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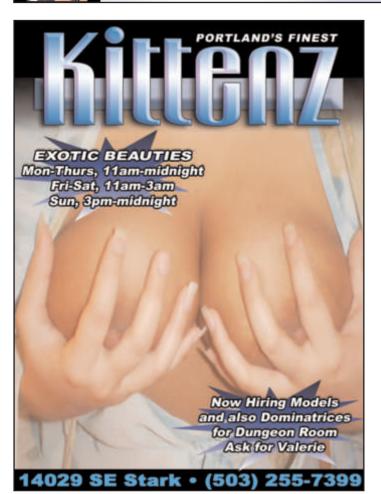
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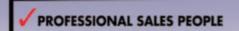
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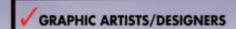


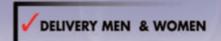


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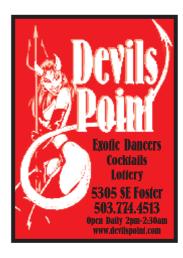




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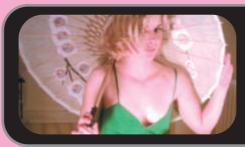
FEATURES



PLEASE KILL ME

kills, killers, & coco cobra and the killers
page 18

by viva las vegas



ANYA GORSON

portland couture heats up **page 21** by viva las vegas



CHRIST WET THE BED

so you can, too **page 62**

by jim goad



PUBLIC MASTERBATION

alive and well at the jefferson theater page 64

by phillip lee

INSIDE STUFF

Carnal Knowledge...13

I ♥ Las Vegas...16

Cadvice...22

Erotic City...23

Pink Pages...26

Whatz Crackin' ...71

Pin-Up Calendar...74

Video Reviews ...76







I just got out my little red book the minute that you said goodbye... I went from A to Z. I took out all the pretty girls in town. They danced with me... —"Little Red Book" by Love

According to my daddy and Arthur Lee from the band Love, a little red book is where you keep the names and numbers of the nicer ladies you've encountered in case you hit a dry spell and mommy leaves you or Love bites the dust. That way you've got at the ready a list of lays for rainy days. Well, if I had a little red book, each name would be followed by a lengthy list of why NOT to call the cad EVER AGAIN.

It's been said that I have bad taste in men. Perhaps. But I prefer to think that it's just a lack of quality choices.

My roommate in Brooklyn gets lots of visits from hot Portland women. He marvels at how they all complain about their uninspired or just plain uninterested sex partners. What is up with that? I blame the weather. Or the slacker religion we all serve. But I'm gonna hang up my old hang-ups and take some responsibility for these lackluster lovers. I'm gonna write my own Little Red Book and tell 'em—at the DOOR—what I want, when I want it, and when to get lost.

The women's mag's advice gal says, "A lot of anger comes from women's odd expectation that men know what we want. They don't and they're not going to guess. It's really helpful if we tell them." But say you come home from the strip club and tell your dude, "Honey, I was giving a table dance at work today and the guy was saying how he'd love to chew gently on every inch of me, especially the small of my back and, uh, the backs of my knees. And, uh, it turned me on. Could

you try that? No, the guy was not HOT. No, I was not INTO him. No, I don't want to date him instead of you. Geez! I was just asking!"

My shrink says I have a problem with communication, and that 90% of relationships that fail fail as a result of poor communication. Well, not me; not any more. My Little Red Book will "communicate" everything: sex positions, food allergies, hygeine advice, favorite restaurants and whether I want a princess-cut or round brilliant diamond ring.

I'm sick of lovers, of hunting them, catching them, training them and then slaughtering them. I want a partner. And this may prove to be my biggest problem yet. I'm not interested anymore in casual dating. I'm not interested in casual sex. I have enough friends and when I really need a quick toss I have a short list of fine specimens that are willing to do the deed. What I need now is a mate. So, here's the first page of my Little Red Book. If you want to read the second page, email me at viva@xmag.com with your resume and maybe we can arrange a life partnership.

Dear Male Partner Prospect,

You must have a job. You must have a future beyond bartending and rock stardom. You must not be an alcoholic. You must rub feet. You must have a functioning cock. You must have a car so you can take me on hot dates. You must be an excellent kisser. You should read the New York Times and, on occasion, National Geographic. You must want kids. You must love animals. You should be an inspired lover and able to play my body at least as well as you play your guitar. Better yet, you should be able to play my body as well as Jimi Hendrix played his guitar. You must love music and be versed in the history of rock. You must be open-minded, goofy, adventurous and wise. You must be responsible, respectful and adoring. You must be loyal, hardworking and optimistic. You must take good care of yourself and of me. Hopefully you are also cute and manly enough to rock a sarong while feeding grapes to a goat. [See photo page 23.]

[Give it a try, girls! Put little boxes in front of each directive so you have a nifty checklist. Then you gotta follow through. DON'T go out with a guy unless he's batting a .75 average in your Little Red Book. Then make peace with the fact that you'll never get laid again.]

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DEA

they were known as The Killers. We saw that name on the drummer's kick drum head and lifted it.

The Kills: If we thought about what our name meant, which we don't, we'd think it meant that WE were the kills. Not the killers, but the thing that's being killed. Like roadkill. We're just two little kills.

> Coco Cobra & The Killers: Duh. It was obvious. There was never any choice in the matter. God christened us.

> > WEBRETARD: Listening to [The LAS VEGAS Killers'] album, there really seems to be a lot of 80's synth-poprock influence. Who are your

biggest influences? The [L.V.] Killers: We listen to Depeche Mode, the Pet Shop

Boys, early Bowie, the Beatles, Blur, and Pulp, and the Smiths.

FRENCHWEBRETARD: When one listens to [The Kills] album Keep On Your Mean Side, one feels blues connotations. It is your principal inspiration there?

The Kills: What interests me more in the blues, it is what arrived to him forty years after the beginnings. What pleases me is what Captain Beefheart made, Canned Heat, Velvet Underground, Real Trucks or PJ Harvey. The principle of taking something of existing, primitive, and of making it again vital allures me. When I listen to pure blues of the Thirties, I adore the sound and it impresses me but it is not as vital for me as to listen to as PJ Harvey made with blues.

WEBRETARD: Listening to [Coco Cobra & the Killers'] The "I NEED SEX" Sessions is like listening to an orifice stuffed with the Sonics, the Ramones, some Blondie, the Jam and the Donnas, then sprayed with semen from Fast Times at Juvie Hall. Could you describe your influences?

by vivis ambasie versas

People are always ripping me off. I

The Killers

know, that's the name of the game in rock'n'roll, but it's embarrassing when your band name is taken by Juliette Lewis after she sleeps with your roommate and then her bandmate uses their instafame to pimp deodorant on TV. But the Licks were long gone. It was a lot more fucking irritating when some Duran Duran cover band out of goddamn Las Vegas flat-out stole my current band's name, the Killers. I'm SO SURE. Coco Cobra thought of that name long before those fucking L.V. cheeseballs. She googled it and looked through the Phonolog and everything to make sure the name wasn't taken way back in 1999. Now these idiot poptarts who pay homage to Depeche Mode are storming the nation with OUR NAME. Several of Coco's Killers are now no doubt rolling over in their graves, having been really and truly KILLED.

There is nothing original about skull/death/murder fads in rock'n'roll, but put your money where your mouth is. "The Killers are quite possibly the first ever quality new wave guitar band to have been inspired to form by Oasis... and come from Las Vegas." [tiscali.com] Really, I mean, Please Kill Me.

Last month Portland was a killing fields. The Kills, the Killers and Coco Cobra and the Killers all converged on our soggy city the same weekend. Smelling a story, I cozied up to the cozy bar at Doug Fir and plied this old gay guy for

hotel room numbers. The [Las Vegas] Killers' manager was in #214. I quickly made my way through the courtyard and up the stairs to their room. The door was cracked open just a bit, so I waltzed right

in to find two coked out men, one with the sheets pulled up to his chin and the other in gingerbread man boxer shorts. I invited the band and their deadly namesakes down to the restaurant for a latenite breakfast and, over EJ's omelets, tried to discern once and for all who was the most murderous.

WEBRETARD: The obvious first question is where did your name come from?

The [Las Vegas] Killers: We were watching this video "Crystal" by New Order and the video had this band who looked all hot in it, pretending to be New Order but "We'll murder these two kids unless you buy our new record!"





CCK: Sex, skateboarding, illicit substances and Vox guitars. And beer.

WEBRETARD: How did you all meet?

The [L.V.] Killers: Well Dave and Brandon had been playing for a few months before Mark & I joined the band. One day I got an emergency phone call from my roommate who had a band, "Ronnie can you fill in tonight and play the drums?" It was the last day of school at the University and I was at the lake when she called me and I said, "Yeah, I'll be home in a few hours." She told me that they were playing with this band called The [Las Vegas] Killers, which I thought was funny because it was a joke between my girlfriend and I. We used to call each other killer. So I was excited to see what was going on with this band called The [Las Vegas] Killers, and they turned out to be really, really good. They were kind of missing a bass player and a drummer because the ones they had were not doing justice to the music. So, we ended up hooking up and got together in the garage and then we got Mark. We had to coerce Mark into joining the band. We had to twist his arm because he was in a band with a lot of his good friends and didn't want to leave it. But then that band broke up and we got in the garage and started writing some songs, made some cheap garage demos, and here we are.

FRENCHWEBRETARD: Your duet is really intense. You met after having exchanged cassettes. It is really the love of the music which pushed you one towards the other?

The Kills: Yes I think, it was the base of all our conversations. At the beginning, very little of them spoke about current groups. In my opinion currently, nothing is done exciting very. Then, our conversations spoke about old groups, one listened to what it did one thought what that would have been to live at that time, at this historical period. It is dreamed that an identical scene to be recreated nowadays, like has the time of Velvet Underground at the end of the 60's. A celebration of

art, a trick very "C it yourself," unverifiable. This spirit, it is really what we wanted to celebrate in this album.

WEBRETARD: How did Coco Cobra and the Killers meet?

CCK: Fuck off. Why the fuck do you care? It's not important... The Symbionese Liberation Army was a catalyst. And that strip bar...

WEBRETARD: Let's get into the nitty-gritty of the album. I know you produced the album yourselves. How did you record it and approach it?

The [L.V.] Killers: We just recorded it!

FRENCHWEBRETARD: Keep On Your Mean Side is a very instinctive album, how long did you pass in studio?

The Kills Chick: Approximately a song per day, it was owl, fast... one was very enthusiastic. Moreover, one worked on one 8 tracks then one saw the album being done gradually. It was very justifying.

The Kills Dude: It is the first time that I go in studio with all the finished songs. That gave us the advisability of being able to try to record the vibrations. We did not have to conceptualize the album. It was a little like if we had left all our photographs and that we had chosen that which one wanted to put in our album.

WEBRETARD: When and how was The "I Need Sex" Sessions recorded?

CCK: Summer of '99. We knew we had killer songs and a killer line-up so we recruited our friends The Pills to record our album. which turned out killer.

WEBRE-**TARD: Since** everyone and their brother thinks you



The Kills

have to move to L.A. or New York to get a record deal, how did you guys land your deal with Island?

The [L.V.] Killers: After we built up a buzz in the UK, a lot of major labels in the US and UK started sniffing around. When we played CMJ in NYC in October of 2003, offers started coming in and we ended up signing with Island Def Jam.

FRENCHWEBRETARD: And you, which type of contract did you sign with Domino?

The Kills Chick: From the very start, one wanted a label independent, Domino was thus in top of our list because they are one of the last completely independent labels in England. We appreciate the way in which they worked with

the groups. The signature was very fast, Lawrence heard one of our pieces in the record dealer where one of these friends works. It telephoned to us and wholesale in half an hour, the deal was signed. Since, we worked with him, that makes a small end of time.

The Kills Dude: The problem of the majority of the contracts it is that they do not

serve the groups. Usually, the musicians sign for three albums, they do of them one and then it is the house of disc which decides if they continue or not. Blow, the groups always have the dependent hands because they want to make a disc which likes the house of disc so that

the latter do not release them then. Perhaps that we were naive or too trustful, but we never wanted that. Us, one wanted to sign for an album and one wanted a true work of co-operation. The kind of deal which one can have only with one label like Domino. And indeed, it is what occurred. The benefit are shared, and one signed for only one album. At the end of this period, one decides future together but nobody has control.

WEBRETARD: How did you choose your label, We Are Going To Eat You Records?

CCK: W.A.G.T.E.Y. came to us begging to let them put out *Sessions*. Plus we liked the name. Rocket picked up the album right away. It fuckin' slays. The new one we finished this summer slays even more. It's like *Blade III*.

So, in the battle for the dead heart of rock'n'roll, who wins? The **(Las Vegas)** Killers've got four turkeys who are painfully likable singing paeans to the motherfucking Pet Shop Boys. The Kills got a button-cute iunkie-chic chick who vomits and spits onstage while rockin' out with a dude and a beat box. And then you've got Coco Cobra and the Killers, screaming through twenty pistol-hot songs in nineteen minutes, fighting and fucking their way to the crown. Who's the most Killer? You decide.

HOT FUSS

THE ILAS VEGASI KILLERS HOT FUSS

1. Jenny Was A Friend Of Mine

2. Mr. Brightside

3. Smile Like You Mean It

4. Somebody Told Me

5. All These Things That I've Done

6. Andy. You're A Star

7. On Top

8. Change Your Mind

9. Believe Me Natalie

10. Midnight Show

11. Everything Will Be Alright

THE KILLS KEEP ON YOUR MEAN SIDE



- 1. Superstition
- 2. Cat Claw
- 3. Pull A U
- 4. Kissy Kissy
- **5. Fried My Little Brains**
- 6. Gypsy Death & You
- 7. Hand
- 8. Hitched
- 9. Black Rooster
- 10. Wait
- 11. Fuck The People
- **12. Monkey 23**

COCO COBRA & THE KILLERS

THE "I NEED SEX" SESSIONS

1. I Wanna Be With You Tonight
2. I Need Sex
3. I Hate You
4. Coco Cobra & The Killers
5. You're My Man
6. Keepin' You For Good
7. She's Killing You
8. I Need A Man
9. When you Cumin' Back
10. Say Mama
11. Take Me Back And Hold Me









AGE: 23
ORIGIN: Oregon
WHERE TO FIND
HER DRINKING:
Friday nights @
the Fez
CONTACT INFO:
anyagorson@
hotmail.com

ANYA GORSON

It was love at first sight. My friend Erin threw herself a birthday party a couple of months ago and, to commemorate the event, commissioned a dress of long

green silk (lined with pink silk) from her designer friend, Anya. Everyone is in love with Erin. But that night, as she flitted around filling everyone's cups with hot mulled wine from a silver tea kettle, I fell in love with her DRESS.

A couple of weeks later Erin paid me a visit at work. Everyone is in love with Erin. But that night people were ooohing and aaahing over her skirt. It was a classy light brown tweed a-line number, but with wonderfully elegant detailing—a swath of coffee-colored satin shimmied over

her hips and a thin ribbon of pink lured your eyes to her waist. Where did she get it? From her designer friend, **Anya Gorson**.

Fashion designers are a dime a dozen in Portland nowadays, but the truly talented are few and far between. Anya is the best I've seen. She's been designing clothes since she was eight years old, and has honed her talent interning for Portland's rare couture birds, working for a designer of underwear for gay men, and at the Art Institute of

Portland. Picking through her closet you'll find elegant evening dresses, beaded and boned corsets, space-age vests constructed of film (yes, film) and the loveliest little sundresses you've ever seen. There's also a Missing Persons bubble wrap dress tucked away in the back.

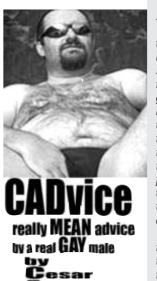
All of Anya's one-of-a-kind pieces are made from recycled fabrics she finds at thrift stores and Goodwills. A passionate environmental awareness infuses all her designs, and she prefers to work only in natural materials.

While a small handful of her pieces are available at the Red Light on Hawthorne, they will be more prominently featured at **PIN ME**, a new store opening on North Mississippi in early 2005. You can contact her for more info on her ready-to-wear line, which ranges in price from \$35 to \$150, or to commission the dress of your dreams.

"What is most important to me in designing a garment is the fit, the way it falls on the body. A beautiful garment is useless when it doesn't look good on a person," says Anya.

Try wearing an Anya Gorson garment and see if the whole world doesn't fall in love with you, too.





Dear Cesar,

I have a big problem. My life partner (we will call him Acorn for the purposes of this letter) and I met at an ashram in Duluth, Iowa. One night after our nightly spirit animal drum circle Acorn and I went to have a gourd of maca and talk about patriarchy and heterosexism in our culture. Before long we were having a private drum circle of our own if you know what I mean. We had everything in common and it was such a great relief for me to find someone who shared my social, political, and dietal values. My values are very important to me. We now own the only vegan lunch cart in Duluth, which feels like a duty as much as a way of subsisting.

About a year ago Acorn told me that it really bothered him when I took his seed into my mouth and especially when I swallowed it. He said it weakened his spirit animal to taste the semen when he kissed me open mouthed because it was unmanly. When I met him part of what I liked about him was

that he was vegan like me, and vegans have much better tasting life juice because their diets don't depend on the suffering of animals. His sacred seed strengthens my spirit animal. Now I just don't know what to do. Please Help.

Seeking Karmic Absolution, Not Confabulation

Dear SKANC,

First off, no we won't call him "Acorn." You can call him Acorn if you want, but I find it oppressive for you to tell me what I will call him. How dare you. I will call him Lance or Steve which is probably what his poor parents named him. If we all get to change our names any time we want then from now on my name is "Cesar, King Of Sexual Desire And Penile Girth" and that is what you will call me.

You say that "before long we were having a private drum circle all our own." If you mean that you were letting him rub his crabs-infested overgrown pubic hair all over your genital region, then yes, I do know what you mean. You were using the exhilaration of that spirit animal drum circle to grease the skids of the skank mobile. While he was shallowly thrashing his scabies-covered penis around in your wide set and poorly tended pubic patch you were thinking about how great it would be to guzzle jizz ala vegan.

As for Acorn feeling less like a man when he tastes cum, do you think he generally feels like more of a man than other men who taste cum? The men who are tasting cum are your homosexual spirit brother bears who Lance or Steve feels more manly than. Does he pity those silly cum guzzling fagotty spirit animals? You say you share Lance's/Steve's social, political, and dietal values. You no doubt hate the fagotty spirit animals as well. Those are obviously some of the values you were sharing over your steaming gourd of maca. Were you discussing how great it is to be a more quintessential example of your sex than the homos? Maybe you should start a lunch wagon that caters to gay haters. I'm guessing the market in Duluth for lunch wagons that cater to gay haters is probably saturated already. What do you macho men and feminine women who hate gays eat anyway? Mussels and sausage respectively? Regardless of what new direction you want to take your cart you will have to find some new way to make money because you will lose all credibility with your clients when they find out that you are not a vegan but in fact a cum guzzling hypocrite! That's right Moon Phillips of Duluth, Iowa, owner of the "Gentle Shaman All-Vegan Lunch Cart," cum guzzlers are not vegans. Cum is an animal product. You are a classic species-centric hypocrite. Human beings are animals and you are eating animal when you're chugging down Lance's or Steve's seed. You're not even supposed to wear wool or leather or eat honey you stupid gay-hating cum-guzzling hippie! Cum is a definite no-no. I would almost feel bad if you weren't so fucking stupid. As it is I want to thank you for writing an anonymous letter on your business letterhead so I can give the three or four gay people in Duluth the opportunity to firebomb your lunch wagon. That's right gay dudes of Duluth, it's your duty to your people to firebomb the Gentle Shaman All-Vegan Lunch Cart. Directions for making a molotov cocktail can be found on the internet if you google "molotov cocktail directions" instead of "hot gay enema porn."

Yours.

Cesar, King of Sexual Desire and Penile Girth





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January 2005

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 - *Quit coffee/ cigarettes/ junk/ meth.
 - *Fall in love.
 - *Give ten percent to charity.
 - *Buy a boat.
 - *Buy a house.
 - *Kiss your friends more like they do in NYC.
 - *Take guitar lessons.
 - *Move Anywhere Else.
 - *Quit stripping.
 - *Start stripping.
 - *Dream bigger.
 - *Sin more boldly.
 - *Drive cross-country.
 - *Drive across Oregon.
 - *Eat more vegetables.
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HONEY!

J.Mack's finally brought back his **Honey of the Month Contest!** It starts up again at Exotica on January 22nd.Here's a guy who knows how to throw a party, and the honeys will be there in force. Yum.

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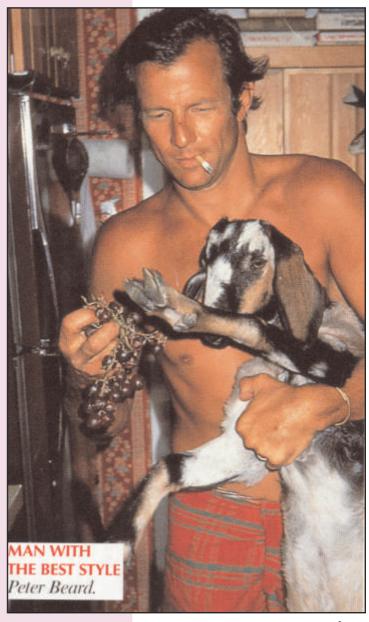
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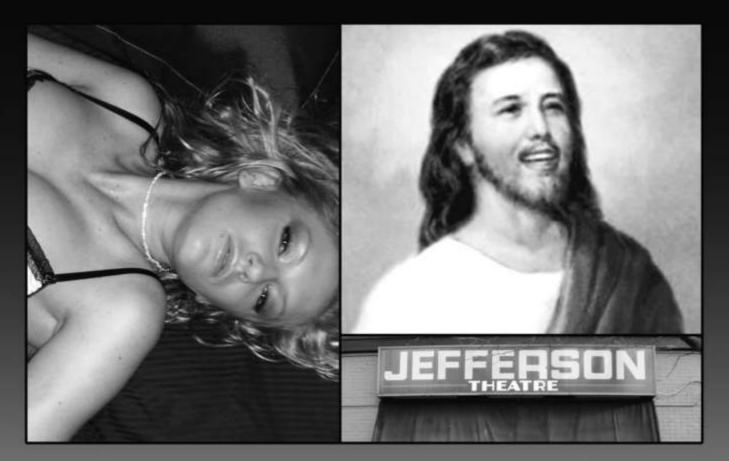


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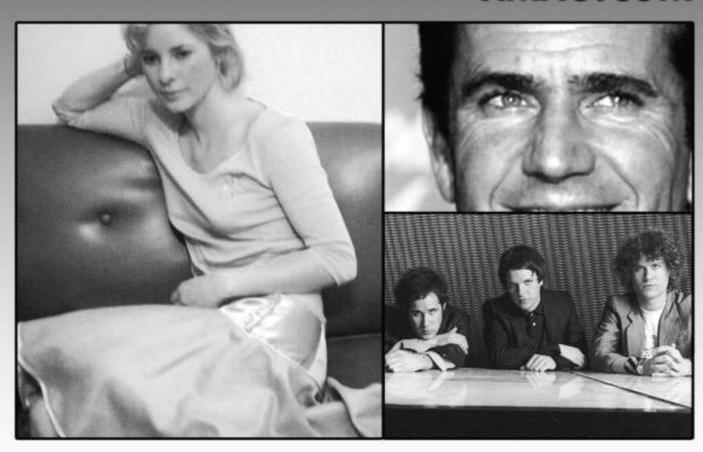
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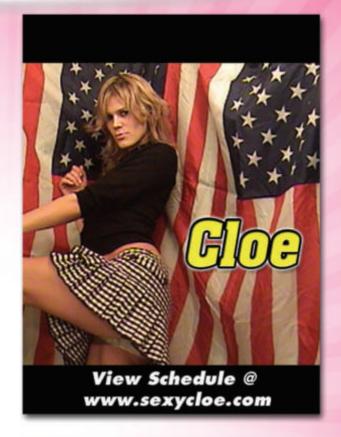
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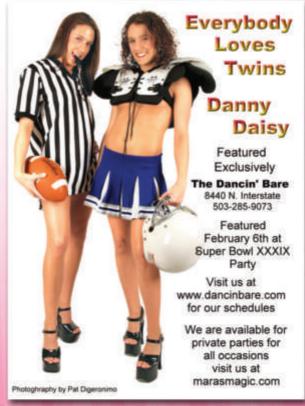


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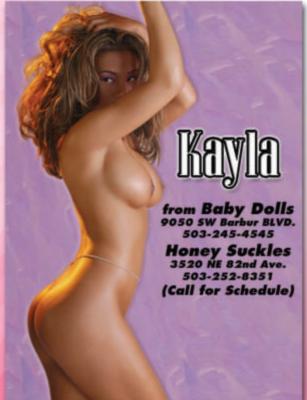


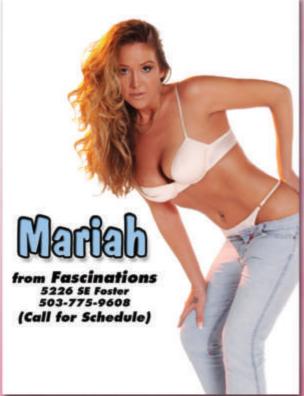
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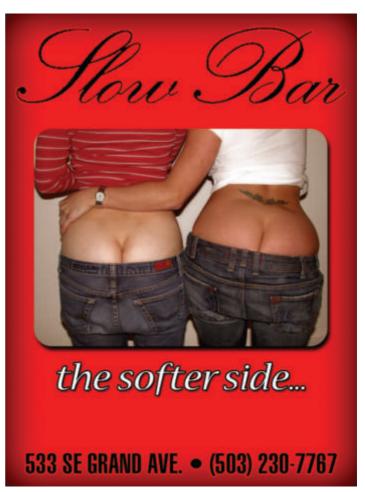
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Wet dreams are a natural bodily function that we have no control over. This included our Lord Jesus Christ. Given the fact that he was fully human as well as fully divine gives us the place to say that it is conceivable that He had wet dreams, and since He was a man without sin, wet dreams cannot be a sin.

-Post on soc.religion.christian, 3/1/1994

When you are encamped against your enemies, keep away from everything impure. If one of your men is unclean because of a nocturnal emission, he is to go outside the camp and stay there. But as evening approaches he is to wash himself, and at sunset he may return to the camp.

-Deuteronomy 23:9-11

ost major world religions, from Buddha in the east to Mohammed in the West, from areas reaching to the majestic polar bears in the North Pole to the humble penguins down in Antarctica, preach that the physical plane is implicitly defiled and corrupt. They regard our fleshly state as a fall from grace, a tainted existence, a dirty pigpen filled with pee-pee and ca-ca. If we lived in a state of innate purity and innocence, and if all is natural and nothing is forbidden, there'd be no need for religion or God or redemption. If we lived in the Garden of Eden right now, who the fuck would need God?

At least that's how the ancients saw it. Accordingly, world religions tend to equate the human condition—and the sexuality which perpetuates it—with dirt and sin and separation from God. But more modern-minded people see nothing wrong with being human. They believe we're born perfect. They believe we live in heaven right now, which, if it's true, is a BIG FUCKING disappointment.

But some people try to have it both ways. They vainly attempt to reconcile modern sexuality with ancient sex-hating spirituality. Such latter-day menses-crazed mulligatawny-soup-scented hippie attempts to cram square pegs into round holes are doomed from the get-go.

Therefore, sex-positive Christianity is a contradiction in terms. Nothing Christians hate more than some sex. Put on that fig leaf and forget about it. So if Jesus was a sexual being, as the New Age Earth Mommas insist he was, he couldn't have possibly been the son of God as 99% of Christians define it. And if he was the son of God, ambassador of a spiritual realm forever elevated above carnal stickiness, it would have been a mite undignified if he was runnin' around waxin' ass and jackin' off.

"But Jesus was human," they'll remind us. Well, not exactly. Regardless of denomination, Christians agree that Jesus never sinned. But they'll also claim that being a sinner is a crucial part of being human. It's an inherent contradiction of the messiah myth. Christians can never fully explain exactly HOW human Jesus really was. And while we're at it, why would God need to

the dubious ra e of **JESUS:** Exactly how human WAS he? BECOME human in order to

understand what it's like? He

CREATED humans, so we assume the old senile bastard wrote the Owner's Manual. It gets complicated. After a while, it's like asking questions about Santa Claus—none of it makes sense.

I'm not a Christian. I don't expect any of it to make sense. I believe that one should only feel guilty about sex when it's done poorly. Personally, I don't believe Jesus was divine. I don't think he had God's cell-phone number handy or anything like that. I think he was probably a bravely masochistic human being with all sorts of twisted sexual proclivities. C'mon-running around with twelve other guys at age thirty-three?

But for the sake of fun, let's pretend that Jesus was indeed who he said he was. Since he had a body, we can assume that he pooped and peed and farted and slept and ate. These are all things that humans do. But world religions never equate spiritual guilt with any of these functions—only with sex. So sexual energy must be something a little different. Sex is forever entwined with the idea of creation—several ancient religions portray the Big Bang as some sort of divine ejaculation. But interestingly, they depict the event as an act of will, with God either masturbating or intentionally impregnating someone. It's never accidental.

Are wet dreams accidental? Is there a difference between a "nocturnal emission," which sounds like an involuntary physical act, and a "wet dream," which implies that one's consciousness actively creates a pornographic scenario?

Assuming that Jesus was God...and that willfully having sex is part of the sinful human condition...wet dreams would HAVE to be accidental in order for Jesus to have had them. Follow me?

If Jesus ever ejaculated, one cannot help but wonder about the sperm. Was it, too, divine? When it dried up, were millions of tiny deities killed? Did Jesus shoot an average-sized load or a gargantuan Divinity Wad? And dare one wonder about the size, texture...and taste...of his genitals?

The Gospels never allude to Christ as a sexual being. But God DID send a son, not a daughter, so we assume that at the very least, Jesus had a penis. Jesus had a beard, so it must be assumed that he had pubic hair and probably even frequent morning erections. We know that he could suffer...but could he feel pleasure? Sexual pleasure? What sort of chicks might Jesus go for? After a sweaty day of carpentry and eyeballing Israeli maidens, was he tortured by dreams of their carnal allure?

Given that the Old Testament clearly forbids the wasting of one's seed (in Genesis 38, God slew Onan for spilling his jizz on the ground), we can rule out that Jesus masturbated.

So it all hinges on whether or not Jesus had wet dreams. I'm

sure the apostles were having them. They were having wet dreams left and right. The apostles were a buncha squirt monkeys.

The quote from Deuteronomy gives us the answer, my brothers and sisters. Israeli soldiers who had nocturnal emissions were regarded as "unclean" and thus tainted by sin. And sin is always a choice, never an involuntary spasm. So the God of the Bible regards a nocturnal emission as the willful act of a sinner.

So, at least within a biblical framework, there's no possible way that Jesus had wet dreams.

IN JEWISH MYTHOLOGY,

Lilith was Adam's first wife, but she was a little too butch for him and split for the Red Sea when Adam insisted on the missionary position. She whittled away the hours having group sex with demons, whom she claimed were better in the sack than Adam. By the Middle Ages, her legend as a semi-divine nympho was such that Hebrew men began blaming her for causing their nocturnal emissions. They believed that LILITH: Lilith or her daughters would visit at night and squat atop Said to induce wet

their unsuspecting cocks. It was also said that if a male infant laughed in his sleep, Lilith was trying to fondle him. Christians

altered the Lilith story into the legend of the succubi, ethereal sex kittens who drained believers' balls as they slept. To ward off their charms, monks would sleep with their hands over their crotch, clutching a crucifix. Christian females could blame their sexual dreams on an incubus, the male counterpart to a succubus; in a pinch, they could also blame the incubus for an unwanted pregnancy.

Of course, nobody blamed *themselves* for these erotic dreams, nor for the fluids left in their wake.

THE WIZARDS OF MODERN MEDICINE aren't sure what causes wet dreams. As soon as one theory gains credence, some new study will come along to knock everything askew again. Pragmatic explanations for wet dreams have focused on the pure-

ly physiological, pointing a finger at everything from full bladders to excess testosterone. Others blame an accumulation of sexual tension which has found no release through ordinary outlets. It has been speculated that nocturnal emissions are the body's way of flushing out sperm that has aged well past its vintage, but this doesn't account for the fact that some sexually inactive men *never* have wet dreams, while some sleeping studs squirt all over the duck-down comforter two nights in a row even when enjoying lots of pooty-tang in their waking hours.

What *is* known is that both men and women are capable of reaching orgasm while asleep, although it's much harder to spot the evidence with females. But the fact that women can also cum while sleeping would cast doubt on the idea that noc-

turnal emissions are caused primarily by friction—an involuntary rubbing of the penis on bedsheets, a mattress, or one's pajamas. It's difficult for a woman to *accidentally* rub her clit against something.

Sleepy-time orgasms occur during the REM phase of sleep, during which most healthy men achieve at least a partial erection and most women lubricate vaginally. But what remains blurry is the role of dreaming...i.e., the role of human consciousness and willfulness...in taking physiological arousal to the level of orgasmic release. If there's a required element of fantasy, then wet dreams are no accident. They are the physical result of human beings creating pornography in their minds while sleeping.

If one can choose to have a wet dream, it would stand to reason that you could will to *not* have one, too. For me, the proof is in the pudding...or, rather, the lack thereof.

Kind readers, I was a hardcore Christian for nearly two years from the age of 15 to 17. Those mid-teen years are supposedly the prime of one's nocturnal emitting. Before becoming Christian, I spurted out a cream-container's worth of early teen REM-jism. Rarely a day went by that I didn't wake up with Alfredo sauce all over my drawers. But after giving my heart to the imaginary Jesus hologram in my head, I didn't have a single wet dream. Not once for two years did

my body feel the need to involuntary flush aging sperm from my sanctified nuts. So I must conclude that willfulness is a part of all sexual thought, whether waking or asleep. If you dream that you're sucking your dad's cock, it isn't "just a dream"—you *really* wanna huff papa's bone.

So if you wake up one morning with applesauce all over your boxer briefs, don't listen to the pop psychologists who say you shouldn't feel guilty. It wasn't an accident—your dirty mind caused it.

X

Cum Out & Play

Pussy has been called the center of the world. Well, in that case the center of the

Local Porn Theater Welcomes All

world may be Portland's own Jefferson Theater.

The Jefferson is one of only a handful of porn theaters that remain nationwide, and one of two in Oregon. Even more unique is the Jeff's **EXOTIC TUESDAYS** event, which was begun to attract a more diverse clientele to the theater to have fun.

Exotic Tuesdays has been running for over two years now and is going stronger than ever. One part volunteer impromptu cabaret and the other part professional erotic dance, the show is well worth the price of admission (\$6). It is the brainchild and labor of love of the theater's manager, Steve, who formerly managed the Clinton Street Theater. Steve also manages the Oregon Theater on Division St., has done public relations work for Movie Madness and other clients and is an expert on Troma flicks. His goal for Exotic Tuesdays (as well as Sundays, Mondays,

Wednesdays, etc.) is to create a safe environment for the mixed customer base to play in wicked and wonderful ways.

Steve kicks off the evening with an MC style honed over the past two years to put newcomers and regulars at ease and get things rockin'. He styles himself as a kind of losers' cheerleader similar to the brilliant MC in the first *Cafe Flesh* movie.

After his intro the dancers take over and things get real crazy real fast. On the night of my visit, the first dancer on stage was twenty-four year old KK (who also appears at Dante's and Dancing Bare), a

slender, lovely woman with great natural tits and the hottest ass I'd seen in a long time.

Throughout the whole event, stage presence, costumes and dancing were very high caliber and extremely erotic. The stage consumes half of the front of the theater. The girls roll up onto it from the floor and rock back and spread their legs for the guys in the front row.

The horny medium-sized theater audience gets it up within minutes. The room is so sexually charged it's reminiscent of the burning blue smoke feeling of a humid summer night. Real horny. Everyone feels it. The guys show their appreciation with applause, by dropping a dollar on the stage, or by keeping their hands to themselves, so to speak. It's hard not to get caught up in the spirit of things. And why wouldn't you? This is the type of place where Charles Bukowski would have been a regular.

Steve takes great pride in the event as well as the scene at the theater. For him the Jefferson was a place where as a late bloomer (post 20s) he could come into his full sexual potential. He is almost fanatical when he talks about how porn theaters and their sexual scene are becoming a lost art in our country. He makes the point that even before porn theaters there were cabaret entertainments where audience participation was as

much a part of the show as the performances on stage. The art of the Greeks and Romans shows the importance that semi-private, semi-public sex clubs have had from ancient civilizations on up to the present. Such scenes are fondly remembered in Federico Fellini's Satyricon and in Casanova.

As far as the Jefferson Theater goes, anyone over twenty-one can come in, but you're coming in as a club member. As long as you respect the rules of the club, anything goes, and there hasn't been a problem of any kind in the theater in eight years.

The layout of the theater is unique. To the immediate left of the snack bar is a small theater which shows gay porn continuously. As you exit this theater out the back you enter the straight theater with its cabaret stage and sectioned-off area for couples in the

back. When couples get horny enough they venture out into the open area (which is filled mainly with single guys) and whatever happens after that depends on the vibe of the night. Steve says it's amazing how many husbands really want to see their wives make it with other guys.

The club/theater has been frequented by such local luminaries as Chuck Palahniuk, who devoted four pages to Exotic Tuesdays in his recent book, *Fugitives and Refugees*. Nationally recognized animator Bill Plympton has been known to lurk in the shadows and sketch the anatomy in action on the

stage. He even designed a trailer for Steve which runs weekly before Exotic Tuesdays. The theater acts as a hub and meeting place for swingers group recruiters, too.

The second girl to come up on stage does a special dance for each of the guys at their seats. First she works the left half of the space and then the right. Looking sideways at the aisle along the wall and seeing a dancer dance for guy after guy is somehow very arousing. This dancer is styled as a teacher with glasses and black vinyl boots with clear plastic soles and heels.

The last dancer appears in a devil outfit with what appears to be a light sabre. She also spends more than half her stage time in the audience.

But the audience favorite for the night is KK and they bring her back for two encores before they let her go home. As Steve says about KK's ass, "Watch out for that ass, it's the stuff dreams are made of." Watch out for Exotic Tuesdays at the Jefferson Theater. It's an erotic wet dream come true.

"It's hard not to get caught up in the spirit of things. And why wouldn't you? This is the type of place where Charles Bukowski would have been a regular."



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immediately notice the elegance and unique style that this club possesses. It's truly a long-awaited breath of fresh air!

I recently had the opportunity to chat with Sammy, one of H20's founders, and he gave me some insight into the mys-

furniture.

tique of Portland's hottest nightclub, its future, and some history on H2O's development. Sammy says. "There was a great deal of planning that went on because we wanted to redefine the standards of what a real nightclub should be." That, my friends, is exactly what Sammy and his business partners have done!!!

They have definitely raised the bar to a very high level. H2O has one of the most distinguished interiors

of any club in Portland. From the huge eve-catching waterfalls to the custommade furniture, this club is pure class! Sammy says. "I wanted the décor of H20 to be a reflection of nower!"

Not only do they have one of the largest liquor selections imaginable. H2O also stocks over 60 different champagnes. priced from \$26 to \$1000 a bottle. The management strives

V.I.P. ROOM with curtains that close for intimate privacy.

to elevate the quality of services offered. The acclaimed wine connoisseur Mitchell Howard has created an exemplary wine menu at H20. This includes over 400 excellent wines to choose from. The price of a bottle can range from \$25 to \$1500. Sammy



told me that he is very grateful that Mitchell Howard assisted them with his expertise. The Club is also very proud to offer its customers a "4 Star Food Menu."

One of the things that really caught my attention was



the variety of people that were in H20. There were people of every race. creed and color. all having a great time. The music was also

perfect!!! The DJ's played something for everyone,

and the dance floor stayed packed all night long.

Club H20 has some of the prettiest women in town working for them. The hostess and the waitresses are super friendly, and quite adorable to say the least. The security



by J.Mack

team is one of the best I've ever seen. They are very well dressed and extremely professional. They know how to treat people right and that in my opinion is one of the reasons for H2O's

huge success. Sammy says, "The Club reminds me of Las Vegas because everybody is beautiful at H20."

On January 26th, H20 will be throwing the biggest party

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Portland has seen in a long time. They will have jazz acts, belly dancers, live DJ's and a full night of top of the line entertainment! There are limited tickets available so make sure to get yours early!

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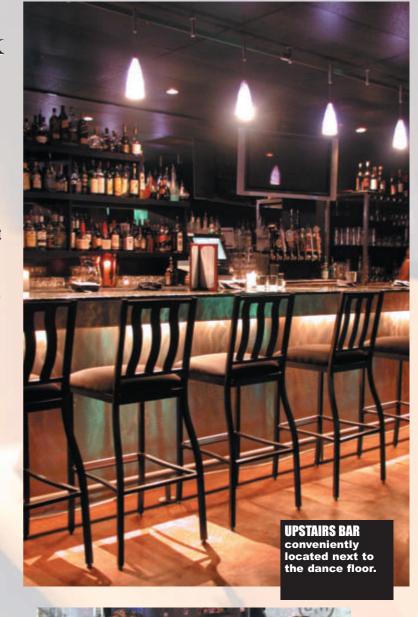
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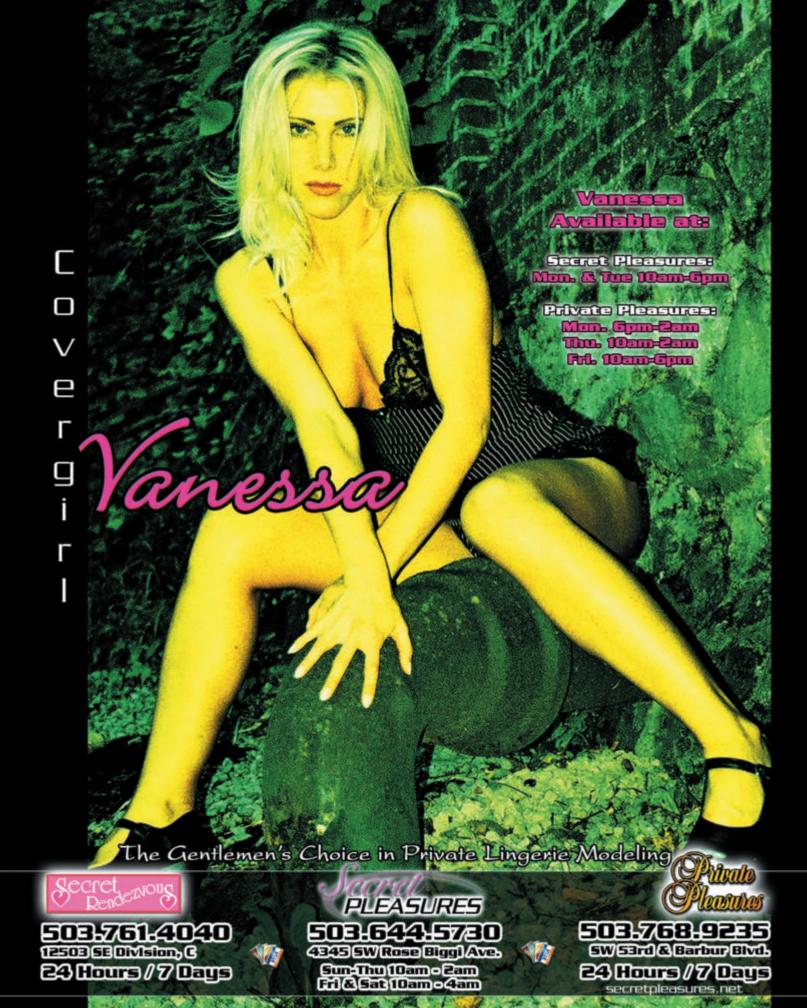
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WHAT Z CRACKIN'!

First of all, I hope that every one of my readers had a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year's. If you happen to read my article before the 31st of December 2004, make sure to check out my New Year's Eve Party at the brand new Viper Room. It's located at 720 SE Hawthorne St., between 7th & 8th on Hawthorne. Big ups to everybody that has read my column in 2004, and I hope that you will continue to peep *Whatz Crackin*' in 2005!!! This year I will be bringing back the Honey of the Month, so make sure to check it out.

First Up - E 40 Rocks The Roseland Theater

The concert took place in December at the Roseland Theater and it was one of the best performances that I've seen E 40 do in a long time. The place was jam packed with people of all ages and various nationalities. Portland rapper Cool Nutz along with his company Jus' Family hosted the event and performed some of their hottest heaters. The crowd partied the whole night!!! I was hoping that 40 would perform a little bit longer but he did the damn thang during the time he did have on stage. They even took it back to the days of Carlos Rossi and everybody was feelin' it. He had some catz on stage with some big ass jugs of

this fine wine, and they looked like they were feelin'

it as well. The event went without any incidents, and the after party carried over to the legendary Red Sea night-club. After that, well...it's none of ya damn business!!! I'm' out...



I found it very interesting what the rapper had to say during a recent interview on BET. He told the commentator that he somehow had let 50 Cent throw him off his rhythm. Ja' Rule stated that when 50 Cent

came out dissin' him he had to

respond. He said, "I wouldn't of felt right with myself had I sat back and not responded." Ja' Rule said that he never sees 50 Cent hangin' out at any of the clubs or nothing. He also says that 50 tried to clown him for making a certain type of music only to turn around and start doin' the same type of romantic raps himself. Ja' credits 50 with being real crafty in throwing him off track for a while, but the Murder Inc. mogul says that he has learned from it, and is back better than

50 Cent

before!!!

le *



Honey of the Month Contest!!!

That's right, I'm
bringin' it back and
this time it's going to
be taking place at Exotica
International. If you missed the
other contests that I've had, you
don't want to miss this one. If you
were at the other contests then I
know I'll see you there. It's taking
place Saturday, January 22nd at
9pm. This is an open invitation to all

dancers citywide. There will be prizes awarded for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place winners. The first place contestant will also be featured in my monthly column as the Honey of the Month.

Honey of the Month January 2005

My first Honey of the Month in 2005 is named Honey. She has completed three years of college, and has 1 year left to get her degree in sociology. She would also like to pursue a singing career. Honey has recently modeled for the Jeans Bar and is currently a bartender downtown at Cabaret. Much love girl and keep up the good work!!!

Until next month ya'll keep it crackin', and if you have any questions or comments, holla at me! whatzcrackin J@hotmail.com

One Love, J.Mack

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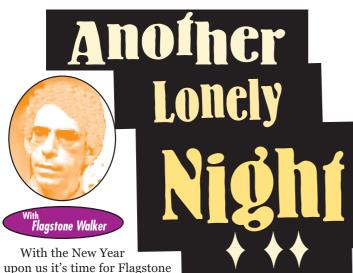
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to look back, reflect on his pathetic existence as a filthy film reviewer, and announce

his choice for the three best films of 2004. For top honors this year it wasn't even close, but then how close could it be considering someone had the balls to make an epic porn vid about

off their forearms.

The crucifixion itself splendidly assaults our eyes, a money shot that will endure until the Rapture is upon us. The camera lovingly lingers over the big fuckin' nails driving into Jesus' hands. Each time the hammer comes down Jesus twitches like a spastic.

Gibson is a total fraud. At least the frauds in porn land are not Jew-baiting, gay-hating, treacherous thugs. "A sacred snuff film," says The New Republic. Exactly.

Coming in a distant second is SECRETS OF THE HOL-**LYWOOD MADAM**, the story of Heidi Fleiss, the infamous procuress whose black book was filled with the names of Tinseltown's stars, producers and high rollers. Heidi got busted in 1993 and did 21 months in the slammer on tax evasion charges.

Produced by Phoenix Releasing (phoenix releasing.com), the film is aptly described by the company's PR man as a "hardcore documentary." The DVD features Heidi as a hostess gabbing about the ins and outs of her escort service. Using quick MTVstyle cutaways, Heidi talks for a minute or two followed by long sex scenes. Thus she's on screen for about 10 or 15 minutes in this two-hour escapade. And this is only the first installment of an eight-part series that will be released over the next two

In an AVN interview last year Heidi said she was pleased

"For top honors this year it wasn't even close, but then how close could it be considering someone had the balls to make an epic porn vid about Jesus?"

Jesus? Hollywood sailed high in the adult realm last year, as high as you can go, really, Jesus porn rising off the cross.

Mel Gibson's THE PASSIONS OF THE CHRIST assaults your senses for two long hours, an unrelenting spectacle of gore, a Christian slasher epic. Mel

knows how to cut to the chase. None of that born of the Virgin Mary voodoo, forget all the devoted son of Joseph the carpenter goo, dump young Jesus walking among the lambs with his little band of disciples merrily spreading the word, don't waste the audience's time & dime with studly J ousting the usurious money-changers in the temple. No, Mel does it right. Grind away on the last 12 hours of Jesus' life.

James Caviezel plays Jesus. Through most of the film his half-naked hard bod is clad in a loin cloth, sending off homoerotic vibes. This quivering Messiah will appeal to both girls and boys. Jesus is whipped and flayed, mashed and whacked, writhing and screaming. Just as porn tosses off one fuckfest after another, so too THE PASSIONS

OF THE CHRIST wallows in a series of excruciating bloody agonies and nothing else. Just as porn shows every orifice being plundered so we do not need to use our imaginations, this film makes sure the evisceration of Christ allows that we don't have to feel his pain because it's so off the charts. That's not what Mel intended because he didn't realize the final result would round the bend and turn into porn. Which is, of course, how some of the finest porn slips out.

Mel is superb on the small details. A whip encrusted with barbed glass repeatedly rips into Jesus' flesh; his skin gets torn off and flies through the air. The Roman guards laugh and growl as they scourge him, occasionally flicking pieces of skin

with the DVD but thought the director filmed her "way too tight, like if you put a magnifying glass so close to your skin it

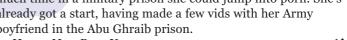
> looks like you're on Mars." Over the years many porn companies have approached her with deals. "For me to come around to porn is to come full circle," she said. I suppose, but the porn/strip/escort biz strikes me more as the circle remaining unbroken. Still, ya gotta give Heidi credit for hanging in there.

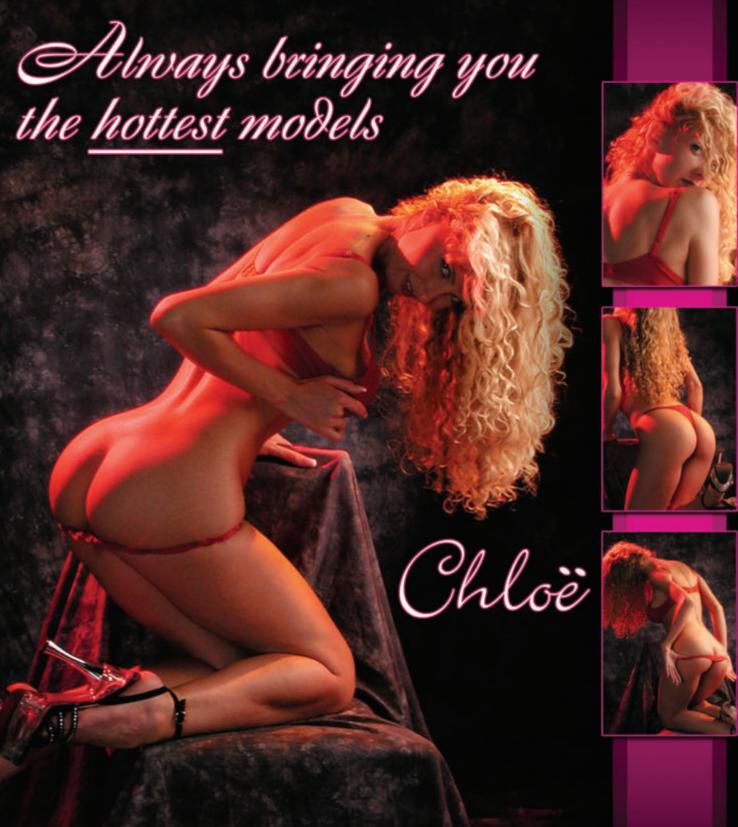
Roaring in at third place is **GAG FACTOR** 15, a splendid spoof on the Iraqi prison scandal at Abu Ghraib. In a room packed with guys wearing black headscarves and screaming in Arabic, or at least gibberish intended to sound like Arabic, a translator says: "You Western devils, we will do to your women what you have done to our men. You degraded our people and now we will degrade yours. Semen will flow from your pores and you will know the wrath of the Arab world."

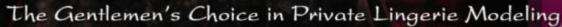
The gang of Islamic fascists, no doubt in need of 71 virgins, proceed to shove their horny Koran cocks down Ashley Blue's throat. Ashley's on her knees decked out in an olive green Tshirt, a desert hat and dog tags. In the middle of her gagging she does manage to scream out the words of Private Lynne England and others who were rounded up in the prison sex scandal: "I was only following orders."

Hey, maybe if Private England doesn't end up doing too much time in a military prison she could jump into porn. She's already got a start, having made a few vids with her Army boyfriend in the Abu Ghraib prison.

Happy New Porn Year.









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