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In my long, illustrious, golden, noble, spermy, hilarious, fun-filled life, I’ve done me quite a lot of drugs. I’ve ingested every illegal drug that has crossed my path, and I’ve frequently altered my path in order to score others. Basically, the only drugs I haven’t done are the ones I could never find.

Back in seventh grade, my science-fair project was a visual presentation of illegal drugs’ purported horrors, and I say “purported” because at the time, I had never tried an illegal drug, although they clearly fascinated me. Looking back, it turns out that I have sampled every illegal drug I wrote about in my science-fair project...and enjoyed every one of them.

Merely for kicks, I’ve taken all the legal recreational drugs (alcohol, tobacco, and caffeine) many of the legal pharmaceuticals (Valium, Xanax, Vicodin, OxyContin, Benzedrine, and the tragically no-longer-available Quaalude), every conceivable manner of cannabinoid (hash, hash oil, and a rainbow coalition of weed), scores of psychedelics (LSD, mDMA, psilocybin mushrooms, mescaline, salvia, and hawaiian baby woodrose seeds), the stimulants (I’ve smoked and snorted both meth and cocaine), the dissociatives (PCP and ketamine), the opiates (I’ve snorted heroin and smoked opium), and I’ve even dabbled in inhalants (amyl nitrite and nitrous oxide). Like I said, I’ve done a lot of drugs.

Of everything, I’m sure you’re most impressed by the hawaiian baby woodrose seeds. What’s undeniable is that, despite doing all those drugs, I am able to remember doing all those drugs, which any sane and sensible person would conclude gives me the cognitive capacity to do even more drugs. I still have some brain cells left to kill.

I doubt that it’d be legal if I were to come right the fuck out and ask you, my legions of faithful and attentive readers, to supply me with any of the psychoactive compounds I’m about to enumerate. But I think it’s legal to wish that you’d bring large quantities of them to me for free. That’s not the same thing as asking. That’s only a wish, and I don’t want to live in a country where wishes are illegal. Part of what’s great about being an American is that our forefathers constructed a sacred document creating a beneficent government that allows you to do lots and lots of illegal drugs before you ever get caught.

DMT ... I’ve heard rumors—and I don’t want to research them and find out they’re false, because it’d be a letdown—that smoking DMT mimics the chemical the brain releases when you’re dying. I’ve been fascinated with DMT’s legendary psychedelic powers since my teens when I read that after smoking only one DMT-laced joint, comedian Lenny Bruce abandoned his black-and-white suits and began wearing colors. I’ve met a few people who’ve tried it, and the haunted look they get in their eyes when describing the experience only makes it that much more appealing. Technically, I smoked a little bit of DMT a few years ago in a group of about six people, but I guess I didn’t inhale enough to “ride the snake,” or whatever it is that happens to you. For a split second, it felt like I was able to look into my wrist with X-ray vision and see my bones, but that was it. I definitely didn’t leave my body. But a friend of mine at the same smoking session looked like he was on Jupiter for a few minutes there.

GHB ... I know almost nothing about GHB except that you sip little salty scoops of it, it’s allegedly a common choice of date rapists, and it’s dangerously easy to overdose. None of these things, of course, serve as impediments to my twisted psychology. To me, all of them are selling points. I have a vague and possibly erroneous understanding that GHB induces mainly an immobilizing, alcohol-like “body” high, with frequent projectile vomiting an added bonus. The whole shebang sounds nasty, chemical, and sordid, which is all very, very cool.

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Gather 'round, chilluns, and let uncle Ray tell you a story. Hold on, Billy, don't sit there...that's Jessica's spot. OK, now—have any of your parents ever talked to you about drugs? Well, I'm about to tell you everything you need to know about life, drugs, and the pursuit of happiness, so forget anything your parents ever told you. Kiddies, it's time for...

**Tales From the DJ Booth...ON DRUGS!**

Drugs are exciting. The letter “D” really has something going for it, because rugs are really boring. But add a “D,” and for the same price, you have something totally awesome! Plus, this reminds us all to keep our drugs off of the floor, because that's where rugs go. Since you can't keep drugs on the floor, where else can you attempt to indulge in them? The booth and the dressing room, of course.

The dressing room in a strip club is an interesting place for no reason other than the completely fucked purpose that it serves. In any place other than a strip club, women get comfortably naked in a dressing room before clothing themselves and entering into the public eye. In strip clubs, naked women get dressed publicly before walking through a crowd to enter a dressing room where they angrily hide their naughty spots from any employee that enters the area. Therefore, I often refer to the dressing room as “that place where dancers do drugs.”

Although I'm not exactly in favor of openly illegal activity in a place that's responsible for providing me with rent money, I think that trying to completely rid a strip club of drugs is, well, a pipe dream. One particular club, however, took the Orwellian approach to security, running not only video but audio surveillance (the irony being that audiotaping is more illegal than drugs).

The Bada Bing is a typical small club. One time the letter “S” fell off of the marquee that said “Hot New Girls,” and the management didn't change it for a month because it was still accurate. They hire anyone they can find due to desperation for warm bodies, and when a dancer does take the gig, she ends up walking on eggshells, as her every move is monitored.

The only place in the “Bing” that isn't visible from everywhere else is the dressing room. Venus was spending a lot of time in there by herself, and boredom led to the manager and myself in utter awe of chickie's stupidity. "Venus" reached out, moved the camera to the right so it pointed at a wall, and then proceeded to take an audible four-second whiff of stanky dressing-room air.

Or was it air?

We didn't want to accuse "Venus" of using drugs in the club without proof. After all, she might have just been enjoying her wheatgrass in private. Sadly, our impression of "Venus" as a health nut was quickly ruined. As she grasped the camera lens once again, adjusting it to its previous position, Venus wiped a cocaine mustache from her upper lip and mouthed to herself, "Fuck, that's some good shit."

Needless to say, she was fired and rehired within a month.

It's pretty obvious to everyone that my drug of choice is weed. Since I haven't found a way to snort weed, I can't get high at work. I think I've "quit drinking" fifty or so times this year alone. And because I'm Irish, I'm not an alcoholic; I'm "culturally appreciative."

A year ago when a customer bought a pint of PBR and tried to give it to a minor, I quickly confiscated the beer and disposed of it in the trashcan that is my stomach. Before I could thank the customer, he was on his way out the door in a hurry.

My next memory was waking up in my ex-girlfriend's bed. Every time I'm put in their shoes (figuratively speaking, as I have yet to find a pair of heels that fit), I earn more and more respect for dancers. Being roofied is actually quite frightening. I'm not about to go into some preachy rant about how date rape is no laughing matter. In fact, I don't even want to call it “date rape,” as the politically correct term “surprise sex” is more appropriate.

What I will attest to is that... but then she glanced directly into the camera and set the straw down. It was as if she didn't actually notice the camera in the first place and just happened to cut up her shit in a lucky spot.

As her arms extended toward us through the television screen, both manager and myself were in utter awe of chickie's stupidity. "Venus" reached out, moved the camera to the right so it pointed at a wall, and then proceeded to take an audible four-second whiff of stanky dressing-room air.

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What I will attest to is that...
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To many cities across the globe, April is the month that supposedly brings showers. But here in Portland, we’ve had them all along. In a city where summer lasts for about three weeks, it’s always a pleasure to know that in spite of the endless wetness, there are always plenty of places to come in from the rain and enjoy the spectacular views inside your favorite strip club. So once you’ve collected on that tax return, make sure you stop by the clubs and share the love with your favorite clothing-deficient performance artists. And God forbid, if the taxman was unkind to you…that’s why God created happy hours. So let’s take a look at what your favorite hot spots have in store for you this month.

IN THE CLUBS

Casa Diablo (the home of the two-girl tango) is a trucker’s paradise with plenty of free overnight tractor-trailer parking right across the street. They offer free pool on a beautiful 4x8 full-size tournament pool table. Contact them for special events like bachelor and birthday parties. Stop by the new Thunder Ranch juice bar’s Grand Opening Party on Tuesday, April 15th from 4 PM-4 AM. Anyone eighteen and over is welcome to come check out their two V.I.P. rooms, pool tables, mechanical bull, and games.

Down at Cheetahs in Salem, they’ll be hosting a Naked Twister Party on Saturday, April 19th, followed up by Oil Wrestling on Saturday, April 26th, and you won’t want to miss their all-new Hawaiian Shower Shows.

The Dolphin clubs bring us another action-packed round of Stripper Boxing on Thursday, April 3rd at Dolphin II and Thursday, April 17th at Dolphin I. The one we’ve all been waiting for, Miss Nude Oregon, starts Thursday, April 10th, with $5,000 up for grabs. Prelims begin at Dolphin II Thursday, April 10th, with sign-in by 6:30 PM and show starting at 8 PM. The semifinals will be held at at Dolphin I on Thursday, April 24th, with sign-in by 7 PM and show starting at 8 PM, and the finals at Dolphin II on Thursday, May 15th, with show starting at 8 PM.

DV8 will be celebrating their Four Year Anniversary Party Saturday, April 19th, with the festivities kicking off at 9 PM featuring an iPod Touch raffle, photos with the DV8 girls, and giveaways galore. On April 5th at 9 PM, you can meet the DV8 girls and party with Team Boobe Doobees, with all proceeds going to the Susan G. Komen Foundation. The Pin-up Girl of the Year contest continues every Wednesday night at 10 PM, where all industry dancers are welcome. Judges’ seats are available as the girls compete for cash prizes and more. Start your week off right with Monday Night Porn Trivia provided by HomegrownVideo.com.

On the Southeast side, they’ve got plenty of action to rev up your engines. Jody’s will be hosting an Earth Day Celebration on Tuesday, April 22nd, and they’ll be wishing a Happy Birthday to Kristen (Jody’s booking agent) on Wednesday, April 30th. The Pallas puts a spin on things with a Wet Nightie Contest on Saturday, April 26th at 10 PM, where you can come and be the judge for yourself. Don’t miss Safari Showclub’s Sub-Zero Ice Party on Saturday, April 26th, with a giant ice bar, ice-shot luge, and a sub-zero dunk tank. And Soobie’s invites you to UFC Fight Night on Wednesday, April 2nd, plus UFC 83 on Saturday, April 19th.

Stars Beaverton presents Wet Wednesdays with April shower shows every Wednesday. Up next is their Melt Party on Saturday, April 19th, with live music, comedy, shower shows, dual feature set, contest, and giveaways, and you can possibly win a trip to Vegas. Stars will be providing hookahs and airline-ticket giveaways every night. Down south, Stars Salem will be getting wild with the “Pirates of the Cabaret” Party on Friday, April 18th, featuring the music of The Bad Fish Band, Caribbean-style buffet from 6 PM-9 PM, and a costume gets you in free. Get heavy and party with Ozzy tribute band “Crazy Train” on Saturday, April 19th. And coming on Thursday, April 24th, it’s Stars Charity Bowling Auction, where teams bid for a lovely lady to complete their foursome with a free buffet from 6 PM-9 PM for participants. The Charity Bowling event goes down on Sunday, April 27th, which promises to be a whole lot of fun for a good cause; contact club for details. (Trust me on this one; Darkestar and I participated in one of Stars’ charity billiards events a while back, and these things are a blast!)

ELSEWHERE

Area 69 is offering an extensive selection of hookah and shisha tobacco accessories plus $6 movie previews. Check out Fascinations for their entertainer discount of 10% every day on all apparel, hosiery, accessories, and shoes. Plus you can earn store credit for every dollar you spend with a 15% discount upon sign-up. Taboo Video eases the pain with a Tax “Relief” Special, with all 20-hour DVDs for only $20 and all Mayhem DVDs two for $20. Plus 25% off all penis pumps! And if that’s not something to get worked-up about, I don’t know what is! And last up is Spice Video (of Salem and Newport), where you can experience Rimba Electro Stimulation Boxes and accessories in stock now, plus quality penis-enhancement and nipple-enlargement apparatuses and an after-Easter sale featuring 10% off all vibrating eggs and rabbits.

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We all know about the connections between rock music and drug use. The story usually goes something like this: Artist uses substances, artist becomes successful. Use becomes abuse, artist briefly becomes even more successful. Abuse starts to rage out of control, and artist either dies or checks into rehab. If artist survives, their newly clean mug ends up on magazine covers, record sales briefly spike, and their true artistry goes down like a drunk cheerleader at a frat party. Eventually they end up on some retarded reality TV show with other has-beens. If they die, they become legendary and end up on millions of wayward youths’ T-shirts, while the meaningfulness of their actual contributions to their chosen media as a whole are often greatly exaggerated.

A well-worn cliché, I know. Yet lately another breed of drug user has made their presence known on the rock scene: the rocker on prescription antidepressants.

The nationwide surge in antidepressant use in the last 20 years or so has had a profound effect on both modern rock music and those who enjoy it. Whether used by artists, fans, or both, antidepressants have served as sort of a double-edged sword.

Let’s start with the musicians. On one hand, antidepressants have enabled musicians teetering on the edge of sanity to reel in their more self-destructive impulses. This allows them to keep pumping out product, showing up to gigs on time and sober, and to perhaps not beat their personal assistant half to death with a wah-wah pedal.

The problem is that an artist on antidepressants often loses their edge, as well as their ability to create anything at all. Case in point: Twenty years ago Axl Rose had a major hand in creating one of the best rock albums of all time, *Appetite for Destruction*. *Appetite* touched on dark themes such as addiction, violence, and paranoia with a side order of deviant sexual abandon and wrapped it all up in a tight, blisteringly loud, radio-friendly package. Rose and his bandmates’ true-life experiences heavily informed this album, making its brutal honesty stand head and shoulders (and Aqua Net) above all of the rest of their similarly coiffed peers. Swagger and arrogance, necessary ingredients for any great rock album, also played major roles in this masterwork’s creation.

As *Appetite* ran its course commercially, Axl was diagnosed as bipolar (or manic-depressive) and prescribed medication to control his often volatile mood swings. Depending on whom you believe, the meds (when he stayed on them) did their job. Yet Axl (having a lethal combination of huge ego, low self-esteem, persecution complex, ingrained need to piss people off, and what seems like a hopelessly chemically imbalanced brain) still often confounded supporters and critics alike with his erratic behavior. But if nothing else, he kept us all interested.

Whether through chemistry or other means, eventually Axl’s demons were held in check enough to complete the *Use Your Illusion* albums. While there were still flashes of musical brilliance (though a lot of that could rightfully be attributed to the overlooked and underrated contributions of guitarist Izzy Stradlin), *Illusion* was mostly a sprawling, repetitive mess. If you listen closely to these albums in comparison to *Appetite*, it seems that Axl suddenly felt as if he needed to both overdo the vocal vibrato while simultaneously having the engineer remove any traces of “S” sounds in the mix.

So while it’s debatable whether the meds actually worked (or even if he took them regularly) in this time frame, the one thing we all can agree upon is that before and perhaps in the beginning of Axl taking antidepressants, he was truly onto something that briefly changed the face of rock music as we know it.

Flash to present days: Axl has not only alienated the rest of Guns N’ Roses proper, but scores of replacements (including, oddly enough, an actual Replacement, Tommy Stinson!). He also claims to have been working on the big G-N-R (if in name and vocalist only) comeback album, *Chinese Democracy*, for the last ten years or so. Aside from a few decidedly mediocre leaked tracks and sporadic live performances, the only
other signs of this album actually existing come from hopeful third parties and forever teasing press releases promising that, yes, the album is coming out sometime between tomorrow and the end of days.

Is it possible that the now apparently reclusive Rose, in the quest to quiet his demons, has handcuffed the very things that made him so creative in the first place? Have the drugs rendered Axl incapable of making a final decision on anything musical, leaving the album in some sort of unfinished limbo? Is he even still on the meds? Has his prescription changed over time? Is he perhaps just out of ideas?

But let's not beat up too much on this one-time Uber-icon who now seems to be viewed as much a punchline as a rock god. The truth is that the rock music recent generations have been fed has little in common with what traditionally is thought of as rock. How else can you explain T-shirts with AC/DC's Highway to Hell cover art sharing rack space at Hot Topic with others featuring My Chemical Romance? Apparently the youth of today find the rock of thirty years ago (or at least its iconography) as cool or cooler than its current incarnation. It's not unusual to see a 16-year-old kid in an Iron Maiden T-Shirt in 2008. But it should be!

By way of comparison, think of any period in the last few decades. Let's use the mid-80s as an example. The kids wearing Iron Maiden shirts in 1985 weren't listening to nor displaying the iconography of Elvis or Chuck Berry. That was their parents' music. Yet many kids today, perhaps realizing how utterly devoid of originality and inspiration the music is that's being pushed on them by major media outlets, are actually gravitating toward stuff they should rightfully be rebelling against. Seriously—how many of you raided your parent's music collection at age 16?

As more and more people ingest their happy pills to make them more able to submit to the humiliating grind of a seemingly meaningless existence, there seems to be a collective hankering for a return to the raw feelings, reckless abandon, and outright decadence of previous generations. As of yet, it hasn't happened. Quite frankly, this is the first generation that older folks look on with vastly different eyes than how crazy they are, or how their music is too loud, or how they dress funny. Actually, many people old enough to remember the 80s or even the early 90s find the youth of today a bunch of boring, apathetic, muted pussies.

The prevalence of antidepressants in modern society most certainly plays a role in this de-balling of not only our youth but of current rock music. Any behavior outside societal norms is seen as a reason to medicate. As a result, creativity is often stifled. Even some so-called alternative forms of music have been distilled to a formula in which any deviation means commercial death. Is it any wonder, then, that a grand scale for all I know, they may be right on a grand scale. Maybe we're just in some sort of calm before a storm of rampant, unpredictable ways.

At times during these periods, my creativity ranged from sometimes off the charts to sometimes barely existent while not medicated, to completely stunted on certain meds, to over-analytical on others—you get the point. Now, imagine that I was some sort of budding icon, and you can easily see how this could become problematic when juxtaposed with the realities of a career in music or any other creative art.

I started experimenting with antidepressants right about the time I was pursuing a music career. I'm happy that I was able to make it through the harder times of a continuing struggle. But I'm angry that the same medication that kept my head out of the oven possibly sabotaged any hope of maintaining the high level of musical creativity I feel I experienced without medication. So in essence, I chose life and sanity over a lifestyle gamble that could possibly have yielded great creative and financial rewards. As such, there is no doubt in my mind whatsoever that if I feel my modest creative talents took a hit as a result of these meds, several potential musical geniuses have likely been waylaid creatively in the name of quieting the voices in their heads.

Some may argue that blaming modern medicine for a lack of creativity in one's self or society en masse is a copout. And for all I know, they may be right on a grand scale. Maybe we're just in some sort of calm before a storm of rampant, unbridled musical brilliance. Or maybe, though unlikely, I'm so out of touch with reality that newer rock bands actually are releasing earth-shattering works to whose brilliance I'm somehow deaf.

But the evidence as I see it points to a fairly recent sea change in which overall creativity and artistic risk-taking by those whom we charge with the task of musically entertaining the masses seems to be sorely lacking. From my personal experience, I know that antidepressants can shut down seemingly entire sections of the brain while exciting others. I can only speculate what that means extrapolated all the way out to whatever reigns high on the charts these days.

My feeling is that there is a significant connection. Or maybe that's just the meds talking....
I admit publicly that not only am I a pro at this but I’m also a well-pickled, conditioned alcoholic. I’ve been to the meetings and heard about how bad it is, but I don’t believe any of it, at least not in my world! Not to say that there are those who won’t benefit from sobering up or even learn to become professional, as you will read on in the following paragraphs. But me, I’m just fuckin’ well-CONDITIONED!

Conditioned alcoholism, for me, comes from a long line of ancestry. As far as I can look back in history I know my dad, my grandfather, and even great-grandfather to all be well-conditioned at the life of being conditioned! We aren’t cheap dates when it comes to the sport of drinking, especially when you add some of that green smoke between drinks. Not to mention the smell of powdered sugar to keep an after-hours party long-lasting. In this day and age, I find it to be quite a benefit to my surroundings, professionalism, and social life to tie one on...DAILY! Therefore, I must get up on the box and say, “Yes, I am a pro at this.”

But just like anything in life, you will find those that are the best and worst at what you do. The best, they are the ones I get along with the most: Zero competition on who can drink the most, but only those folks that enjoy life and enjoy it even fuller with some whiskey in their blood. Not only do these folks and sexy ladies share the same hours and nightlife, but most have some connection with the entertainment world (right where I call home). Enough about the good drunkards.

To those pros out there, I’m preaching to the choir here. But for those who are trying to be pro, or those who think they will one day find this as their main profession, or even those who should just get over it and stop, you might want to read on.

I have researched this for many years. I have experienced many drunken times with those who can’t hold their liquor. My dad told me, “You can do whatever you want to do with your life, son. But I’ll tell you, kid (as he handed me a cold beer), the best way to get there is to hang out with the best in that interest!” I’ve done that with every aspect of my life, from 9-5 jobs to rock-star-ism. Not to mention the key subject. All of which has brought me success.

But back to bad drunks...those who give us pros a bad name. The assholes that got the BAC law down to .08. Drunk-Tards that get cut off at the bar. The assholes who get violently angry after just a few drinks. The dick-brains that can’t be bothered to wipe their nose clean after using a toilet lid to knife up a line. The meatheads that think being stupid and dressing like idiots is attractive to the ladies. Most of you are fine until your third or fourth drink. After that, most pros would say to you, “Urine Idiot!” Meanwhile, we pros not only maintain, but we drink heavily from the second the bar opens ‘til it closes, having a great time throughout. Why do you gotta show up and fuck up our fun?

There was the time I was at a great rock show. Things were rockin’. Bands were great. Drinks were flowing. Drinks were getting spilled. Everyone was having a blast. Then some meathead that had maybe three beers got pissed that a little beer got spilled on his girl. He sneaks up on the beer-spiller, a proven pro, and sucker-punches him, knocking him out cold. WTF? My guess is that this FUCK-TARD was over his limit of three beers and could not control himself, making him a non-pro, and so he had to show his girl how cool he thinks he is. DUDE! Daddy must have put you on the toilet seat backwards as a kid, and mommy didn’t give you your spoonful of whiskey to put you to sleep while you bawled your eyes out! Then, the same night, as the bars poured out all their liquoroed-up pros and amateurs, I see two of my favorite rock-star girls wasted, sitting on the curb surrounded by meatheads. Even pros need looking after. Note: Rule 989 in The Book of Drunkards says, “Sometimes the best of us get into bad situations, and therefore the slightly more sober pros must help make a bad situation into a good one.” After reviewing Rule 989 in my manual, I walk over. The girls welcome me and make it clear to the meatheads I’m gonna beat the shit out of all of them. HA! There were almost twenty of them I counted. Somehow, I was able to get the girls out of there without any of those meatheads getting their way with the girls or beating my ass. MEATHEADS!

Also, for fuck’s sake, start trying to keep the other forms of getting fucked-up under cover. Being a pro also means that you gotta respect the bar’s license: We don’t need the license pulled due to sloppy drug-dealing and open use. All it takes is one Fuck-Tard to fuck up a good thing.

Mayor Nickels should quit fuckin’ with the nightclubs and start educating the Fuck-Tards that are doing the stupid shit at the nightclubs. Start sending non-proven alcoholics to school to learn the proper way to get drunk off your ass vs. treatment or meetings. Well, being that will never happen, FUCK-TARDS take notice! It’s time for you to learn that having a good time means exactly that. And having a good time, for me, means that I’m not fuckin’ up a good drunk night for anyone else. It’s like having a great quarterback and a crappy receiver in a great football team; you just fuck up the whole game, pal. Learn how to catch that ball, OK?

I’ll close with this: I knew a man that did the honorable thing. He did some drunken bullshit, woke up the next day, and decided that this wasn’t a profession to be in and hasn’t had a drop of booze since. If you can’t hang with the horses, get out of the fuckin’ barn!

To the rest of my fellow drunkards: In the preaching and words of the Good Reverend Balderdash, “Let’s get HAMMERED!”
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I’ve done a lot of psychotic things in my life, but never when I was smoking PCP. Is there something wrong with me?

I have never read a positive word about PCP, and that’s what makes it such an exciting drug. And I haven’t read much about it at all since Jimmy Carter was president, which makes me miss it that much more.

All illicit drugs, especially the fun ones, tend to face negative and hysterically stigmatizing propaganda campaigns when they first hit the streets. But what makes phencyclidine, a.k.a. PCP, Angel Dust, Hog, and Sherm, unique is that it never seemed to survive the negative hype and may have even been killed by it. For a brief stretch in the late 1970s it was the nation’s “bad drug,” and then it seemed to disappear almost entirely. It never blossomed and matured into a popular, time-honored, well-loved, and often-abused recreational drug.

That makes me sad. And it makes me want to smoke some right now, but I have no fucking idea where I’d find any.

A hundred years ago, the tabloids and broadsheets were howling about an alleged cocaine epidemic reputedly foisted by Christ-hating Jewish pushers upon the nation’s black ghettos, leading to sex-crazed black males attempting to forcibly insert their London Broil-sized, coke-inflamed procreative organs into the dainty pink vaginas of America’s white maidens. Such hype inevitably led to anti-cocaine legislation. But coke, of course, has survived quite nicely.

In the 1930s, the media was abuzz with “Reefer Madness,” imputing all manner of godlessly psychotic criminality to the race-mixing jazz listeners who inhaled the devil weed’s smoky tendrils. Without a hint of irony or playfulness, mere marijuana was depicted as a “killer drug” and an “assassin of youth” which caused one young man to axe-murder his entire family while they slept and another to pluck out his victim’s eyes and tongue. (Someone please tell me where I can get weed like that!)

Amid the 1960s’ cultural tumult, the media’s “bad drug” of choice was LSD, which, like its predecessors, fostered a frightening wave of racial tolerance but added a willingness to embrace communist ideology and moral relativism. It also reputedly endowed the user with the delusion that they were able to fly, leading to untold numbers of giant sidewalk blood stains after acidheads attempted flight from 20th-floor balconies. (I grew up hearing that this was how “Alfalfa” from the Little Rascals died.) The idea that LSD use inevitably induced horrifyingly nightmarish “acid flashbacks” became part of the cultural lexicon, although I’ve done the shit at least a hundred times and haven’t had a single flashback.

Fast-forward to the mid-1980s, at which point a racially tinged “crack bomb” exploded over the nation’s slums, endangering the physical well-being and mental sanctity of the foolhardy Caucasian thrill-seekers who ventured into the ghetto seeking a dangerously concentrated form of smokable cocaine which rendered all users an addicted pauper after a single puff. Coinciding with the emergence of the first AIDS horror stories, the mid-80s Crack Scare made the entire world seem sordid and doomed.

Since then, although the streets have seen a slew of new, potentially dangerous, and hype-worthy “designer drugs,” the media’s “bad drug” of choice has primarily been crystal meth, the reputed scourge of toothless rural whites everywhere. The media’s focus has reflected a preponderant cultural shift away from demonizing poor blacks and toward scapegoating poor whites—hey, as long as society has a scapegoat, it never really mattered who it was. Nearly everyone alive has seen some variant of a “Faces of Meth” before/after comparison of some dissolute cracker whose physiognomy was forever destroyed by “sucking the glass dick.”

Within that time-tested context of public drug hysteria and ridiculous misinformation, it would seem that the Angel Dust Scare of the late 1970s was nothing special. However, several factors have combined to ensure that PCP still occupies a unique niche in the pantheon of demonized recreational drugs.

First is the matter of timing. The anti-PCP hype emerged in the late 1970s, during a time when American culture was loudly in favor of recreational drug use to a degree never witnessed before nor after. Although the 1960s tend to get most of the credit for “anything goes” attitudes, the average American remained relatively upright throughout that decade. The 60s’ full cultural ripple effect didn’t take hold until the late 1970s, the most permissive era of our nation’s history. Deviant pornography and
violent crime and pro-drug sentiment were all at their high-tide mark, with teenagers’ T-shirts openly touting the glory of getting “Stoned Agin.” It wasn’t until Ronald Reagan came along and swept druggies into jail that the nation threw away the “Panama Red” posters in favor of “Just Say No” bumper stickers. So the fact that the Angel Dust Scare flourished amid a perversively pro-drug climate fostered the idea that there must be something uniquely bad about PCP.

A big factor feeding such suspicions was the fact that PCP, unlike any negatively hyped intoxicant that preceded it, was entirely chemical and manmade. This was during a huge cultural “back to nature” movement, when “natural” meant “good” and “manmade” was equivalent to “evil.” Marijuana, cocaine, and heroin were all derived from plants. Even LSD and methamphetamine had their organic precursors. But PCP had been developed entirely in the lab, and for the less-than-glamorous purpose of tranquilizing large animals. It had originally been used to sedate humans until a large quotient of recipients complained of terrifying hallucinations. But at a time when hippies sincerely believed that God had placed marijuana, magic mushrooms, and coca plants in the Garden of Eden for us to enjoy, synthetic PCP seemed a sinister manmade plot to subvert God’s natural generosity.

But more than anything else, what made the anti-PCP hype unique is the fact that no one ever seemed to say anything positive about it. With all the other aforementioned drugs, despite the best intentions of those who lobbied against them, one got the distinct impression that it sure as fuck FELT GOOD to do them, which is why people inevitably became addicted and ruined their lives over them. But there was absolutely no “up side” to the PCP propaganda. It never led you to believe it was ever possibly fun to smoke Angel Dust. Instead, the drug was a flat, joyless, hollow, Soul-Murdering Satanic Robot Monster which forced all users to remove their own penises and rape their entire families with them. (Not that such a thing isn’t potentially fun, but I think you know what I’m saying.)

In a 1980 essay called “The Dusting of America: The Image of PCP in the Popular Media,” researchers studied over 300 newspaper articles on PCP, most of them from the late 1970s. They constructed a table illustrating the frequency of popular PCP horror stories. In descending order, the most common accounts were: PCP user gouges out his own eyes (17 separate news items); dusthead shot to death by cops after running naked through streets; PCP smoker drowns in shower under only four inches of water; dust smoker shoots entire family to death; immobilized by PCP, user burns to death in flames before realizing they’re in danger; user removes one or several of their own body parts; man crosses multi-lane freeway before burglarizing house and stabbing a pregnant woman; man removes his own teeth with pliers; motorcyclist purposely collides into bus or tree; arrestee pops open a pair of handcuffs; mother inserts baby into boiling water or grease; dusthead walks onto freeway and proceeds to do push-ups before getting cremed by speeding autos.

One Friday night back in late 1979, at the height of the anti-PCP media hype, me and two friends bought a gram baggie of dusted parsley flakes from two guys crouched in an alley near a Philly subway station. We rolled three pin joints, hopped on the subway headed downtown, ambled into a dark old colonial alley, and lit up.

We must have been back there for three hours because we were far too blasted to move. But despite our heavy intoxication, we had a deep, lengthy conversation about how the impending 1980s would be far more violently exciting than the boring hippie 70s. With my feet feeling as if they’d melted into eternity, every word we spoke had a gravity and drama that sobriety could never approach. That alley might as well have been outer space. It was one of the most profound drug experiences of my life. Then, still feelin’ fine and dusty, we finally emerged from the alley, and wandered into a local ghetto bar, where I stared at black-lit velvet paintings for a few more eternities.

So although I had nothing but fun on PCP and never once thought it’d be a good idea to gouge out my own eyes or do push-ups on a busy freeway, maybe it’s wise to consider the source in my case. Maybe Angel Dust does make normal people psychotic... while psychotic people have nothin’ but a good time on it.
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This article is dedicated to all of the REAL peeps in the town that are striving to keep the city crackin’! In this column I will be giving props to a few organizations that are truly making power moves! I also have a sexy-ass Honey for your viewing pleasure! Not only that, but I had the chance to check out the new CD that Steady Locc has just released. This cat is definitely about to hit the streetz wit’ some musical and lyrical heat! On behalf of 4-20-08, which is right around the corner, twist up a fatty, spark that shit, and let’s do the damn thang!

First Up... “The Big Power Movers”

To all my real people out there that truly know me, you know that I have always been the type of cat that gives credit where credit is due! There are many different companies in the town that don’t get the props that they deserve, and I owe it to them to let them know that I’m proud of their hard work! Flossin’ magazine is one of the companies making power moves in the publishing industry! They have been at it for a while, and I truly believe that they have finally struck gold! They have an excellent staff that is always working on improving their game and giving notoriety to many other people, athletes, artists, and businesses. To me, Portland should be real proud of having a locally based magazine doing it on the level that Flossin’ is! Keep it crackin’, y’all, and thanks for the inspiration!

Another “Power Mover” in the game is my man Aaron from Liquid Assets. This cat is one of the most diversified entrepreneurs in the 503 right now! Not only is he one of the best diamond-jewelry designers on the West Coast, but he also has his own car club and record label. Make sure you check out the CDs by Little Bruce, Duna, and Twisted Insane. These artists are seriously puttin’ it down! In my column next month I will be rockin’ a piece designed by Aaron so y’all can see what I’m talkin’ ‘bout! Get ya sunglasses ready and don’t trip! You can also catch Liquid Assets promoting events in different spots throughout the town! Me and my peeps kicked it REAL BIG with Aaron and his crew at the Ohm Nightclub a few Fridays ago! Keep up the good work, y’all, and big ups on your success!

Next Up... Steady Locc

I had interviewed Steady Locc a couple months ago, and he told me about the new joint that he’s droppin’. At that time the album was still being mixed down, but now it’s on! He gave me a copy of it to check out, and I was very impressed! This album has varieties of flavors, spices, and herbs! The World Famous DJ CHILL put the final touches on the album and got all 15 of them jointz slammin’! One of the things that I really dig about this CD is that his lyrical ability is just as tight as the musical tracks and vice-versa. It’s like sometimes when you hear certain artists they are outdoing the music, or the music is better than the rapper! This is NOT the case with Steady Locc’s new CD! My favorite jointz are “I Love Ta Smoke!,” which is a cut that’s all about blazin’ them greens, man, “Hatin’ on Me,” and a track called “Come Ride.” Overall, it’s a well-produced record and all Portland rappers should tip ya hats to Steady Locc! Shake all bustas, suckas, and dizzy brizzlies and keep puttin’ the City of Roses on the map, man! Thatz whatz up! If y’all want more info on the new release, go to myspace.com to the music category and type in Steady Locc.

To My People in the Streetz

As we all watch the bullshit that the media broadcasts on TV about the situations and confrontations that go on out here in the streetz, there is no reason for us to continue these beasts and idiotic behaviors that some of us display! There are far too many adults out here running around bickerin’ with each other like a bunch of little badass kids. It’s like if we don’t give them a reason to point their fuckin’ fingers at us, they won’t! If we could only educate our grown folk about the things we do and say, we would be in a better position to prove these haters in the media wrong! To all heads of cliques, crews, gangs, and organizations, talk to all ya people about that respect factor! It really does go a long way in this thing called life! There is too much money out here for us not to go get it. Let’s be the BIGGER ones instead of the dumb ones! Food for thought...

Honey of the Month

This sexy waitress/dancer can be seen at Jody’s Bar & Grill (12035 NE Glisan) bringin’ you some good drinks and on other nights giving you a hot-ass stage show! In her spare time, Zaya enjoys good music, good times, and traveling. Congratulations, baby, on being April’s Honey of the Month.

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503girls.com...got the hookup on all adult situations happening in the town! Just log on and check it out, baby! Alpha Male 503...this is an organization that I’m proud to be a part of! One of the fastest-growing promotional and production companies to ever hit Portland! Steady Made Music...the record label that’s makin’ power moves and producing cuts for the world to enjoy! If you or someone you know wants to be the Honey of the Month or has a CD to be reviewed, you can contact me at myspace.com/mrjmack or whatzcrackin.com.

Until next month, y’all keep it crackin’!

One Love,
J. Mack
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Before you venture into mixing some drugs into our sex life, there is a fine line between the two. Drugs can open doors of the mind and poison you. It doesn't have to be an exploratory journey full of reality. If you haven't experimented yet, you have all the freedom to go mentally/physically and don't mix it with anything. Wait for things to kick in (sometimes one, you can bet we'd be doing it at the office). This poor guy, I can't believe it…since you're shocked, it's safe to say that he didn't confide in you about it, aren't I? He fucks you like ahomepage [Read more here](http://www.xmag.com)
Dear Bottom Line,
My girl and I are thinking about mixing some drugs into our sex life such as Ecstasy or other euphoric-type stimulants. You two have any advice, experience, or suggestions?

Hello, Experimental!
My question to you is, are you and your girlfriend currently satisfied with the sex you already have and if so, are drugs the first stimulus you came up with? There are so many other forms of sexual exploration you can tap into before you go mentally/physically altering your perception of reality. If you haven’t brainstormed any other ideas, I’d suggest doing so before you take the leap into pills and illegal substances.

Before you venture into this realm, I’d suggest role-playing, both in the home and in public. It doesn’t have to be costumed or scripted. Just imagine and roll with it. Sex with drugs is an exploratory journey full of physical delight, invention, and silliness. However, it can also be a danger zone for bad trips, drama, and unforgettable weirdness that doesn’t go away when the effect of whatever you took does. If you haven’t experimented yet, you have friends that have. ASK THEM. Start small and go from there.

If you cannot further stimulate one another without the use of foreign materials, it might be time to reevaluate your relationship. The inability to experiment and grow as a couple renders you a part of the “50% that didn’t make it” category.

―Pantera

Advice: Start with a little at a time and don’t mix it with anything. Wait for things to kick in (sometimes an hour) before you take more. Talk to others who have tried it. Be sure you are in a safe, comfy, controlled environment. Drink lots of water. Plan to have the next day off to relax.

Experience: I must keep you guessing about some things.

Suggestions: Know what you are getting and from where.

Drugs can open doors of the body and mind and even serve as medicine; however, they can also scramble the mind and poison you. There is a fine line between the two.

―Wildflower Power to Ya!

Hello, Never-Happy!
This poor guy, I can’t believe it... whatever happens next, I’m gonna get a letter from you BITCHing about it, aren’t I? He fucks you shitty, you BITCH. He fucks you “...above and beyond the call of duty,” you BITCH. Tell me, how much time of the day do you spend not BITCHing?

Since you’re shocked, it’s safe to say that he didn’t confide in you before he made the decision to take the Viagra. That’s really his only crime here, right? That’s the thing that really pisses you off? Though it is a semi-biggie, it was to your benefit, so it crosses itself out. So stop with your, “Does my man need Viagra?” freak-out episode. I’d say he needs something. Maybe it’s time you quit BITCHing and gave him a blowjob for giving you such a wonderful and obviously much-needed surprise! I wouldn’t stay with a man like that. If I fell in love with one, you can bet we’d be using drugs.

―Pantera

How would I feel? Depends on the time of the month and how horny I was. In my experience, foreplay is key to how long a guy lasts. The more foreplay, the better the sex. It is a myth that girls are the ones that want tons of foreplay before they jump on the stick and ride. In many cases it is the opposite. Try dancing for him, hand play, kissing, oral, etc. Experiment with that and see how it goes. As men approach 30 they are commonly going to have a change in their sex drive. If he needs Viagra, then you might want to take a less judgmental tone with him and ask more questions about what makes him feel he needs the help. The key to a great sex life when it comes to men seems to be more about inviting verbal communication and making them feel comfortable enough to ask for what they want or express their insecurities. Then you can problem-solve together. If you feel you are missing out on orgasms, then teach him what you want him to do with his mouth or hands...play with toys, too! Remember, you can be an example of asking for what you want...then turn to him and ask what he likes. There is little room for judgments if you want things to improve.

―Wildflower Power to Ya!
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S o me, my wife, and our unborn fetus were watching Smokey and the Bandit the other night, and when they got to the scene where Burt Reynolds and Sally Field drive into the woods to consummate their relationship, I said, “She’s going to zip open his bell bottoms and tongue his balls...his hairy fucking 70s balls...his stinking, matted, cactuslike 70s balls.”

We both laughed, but at the same time, we both agreed it was highly likely that Burt Reynolds, at least at the time Smokey was filmed, had a scrotum as furry as a buffalo’s head.

Naturally, our earnest discussion blossomed into full-blown speculation about which entertainer had the hairiest sac in showbiz. We both agreed that Burt Reynolds would be high on the list. That wasn’t even a matter of debate. And then we moved on...

My painstaking inquiry first delved into the country-music world, which I suspect fairly teems with men who have hairy balls. I mean, we’re talking about bales of ball hair there. It occurred to me that Merle Haggard and Willie Nelson probably have extremely dense scrotal hair growth. I could see Merle having a thick grey bush down there smeared with dried feces from errant wipping, Willie would be the same way. He might even have some of Merle’s poop on his balls.

For some reason—and it’s not personal sexual experience, you assholes—my instincts tell me that our nation’s Italian-American community boasts a disproportionately high quotient of men with testes that resemble small porcupines. Something greasily intangible tells me that Tony Sirico, the actor who played “Paulie Walnuts” on the Sopranos, is the kind of guy who thinks shaving your balls—or even washing them—automatically irrevocably makes you a fag. I hereby nominate Tony Sirico’s scrotum. And if Vegas placed odds on such things, I’d eagerly wager last week’s paycheck that rock drummer Carmine Appice (Ted Nugent, Vanilla Fudge) is sporting quite the scrotal shrub. Make that anyone named Carmine. But I think that particular mook has a Ball Bush formidable enough that, if someone were so inclined, they could grab a handful and lift him off the ground with it.

I would also think that frizzy-haired men of Middle Eastern extraction—and in a safe, convenient gesture of racial unity, I’ll include both Arabs and Jews—would be totin’ some hairy coconuts around in their drawers. My token Jewish specimen is chubbily bug-eyed Vegas comic Marty Allen, if only to dredge up his long-forgotten name in reference to hisrute scrotums. My Arab representative is Tony Shalhoub, star of Monk. Down to the last hair, I suspect his Ball Bush measures exactly the volume of hair atop his head...and precisely the same shape...only rotated 180 degrees and radiating out from his testes.

One really can’t go wrong suspecting anyone who isn’t African but has an Afro. Therefore, Mungo Jerry (one-hit-wonder singer of “In the Summertime”), Robert Hegyes (who played “Juan Epstein” on Welcome Back, Kotter), and lead singer Marc Storace from metal band Krokus are all prime candidates. I would think that deep-rooted South American jungles of hair blanket all their balls like form-fitting foam microphone covers.

Because I don’t ever want anyone to think I’m a racist, I should include a set of hairy black balls on this list for the sake of fairness. During his younger days as a Brooklyn drug dealer, slain rapper Notorious B.I.G., was reputedly able to stash an entire kilogram of cocaine safely within his lush testicular pelt. OK, I just made that up. I know absolutely nothing about the balls of Biggie Smalls.

And yet, as a free society, I don’t think we’ve thought about testicles nearly enough. If the penis is Tony Orlando, then the testes are Dawn—two background singers overshadowed by a hammy front man.

Phallocentrism’s flaw is that it mistakes the penis as the true male genital—the giver of life—when the dick is merely a shuttle bus delivering the squirmly worms hatched inside the testicles. And for all the blibbity-blub one hears about women being the primary givers of life, a womb is a glorified halfway house inside which nestles a tadpole birthed in a man’s nutsac.

Life starts inside deez nutz. Don’t ever forget it. And yet the scrotum, due in equal parts to its ugly name and its droopy, pachydermal configuration, doesn’t get nearly the same credit as the penis. While women may worship (or ridicule) a man’s ding-a-ling, you’ll never hear them drooling over “That SEXY set of testicles!” A man’s family jewels, despite their primacy in procreation, aren’t considered to be sex objects.

It’s time to change all that. Let us reclaim the scrotum, gentlemen. Let us bask in its mystical, sexually magical allure. Let us shave, oil, and adorn our sacs in the manner of the ancients. Let us beseech our partners to lick them and weigh them in their palms as part of foreplay.

The scrotum has remained hidden because it has remained hairy. Women started shaving “down there” long before we did, gents. They ran away from 70s bush long before we even realized that 70s balls were a public-health problem. It’s time to play catch-up with the ladies. Grab a razor and knock down the walls that shroud our balls!

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Top Heavy Crush

You might be hesitant to take advice from a guy named Statutory Ray. I understand, as I often give extremely bad advice. So I will pretend for a moment that I am an objective journalist with a set of biases that will be acknowledged in context before they are used to make persuasive statements to a reading audience.

Don’t worry; you’re not the only one laughing right now.

When I say that a band or a song is “good,” I mean that it fits nicely into the following list of criteria: Originality, not in the “we’re like a mix of metal and rap” sense, but in the “wow, I’ve never heard anything like this” sense. Attitude, as in lack of: a singer doesn’t deserve one unless their name rhymes with “Strom Baits.” Professionalism, i.e., merchandise that isn’t manufactured at Kinko’s. Regardless of genre, I have nothing but respect for original, humble, and professional artists.

Considering the above, I cannot believe that I am about to go on record saying that the best local band I have been exposed to is also extremely unoriginal, cocky, and unprofessional. Fortunately for Top Heavy Crush, these typically repulsive qualities actually add to the band’s appeal.

Originality is a gray area. On one hand, the world will implode if another marijuana-related rap song surfaces. But on the other hand, absurdity can be just as irritating (hearing Pick-Up Styx perform a ska version of “Renegade” does just as much damage as “Hit Dat Blunt” by Lil’ Whoever). Thus, gimmick bands and obscure WTF side projects tend to rule this column.

Top Heavy Crush chiseled their way in here using an entirely different method. Instead of trying to be the next new thing, THC (wow...the irony in just now realizing the band’s acronym) take an extremely formulaic approach, applying the previously overplayed guitar/drums/bass/vocals scheme to KISS-esque rock ‘n’ roll. The result? Phenomenal. Arguably a better classic rock approach, applying the previously overplayed guitar/drums/bass/vocals scheme to KISS-esque rock ‘n’ roll. It is in the “we’re like a mix of metal and rap” sense, but in the “wow, I’ve never heard anything like this” sense. THC seem to use the popular garage-band chic style to their advantage.

Professionalism in the form of burnable CDs and ghetto dot coms tends to hinder bands from further progress. THC’s ghettofied approach to the public eye will, in contrast, most likely land them a record deal. See, instead of focusing on public image, THC focus on something that most up-and-coming bands ignore: music. When I toss something silver with a MySpace URL into my CD player, I anticipate it acting as a torture device (yes, I’ve actually been passed an Iron Maiden tribute album before). THC’s three-song demo has been in my car for a week now, and I’m still not sick of it. Instead of reflecting the quality of the band’s product, the lack of professionalism that is Top Heavy Crush’s current state-of-being in the music industry serves to emphasize where the band’s true passion lies: in the speakers. More power to them. After all, what good is an “industry” that ignores an intangible key product in an effort to achieve sleek appearance?

THC offer something that virtually no currently active band can: really fucking good music. And for that, I say fuck you, Top Heavy Crush. Fuck you for having the talent that the rest of us don’t, and fuck you for taking away any hope we have of riding our fake mustaches and E-40 guest spots to fame.

myspace.com/topheavycrush

Drug Tales

Sorry, there is no animated band from a town called Drugburg. Rather, I am using space to accentuate this month’s substance-friendly theme with some quotes from artists that have graced this column, past and present:

“Already on acid, it got even worse when, at the door, they gave everyone a white T-shirt instead of a wristband, making it impossible for people to find their rides or dates or anything. Worst rave ever.” —Heath, Love Meter

“After buying coke from this guy, I walked outside and three Bahamas policemen were waiting for me. It was a bust. In fear of being deported, I bribed two hundred bucks—all the cash I had. The cops wanted three. So after receiving a police escort to the ATM, I avoided deportation.”

—Wombstretcha the Magnificent

“Don’t snort kif. It burns.” —MajrD

“I’m high as hell and these lyrics came to me about being in some place called Midtown and sticking out like a billboard. A few days later on the road, we were in this village. Right as I noticed that I wasn’t dressed like any of the locals, my manager said that the area is where I would be recording. A sign on the street said ‘Midtown.’ Creepy.”

—Andrew Day, Top Heavy Crush
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