

# Famous porn star salutes Oregon

Ron Jeremy brings his S&M sideshow and New York shtick to Portland for some good-natured fun

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Copy Editor

*Warning: If you are easily offended or just don't appreciate the freedom of expression we have here in Oregon, you don't have to read this!*

Ron Jeremy, the most famous male porn star in America, if not the world, is an unlikely hero. Also known as "The Hedgehog," he is rotund, hairy and short, with pudgy cheeks and jowls (making him look more like a chipmunk, actually). Therein lies his appeal—this homely non-Adonis can bed millions of beautiful women, and thousands watch him do so.

A clean and sober guy who holds a master's degree in education, Ron took the stage at Dante's on Burnside Saturday night, April 20, wearing a "BLOW ME a kiss" t-shirt and telling Oregon jokes. One went something like "What's the Oregon idea of foreplay?... Jump in the truck, baby!" But it was all in good spirits, and the enamored audience went along for the ride.

The "spit or swallow contest" sounded a lot dirtier than it turned out. One woman and three guys volunteered to go on stage and be blindfolded. They were then spoon-fed by the show's carnay, while Ron went off to do business elsewhere.

First came the cottage cheese, washed down with clam juice, followed by Spam (he said it wasn't dog food, at least). The first one to spit it out was the lone female, so she got booted from the stage with the expected heckling. Then the guys had to slip down oily anchovies with a chaser of spicy kim chee. Eventually a spit-free winner survived this ordeal-by-swallowing, fun and novel prizes given, and Ron got called out to do his show.

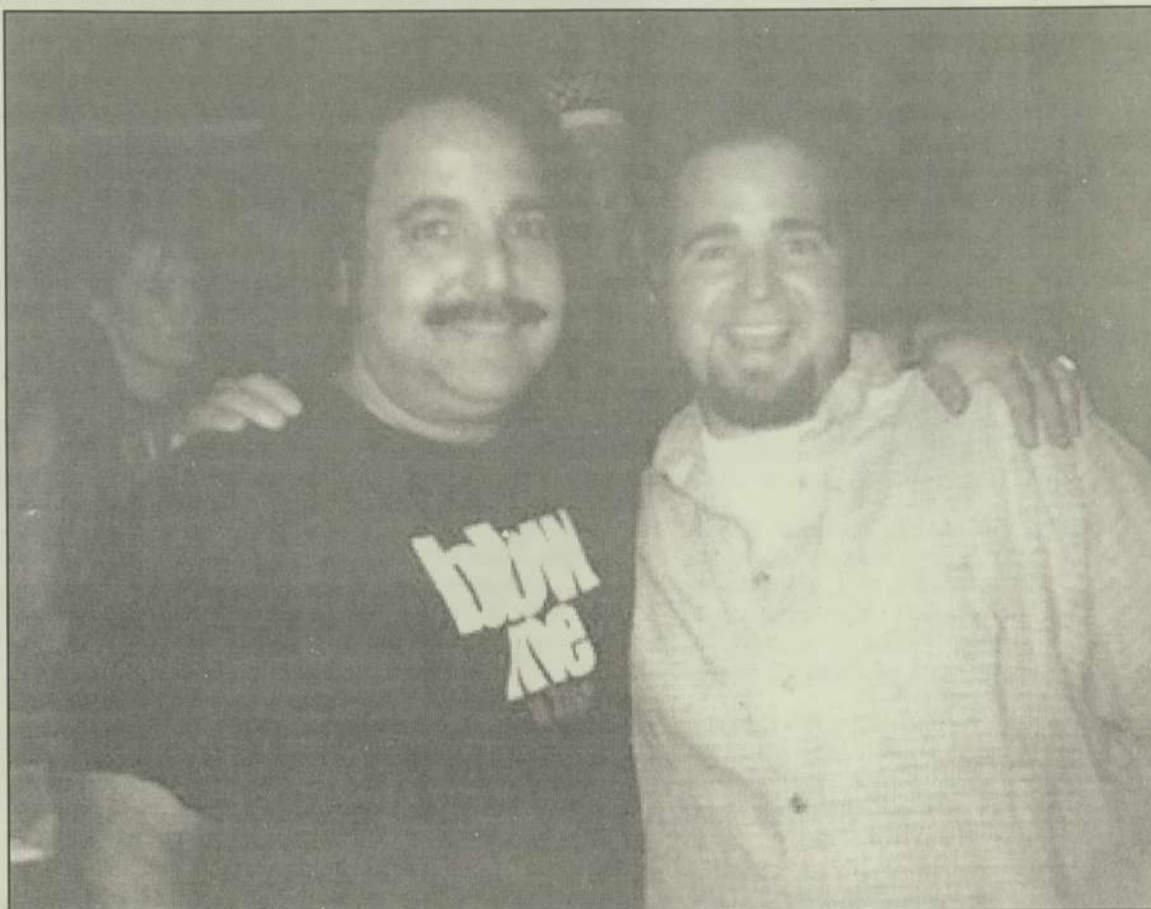


PHOTO CONTRIBUTED BY MORGAN ALLEN

Ron Jeremy and a happy fan, CCC student Morgan Allen, pose for a picture at Jeremy's S&M show. Allen told the porn star, "Thank you for making porn fun." Ron replied true to character: "No problem, baby."

It wasn't entirely his show though. He chose 10 more-than-willing female audience members to join him onstage for a friendly competition. Ron questioned each on certain preferences—it didn't take much goading for them to answer his personal questions. Each one demonstrated interesting techniques (bananas were involved) and "expressed" herself. The sounds of wounded zoo animals came to mind a few times. Only one lady bowed out along the way. Ron let them go topless, no more, and they couldn't turn it up too high. He reminded a couple of over-enthusiastic contestants with "Not that, baby, I don't want to go

to jail." He didn't realize until late in the show that the girls could go bottomless here, which was probably a good thing.

These chicks weren't getting paid with anything but Ron's attention and crowd votes, and that's all they seemed to need. It really made his job as master of ceremonies quite easy and enjoyable. It wasn't really offensive, except for the lady whose son was in the crowd. Ewww.

Ron summed it up at one point during the show: "It's Oregon, baby—I love this place." Other states aren't so allowing for the uninhibited. He added, "Yeah, baby, you can't go topless in

*"It's Oregon, baby—I love this place... Yeah, baby, you can't go topless in Washington."*

Ron Jeremy  
Porn star

Washington."

The people were all warm and happy and definitely not uptight. Many found new friends. A whole lotta dancin' and lovin' goin' on. The oil wrestling with two bikini-clad props was tame and lame—it's been done better. Ron set up camp in another room to sell pho-

tos and merchandise of his gloriously cheesy self. He posed for Polaroids with adoring fans at 10 bucks a pop, with an autograph. As one guy in line said "C'mon, it's Ron Jeremy." 'Nuf said.

The Hedgehog, a 48-year-old Jew from New York, has been seen on miles of XXX-rated celluloid for the past 20 years but has always wanted to be a "legit" actor. But his real niche is in the very funny and generally harmless fun of his sideshow, where he eggs on his participating audience to do outrageous acts and shoots out his comedy spiel. My Regrets took the stage during and after the side-

show: four skinny guys dressed as natty morticians in black suits and the nearly topless singer, Caleb Spiegel, looking like the handsome cadaver. Hot rock with a dark punk edge, reminding me of the old British band The Buzzcocks and NYC's Television. They've gotten some rave local press, especially in the Mercury, and sound like they deserve it. They have an EP and a full-length CD out, and a web site, [www.my-regrets.com](http://www.my-regrets.com). One of their next gigs is May 25 at Ohm in Portland with Camaro Hair (what a great name).

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