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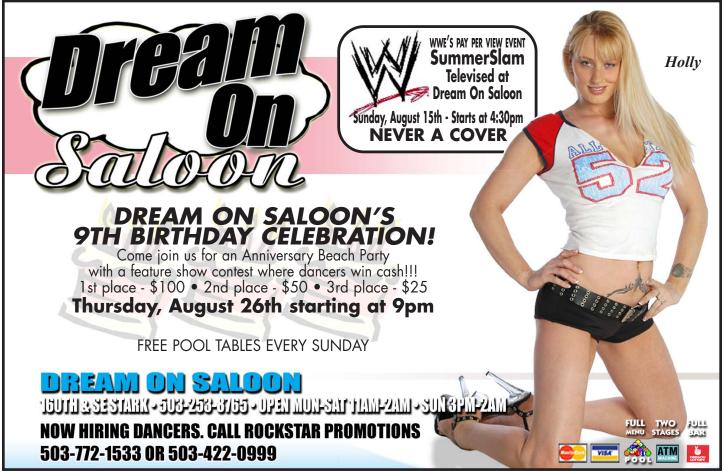
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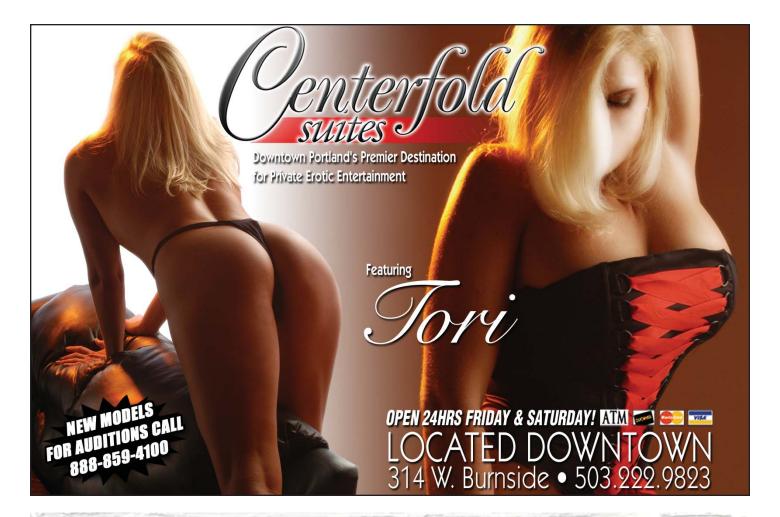














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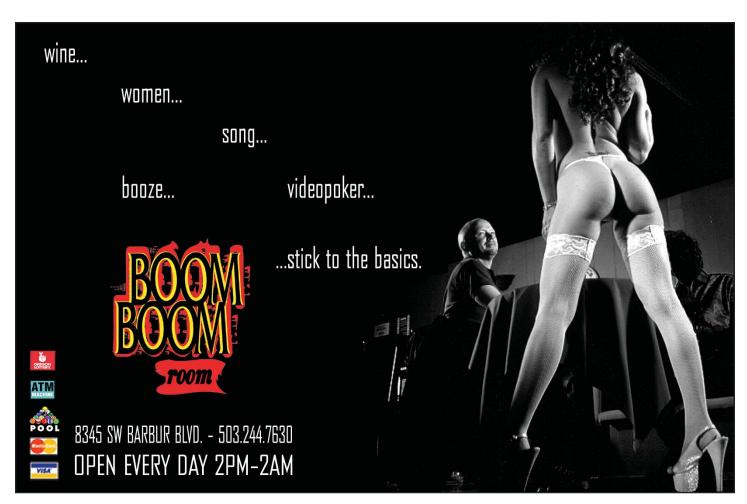
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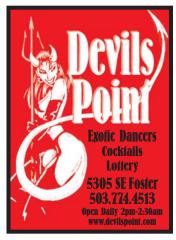
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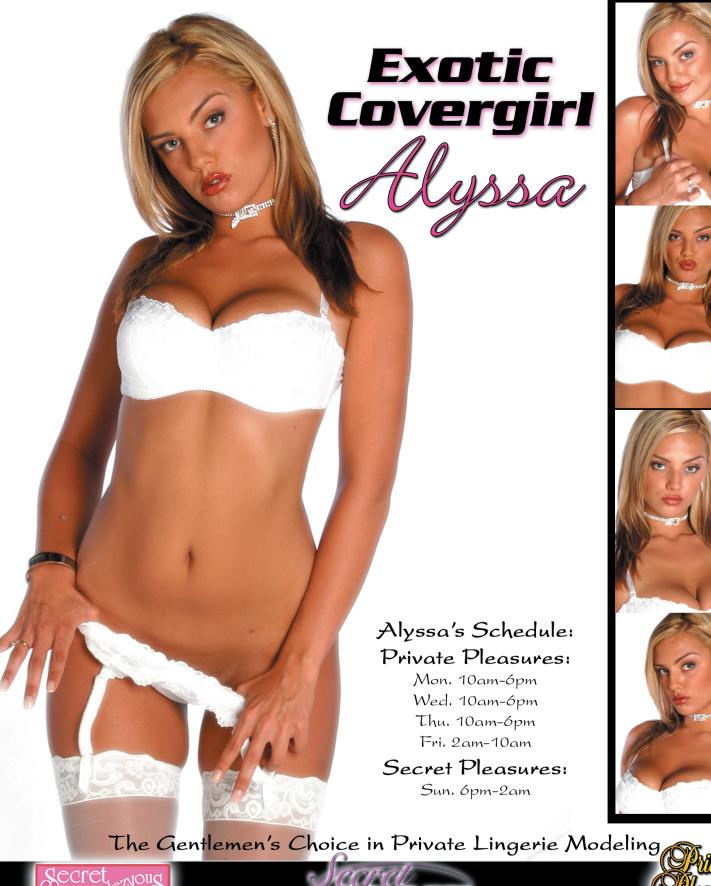




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by viva las vegas



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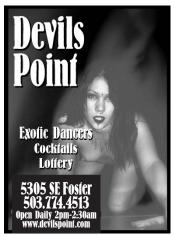
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Diss. "He who smelt it, delt it." Comeback. "Whomever said the rhyme, did the crime.









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So I got this fancy new job in restaurant land. The dreamy owner poached me from the Magic and before I knew it I'd traded in my seven-inch stilettos for stylish flats. Now I'm hobnobbing with smartass service industry types and mixing with lots of bourgeois designer purse carriers. It's fun and the drinks are much stronger.

It's called **clarklewis.** It's on Water Avenue by OMSI. The chef, Morgan, makes the best food I've ever put in mouth. His gnocchi is the sexiest experience I've had this year. And the tomatoes—finally in season—swamped in the most orgasmic olive oil and paired with little anchovies cooked in vinegar... Oh my God they should make a sound-track of people tasting clarklewis' food and sell it to girls who do phone sex: "Ohhhh. Mmmmm... Ohhh my Gawwwd..."

But this column ain't about clarklewis, it's about cleavage. Ass cleavage.

Panties are for pussies, folks. I'm swimming with the swans now—the long lithe women who are 6' tall in their socks, have flat-ironed beach blond hair and wear little kitten heels. And superduper low jeans.

I took a poll at my new digs. Which would you rather see: somebody's neon green or ratty mauve g-string underwear lurching out of assland or a nice bit of crack snuggled between two soft hills of flesh? Well, the

Crack Patrol

swans are showing the crack, and it is my job now to make sure people in-the-know know it.

I suppose I should qualify this: it is never sexy to see crack on a dude or a fat chick. However, it is always worse to see a g-string (especially on a dude). The g-string implies that the pussy is tightly wrapped, the anus unnecessarily abraded, the hipbones hemmed in by elastic.... Ew! A g-string hanging out is so tacky, so plebeian, so gross. It makes me wanna grab my little knife Guinea Pig bought me (in Sicily that means you're engaged) and cut the strings and rip it out. Crack, on the other hand, denotes a freewheelin' hedonist, a devil-may-care babe who takes boat trips on the Nile with Christian Louboutin and eats and drinks nothing but oysters and vodka for days at a stretch. Raw pussy next to denim is as sexy as Morgan Brownlow's gnocchi. Which brings me to cameltoe.

I love cameltoe. Again, I'll qualify this: it's gotta be on the right girl—gotta be a sorta seventies swan in tight cotton jeans or slacks that fit just-so in the ass... Would that Michelangelo lived in these times (and wasn't queer) to paint it! Give me a little blond babe, swaddled in snug turquoise cotton capris... Cameltoe RULES. It's like that barely discernible bulge in a guy's Levi's. Like the ice cream man tootin' his horn, promising sweet refreshment. Yum.

However! If there is a g-string sneaking out or even a hint of pantyline, I'm outta there. Panties are for pussies. This August, don't forget it. And come try the gnocchi at clarklewis. Word to the wise: the "Peach" is the best chick drink in town.

For a good time call: ratemycameltoe.com









m sure I've said this before about ten other bands but who cares. The MC5 were, are and forever will be the GREATEST ROCK BAND EVER. They've got it all: the sludge, the sex, the political what-the-fuck, the devil-may-care, the junk, the hair, the history. I love them so much and never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd get to see them, much less SPEAK to them. I'm the luckiest girl around.

But, running around all excited for my big interview, I realized that most of v'all have never heard of them. Wha?!? I know I have kinda old fashioned tastes-strictly sixties, seventies and punk-but the motherfucking MC5? They practically invented the word MOTHERFUCKER.

So here's your little history lesson, according to Viva. The MC5 were from Motor City-Detroitand there were five of them. Detroit was the birthplace of more sexy sweetness, more bump and grind, than any other city in they USA. The MC5

got together as kids, played five or six nights a week and became as tight and primal as a first lay. They had long hair and afros and lycra suits and dance moves and were like what Led Zeppelin wished they could be.

Two of 'em died. Lead singer Rob Tyner and Fred "Sonic" ("Patti") Smith died of like cancer or something. Guitarist Wayne Kramer kept crisscrossing the country, rocking and rolling. Bassist Michael Davis is a fine artist. Drummer Dennis Thompson also managed to stay alive. They're touring now as the DTK-MC5, and filling out their sound with fellow Detroiter Marshall "Someday, Someway" Crenshaw, Mark "Mudhoney" Arm and Evan "Lemonheads" Dando. It's like a greatest hits of my masturbatory yearnings... if only John Taylor played bass.

Anyway, don't listen to me. Just go buy The Big Bang! Best of MC5 released in 2000 by Rhino Records. Any time you need your palate cleansed after ingesting all the greasy pop crap on the

radio, anytime you wanna remember that your fucking genitals exist, throw it on.

I used to think the sexiest song of all time was the Kinks' "You Really Got Me." But that was kiddie porn compared to Tyner's raw primal made-in-Detroit screaming, "Kick out the jams, motherfucker!"

VIVA: I read in *Juxtaposed* that Iggy and the Stooges are painters, so I was wondering about you guys, what you do on the side. Gourmet cooking shows? Car racing? Dog breeding?

WAYNE KRAMER: Absolutely nothing. MARSHALL CRENSHAW: The only thing I do outside of professional stuff is hang out with my kids and my wife. I do as much of that as I possibly can. My little boy—he's five—he takes piano lessons. My little girl's got a ballet class. That's my whole thing.

VIVA: What about you, Wayne? You rock the soccer games?



VIVA: Bullfighting? In Detroit?

KRAMER: No, in Spain.

VIVA: You frequent Spain?

KRAMER: Every chance I get.

VIVA: So how is Detroit? Musically it's kind of going through a watershed. You ever get out and see Bantam Rooster or the Detroit Cobras?

CRENSHAW: I haven't lived there in thirty years. I moved to

New York in 1978. KRAMER: Me, too.

VIVA: So, Detroit music. Are you familiar with all the great bands coming out of there now? The White Stripes, the Go, the Detroit Cobras, the Demolition Doll Rods, Mick Collins?

CRENSHAW: Oh, God, yeah. Now there's tons of interesting stuff coming out of there, but for a long time it was pretty dry. Now there's stuff on a lot of different fronts that you can't help but know about.

VIVA: But you wouldn't move back there?

CRENSHAW: I'd kill myself first.

KRAMER: When Marshall and I grew up there, there were four and a half million people living in Detroit. Now it's below one million. It's kind of like the American Pompeii. The have a train downtown that goes around in a circle; it doesn't go

anywhere and nobody rides it. CRENSHAW: We say that with broken hearts, too, because it's a really horrible sad thing to witness a community like that kind of rot from the inside. The place has a sense of self-loathing. And a lot of people there suffer from self-loathing, too.

VIVA: What is the sexiest city you've ever been to? KRAMER: Paris.

CRENSHAW: I would say the

same. Paris. New York. Paris is my new favorite city. I'd like to move there.

VIVA: Do you have a favorite MC5 song?

KRAMER: Today? There's a lot of good ones, it's hard to pick. It's like saying which of your kids is your favorite.

VIVA: Well, what would be the best MC5 song to strip to? KRAMER: "I Want You" is a likely candidate, at least from a literary point of view. And musically. It's kind of bump and grind.

CRENSHAW: What kind of tempos do you like to strip to yourself?

VIVA: Well, I dance to "I Can Only Give You Everything." I love that. "Teenage Lust." "High

School," with a little schoolgirl skirt.

KRAMER: I hadn't thought of that...

VIVA: "Shakin' Street" I've even done, which always reminds me of a Grateful Dead song.

CRENSHAW: Yeah, I can kinda sorta hear that. Boy that must make you cringe, right?

KRAMER: Yeah.

VIVA: And "Kick Out the Jams," of course, which is on the jukebox across the street at Mary's Club.

KRAMER: I went to pick up a friend of mine who was working security at a go-go bar in Detroit, and he said, "Yeah all the girls love to dance to 'Kick Out the Jams.'" And I said, "No way!" How could you go-go dance—topless—to "Kick Out the Jams?" But we went in the bar and they put it on and everybody jumped up and all the girls were dancing away. CRENSHAW: Could it ever get better than that? KRAMER: No, it really doesn't get any better than that. CRENSHAW: Imagine that—a whole club of girls stripping to your song.

VIVA: Are you getting mega groupies on this tour? Or did you bring your old ladies along?

KRAMER: We're happily married men. There are no "old ladies" along, but my wife and partner is along.

VIVA: Hey, I'm somebody's old lady...

KRAMER: That's an archaic expression.

VIVA: Yeah, I guess so. What's the sexiest thing you've seen on this tour?

CRENSHAW: Myself in the mirror. [Laughs.] KRAMER: You know I'm afraid I can't reveal that kind of stuff in an interview. I pride myself on having no secrets and that I would talk about anything, but I don't think I want to talk about that.

VIVA: Alright. Sniffle.

CRENSHAW: Greta Garbo said if you tell your secrets, then you cheapen the inside of yourself.

VIVA: Wow. I'm dirt cheap, then. I have the opposite philosophy. Sexiest bands out there today that strippers should know about? Are there any that turn you on?

CRENSHAW: You'd know better then we.

VIVA: Ha, ha. I just listen to you guys. You're making the rounds, country-wise.

CRENSHAW: Tijuana Brass. They're pretty good. KRAMER: I was gonna say Latin music is sexy.

"When Marshall and I grew up there, there were four and a half million people living in Detroit." Now it's below one million. It's kind of like the American Pompeii." CRENSHAW: What about James Brown, you ever strip to him? "Cold Sweat" or anything?

VIVA: Oh, hell yes! "Please, Please, Please." "Cold Sweat" is six minutes.

CRENSHAW: I'd like to see someone dance to "Love is All Around" by the Troggs.

VIVA: I do dance to a lot of Troggs. Not that one though. Everyone cites you as influences. Whom are you most happy to have influenced?

KRAMER: I'm happy to have influenced the Presidents of the United States because I made a pile of money when they covered "Kick Out the Jams." And I was happy to influence the Blue Öyster Cult and Rage Against the Machine. I was happy to make that connection.

CRENSHAW: I saw a documentary where George Clinton named the MC5 as an influence on Funkadelic.

KRAMER: Proud of that one, too.

VIVA: That's awesome. Best Stones record?

CRENSHAW: Geez. I'm kinda partial to Brian Jones' stuff. *Aftermath*.

KRAMER: Uhhhh... I'm gonna say.... Uhhhh... "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby Standing in the Shadow?" But they had some great live B-Sides. There was a live "Route 66" that just rocked.

CRENSHAW: With screaming girls on it.

VIVA: Screaming girls? Wow. No one does that anymore. Favorite Pretenders song?

CRENSHAW: "My City Was Gone." Even though it's the Rush Limbaugh theme, it's like a perfect description of the viewpoint of a disenfranchised Midwesterner. It's really well written.

VIVA: What do you drive?

KRAMER: I drive an '86 Buick Regal that I'm pimping. I've got wheels and hubs on it.

VIVA: What color?

KRAMER: Hyper Black.

VIVA: What's the best Bob Dylan record?

KRAMER: I'll go with "Subterranean Homesick Blues."

VIVA: Sexiest song of all time?

KRAMER: Well, for the last few years my favorite sexiest song has been "Pony" by Genuwine. It's a wicked lyric. It's raw sex but it's done humorously and it has a gentleness to it but it's still filthy... I love it.

VIVA: Sexiest singer of all time?

KRAMER: Marvin Gaye.

VIVA: Sexiest guitar sound of all time?

KRAMER: Segovia.

VIVA: Sexiest text message in your phone right now?

KRAMER: "Please talk slowly."

VIVA: Would you rather go bowhunting with the Nuge or drink til ya puke with Lemmy?

KRAMER: I'm afraid you're not leaving me any options that appeal to me.

VIVA: Have you already done both?

KRAMER: Uhhh... I've never gone bowhunting with the Nuge.

VIVA: It might be fun!

KRAMER: It might be.

VIVA: What color panties are you wearing and how long have you been wearing them?

KRAMER: They're lime green boxers and they're brand new. I put them on fresh this morning.



EROTIC CITY

"Nothing But The Naked Truth"

Since 1993 • Volume 12 Number 2

August 2004

Hot Stuff

It's August and it's hot. The entire city is an erotic city with all the world sporting short ruffled skirts and sandals and halter tops and wifebeaters and tattoos.... What's a strip club to do? Well, patio parties, shower stages, underwater table dances and bikini car washes, of course.

Boom Boom East's **Patio Parties** kick off on Friday, August 13th and Saturday, August 14th and continue every weekend thereafter. There'll be shower shows, fire shows, and BBQ! Wash it all down at Jody's, featuring **Margarita Mondays** all month.

Exotic is having it's **11th Anniversary Bash** at Safari on Thursday, August 26th. Hang out with our covergirls, watch fire dancers, burlesque acts and "more we can't mention," and witness the **first ever underwater table dance**!!

Kid sister Dream On Saloon celebrates its 9th birthday the same day, so get ready to partay. They'll be holding a dance contest where girls win cash. And don't miss the pay-per-view telecast of

WWE's SUMMERSLAM on Sunday, August 15th at 4:30pm, only at Dream On.

Finally, if your car's as dirty as your filthy mind, drive on over to Secret Rendezvous on the 22nd or Secret Pleasures on the 29th to get it hosed down by hot wet chicks!

Cool Stuff

The Pallas is pumpin' all month long.

Tattoo Thursdays continue—show your ink and get drink specials plus the chance to win a \$100 dollar tattoo from Raven Ink. Get freaky and check out the cage stage on **Fetish Fight Night** on 8/6. Win special edition purple velvet bags at the **Crown Royal Crazy** party on 8/13, and set sail with Cutty Sark on 8/20 for the **Sailin' with the Sark** party. The **Wheel of Pleasure** continues through 8/23 with crazy drink specials, big parties every Friday, and over 2000 prizes. To top it all off, check out **Disco Inferno Playboy Edition** on Friday, 8/27, featuring DJ Shortee, truth-or-dare with Pallas girls, seventies-priced drinks, and an opportunity to win authentic retro *Playboy* memorabilia.

Revisit the Rat Pack days at Stars Salem's **Cigar and Scotch Social** on August 19th. Nuthin' sexier than skinny blonde fillies puffin' on big thick cigars all lubed up with scotch! Except maybe Dean Martin.

Stars Beaverton hosts homegrown porn queen **Friday** on Wednesday, 8/18. This sexy girl's the star of hundreds of skin flicks, including *Deep Throat This #4, Ass Worship #3, Enema Debutantes* and *The Escort* and has been featured in *Hustler* and

D-Cup. One night only!

Media Watch

The *Tribune* and the *Willamette Week* are calling every other day, Viva's half-naked in the *Mercury*, Jim Goad's all over *Hustler*... *Exotic* is **IN THE NEWS**!

Evidently they find something fascinating about basic capitalism, or maybe they've caught wind of the real story...the one where the Shetland pony's head wound up in someone's underwear drawer...or maybe they believe the not-dead-yet mafia rumors surrounding our boss, cutie-pie Frank Flatch-Faillace...

WW recently took issue with FF's name change in a few years ago. They probably believe the girl next door is really named Safire, Secret, or Succubus. Really if that is newsworthy we've got them so scooped!

The *Trib* called to see if we felt threatened by the debut of ? *Magazine*. No, never. Those other mags are just an ugly thorn in our side, cheapening our fine periodical—with its incisive award-winning journalism and hot "real girl" photographs—by their

mere existence on the stands next to ours... Thanks again for supporting the only ALL-LOCAL, occasionally disgraceful, mostly satisfying and always helpful *Exotic Magazine*, where snobby English accents are not allowed!



In Other News

Downtown is home to a new club with a radical concept: strippers who keep their clothes ON! **Cabaret** is at the corner of 5th Avenue and West Burnside. Their

Grand Opening party is August 6th and 7th, featuring belly dancers, fire shows and "much more."

Almost as radical as strippers who don't strip is the idea of a magazine without a name! Welcome to the fray, *? Magazine*. See you in the streets, yo! Our entry into *?*'s naming contest? How about **VOODOO Magazine**? Since rumor has it the owner of Voodoo Lounge is the investor...

Rock!

8/14 — **Hell's Belles** @ Dante's

8/15 — **Drumattica & The Porcelain Twinz** @ Dante's

8/27 — Famous Mysterious Actor @ Ash Street Saloon

8/28 — **The Excuse** @ Kelly's Olympian

hard in sweet

hen people come up to me on the street and say, "Hey, Sugar-Tush, what's the Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band of all time?"—a question I'm asked at least twice daily—my answer depends on my mood and how I feel about British people. If I'm feeling charitably disposed toward our Limey progenitors and partners-at-war, I might say Slade or The Sweet or even Mott the Hoople. If I'm in a nationalistic mood, I'll toss out The Standells or Johnny Burnette's Rock 'n' Roll Trio. These days, I feel confident to announce that The Raspberries—and no one else—are indeed The Greatest Rock Band Ever. I've reached this conclusion for three reasons:

1) they rocked harder than almost anyone;

2) despite this, their songs were sweeter than a bowl of Cap'n Crunch;

3) they weren't British.

It's 2004, for cunt's sake, and "rock band" is synonymous with "nostalgia act." After several years of clinical research, it's undeniable that rock 'n' roll music was never really able to change anything besides people's haircuts. At base—and at its best—it is a mating soundtrack for human insects to hook up and reproduce. Great rock 'n' roll leads invariably to pregnancy, and I'd wager that a few hundred babies were birthed as a result of "Go All the Way," The Raspberries' first monster hit which roared from AM radios in 1972.

Sweet bleeding Jesus, those opening power chords—the massive rusty grinding gears of a dying industrial Midwestern town, the ugly flat Midwest exploding in boredom—and then comes the unmistakable gaybird trill of Eric Carmen, a giant lonely effeminate purple dinosaur roaming the countryside looking for a purple girl dinosaur to love. Above the sonic blast fluttered Carmen's almost-a-girl voice singing about GETTING INSIDE A GIRL'S VAGINA, which is what it meant to "Go All The Way" back in 1972. (Today, the song might simply be called "Fuck.")

HARD (the penis). SWEET (in most cases, the vagina). GOING ALL THE WAY. The ultimate song for the Urban Mating Soundtrack called rock 'n' roll.

HARD. With their massive layered production piling one Gigantor guitar over the next, there was an inherent LOUD-NESS to The Raspberries. It was music played in all capital letters, thanks mainly to guitarist Wally Bryson (don't you hate the name "Wally"?), a vaguely Injun-looking Clevelander adept at jet-plane power chords. The 'berries bore the unmistakable lion's-roar of Midwestern power rock, from Nugent to

Alice Cooper to the James Gang, and, yeah, even to the Stooges and MC5, although, let's be honest with ourselves, neither of the latter ever wrote a song as catchy and hard-driving as "School's Out" or "Cat Scratch Fever."

SWEET. But despite all the *Sturm und Drang*, there has never been a prettier love song than The Raspberries' "Let's Pretend." I have actually cried—MORE THAN ONCE—at this song, and I state this as a red-blooded heterosexual male and a card-carrying member of most heterosexual organizations. 99% of their lyrics are about love and romance (and the implied vaginal secretions), all purtied-up with sugar-dipped symphonic production awash in cavity-inducing harmonies.

The Raspberries released one album bearing a scratch 'n' sniff patch that smelled like raspberries. And despite the fact that they rose from the industrial muck of Cleveland—a city of horrid ghettos and fine corned-beef sandwiches, a town so polluted that the Cuyahoga River CAUGHT FIRE in 1969—The Raspberries were so shiny-clean, you could eat dinner off them. They inhabited a non-dysfunctional world where injustice and venereal disease and the Vietnam War didn't exist. There's an unflappable cheeriness smeared like raspberry jam throughout their music. They would have been Walt Disney's idea of a good rock band around 1972. They were able to take Cleveland and turn it into Disneyland.

HARD 'N' SWEET. It has to be the right balance of hard 'n' sweet. If it's too hard, it's ugly and sweaty and smelly like gay sex. If it's too sweet, it's annoying and nauseating like dyke sex. The Raspberries found the perfect mix. They were harder than Napalm Death and sweeter than The Beach Boys. They achieved an unprecedented collision of raw power and pure sugar. Their sound is simultaneously violent and wholesome. It's like being fucked really hard by Mickey Mouse.

Punk rock is glam rock stripped of all the beauty, an ugly black-and-white carbon copy of the Multicolored Sex Popsicle that was glam. And though it wouldn't be fair—neither to glam nor to The Raspberries—to call them a glam band, they were hard 'n' sweet like the best glam acts, they achieved their success around the same time as glam, and Eric Carmen was a faggy not-a-fag like most of the best glam singers.

Eric Carmen was the sweet vagina to guitarist Wally
Bryson's hard penis. And Carmen was, of course, a total
dorkasaurus—Freddie Mercury as a heterosexual
Midwesterner. Few things are worse than appearing to be a
homo and not actually being one. I just feel like slapping him

"Their sound is simultaneously violent and wholesome.

It's like being fucked really hard by Mickey Mouse."

why the raspberries might be the greatest rock band ever

around sometimes. Still, he had one of the purest, most beautiful testicular-soprano voices ever set to wax, probably better than Roy Orbison's, which I'm not afraid to say because Roy's dead now and he can't hurt me anymore.

Bryson had been a veteran of mid-60s Cleveland band The Mods, then by jim "sugar-tush" goad results of their adroit collages of as a member of The Choir, he and

once wrote this:

And back in 1972, he gave me

hope that one day a girl

Even more importantly, the end musical knowledge often equal or

two other future Raspberries had a minor national hit with the jingly-jangly sorry-for-myself garage nugget "It's Cold Outside" in 1967.

Eric Carmen was a purple Mod powderpuff in a silly late-60s Anglophilic combo called Cyrus Erie. Sharing a mutual passion for All Things British, Carmen and the other boys finally joined together as The Raspberries, releasing four albums between 1972 and 1974: Raspberries, Fresh, Side 3, and Starting Over. The latter was chosen by the crusty poop-

stains over at Rolling Stone as 1974's Album of the Year. The Raspberries were the rarest of artists, ones who were able

to improve upon the source materials they plagiarized. They

surpass their models' original creations. I'm not kidding. He actually wrote that. And he probably even expected to get laid after writing that.

British bands imitating American bands. The Raspberries were

simultaneously able to vampirize British Invasion music while

upping the ante. Referring to this ability, a Rolling Stone critic

But after four albums came the inevitable implosion, with only Eric Carmen going on to achieve solo success. His whiny 1975 smash "All By Myself" and follow-up megahit "Never Gonna Fall in Love Again" highlight his smooth voice and knack for melody, as well as his propensity for infantile

romantic self-pity. Somebody give the boy some diapers. But for three years, he was in the Greatest Rock Band ever.



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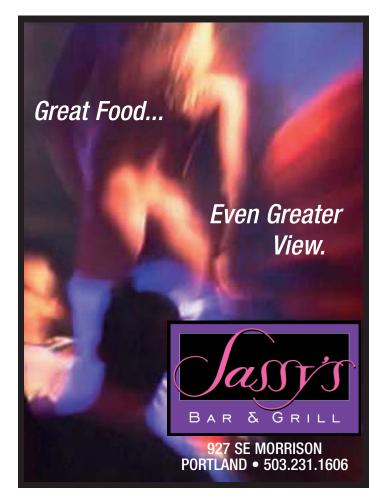
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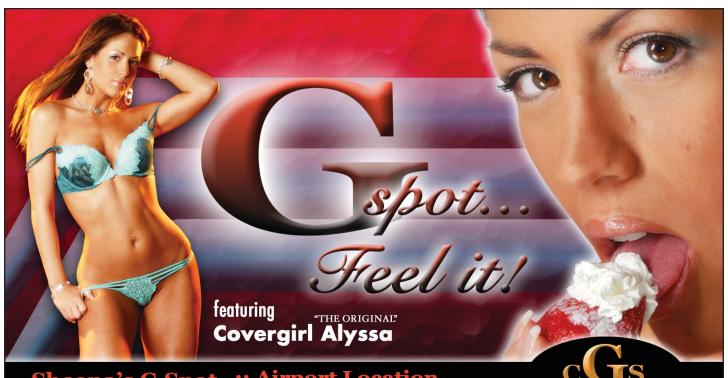
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he Famous Mysterious Actor Latenight Talk Show is some funny fuckin' shit. I'll admit I had no idea of its existence until they called me to be a guest back in April. It's a post-apocalyptic post-modern stew of Saturday Night Livestyle sketches riffing on politics and current events, strange public service announcements, gimmicks that are designed to fall flat and local star power.

The Ash Street is turned into a television studio for FMA, and onlookers become the live studio audience. Portland celebrity guests are all but ignored while Famous freestyles in his annoying nasally whine and the slicksters in suits act smug and, well, slick. Towards the end of each show, a local band plays a song or two and then is invited up on stage for more weirdness. If you like the Dead Milkmen, you're gonna love Famous!

Not surprisingly, the show has become enormously popular. So popular that local art star Mona Superhero deigned to be a guest on the show ("My tit fell out of my dress onstage....I was so nervous I didn't notice!") and subsequently fell in "love" with Famous. So in love that she took time out of her busy art star schedule to do this interview with the crew: FMA creator Joe Frice, German-speaking slickster Cutter, Ed McMahon foil John Schmitt, producer J.D. Fisher, videographer Wally Fessler, intern (who doesn't have an intern?) Kris Lutsock and, of course, Captain Happy.



MS: Did you have an ultimate battle of good vs. evil?

FRICE: In evil John Schmitt's mind, but to the audience it was like, "Well, this guy's not entertaining."

SCHMITT: He had fireballs.

FRICE: Yeah, he would throw imaginary fireballs.

KRIS LUTSOCK: Chucking T-Bone halfway across the room was good. [All agree.] FRICE: T-Bone has been there all along. He was the first person I met in

Portland.

MS: Had anyone done any comedy prior to that?

LUTSOCK: J.D. and I wrote comedy in High School that we never thought we'd actually perform. It was sort of a continuation of playing Dungeons and Dragons.

MS: So you're saying you never got any tail in high school?

FRICE: That sentence could end at tail.

LUTSOCK: Do you have any ice I could chew on?

MS: There's quite a buzz surrounding the Famous Mysterious Actor.

FRICE: I think I'm inside the bubble. I don't hear about the buzz because all my friends are in the show.

MS: Would you consider televising the show?

FRICE: I would because on TV you have much more control over what the audience is looking at. You can use the medium and really BY MISS MONA SUPERHERO

focus on the bits.

SCHMITT: It's the logical next step.

FRICE: We need to find a TV studio with beer taps.

began performing with the Bottom Rung in Eugene, OR. Tell me about

the Bottom Rung. JOE FRICE: REAL cutting edge stuff. Corporate comedy. We would get hired to do faculty shows with community college related sketches. It wasn't really funny.

LATENIGHT TALKSHO

MS: Had anyone had performing experience prior to that?

FRICE: None of these guys were in the Bottom Rung. It was me and three other guys. We did it for a couple of years and then I moved to Portland.

MS: Did you get your start at the Ash St.?

FRICE: No.

JOHN SCHMITT: Jimmy Maks.

MONA SUPERHERO: Joe, you

FRICE: Jimmy Maks was the first place. Week after week we had a continuing storyline with Famous, the other John Schmitt, Cutter and Denny.

MS: What happened to the original John Schmitt?

FRICE: He got kicked out and was so despondent that he spawned an evil doppelgänger John Schmitt...who was dedicated to destroying everything the Famous Mysterious Actor stood for. Famous loves freedom.

MS: You air videos, "commercials" and trailers during the show. Are there any plans for a full-length film production?

FRICE: No.

INTRODUCTION BY VIVA LAS VEGAS

LUTSOCK: Trailers are much more interesting.

FRICE: Trailers are always better. I know what the Two Brothers movie is about. Tigers. One is regular, one is bionic.

SCHMITT: A bionic tiger?

FRICE: Haven't you seen the trailer for it?

SCHMITT: No!

FRICE: It was going to be called the "Battle of the Bionic Tigers."

MS: If you could be any animal, what would you be?

SCHMITT: Anything animatronic.

FRICE: What's it called when you never die?

LUTSOCK: Immortal.

FRICE: I would be an immortal seagull. I'd be at the beach all the time and I'd never have to pay for food.

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SCHMITT: You wouldn't have to worry about Alka-Seltzer.

FRICE: I don't want to be chased off by the other seagulls though. "Why don't you go to the dump? Go pick over that shit. Forever."

MS: How much of the show is improvised and how important is that?

FRICE: There's not a full rundown with everyone in the room until about an hour before the show. Everyone has a good idea what their role is but they don't know what the others are doing.

SCHMITT: Ideas have been kicked around but nobody knows what will happen. Basically, the guests make it.

MS: Who has been the most outrageous guest?

[Unanimously]: Jimi Hendrix.

SCHMITT: He was out of his mind, wasn't he? What does he call himself? A Jimi Hendrix look-alike. Not an impersonator.

FRICE: He doesn't impersonate Jimi in any way. He just looks like him.

SCHMITT: He can't sing, can't dance, can't play guitar. He wouldn't even touch the guitar. He was like "Get it away from me!" Dude, it's a prop. I'm not asking you to play it.

FRICE: I think Famous' perfect guest would be a mirror.

MS: Who are you influences?

FRICE: I don't think we have any...

SCHMITT: I've loved comedy since I was a kid.

FRICE: Yeah. I can't think of any direct influences that shaped the show. It's basically a diagram of the late night talk show designed by Jack Parr and Steve Allen. We follow that format as Johnny Carson did, Letterman does, Leno, Conan. We have influences that we liked but I don't know that they have directly influenced the show.

MS: You are being compared to Andy Kaufman.

SCHMITT: That has been said for a long time.

FRICE: I don't know where the comparison lies, but especially at Jimmy Maks we would do stuff that one third of the audience loved, one third hated and the last third was just confused. We would show up in the middle of open mic comedy night. There would be four comedians and then we would come up and weigh a watermelon. I don't think the show we do now is Kaufmanesque. We're going for laughs. We don't want to creep people out. The confusion comes from people wondering why this fucker has a talk show. He's not the most eloquent.

MS: Is there a chance we might see you...

SCHMITT: Bomb?

MS: We see you do that every two weeks! Is there a chance we might see you perform in another context?

FRICE: Oh yeah. Until we started doing the FMA show about a year ago, we were doing other characters at the open mic and comedy nights.

MS: I want to hear more about P.U.S.S.Y. SCHMITT: The

Portland
Underground
Showbiz Society,
Y'all. It was a collective.
FRICE: It was the
FMA players. We
also had F.I.C.T.
The Freemont
Institute of
Technology. They
were scientists.

We would conduct



experiments and do audience interactive comedy.

MS: If you could have any superpower what would it be?

FRICE: Kris has a list of them.

MS: One of them is getting tail.

FRICE: He'd be happy just to have the power to convince women that they have had relations with him. So the woman is walking around going "Yeah, I did him." LUTSOCK: Josh and I sat down with our friends and came up with a list of our superhero powers. I could eavesdrop on free-range chickens.

MS: John Schmitt?

SCHMITT: Mutant hand. Like in *Total Recall* where that guy took off his hand. LUTSOCK: I can tell you that Josh would assume the power of China O'Clock and he was the Master of Monkey Choad Fu.

CUTTER: [Translated from German.] Does that include chinchilla style?

LUTSOCK: Despite my undergrad degree, I know nothing of Eastern cultures. FRICE: I probably wouldn't be in a situation where cops are chasing me but if bad guys were chasing me and I was like "Oh man, I'm doomed!" and I was running across rooftops then I



could jump and splat up against the side of a building and slide down like a Wacky Wallwalker. Hell yeah.

SCHMITT: Brush the dirt off, wash yourself with soap and be sticky again.

FRICE: That's the thing. It would be an exciting episode because there's no soap to be found!

CUTTER: [Translated from German.] I would be able to grow large and crush buildings at will. I could also make myself small again.

SCHMITT: The commissioner would call you up. "We need this building demolished now!" You could make some money.

FRICE: Do you remember the show *Captain Nice?* It was about this mild mannered guy who would eat these pills and turn into Captain Nice.

SCHMITT: He was an asshole? He'd have to take the pills to be nice in certain situations?

MS: I know that's how I operate.

FRICE: He'd be flying *Great American Hero* style and the pills would wear off and he'd be f'd. *Captain Nice* went off air and *Mr. Terrific* replaced him.

CUTTER: [Translated from German.] Was it live action?

FRICE: It was done by the people who did *Get Smart*. Buck Henry and Bernie Kopell.

MS: The ship's doctor?

FRICE: On the Love Boat.

LUTSOCK: My one qualm with the Love Boat...

SCHMITT: You had a qualm?

LUTSOCK: They all had white guy afros.

SCHMITT: What's wrong with the white guy afro?

LUTSOCK: I have very straight hair.

FRICE: You'd never get on the show.

MS: This question is for Patty. Lovers: salty or sweet?

FRICE: I am a lover of all things that are sweet.

SCHMITT: I'm a salty sour kind of guy.

FRICE: Salty sour is good. You gotta have the best of both worlds. Laffy Taffy and Cheetos.

LUTSOCK: Is this a veiled reference to what kind of tail we like?

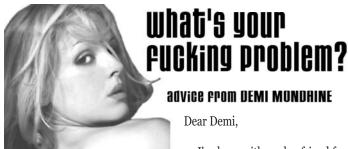
SCHMITT: He's trying hard to think back to the last tail he had.

LUTSOCK: I'm still looking through old issues of National Geographic.

FRICE: Can I buy you a drink?

MS: Alright.

Don't miss the next convergence of these freaks on August 4th, featuring guests Sam Mallory and Mike Clark, and the FMA anniversary EXTRAVAGANZA on August 29th, featuring all of Famous' favorite guests, including Viva Las Vegas and Mona Superhero!



I've been with my boyfriend for almost two years. We've always had

a great sex life, super hot and all the time, but that's all changing. We're totally monogamous and in love, but over the last year an old love of his has come back around. Booze.

We've always partied together. I drink sometimes, too. That's all good. But over the last year he has gotten into the habit of drinking into a blacked out state (his friends say he was always this way, and until recently has only been behaving for me). Typical night: we get home from a show or whatever, he flops into bed, rolls on top of me, licks my mouth with his pasty tongue and moans something incoherent like "Mmm... mphhh....fffuck. Mmmwaaan.... nuh... fff.....ffuck ...yyyyoooouuu." Then he'll pass out with a numb, nicotine-stained finger halfway in me and just snore away in my face. He knows this is a serious problem. He always apologizes to me the next day, but come sunset, he's on his second six pack and starting on the tequila. I really love him and want to do something, but I'm not one of those girls who's a big nag. I want my big strong he-man with that big fat cock to stay awake long enough to love me back. Help!

-Would Settle For Whiskey Dick

My Dear Ms. Dick,

Good for you for not nagging your man! Alcoholics are a crabby, sensitive lot. Though they love to wallow openly in their semi-uselessness, when someone near to them tries to encourage them in any way to improve their situation, they can get all nasty. Suddenly the person trying to help becomes a "drag" and the relationship takes a big, burny, hungover shit and he's off to find a more enabling person—hopefully with her own place and a car.

We all know how it's a bummer for you that Sleepy Finger blacks out every night. What you need to do, doll, is to show him how bad blacking out is for HIM.

Next time he's sure to black out get him naked before he gets into bed. Once the snoring starts, set all the clocks in the room two hours ahead, tie his hands and feet to the four corners of the bed (or in such a way that he can't wriggle away or use his arms). Lube up a moderately sized jelly vibrator with fresh batteries and stick it in his ass very slowly and carefully (don't turn it on 'til it's all the way in). Then turn it on high and pump it in and out vigorously and talk dirty in your weirdest, extra low voice, like you were imitating a man. "Yeah, you dirty bitch, take my cock all the way in your fucking whore hole. Mmmm yeah, take it in your dirty MAN CUNT!" He will most likely wake up and sober up pretty quick and may flip out somewhat (especially if that's not his sort of thing). You should act very confused and innocently explain that he had begged you to do it. Tell him you'd been at it half the night and up until that moment he was totally loving it.

Rest assured he will never tell anyone what happened, and if he doesn't dump you on the spot, you can be sure that he will definitely think twice before getting that wasted and falling into somebody's bed. Remember, when trying to save someone from themselves, it's imperative to make it look like it was their idea.



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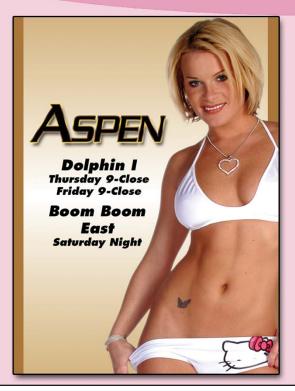
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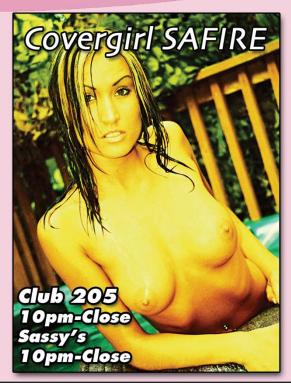
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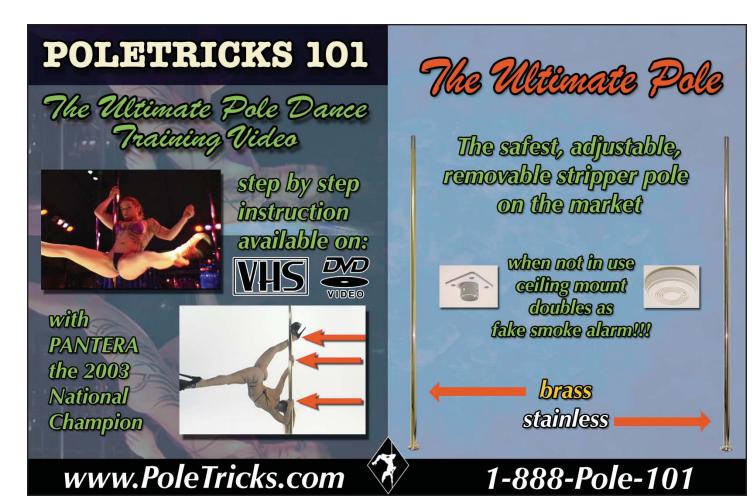
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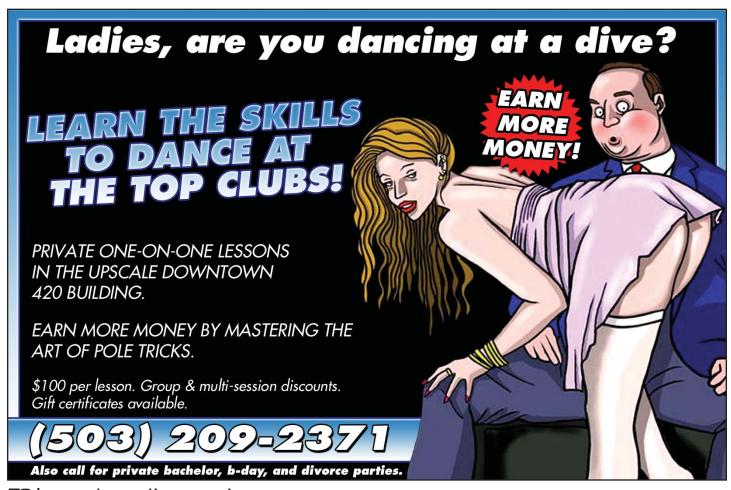












CRACKIN

What up ya'll? It's ya boy Mack, back in Las Vegas and it's 105 degrees outside right now. It seriously feels good to be in an air conditioned spot!!! The 702 ain't no joke in the summer ya'll. 4-REAL!!! This month I got some cool shit to put you up on, including my end-of-the-month fly-ass party at the new Safari Club. Rick has really hooked the Club up. If you missed the Pimps & Ho's Party, I'm sure you heard about it. It was on and crackin'!!! In this article, I'll also be addressing the problems that black nightclub owners and promoters are still dealing with when it comes to the OLCC.



First Up — The Vegas Scene

It's hot, it's fly, and it's fast. It's also my type of town. Portland and Las Vegas are like night and day. I love my hometown and everything, but it's so boring at times. Everywhere you go you see the same people talking the same shit they were talking the last time you saw 'em. In Vegas, it's a different crowd every other night, and the real G's and Fee's outnumber the haters by far. People are seriously makin' moves down here!!! That's the shit that keeps me motivated. The nightclubs here are top of the line. They're plushed out with a lot of serious class. Some of the clubs in Portland remind me of old hick bars with a few lights and a DJ. It's a trip traveling back and forth between the two cities, because they are so different. When I am away from Portland, one thing that I do miss is the "greenery," if you know what I mean!!!

Next Up — Whatz Wrong with the OLCC

In previous articles, I have mentioned how the Oregon Liquor Control Commission has often picked on various establishments that cater to African Americans. After talking to a good friend of mine who is one of the co-owners of the Red Sea, I was informed that they're still up to they're dirty tactics. This shit has got to stop. They have told club owners that if they play hiphop music, the crowd has to dress other than hip-hop. They



up new rules

every other day for clubs that play rap music.

It was brought to my attention years ago how the OLCC really felt about black people in general. This information came from a white bar owner whom I was doing business with. He had attended a meeting with the OLCC with other club and bar owners who were white. At this meeting, he and the other white busines men and women were told by an OLCC official, "We don't want any niggers promoting or running any nightclubs in downtown Portland period!" It's sad to say, but that's the fucked-up mentality we're up against. Just because you don't understand someone's music or culture, what gives you the right to try and destroy it? These bastards are probably mad at the fact that their kids love hip-hop, and it ain't shit they can do about it, except to use their punk ass jobs to close down hip-hop establishments. Here's some food for thought for you racist assholes on the Liquor Commission. Your organization will never be able to slow down a multi-billion-dollar-a-vear industry, no matter how fuckin' hard you try!!! Hip-hop, reggae, and R&B are here forever so please don't forget that. Even most white establishments need this music if they plan on making money in the entertainment business. So STOP the HATRED!!!

Somethin' for the HONEYS

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Until next month, ya'll keep it crackin'!!!

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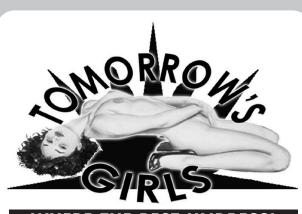
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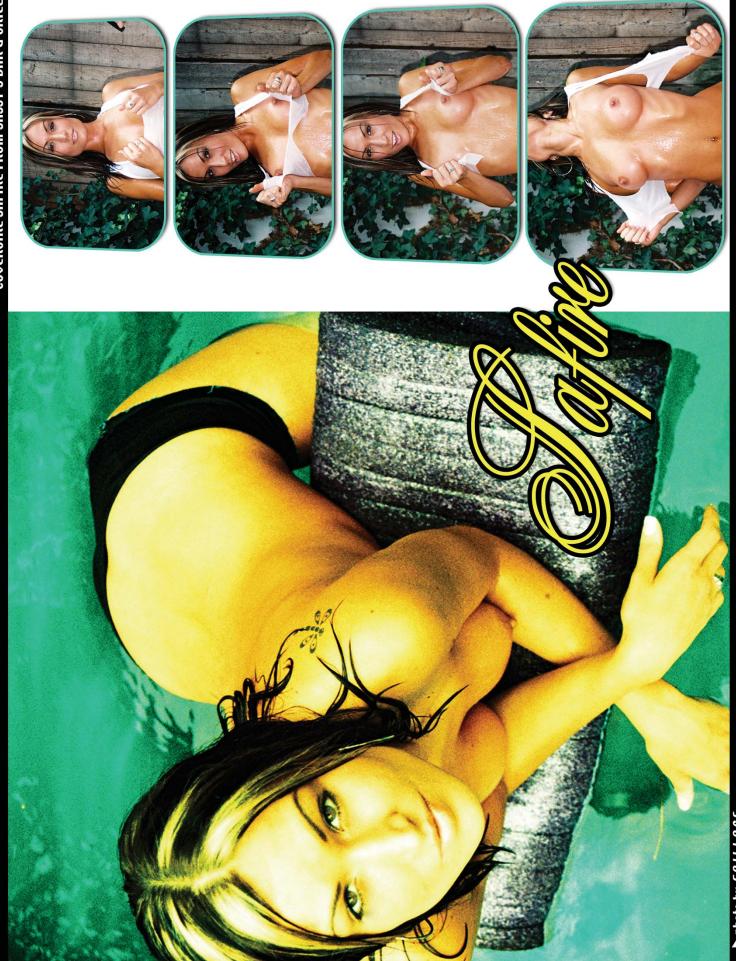
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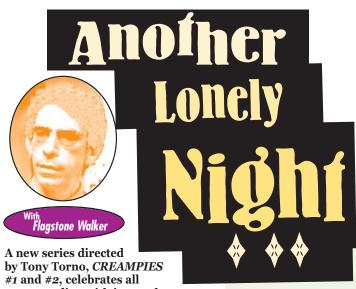
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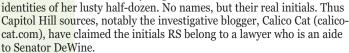
by Tony Torno, CREAMPIES #1 and #2, celebrates all scenes ending with internal cumshots. Along the way the action tends toward a lock-

step one-on-one formula: she fingers herself, he fingers her, jump to a slow blow and move into fast doggie style. There's very little dialogue or music in the background so for those of you who like the sounds of slurping these DVD's from Ghost Pro will rev your joystick.

CREAMPIES #1 features Trixie Swallows and a half-dozen other girls. Among them the Asian dewdrop, Jade, seems the most enthusiastic. The brief Q and A at the beginning of each scene is pretty lame, with all the

Cutler lists six men she's bedding, including her first lover who still wings in unexpectedly from Illinois, an off-again onagain long-term boyfriend, an office boyfriend (her "current favorite") and two older men, F and W, who pay her for sexual favors. She says F is a high-level Bush appointee at a government agency. W is generous with his money but demanding: "A sugar daddy who wants nothing but anal," she writes. "A man who tries to fuck you in the ass when you are sober does not love you." Claudia Rossi at the Evil Angel studio probably doesn't see it that way.

Cutler's daring work in progress, befitting a sly writer who wishes to reveal what should not be revealed, barely disguises the



RS falls in the boyfriend category—a player, not a payer. He's into spanking. She likes that. He's a max good guy, remembers her birthday, hands her a pink and green package. "I just know it's a new Lilly dress," she coos on her blog. "And it was. Then we fucked missionary. And he came." Such cadence! Almost Hemingway-esque. If RS is in fact the lawyer in DeWine's office where Cutler worked, could be dicey. Loser, as in he might get fired for fooling around with a subordinate.

MD's troubles could be far worse than RS's. Cutler had a brief fling with MD but now calls him "a chump." These initials have been ID'd as belonging to a Senate staffer in charge of recruiting interns for Senator Joseph Lieberman, a liberal democrat who is by no means liberal on

Claudia Rossi demonstrates tremendous stamina taking on four Italians, then in the grand finale she licks their cum off the marble floor.



girls saying things like "I like it best when a guy comes inside me because it's more intimate." How enlightening. In *CREAMPIES #2* Rayna stands out. She's 22, looks like she just turned 16 and plays the schoolgirl routine to the hilt, complete with a bald kitty and a tank top embossed with a big ol' heart.

HARDBALL 23 from Evil Angel continues to thrash away with its basic series' theme, double penetrations with a tinge of humiliation. Claudia Rossi demonstrates tremendous stamina taking on four Italians, then in the grand finale she licks their cum off the marble floor. A different level of intimacy than the internal cumshot, I suppose.

Among a half-dozen supposed first-timers in **AMATEUR ANGELS** 4 from Adam & Eve, Becca Brat stands out when she drops down on her knees, throws her arms up behind her and grabs a rail, thus positioning herself with a wide-open throat that greedily receives an eight-inch knocker. Becca also has undies of her own with the word "Brat" printed on the crotch.

The true brat honor for this month goes not to a porn queen—at least not yet—but to Jessica Cutler who signed a book deal for a reported \$300,000 to write a novel based on her sex diary. Quite a score, considering the brief entries on her anonymous on-line blog, *Washingtonienne*, ran for little more than two weeks in May. The very attractive 26-year-old she-tiger's final post on May 18 at 2:10 PM in her office on Capitol Hill foreshadows the story arc we can expect in the novel: "I just took a long lunch with F and made a quick \$400. When I returned to the office, I heard that my boss was asking about my whereabouts. Loser." The loser in her eyes would be Ohio Republican Senator Mike DeWine who subsequently fired Cutler, his staff assistant in charge of routing mail, for "unacceptable use of Senate computers to post unsuitable or offensive material."

matters of sex. MD tapped Cutler for an unpaid intern's job with Lieberman which in turn opened the door to a paid position in DeWine's office. 25K a year. Cutler's first *Washingtonienne* post is the perfect opener for her novel: "I have a 'glamour job' on the Hill. That is, I could not care less about gov or politics, but working for a Senator looks good on my resume. And these marble hallways are such great places for meeting boys and showing off my outfits."

Monica was a giver who stood by her man. Jessica is a taker who relishes playing the field, although she needs to spike her novel with a dash of date rape and the required transformation of her main character toward the end. Tossing in gov for fashion design might work. She already has the setting. "New stuff from Martha Stewart! Stop hating on Martha! I'm getting the faux bois pattern throw pillows and the seaweed and the coral candles!"

[Note to Cutler's editor at HyperionDisney: For irony, have her—or her ghost—toss in a back story on Walt.]

Cutler's anticipated novel has what publishers want above all else: The Buzz. She's all over the news and she's media savvy. When a Washington Post reporter questioned her about juggling around six sex partners she coolly replied: "You know, there are seven days a week."

Taking money for sex was not prostitution, she said. "None of these people were geriatric or unattractive. And the money was just a gift." I don't know if I could call myself a certified authority on prostitution given the felony for pimping on my record, but I do know something about the game. A few years ago I operated the Zen escort service which I wrote about at length in *EXOTIC*. The vice cops put an end to it. One Zen doll worked for me for all of 72 hours to get even with her boyfriend who flew into a rage and called her a "whore" every time she went out on him, a frequent misdemeanor on her part. She saw two clients at \$500 a pop. Was her payback prostitution? Are Cutler's "gifts" money for prostitution? High-stepping on down the slippery slope, is the 22-year-old model who marries a 93-year-old Ft. Worth oil tycoon a prostitute?

Not in my book. But I'd say 300 grand for Jessica's book deal is prostitution. More power to her.















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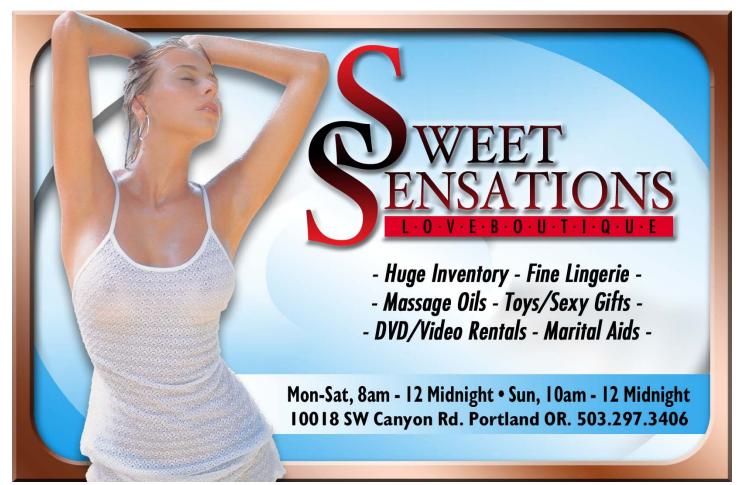
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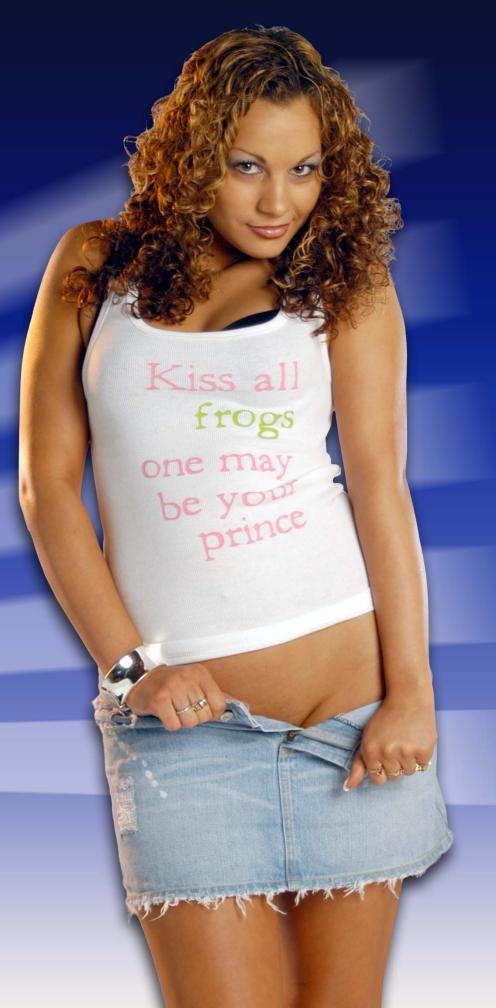


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