



T-shirt and sneeze so 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 "tallywhacker" 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 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."*

**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—STOP!..."

**I WAS THE DOORMAN** throughout October's fantabulous 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....

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

## THE INDUSTRY #2 JANUARY 2002

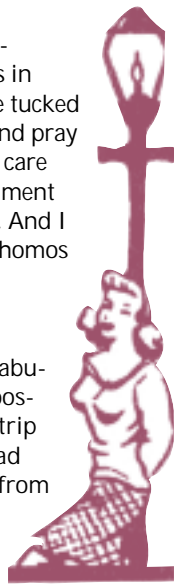
**PROSPERO AÑO NUEVO**, all you lonely, creepy masturbators of the greater Portland area! Just holding a copy of *Exotic* in your hands makes you sexier, doesn't it? There's enough jack material in this issue to keep your bony li'l paws busy for a month. And lest you grow uneasy, I'm here to assure you that there is nothing shameful about masturbating to *Exotic*. All right, 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, desperadoes, and drama queens, one could write the whole magazine without ever having to leave the office.

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

In contrast to 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 endless cartoons, poems, and background information about himself.

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 also generously bequeathed to 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 Charley "The Only Negro in C&W" Pride.

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 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 series 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 now?)

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

**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.)

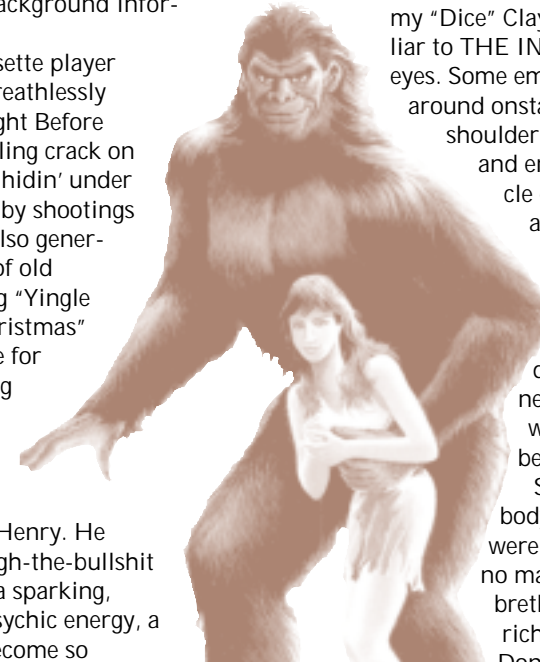
## THE INDUSTRY #3 FEBRUARY 2002

**SO I'M DOWNSTAIRS AT DANTE'S DURING DEADLINE** doing my "Dice" Clay fake-doorman 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 meat hooks 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 infantile 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. No matter how much my predecessors may 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 main-stream 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 severance pay. No matter that while in our publisher's employ, said predecessor made it a habit to talk shit about our publisher to whomever willingly endured his whiny milk-cow voice, or that the consensus opinion among other employees is that said publisher just may be the Coolest Boss in World History. No matter that my immediate predecessor was still receiving blood money AFTER he LIED to our esteemed publisher about not trying to snitch 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 cuntly 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 make 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 possibly been warranted had the man possessed the merest shred of talent, yet it quickly became apparent that his 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.

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?

## THE INDUSTRY

#4 MARCH 2002

**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 bought 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 gooey, 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—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 30 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 only 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.



**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 voicemail 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 blowjobs 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."

## THE INDUSTRY

#5 APRIL 2002

**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 *catch* for a living but somehow are righteously offended by my words.

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 '80s 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, amidst 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 Mötley Crüeish, 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."

#### 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:

9 a.m. ... Wake Up  
9:15 a.m. ... Continental Breakfast  
9:30 a.m. ... Start Beating Women  
Noon ... Lunch Break  
1 p.m. ... Resume Beating Women  
6 p.m. ... Dinner Break  
6:30 p.m. ... Write About Beating Women  
10 p.m. ... 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 thine 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?

**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. 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 4 a.m. 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 go out to the Candlelight sometime soon. I'll buy the drinks, and we'll both mack on big-booty 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, ooooh, 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!

## THE INDUSTRY

#6 MAY 2002

**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.

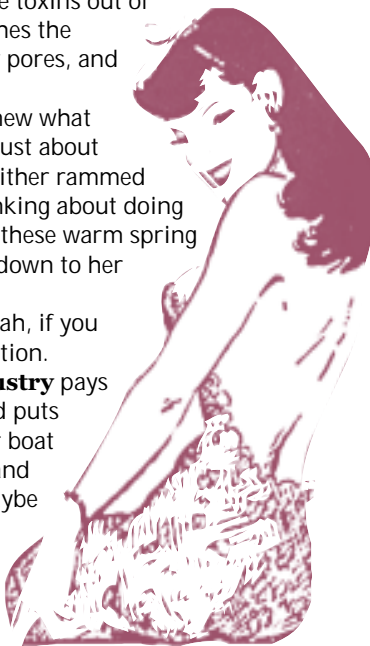
Whoever designed the **pussy** knew what they were doing. More and more, just about every second lately, I find myself either rammed up her tight little sugarcave or thinking about doing it. I see her walking next to me on these warm spring days, and my instincts just flutter down to her kangaroo pouch. 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** pays our rent, buys our toilet paper, and puts cream in our coffee, 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.

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 L.A., 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 23. 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 attendance—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 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 \$1,000 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 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 steamin' 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 2,000-3,000 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 \$100 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 rigmarole 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 100 years of sex-for-cash in Portland!

# THE INDUSTRY

#7 JUNE 2002

I 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, loogied on my face while riding me on top.

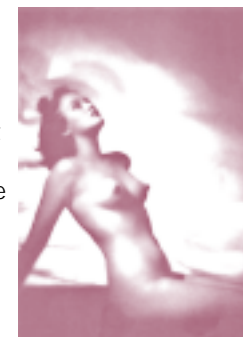
And drink bottles and bottles of whiskey.

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 15 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 20 years later, these spooey-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 a.m. in a midtown 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.

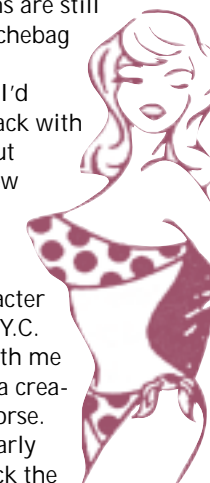
I LIVE IN THE WEE CITY OF PORTLAND, but I was Philly-born and raised. Grew up amid soft pretzels and white knuckles and brick buildings. Then I spent a couple of years in the NYC area. Then I lived seven years off Hollywood Boulevard. And then it's been Oregon since 1994. But my mannerisms are still 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 15 years. I flew back with **The Dancing Jew**, who's from Portland but sounds more New York than everyone in New York and is 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 N.Y.C.

I had brought a thick deadly chest cold with me from Portland, hacking up rubbery green sea creatures, the cold-spring N.Y. 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 Lynyrd 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 a.m. 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 N.Y.C....and every one of them skips faggily through the Village leading a fruity French Bulldog around on a gay little leash.

## 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 that 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 15 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 which thrives with such viruslike hardiness 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 40 years later, making room in the world for such a beacon of all things good 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 most N.Y. 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.

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 no real 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 Joeification of Burnside has already started, and I think I feel sick.

But we still have Bigfoot and Buzz Martin and STRONG coffee and whitecapped mountains. We have Lars Larson and Tom Peterson and Scott Thomason 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 the 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.

# THE INDUSTRY

#8 JULY 2002

## 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 paranoid 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.

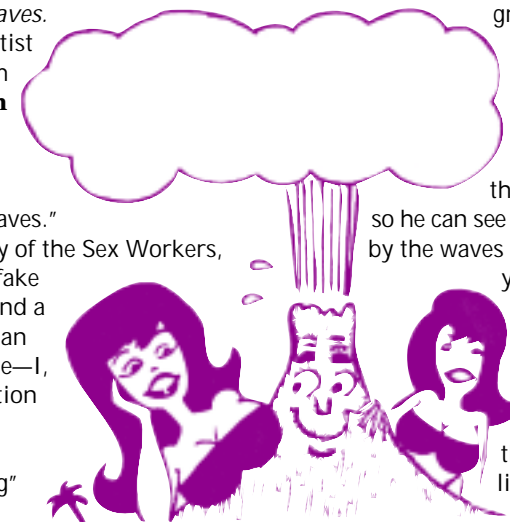
I like you, Kook Dogg. I think you have a good heart. But you want so desperately to be liked, you end up fucking it up every time. You don't have to try so hard—in fact, it's the trying-so-hard part that's irritating. It's the *freaky* part of you that I like, not the part that struggles to hide it. "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 Weirdness Within Him.

**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 woody. 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.

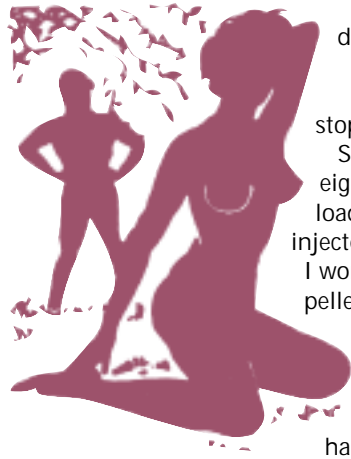
But I'm a self-starter. I'm all for improving my attitude and improving my erections. I become the volunteer Astronaut Chimp for this sexual pharmaceutical. Everyone else in the office was too timid to try it, so, as usual, I had to step up to the plate and hit a home run.

My unwitting female guinea pig is, of course, **My Jewish Companion**. One early summer night, as she lies 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 spit 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.

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-Edenlike 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 100,000 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, except to note that I may think of patronizing him the next time I need a taxi.

#### 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.*]

## THE INDUSTRY

#9 AUGUST 2002

"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?"

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 Twats 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 forensics 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 blares 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.

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 and 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 Afrolicious black soul music from the late '60s and early '70s. I'll be stomping around in motorcycle-cop leather boots and a starched black work shirt 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?

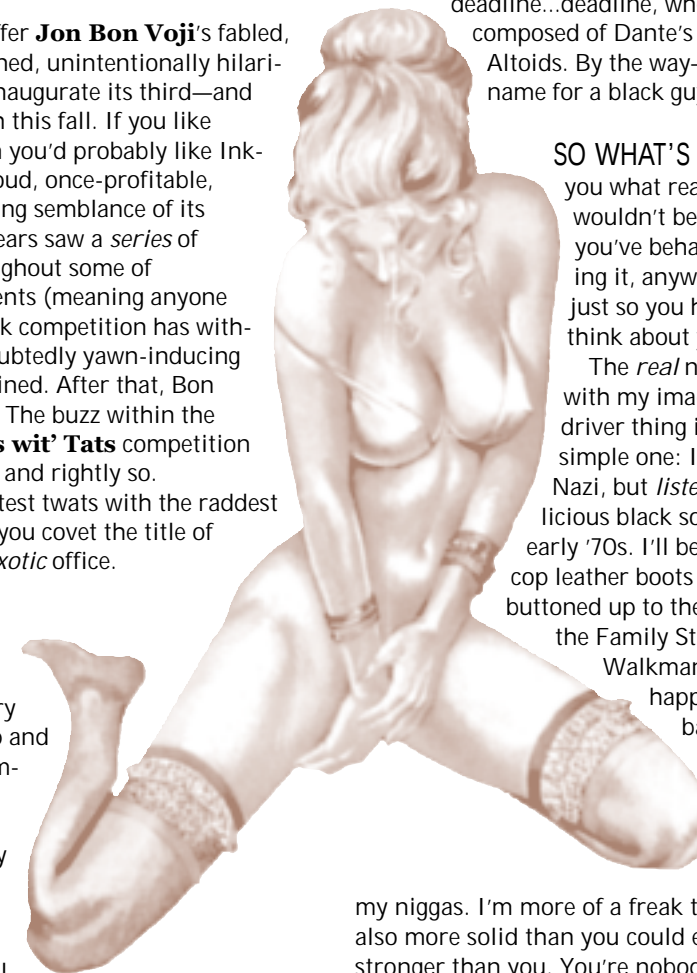
That's the thing about me. You could talk to me for 12 hours straight and still wind up confused. The Redneck Express is a hard train to stop,

my niggas. I'm more of a freak than y'all's 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.



# THE INDUSTRY

#10 SEPTEMBER 2002

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.
- 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 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 amidst it all.

But instead of *personally* attacking her, I will now list many of the *business*-related reasons why this particular "writer," who goes by the ridiculous moniker "Goddess Severina," 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 intending 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



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 • Cuntley • Falafel • Rotgut • Mandible • Tampon • Gravy • Minoxidil • Midol • Beaver • Slit • Gabardine • Bucket • Petunia • Hamhock • Boobs • Strumpet • Lube • Pita • Calamari • Matzo • Candelabra • Leche • Cochlea • Puncture • Custard • Sherbet • Crisco • Salamandra • Giblet • 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



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.

So after I made sport of Dommy O'Domina in print yet again last month, her boyfriend, who seems much more levelheaded 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...

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.

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 slimier places, and you'd swear that half of their bodies were *made* of crack. I thought this industry's economy *revolved* around big yellowy golf-ball-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

#11 OCTOBER 2002

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 harlequins 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 100 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.

ONE OF THE REASONS WE'RE SUPERIOR to the Islamic countries...maybe the *primary* reason we should bomb them into a flat sheet of glass and get it over with...is the whole **beard** thing. Apart from the fact that no one looks better in a beard except guys with third-degree burns all over their face, I personally just can't manage that much facial hair.



I'd make a scraggly-chinned Muslim, no doubt. And their God is really too pissed-off, even for me. I tried reading the Koran while I was in jail, and that there Allah's got some serious anger-management issues. One verse he's saying he's merciful, the next he's threatening to scorch your ass into the desert sand. Doesn't sound too merciful to *me*, jackass. Although, I will admit, the 72-virgins-in-paradise promise 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 lolled about in bed. As my gal was talking, my hyperactive 20-pound dog walked over her face, inadvertently forcing one of her long, pliable dog-teats into my ladylove'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.*

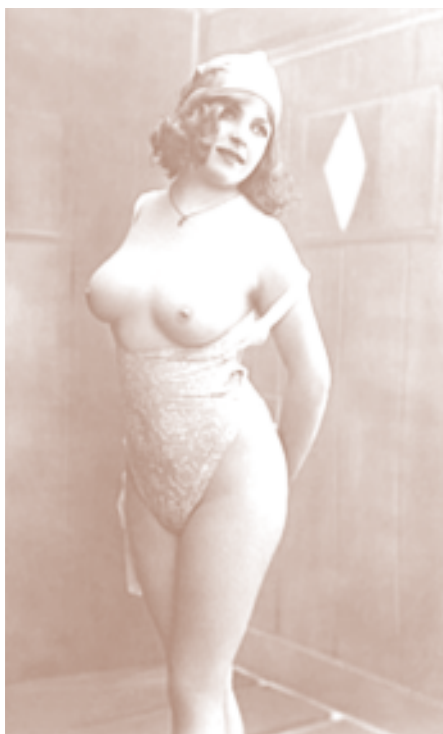
**THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TOO MANY UGLY PEOPLE**, but lately the problem has gotten out of hand. Just as disgusting little cockroaches reproduce and survive with greater ease than the beautiful swan, the ugly people out there are replicating themselves with such ferocity that we beautiful ones are threatened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



**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 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.

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.

**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? Do 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 call-girl 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

#12 NOVEMBER 2002

**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 Scott McKenzie's "San Francisco" (but with new lyrics about Southeast Portland bulldykes), I'm left standing there onstage with the mic as the DJ keeps spinning loud, gurgly-burgly, industrial shit-rock. 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 schmendricks 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, then rush indoors and pull all their rage and rejection out through their little pink dicks in angry hot spurts.  
*I'll give you \$40 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, then 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 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 100 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, underperforming, 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 12 months had seen a serious erosion in his duties, 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 jack-hole 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 3 a.m. 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

#13 DECEMBER 2002

**OUR NEW PRO-ISLAMIC EDITORIAL SLANT** Even though nobody on earth besides 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 \$100 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 750-word essay centered around the theme "Why I Want to Be *Exotic's* New Muslim Chick Columnist" and e-mail it to the magazine.

**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 U.S. 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 24 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 24-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 20 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 Jet-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



another one of my nice, everyday, Jew-ticklin' hard-ons. 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 24 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 greases its gears 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 dumbass 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.

