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JULY
2005
#145

EXOTIC



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**FREEDOM IS A
FOUR-LETTER WORD**

nick toshes on vocabulary revisionists

LARDASS LOVERS

feeder fetish takes the cake

BLUE JEAN BABY

viva on her miracle jeans

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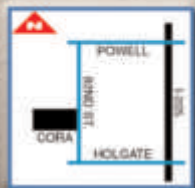
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The Good Old Days...

It's nice to see *The Portland Tribune* take such an interest in our little adult business scene here in town. *Tribune* columnist Phil Stanford has always had a preternatural interest in the seamer side of things. His outstanding book *Portland Confidential*, is all about crime and vice in Puddletown in the 1950's.

In between his admirable Michael Francke murder case columns and other more glib local gossip, Stanford has been writing even more than usual about the latest rumblings in P-town's so-called "Skin Magazine Wars."

In all fairness, the recent sale of *SFX Monthly* from founding publisher (and former *Exotic* ad sales rep) Christopher Lloyd-Baron to escort service owner Christopher Nardin is a juicy bit of gossip, especially when you throw in the fact that Nardin spent seven years in jail for murdering his own father.

My question: The old stories Stanford covers in his book all sound so cool and gritty and glamorous, but the current ones just sound so... *not*. Why is that?

I suppose time and nostalgia, by definition, have a way of turning things that way, and the old stories were probably dumb and embarrassing back when they actually happened.

For those of you who missed them, here's a sample of the last month or so from Stanford's column in the *Tribune*:

The Portland Tribune - Fri, May 20, 2005 Let's keep the drama to a bare minimum

Never a dull moment in the world of Portland's adult entertainment magazines, as they like to call themselves...

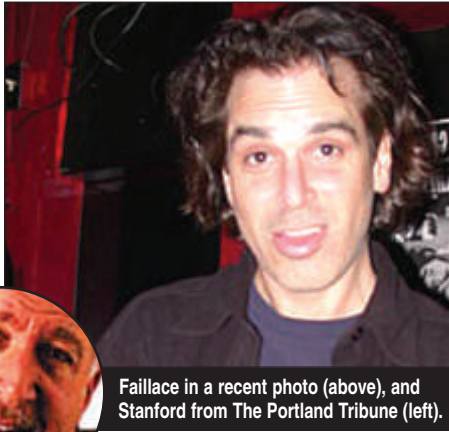
...Another strip club magazine in town, *SFX*, has a new editor, too, by the name of Christopher Nardin...

...Anyway, now that Nardin has taken over *SFX*, he's started offering free advertising space to some of *Exotic's* longtime customers...

...the new publisher of *SFX* is not only the owner of an escort service, but a con-

Carnal Knowledge

by frank faillace (kind of rhymes with buenos noche)
email: ffaillace@qwest.net



Faillace in a recent photo (above), and Stanford from *The Portland Tribune* (left).

victed murderer as well.

Nardin, for his part, remains nonplused by all the attention.

Yes, he says, in 1990, when he was 17, he shot his father, "who was beating me and my brother around." He served seven years of a 10-year sentence, and now that he's out, he's trying to make an honest living.

Can't wait to see what's next.

The Portland Tribune - Fri, May 27, 2005

Skin magazine wars (continued): According to Mariah, who handles the escort service ads at *Exotic* magazine, escort service owner (and now rival magazine publisher) Christopher Nardin frequently answers calls to the numbers listed in the ads himself. ... In a woman's voice, no less ... "Hello, my name is Jessica. I'm blond, and I have big breasts." Mariah says she's seen him do it.

The Portland Tribune - Tue, Jun 14, 2005

Skin magazine wars (continued): *SFX* publisher and escort service entrepreneur Christopher Nardin wants to say, first of all, that he was picked up on the night

of May 31 on 43 counts of promoting prostitution — all of which were dropped the next morning before he even had to go to court. ... But the real reason he's calling is that on the very same night, while he was in the pokey, representatives of rival *Exotic* magazine were going from club to club, telling everyone in detail about his arrest. ... "Now how could they know that?" he asks, hinting darkly at some sort of collusion. ... "Easy," says Bryan Bybee, general manager at *Exotic*. "I got it from one of the dancers."

The Portland Tribune - Tue, Jun 21, 2005

Vice cop Greg Duvic, the guy who arrested escort service entrepreneur Christopher Nardin a couple of weeks ago on 43 counts of promoting prostitution — only to see them all dropped the next morning before Nardin appeared in court — says he was "disappointed but not surprised." ... The DA's office, he says, is so overwhelmed these days, it won't prosecute prostitution cases unless they involve children or violence. ... Actually, says Chief Deputy DA Norm Frink, the charges are "still under consideration." Guess we'll just have to wait.

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HAPPY 4TH OF JULY

america compared to third reich--again

page 18

by nick tosches



PLAYBOY DOES PORTLAND

playboy tv features local strip club scene

page 23

erotic city



BOOBS FOR SALE

singer goes under the knife

page 57

by storm large



FEEDER FREAKS

sadists or slaves?

page 70

by jim goad

INSIDE STUFF

I Love Las Vegas...16

Erotic City...23

Cadvice...58

Whatz Crackin'...60

Pin-up Calendar...62



This years new "butt sparkler" has already been banned in three counties including Multnomah.

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Viva with MC5 bassist Michael Davis

Have you ever had an article of clothing that has magical powers, like the phone booth that turns Clark Kent into Superman? Some little something that turns your day from drab to fab, dangerous to safe, lonely to lucky?

I've got a couple costume changes that work actual miracles. My Copenhagen tobacco hat made me impossibly cool in 5th grade. My 9/11 socks (mint-green cotton with little embroidered flowers) kept me safe when I was on the subway under Wall Street on that awful day in '01.

My Zoo Dress (ridiculously short and featuring pop-art depictions of lions, tigers and bears) always gets me to the zoo. But my most miraculous article of clothing is my miracle jeans.

Of course the miracle jeans have a story. It's the one I wrote about in May 2002, when Hunter S. Thompson (not his real name) drove me all around L.A. in his Porsche. In between musings on life and crack, Hunter ponied up a million dollars for Miss Sixty jeans at a tony Melrose boutique.

They caught my eye right away. They were total rock star jeans: cut low at the waist and narrow through the leg. Strung leisurely from hip to hip was an inch-wide inset V in gray denim which hugged the ass in the back and pointed suggestively to the crotch in the front.

My breathing grew shallow as I flipped through the half-dozen pairs of jeans on the rack. They had to have my size! There was one 28—the largest size available in the store. I grabbed it and flew to the dressing room.

I had the jeans up to my knees when they started to fight back. They were obviously too tight. Still I persevered, carefully pulling them over my hips, sucking in hard to get the zipper up. Then I looked in the mirror. BANG! I was hotter than L.A.'s sun-baked pavement. Sometimes, I realized, too-tight is just

right.

Since then my miracle jeans have saved the day on numerous occasions. Most recently last week. I had a *hot* date with four of Portland's finest and a writer from *W* magazine at the fabulous Gotham Tavern. As usual I had ten minutes to get ready. I wanted to look sexy yet casual, hot but cool. It's a perpetual Portland dilemma: not to look too put-together, to ace that elusive understated elegance, to be casually cool, tragically hip.

I pulled fifty things out of my closet—little black dresses, fancy see-through t-shirts, my Marlene Dietrich lurex-and-fur jacket... The clock was ticking inexorably towards 8pm. What the fuck was I gonna wear?

In desperation I grabbed my miracle jeans. I carefully pulled 'em on and zipped 'em up, catching only a little bit of hip flesh in the zipper. BANG! Suddenly I was taller, richer, thinner, smarter. Suddenly my limp Portland night promised to be a celestial safari.

Of course I was still half-naked—I still needed a shirt and shoes—but the thing about the miracle jeans is you can wear them with *anything* and still look like a million bucks. You could go barefoot with a wife-beater that says "ASK ME ABOUT MY CAT" and the miracle jeans would squire you down whatever red carpet was available. For my *W* date, I chose a Forever 21 black-and-pink Asian-influenced plunge-neck top and black glitter stiletto mules (with black glitter bows) from MLK Fashion Plaza. Bingo! I was bitchin'.

And with not one moment to spare. I grabbed my purse, keys and Lip Venom and hopped in the Volvo. The miracle jeans had saved the day again.

At the Gotham Tavern, the cooks stopped cookin' when I walked in the door. I was halfway through my strawberry bellini when head chef Naomi Hebbbery sidled up to me and said the Gotham would like to have my jeans bronzed and mounted on the wall. An honor, to be sure—the Gotham kids are the toast of the international cuisine scene—but what would I do without my miracle jeans?

And really, what would they do without me? It is, after all, MY ASS that makes them look so goddamn good.

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THE POWER-BAR GUY'S WIDDER

(You Can Have Her, I Don't Want Her, She's Too Old for Me) 1939 it was "bad." When the late, great mayor of New York

There's an old Abbot and Costello routine. Abbot spends the last of their money on a hamburger, leaving Costello with a magazine page on which there is a picture of a steak. As Costello drools at the hamburger that Abbot is eating, Abbot explains that it's all mind over matter. He tells Costello to eat the magazine page. Costello hesitantly brings the page to his mouth. Abbot encourages him, complaining that all he himself has to eat is a lousy hamburger while Costello has a big beautiful steak. Costello chews the page and swallows.

We've all become Costello. We eat the illusion as we starve. We eat and evacuate "freedom" and "liberty," "compassion" and "justice"—the words, not the real things. But unlike Costello, we've come to enjoy our meal. We've been conditioned to consume it with a pleasant and politically correct smile. It's become only blandness our systems can take. And the more that empty words take the place of things—the more they come not to denote but to supplant—the more that we must distinguish between "good" words and "bad." Not according to poetic or linguistic standards, but rather to "moral" standards.

As words become the closest we come to things themselves, "good" words are to be the whole of our babblement while "bad" words are forbidden, criminally punished, expelled from society. To have "family values" is good, but we must ensure that no child is brought into a family through "fucking." Through the advances of modern verbal science, we do not have a single "cripple" or "retard" among us. We do, however, have "challenged" persons. Like "used cars," they were here one day, replaced by "pre-

owned vehicles" the next. Challenged by whom? I myself was taught never to pick on them.

When Hitler banned smoking in Nazi Germany in the spring of

banned smoking sixty-four years later, almost to the very day, in the spring of 2003, it was "good." This is because Hitler was "bad" and the mayor, because he was not Hitler, was "good." And it's because the science behind Hitler's ban—the Institute for Tobacco Hazards Research (Das Wissenschaftliches Institut zur Erforschung der Tabakgefahren)—was "bad," and the science behind the mayor's ban—the World Health Organization, the bastion of the post-war anti-smoking movement—was "good."

It was the World Health Organization that warned us in 1955 that: "Under the influence of cannabis, the danger of committing unpremeditated murder is very great; it can happen in cold blood, without any reason or motive, unexpected-

ly, without any preceding quarrel; often the murderer does not even know the victim, and kills simply for pleasure." Surely the World Health Organization must be right, even if the results of its own ten-year study on the effects of what it called ETS (Environmental Tobacco Smoke)—results that were not much publicized—failed to show a connection between secondary smoke and disease. There probably was no proof either of the connection between marijuana-smoking and murder, but surely none will be so foolhardy as to call it myth. Besides, the World Health Organization was always taking out its United Nations wallet and showing everybody all those sad pictures of starving children. Sad pictures of starving children are "good." We should give them all pictures of steaks to eat. But even then, we must see to it that their health is protected from the dangers of exposure to tertiary smoke, which is what happens when you're around somebody who's been exposed to secondary smoke. And even then, the risk of random homicide at the hands of lurking marijuana-smokers must not be discounted. If we protect the starv-

ing children from these things—it will only cost us pennies a week—we will be "good." Or we could feed them Power Bars instead of pictures, although this would increase the cost to us by several pennies.

Power Bars are "good" because they are *nutritious*, more so even than a picture of a steak. Their main ingredient is fruc-



by **NICK TOSCHES**

tose syrup. Fructose syrup is "good," because we should eat all the sugar we can. Remember: smoke "bad," sugar "good." And Power Bars were invented by a nice man who was married to a *nutritionist*. And he did not smoke, and she did not blow secondary smoke at him or run up a bag of reefer and dismember him. They were "good." And he got rich selling sugar to people and that is "good." But now he is dead, and that is "bad." He was only fifty-one years old when he croaked, and that is really "bad." I know junkies a lot older than he was. Maybe he did not eat enough Power Bars. Or maybe, a long time ago, he was in a room with an ashtray. To feel sympathy for the nutritionist lady is "good." Now she has enough money to give Power Bars to everybody. We want sugar, lady, we want sugar. Mmm. But maybe croaking at fifty-one is not such good publicity for the healthy way of life. Maybe I should market my Duji Wuji Bars: fructose syrup and heroin. Mmm, mmm, good. I want heroin, lady, I want heroin.

It is "bad" to want to place your penis into the mouth of a widow and say "Here, ma'am, suck on this Power Bar awhile." Even to say it or just to think it would be "bad." Our "freedom" is very precious: if you say dirty things around it, or think nasty thoughts around it, it will die. And that would be "bad." Worse even than when the Power Bar man died. You are "bad"—very "bad"—for reading this. You will surely go to Hell when you eat your final Power Bar. And you know what's there, don't you? Yes: Environmental smoke.

One of our "great men" was a man named Rudolph Giuliani. He did not invent the Power Bar, but still he was "great." When he was the mayor of New York he brought "quality of life" to New York, and, of course, "quality of life" is "good." He did this by outlawing topless bars, which are "bad." Yes, even as a devout Roman Catholic, he had the "courage" to take a stand against God, who surely had done a very "bad" thing when he let Eve traipse around with those things of hers jiggling around. So the "great man" named Rudolph Giuliani made ladies' titties illegal. He was a "brave" man. He was "challenged," yes—so homely that no good-looking woman would give him a good look—but he "overcame" this "challenge." He did this through "just retribution," by casting titties from the garden of the quality of life. But that is not why he was a "great man." He became a "great" man during a "time of great tragedy," when he put on a baseball cap. And because of this, there were many opportunities to grow rich in positions that never would have been offered him if there had been no "time of great tragedy," for a "time of great tragedy" makes "heroes" of men. And though he was, as "heroes" often are, too humble to say it, we can all be assured that, devout Christian that he was, the late, great Rudolph Giuliani got down on his hands and knees every night before he went to bed and thanked God for the "tragedy" that redeemed, raised, and enriched him.

I was in a jail cell one night before the "time of great tragedy." I now can see that God had placed me there, to minister to those whose souls had strayed. I had the matches, and they had none. A jail cell is a "bad" place. Written on the walls are all manner of vile obscenity and grammatical error. But in this cell, in the heart of New York, there was no obscenity, but

only, again and again in a myriad of colors, sizes, and shapes, the phrases "KILL RUDY" and "DIE RUDY DIE." The poor man was considered to be a disgrace not only to the wops but to races that could brag that they had never even produced one among them such as he.

But when the "time of great tragedy" came, all men cast their writing implements aside as there rose among them a cry of "Hail, Rudy, hail!" Embraced then they the "quality of life." Scorned then they the female breast. Out with those cigarettes! Off with those breasts! It was time to fight for "freedom." Let all men hide the truth of themselves within them, and let all men speak only the "truth." And then, when the great attorney general of the United States of America stood

NO TITS FOR YOU!
Rudy Giuliani, the "Tit Nazi"



before the statue known as the Spirit of Justice in the Great Hall of the United States Department of Justice—lo and behold—the Spirit of Justice, which had stood there with one breast exposed since the 1930's, had been draped with blue cloth to cover her shame. And it was "good." And then at the Superbowl, in which the Panthers beat the spread, a fair-skinned Negress teat was exposed by a pale white faggot accomplice, and there was much wrath and wailing and fear of justice and begging for mercy in the land. And it was good. And wasn't it a shame the way those awful wogs made women cover themselves with those babushkas and veils or whatever the hell they called them. I tell you, if I were a gal these days, I would watch out for that Resolute Sword.

"Unser führer Adolf Hitler trinkt keinen Alkohol und raucht auch nicht"—"Our führer Adolf Hitler drinks no alcohol and does not smoke"—said the inspirational words beneath the picture in *Auf der Wacht* in 1937. As it said on the cover of the Hitler Youth manual, "Du hast die Pflicht gesund zu sein!" You have the duty to be healthy!

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PLAYBOY DOES PORTLAND

About two months ago, PlayboyTV got hip to the fact that Portland has A LOT of strip clubs. They called *Exotic* and asked what made Portland clubs unique. We said diversity. The fact that a city as small as Portland can support upwards of fifty strip bars means that each of those bars have to carve out their own niche. As a result we have fabulous neighborhood strip bars all over the place interspersed with a handful of big fancy schman-cy joints that cater to every conceivable taste. And with clubs charging little to no cover and drink prices on par with non-strip bars, our clientele is fabulously diverse, too.

The *Playboy* folks thought that was enough of a scoop. In mid-June an L.A. contingent packed an SUV full of girls and ran around P-town, looking into this peculiarly Portland phenomenon. They hit downtown favorites **Magic Garden** and **Mary's**, interviewing the rockers and hipsters at the rack, then headed to **Devils Point** where they filmed an awesome mini-Sinferno featuring fire dancers, burlesque acts, Suicide Girls and Fatal Beauties. Later they caught Miss Nude Oregon at the **Dolphin II**, where the packed house was partying hard. The *Playboy* boys said they'd never seen such a frenzied crowd. Finally they hit **Exotica**, which was teeming with gorgeous babes blowing fire, dancing with snakes, and shakin' some serious booty. It was an awesome couple of nights. Thanks everyone for showing the *Playboys* a great time!

MISS NUDE OREGON 2005

Congratulations to **Athena** of the Dolphin clubs! Combining elements of flamenco and *Flashdance*, her breathtaking performance whipped the Dolphin into a frenzy. If you missed it, you sorry sucker, you get a second chance when the *Playboy* special airs. The time to get TIVO is now!

FOURTH OF JULY

America's birthday is here again. If you're feeling at all festive—or if you just want to drown out the last four years—head to **Soobie's** where there are drink- and table dance specials all day. If you haven't passed out by 8pm, you can catch **Jody's** Fourth of July Party featuring a BBQ snack bar! (For your pre-Fourth celebration, be sure to hit **Cabaret's** super-hot **Anniversary Party** on July 1 & 2!)



NEW SEX MAG IN TOWN — *The Oregonian?*

Congratulations to Magic Garden girlie **April**, who was featured in the Arts section of the Sunday *Oregonian* (6/12/05). Departing somewhat from tradition, the *O* painted a multi-faceted portrait of this awesome woman, highlighting her art, her marathon-running, her single motherhood and her job as a—gasp!—NAKED DANCER! One of the four big photos in the feature even showed April getting ready for work in the Magic's dressing room. Word on the street is that fellow naked lady **Teresa Dulce** was also interviewed by the *O* regarding her participation in a Whitney-sponsored show at the City University of New York. Way to go, strippers!

JULY HEATS UP

Cool down at Soobie's **Bikini Car Wash!** Watch as hot chicks suds up and spray down your ride, every Sunday from 3pm-7pm. Looking for more wet fun? Try Jody's **Super Hawaiian Pool Party** on July 20th at 8pm. July 22nd it's back to Soobie's for their **Body Paint Show**.

STRIPPER BOXING is back! Thursday, July 21 at the Dolphin II. Open to all dancers from all clubs.

Exotic and Lush are teaming up for the wildest party of the summer! Let Lush's exotic ladies titillate you at **Wild Things** on Friday, July 29th. (And watch for *Exotic's* 12th Anniversary Party next month!!!)

TOMMY'S 3

Who is Tommy? I want to shake his hand. His empire of SE strip clubs is expanding: Tommy's 3 celebrates its **Grand Opening** on Friday, July 15th at 80th and SE Foster. The man obviously knows how to throw a party: the event will feature prizes and giveaways, a Rump Shaker Contest and a Pole Dancing Contest with CASH PRIZES. And don't miss Tommy's **BBQ** every Sunday from noon-4pm.


ROCK, etc.

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7/7 **DIAMOND TUCK & THE PRIVATES** @ *dante's*
7/12 **FU MANCHU** @ *berbati's*
7/15 **VELABONZ** @ *devils point*
7/16 **AQUABATS** w/ **THE EPOXIES** @ *loveland*
7/16 **BECK** w/ **LE TIGRE** @ *memorial coliseum*
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Puberty Part 2: The \$4000 Growth Spurt

Yes, I got a boob job. No, I didn't do it for some boy or some industry-related pressure. I wanted bigger boobs. Period. OK?

There was nothing wrong with my body before... unless you go WAY back to when I was a fat, drug-addled teen. I only started getting hot as I closed in on thirty; this whole being hot is very new to me. Of course I dig it, but now it's kinda my job. I'm not going to demur and say how unimportant it is; I totally appreciate it. Let's face it, even way out here on the fringes of the entertainment industry upon which I stomp, a thousand miles from the shallow trappings of Hollywood, there's a shitload of sexism. Say you're a girl, you're a musician or performer of any kind. If you're any good at your craft, and you're not afraid of some seriously thankless work and oodles of rejection, you'll do alright. But if you're stupid fuckable? Life gets a wee easier. Sad but true.

I consider myself to be very lucky to have some random genetic glitch that makes me somewhat OK on the eyes. Being hot helps with my gig. I must embrace it, enjoy it, and, hopefully, get over it before the ravages of age take it away.

So, back to my boobs. My body has always been big, which was really fun trudging through puberty and spotty adolescence with the name "Large". Big, yes, but uncurvy. Even when I gained weight in my teens and twenties (185 lbs when I was 16) I still had no boobs or girly hips. "Flat-so" was a favorite jab in the cafeteria. I thought about plastic surgery but couldn't really justify it. It just didn't sound like me—so extreme, so vain. As time went on, however, it sounded more and more doable. I got better looking year by year, but, now, well into my thirties, my small but nice A-cup boobies were starting to do that flappy coin-course thing and my once pert nips were heading south.

I researched breast augmentation for about a year before I did it. If I was gonna be put to sleep, filleted and stuffed with sloshing salt-water pouches, I was gonna be armed to the teeth with knowledge. I read all the pros and cons. I looked at every before and after photo, from the good to the bad to the horribly botched. I read every personal account, even the super scary ones. But the thing that stumped me more than fear of pain, death or walleed Frankenboobs was..... what would people think?

Shocking! Storm cares what you think??!! Not really, but with my boob job, I wondered if I was buying into something ugly, something fake. I'm a public person, and some consider me to be a strong, fuck-what-you-think kinda broad. By doing this would I be contradicting that image? Was it just an image, or was I really a ham-fisted, burly girl who did what she wanted, damn what the proverbial "They" thought? Was I declaring my body sub-standard? And against what standard was I measuring myself? As a woman, was I saying that a certain body type was more attractive when others were not? Was I giving too much credence to being attractive? Was it THAT important?

It was a rough five minutes. Then I cupped my flappy little boobs, thanked them for being cute and stuff, and went for it.

The surgery and the week that followed is a mottled blur of pain, painkillers, bandages, drainage tubes, feeling remorseful, and my boyfriend bringing me soup and policing my vicodin intake. Then, slowly, the pain and remorse went away (so, sadly, did the vicodin). And then, as the months went

by, my newbies finally softened and fell into fine, t-shirt filling shape.

Now my new, round and lovely C-cup boobies are a year old and looking and feeling swell. I think I look more curvaceous, more womanly. It's like going through puberty again but with a little more say in the outcome. Only a dash of people have said they opposed my decision, but they're drowned out by the rest of the world that shouts "Take it off !!!" at shows. Losers.

There was one particular woman—a heavily pierced, tattooed, patchouli lesbian—who was highly offended. She and her jangling face railed on me about how I was violating the temple of my goddess body and "selling out, giving in to public pressure and blah blah [insert phony wiccan drivel here] and why why why?" As I listened it occurred to me that if I HAD stayed with my original tits (O.T.s) because I didn't want to upset some self-righteous

Burning Man bitch, or anybody else, for that matter, wasn't that a kind of giving in to public pressure? Wow. NOT getting boobs to keep my cred was as shameful as doing it so some shmuck wouldn't leave me. Fuck that. I do what I want. And I wanted big juicy boobs.

As her little rant wound down, instead of pointing out her various

before



"I do what I want. And I wanted big juicy boobs."



after

body modifications and how she certainly didn't come up with them

on her own, OR how she and her like-minded sisters probably all jingled around together in their identical more-"alt"-than-thou poseur-dom feeling like a pack of pure individuals, I just giggled and said, "Duh, silly! I wanted big boobs so the boys would wanna fuck me front-ways for a change."

In truth, after all my research, agonizing and healing time, I really am no hotter than I was with my A-cup boobies. I'm glad I went through with it, though. I learned a lot. As it turns out, I actually don't give a fuck what folks think about my boob job. In the end, I did it just for me. Sure, it's nice when folks notice how I fill up a dress a bit better, and jumping up and down on stage, bra-less, wearing see-through things gets the audience a tad more frothy than before, but at the end of the day, they're just a pair of tits.

Besides, whether I'm an A, B, C or FF-cup, boys still seem

to like me bent over best.



CAD vice

by cesar
augustus delillo

Dear Mr. DeLillo,

I am writing to you because my husband reads your column and I am hoping that you might respond to my letter as an objective observer. Then my husband might read your reply and see reason.

We have been trying to get pregnant with no success. I think we need to see a fertility specialist but my husband is a progressive Christian and he thinks that pregnancy is a product of God's will.

He thinks that seeing a fertility specialist would be like telling God that we think that we know better than He what is best for us. I agree with him but lately I have been wondering if God made my husband and I meet in this enlightened age with access to drugs and therapies instead of a hundred years ago or something because he wants us to have children. With that in mind, I went to see a fertility specialist on my own. After some tests the physician told me that my body was fertile and ready for a child and that the problem probably lies with my husband's sperm count. How should I convince my husband to go with me to see the doctor? Please Help!
—Seriously Considering Agonizing Natal Conundrum

Dear SCANC,

Your husband is a "progressive Christian?" Context clues tell me that is a person who thinks doctors are sinful and that reading magazines with photos of women punching themselves in the brown eye with a black rubber fist is sacred. Progressive Christianity is like having your cake and eating it out of a whore's vagina, too.



This reply might be short. I accidentally cut off my hand with the chainsaw I keep on my desk. It must be God's will that I bleed to death. To use a tourniquet would be like telling God that I know better than he when I ought to die. Just joking. My arm is intact. I was just making a point. The point is obvious but I'll be crystal clear and tell you that the point was that you and your husband are total fucking idiots.

There are other ways to look at the situation. You're trying to put a happy face on it but you asked me to be objective. Let me point out a couple

of possibilities you have not considered. God might have intended for you to meet in this age of drugs and therapy. It is totally possible that he loves the two of you more than the millions and millions of barren people who lived generations before now who did not have your blessings. Yes. I'm sure that's it. God loves you more. You are very special. He just didn't love you enough to give you a husband who has jizz worth ejaculating into a crusty t-shirt (like the one under my bed) or crusty vagina (like the one under your paunch). That brings me to the other possibility: God hates you because you are an egomaniacal ignorant bitch who gives in to temptation like Eve to an apple and disobeys her husband by seeing a doctor. That's why God gave you a husband who waves off doctors with one hand while jacking off to porno magazines with the other. Another possibility is that your husband hates you as much as God obviously does and wants to leave you, and that is the reason that he does not want to have children.

Sometimes God works in mysterious ways and other times his actions are no-brainers. Giving your mongoloid husband a low sperm count was a gift to all of mankind, and I for one am down on my well-calloused knees thanking him right now. It is unusual to look up from this position and see anything other than a misshapen sack, but I will adjust to my situation as you must adjust to yours. God hates you.

All The Best,
Cesar Augustus DeLillo
cadvice@mail.com

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GOOD THINGS COME IN PAIRS

What up my peeps? It's ya man J.Meezi wit' the low down on whatz crackin' around the hood, downtown, and around the way. This month I will share with you some real deep shit about the Portland music scene, as well as tell you where it's gonna be poppin' in July.

First Up — The Rape and Abuse of Hip-Hop in Portland

In past articles I've touched on the fact the some nightclub owners and managers in town are disrespecting the culture of Hip-Hop. As long as they continue to do this, I will continue to give my opinion about their ignorance. As a pioneer of the rap game in Portland, I have seen it all!!! The OLCC in my opinion is still the root of the problem we have

today. I'm sick of being fuckin' stereotyped by white nightclub owners that play Hip-Hop music. If you think that because a brother chooses to dress a certain way he is gang related, you're just as stupid as some of the dingbats on Oregon's Liquor Control Commission. Our music is the main reason some of these clubs are even in business!!! Stop making these bullshit dress codes, and start showing more love to the culture that feeds you!!! When I wrote about this issue

before, I didn't mention any names, but the Refectory and the Copper Penny can kiss my black ass!!! 4 Real!!!

Next Up — The Strip Club Bus Tour

That's right ya'll it's going down real big baby!!! My partner Brian of 503girls.com is doing his Strip Club Bus Tour once again on Saturday, July 9th. It will be hosted by yours truly, J.Mack, and our featured guest will be adult film star

whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

Crissy Cums! The tour bus will visit five or more strip clubs around town, with VIP access to each one. Big drinks will be permitted on the tour bus as well. To purchase your tickets now or for more information go to 503girl.com. Don't miss the bus baby!!! It's definitely going to be "Crackin!!!"

Mack's Jointz —

Sundays

You can kick it wit' me at the Cabaret, located downtown on 5th & Burnside. I'll be playin the cutz, and bringin' back the good old "Dollar Dances!!!"

Thursdays

I'll be hosting Ladies Night wit' Mr. DJ George @ H2O. Ladies Free!!! All Night!!!

Saturdays

Old School Party with DJ Kevin Berry and DJ Mike Morris. It jumps off at Bobby McGee's in Vancouver, WA. Take I-5 north to the 99th Street exit, make a right, go to the first light and make a left, and it will be two blocks down on the right hand side.

Honey of the Month — Sasha

This sexy honey did the damn thang in the contest at Exotica and the crowd gave her MADD love!!! Big ups baby and congratulations for being July's Honey of the Month!

Make sure to check out my website whatzcrackin.com for information on the next Honey of the Month Contest and other goodies!!!

Until next month, ya'll keep it "Crackin!!!"

One Love,
J.Mack



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sasha



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MON

TUE

JULY 2005

3 Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's , 11pm J.Mack's Sexy Sundays @ Cabaret Bikini Car Wash @ Soobie's , 3pm-7pm Grand Opening Party @ Tommy's III	4 4th of July Party @ Jody's 4th of July Party @ Soobie's Fire Dancers @ Devils Point	5
10 Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's , 11pm J.Mack's Sexy Sundays @ Cabaret Bikini Car Wash @ Soobie's , 3pm-7pm	11 Fire Dancers @ Devils Point	12 Fu Manchu @ Berbat's Pan
17 Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's , 11pm J.Mack's Sexy Sundays @ Cabaret Bikini Car Wash @ Soobie's , 3pm-7pm	18 Fire Dancers @ Devils Point	19
24 Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's , 11pm J.Mack's Sexy Sundays @ Cabaret	25 Fire Dancers @ Devils Point	26
31 Sinferno Cabaret @ Dante's , 11pm J.Mack's Sexy Sundays @ Cabaret		

*Congratulations to
Miss Nude Oregon 2005
Athena*



WED

THUR

FRI

SAT

			1 Velabonz CD Release Party @ Dante's Unde Mike's Going Away Party @ Devils Point Anniversary Celebration @ Cabaret	2 Anniversary Celebration @ Cabaret Old School Paty w/ J.Mack @ Bobby McGee's (in Vancouver) Superego 99 @ Dino's
6 Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm	7 Diamond Tuck & The Privates @ Dante's J.Mack's "Ladies' Night" @ H2O – Ladies are Free!	8 Smooch Knob @ Dante's	9 Strip Club Tour 2005 by www.503girls.com Old School Paty w/ J.Mack @ Bobby McGee's (in Vancouver) Jinete @ Dino's	
13 Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm	14 J.Mack's "Ladies' Night" @ H2O – Ladies are Free!	15 Velabonz w/ TBA @ Devils Point	16 SOB's (Live CD Recording) @ Dante's Beck w/ Le Tigre @ Memorial Coliseum Old School Paty w/ J.Mack @ Bobby McGee's (in Vancouver)	
20 Thrillbilly w/ Mission 5 @ Dante's, 9pm Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 11:30pm Super Hawaiiin Pool Party @ Jody's	21 Stripper Boxing IV @ Dolphin II J.Mack's "Ladies' Night" @ H2O – Ladies are Free!	22 800 Octane / The Casketeers @ Devils Point Body Paint Show @ Soobie's	23 Old School Paty w/ J.Mack @ Bobby McGee's (in Vancouver)	
27 Storm & The Balls @ Dante's, 10pm	28 J.Mack's "Ladies' Night" @ H2O – Ladies are Free!	29 WILD THINGS @ LUSH, 9pm <i>Brought to you by Exotic Magazine</i> Eric McFadden Trio / Mike D @ Devils Point	30	

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FOOD

JEB, 27, IS A GRILL CHEF at a downtown Portland steakhouse. His heavy upper body rests atop skinny legs like a barrel perched on toothpicks. Standing in the parking lot behind his restaurant and wearing a beef-splattered apron, Jeb drags on a cigarette and complains that his girlfriend isn't fat enough.

With tattooed arms, Buddy Holly glasses, and a thick roll of neck blubber, Jeb is no svelte specimen himself.

Accordingly, he says he is not attracted to women who are less than fifty pounds overweight.

"My girlfriend is heavy—she wouldn't be my girlfriend if she wasn't—but she isn't heavy enough," Jeb gripes. "She could be bigger. They could always be bigger. I love her the way she is. I'd just love her more if she was fatter."

Jeb says he sometimes masturbates to the idea of overfeeding his girlfriend. Many of his fantasies revolve around escorting her to an all-you-can-eat pancake breakfast and forcing her to masticate until she needs to be rolled out on a hand truck. "I want to make her eat, like, two dozen pancakes and a couple dozen hot links. Loads of grease and syrup and butter dripping everywhere, and then, of course, we DO it."

But thus far, Jeb has been unable to cattle-prod his girlfriend into actualizing his darkest wishes. "She eats, sure, but not as much as I'd like. She sometimes gets a little suspicious when I encourage her to just shovel the food down her throat, and she gets like, 'Why do you want me to eat so much?' I once watched her polish off nine Krispy Kremes in one sitting, but still, she didn't finish the whole box of a dozen." Jeb says he's still angry that he had to eat the other three donuts.

"My ultimate fantasy," Jeb leers, "is to be doing her from behind as she's down on all fours in front of an open refrigerator. As I'm drilling her, she's chowing down on a pair of cream pies I've placed in the crisper. I get turned-on at the idea of all that whipped cream smeared over her face. I also like the idea that she's eating while I'm doing her. But my girlfriend thinks that's degrading, so she won't do it, so for now it's still just a fantasy."

Jeb, who grew up with a big butterball of a mom, says his first sexual fixation on an obese woman developed as a child watching

the "Lulu" character on the *Hee Haw* TV program. Jeb says he finds female fat comforting—"like a big, soft feather bed I can fall asleep on." He says he likes to nuzzle his face in his girlfriend's teats and belly. He speaks hopefully of a day when he'll be able to get "swallowed up in her fat" as if she were an amoeba and he was a food particle.

"I don't insist that ALL women get fat," he says defensively. "It's not like I'm some kind of pro-fat bigot or something. It's just that I want a special girl that I can fatten up all by myself."

For now, though, it's only a dream. Jeb is forced to nurture his fantasies by visiting feeder porn sites.

THE DISTURBINGLY PROFESSIONAL DIMENSIONS MAGAZINE

[<http://www.dimensionsmagazine.com>], a slick and popular pro-feeder publication, hosts a website that defines a feeder as "a fat admirer who...takes pleasure in the mechan-

ics of the fattening process...a person who gains (sexual) pleasure from the act of...feeding...another person." It defines a feeder's partner, the "feedee," as someone who derives similar kicks from being fed. According to the fat fetishists at the Feeder UK website, a feeder's fantasies hinge on snagging a suitable feedee: "What a

feeder dreams of is a person who just eats and eats. One who loves themselves fat, [and] wants to get fatter and fatter."

As opposed to the boringly political "size acceptance" crusaders and run-of-the-mill "fat admirers," feeders are proactive about their obsession. Feeders fantasize about feeding fat fillies even further. They don't love 'em just they way they are; they want to stuff 'em until they explode.

Watch as the Blue Ribbon-winning livestock gorge themselves silly. Behold the rolling sand dunes of pale blubber. The sickening sacs of suet. The giant pink marshmallows with vaginas buried somewhere deep inside. Snorting, squealing hogs. Bloated freaks. Gluttonous quarter-tonners. Gastric atrocities swelling up like a bag of Jiffy Pop. Watch them blow up to the point where they cease to be Earth Mothers and simply become the Earth.

Sounds disgusting to me, yet one man's puke bucket is another fella's sperm spittoon. For every, say, hundred men who are repulsed by such adipose aesthetics, there's one renegade stroker out there who likes to jerk off after tape-measuring his girlfriend's



analyzing the FEEDER phenomenon: is it WRONG to FORCE-FEED women

50-inch thighs. My mission here is to peel away the layers of flab that obscure understanding and get to the bottom of all these fat-bottomed girls and the men who feed them.

THE FEEDERS ARE TO THE "FAT-ACCEPTANCE" COMMUNITY what NAMBLA is to the gay world—an embarrassing fringe group whose existence taints the larger movement and provides ammo for its enemies. Just when the pro-fat voices were enlightening society about sizism's evils, along come the feeders pouring heavy cream into some porker's mouth with a funnel, making every chubby-chaser look like a sexual sadist.

Naturally, the shrillest attacks come from the fat admirers themselves, whose chief criticism is that feeders are antithetical to "fat acceptance" since they insist on altering their partners' size. But the feeder's intent, they allege, is far more sinister than mere size-alteration: It is to shackle a woman to a ball-and-chain fashioned of fat, imprisoning her inside a flab wall.

Opponents claim that the feeder/feedee relationship is fraught with abuse. They imply that sadism and control are the only motivations for males and insist that low self-esteem and abject self-hatred are what lure the women. They trot out horror stories of thin, cruel, handsome men force-feeding their partners to the point of immobility, at which point they abandon the gelatinous wretch and move on to new prey.

The feeders and feedees paint a much rosier portrait of their lifestyle than their critics do. They also lament that other size-acceptance weirdoes try to distance themselves from the feeders, ostracizing them the same way that mainstream society excludes all fat-lovers. While they concede that the rare dysfunctional feeder/feedee relationship exists, they note that such unpleasant extremes occur with all sexual fetishes and that isolated horror stories shouldn't be used to condemn an entire movement.

Many feeders claim that their orientation is submissive rather than sadistic. They say their pleasure derives not from controlling or harming the feedee, but from tending to her every need like a humble servant—cooking for her, rubbing her feet, massaging her tum-tum, and obsequiously pampering her as if she were a bloated Queen Bee. And if—praise God—the ultimate feeder fantasy of utter immobility is achieved, these valiant lackeys pledge to change her clothes, give her sponge baths, and wipe her bottom, too. "I am emotionally nourished when I am able to please such a woman," writes one feeder. "It seems reasonable to believe that some woman out there might actually enjoy being treated like a goddess."

"They're more submissive than anything else," a 472-pound feedee called Supersize Betsy says of her paramours. "All of them—down to the very last one—have some kind of fantasy of me sitting on top of them or laying on top of them or just enveloping them. To them, it's like being smothered in chocolate syrup. It's not a death

wish or suffocation thing—it's more about being able to feel this femininity surrounding you completely....Us feedees are sexually pretty selfish, because we just want to lay there and be pampered and fed and adored and worshipped."

This is wild, wacky, way-out stuff, ladies and gentlemen. Not that there's anything abnormal about taking pleasure in food. As humans, we learn to enjoy eating years before we have our first orgasm...and for most people, years after our last orgasm. But only a few of us take pleasure in food WHILE having an orgasm.

The are scant pop-culture antecedents for feederism: things such as a 1937 Merrie Melodies cartoon called "Pigs is Pigs," wherein an evil scientist straps down a hog and force-feeds him with a machine (the pig ultimately goes kablooney after eating a final slice of pie) or *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life* (1989), in which a Mr. Creosote finally explodes after gorging himself at a restaurant.

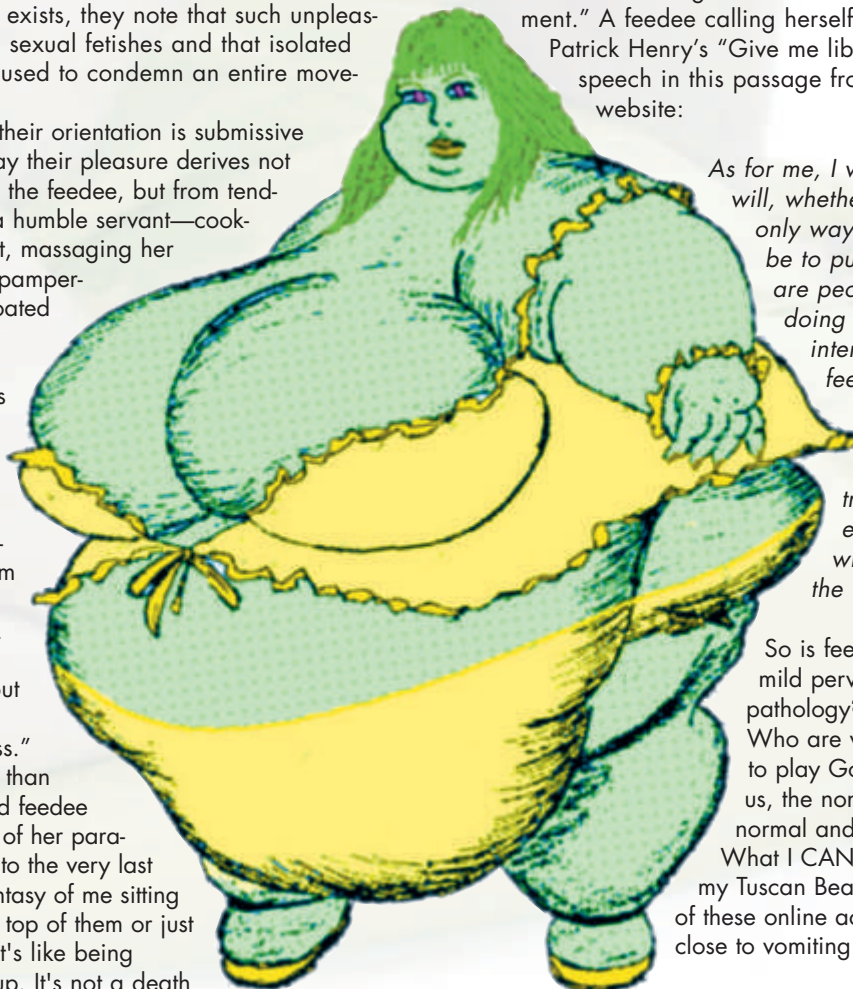
And yet even these examples don't sexualize the act like the feeders do. The feeders act as if stuffing a woman's mouth with food is no different than cramming her vagina with your cock—and since you'd need a two-foot johnson just to get past all the flab, force-feeding often serves as a replacement for hard fucking. The idea of feeding someone until they burst is a warped analogue to an orgasmic release. Food becomes a long endless dick and the girl's alimentary canal serves as a deep, twisting vagina.

MANY PRO-FEEDER APOLOGISTS SLIP into a regrettably pious defense of feederism as some sort of bold political liberation movement wherein feedees, by allowing food to be shoveled down their gullets, are "hedonistic and rebellious" free spirits with "the courage to be fat in spite of society's harassment." A feedee calling herself "Tubular Belle" echoes Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" speech in this passage from *Abundance* magazine's website:

As for me, I want to get fatter, and I will, whether you like it or not. The only way to keep me from it would be to put me in jail. Perhaps there are people who would consider doing that, the fear of fat is so intense in some....I and other feedees choose not to cave in to such coercive social pressure against fat....We willingly blaze trails you dare not tread, enjoying ourselves all the while as we (and you, by the way) get fatter.

So is feederism a harmless fetish, a mild perversion, or a murderous pathology? Or is it perhaps all three? Who are we to judge? Who are we to play God? Perhaps it is not up to us, the non-feedin's, to decide what is normal and what is sick.

What I CAN tell you is that while eating my Tuscan Bean Soup and reading some of these online accounts, I came REALLY close to vomiting.



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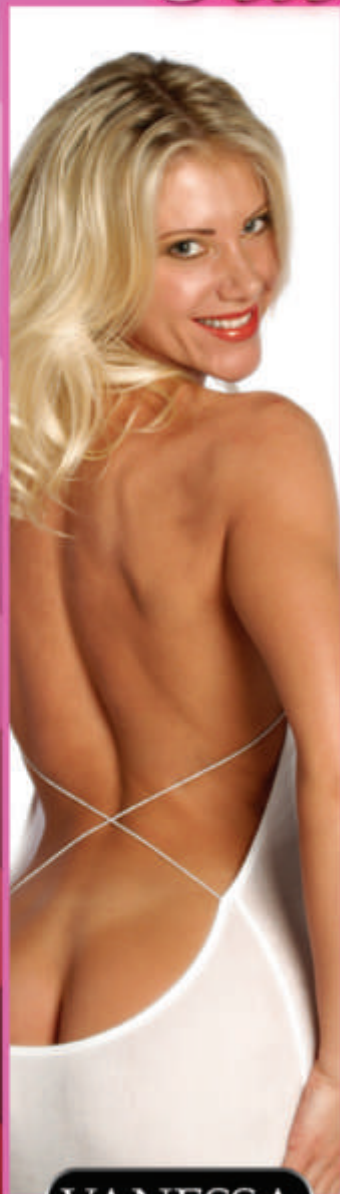
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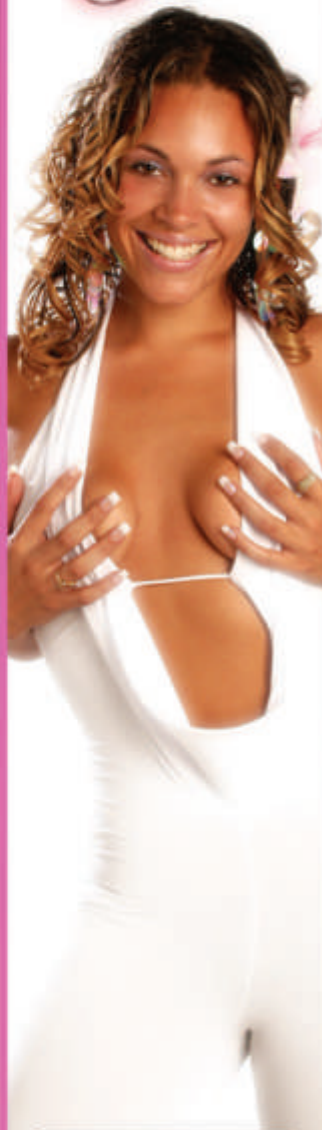
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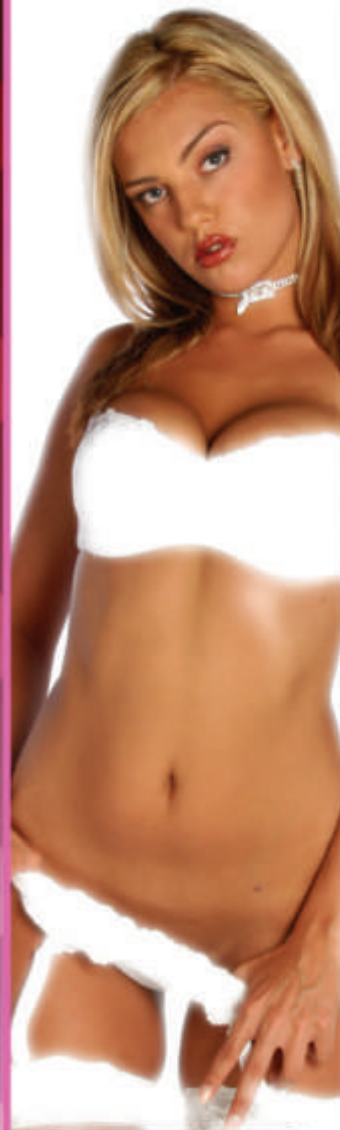
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