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LAST WEDNESDAY, THE CARNIVAL CAME TO PORTLAND. There were no tents set up, no elephants, no cotton candy, and only two clowns. However, the performance put on by these two clowns drew enough of a crowd to sell out the Roseland Theatre. Straight outta Detroit, Michigan, Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope of Insane Clown Posse (ICP) headlined their May 9th Portland appearance, alongside Twiztid (also of Detroit) and X-Clan, spewing left-field raps while dosing their highly energetic crowd with gallons of generic soda.

Most people would agree that the typical ICP album is far from Grammy-worthy. Although the production quality and originality of ICP's music are arguably impressive, the group has yet to set a precedent for amazing lyrical ability or to-be-respected street cred. The group does not frequent MTV screens, and you will never hear an ICP song on a Clear Channel-owned radio station.

Considering the above, what exactly is ICP's draw? How are they able to sell out the Roseland days before the show? The author of this article took four hours, a nineteen-year-old stripper, and fifty bucks to find out the answer.

My "date" and I arrived at the Roseland Theatre at six in the evening, an hour before doors opened. Instead of the usual bunch of emo kids huddled around coffee cups and cigarettes, we were greeted with (literally) hundreds of (again, literally) screaming fans, wrapping themselves in a U-shaped line that took up two-and-a-half city blocks. Although I was quite amped to see such a lively crowd at a Portland show, my date summarized the experience in a more reluctant tone: "They're twice my size, they stink, and I'm scared," Summer muttered shortly before being groped and then subsequently sprayed with soda pop by a dude painted up as a pumpkin.

Once inside, matters got more intense. Everyone was wearing a T-shirt sporting the logo of the group or their record label. Summer and I were the only two people in the place that didn't have something to the extent of "Fuck the Fuck Off" printed on our back. This wasn't a fan base we were among; it was a fucking subculture. Chanting, singing, and a combination of both was louder between sets than it was during opening performances.

Shortly after Twiztid's set, the lights dimmed as ICP hit the stage. When the first note of the first DJ scratch hit the speakers, the screaming from the crowd became louder than anything I've ever heard at a concert. Forget about a four-bar rap. All ICP needs is a snare drum, and they've got Beatlemania with Dicks. As the duo stepped onstage, the crowd became a sea of sweaty, fighting, awestruck bodies, all fighting for their two feet of space in a room that accommodates for no more than one.

Although far from Eminem and Twista's bastard cousins on the mic, ICP brought more than adequate presence in their stage performance, sounding quite...good! Beastie Boys-style hype, clear vocal presentation, and good timing made the experience enjoyable—what the fuck? Did I just get hit in the face with a two-liter of soda? Damn. Here comes another! Followed by a few more after that. OK, that was a pretty cool gimmick. I really hope they don't bring any more onstage. I wonder if Summer's doing okay; maybe I should get out of this pit and go looking for her.

Elbow to the face. Leg to the shoulder. 
More soda, this time in my eyes.

ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE SONGS INTO I.C.P.'S SET, I couldn't enjoy the music anymore, because I couldn't hear it. I also stopped worrying about my petite, lost, and potentially violated date. It was all a matter of fighting my way out of a sea of Juggalos (ICP fans) while the Roseland became one big mosh pit, and for the first time in my fifteen years of punk rock, hip-hop, and metal shows, I witnessed the facial expression of a scared security guard.

If given the chance to view an ICP performance from inside a plastic bubble, levitated ten feet above the crowd, and adjusted to eliminate crowd noise, the average concertgoer would be impressed. The duo seems to have a better vocal presence onstage than they do on disc, and a live DJ helps to get stiff necks nodding quite easily. The stage setup is interesting, if anything, and both J and 2 Dope impress the crowd with their ability to hold a mic in one hand while launching bottles of soda from the other. The DJ even has a plastic shield to protect his tables from becoming root-beer floats.

Most of the stage show and aural appeal is lost, however, once someone joins the crowd. Imagine a riot, without all those pesky cops and breakable storefront windows. Now add two ounces of teen angst, some acne, and a fat girl for every racially ambiguous guy. Multiply by five hundred, and you have yourself an ICP show.

The music coming out of the speakers might as well be Kenny G. The talent exhibited on an ICP album has about as much influence on the fan base as the talents listed in Miss May's biography has on Playboy's 'readers.' In other words, the draw at an ICP show is far from related to the lightly veiled superficial appeal contained in their albums.

Primal, uninhibited expression of raw energy is the Posse's real draw. The same urge that is allowed to be acted upon by kindergarteners at Chuck E. Cheese's exists in grownups as well. Rarely, though, do we express it. We know that we can't run into a crowded office building painted up as Gene Simmons and cover the place in generic soda. If Insane Clown Posse ran the world, shit would be different, but it is unlikely that J/2Dope/2008 bumper stickers will be popping up anytime soon. Therefore, it is at the ICP concert that these activities are fostered and encouraged. Fuck the rap. I want soda.

Summer, my date for the evening, was never seen again.
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Are you guilty? Of what? By the time this night (morning?) is over, you might be. Look around the room. There’s a good chance that someone here is going to jail tonight. Why? Because the government needs your money. Actually, it’s because someone may have been suspected of driving under the influence of the alcohol that they have consumed tonight, but the government still needs your money.

Do you want to know the one secret on how to get out of a DUI?

Inevitably, the question comes my way whenever someone learns that I am a DUI defense attorney: “Don’t you have to do the tests?”

No and yes.

No, you do not have to do the sobriety tests next to your car on that busy highway (in the rain and snow or sweltering heat). You can just say no. The officer will tell you (sterinely) that your “refusal” to submit to these tests will be used against you in a subsequent prosecution (and this should clue you in to exactly where he’s going with all this), but I tell my clients, “Huh, turns out that your CONSENT to DO the tests is being used against you in a subsequent prosecution!”

Either way, you’re screwed. (To be fair, most cops will say that they’ve had one or two in the past year or so that have actually passed these roadside gymnastics and they’ve been set free to go back to their driving...presumably to go and do more drinking.)

No, you don’t have to do the roadside gymnastics. They’re not easy, the cop has done them hundreds of times so he makes it LOOK easy, and... hey, you’ve been drinking!

Yes. You do have to blow into the hose on the machine. You CAN say no and refuse, but you get spanked for that. In Oregon, you lose your license for a MUCH longer time than if you blow and fail. Plus, you get hit with a fine for refusing...up to $1,000.

But bad things happen, too, if you blow and fail (.08 or higher). First, you lose your license for at least 90 days and up to one year. Second, they use that number to prosecute you, put you in jail, and take your license away again from between one year and the rest of your life!

So how do you know when you should blow and when you should say no?

It’s difficult to say. As your attorney, I’m not going to like the fact that we’re dealing with a breath-test result over .08. But then again, you probably don’t want to walk everywhere for the next year...or three, either.

As a general rule, there are no general rules! The best thing to do is to ask to call a lawyer. Don’t ask, insist...it’s your constitutional right! Chances are that you’re reading this somewhere between the hours of 9pm and 3am, so your chances of hooking into a lawyer at this time are very slim. But try anyhow. I’m doing a case as I write this for a high-profile figure who called his attorney twice and left lengthy voice messages. He didn’t get the consultation he was looking for, but he did create some evidence. (The cop said he was slurring his words so badly that he was incoherent...his attorney—and the tape—say otherwise.)

CALL A LAWYER! (Make sure the cop isn’t there when you do.)

And if you can remember to do that, remember to do this, too: REMAIN SILENT! Stop f-ing talking! There’s blessed little you can say to make this any better. Don’t try. That’s precisely why you want to talk to a lawyer first before you do any tests. Give the cop your license and then shut up...well, ask to speak to a lawyer first, then shut up. “You have the right to remain silent. Everything you say can and will be twisted around to be used against you in the worst possible way in a court, a hearing, with your employer/insurance agent/your mother-in-law...”

Whether you blow or whether you refuse to blow, without exception you should go down to the local emergency room and request to have your blood tested. Blood is the most accurate evaluation of what your blood-alcohol level is, so it might be something that you can use in a trial or at a hearing later on. (Keep in mind, here, that by this point, you’ve already been arrested.) There’s

a tricky issue here, though. If you’ve submitted to the breath test and failed, or if you’ve refused, the cop has undoubtedly taken your Oregon driver’s license away from you. (They really can’t take a license issued by another state.) The hospital will require some form of government-issued picture ID before they will give you a blood test. (They’ve got to be able to say WHOSE blood it is, right?) So you’re gonna have to ask the cop to go with you to the hospital so that he/she can flash your driver’s license at the hospital staff and leave. (Make sure she/he leaves...the last thing you want is to have him/her learn the results of that test—which under federal law is private and should not be shared with anyone, even a cop.)

This test can work for you in almost any case. It’s either higher than the breath test, or it’s lower. Either way, there’s an argument your lawyer can make that will work for you...unless it’s extremely high, or if it’s identical to the breath test.

The laws around the country, especially in Oregon, are changing constantly. Almost always, DUI is a huge target in every legislative session. The tighter and tighter the laws go, the easier it is to arrest someone for drinking and driving (which, at this point, is not illegal). At one point in the last legislative session there was talk about making it illegal to drive under the influence of anything! So you can see how they are thinking and where they are going with this. Your chances of getting popped are getting better and better every time the legislature gets together.

Now after all that, do you want to know how to get out of a DUI?

Don’t get one in the first place. Look, you’ve been drinking, right? And you don’t know how impaired you are. You can’t evaluate yourself well because, well, you’ve been drinking. You feel fine. But you smell like alcohol. Maybe you don’t feel fine. I dunno. Either way, YOU’RE not the right person to be calling that shot. Don’t ask the bouncer or bartender—they don’t need the lawsuit or to have their OLCC license yanked.

Call a cab, get a ride, call a friend. Listen to me here. Are you listening now?

LISTEN TO ME!

It’s sooooo much cheaper than paying my fees! (And bail, and the impound charges, and the alcohol-treatment fees and the fines, and the license-reinstatement fees, and the increased insurance costs.....) Are you listening?

And you might not kill someone while you’re saving all that money. Not a bad deal, if you ask me. But I don’t mind taking your money, either. I just thought you might want to spend it on other things.

*DISCLAIMER: This article is for information purposes only and nothing in this article (or the entire magazine, for that matter) constitutes legal advice. You should not read any part of this article as legal advice. Each case is unique and distinct. You should only consider advice from an attorney who is consulting with you on your particular matter as you explain the unique facts of your case. Your reading of this article does not constitute an agreement or contract with the authoring attorney for legal services. Legal services are provided by the authoring attorney after consultation, execution of a retainer agreement, and payment of attorney fees. Neither the authoring attorney nor the magazine or its publishers or owners are responsible for misstatements, errors, typos, or other incorrect information.

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Eon McKai's GIRLS LIE features Riley Mason, Charlotte Stokely, Dana DeArmond, and Pixie Pearl, a quartet of alternative cuties whose enthusiasm for sex far exceeds their ability to tell the truth. Each girl has a separate but similar story—lying to their boyfriends about their adventures with other men. Their stories cut back and forth throughout the DVD, which sometimes works and sometimes rambles into pointlessness.

Riley’s dilemma best conveys what McKai was after when he decided to make this film. After getting it on with her boyfriend, Riley announces she’s going away for a couple of weeks. He’s upset but wants to be cool. “I wanna know where my girlfriend is going,” he says halfheartedly. She says she has a modeling job. He shrugs. She looks bored and leaves. At the airport and on the way to the studio, we get a lot of close-ups of her scratching her turquoise-painted fingernails. Kinda heavy-handed. Yeah, we got it, she’s nervous. Sure enough, she does have a modeling job, but it’s just a photo shoot for her upcoming porn film. And by now she’s scraped off the turquoise polish and replaced it with bright red. So it’s go with her boyfriend and stop with the wood ramming her. But she plays it well. The sex is equally hot on the porn set until the shoot is over. There’s a close-up of Riley looking very pensive, as if she’s saying, “I’m not really into this.”

Porn is built on fantasy, especially the idea the porn dolls really do love having sex with the wood. No doubt some do, but Eon McKai gets to the truth of porn in Girls Lie. As in, “It’s a job and the money is good.” On top of that, he’s got a double lie in play: Riley’s lying to her boyfriend and also lying about great sex with the wood.

This is quite a departure for Vivid, the company that plays it safe but has the most gorgeous girls in the industry. Actually, this is a “Vivid Alt.” title, the company’s jump into the market trying to capture young horny boys. I don’t recall many Vivid girls with tattoos, but these chicks in Girls Lie are loaded down with tats. They slouch around, carry backpacks, yak on cell phones, and stand around outside nightclubs doing their best to look off-putting—the complete opposite of the canned beauties in the Vivid lineup. Even the packaging is different. The pictures on the packet have a softcore look even though it is a hardcore DVD. And there’s a soundtrack CD along with the film and a separate bonus material disc. The soundtrack didn’t do much for me, but I’m frozen in classic rock, so I can’t judge it. Grindcore rock tracks feature Tommie Sunshine, Wolves in the Throne Room, Panthers, and a few others.

McKai’s alt-y style is amateur vid mixed with reality TV. The couplings take place in back rooms cluttered with old furniture. You can hear the couch squeaking when they get it on. He has lots of close-ups of the girls’ shoes. The girls drive around looking out the car window at rundown shopping plazas. In a liquor store Charlotte buys a popsicle, tells the guy behind the counter her boyfriend is an asshole, doesn’t have a job, and she pays all the bills. “But I love him,” she says. Then Charlotte hangs out on the corner until she gets picked up by a dweeb. They go to a motel. He says he’s never paid for sex. Then he says he is gay but wants to try it out with a girl. The two liars fuck. When it is over, Charlotte says, “Nice doing business with you.” The End.

McKai’s cranked out quite a few films since Girls Lie, including DANA DeARMOND DOES THE INTERNET. Dana says she likes to “slut around with strangers.” She gets lots of takers. McKai’s web site, vividalt.com, is packed with his porn. Check it out.
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