

THE OPENING ACT

It's February 14, 1988, Valentine's Day, and I'm working at the Chuck Landis Country Club in Reseda, California. Instead of our usual security guard, there's a topless woman wearing a G-string thong welcoming guests at the front entrance. Tonight is not an ordinary night of Rock and Roll bands. The venue has been rented out for the XRCO Awards show, which is the X-Rated Critics Organization awards show, often referred to as the Academy Awards of adult entertainment, or simply porn. All the biggest names in the industry are present: Jamie Gillis, Krista Lane, Amber Lynn, Porsche Lynn, Peter North, Ron Jeremy, Sharon Mitchell, and many others.

I'm standing behind the lighting board in the "crow's nest," a small mezzanine hanging down from the main balcony bar area on the second floor, directly above the center aisle of the club. It's the best seat in the house, my personal office. With a push of a button, I raise the main curtain and bring up the stage lights to kick off the ceremonies. The show has begun.

My spotlight operator opens up on a woman wearing a large pink feather boa, dancing at center stage to cabaret music. She's practically naked except for that string of feathers. I notice the club manager on the first floor starting to freak out; it seems he didn't fully comprehend what he was getting into when he agreed to host this event.

My coworker Tom comes back from the upstairs bar carrying two blended mudslides; a mudslide is a delicious, incredibly potent drink mixed up to taste like a chocolate milkshake, compliments of our friend and bartender, Bob. Tom joins me in the nest, and we raise our glasses in a toast to another exciting night. On the stage, a group of about a dozen mostly naked women join the feather boa dancer. They call themselves "The Pink Ladies Social Club" and are the opening act. They dance and make out with each other, captivating the enthusiastic audience. With each passing moment, they become even more revealing and sexy.

After the ladies finish their performance, the festivities are in full swing. Numerous awards are presented, including categories like Best Group Grope Scene, Orgasmic Oral Scene, and Lascivious Lesbian Scene. After some time, I leave Tom at the lightboard to stretch my legs.

As I climb the backstage stairs, I pass people drinking and socializing, kissing passionately, discussing business, and admiring each other's awards, among other things. Actors, directors, and presenters make their way on and off stage. Upstairs in the green room, about a hundred people are all crammed into a small space, many of them entwined and naked. Women with women, men with men, couples, trios, and more, all having sex and lots of fun from the look of things. It's quite an orgy!

At the end of the night, once all the awards are presented to the stars of the adult film industry, I find myself standing in the aisle at the top of the lower floor. People are milling about, bidding each other goodnight, finishing their drinks, and searching for a companion to spend the rest of the evening with. As I stand there, a stunning blonde woman approaches me from down the aisle. I recognize her instantly because earlier in the evening she received the Starlet of the Year award. I've heard that

Valentine's Day is her birthday. Her name is Porsche Lynn, after the famous sports car. She can't be coming to talk to me, can she? Apparently she is.

I notice the Yin-Yang symbol necklace she is wearing. "Hey, cool necklace," I say.

"Thanks. I've been getting into martial arts and spiritualism," she responds.

"That's interesting. Happy Birthday."

"Thank you! You're adorable!"

I feel myself blushing. We engage in small talk for a while before she gets to the reason she approached me.

"I was wondering, that guy over there, the one with the long blond hair and tight jeans—is he your friend?" she asks.

"Yeah, we work together. He's one of the sound guys, Ricky T."

"Could you introduce us?"

"Really? Why don't you just go over and talk to him?"

"Believe it or not, I'm a bit shy. Could you be a nice guy and introduce me, please?" She gives me a friendly snuggle.

"Sure, no problem."

I take her hand and bring her over to Ricky, introducing them to each other, and then I discreetly make my exit. After some time, I glance over and notice them leaving the club together. Ricky has a long-term girlfriend, but it's none of my business.

Just another night at work.