and eminently likeable personality is the fact that in the two years I've known him, he's never done *anything* that came close to annoying me. That's nearly a miracle. And the few people I've met who've spoken ill of him or wished him harm have, invariably, been assholes.

I'm not getting paid to say this—I mean, I *am* getting paid to say this in the sense that I get paid to fill this space by saying things, but he's never told me what to say or what not to say.



There was no pressing need for him to hire me at this magazine other than the fact that I was ten days out of prison and needed a job as a condition of my parole. Basically, he created a job for me because he knew I needed one. And throughout the all-too-frequent personal crises in which I've found myself during the two years since he gave me a job, he's always been levelheaded and helpful. I've probably had a hundred jobs in my life, and I've never worked for a better person, nor someone more tolerant of his workers' limitless personal and professional defects.

Look, if you know anything about me, you know that I'm pained to say good things about *anyone*, so my persistence here should give you some inkling of what a solid, stand-up cat this **Mr. Franklin J. "Flatch No More" Faillace** is.

He'd shrug and say he's really not that good, but so does everyone else who really is that good. Trust me—he is. He's *that* good.

But one of life's cruelest truths is that goodness isn't always rewarded. It often seems to get punished instead. I've seen it happen to Frank again and again...whiny, tantrum-throwing, under-performing, talent-deprived ex-editors who blamed him for the fact that they weren't getting anywhere with their writing...and whose pissy, infantile behavior Frank stoically endured like the world-class gent he is...and who wound up trying to sue Frank, anyway. And, of course, there's that one worker at Dante's who everyone in the city knows should have been fired a long, long time ago...but who is still there because Frank is so tolerant, scientists should use his blood to make a vaccine to fight intolerance.

And I've never seen his tolerance muscles tested so thoroughly as they were by an *Exotic* staffer named John over the past year or so. John had been selling most of our ads and shooting most of our photos during most of my nearly two-year stint here, but the past twelve months had seen a serious erosion in his duties...and job performance...and personal behavior.

Most of his downward spiral...and I'm merely speculating...seemed linked to an unhealthy ongoing relationship with a girlfriend who, as luck would have it, was also a member of the industry. At least that's what John told me, oh, a month or so ago. He blamed it all on her. She got blamed for all his office fuckups and how he tested our nerves every month on deadline. She got blamed for all the property damage he caused in our office building. She got

blamed for all his self-destructive episodes, and believe me, there were a lot of them.

For a year, it seemed as if I was watching John slowly disintegrate. Concerned about his well-being, I counseled him to be careful about the dangerous direction his relationship seemed to be taking. When I chose him as Employee of the Month, I went really, really easy on him because I could sense he was mired in some deep ongoing crisis, and I didn't want to make his condition any more fragile.

Month after month, I was amazed he was still alive. It seemed only a matter of time before the inevitable crash into the wall.

Through it all, Frank was good to John. When John had a heartbreak-related mini-nervous breakdown and was curled in the fetal position on the sidewalk near Powell Blvd., Frank rushed to the scene, rescued him, and put him to bed. He took care of him, even though John's business performance and personal behavior really didn't warrant it.

And then John turned around and stabbed Frank in the back.

AS LOW AS THAT BITCH MOVE WAS, consider that John pulled it while he was living under the roof of our business manager **Bryan Bybee**, who, like Frank, was being perhaps a little more kind to John than might have been wise. As much of a jackhole as everyone in the office knows Bybee can be at times, he also has a soft side, and he can do the occasional nice thing from time to time, despite how he's constantly reminding you about it. And since John is paying rent, Bryan can't legally evict him, even though John's recent shenanigans directly threaten the livelihood of Bybee and everyone in the office. So Bryan tells me that he came home at 3AM in the morning this week to find a drunk John standing in his underwear in Bryan's kitchen, laughing about how he's going to bury us all.

And Karla says John called her and said her worst nightmare is coming true. And last night he apparently threatened to call the cops on pretty much the whole *Exotic* office, quite a bold move considering his own vulnerabilities on the criminal-behavior tip.

But his character...really, his lack thereof...fits the mold of a snitch. They're always the guiltiest ones. John is apparently under the impression that I was going to wag around a bunch of embarrassing personal secrets about him, but he's apparently missing the point. There's a lot of dirt I could have written about, but dirt mostly clings to the surface. He's quite a tacky fellow, and I mean that in a way that runs much deeper than his silly fashion proclivities or weird sex practices.

I just wanted to write about what he did, and to note for the record that despite all the trash he's talking about us in his quest to sell ads, he's a lower form of life than everyone who still works in this office. John is Industry Standard, really. Straight off the assembly line. Rocker boy speak with forked tongue.

At its core, there's something stilted about the idea of paying for sex. It would follow, then, that there'd be a lot of bullshit surrounding an industry rooted in phoniness, and John is one of the industry's Bullshit People...cheap, replaceable, airbrushed figurines who think money or attention somehow make them less of a cartoon and enable them to squeeze into some identity a bit less grotesque than what they are.



THE INDUSTRY



OUR NEW PRO-ISLAMIC EDITORIAL SLANT

Even though nobody on earth beside our president and his father consider **Saddam Hussein** an immediate threat, it appears likely that “we’ll” be sending “our boys” into combat and tuning into CNN to watch live-action feeds from videocams attached to all the cool new bombs and missiles we’ve been waiting to try out. While I certainly hope this doesn’t happen...well, no, not really, bombs could be droppin’ all the way from here to Japip, and unless they blow up the place where I get my morning coffee, it differs not a whit to me...I do worry about the possible outcome. What—eek—if we were to lose? What if the new Islamic occupational regime forced everyone in the office...even Karla...to grow beards? How would you feel if all the strippers and escorts you see depicted in *Exotic’s* pages, these deceptively beautiful girls, were all forced to cover their bodies head-to-toe in traditional Islamic women’s garb? What if you had to pay a hundred dollars at a jack shack merely for a chick to show you the inside of her wrist? To call it “culture shock” would be putting it mildly. So,

operating in the best interests of myself and my readership like I always do, I’ve decided to beat our possible Muslim conquerors to the punch and steer our editorial content toward a more pro-Islamic space...just in case things go bad, you know? Next month will herald the inauguration of a new column, *al-Exotiq*. It is designed to address the hypothetical problems of being an Islamic sex worker...you know, things such as how to give a good pole dance even after the town elders amputated your limbs as punishment for accidentally removing your *burqa* in public. We are actively seeking a female Muslim sex worker willing to write *al-Exotiq*. Interested applicants should write a 650-750 essay centered around the theme “Why I Want to be *Exotic’s* New Muslim Chick Columnist” and e-mail it to xmag@qwest.net.

On an almost entirely unrelated note, grumpy septuagenarian rocker **Bo Diddley** (see feature, page 76) claims to be working on a rap song about swarthy Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein. Sample rhyme: “Saddam Hussein, pick up your phone/if you do we might leave you alone.”



YET ANOTHER BONER PILL *Exotic* headquarters recently got its hands on a new pill whose manufacturers seek to slice a few inches off Viagra’s near-monopoly of the boner-pill market. The newest cockpill on the block should soon be released in the US by Eli Lilly under the trade name **Cialis**.

Whereas Viagra’s dick-enhancing properties are caused by a compound called sildenafil citrate, the newer Cialis draws its erection-conjuring mojo from a compound called **tadalafil**. If you repeat it fast enough, it starts sounding like “the daffodil.” Manufacturers claim it works more quickly and lasts MUCH LONGER than Viagra—usually for TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

Hard cock for 24 hours straight? Please correct me if I heard you wrong, but do you mean to say that from the moment I wake up...until the NEXT DAY when I wake up...I’ll be aimed and ready to fire? I’ll be walking around the apartment poking my shit in the fucking TOASTER. I’ll be playing sandlot baseball using only my dick and a rolled-up ball of tinfoil. Mr. Publisher Man, reach into that magical satchel of yours and kick me down one of them there daffodils!

Another staffer had tried Cialis a few days prior and said it made Viagra look like aspirin. He said that unlike Viagra, it not only made him hard—it made him almost unbearably HORNY. When I asked about the twenty-four-hour thing, he just laughed, looked away, and nodded his head.

The pill itself, a beautiful solid-blue gel cap, was quickly down my throat. I figured that within twenty minutes I’d be home, hand-in-hand with **The Big-Boobed Jewish Pelican**. A few months ago, that sassy, spicy, saucy lass had unknowingly allowed her

vagina to serve as a snug little airplane hangar for the Jumbo Set-sized erection induced after I self-administered the terrifyingly effective MUSE urethral suppository. Tonight, without her knowledge, her yoo-hoo would again be used as a Test Cunt for yet another new Dick Drug.

We get home. I fix myself some hot cocoa. We watch some TV. She takes out her contact lenses and brushes her teeth. One hour. Two hours. Still no riot down in Crotchville. We slip into bed and start performing the ritual. I’m hard, but still no harder than usual...which, I’m pleased to announce even though you didn’t ask me, is impressively hard for someone who’s zeroing in on senior citizenship like I am, much harder than it was when I was half this old...but still, this is just another one of my nice, everyday, Jew-ticklin’ hard-ons.

“Tonight, without her knowledge, her yoo-hoo would again be used as a Test Cunt for yet another new Dick Drug.”

Nothing that seems chemically enhanced. My thick cock-veins aren’t bulging as proudly as they do on Viagra. And it’s nowhere near the pink plumbing pipe wrought by MUSE.

In the morning, my wakeup hard-on was no heartier than usual. Throughout the day, the cycle of *goadus erectus* proceeded no differently than normal. The only mild change I noted was perhaps an increased feeling of being sexy. Not horny—I just felt kind of sexy, like even more of a sexy guy than I usually feel I am. But after twenty-four hours, I had noticed no significant *penile* effects induced by Cialis...or tadalafil...or the daffodil...or the dud



pill. Maybe it was an off day for me, and I’d surely be willing to pop another one just to see if nothing happens again.

Next month, I’ll review a new pill that promises an average 24% temporary increase in PENIS SIZE. We’ve ordered a case for the office! And it’s a tax deduction to boot!

SO WHO’S THE FAG? A precious morsel of in-house gossip has recently crossed the *Exotic* news desk. Reliable sources tell us that our general manager, a man who can’t let a day go by without calling us all “fags” at least five dozen times, sports a BELLY RING. Ahhh-HA! This must be why, although he toils in an industry that butters its bread with nudity, he has never ONCE appeared topless around the office. I should admit some bias and reveal that body piercings annoy me pretty much top-to-bottom. I believe that if the Lord wanted us to staple our bodies, He would’ve made us all into pieces of paper rather than human beings—can I get an “amen?” I can’t recall ever seeing human flesh rendered more beautiful as a result of being PUNCTURED BY BIG UGLY PIECES OF METAL. But somehow, the idea of a belly-ring-wearing *homophobe* takes it to a whole ‘nother level. An earring I could see. Maybe even one of those dumb-ass mini-barbells people cram through their nipples. But a BELLY RING? Who are you—Gwen Stefani? What’s next—hip-hugger jeans that accent the soft curves of your

child-breeding pelvis? Permanent eyeliner? Collagen injections? Sometimes you baffle me, Bybee. And by the way, I need another advance on next week’s paycheck...

THE ONLY MENTION I’ll make of **John Vogina** this month will be to note his new nickname, which I’ve just done.

PORTLAND’S MOST NOTORIOUSLY UNPLEASANT cocktail waitress has been fired, and I feel somewhat responsible. In last month’s column, to illustrate the breadth of our publisher’s tolerance, I had mentioned his reluctance to fire “that one worker at Dante’s who everyone in the city knows should have been fired a long, long time ago.” A few days after last month’s issue hit the streets, said worker confronted me at Dante’s and, in front of a barful of patrons, asked if by “that one worker,” I meant her, and if I did, she just wishes I had the FUCKING BALLS to say it to her FACE, blobbity blobbity blah yibba yibba yoo. Wishing to avoid an unpleasant scene in a place co-owned by our cherished, saintlike publisher, **Flatchman**...and unsure whether the waitress in question was so nutty that she’d escalate the situation to where *she’d* be the one who’d do something fucked-up while I, Mr. Ex-Con Woman-Beater Poopy-Pants, would be the one who’d get taken away in handcuffs...I merely said that

she’s a “peach” and a “real charmer” before quickly leaving the bar. A few days later, switching over from her primary mode—“I’ll-bite-your-fucking-head-off-if-you-so-much-as-BREATHE”—to her secondary mode—“I’m just a fun-loving, misunderstood girl—won’t you be my friend?”—she coyly asked me if we could talk about what I’d written. I told her we’d talk about it, but since I was in an intensely FOUL mood, I didn’t want to talk about it just *then*. (I wasn’t lying.) She politely agreed that we’d talk about it later.

Within a day or two, after she threw yet another temper tantrum at Flatchman, he finally mustered the yarbles to fire her. So I never got a chance to tell her why I wrote what I did.

But if I had, what would she have said in her defense? That she wasn’t *really* APPALLINGLY RUDE to patrons who hadn’t provoked her in the least? That she wasn’t CONSISTENTLY NASTY to many of her co-workers? That I’m lying when I say I’ve heard *dozens* of people vow they’d never set foot in Dante’s again because of “that bitch waitress?” That most of Dante’s comedians on Tuesday night didn’t *really* make jokes about how horribly she treated people? That over the years she’s worked there, Frank hasn’t *really* lost tens of thousand of dollars from potential repeat business that she killed with her oft-repellent behavior? That he really *shouldn’t* have fired her a long, long time ago?

If she’s reading this...look. I know how hard you try. I realize you’ve tried to be nice to me sometimes. But to be honest, that makes me even more uncomfortable than when you’re bitchy. Maybe you’re right that I should have talked with you before writing anything. Maybe you’re not a bad person. Maybe *you’re* the real victim in all this. Maybe you suffer from some sort of Tourette’s-like disorder that compels you to snap at people. Sorry for any misunderstandings or bruised feelings. I just don’t think you’re cut out for service-industry work, that’s all I’m trying to say. I wish you luck in future endeavors...ya fucking bitch.



DUMBINATRIX I recently received a delightfully psycho e-mailing from a self-professed “SSC Domme” calling herself “Furia Deae,” and *HOO*, lemme tell ya, does this dame have some issues with men! The e-mail’s header suggests that Lady Furia lumps me together with a bunch of those mostly

pathetic men’s-rights jackholes. Ms. Deae e-mailed me and twenty other lucky prizewinners her balls-to-the-wall...I mean, *ovaries-to-the-wall*...rant against Everything With a Penis. Calling herself a “Gynosupremacist, and entirely unapologetic about it!,” she predicts that the coming war in the Middle East will bring about the patriarchy’s long-overdue collapse. A bold new matriarchy will emerge from its ashes, a Chicktopia where “rebellious males will be made to serve the Goddess, according to ancient customs! LOTS of environmental work to be done, work-gangs and healthy, heavy labour, a simple, nutritious [sic] diet and enforced celibacy (for those males who don’t fancy bisexuality! <lol!>)...unless they prefer neutering, of course! <giggles>.” Wow! Looks like we’ve found our New Chick Columnist! **X**

