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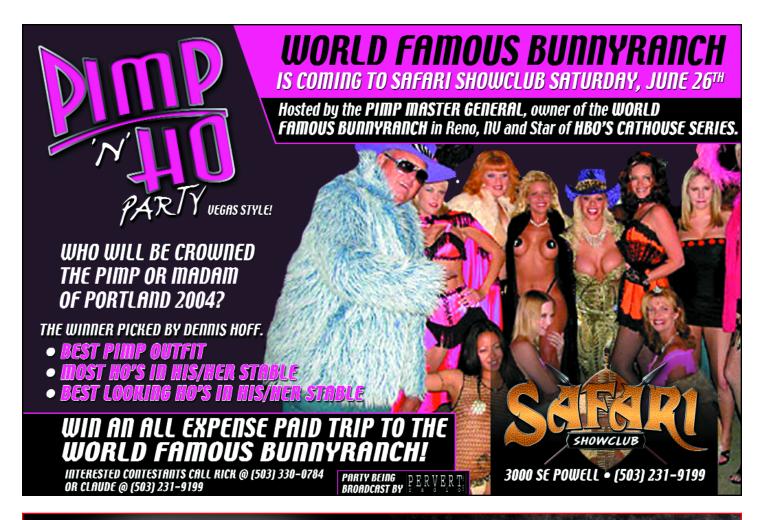
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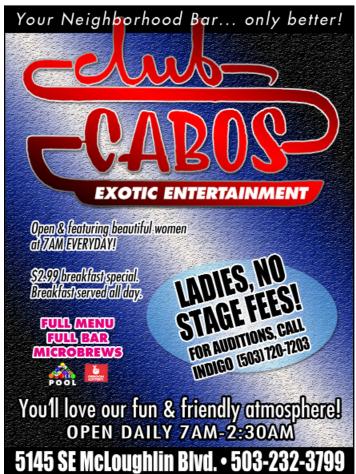
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Press Releases - featureXpress

# Andy Kaufman Returns After 20 Years

Wed May 19, 9:00 AM ET

New York City, NY (PRWEB) May 19, 2004 -- Twenty years ago, on May 16, 1984, most of the world believed that we had lost a comedic legend forever. This has turned out to be what will inevitably be known as the greatest comic prank ever conceived. Andy Kaufman, by all accounts, is alive and well at age 55 and is now living in New York City on the upper west side. To his loyal supporters and fans, Andy says "sorry about faking my death," in a recent interview with ABC News at his apartment. In order to reach legendary comic status and seal his place in the history of performance art, he said it was "necessary to go away for twenty years."

Andy Kaufman's official site has been launched at: http://andykaufmanreturns.blogspot.com/

Even though he has technically returned, Andy says that he plans to maintain his low key lifestyle that he has led for the past twenty years. He has resumed contact with friends and family. Fearing the possibility of this scenario and the potential for another hoax, Kaufman's family has contracted with independent auditors Ernst & Young to determine if this in fact the real Andy Kaufman. He has subjected himself to medical examination and submitted DNA, hair, blood and fingerprint samples to the auditors. Ernst & Young and the Kaufman family report that with a 99% probability, this is indeed the real Andy Kaufman. His mother says, "It's good to have Andy back."

In 1999, a new crop of Kaufman fans were born after Jim Carrey starred in the hit film Man on the Moon. "Andy's bizarre mix of comedy and performance art will inspire fans and comedians alike for generations, especially after this stunt," says Jim Carrey.

Andy says he will make only occasional public appearances, sometimes in disguise so that you won?t know if it?s really him or someone else. Kaufman was famous for pulling this stunt with the Tony Clifton character, sometimes played by good friend Bob Zmuda.

Andy says fans should tune into his website for ongoing updates to his adventures in life. As always, Andy's stage has been the world, testing the boundaries of our beliefs, our sources of information, and our perception of reality. "It's good to be back," Andy writes on his website.



Pictured above is the after-party for the 20th anniversary of Andy Kaufman's death at Dennis Hof's world-famous Bunny Ranch. The party started the previous night at Hollywood's House Of Blues on Sunset Boulevard. Dennis is in the back, Tony Clifton (Bob Zmuda--or is it???) is in the middle, the Bunny Ranch girls are surrounding.

Below is the opening page for the "Andy Kaufman Returns" website to be taken down soon.

ANDY KAUFMAN RETURNS

TO THE STATE OF THE ST

All Press Releases for May 22, 2004

### "Andy Kaufman Returns" Was My Hoax, Admits Fan

A rabid Andy Kaufman fan admits to recent "Andy Kaufman Is Alive"

(PRWEB) On May 19th 2004 a Press Release from New York was issued claiming that infamous comedian and prankster Andy Kaufman was apparently back from the dead after allegedly faking his own death in 1984. The outlandish release had explained that Kaufman was in fact alive and well, and had been living in secrecy for the past 20 years. The report was met with scepticism by the mainstream media, but it did not prevent some news sources reporting it at as fact.

Although many have speculated that Kaufman, a notorious prankster, could have indeed faked his death, a press release was issued today from 26 year old Enrique Proust of Burbank, CA, claiming he was responsible for the recent reports

"I faked the whole thing", Proust explained, "it was very easy to do. I am deeply sorry for any distress I have caused to the Kaufman family and any of Andy's closest friends". He continued, "it was my intention to continue the spirit of Andy Kaufman alive and to provoke debate about his possible whereabouts, but I did not anticipate the feelings of those closest to him, and for that I'm very sorry."

On his website Proust, as Kaufman, had made several defamatory remarks about the Kaufman family, claiming that they themselves part of an elaborate hoax and were not actually related to Kaufman. It is rumoured that these remarks may have prompted their recent "cease and desist" order against Proust.

Kaufman's life-long friend and charity event organizer, Bob Zmuda, made the following statement regarding Proust's press release.

"I'm very glad to hear that Mr. Proust has decided to stop his recent activities which had deeply upset Andy's family," he said. "I understand Mr. Proust's intentions, and I'm sure Andy would have loved the idea for people to believe he was still alive, but this has been a rather destructive and upsetting event for family, friends and fans of Andy's alike."

"If Andy was coming back," added Zmuda, "believe me, I'd know about it, and he's definitely not".

According to Proust, his website, "Andy Kaufman Returns" will be taken down within the next few weeks and it is expected that he will post an apology and explanation shortly. "I still hope that Andy will one day make a triumphant return", he said.



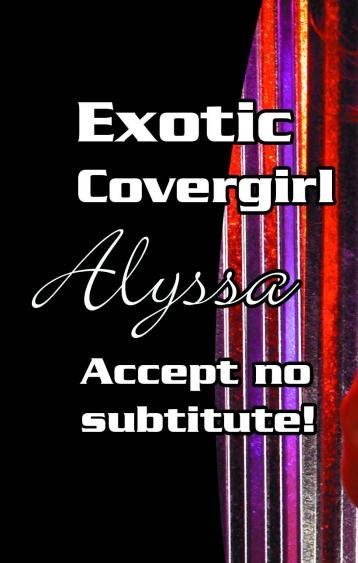




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*Publisher* Frank Faillace

*General Manayer* Bryan A. Bybee

*Editor* Viva Las Vegas

Production & Design Bobby Baldwin

*Graphic Design* "Darkstar" Daniel "Rally Sport" Raffel

Advertising Adam"Ganji" Steve Santoro "Sales Goddess" Severina

Distribution G-Rad • Enrico Carrisco • Alice • Brownstar

Contributors Flaystone Walker • Viva Las Veyas • J. Mack • Jim Goad • Erin Ergenbright • Demi Mondaine

> Exotic Logo Design Oakley Designs

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# **FEATURES**



Local Girls on Film portland pornstars page 20 by erin ergenbright



Get in the Van
band sluts hit the road
page 62
by viva las vegas



Jim Spagg is Dead long live jim spagg! page 65 by jim goad



Andy Kaufman Returns?

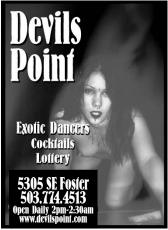
http://andykaufmanreturns.blogspot.com

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I was a teenage babysitter.

I started babysitting when I was ten. I needed Guess jeans and Benetton sweaters and ballet lessons and Aveda products and that was the only way I was gonna get 'em. I babysat probably twenty hours a week from ten to fourteen. That's more than I work now. I was richer than I'd ever be again. I was saner, too. I'd say the last time I had my wits about me I was fourteen. Then the hormones hit. But before that I was cute, I was smart, I had tits, and I was sane. How irresistible is that?

I remember the palpable awkwardness when the dads drove me home. I remember doing everything I could not to encourage any kind of misbehavior. I remember the shock four years later when I was hit on by my geology professor and my calculus teacher. And I remember feeling the pressure drop when I started stripping and finally PERMITTED the boys to look and flirt.

A writer for this magazine wanted to know my thoughts on former governor Neil Goldschmidt's babysitter scandal. Truth is I feel quite conflicted. But I'll say for the record that everyone should mind their own goddamn business, that we are all fucked up hypocrites.

People! We are all just people. Each society invents rules a majority feels everyone should live by. But some of these rules are wishful thinking, like, for instance, America's fundamental rule that sex should be fair, honest and good. WHATEVER! We are animals. We have sex because we are bored and it feels good. Womyn who think that the playing field should be level in terms of power

# Neil Goldschmidt performed extraordinarily as a public servant but only ordinarily as a mammal.

and money and age are living in a fantasy world. They should date their vibrators. But you can't sue a vibrator....

So our former governor fucked his babysitter. Who was fourteen. Which is sex abuse. As defined by our society. Whose rules we must live by. Gov. Goldschmidt obviously felt himself above the rules. But ain't we all? And though I might find his relationship with a girl so young kinda gross, I know it's all part of our programming, that we all fuck up, that he was and is contrite.

I can't help but smell the familiar scent of "sex is bad." America is very naive and optimistic to believe that we can pass legislation to protect us from ourselves. Fifty years ago fourteen year olds were acceptable mates. A hundred years ago girls were over the hill at eighteen, old maids at twenty. But now a fourteen year old girl is absolutely inviolable, a precious impenetrable virgin beyond reproach or approach. And really, I agree. Fourteen is NOT fair game. Fifteen is a bit fairer. Sixteen, almost. Seventeen—fair enough. And at eighteen, have at it!

Goldschmidt's "victim" is a screwed up adult. But who screwed her? Her grandfather, who sexually abused her before Goldschmidt? Goldschmidt, who at least stuck around for three years and evidently evinced some trust from the girl? Or did we—society—by preaching that what happened is unforgivable, lifedestroying and beyond-the-pale front page scandal fodder, requiring the guv and the girl to keep this secret for twenty-five years, poisoning both of their lives?

Fourteen year olds are sexual beings. Four year olds are sexual beings. I was rolling around naked with a girl from church when I was seven. At ten I was masturbating to John Taylor from Duran Duran. At fourteen I fell in LOVE. With, lucky for me, a fourteen year old.

Neil Goldschmidt performed extraordinarily as a public servant but only ordinarily as a mammal. He knows what he did was wrong. He's apologized. He cannot do anything more. The families and the Fourteen-year-old Babysitter now need to try and forgive him. The rest of us should mind our own goddamn business. Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.





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ERGENBRIGHT

Twenty-year old Kimberly Kane was introduced to adult films at an early age. Her mother, cable access star and adult film producer Lacey Lynn, often brought her daughter on the set. Despite the fact that Kane was brought up around men and women who were comfortable with their sexuality, she says she was the most insecure person on the face of the earth. That is, until she started dancing. "I didn't plan to be a dancer, but my rent was due,

and I was not going to lose my apartment," Kane said.

"Dancing gave me self-confi-

dence I'd never

Lives of Blondes #2, Stuffin' Young

*Muffins, Teen Tryouts #31,* and

Who's Your Daddy #4

had before. It

was rad."

the sex industry.

"Most of the women in the business have been sexually abused at some point in their lives," Star said, adding that a lot of girls form relationships with controlling men, and some get addicted to being on stage because it's a huge self-esteem boost, and a big rush.

Star began dancing to make money when it seemed there was no other way to pay her bills. She tried having "normal" jobs and worked as an office assistant for a while, but hated being treated like a sex object. "A lot of people in power discriminate," she says, and though they did it subtly, she says, "I'm very sensitive to energy, so it was very real to me even though it was between the lines for every-

> one else." She decided that if she was going to be treated as a sex object every time she tried to make money, she wanted to be in control of it. "That's what dancing

has given me the power to do," she says. "I can be in a controlled environment and I choose to be a sex object, so it doesn't offend me to be treated as one."

Porn is a business that evokes extreme opinions and emotional reactions, especially now during the adult film industry's voluntary moratorium due to the HIV outbreak.

"I said yeah," Kane says, laughing, "and 'yeah' is the key word that gets you into the porn

business."



faced beauty, Kane is on a hot streak. She'll be on the cover of Hustler this December. When we

first spoke, she'd just auditioned for Larry Flynt's wife for the magazine's upcoming 30th Anniversary bash. "I nailed it," she said. Kane's mother, unfortunately, doesn't approve of her daughter's choices, and they aren't on speaking terms. "She has insane double standards," Kane the younger says.

Solara Star is twenty-six. The message on her answering machine ends with "....blessed be!" so her wise, otherworldly presence and gothic beauty isn't a complete surprise. She's been in nine films, and her tough style of dress belies her incense-scented, Tori Amos-soundtracked apartment and her penchant for talking freely and intelligently about energy, astrology, the full spectrum of beauty, and the cycle of abusive relationships so prevalent in women in

Neither of the Portland-based rising stars fit the stereotypes of porn actresses. Both were candid about possible positive changes in the business as a result of the recent tragic outbreak of HIV, about

their first time on the set, about the open secrets and little known facts of the trade, and their plans as crusaders.

Kimberly Kane's first experience on an L.A. set was a good one. She'd gone to watch a friend do a scene, but was surprised by what she found. "It was so comfortable and so cool. The people were so nice," Kane says.

The lead actress told Kane, "The only way you can watch is if you take off your clothes." Though slightly embarrassed, Kane stripped to her underwear. The director, Pat Myme, came over to ask if she'd ever be interested in doing a film. "I said yeah," Kane says, laughing, "And 'yeah' is the key word that gets you into the porn business."

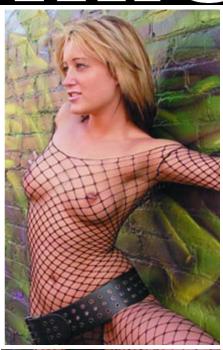
Kane got tested, then did her first scene with the gorgeous and well known actor Julian, who is Joe Kelly's ex-

# HIKLS

# PORN STARS







boyfriend. "When he walked onto the set I thought, 'I can't believe I'm getting paid to do this!" said Kane.

Girl/girl scenes pay \$600, though the shooting can take a couple hours or all day. Boy/girl scenes are \$800 to \$900, and scenes require three positions and a "pop." "It's very mechanical," Kane says, "Almost like aerobics. You know what you're supposed to do, and it's not about enjoyment. You're usually having sex on a rock, or on a table,

not because it wasn't comfortable and easy-going, but because she got pregnant. Before coming to L.A. she had spent two months dancing in Las Vegas, and had found a completely uninhibited part of herself, which made doing a sex scene seem like "the ultimate freedom." Star had recently broken up with her boyfriend of six years, and through the pain, found that her "light was shining brighter than it ever had." Strangers repeatedly came up to

# The average life of a "porn chick" is 3-6 months, though that could change if Kane gets what she wants: a union for the adult industry.

and you're thinking about where the camera is, and if your back's arched." Kane loves her work, and says most of the people who are really well-known are really cool. "If you're an asshole, you're not going anywhere. No one's going to have you on the set a second time if you're a jerk because they don't have to. There are so many other people you can use"

When asked about embarrassing experiences, she laughed. "One time I was working with performer of the year Michael Stefano, and I had eaten McDonald's right before. I was giving the b.j. to start the scene, and I barfed on Stefano!" Kane said everyone is used to these things happening and was totally cool about it. "It was just French fries, but I was so embarrassed," she said, adding that she no longer eats before a scene.

Solara Star had a different experience on her first scene,

her to tell her how gorgeous she was, how powerful she seemed, and that they just felt drawn to her, to her energy.

Once in L.A., she learned that a lot of girls in the industry didn't really enjoy having sex. "But I knew that I did," she said, "and that made it even more enjoyable because I knew that the guys weren't used to girls having their own natural lubrication." Star gets pleasure from giving pleasure, and is happiest making other people happy.

Her first shoot was by a pool at a mansion high in the Hollywood hills. She felt literally high on the beauty of her surroundings and could convey that energy on film, transmuting the somewhat rough, aggro energy of her co-star, who was also her agent. She got pregnant, and because she'd been reading about women's energy and sexuality, she knew "the importance of studying energy before bringing a child into the world," she said. "My mother was seri-

ously crippled by emotional problems, and I couldn't bear the thought of bringing to a child something that would take its own life away."

An unwanted pregnancy is perhaps a good way to speak about the elephant in the room—the adult film industry's acceptance of unprotected sex and the recent HIV tragedy. So far five actors have been infected with the HIV virus, and though many production companies agreed to a voluntary moratorium until June 8th, a

sic style. Most of the pmen, accounting for their films. She also pi "The girls aren't gettir said. "And a lot of dan sollars." Sollara: Star of Young Tight Latinas #5, Interracial Nation #7, and Dirty Debutantes #270 respected for what the Kane says she's new "If someone knows mable with what I do, an mellow chick, dude," so cook dinner, watch TV said, is just like any of one day, not only wou people naked, and see wouldn't even care. Yo see what's in catering.

No matter your stat to for both these girls claim: They love their ting on stage and I low Star, who is writing.

few claim that the industry is perfectly safe.

In March, porn star Darren James filmed in Brazil and came back to L.A. HIV positive. He'd slept with twelve girls before realizing he was infected. Four of those girls have since tested positive. Those girls are "first generation." The guys who worked with those girls are "second generation," one of whom has tested positive. The girls who've worked with those guys are "third generation." There was a list, albeit incomplete, of these people that the talent would examine before doing a scene, to make sure they hadn't been with anyone on it. Kane was misinformed that she was third generation. "I fucking lost it on the set," she said, and though there was nothing to worry about, it scared her badly.

Kane went condom-only, and goes to all the talent meetings and promotes condom use. "Everyone in the world is educated to use condoms now. You don't meet someone and decide to have sex without using a condom—that's not what happens anymore. But we, who are more sexually active than everybody in this world, don't use condoms. I mean, we're tested regularly, but even whores use condoms! You can't go to a whorehouse and get a blowjob without a condom." She says that if the leading men in the business went condom only, it wouldn't matter how many girls came and went. The average life of a "porn chick" is 3-6 months, though that could change if Kane gets what she wants: a union for the adult industry. She wants health insurance, overtime pay, and protection for herself and those who are risking their health for other people's enjoyment and financial gain.

Star also has plans to better the work environment for porn actors, and is collaborating with G-Spot's Sheena to start an internet-based production company in Portland. They want to start with girl/girl scenes done in the classic style. Most of the production companies are run by men, accounting for the rough, hard-core component of their films. She also plans to give her actors royalties. "The girls aren't getting the money they're worth," she said. "And a lot of dancers in Portland don't realize that

they deserve to be respected for the women they are, not maligned for what they're doing with their bodies," she said. "They should actually be

respected for what they are doing with their bodies."

Kane says she's never had a problem with disrespect. "If someone knows me, they know I'm safe and comfortable with what I do, and that I'm a good person. I'm a mellow chick, dude," she says, laughing. "I stay home, cook dinner, watch TV and go to work." And porn, she said, is just like any other job. "If you were around it for one day, not only would you feel comfortable seeing people naked, and seeing them in the act, but you wouldn't even care. You'd be like, 'Yawn, I'm going to go see what's in catering."

No matter your stance on porn, what it comes down to for both these girls is something few people can claim: They love their jobs. "I love dancing. I love getting on stage and I love being naked," Kane said.

Star, who is writing a book of poetry, making a CD with her band Furious Angels, working on a 20-act circus-erotique show, and writing a book, *Passageways*, about emotions and relationships, agrees with Kane's assessment. "There's nothing more free than dancing naked, working as my own boss, and making my own schedule."



# EROTIC CITY

"Nothing But The Naked Truth"

Since 1993 • Volume 11 Number 12

June 2004

### ROSE FESTIVAL RETURNS

The boys are back in town... And they wanna blow their wads on you! Remember to work the first night or two after the ships come in or they'll be flat-ass broke. But still cute... and young... and broke...

## "My Ship Leaves Tomorrow..."

Welcome to Portland, sea men! Every club in town is rolling out the red carpet for ya'll, and the Pallas' carpet is the reddest! During **Service Appreciation Week**, June 9th-13th, they're running FREE limo shuttles to their fancy schmancy joint where you'll find "Big Time BBQ and drinks to match" and 2-for-1 table dances.

# Pimp 'n' Ho Party @ Safari Showclub

Another idea whose time has come: "Who Will Be Crowned the Pimp or Madam of Portland 2004?" Find out

on Saturday, June 26th! The winner will be picked by Bunnyranch owner Dennis Hoff who KNOWS his ho's. At stake is an all-expense-paid trip to the Bunnyranch. (I'd like to see an itemized receipt!!!) Get there early to see the piranha feeding frenzy—every night at 9pm sharp. Bring a goldfish, get in free!

# STARS Party Bus Rides Again

Let them do the driving... while you freak out with Stars' gorgeous girls on the way to the casino, a Mariners game, a Beavers game, the Rose Festival, you name it! And for you more sophisticated types, Stars' **Annual Cigar Social** takes place on June 24th (at the club— not on the bus).

# Hello, Jello!

I just LOVE it when summer comes and the kiddie pools come out, ready to be filled with mud/milk/jello for girls to wrestle in! Jody's hosts the first **Jello Wrestling** match of the season on June 19th. "Come and see your favorite dancer covered in jello and whipped cream!" Alright!

### Want a Shake with Those Fries?

The Boom Boom Room's Booty Shakin' Contest might be over, but imitators are springing up all over town. Jody's hosts their **Best Damn Booty**  **Contest** on June 18th, with hundreds of dollars in CASH MONEY PRIZES. Disappointed with your performance? Don't worry—Dream On Saloon hosts their own **Shake and Bake Contest** the following week on June 24th.

### Come Together!

Ever wonder what happened to those strippers you danced with five years ago? Where are they now? Well chances are they'll be at Dream On Saloon June 9th for **Heartbreakers Reunion**. The party is "on Rob."

Ever wonder what happened to those strippers you danced with twenty-five years ago? Chances are they'll be at **Jody's 25th Anniversary Party** on June 16th, enjoying prime rib, door prizes and drink specials.

# Way Down South

*Hustler* Busty Beauty and Ms. Easy Rider **Erika Steele** will be in Salem June 15th - 19th, first at the Silver Dollar

and then at the Firehouse. The Firehouse will also host a **Beach Party Weekend**June 11th and 12th and **Fetish Night** on
June 26th.

Stars Salem hosts another of their infamous **H2O** Parties on Saturday, June 19th. Watch hot girls get wet! Also at Stars Salem, every Wednesday is **Battle of the Bands**. Winner opens for a "world class performer," which we can only guess might be Vince "Mötley Crüe" Neil, who plays Stars' Bike

Festival on July 10th. Whoohoo!

### Exotic News

Strawberry

Viva's kickass rock band **Coco Cobra and the Killers** will play a FREE show @ the Twilight with Riot-a-Go-Go from San Francisco on Saturday, June 5th.

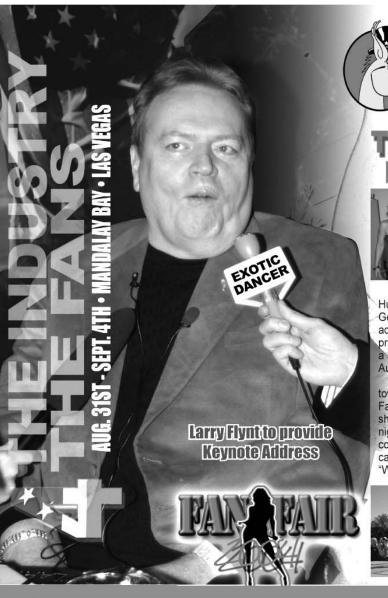
J.Mack plays host-with-the-most on June 13th, when he welcomes NYC's **Kid Capri** to Berbati's Pan. Also on the

bill are Synlyriseez, AL.C, Black Duck with Joe Ghetto, World Famous DJ Chill, Cool Nutz, Maniac Lok and the C.A.S.T.L.E. BOYZ.

Finally, right on the heels of Severina's whelping, **Jim Goad became a GRANDFATHER**.
Good ol' JG has his hands full with not one, not two, but NINE tiny pugs!! Mom Cookie is doing fine.
Congratulations!

exotic maga∠ine - june | 23









THIS COULD BE THE MOST IMPORTANT EXPO EVER!



With the 2004 Presidential Election looming on the immediate horizon, Hustler's Larry Flynt will provide the Keynote Address at the 12th Annual Gentlemen's Club Owners Expo. Each year, the Expo brings over 3,000 adult nightclub owners & operators, feature entertainers and other industry professionals to Las Vegas for three days of panel sessions, parties, and a 300-booth tradeshow. This year, Mandalay Bay will host the Expo from August 31-September 2 (the Expo is not open to the general public).

Directly following the Expo is Fan Fair 2004, a two-day event geared towards the fans of adult entertainment and exotic dance. This year, the Fan Fair promises to be hotter than ever with two sexy feature entertainer showcases. Fans can vote for their favorite entertainers to perform at Friday night's (Sep. 3) "GirlsOfED.com" showcase at—where else—the GirlsofED.com website. Saturday night's (Sep. 4) "Stars of the Silver Screen" showcase will include some of the sexiest stars of adult film. And don't forget the "World's Largest Bikini Contest" on Friday afternoon!



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I've been best friends with this girl—let's call her Karen-for almost 16 years now.

We met in 7th grade homeroom and since then we've been super close. It's the closest relationship I've ever had. We've both been through a lot of growing together over the years. Over that time, we have had a few drunken sex encounters. She's the only girl I've known that I can say I truly love. But we've always stayed "just best friends."

For the past five years I've been living out of state, but we stay in close contact via phone and flights back home. It's been real hard. I miss her to death. And the more time I spend away from her, the more I think I should try to take our relationship to another level. But there is always that voice in my head saying, "Don't do it, dude. It'll ruin your friendship." It's crazy. Every girl I meet out here (SF) I always end up comparing to "Karen." Which I know is not fair at all, but I can't stop myself.

What do you think? Should I get over Karen, spend less time being close to her and try to find a new girl? Or make an attempt to 'seal the deal' with Karen?

Signed. Just Wants To Be Loved

Hey JWTBL,

You poor sucker. This is a common deal. But though it happens all the time, it's still tough and it doesn't usually end well.

I know you feel compelled to confess your heart to "Karen" because you're stuck in this frustrating limbo. But believe me when I tell you, JWTBL, "Karen" is in full knowledge of your feelings. Guys can be good liars and such, but they can't for one minute fool a woman they've been so close to for so many years. No man hangs around a woman that long, that closely, who isn't waiting for something more. Plus you've already fucked a couple of times and you STILL hang around all happy just to be near her. Men don't do that, OK? Once you fuck, it's either the next step or it's lose-my-number time. She knows this, and since she knows and hasn't given you the green light to go further, she most likely digs things the way they are. Show me a chick who doesn't love the ego boost of some poor shmuck waiting for her to love him back and I'll show you my high school gym teacher.

You're what girls call a "nice guy," and that sucks. Nice guys do tend to finish last in these situations—unless they can somehow switch roles with the girl they're after. Right now she's got all the power over you. She's the gate keeper, so to speak. In order to get what you want, you've got to be on top. You gotta grow some hairy balls.

Here's what you do. Tell her everything. Tell her on the phone. Tell her that you're not looking for any yes or no answers or any decisions on her part. You just want her to know your feelings. Then don't talk to her for awhile. If you always call her, let her call you a couple of times before you call her back. Have cheap rough sex (safely please) with some willing ladies and try not to think about this for a while. Put "Karen" a few pussies behind you. Believe me, she'll feel it. Women can smell other women on men from across state lines, and it makes the man more attractive. You know when you hook up with someone and all of a sudden all these chicks from everywhere in your life start calling you, some of them coming on to you? It's kind of the girl version of peeing on something to make it yours.

Let "Karen" chew on what you say and get a taste of life without you. Don't be extra available to talk about your confession- she'll just milk you for extra ego points that will only translate into her self assurance when going after other guys. Tell her what YOU want. Be firm and direct. Then leave her alone with it.

If it doesn't turn out the way you want, move on and don't look back. Lots of times the object of your affection will realize you were THE ONE once you become unavailable to them emotionally. Whatever you do, don't fall for it. You'll be in a worse position than you're in now. Not only will you still be her nice guy, you'll also be a chump.

xo-Demi





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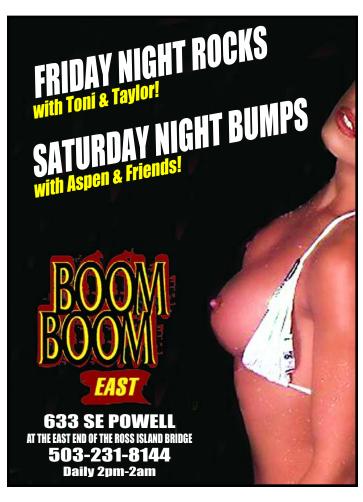
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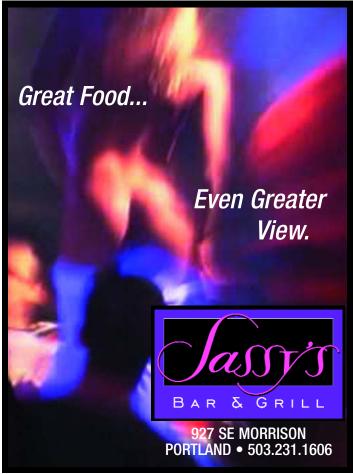
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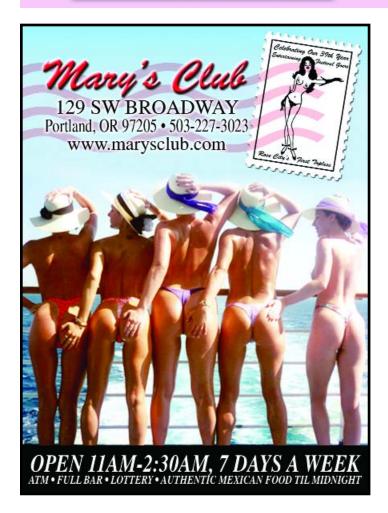
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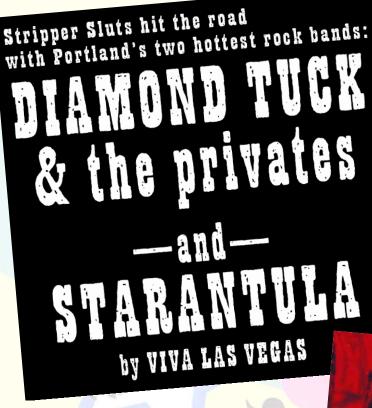












It's been a long while since I felt like being a band slut, the best feeling in the world.

I fell hard for **Diamond Tuck & the Privates** back in November. They snapped me out of a funk with their first song, a mix of heavy metal, glam rock, Oregon pride and total HOT-NESS. An eight-piece band carefully culled from the lifers of the Portland rock scene, these guys and gals know how to throw a show. Captain Diamond is 6'2 and covered with tattoos. As the leader of the pack he makes the call on whether the boys wear pink or white denim and coordinates eye makeup, too. His best outfit is sweat and man was he wearing it that night.

Diamond Tuck & the Privates have more band sluts than any band in the world.

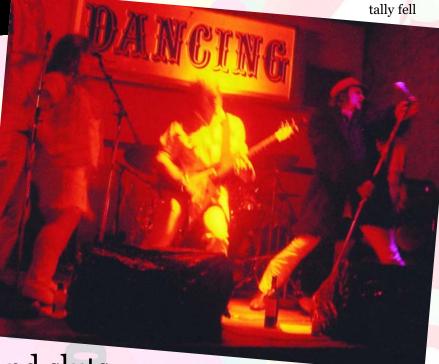
Kelly's Olympian was packed. The band barely fit on the makeshift stage. Midway through the show Diamond waded out into the crowd, made out with a lucky slut and then mounted the bar, preaching a chorus of sexxxed up YEAHS to adoring worshippers, pouring a drink down his smokin' hot chest and reclining in his best Burt Reynolds pose. The band and the backup singers broke it down to a whisper while Diamond told all us pretty ladies just what was in store for us. The volume came back up and the

whole ensemble rocked out—complete with choreography—til every last panty was wet and every t-shirt was sold. I went home shaking my head in disbelief. I've known this Diamond fellow for YEARS. I've seen him in a hundred rock bands. But oh-my-goodness I had NO IDEA... I woke up the next AM still wondering who the lucky slut was he made out with on the floor. I vowed to kill her.

Two months later the band was appearing at Slabtown with another Portland all-star band, **Starantula.** I'd seen Starantula four years before and thought I knew what they were all about. I was wrong. In that time they'd changed from a lounge-punk novelty act to a blistering four-piece RAWK band. Think the Jimi Hendrix Experience fronted by Jim Belushi dressed as John Travolta. You cannot NOT dance to Starantula.

Diamond Tuck played first. The estrogen in the room was so thick that I decided to let him alone. I made love to my tequila and danced my ass off instead.

When Starantula took the stage I acciden-



in LUV with Kelly Gator—Fireballs of Freedom lead singer and axe slinger—right in front of his girlfriend! My eyes were crossing and she could tell. She glared at me through the smoky sweaty haze and I conciliatorily made out with seven people: two chicks, two drummers, two strangers and DIAMOND, who very politely asked, "Viva, will you come make out with me in the bathroom?" We sucked face on the floor while his guitar player Private Mike took a piss right over us.

The morning after I was still in love. I was shocked by



my lingering lust and went to the clubhouse to tell Blondie. Blondie said, "That's not love. That's rock'n'roll." Duh.

Blondie had been celibate for like weeks. She was in that lipstick-buying, cat-petting phase of the MenSuck continuum. It was getting harder and harder to get her to go out. Then I got beat up and everybody except the men I was fucking felt sorry for me. Blondie was suddenly willing to be my wing-woman. I took her to 72nd Avenue where the band parties and made her make out with Private Mike. Diamond and Private showed us a real bitchin' time, taking us to rad bars east of 82nd and finally to drummer boy House Arrest Dan's house where Blondie danced to Hall & Oates in her legwarmers and Diamond made out with me in spite of the stitches in my swollen, bloody lip. One short week later we were on the road to Bellingham, following Diamond Tuck & the Privates on their tour of the Northwest with Starantula.

Bellingham ROCKS. It's got something of the energy and excitement of the Satyricon scene in its much-storied heyday. Lots of little rock'n'roll bars are lined up on State Street. Nearby Horseshoe Café and Tavern has a 24-hour breakfast and a groovy cowboy pulltab lounge. Blondie and I had biscuits & gravy there for dinner and then got slutty in the bathroom after the long greasy drive. Blondie put on her makeup in the midst of a full-on dyke battle, sometime lovebirds tearing each other apart but still not immune to Blondie's considerable charms. Blondie is every dyke's wet dream. I slipped out of my tight jeans and lavender blackeye-accenting sweater into fishnets, short white denim

skirt (Diamond had informed me that the "theme" of the evening was white denim) and red kneehigh alligator boots and we ran to the rock club.

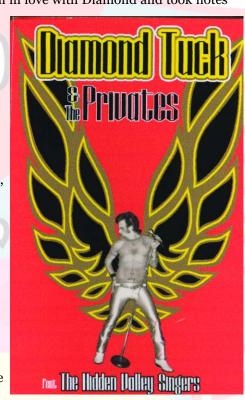
The bands and their bitches were all there. I instantly started to swoon, but Blondie needed vodka TOOT SWEET. We wandered the streets looking for something other than a tavern and wound up at the Factory—another super cool Satyricon-y bar with, thank God, liquor. Blondie downed three vodkas with Red Bull in quick succession and I medicated with two. Back at the 3B, I flirted and twinkled and didn't notice that Blondie looked like a beautiful schizophrenic about to

throw herself out a window. I got her some water and took her to the bathroom for a nice puke photo shoot. Soon Blondie felt blonde again. "Glad I got that over with!" she chirped.

Diamond and Co. took the stage and took the TOWN. The locals gawked in shock while we Portlanders danced and screamed and made out. The local paper was there to document it all, fell in love with Diamond and took notes

for a front-page feature in the Bellingham Daily. These guys are IT, man!

Diamond was wearing his pink leather captain hat, a big black monkey fur jacket, a tight white tshirt and tight white Levi's. Private Mike had on white denim trousers AND matching jacket, his white private hat and aviator specks. And his Flying V, which he



played as masterfully as he'd been playin' Blondie. House Arrest Dan and bass player Private Aaron are the lookers of the band and are deadly. What kinda girl doesn't fall for the rhythm section straight off anyway? They wore head-totoe white denim, too. Then there was THE WIZARD, Greg Gallant, wielding a Flying V, black handlebar moustache and long black Ozzy hair. He's all Black Sabbath at night, but during the day is your average potsmoking Converse-

wearing northwestern cutie. Finally, the pistol-hot Hidden Valley Singers: Lucinda Beth, who is, according to Diamond, "More woman than most men can handle," Heather from DOTS who has hamburgers tattooed on her sternum and wears groovy polyester pantsuits, and beautiful, honey-voiced Cameron, aka "Cam-Shaft," the world-famous hula-hoop boy. Cam is tattooed and skinny and uses the ladies room so you can ogle him in the light. He plays a mean tambourine.

Blondie was in fine form by now and joined the rest of us sluts on the floor, shakin' it HARD to Starantula—the best dance band on the West Coast. Starantula's got it and there ain't no doubt about it. Every girl from every walk of life jumped out of her seat to swoon and shimmy and sing along to their rockin' cover of "Fooled Around and Fell in Love." Cam hula-hooped.

The after-party was at the hotel room. Everyone had been on the road for days and was smelly and sleepy. Diamond lent me his chest as a pillow and covered me with his monkey fur. Private Mike and Blondie curled up in the alcove under the vanity mirror after raping each other for hours. Everyone else watched TV.

The next day we had breakfast with the whole motherfucking band. The boys and girls trickled in-bleary-eyed but still hotter than a jar of Hot Mamas. Me 'n' Blondie giggled and cuddled, feeling like the luckiest girls in the whole world. What band sluts get to stay the night and then stay for breakfast?! We felt just like My Little Ponies, smeared mascara and

After breakfast we

headed to the Murder Bar, so-called because Ted Bundy, the Green River Killer and the D.C. Snipers all partied there. Everyone ordered white Russians. I took mine black. A local bar slut got excited about my black eye. Said she just got the shit beat out of her by her old man but the cops took HER in for four nights. In fact she was fresh outta jail that morning. I admired her ring. She guessed that we were rock'n'rollers. Private Mike told her the band was Iron Maiden and that we were off to Japan in eight hours, then told her that Blondie was his wife of seven years. Blondie melted all over the bar like a softserve sundae smothered in hot caramel.

We had two more rounds at the Murder Bar and then stumbled out into the late winter sun. It was time to go home. Blondie and I rubbed noses with our band boys and sped away in the Volvo, reliving every slutty detail over the dreamlike five-hour drive home.

We know that Diamond Tuck & the Privates have more band sluts than any band in the world. But man don't it feel goood to be back in the saddle? Huh, Blondie?

You cannot NOT dance to Starantula. Think the Jimi Hendrix Experience fronted by Jim Belushi dressed as John Travolta.

# SMALL DICK. SMALL DICK. BIG HEART

remembering JIM SPAGG

im Spagg was one of the main reasons I moved to Portland, and you can either bless his newly departed soul or spit on his grave because of it.

Ten years ago, on vacation from city-in-flames Los Angeles, I stumbled upon the specter of Spagg's tiny naked flopping penis as it filled the entire TV screen in the Rose Quarter motel where I was staving. Anvone who's ever viddied more than a minute of Spagg's rancid psychedelia will never be able to forget it, whether they want to or not. But there was a FREEDOM there...not the "free speech" bullshit in which Spagg nauseatingly cloaked himself, although it should be anyone's right to publicly display their micro-genitalia, I mean, it shouldn't even be an issue...but the freedom to be as insane and dysfunctional as most people tend to be when they think no one is watching, but to then FILM it and BROADCAST it without fear of recrimination. At the time, not knowing what I know now, Portland seemed like a highly tolerant place. "If this town can handle someone like this," I thought to myself, "it should have no problem with someone like me." And so I moved here.

Truth was. Portland was never able to handle me OR Spagg. Despite its self-image as a Lighthouse of Tolerance, this burg has perfected a Stepford Wives brand of dissociatively cruel liberal repression. Spagg was forced off the airwaves shortly after I moved here, and I faced so many public calamities, someone should make a movie about it. Oh. wait—they are...

Portland's mostly fat, almost entirely repressed denizens still become visibly upset at the mention of Spagg's name. which in turn upsets me. How can they not LAUGH at the entire project? Here was a man who recently tried running for Mayor "to try to awaken those of the real world to the reality that there is no God." And he was SERIOUS. He truly believed a Mayor's first order of business was not crime prevention or balancing the budget, but to instill atheism among his minions. Well into his sixties, he was still THAT naive. He was also serious about his "Humanity School of Understanding" and the idea that he was a "free-speech warrior" and the notion that "Nudity is not dirty!"—when it

was so tragically obvious that in Spagg's case, nuditv was INDEED dirty. And it was that sort of retarded sincerity, the propulsive yearning to prove that he was something more than a homely man upon whom Mother Nature played her cruelest joke, which made Jim Spagg a worthwhile human being in the tiny booklet where I jot down the name of worthwhile humans. Like a three-dayold puppy blindly groping for a nipple. Jim Spagg squirmed around this world seeking some higher meaning which tended to elude him.

" JIM GOAD

I still own about thirty hours of his cable shows from '94 and '95 on VHS, but for now, it'd be a little too depressing to watch them. My favorite episode—yet one which I don't own but would be willing to trade favors for—is the half-hour show documenting Jim's various run-ins with the "Indian welder" who lived next door and stole Spagg's wife while Jim was in the pokev. Choice clips included Spagg throwing hot water at the Iniun over his fence and Jim stumbling around filming his own bloody nose after kemosabe walloped him. Few men are brave enough to admit they've been played by a woman. Fewer still have the cojones to film it and share their heartache with everyone else for the purpose of...free speech? Honesty? Rank exhibitionism? Doesn't matter—it was pure entertainment, even at someone else's expense. And it was the most heartbreakingly poignant "reality TV" I've ever witnessed.

A crucial part of Portland culture has died, and I'm holding you all responsible. It was your cruelty and lack of humor which killed Jim Spagg, Portland, not leukemia or crab lice or whatever the coroner's report said it was. We, the Few Brave Souls, try to teach you a better way of living. P-Town, and all you do is wind up pooping on our heads.

Jim Spagg was unafraid to be an idiot, and thus he was less of an idiot than most. May the Lord bless and keep you, Spagg. In heaven, dick size doesn't matter—only the size of your heart. And you were the John Holmes of heart.



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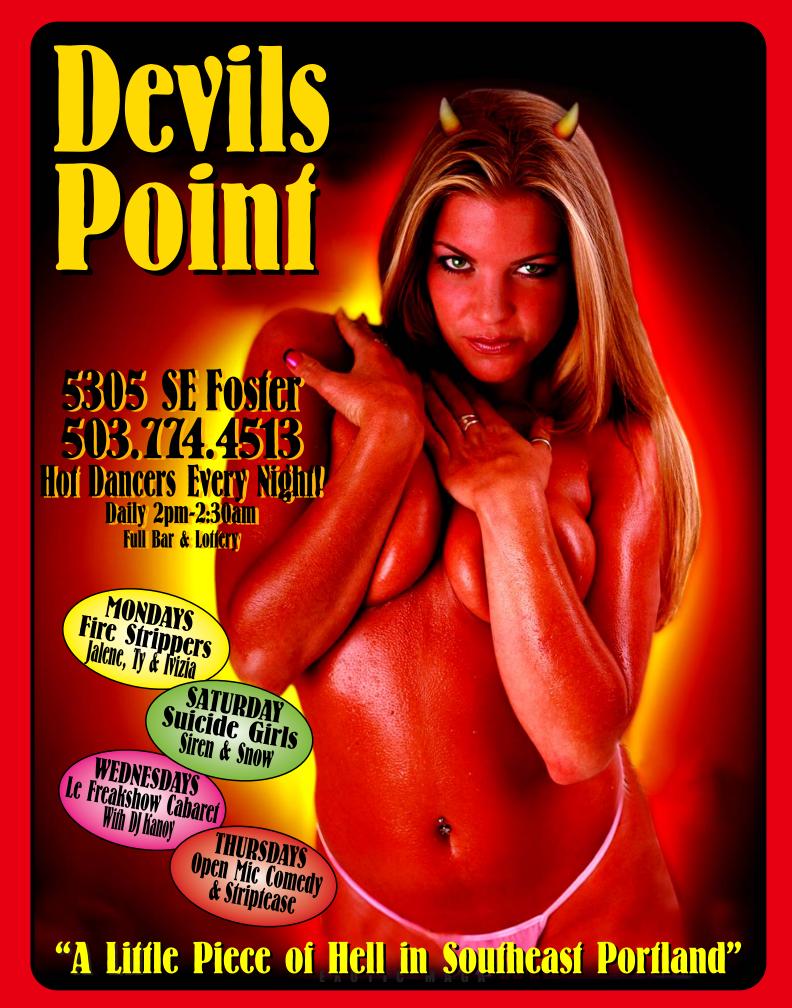
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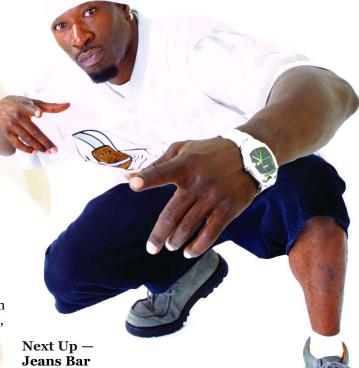
# WHATZ CRACKIN'?

It's that time again ya'll, so check out the shiznit ya boy been up to. Currently I'm in Las Vegas working on a couple of different projects with Grand Jamma' DLB, aka Larry Bell. It's on again baby! First of all, big ups to Method Man for coming in to Portland and rockin' the hell out of the Roseland Theater! I also got in on the action with my new band **Cool Fever**.

#### First Up - KID CAPRI AT BERBATI'S PAN

That's right baby, the legendary DJ from NYC is in town for an exclusive show, which will also be featuring some of Portland's hottest talent. It jumps off Sunday June 13th @ Berbati's Pan. Hosted by DJ Mello Cee and yours truly, the big homie J.Mizzle. Kid Capri will also be sharing the stage with the N.W. Lady of Soul, Synlyriseez, AL.C, and Black Duck with Joe Ghetto. That's not all baby! Performing that night will also be The World Famous DJ Chill, Cool Nutz, and Maniac Lok. Representing the Dirty South from the ATL will be The C.A.S.T.L.E BOYZ. The first 99 ladies get a special gift, compliments of the promoter, my man "X." Tickets are on sale right now so go get yours before they sell out. You can get 'em at TicketsWest.com, Terrell Brandon's (1330 NE Alberta St.

Suite A), and Jeans Bar. The show starts at 8pm, so get there early baby or you will miss out! Seeya there...
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They specialize in European fashions and plan to expand the clothing line throughout the U.S. They even hooked va boy up with some Phat Ass reversible jeans and one of their new Soul Edge Shirts. They have over eighteen different styles for women and twelve different jointz for the men. So if you want to get the hook up on some gear for the summer, the Jeans Bar is the spiznot! Tell 'em Mack sent you. Big Ups to Waleed and the entire staff!



Until next month, ya'll be cool and keep it Crackin'!!!

One Love, J.Mack

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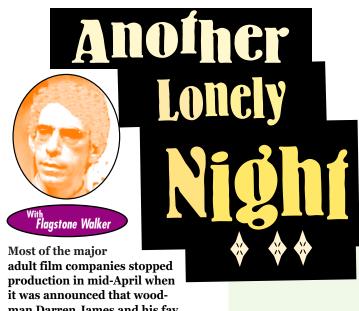
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Debauchery 10pm © DANTE'S swart abunside	FIRESTRIPPERS O DEVILS POINT 5000			cigar social @ STARS		<b>@SAFARI GLUB</b> beach party night the pallas
SINFERNO CABARET Sex & Service Industry Wight Featuring a Simil of Cus of Burfesque, Fire Dancers, DJS &	STATES BENJEROON 28  MANDATORY MONDAYS WITH IAN & SASSY'S  FINE STRIPPERS © DENIS POINT THE	29	08			
Debauchery/ 10pm @ DANTE'S sw 3rd s Burnside						



man Darren James and his fav

partner Laura Roxx tested positive for HIV. According to an AP wire story last week the two-month ban has already been "partially lifted," whatever that means.

While the 60-day respite provided good PR for Vivid, Hustler Video and a few other multi-million dollar pussy-grinding machines, most

doms in every film whether produced in Porn Valley or a porn 101-ers

The politician from Lake Tahoe is shrewd enough to realize the condom-only provision will be tough to get through the legislature. Not that Tim Leslie or any of the other legislators have an iota of sympathy or respect for the porn industry, but if the state decrees such a measure for fuck vids, why not make it apply to... oh, say everyone in California? No way that could happen. Having the provision slip through the, uh, back door as a safe sex measure administered by the health department is a more viable option. Although by no means a good option. If this comes to pass, gonna be a lot of underground porn circumventing the law.

One must give credit to assemblyman Leslie's press secretary, Brian O'Neel, for introducing a novel but perhaps viable solution to the problem: digital imaging. "If Mel Gibson can make a cannonball look like it's about to take your head off in *The Patriot*, then there's amazing things they could do with penises and vaginas," O'Neel announced.

Coming from the spin control artist for a reactionary republican politician who would just as soon behead anybody working in Porn Valley, that is a refreshing bit of candor. I suspect the cost of removing the raincoat on every stiff stoker in every scene through digital imaging would be very pricey. Nonetheless, this is something Vivid and all those producers in the coalition of the willing sperm tossers should check out.

While I don't support the mandatory second skin idea, I'll do my part to support the current temporary ban on porn production this month by not reviewing any DVDs. But I gotta admit this is a ruse so I can finish off my lonely night with a few words on the recent baby-sitting scandal in our fair city.

## "If Mel Gibson can make a cannonball look like it's about to take your head off in *The Patriot*, then there's amazing things they could do with penises and vaginas."

companies continued to churn out DVDs. The fundamental issue boils down to this: rubbers. Vivid and a few other companies began making condom-only films after the last scare in 1998 when John Stagliano and four porn queens tested positive for

the HIV virus.

Problem is most guys who buy porn find the safe-sex routines a complete turn-off. Vivid can afford to absorb the loss. The vacuum has been filled by plenty of other companies willing to churn out naked lungings.

Since it is impossible to get the entire industry on the rubber bandwagon, the worst possible solution has been proposed in California. State assemblyman Tim Leslie, a republican from Lake Tahoe, offered up a bill mandating condom use in all adult films. Keep in mind this bill is in the initial stages. It may never come to pass or if it does many changes could be made throughout its long legislative journey.

The bill would require frequent testing for STD's, something the industry has been doing since 1998. What makes the bill intriguing is a clever bit of buck-passing. It does not mandate condoms. Instead, it calls for the California Department of Health "to set standards necessary for adult performers." It's almost a foregone conclusion the health department would determine one standard that must be met is the use of con-

Amazing the lid was kept tight on the affair between then-mayor Goldschmidt and the babysitter for 30 years. While there's plenty of talk around town about the former mayor bonking a 14-year-old Lolita,

seems like the central concern is whether or not Willamette Week should have blown the whistle on Neil Goldshmidt as he teeters into old age with a bad ticker. There's a statute of limitation on statutory rape, but none on reporting a juicy

One windbag editorial writer at the *Oregonian* penned a screed against WW, saying he was more sickened by the altweekly's dredging up and exposing Neil's deep affection for his not-even-barely-legal hottie than the deed itself. I'm with him half way. If you can't get the goods on the guy while he's in office, it does seem kind of slimy to chop off his balls in the 42nd inning of a 9 inning game. At the same time, would the editorial writer have written that column if it had been the Oregonian instead of WW that splashed the scoop on page one? No fucking way. He'd remain silent if he had any integrity or more likely he'd write a piece blabbing on about the importance of getting the truth out.

WW didn't do the right thing, only the natural thing any paper would do when the whispered rumors from long ago bubble up into the sunlight of the courtroom. In this case Neil got the shaft when the woman threatened to file a lawsuit

against him in 1994, twenty years after they licked each others' lollipops and what not. Instead of filing a personal-injury lawsuit she settled for \$250,000. The enterprising reporter from WW found that in the court

Call it payback or a proper settlement for the victim of abuse if you like. Frankly, I'd call it extortion. This babe did him in and got a quarter of a mil out of him to boot. Still, Neil brought it on himself.





















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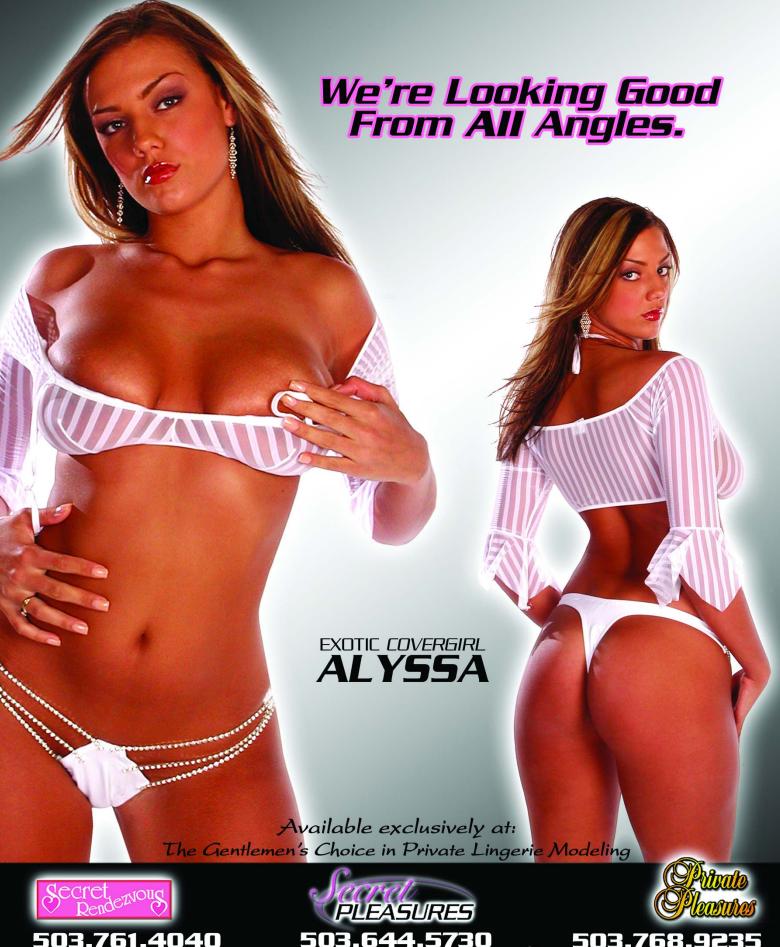
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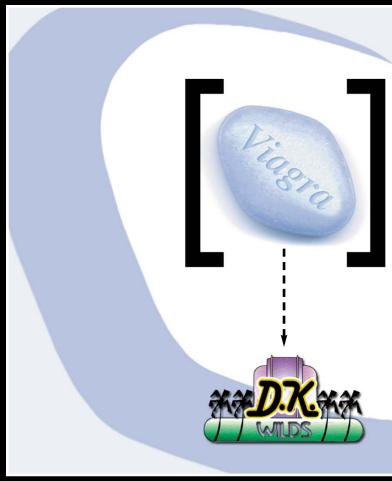


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