

# Exotic City

by Spooky X

"Nothing but the naked truth"

**T**hey say you can't go home again, don't they? I guess they never worked in the adult entertainment publishing industry, because I'M BACK, BITCHES!!! To those of you that might remember me, I don't really need to say a goddamn thing, but to those of you that don't...it's all LIES! You see, a long time ago in a wet and sticky little town full of roses and strippers, I popped my cherry in the skinzine game. I was one of the biggest whores in the biz, working for every magazine that threw me a bone, but for the most part, the biggest bone was right here at *Exotic*. One of my duties was to put together *Exotic City*, which at the time was a boring and mundane little piece of fluff to inform all you depraved individuals which club was having a Jell-O Wrestling contest on what day and where. But as you can probably already tell, I didn't stick to the plan for too long.

Before you knew it, I turned this happy little page into my personal arena of blood and revenge for any and all that dared defy me. I said all the things you aren't supposed to say out loud on a monthly basis, sometimes costing us customers, sometimes inspiring death threats and lawsuits, and once in a while a punch to my head from an outraged lingerie model. I pushed it and pushed it until it really wasn't much more than some kinda lame-ass personal journal I insisted on forcing down the throats of 30,000 people thinking I was some kinda small-time Howard Stern. Then....they sent me away. I hid out in disguise as a deejay, a booking agent, a pimp specializing in tattooed strippers...you name it, I did it. And I was done. So where do bad pornographers go when they die, you might ask? Somewhere between Heaven and Hell, about three hours north to a land called Seattle. I traded in my roses for emeralds and started a newer, kinder, gentler magazine called *Exotic Underground*. (Don't buy that bullshit...just 'cause our Seattle edition isn't as snatch-happy as *Exotic*, we still get in plenty of trouble out here.)

So when a changing of the guard took place as Viva moved on to greener pastures...I, umm, "volunteered" to take over my old post, and then some. Be on the lookout for some big changes in these pages, my friends. After spending five years on and off with *Exotic*, I've seen many things come and go, like, for instance...competition! HELL YEAH! *Exotic* is #1!!! Oh wait, we're the ONLY ONE! Good thing they got me stationed out in Seattle, or else I just might find some idiot with a few bucks and a bad coke habit to start up another magazine and give 'em what for! So enough of all that...just because I'm a few hours away from all you pro-verts doesn't mean I can't tell you what you might be missing out on. I have eyes everywhere and a really big mouth, so watch your ass.

First off, big apologies to Nya and any other of you lovely exotic dancers that took offense to a four-letter word on our cover last month. It was a word I let slip a time or two myself in these pages, but always in a humorous way, which was once again our

intention, but I guess Nya wasn't amused. Rest assured, the party responsible will be on her way to Seattle soon, I'm sure.

Now its time for the important stuff...JELLO WRESTLING UPDATES! And since I've wasted almost this entire page setting you up for all these changes, I'm gonna handle it tweaker-style and just bust it out in turbo fashion. Football is good. Football with free eats is better. Football with hot naked strippers to pass that gay halftime show with is the best. (It's all gone downhill since Janet flashed us her barbed nips!) So be sure to head on down to your favorite club such as **Jody's Bar & Grill** or the **Last Chance Saloon** for prime playoff entertainment. **LaDonna's** in Salem mixes things up with Wednesday Latino Night, Thursday Amateur Night & Sunday with the Old School Music. Dennis Hof's **Moonlite Bunnyranch** is celebrating its 50th Anniversary. Congrats, Dennis, but what do you get the guy who has everything? **Frolics** now offers new and improved shows! (Maybe it's because of those new and improved laws!) **The Dolphin 2**, now in its fifth year, wants to remind you that Miss Nude Oregon 2006 is coming soon. Wanna be a porn star? Check out **Paradigm Productions** Modeling & Live Action Video Shoots. **The Pallas** is busting out a Five Year Anniversary Party so big it's gonna take two days! Round 1 on Friday, January 20th & Part 2 Saturday, January 21st @ 9PM (free stuff, specials, hot naked chicks—you know the drill.) Check out **Wildcats** for Free Texas Hold 'Em tournaments on Sundays @ 7:30pm. (Don't get excited, you gotta hold 'em yourself.) The **Dream On Saloon** takes it to the mat with

WWE Pay-Per-View for New Year's Revolution Sunday, January 8th @ 4pm and Royal Rumble Sunday, January 29th @ 4pm. **Cabaret's** got your back with 2-for-1 Table Dances all day Mondays and 5pm-8pm Tue-Fri, plus \$5 House Steak and Fries all month long. One of Portland's Premiere veterans

in the skin-game,

**The Dolphin 1**, is celebrating its 15th Birthday Party Thursday January 19th @ 8pm. **The Boom Boom Room** still offers Portland's hottest bar staff, including **Kitty Rocks!** (Yeah, Kitty, we're both gonna die in this business, aren't we?) And last but not least, **Baby Dolls** is scheduled to reopen in February—count the days with us, won't you?

Until next time, be thankful for what you have—you get to smoke, you can get table dances, you can drink with a naked woman, you can blow your rent on video crack! Don't forget how much Portland rocks. It could be a hell of a lot worse—you could be in Seattle!



There's always room for Jell-O Wrestling!