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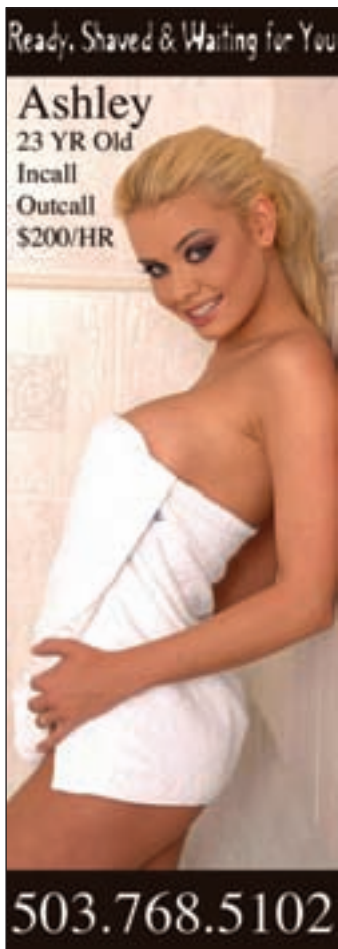
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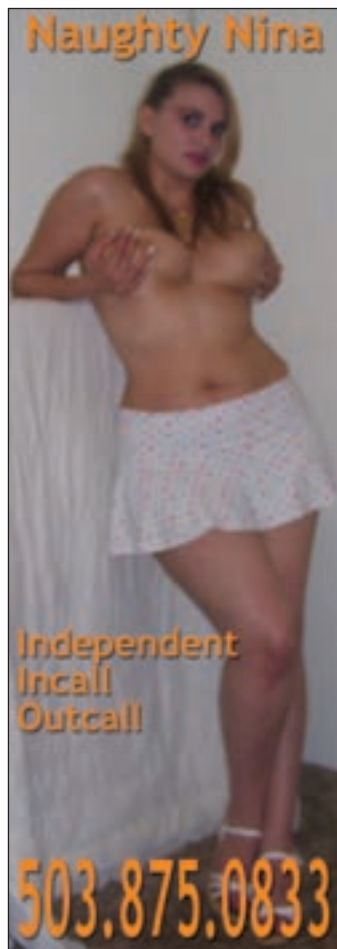
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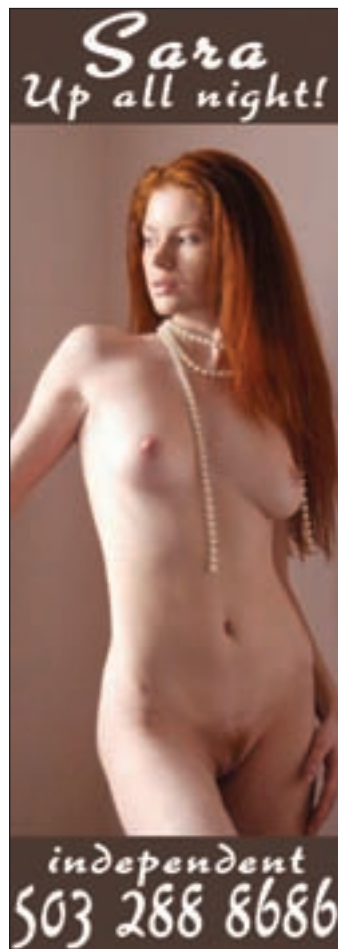
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THE DRAG QUEENS OF ROCK

by Elektra Luxx

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Two sides of the rock star known as Tre from Evil Twin



Since the onslaught of glam rock and gender-bending pioneers such as David Bowie, drag and rock have been best of friends, with benefits. Meshing sensually, both rock and drag shove identity, sexuality, and gender out of orbit from other forces in the solar system. They rebel against similar, mainstream ideals of the norm by slapping sauciness into the faces of their audiences. Two of Seattle's sexiest drag rockers have some interesting cross stories to share with Underground's audience. First we have our drag-queen-turned-rock-star, Tre of Evil Twin; the other, a rock-star-turned-drag-queen named Anita Goodmann.

Elektra: What's your drag/rock story?

Tre: Well, it all started as a young teenager playing in a glam-rock band in Tacoma in the early 90s. I found that it was impossible to find not only stylish clothes, but clothes that fit me in the men's section. So I started to look at women's clothing, and damn, not only was there some cool-ass stuff to be had, but also it fit well. Then of course makeup—can't be glam rock without makeup, right? Right. I hadn't quite realized until then just how much girls like boys in makeup. It made being slightly shy and withdrawn easier to deal with. A girl will go up to a guy with amazing makeup and talk to him about it. Whereas, that same guy just looking like Billy-Joe Bob off the street has to figure out something witty or clever to do or say to get said girl's attention. Back in those days, I was just a boy in makeup and

girl's clothes trying to figure out where to go with it. It wasn't until I moved to Seattle that I really got into doing full drag, which eventually led to my performing at Phobang for a few years. I eventually found my love of rock music and got in a band again. At one point, I worked at trying to combine the two but just couldn't seem to fit it together.

When I started writing songs for Evil Twin, I was still doing a great deal of drag performing. After I had the first two or three tracks written and recorded, I started pretty much performing them karaoke-style for the drag shows that I would do. This was a wonderful chance for me to not only get over the severe fear of singing in front of people, but also to test out the music I was working on with an actual audience. After the band formed, I was doing the occasional show in drag, but over time the music got a little more cock rock, and, well, the drag image just didn't seem to fit too much anymore.

Anita: I was a record reviewer in college and after a while I decided I'd rather play music myself, so I hooked up with three other amateurs and started writing simple songs using easy open chords. We recorded a couple demos at Egg Studios back in the day and had some critical acclaim and a few mean-spirited reviews in the music papers. *Pandemonium*, a rag out of Tacoma, hated our guts but they wrote about us a lot, so whatever. I had decided to make my image more glam and started wearing drag makeup on stage. We did one full-length Dreaming

I Am CD, produced with Martin Feveyear which was reviewed in *Guitar World*. That was sort of the high point for the group. My second, more successful band was named Popstar Assassins. We did a seven-inch and two critically acclaimed indie-rock albums. The second Popstar Assassins record, *Moderne*, was released nationwide in the fall of 2005 and got great press in major magazines such as *MetroPOP*. Songs from that album were played on college radio and in shopping malls all over the country—we started to get royalty checks and other opportunities. I'd had two bands and worked with five different drummers, seven bass players, and two guitarists over the course of 15 years.

I knew I looked good as a glam rocker, but my wife at the time was against me making any kind of public appearances in full drag. Ten years later, it became apparent I was going to have to divorce my wife. In early May 2006, I went to the *Vogue* as Anita to check out The Nasty Habits. I was asked if I had a song to lip-sync to. I sang live instead. No one was else was doing live singing—it was a completely different thing. I did that a few weeks then somehow I got outed at my straight job in Bellevue with a consulting company. I'm confidently heterosexual and I was feeling the lifestyle pressures of being in the *Vogue* scene. I created a MySpace page for Anita Goodmann. Cleo Petra from Burning Hearts Burlesque found me and invited me to audition for the "rebooted" Bedroom Club. At my day job they were getting tired of finding glitter stuck to my face and

it was obvious my passion was with the burlesque scene and not the Microsoft Gold Certified Partner scene. It took until February before I was shown the door. Meanwhile, with Cleo's help, I was doing up to three drag appearances a week—showing up all over town to sing and promote The Bedroom Club.

Elektra: Why do you think there is a prevalent drag/rock-star relationship?

Tre: I'm not really sure on that, other than for the whole over-the-top performance thing, which a lot of frontmen and performers seem to have forgotten about lately. I mean, you're there to entertain people, right, so you better actually entertain them while you've got your time onstage. The more you keep them captured in that moment, the more they'll come back, and the more you can continue to be onstage. It's a total symbiotic-type thing.

Anita: Women are way into it and being that confident in public is a way of really impressing the ladies. Both identities are ways of stepping outside of the constraints of society. I think my desire to rebel against conventional thought and to be a person who "perpetrates an illusion to dispel illusion" could be fulfilled through either outlet. Both are ways of being a performance artist. In my nightclubbing life there is only a slight difference between how I might dress as a "rock star" vs. "drag queen." I have learned people don't like a mixed presentation, though. It either appears entirely "female" or go "male with eyeliner" like Keith Richards. I remember seeing a promo photo of the band Blur, and Damon Albarn (the lead singer) was dressed as Debbie Harry in a parody of the cover of *Parallel Lines* and thinking,

hmmm, and we all know that Mick Jagger, I think the idea is to turn off "dudes" while attracting the ladies. I think even Little Richard was in on that action, and why not?

Elektra: Do you have a queen you look up to?

Tre: For along time I was a pretty big fan of Pete Burns, Boy George, and Klaus Nomi. They were these amazing characters who just seemed to be perfect and bigger than life. A few years back, a friend of mine who was quite young was on the path to making the change, which is no easy task no matter how you look at it. For him it was especially bad. He had been surrounded by people who saw only one possible route for a gay boy that wears women's clothes to go, and that was a complete sex change. But after the first year or two of hormones and therapy, he was starting to doubt that this was truly his path. We talked quite often about this, and I did my best to explain to him that you can just be a boy in makeup, if that's what you choose to be. So, umm, to shorten my rambling, I guess you could say my hero would be someone that has the balls to listen to themselves, be themselves, and not have other people or people's labels rule their world and identity.

Anita: Not especially. I am not into heroes, per se. I think that Grae Phillips was a major influence on my decision to go into this enterprise of being Anita Goodmann. I also had a couple of friends I met online—one, Serena Stone, is a hypnotist who started doing a drag hypnosis show in Milwaukee, and the other, Brooklyn Mattingly, is a novelist for Penguin (she used me as the basis for a character). Brooklyn lives full-time, and

I helped her learn how to have a feminine voice.

Elektra: If you could open the eyes of someone who is offended by gender-bending, how would you do it?

Tre: You can only open the eyes of someone who wants them to be opened; you can't force something on anyone that doesn't want it. Well, unless it's rules, warning labels, or taxes. But really, if someone's offended by gender bending, chances are you're not going to open their eyes unless they are at least receptive to the idea. How would I go about it? I don't really know; I guess it would depend on the person needing the eye-opening.

Anita: I do it by having many personas that have different degrees of masculinity and femininity. Once people meet me as Tim then as Anita and maybe get to know me a bit, they begin to understand that all gender expression is just acting—we are just not conscious of it because it is like riding a bike or something. I think everything we do is acting in one way or another. I am just speaking a language—body language. We subconsciously understand it and our minds accept it if it makes sense. I choose what I say with my body language, and it reinforces the visual.

I have changed people's minds sometimes by just being natural. One guy said he was fine with me because I wasn't "trying to trick him"—which I guess means he didn't have to find out I had a penis by surprise after I took him to bed or something (as if).



PHOTO BY TENBALL PHOTO

Anita Goodmann
crossing the lines from
rock star to drag queen



PHOTO BY RJB PHOTO

A dame like me can't really say it better than Anita: "I think the lesson here is to live bravely and fear nothing. You really don't know where following your heart and intuition can lead you. I was so hell-bent on 'fitting in' that I was turning my back on one of my greatest assets. Seriously, my life has never been better, even if my house is strewn with makeup, jewelry, dresses and heels instead of guitar parts, effects pedals, and amps." The great lessons of both rock and drag are to question the norm and stick your bird in the peepers of mainstream American society.

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ADDICTIONS TATTOO
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HEY, MA, I'M A COUNTRY SINGER!!!

by Jim Goad

(...OR AT LEAST I WAS FOR FIVE WEEKS THIS SUMMER)



The author in Memphis with an Elvis impersonator named "Ruddmeyer." Photo by Chris Walker.

new material, including a nakedly honest interview I conducted with Hank Williams III. When I emailed Hank asking where to send his copy of the book, he mentioned that he'd heard I sing country music. So I dropped in a copy of my old trucker CD along with the book. Two months later, Hank asked me to tour with him as his opening act.

It was a daunting prospect—I had almost zero live-music experience, and I'd be required to sing forty minutes for nearly thirty shows in front of crowds ranging up to two thousand. But if one likes to think one has any balls at all, one just can't say "no" to such a challenge. Even if you blow it, at least you gave it a shot. Like Ben Affleck tells the retarded kid he kidnapped in *Gigli*, "you gotta step up."

For my backup band, I recruited Power of County, a Portland-based five-piece with whom I'd previously appeared live a grand total of one time—the night before I left Portland over two years ago. Most of the songs I selected for the tour dealt with, of course, "the road." The ones which weren't about trucking were about killing women and being white. For nearly two months of preparation, I sang old trucker songs karaoke-style in the mirror at my tiny Atlanta apartment while they rehearsed to MP3s in Portland without a singer. It seemed as if at least half of the promoters misspelled their name as "CountRy." It became a running joke throughout the tour.

We were scheduled to play twenty-eight shows in thirty-five days. In a maroon Dodge Ram van they dubbed "Ron Burgundy," the Power of County boys motored two thousand-plus miles eastward to Memphis from Portland. Me and my girlfriend, who would serve as merch girl and guardian of my sanity throughout the tour, drove westward from Atlanta to Memphis. We practiced for two days and then took it all the way live. What follows are my hastily scribbled, oddly bitter reminiscences of each date:

MEMPHIS

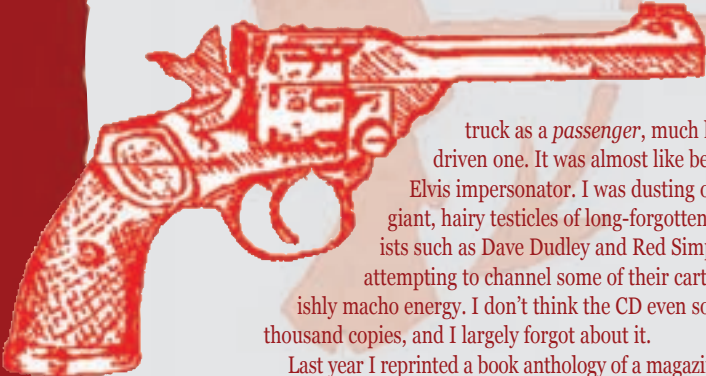
En route from our home base in Atlanta, we blow a tire in Mississippi. The car's spare tire turns out to be the wrong size. I begin sweating frantically about our borrowed car, rural Mississippi cops, my two felony convictions, and the couple joints we had in the car. Being the relentlessly bitter and negative person I am, I immediately see all this as an omen for the tour. Luckily, a Good Samaritan gives us a lift and helps us get a new tire. It turns out that the lady's brother is also a country musician. We arrive in wiltingly humid, beat-to-shit Memphis and meet up with the band. Rehearsals go well. Our first solo performance rocks the socks off the two and a half dozen or so people who attend—and that's about fifty socks in all!

LITTLE ROCK

All seven of us pile into the Dodge Ram and tool westward through a cloud of humidity and thunderstorms. We meet up with Hank III during the sound check at the club, a pizza parlor with a performance space in back the size of a large garage. "There's gonna be a lotta HIGHS and a lotta LOWS," he cautions us in his gravelly, twangin' voice. The crowd receives us well. A drunk man offers me,

I AM NOT A MUSICIAN, and I never *claimed* to be a musician, although I like to think I'm a better musician than most musicians. Not only am I way too old to be a rock star—more importantly, I'm way too old to WANT to be a rock star. That shit's for the kids. Music makes people stupid. By and large, I think that music appeals to people on a preliterate level, which might explain why musicians tend to be so appallingly inarticulate. Regardless, for a magically exhausting five weeks this summer, I would "become" a country and western singer.

Ten years ago, I recorded a CD where I covered fourteen old country and western tunes, nearly all of them trucker-themed. I called myself "Big Red Goad" and claimed that I did the album to confuse people, but in truth, my own motivations were unclear even to me. My approach wasn't campy, and I had a sincere love of the genre. But if you asked me to justify what I was doing, I couldn't do it. Basically, the CD featured a person who considers himself highly uncommon singing music of the common clay forty years too late. I've never lived "in the country," and I've never even taken a ride in a semi



truck as a *passenger*, much less driven one. It was almost like being an Elvis impersonator. I was dusting off the giant, hairy testicles of long-forgotten artists such as Dave Dudley and Red Simpson, attempting to channel some of their cartoonishly macho energy. I don't think the CD even sold a thousand copies, and I largely forgot about it.

Last year I reprinted a book anthology of a magazine I used to publish called *ANSWER Me!* I tacked on some



ROLLIN' WITH THE POSSE IN OKLAHOMA CITY...

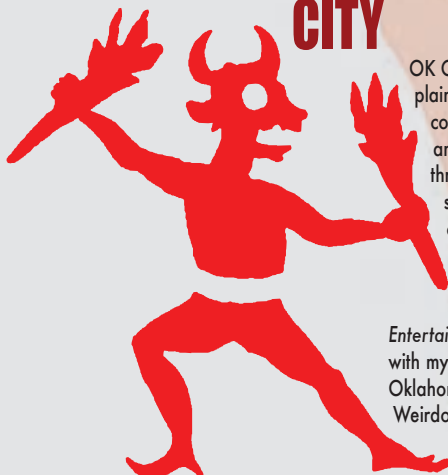
Standing, left to right: My girlfriend Shannon, steel guitarist Erik Clampitt, acoustic guitarist Matt Stark, Bloody Ol' Mule (an OK City musician not in our band), bassist Jay Johnson, guitarist D. Rives Curtright. Seated: Yours Truly. Kneeling: Drummer Andy Bacon.

my girl, and my mostly drunken band the floors of a local alternative weekly's office on which to sleep. Ten minutes after we settle into sleepy-bye time, a REAL office worker arrives and tells us all to scram. After some frantic late-night searching, we finally snag one hotel room for the eight members of our party. We clock about three hours of sleep before it's time to break camp.

TULSA

We play the massive, ancient, historic Cain's Ballroom—host to countless old C&W stars as well as where the Sex Pistols got beaten up during their first American tour—to a hootin', hollerin', ruffneck crowd of Ozark spillovers. We accept an offer from the owner of a local tattoo parlor to use his shop as a crash pad. Ten minutes after we settle in there, the shop's quantifiably retarded co-owner (his name is Jamie, and he apparently also goes by the super-gay graffiti handle "Jaspyr") arrives completely shitfaced and starts barking at me incoherently. He then disappears and grabs a skateboard with which to batter my precious head. The Georgia Peach and I escape under cover of night.

OKLAHOMA CITY



OK City is a faceless stretch of plains that seems to have been constructed entirely of squares and rectangles. We plow through a thankless, Hankless solo gig at a tiny shithole called The Conservatory, rumored to have had their bathrooms singled out as the nation's worst in *Entertainment Weekly*. I reunite with my unofficial legal counsel, an Oklahoma lawyer named G. Lynn. Weirdo artist Adam Word offers us his floors, mattresses, and

a highly tasty home-cooked meatloaf. A rocker-looking guy makes a homosexual pass at our drummer, upsetting him.

AUSTIN

If you think a city's worth is solely determined by how many bars it can cram into a single downtown area, then you'd think Austin's great. If you're like me and are endlessly appalled and repelled by drunks, their drinking, and their drunkenness, then you'd hate this pierced, tattooed, and goateed oven-baked alternative quesadilla as much as I did. Coming back through town on the way to Fort Worth a few days later, an Austin city cop gave me a speeding ticket. FUCK Austin.

HOUSTON

Take away everything that's interesting about LA, then add a skyscraper-sized wall of humidity, and you're left with Houston. We play our third solo gig in a row, and the boys are starting to hurt for cash. An apparently well-off reader of mine provides us with a lavish crash pad and so much cocaine, you could have made a sandwich with it.

CORPUS CHRISTI

We wake up late, make a wrong turn, and barrel down swampy Texas rural roads for six hours, nearly missing our gig. The air is so moist and thick, you can slice solid cubes of it with a butter knife. And in the morning, there are crickets. Millions of crickets. Crawling on everything. We flee from the Gulf of Mexico as if it threatened to swallow us whole.

FORT WORTH

It's over 400 miles through pissed-off Texas heat to our next gig. The theater seems huge and the crowd loves us. Then it takes a LONG time for us to get paid. Then we spend a hair-raising hour-and-a-half ride as the shiner-bearing woman who's offering her home as a crash pad careens through the dull flatlands between Dallas and Fort Worth. As I finally lay down to sleep, I'm informed that our guitarist has been complaining about me. I bound of out bed and head outside to confront him IN MY UNDERWEAR. We eventually talk through our difficulties. The next day is spent in whip-sharp heat as we change the van's oil and front brakes, swatting greasily at Texas mosquitoes.

ALBUQUERQUE

A long time ago, God ate some tainted nachos and had diarrhea, resulting in the City of Albuquerque. Halfway through our third song in a small downtown club, I have the distinct feeling that I may pass out from shortness of breath, not realizing the mountain air would make it much harder to sing. I cut our set short a couple of songs and barely survive. The crowd is rough and ugly, leaving a battlefield of broken glass on the floor after the show. I accidentally drop my new Motorola Razr cell phone on the sidewalk outside the club, breaking it beyond repair. I was calling the person—Bill Nevins—who'd offered his place as a crash pad in exchange for a couple spots on the guest list. Minutes before the phone broke, I had called Bill and heard him pick up inside the club (I could hear Hank's band Assjack playing in the background) before he hung up on me. Mr. Bill Nevins, you got to see a free show and we had to waste money on another flea-bit hotel room. I fucking HATE Albuquerque, and I hate you too, Bill Nevins.

TEMPE, AZ

Ridiculous screaming desert hell-heat, but a huge crowd which gobbled up a lot of our merchandise made for one of the more pleasant shows so far. The magic mushrooms some of us ate before motoring through the blowtorch-windy Mojave Desert all night also seemed to lift the mood. During one mystical moment, a band member mistakenly thought we had called him a wolf. For the record, we did not call him a wolf.

(continued on next page)

A WRITER TAKES A WILD, WOOLLY, CROSS-COUNTRY HAYRIDE
AS THE OPENING ACT FOR **HANK WILLIAMS III**

COUNTRY SINGER

(continued from previous page)

SAN DIEGO

If you took a Saltine cracker and removed all the salt, then placed it amid perfect weather, that cracker would still have more personality than the city of San Diego. We play a sold-out gig at the House of Blues. The crowd makes whooping and hollering noises during our set, but the naturally blond contingent of passive-aggressive, scone-eating liberals only snaps up \$32 worth of merchandise from us all night. San Diego sucks not only sucks dick, it does a sloppy job sucking a small, boring dick.

LOS ANGELES

Over the past couple weeks I have become more confident in using my innate pelvic charisma to work a crowd, and the sweaty faux-billy minions at the Roxy in West Hollywood graciously lap up our 40-minute heapin' helpin' of musical biscuits 'n' gravy. The next morning, our van blows a tire as we ascend the notoriously treacherous "Grapevine" highway north of LA. During the three or four hours it took to resolve this crisis, the Peach and I frolic blissfully under the barely warm California sun. I develop a severe, skin-molting sunburn as a result.

SAN FRANCISCO

It never, ever, ever gets hot in this foggy, fag-friendly fiefdom, and the blustery mid-50s winds chill my sunburned Caucasian hide. It feels as if a summer cold is sprouting in my chest. Several invited friends show up for the show—everyone except the one who only hours before had promised his home as a crash pad. We wound up paying way too much for a hotel room in Berkeley. Otherwise, you know, it was San Francisco—a nice lesbian lady gave me the club's wireless password. Stuff like that.

GARBERVILLE, CA

Easily the weirdest gig of the tour so far—we play an outdoor concert on an open farm in the middle of forest-shrouded Humboldt County, CA, home of the best weed in the world. Pregnant white women with dreadlocks. Children wrestling. People playing the hacky-sack and doing their tribal white dances. Satan's Grandson gives us what seems like a hundred pills. Local farmers shove felonious amounts of local herbs in our hands. We take a break from the merch table to plow through the crowd and get close to the stage during Hank III's country set. As he and the band slither through "The Legend of D. Ray White," he seems like the greatest performer alive. I was really high, but that's what it seemed like.

PORTLAND

This was the most highly anticipated date of the tour—a homecoming for Power of County and a triumphantly arrogant fuck-you-I'm-still-alive-and-doing-better-than-you gesture on my part toward the rainy li'l town that went out of its way to make me miserable for nearly a dozen years. I expected some sort of trouble, but my numerous apprehensions about this show were all for naught—the crowd cheered us as if we were The Beatles, none of my psycho exes showed up to torment me, and I allegedly traded books for drugs with a member of a rival scooter club.

SEATTLE

By the time we roll into the city of the Space Needle and Free Needle Exchanges, my lobsterlike sunburn and the chilly West Coast temperatures have combined to give me a chest cold and a sore throat that reduced my voice to a series of rusty squeaks and wheezes. I am freaking out by late afternoon, and

during sound check I throw my pipin'-hot cup of Throat Coat herbal tea against a club wall in frustration. I inform Hank that I don't think I'll be able to sing. He takes me into a small room, plies me with a series of throat and cold medications, and delivers a country-singer pep talk: "Man, there were times I went out there with *nothin'*, but I had to sing. There were times Johnny Cash went out there with *nothin'*, but he did it, man." Inspired, I take his advice. I go out there with *nothin'*. Through fourteen songs, my voice sounds like screeching train brakes. The tiny club seems severely oversold and overheated. A moist chunk of drunken chubby white flesh extends from one wall of the venue to the other.

I'm soaked in sweat as if I just dove in a pool. I look down, and my fucking forearms are sweating. Sweat rolls down the back of my legs. I've never felt hotter and sicker in my life. I fear I might die. I don't. As a booby prize, the tour continues.

BOISE

The band lineup changes for the tour's remainder: After Seattle, Matt (acoustic guitar) and Erik (steel guitar) drop off and are replaced by a journeyman guitarist named Justin. He seems a little too wholesome to be real, but we now have more space in the van. Justin's first taste of this particular tour involves a 500-mile trek from Seattle, only to have the club's fire alarm go off during our first song. The entire club, including us, is forced to evacuate. Our set is cut short by about eight songs, which is OK with me since my voice still sounds like shit. A fat, hairy person calling himself Josh Bradley offers us a place to sleep, only to renege when he realizes we actually want to sleep instead of accompanying his lumpy ass to more

bars in order to augment his already substantial alcoholic intoxication.

DENVER

To get to Denver from Boise, you cross through eight hundred and thirty miles of Mormons. Lots of flies, too, at least in summertime. Asshole flies, too—the kind that don't leave you alone. After popping half of a Xanax bar, I am finally able to sleep in the van—on the dirty floor close to the warm engine as we crawl over cold Utah mountains in the middle of the night. I am still comatose as we stop at a Colorado gas station, and when the drummer grabs my ankle to force my leg back into the van so he can close the side doors, I believe I threaten to kick him in the head. I am now profoundly sorry for this indiscretion. But don't go wrenchin' a sleeping man's ankle. You risk getting kicked in the head.

LINCOLN, NE

Nebraska seems to exist only to make the other 49 states feel better about themselves. After only three hours of sleep on a hardwood Denver floor, we shoveled through another five hundred blazing miles of burnt wheat and corn to play a joint called Knickerbockers, second only to El Corazon in Seattle for its overheated/suffocation factor. Tornado-like weather conditions brew outside the club. We blessedly find two cheap hotel rooms near the Lincoln airport—one for the band, one for me and the Peach. I fuck the shit out of her. Our moods improve.

SPRINGFIELD, MO

We eat breakfast in Nebraska. Nowhere in this great nation—not in the Deep South, nor Texas, nor the craggy Northwestern badlands—did we get as many suspicious looks as we did from the highly unpleasant denizens of the Cornhusker State. It's the only place on the entire tour where people stopped in their tracks and stared at me disapprovingly when I'd use the word "fuck." We drive another three-hundred-plus miles through yet more corn heading toward Springfield, MO, a small urban shitstain smeared amid the beautiful Ozarks. As we plunge southward into Missouri, I smell and feel and taste the sweet,

beautiful humidity that tells me I'm getting closer to home.

KANSAS CITY

OK, yeah, I like the humidity, but it's still so fucking hot, I feel like throwing up. The sun seems as if it's aimed at me through a magnifying glass. KC is OK by me, though—it's much as I remember it from twenty years ago—big, surprisingly sophisticated, and filled with fountains. It's one of the few places we've been on





Austin. We were going to crash at the clubhouse of some local bikers until we saw them run a move on somebody in the crowd accused of harassing one of their friends.

ST. LOUIS

The club—Pop’s—is actually situated in Sauget, IL, across the Mississippi River from St. Louis but within view of the Gateway Arch. Pop’s serves liquor 24 hours a day. It’s directly south of East St. Louis, IL, long thought to be the worst ghetto in the USA. For 360 degrees around the club, you see nothing but smokestacks and strip joints and high-tension wires. To my discriminating mind, it’s the most beautiful panorama of the whole trip. Merely standing outside this club may give me cancer, but this tour of duty is nearly over.

INDIANAPOLIS

I smile like a gay chipmunk the whole way from St. Louis to Indy. We have the crowd eating from our hands—we’re pros at this point. I thank Hank, and he thanks us. We climb aboard the van one last time and joyfully retire to our pair of blood-splattered motel rooms. The next afternoon the band drops us off at the Greyhound station. We pick up our car in Memphis, take a one-day Jacuzzi-room vacation in Nashville, and then head back home to Atlanta.

MY FRIENDS ALL SAID WE WERE GOOD, but

what do you expect them to say? Other reviews were mixed. Still, we never got booed once throughout the tour, which is something of a miracle for an opening band. Either we were really good, or the crowds were really fucking polite. We plowed through the hottest



parts of the country during the hottest part of the year with scant money and no air conditioning, and we pulled it off without killing each other. That’s close to a miracle, my friend.

Days seemed to blow by without a minute’s worth of rest. A typical day seemed to involve two hours of sleep on a stranger’s floor, five hundred miles of driving, a three-hour sound check, forty minutes of performing, four hours of selling merch, and then three hours of scrambling to find a place to crash before it all started again in the morning. We crammed together in that van as if we were illegal immigrants, and I believe I sweated away ten pounds of salt during the tour. I grew weary of eating food from gasoline stations and after a while was constipated to the point where I felt like I was walking around with a car battery inside me.

I love to travel, but “the road” kinda blows. It tests a man’s last nerve. There are great, flat stretches of this grand, expansive nation which are entirely unremarkable and interchangeable. You don’t see much beyond the Interstates and the three blocks surrounding each club.

The tour ended only days ago, but I still feel road-lagged and scrambled. Two nights ago, I fell asleep in bed while chewing on a piece of bread. I’m still so tired, I feel as if someone has sucked away most of my spinal fluid with a straw.

But even though I’m a whiny wannabe Heeb who’d find a way to complain while walking on a rainbow leading to heaven, I’m not complaining. We had a better financial deal than most opening bands at a similar level, and Hank III gave me a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Besides, the drugs were mostly free and the applause was nice, too.

Unlike Hank Williams III, music is not in my blood, but I will always enjoy confusing people. I am no longer a country singer, but for a time...for a brief time that seemed like an eternity...I was. And with one foot on the monitor, pointing at people in the crowd, for one fleeting moment in a very important way—even though it was all in my head—I WAS driving a semi truck. I *felt* it, I swear.

tour where I’d actually consider living. For once, I’m going to take a deep breath and not bitch about a place. A rabid reader of mine from across the river in Kansas City, KS, offers us his home as a crash pad, infuriating his fiancée. Without their knowledge and without asking them, I use some of their toothpaste.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA

It’s so dismally hot and muggy, I feel as if I’m walking around inside a Jacuzzi fully clothed. The setup is nearly as weird as in Garberville—we do a late-afternoon show outdoors in the parking-lot area of a saloon near a landfill, surrounded by quiet Midwestern houses. This town, quite obviously, has been forgotten. The crowd, apparently composed mostly of bikers, meth heads, and meth-head bikers, may be the roughest of the entire tour. Yet in personal comments at the show, as well as in subsequent weblog entries, Iowa concertgoers both male and female referred to me as “scary.” One die-hard stage-diver apparently snapped his neck during Hank III’s show, then allegedly pleaded with attending paramedics to at least turn him around so he could continue watching the set. So who’s scary?

MINNEAPOLIS

Well, bless my soul and deep-fry my sweet-potato chips in lard, but we be playin’ at the club where Prince played in *Purple Rain*! I happen to think Prince is an overrated interracial woodland elf and that Minneapolis is an annoyingly “progressive” whitebread town—a frozen Portland—but our show was well-received by the city’s snooty Nordic types and our stay was made more pleasant at a friend’s upscale, castle-like digs. He even gave us a big bag of free homemade soap to take along with us! I believe I chose a bar of “Lavender Rain.”

CHICAGO

We barrel over 420 miles through searing-hot, boring-as-fuck Illinois to arrive at a large club tucked into a shopping center a good hour outside of downtown Chicago. We eat dinner at a White Castle across the parking lot. Illicit substances are insufflated with some friends. My legs get wobbly and I feel like throwing up. It doesn’t help that the friend’s crash pad is perched atop six rickety flights of stairs. I retain my stomach’s contents, even after we eat more White Castles after midnight...and for breakfast.



STURGEON BAY, WI

We play a solo gig for maybe thirty people at a tiny roadhouse tucked deep in the woods on this gorgeous, remote Wisconsin peninsula, yet we take in our biggest one-night cash haul of the entire tour, as well as free hotel rooms and full breakfast (with repeat helpings of cherry juice) in the morning. The fine, upscale white folks of this rural fishing community seem to dig what we’re doing, even if we’re not even sure exactly what that is. My finely toned abdomen bursts with excitement at the knowledge that there are only three shows left. There is light at the end of this long, dirty tunnel. There is light, my friends—there is light.

MADISON, WI

Madison is the Austin of the North—a self-congratulatory “progressive” oasis amid a reputedly backward, cow-chip-tossing state. It is also as overpriced and boring as

DANCE CLUBS

ACES HIGH GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 2

722 E. Burnside [503] 233-7855
Tues-Thu, Sun 7pm, Fri/Sat Mon 5pm—1 stage, full bar, full menu, cigars

ACROPOLIS 1

8325 SE McLoughlin [503] 231-9611

Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, full menu, cigars

THE BIG BANG 56

11051 SW Barbur Blvd. [503] 244-3320

Daily 2pm-2:30am—full bar, full menu

BLUSH 4

5145 SE McLoughlin Blvd [503] 236-1131

Mon-Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat Noon-2:30am, Sun 7pm-2:30am

2 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery

BOOM BOOM ROOM 29

8345 SW Barbur Blvd. [503] 244-7630

Daily 2pm-2am—1 stage, full bar, wine, food, lottery

BOTTOMS UP! 6

16900 NW St. Helens [503] 621-9844

M-Thu 12pm-12am Fri-Sat noon-2am Sun 12n-10pm

1 stage, full bar, food

CABARET 5

503 W Burnside [503] 525-4900

Daily 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CABARET II 8

17544 SE Stark [503] 252-3529

Mon-Sat Noon-2:30am, Sun 3pm-2:30am

3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CARNIVAL 59

330 SW 3rd Ave. [503] 227-1527

Tues-Fri 4pm-4am, Sat-Sun 6pm-4am—18+ juice bar, nude dancers, private shows

CLUB 82 49

4229 SE 82nd Ave [503] 774-2907

Daily 10:30am-2:30am—full bar, food

COCKTAILS AND DREAMS 52

3620 SE 35th [503] 238-7787

Mon-Sat 11-2:30 Sunday 3pm-2:30am—4 stages, full bar, food

DANCIN' BARE 14

8440 N Interstate [503] 285-9073

Daily 11:30am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

DEVILS POINT 11

5305 SE Foster [503] 774-4513

Daily 11am-2:30am—topless dancing, burlesque, bands, full bar, lottery

THE DOLPHIN I 18

17180 SE McLoughlin [503] 654-9366

Daily 11:30am-2am—3 stages, full bar, food

THE DOLPHIN II 54

10360 SW Beaverton Hills. Hwy. [503] 627-0666

Daily 11:30am-2am—4 stages, full bar, food, lottery

DOUBLE DRIBBLE TAVERN 21

13550 SE Powell [503] 760-7096

Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, beer & wine, food

DREAM ON SALOON 25

15920 SE Stark [503] 253-8765

Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 1pm-2am—2 stages, full bar, food

DV8 22

5021 SE Powell Blvd. [503] 788-7178

Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

EXOTICA INTERNATIONAL 5

240 NE Columbia [503] 285-0281

Daily 11am-2:30am—5 stages, full bar, full menu, VIP room

HAWTHORNE STRIP 16

100B SE Hawthorne [503] 232-9516

Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, full menu, lottery

HOTTIES 53

10140 SW Canyon Rd. [503] 643-7377

Sun-Wed 6pm-2am, Thurs-Sat 6pm-6am

2 stages, juice bar, after hours, dj, dancing

JD'S BAR 'N' GRILL 24

4523 NE 60th [503] 288-9771

Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, beer & wine, food

JIGGLES 7

7455 SW Nyberg Rd. [503] 692-3655

Mon-Thu 3pm-3am, Fri-Sat 3pm-4am, Sun 6pm-3am

18+ juice bar, beautiful women

JODY'S BAR & GRILL 26

12035 NE Glisan [503] 255-5039

Daily 7am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

MAGIC GARDENS 28

217 NW 4th [503] 224-8472

M-Sat 12n-2:30am Sun 6pm-2:30am

1 stage, full bar, food

MARY'S CLUB 30

129 SW Broadway [503] 227-3023

Daily 11:30am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, snacks, lottery

MONTEGO'S 31

15826 SE Division [503] 761-7293

1pm-2am, 7 Days—2 stages, full bar, food

NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE 32

2460 NW 24th [503] 227-5384

Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am Sat 11am-2:30am

1 stage, full bar, food

THE PALLAS 10

13639 SE Powell [503] 760-8128

Mon-Sa 11:30am-2:30am Sun 3pm-2:30am

3 stages, full bar, food

PIRATE'S COVE 40

7417 NE Sandy [503] 287-8900

Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

POP-A-TOP PUB 35

6210 NE Columbia [503] 281-3212

Mon-Sa 10am-2:30am, Sun 3pm-7:30am—3 stages, beer & wine, food

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 38

545 SE Tacoma [503] 232-6813

Mon-Sa 10am-2:30am Su 1pm-1am—2 stages, full bar, food

ROOSTER'S 42

605 N Columbia [503] 289-1351

Mon-Sa 11am-2am Su 12pm-12am—beer & wine, snacks

SAFARI SHOWCLUB 17

3000 SE Powell [503] 231-9199

Daily 10am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

SASSY'S BAR & GRILL 41

927 SE Morrison [503] 231-1606

Daily 10:30am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food, lottery, pool

SOOBIE'S 12

333 SE 122nd [503] 253-8892

Daily 11:30am-2:30am

2 stages, full bar, bento & teriyaki cuisine

STARS CABARET 19

4570 SW Lombard Ave. [503] 350-0868

Mon-Sat 11am-2:00am, Sun 4pm-2am—4 stages, full bar, food

THE SUNSET STRIP 50

10205 SW Parkway [503] 297-8466

Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 5pm-2:30am

2 stages, full bar & menu, VIP lounge, champagne room

TOMMY'S 23

3532 SE Powell Blvd. [503] 234-6033

Daily 11am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

TOMMY'S TOO 43

10335 SE Foster [503] 771-3544

Daily 11am-2am—2 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery

TOMMY'S III 57

8000 SE Foster [503] 230-0047

Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am Sun 10am-2:30am

2 stages, full bar, wine, full menu, lottery

TOP HATS AND TAILS 9

4579 NE Cully Blvd. [503] 493-9169

Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 3pm-2:30am

1 stage, full bar, full menu, lottery, pool

THE VIEWPOINT 55

82nd & NE Killingsworth [503] 254-0191

Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

3 stages, Full Bar, Food

UNION JACKS 45

938 E. Burnside [503] 236-1125

Daily 2pm-2:30am—2 stages, Full Bar, Food

92ND STREET CLUB 33

5933 SE 92nd St. [503] 771-6966

Daily 11am-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food, Lottery

505 CLUB 34

505 NW Burnside, Gresham [503] 666-2286

Daily 11am-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food, Lottery

BUSINESSES

ACE OF HEARTS 123

3533 SE 39th [503] 727-3580

Fri & Sat 8pm-4am—couples, single women & select single men

ADULT VIDEO ONLY STORES 136

Vancouver: 10620 NE 4th Plain Rd. [360] 253-2806

Mon-Thu 8am-midnight Fri-Sat 8am-1am Sun 8am-11pm

Videos, mags, arcade, toys

ALL ADULT VIDEO 101

14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd [503] 652-2004

Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, arcade, toys

AREA 69 121

7720 SE 82nd Ave [503] 774-5544

Daily 10am-2am—videos, magazines, toys, novelties

BLUE SPOT VIDEO 102

3232 NE 82nd [503] 251-8944

Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys, arcade

BUTTERFLY'S 105

5040 SE Milwaukie Ave #139 [503] 239-8028

Wed-Sat 11am-6pm—dancewear and custom clothing

CASTLE MEGASTORE 115

9815 SW Capital Hwy [503] 768-9305

Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, novelties, toys

CATHIE'S 103

8201 SE Powell #H [503] 771-9979

Daily 9am-12am—videos, mags, toys, lingerie

CENTERFOLD SUITES 208

314 W Burnside, Suite 300 [503] 222-9823

Mon-Thu 10am-4am Fri-Sat 24 hours Sun noon-4am—private lingerie modeling

CINDY'S BOOKSTORE 104

NW 4th and W Burnside [503] 222-1554

Mon-Fri 8am-1am Sat-Sun 9am-1am—videos, mags, toys, arcade

D.K. WILDS 106

13355 SW Henry [503] 643-6645

Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys, arcade, leather

DUKE'S ADULT BOOKSTORE 129

13560 SE Powell Blvd [503] 774-4566

Daily 10am-8pm—videos/rental, mags, toys

EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 207

5620 NE MLK Blvd. [503] 493-3944

Daily 4pm-midnight—adult novelties, videos, mags, toys

FANTASY ADULT VIDEO (6) 169

3137 NE Sandy [503] 239-6969 - 24 Hours

6440 SW Coronado [503] 244-6969 - 24 Hours

8445 SE McLoughlin [503] 238-6969 - 24 Hours

1512 W Burnside [503] 295-6969 - 24 Hours

10720 SW Beaverton Hillsdale Hwy [503] 235-6969

15336 SE 82nd Dr. [503] 203-6969

Videos, arcade, mags, novelties, large selections!

FANTASYLAND (2) 100

5228 SE Foster Rd. [503] 775-0094

16014 SE 82nd Dr. [503] 655-4667

Daily 24 hours—ideos, mags, arcade, toys

FASCINATIONS 127

9515 SE 82nd Ave. [503] 774-4345

Mon-Thu 8am-1am, Fri-Sat 8am-2am, Sun Noon-Mid.

Videos, mags, toys, novelties, lingerie and much more!

FAT COBRA VIDEO (2) 107

5940 N Interstate [503] 247-DICK [3425]

5501 NW St. Helens Rd. [503] 222-0180

Daily 10am-4am—videos, magazines, toys, novelties, leather, arcades

FOXXY'S 133

8405 NE Fremont St. [503] 255-1390

Noon - Midnight Daily

Lingerie Modeling & Pampering for Men

FROLICS 112

8845 NE Sandy Blvd. [503] 408-9640

Daily 24 hours—videos, arcade, novelties, dancers

THE FUTURE 122

931 SW Oak St. [503] 241-0875

Mon-Thurs 11am-6pm, Fri-Sat 11am-7pm, Sun 1pm-6pm

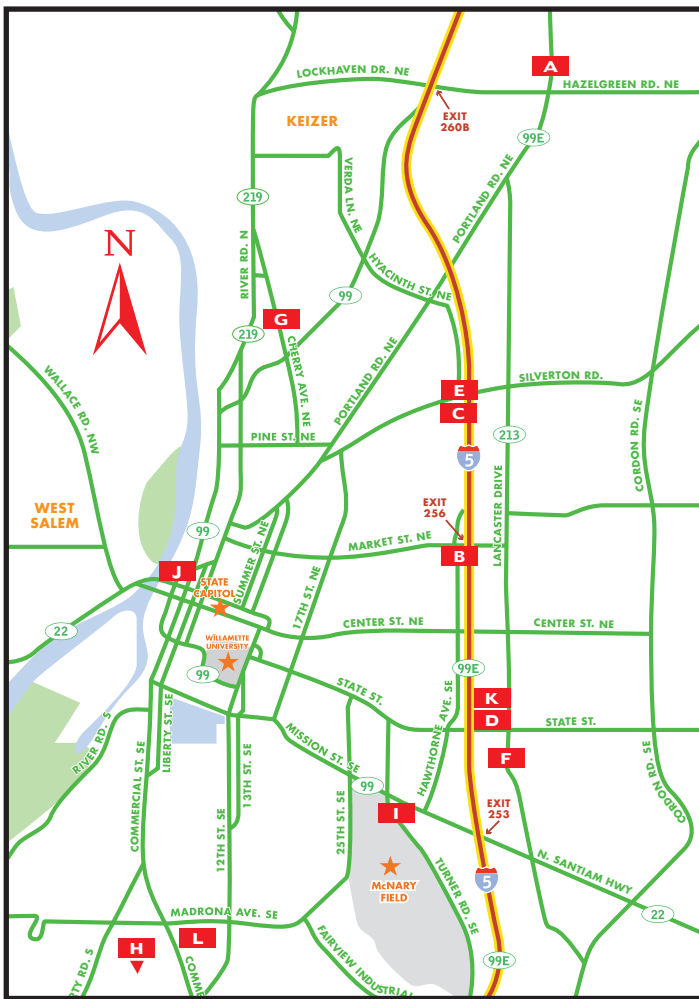
shoes, costumes, clubwear, fetishwear

HEAVEN'S CLOSET 119

5429 SE 72nd Ave. [503] 771-1695

Call for hours—Clothing, shoes and accessories

JARDIN 204



SALEM

- ADULT SHOP F**
155 Lancaster Drive Se
(503) 585-8288
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- ADULT SHOP G**
3113 River Road
(503) 390-4371
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
10am - Midnight / 7 Days
- ADULT SHOP H**
5530 Commercial St Se
(503) 763-6754
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- ADULT SHOP I**
2410 Mission St. S
(503) 763-3556
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- BOB'S ADULT BOOKS D**
3815 State Street
(503) 363-3846
Adult Books, Videos, 63 Ch Arcade,
And Mini-theatre
9am - 2am / 7 Days
- CHEETAH'S C**
3453 Silverton Road
(971) 327-8777
Juice Bar, Special Shows
6pm - Close / 7 Days
- THE FIREHOUSE A**
5782 Portland Road NE
(503) 393-4782
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery
11am - 2am / 7 Days
- LA DONNA'S EXOTIC LOUNGE J**
940 Commercial St. Ne
(503) 371-9011
Full Bar, Full Menu, 2 Stages
Mon - Sat 11am - 2:30am, Sun 4pm - 2:30am

- PRESLEY'S PLAYHOUSE L**
3803 Commercial St.
(503) 371-1565
Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole
Mon - Sat 11:30am - 2:30am, Sun 3pm - 2:30am
- ROMEO'S VIP CLUB K**
3815 State St.
(503) 363-0401
18+ Over, Lingerie Modeling
Mon - Thurs 10am - 2am, Fri - Sat 10am - 4am,
Sun 4pm - Midnight
- SPICE VIDEO E**
3473 Silverton Road
(503) 370-7080
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- STARS CABARET B**
1550 Weston Ct NE
(503) 370-8063
Full Bar, Full Menu, Sports Room, 4 Stages
Mon - Sat 11am - 2:30am, Sun 4pm - 2:30am

ALBANY

- ADULT SHOP**
3404 Spicer Drive Se / (541) 812-2522
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

ASTORIA

- ANNIE'S UPERTOWN TAVERN**
2897 Marive Drive / (503) 325-1102
Beer & Wine, Dancers, Full Menu, Lottery
Mon - Sat 4pm - 2am

BEND

- IMAGINE THAT**
197 NE Third St. / (541) 312-8100
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
24 Hours / 7 Days

- PLEASURE WORLD**
1843 NE 3rd St. / (541) 317-9723
Videos, Novelties, Lingerie, Books
Open 9am - 2am Daily

- STARS CABARET**
197 NE Third St. / (541) 388-4081
Full Bar, Full Menu, Beautiful Dancers
Mon. - Sat. 11am - 2am, Sun. 4pm - 2am

COOS BAY

- BACHELOR'S INN**
63721 Edwards Rd. / (541) 266-8827
1 Stage, Full Bar, Full Menu
Mon - Sat 4pm - 2am, Sun 6pm - 2am

CORVALLIS

- ADULT SHOP**
2315 9th St Nw / (541) 754-7039
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
10am - 2am / 7 Days

EUGENE

- ADULT SHOP**
290 River Road
(541) 688-5411
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- ADULT SHOP**
720 Garfield Street
(541) 345-2873
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- B&B DISTRIBUTORS**
710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties,
Viewing Room (Watch Or Be Watched!)
24 Hours / 7 Days
- IMAGINE THAT**
2727 Willamette / (541) 767-6816
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Lotions & Creams
24 Hours / 7 Days
- THE NILE**
1030 Highway 99 / (541) 688-1869
Bar, Food, Dancers
Mon-sat 12noon - 2am, Sun 3pm-12am
- SILVER DOLLAR CLUB**
2620 W 10th Place / (541) 485-2303
Beer & Wine, Food, Dancers W/ 3 Stages
Mon - Sat 11:30am - 2:30am, Sun 6pm - 2:30am

GERVAIS

- LAST CHANCE SALOON**
12157 Portland Rd. / (503) 792-5100
Beer, Wine, Lottery W/ 1 Stages
Sun - Thu Noon - Midnight, Fri - Sat Noon - 2:30am

KLAMATH FALLS

- THE ALIBI**
5711 S 6th St. / (541) 882-0145
1 Stage, Beer and Wine, Lottery
Sun - Mon 3pm - Midnight, Tues - Sat 3pm - 2:30am

LINCOLN CITY

- IMAGINE THAT II**
2159 Nw Hwy 101, Suite C / (541) 996-6600
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty
Gifts
Sun - Thu 10am - 10pm, Fri - Sat 10am-mid

MEDFORD

- ADULT LAND**
2755 South Pacific Highway / (541) 770-5493
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Arcade
Mon - Thu 9am - 10pm, Fri & Sat 10am - Mid.
Sundays 10am - 9pm
- ADULT SHOP**
261 Barnett Road / (541) 772-5220
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

UMATILLA

- ADULT SHOP**
261 Barnett Road / (541) 772-5220
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

- ADULT SHOP**
3340 North Pacific Highway / (541) 776-9964
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes
Mon - Thu 10am - 9pm, Fri & Sat 10am - 10pm
Closed On Sundays

- CASTLE MEGASTORE**
1113 Progress Drive / (541) 608-9540
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes
9am - 1am / 7 Days

- THE OFFICE**
3 South Riverside / (541) 772-4079
Full Bar, Full Menu
Mon - Fri Noon - 2am, Sat & Sun 2pm - 2am

NEWPORT

- SPICE VIDEO**
611 SW Coast Hwy. / (541) 574-6969
Videos, Magazines, Multi-Channel Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

PRINEVILLE

- DOMESTIC DESIRES**
123 NE 4th St. / (541) 233-2518
Lingerie, DVD's, Toys, and much more!
Tues - Thurs 12pm - 7pm, Fri - Sat 12pm - 11pm

REDMOND

- THE FAN**
413 SW Glacier Ave. / (541) 548-4441
2 Stages, Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery, Pool
Sun - Mon 3pm - Midnight, Tues - Sat 3pm - 2am

RICE HILL

- ADULT SHOP**
45 Miles South Of Eugene
(Rice Hill Exit #148 Off Of I-5)
726 John Long Road / (541) 849-3344
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

ROSEBURG

- FILLED WITH FUN**
2498 Old Highway 99E South / (541) 957-3741
Novelties, Videos/Rentals, Arcade, Toys, Magazines
Mon - Sat 9am - Midnight, Sun Noon - Midnight

SPRINGFIELD

- B & B ADULT VIDEO**
2289 Olympic Street / (541) 726-7317
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room
24 Hours / 7 Days

- BRICK HOUSE**
136 4th Street / (541) 988-1612
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers, 1 Stage & 2 Cages!
Mon - Sat 3pm - 2:30am

- CASTLE MEGASTORE**
3270 Gateway / (541) 988-9226
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes
Sun - Thu 8am - 2am, Fri & Sat 8am - 3am

- CLUB 1444**
1444 Main Street / (541) 726-7299
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers And 1 Stage
Mon - Sat Noon - 2:30am, Sun 3pm - 2:30am

- EXCLUSIVELY ADULT**
1166 South A. Street / (541) 726-6969
Videos, Mags, Clothes, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

- SHAKERS BAR AND GRILL**
1195 Main Street / (541) 736-5177
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers
Noon - 2:30am Daily

SUNNY VALLEY

- CLUB 71**
102 Old Stage Rd. / (541) 761-5813
2 Stages, Full Bar, Full Menu
Mon - Thu 6pm - Mid, Fri - Sat 6pm-2am

THE DALLES

- ADULT SHOP**
3506 W 6th / (541) 298-1874
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
8am - 2am / 7 Days

UMATILLA

- MISS SALLY'S**
521 6th St. / (541) 922-2952
2 Stages, Juice Bar
Tues - Sun 7pm - 3am

- THE RIVERSIDE**
1501 6th St. / (541) 922-4112
2 Stages, Beer and Wine
Tues - Sun 6pm - 1:30am

**DID WE MISS A LOCATION?
LET US KNOW!**
PHONE 503.241.4317
FAX 503.914.0439
EMAIL xmag@qwest.net