

THE INDUSTRY

by JG

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

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

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

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

I know more Jasmines than I know Daves.

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

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

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

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

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

I will not write much about Kook Dogg beyond speculating on his 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.

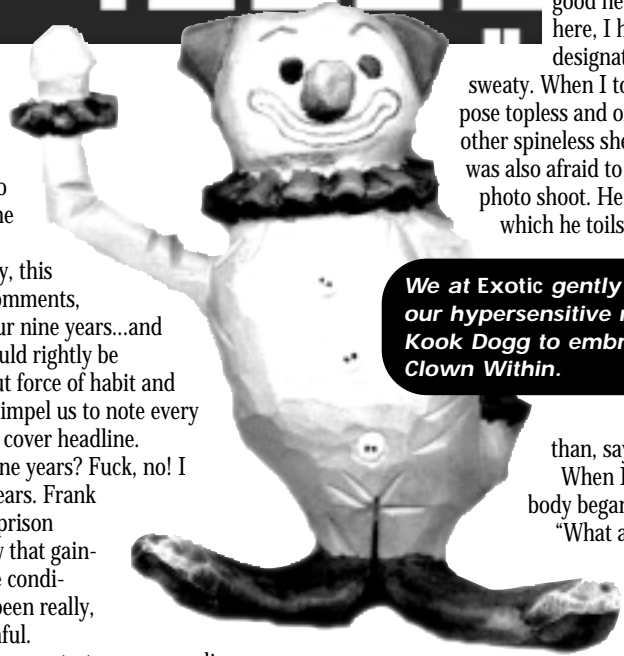
Even now...*right this second*...as I'm writing this, he's asking me if I have this article done yet so he can see what I've written about him. I'm fairly assaulted by the waves of fear that roll from his body less than two yards away from me.

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 Weirddness Within Him.

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



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

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

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

ANYTHING down their fragile pink urethral tunnel.

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

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

open the tinfoil which holds the foreboding plasticine Dick Injector.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



SOME OF MY FAVORITE THINGS:

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

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

