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Jynx
Ayo. I noticed you like substances, so I put some substances in your substances, so you can substantially substitute substitution substances with your substance! Do you enjoy smoking weed with other varieties of intoxicating fun-time fuel? Here is a comprehensive, scientifically-verified list of drugs and how they interact with marijuana.

**MOLLY / MDMA / ECSTASY**

I hate molly, and I don't use that word (or that drug) lightly. It makes you appreciate people, ideas and things that your logical, sober brain detests. You know that thirty-something dude who never wears a shirt, talks about Burning Man year-round, wears those stupid, fuzzy animal hats and uses words like "community" and "consciousness," when referring to the act of dropping out of society to do drugs in empty warehouses with dropouts? That dude fucking loves ecstasy.

When you're rolling, your ego is removed from pretty much every thought that enters your liquefied brain and marijuana only makes the process of appreciating dubstep and nitrous that much easier. Every time I do molly, it's because I find out the DJ gig I'm performing at doesn't pay enough, and I end up eating the stuff out of spite. Then, I remember I just did molly and immediately smoke a bowl in a failed attempt to return to reality. This backfires, and before long, I'm mixing Deadmau5 into Miss Kitten, while the promoter who just stiffed me, grinds on some girl who is only legal in Germany. Marijuana just makes the molly easier to digest, so if you're into that sort of thing, go for it.

**COCAINE**

I hate cocaine for the same reasons I hate molly, except that weed, actually makes cocaine (and the people who do it) more tolerable. Now, in some major metropolitan areas, cocaine is still potent, easy to find and sold to you by guys in leather jackets who ride motorcycles. On the other hand, in cities where people read the columns in free porn magazines (Portland, Austin, San Francisco, Seattle, etc.), cocaine is often stepped on, hard-to-find and sold to you by the guys in flannel shirts who ride fixed-gear bicycles. This latter variety, represents the type of experience I usually associate with cocaine—aging, has been half-employees sitting around in some communal hostel-room—talking about how great the one time the dude from that one band, showed up to the Dead Moon concert and smiled at so-and-so's girlfriend, who is a total bitch now ever, since she started dating the guy who does her tattoos—all with the smug arrogance of a wartime president playing golf on vacation.

When you find yourself stuck in some growler-filled kitchen in SE Portland, while two unwashed manchildren collect spit in their beards, arguing over which Dandy Warhols song sounds less like a ripoff of the Rolling Stones, you need to be armed with a strong indica to balance out the shitty blow that Bike Lock Bob just picked up from the anarchist coffee shop down the street. Be wary of smoking strong sativas while trying to deal with cocaine, as they only make things headier. Rather, balance the everyone-cares-about-my-shitty-opinion effects of cocaine, with a where-the-hell-am-I-and-how-did-i-end-up-here indica. With any luck, you'll wake up in a cocktail waitress' bed (but, you're not getting laid—she's still in the kitchen arguing with her friend, about which Wes Anderson movie is the most underrated). Cocaine is basically molly for people with even worse taste in music.

**ALCOHOL**

Weed as an emotional experience that has a physical component, whereas alcohol is more of an intense physical experience that has emotional effects. Thus, the relationship between the two is analogous to sex. Metaphorically, marijuana is the relationship variety of sex—the type where you stare at the stars and cuddle, before pretending to care if your partner gets off. Alcohol, on the other hand, is similar to the type of romantic encounter you may have in the Roxy bathroom at 3:00am on a Saturday, after the bars close—piss-stained, emotionally-detached and worth every second.

The relationship between booze and blunts, operates in a fashion similar to the progression from friendships to flings. If you start off with weed and then progress to alcohol throughout the evening, you're in for a treat (as long as you pace yourself and allow the marijuana high to take effect before you hit the pub), in the same fashion as casually dating someone for a while, before inviting them to have dumpster sex outside of the Montage results only in mild regret. Similarly, if you start off your night with whiskey and beer, then progress to weed, shit gets real (in a bad way). In the same fashion as proposing to the hooker you just rented, or trying to "make a ho a housewife" (as medical professionals in the field of rural urban studies warn against), waiting until you're drunk to add weed to the mix is a bad, bad idea. Did you know that Muchas Gracias will deep fry an Oregon burrito for fifty cents? I didn't, and then I found out about it after getting white-girl wasted and smoking a bowl. The end result, was a violent verbal altercation between myself and a Styrofoam container, that resulted in me using the same container to return the burrito it once housed.

**LSD / MUSHROOMS**

Here is where my negativity gets flipped at an angle, turns into a dwarf-dove hybrid, flies off and explodes into a shower of candy corn. Whether trip- ping on closed-caps or capsules, weed is to hallucinogens, what lube is to condoms. There is no better way to ease into a discussion regarding the smell of fractions or laser gnomes, than by pairing 'shrooms or acid with a tasty Sativa. Weed also assists the side-effects of coming down from a bad trip and tastes like the color maroon when you smoke it. Ten-out-of-ten neon Hello Kitty dance party hallucinations—would trip again.
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Before I start this column, I’ve gotta emphasize that if you work with babies or chainsaws, you shouldn’t come to work too high. Chainsaws can remove limbs, as can certain varieties of Kenyan adoptees. It’s best not to risk losing a finger or a child, just because you couldn’t wait until 4:20 to dab up.

With that being said, I am completely opposed to what is commonly known as drug testing in the workplace. The reason I emphasize the social understanding of said “testing,” is due to the Orwellian double-speak implied behind a system that punishes drug users for smoking/snorting/dabbing/jabbing their drug of choice, after returning home from a shift (i.e. while not at work). In my too-literal-for-prose mind, I think the term “workplace drug test” should allude to some sort of evaluation to determine whether or not your co-workers can tell that you’re high. Had it not been for the smell of the OG Kush that I was addicted to for the better part of 2002, I probably would have kept that job at the youth hospital and never ended up writing for this glorious publication. However, those goddamned kids loved Mr. McMillin, as I was the only counselor with enough patience (and, often times, genuine interest) to sit through A Bug’s Life, the /first time.

If you’re going to do drugs at work, you’ve gotta do them in a fashion that makes you a better employee. Depending on your drug of choice, here’s the best way to get away with consuming substances on company time—with a particular focus on the two drugs I have successfully consumed more of while on the clock, than off.

WEED

As I stated above, good weed smells like a bucket of wet skunk. If I was more in tune with my inner-social-justice warrior, I’d accuse everyone who gets high on pills or powders of some variety of privilege—claiming discrimination and oppression, because my cancer-curing drug of choice is harder to conceal. However, I smoke weed and it helps me be less of a cunt, so the blame-the-other strategy won’t work here. Instead, I have discovered a few pointers that make it easier for potheads to maintain employment. First, do not fuck with brownies or oil pens (e-cigarettes with THC) unless you are familiar with their doses (and even then, edibles vary widely by batch). Instead, invest in a smoke-disguising novelty item (they sell them at head shops—look for whistle-shaped plastic tubes with names like “Good Neighbor” or “Hi, Officer”) and a bottle of Ozium (truck stops sell this shit, if you can’t find a head shop). The guys who work in morgues use Ozium to mask the smell of corpses, and instead of just mixing the air with lavender-scented garnish (like air fresheners do), Ozium actually removes smoke (if any Ozium reps are reading this, hook a brother up and send me some bottles). Blaze up in your car, exhale the smoke through the smoke-masking novelty tube and spray a bit of Ozium with the windows down. It also helps to show up high the /first day of work (and even the interview), so that you aren’t seen as randomly stoned by your lesser-in-tune employers (and even then, edibles vary widely by batch). Instead, invest in a smoke-disguising novelty item (they sell them at head shops—look for whistle-shaped plastic tubes with names like “Good Neighbor” or “Hi, Officer”) and a bottle of Ozium (truck stops sell this shit, if you can’t find a head shop). The guys who work in morgues use Ozium to mask the smell of corpses, and instead of just mixing the air with lavender-scented garnish (like air fresheners do), Ozium actually removes smoke (if any Ozium reps are reading this, hook a brother up and send me some bottles). Blaze up in your car, exhale the smoke through the smoke-masking novelty tube and spray a bit of Ozium with the windows down. It also helps to show up high the /first day of work (and even the interview), so that you aren’t seen as randomly stoned by your lesser-in-tune employers (and even then, edibles vary widely by batch).

HALLUCINOGENS

Being on acid, can make you a better employee—end of story. If you don’t believe me, visit one of those movie rental places that still have softcore porn sections and entire shelves dedicated to different horror movie directors. There will be, on average, three employees on the floor. Two will be working the counter, and one will be stocking the shelves...ask the guy stocking the shelves to share his thoughts on underrated cult classics. If his eyes double in size and he walks you to the Troma shelf before saying a single word, he does acid (or ‘shrooms). This is why he’s not allowed to interact with the customers at the counter, but trust me, the owner keeps him around for a reason. The same applies to record stores, antique shops, bookstores and comic book outlets. The trick to doing hallucinogenic drugs at work, is to stay busy, isolated and well within view of the exit, but close enough to those customers who aren’t yet at the stage of finalizing their purchase. One important tip—always be prepared to defer any logistical or real-world questions to someone else, for instance: “Do you know if I can use my credit card to pay off late fees?” “No, I’m sorry, this isn’t my store, but Jeff at the counter knows.” “Thank you.” “No problem, we are all one collective being created in the eyes of our alien masters. Have a good day.” In short, make sure you’re not the last person a customer sees or the first person a visiting manager interacts with.

Since I basically don’t consume anything that isn’t organic (or created in a bathtub to emulate something that is organic), here’s my take on doing other drugs at work:

COCAINE - Only if you work at a record store that no one shops at anymore.
HEROIN - Only if you work at a drive-through restaurant.
BOOZE - Only if you work at a bar.
PCP - Only if you work naked.
MOLLY - Only if you work.
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In relation to this month’s theme, I feel the only correlation to this conspiracy-driven product is that the drug which I’m about to share with you, is not actually a drug. Yet, it comes in pill form, and at the risk of sounding like an old D.A.R.E. commercial, I could see it becoming highly addictive to the mass populous—especially here in the United States. The other, more disturbing realization, is that this “pill” shares eerie commonalities to the introduction of new drugs into a society of addictive personalities.

Motorola’s “authentication pill,” was raved about in 2013, following its introduction at the D11 Technology Conference. Google purchased the company in 2012 and put former DARPA director, Regina Dugan, at the helm. Translation…the former head of the United States Department of Defense’s Advanced Research Projects Division, is now Motorola’s Senior Vice President—who also happens to be spearheading the “authentication pill” project. Alarms, sirens, bells or whistles anyone? The icing on this cake, is the developer, Proteus Digital Health, teamed up with pharmaceutical giants Otsuka and Novartis to embed these devices into actual medications—claiming that doctors would now have the ability to research patients’ “responses” to the pill. That’s a pretty ambitious spreadsheet to layout, I admit—but, when it came to the public’s reaction and mainstream media reports, this mega giant didn’t let go of the reigns—they reeled them right back in. The project went silent until January 2014, when Google announced the acquisition of Motorola Mobility by Lenovo, but still retained their VP Dugan. Later in the year, we started hearing about the authentication pill again, and along with its viral information, came new conversations regarding tattoos, that could also act as identifiers.

Dugan displayed, in a video on YouTube, a simple, electronic tattoo—manufactured by Cambridge, Massachusetts-based company MC10. The small, electronic tattoo uses material developed by a University of Illinois research team led by Dr. John A. Rogers. In Dugan’s interview, she quoted, “It may be true that 10-to-20-year olds don’t want to wear a watch on their wrist;” obviously shit talking the (then, rumored) Apple smart watch. “But, you can be sure that they’ll be far more interested in wearing an electronic tattoo…if only to piss off their parents.” Not long after this surfaced, Google came under fire from the Federal Trade Commission for abuse of its power. Officials at the FTC concluded that Google Inc. used anti-competitive tactics and abused its power in a monopoly that harmed Internet users and rivals—a far harsher analysis of...
Google’s business practices, than had been seen in the past. Triggering the largest antitrust case since the early 90s, Google is once again forced to cower in the proverbial bed it has made.

2015 brings us a new year, with new adventures and... what’s that? Could it be a new contender on the horizon, looking for a way to market this long lost device? Why yes, it certainly is—and it has another mega-giant corporation attached to it, by the name of PayPal, who in recent months has parted ways with eBay and branched out into new and exciting things like “password pills.” Again? Now, the fear machine has made you aware that cyber-hacking is real, after two years of holidays being hacked to pieces by online terrorists and juvenile Robin Hoods of cyberspace. They have made sure that mainstream media sources are telling you just how bad cyber-crime is these days. The solution is to protect yourself and your things with a once-a-day pill that turns you into a walking, talking, living, breathing electronic key. And, reminiscent of Dugan’s eerie statements, PayPal’s Jonathan Leblanc, explained that the “next wave of passwords will be edible, ingestible or injectable.” Nothing like shooting up your passwords with a hot cup of coffee in the morning, I say.

Of course, PayPal recently released an official statement claiming that, although they are the forerunners for projects such as the fingerprint payments with Samsung, they are not involved in creating edible or injectable password devices. Plausible deniability, I suppose isn’t a bad tactic, but the truth of the matter is, the FDA approved Google’s device back in 2012. As television shows such as Silicon Valley have shown us, the tech crunch is real and the race to the top is real ugly and nasty sometimes.

Competitors are cutthroat and out for blood, because whoever drops the most innovative project first, wins. In my opinion, Apple’s smart watch is chump change, compared to what’s about to drop in 2016. We’re about to see a new era of technology and its right out of our favorite sci-fi movies. Over a year ago, I wrote about the RFID chips and its ties to the corporate elites and its affiliates, with a play-by-play of the timeline that spanned from 2002-2014. Though the RFID is now obsolete, they are still using it and tagging every digital device you own with them. Because, the real truth is, in the next five years we will all be a part of the “Internet of Things”—right down to our own digital-DNA code that imprints this mega computer with endless knowledge from around the globe. A global processor that’s powered by humans, created by humans and made for humans. We’re a pretty self-serving society, if you look at it that way, I guess. The reality of the whole situation is not that it’s a dream or even a conspiracy—it’s the “higher-ups” way of keeping track of everything we do. Expanding global consciousness through Internet integration and powering a nation with its own inability to think for itself. The events I predicted in last year’s, “Internet of Things” article, have arrived much faster than I ever expected, and no one I talk to, even knows what I’m talking about when I share this information. Ambient computing is going to take over. We will power it with our minds, our bodies and our devices. Just take a peek at the University of Deloitte’s press page, which quotes, “More than the sum of its devices, the Internet of Things links technologies together to create new services and opportunities.”

Read their press release (dupress.com/articles/tech-trends-2015-ambient-computing) and tell me it doesn’t scare the shit out of you, or wake you the hell up, to what’s going on around you. Embedded intelligence is the new wave of technology right now and we need to be aware that taking the red pill vs. the blue pill, could have dire effects on our future. We are no longer in control of our own destiny once it has been pre-programmed for us. The space that we exist in, and the matter we are made of, will simply cease to exist.

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NATIONAL NEWS

(Midtown, New York)

Rick's Cabaret chose to avoid a trial, by agreeing to set aside $15 million to settle a class-action lawsuit by strippers who claimed Rick's had wrongfully retained their tips when the dancers were classified as independent contractors—not as in-house employees—in order to avoid paying them minimum wage. The suit was originally filed by 50 dancers—although roughly 1,900 other Rick's dancers are lining up to cash in. The case states that the club had violated both federal and state labor laws. Rick's has contended, with legal documentation, stating that they “exercised minimal control” over the dancers. The club has countersued, while claiming that the dancers “performance fees” should count towards any statutory wage obligation by Rick's.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

(Saskatchewan, Canada)

For more than 20 years, Saskatchewan had been the only province in Canada, where it was illegal to strip in bars or any other venue that serves alcohol. Until, at the beginning of last year, when Premier, Brad Wall, reversed the law to allow strip shows and other erotic performances into bars and clubs throughout the province. Though the province retained its ban on full-frontal stripping (with pasties and g-string; being required), both dancers and venues were thriving with a booming economy from both tourism and local clientele. Until, Premier Wall pulled a dick move, just over a year later—he changed his mind again and went back to the old ways, when stripping was illegal. Even stranger, Wall decided that stripping would be allowed in Saskatchewan for one day only...for charity. Saskatoon stripper, Kruella Kraken, had other things on her mind and decided to take matters into her own hands. Several weeks after the ban had been reinstated, Kraken founded Pink Champagne Girls—a traveling strip show, complete with portable stage and poles, to perform in private homes and hotels across the province. Demand for their performances has been consistent and they hope to see their business increase into the summer months.

(Los Angeles, California)

Last month, a jury awarded $6.5 million to 249 exotic dancers, who alleged the management of Paradise Showgirls illegally took tips they earned from private off-stage dances. The class-action lawsuit (originally filed in May 2010) was brought by lead plaintiff, Quincene “Sparkle” Hills, in Los Angeles Superior Court along with 248 other dancers who all performed at Paradise Showgirls from May 2006 to the present. Prosecuting attorney, K.L. Myles, said state law is unique when it comes to strippers, because it allows performers of private dances to treat money directly obtained from customers as gratuities. “We’re very pleased that we had such a thoughtful and conscientious jury,” said Myles. A future hearing will be held, in which the plaintiffs will ask the judge to issue an injunction against Paradise Showgirls, to stop the practice of collecting portions of the dancers’ tips. Club attorney, Ernest Franceschi, said the award was about half of what the plaintiffs sought. And, that there would be an appeal and that it may be years before many of the constitutional issues are resolved. “This is by no means over!” He continued, by stating that his clients were entitled to take portions of the strippers’ money, earned as the cost of renting small spaces at the club to perform private dances. He also said there was no documentation proving Hills ever worked at Paradise Showgirls, which is located on a gritty, commercial stretch of Valley Boulevard. A juror who voted in favor of the plaintiffs, said she thought it was fair that the club charged rent, but that she and the other jurors were following the law.

(Atlanta, Georgia)

Governor Deal signed two documents, labeled SR 7 and SB 8, also known as “the pole tax,” to continue the Republican war on strip clubs. This tax will put into law, a painfully-dangerous precedent of taxing an entire industry—simply out of a lack of affinity for it. The bill will add an annual $5,000 or 1% fee/tax assessment on adult entertainment establishments. If passed, revenue from the tax will go into a compensation and rehabilitation fund for victims of sex trafficking—despite the lack of connection between these establishments and trafficking. Voters will decide if that money will go into a newly-created fund via constitutional amendment in November 2016. Industry Defense Attorney, Alan Begner, stated that the law “will be challenged.” He said he is unsure how many clubs will sign onto a class-action suit, but noted that nude dancing is free speech and you cannot tax free speech.

Senator Renee Unterman, the bill’s sponsor, retorted that the clubs deserve to be taxed and “anytime you have a community that starts going downhill, it’s typically in these areas (that the strip clubs are located in) and those establishments never do anything to help clean up the neighborhoods.”

(El Paso, Texas)

On May 19, a Navy SEAL traveling to El Paso on official duty, recently visited several strip clubs, laid down his official government credit card and spent a total of more than $1,000 at adult entertainment establishments, during his 17 days of travel. When the Navy got the credit card bill, it raised no eyebrows. Across the Defense Department, government credit cardholders improperly spent more than $1 million at casinos and adult entertainment clubs in a single year, the Pentagon’s Inspector General found. In a report released Tuesday, the IG documented widespread abuse of military credit cards for personal use and repeated failure of the Defense Department’s detection system, for flagging potential abuse of taxpayers’ dollars. Specifically, in a single year running from July 2013 to June 2014, Defense Department cardholders ran up 4,437 transactions, totaling $952,258, in charges that likely involved personal use at casinos. At strip clubs and other adult entertainment establishments, cardholders also ran up 900 additional transactions totaling nearly $100,000, according to the report. The SEAL in El Paso, was subsequently sent before a disciplinary review board and received written counseling for the misuse of a government credit card.
While preparing for the flight with eight-division world champion Manny Pacquiao, five-division world champion Floyd Mayweather Jr., reportedly kept a duffel bag in his Las Vegas MGM Grand changing room, packed and loaded with cash. The bag, nicknamed the “pregnant duffel” by members of Mayweather’s entourage, contained $250,000 — five bundles of banknotes at $50,000 each — constantly guarded by members of his entourage. He planned to spend the money at a strip club after winning the flight. Mayweather won the welterweight title fight in Las Vegas, with a unanimous decision—maintaining his unbeaten record. Following the fight, Mayweather threw a $250,000 strip club party with wall-to-wall strippers and friends, such as Justin Bieber and Jay-Z, in attendance. He owns two Gulfstream private jets — a Gulfstream V for his family and a Gulfstream IV for his staff, including bodyguards, a personal barber, a masseur and an attendant who carries his hand sanitizer, for when he makes it rain at the strip clubs.

LOCAL NEWS

(Portland, Oregon)

With President Obama in town last month, Reddit users pondered which local strip club would the Secret Service be most likely to visit? Spoiler, one of them dropped their Homeland Security ID after a night of national security at the Kit Kat Club on the night of POTUS’ arrival. Additionally, alleged sightings also took place at CC Slaughters, and a reported government lockdown occurred, during a debate of preference between steak bites and tofu tacos in the parking lot of the Acropolis.
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Tell us a little about yourself—who is Dick Hennessy?

I like to consider myself the mascot of the adult industry in Oregon—just an average, everyday guy, who loves women, good music, weed and alcohol. In a city that is the strip club capital of the United States, there was no guy that you could point your finger at and say, “THAT’s the guy.” I wanted to be THAT guy. I decided that strip club DJing and event promotions, was the best path to reach that destination.

Where did the Vagina Beauty Pageant originate?

The first Vagina Pageant started off at the Boom Boom Room in 2010. The total prize money was $500, plus a homemade trophy. 12 girls competed, and the winner of the first-ever Vagina Beauty Pageant was Roxy from the Boom Boom Room. From this point forward, I knew I was onto something. The next year, I realized I needed a bigger venue, so with the help of Mariah (formerly of Exotic), I took the pageant to Club Rouge. Last year, the pageant finally outgrew one night and I had to split it into three. Surprisingly, that was still not enough, as girls from all over decided to compete—with one girl even flying in from Chicago. I could barely fit all of the contestants into three nights—so now, I’ve decided to expand it to five nights.

I heard your first trophy was a potato chip that looked like a vagina. Is there any truth to that?

The first trophy was a modest one. I made it myself, with a Hawaiian spicy luau bbq potato chip friend Kristen found, that was shaped like a vagina. I super glued it to a dollar-store light up display and then placed it in a Patrón poker chip case, to make it look official. The trophies have come a long way since then… (laughs)

How does this year’s pageant compare to previous years?

This year, instead of having it at one central location in the downtown area, I’ve expanded the pageant to five different locations throughout the state—encompassing all five weeks of July, which I’ve officially proclaimed as VaJulyNa, from this point forward. I’ve also increased the prize money to $5,000 in cash and prizes, which should make for some serious competition. Last, but not least, I’m upgrading the #VaginaMobile and my entire marketing campaign, to increase visibility.

How does one become a judge for the Vagina Pageant?

People tell me all the time that they want to be a judge and I completely understand where they are coming from. However, the judges for my beloved pageant are strategically selected by me, based on a variety of different factors. Some of my favorite lifetime judges are the owner of Voodoo Doughnuts, Tres Shannon, and local bearded-legend, Jedediah Aaker. They take it very serious and always come equipped with a variety of different judging gadgets and apparatuses that help them determine a winner. Last year, Nik Sin really pushed the envelope, as he came dressed to judge in full movie-quality Freddy Krueger makeup. Elle Stanger (Exotic contributor) has always been a consummate professional as well, providing balance and order to every VBP judge’s panel.

I’ve seen a lot of VaJulyNa, having personally attended the Vagina Beauty Pageant throughout the years—what have been some of your most memorable moments?

Too many to name, honestly—however, a few that come to mind are, the girl that had two vaginas last year, Taylor, from Spyce. I also remember how ecstatic Atlas, from Golden Dragon was when she won the 3rd-annual pageant. Getting kicked out of my suite at the Hotel Monaco after the 2nd pageant, and, of course, Rochelle’s (aka, Miss Love) award-winning roast beef performance in 2012.

Tell us where we can find the Vagina Beauty Pageant this year?

Thursday, July 2 at Dusk ’Til Dawn (Casa Diablo II in Portland)
Friday, July 10 at The Nile Club in Eugene
Monday, July 13 at Casa Diablo in Portland
Thursday, July 23 at Gold Club in Milwaukie
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In light of this issue’s revolving door to drug topics, I configured an eye-catching artistic piece, methodically demonstrating the effect of recreational drugs and artistic expression. Curious, perforated minds in the prime of a subtle state are the perfect breeding ground for an artist to cultivate and nurture their innermost psychotic fantasies. The creations of new genius, are molded from the mind and altered to obtain a greater understanding of color, light and alternate dimensions. Not only have these artistic entrepreneurs earned a nod in this month’s Drug Issue, they have earned a space in our hearts, by penetrating our imaginations.

Robert Williams

Deranged and intricately perfect to the absolute finest detail, Robert Williams is the master creator/illustrator of fantastic chaos. His perspective is delightfully intriguing, while tangled in a marvelously, disturbing assault on your senses. Williams has created enormous masterpieces that share the same level of superior detail and expansive vision, as his smaller pieces.
Michael Parkes

A beautiful mind, equipped with the ability to render moments in time, Michael Parkes, will forever be the king of Renaissance beauty. Worlds within worlds, his mind-bending imagery only tips the iceberg in a profound sea of illustrious art and fantasy.
Oliver Hilbert

Within the realm of your mind’s eye, there exists a spot reserved just for Oliver Hilbert. He sits at the VIP table, with an expansive collection of furious colors and eye-catching appeal. A notable amount of Oliver’s work has a focal point that centers around the window to your soul.

Igor Piačka

The cosmos of fire and rain parade across the artworks of Igor Piačka. Each piece, takes your eyes on a journey from one corner of the canvas to the next. The images dance in an electric balance, shifting your focus from dark to light, in a perfect storm of brilliant color—illuminating the stark depths that illuminate each piece.
**Salvador Dali**

He might very well be the connoisseur of the mind meld. Many a psychotropic has been indulged upon, during the evaluation of the works of Salvador Dali. Entering his world, blends a rich truth within an illusionary reality—shimmering within a masked veil of obscurity. He has rendered so many unforgettable works, that his mark on mankind will have influence across the globe for eternity. Thank you, Mr. Dali, for a peek into your divine universe.

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**Leif Pohhajsky**

Take a minute to stop, visit and update your cerebral cortex, because these mind-bending images are nothing short of a phenomenon. With interstellar ties to a kaleidoscope of untamed renderings, Leif Pohhajsky, enters a cryptic tide and weaves it inside out. He brings the spiraling confines of a digital space and expands his visions into endless obsessions and revered works.
It was 8:30pm, inside the small, inner-SE-industrial area-strip club. The door was open and sunshine was still illuminating the red-stained windows to the inside of the room. Throughout the club, a dozen patrons laughed and drank. A seated couple had been chatting with one of the afternoon-shift dancers. I couldn’t hear their words, but her smile stretched genuinely to her eyes, while they talked as she wiggled around the stage. The man reached into his coat and extended his hand, with something in it. The dancer troted over and raised an eyebrow.

It was an electric tobacco vaporizer—nothing nefarious—but, I realized that I was about to watch a crime unfold. The dancer lifted the small, metallic box to her lips and sucked. She laughed and blew at the ceiling. The DJ sighed and lifted the microphone. “Per new law, there is NO vaping indoors.”

Tobacco smoking is one of the most lucrative and also highly-regulated industries in the country. Oregon is braced to become the third state in the country where marijuana smoking is legal. Strip clubs are already a hot spot for people who are riding high or low on behavior-altering substances, aka drugs. Unlike the medical doctor I once dated, who was addicted to cocaine, most adults determine that it’s wiser to use party substances for party time and strip clubs are where many of us go to party. If you’re reading this, you might be right high now!

Any kind of social change is triggered by a social change. The catalyst of decriminalizing marijuana, was led by many factors. For one, the WAR ON DRUGS has proven largely unsuccessful, with non-violent offenders filling our already overcrowded jails. The country’s political climate has warmed to recreational marijuana use, with countless studies and proof of its medicinal benefits for a variety of ailments. And, since Oregon is one of the leading states in problematic, destructive and addictive drugs (meth), people have probably figured out that having the munchies and becoming forgetful, are low on the totem pole on the list of problems. Fiscal crisis sweeping the nation for the last decade is one reason that politicians and citizens support the distribution of funds that is gathered from taxing these regulated dispensaries and growers.

With last November’s passing of Measure 91, 40 percent of tax revenue will go toward the Common School Fund, 20 percent will be used for mental health, alcoholism and drug treatment services, 15 percent will go to Oregon State Police and 10 percent will help local law enforcement regulate recreational marijuana in their cities. So, what does this mean for everyone?

Looking at the pros and cons, here is what some might expect post-July 1, in strip clubs around Oregon.

Pro: Food sales in clubs and other entertainment venues will increase. It’s a common side effect to experience insatiable hunger when smoking pot. This is bad for your waistline, since bikini season IS coming, but great for the kitchen staff and operators.

Con: Drink sales might decrease. I personally don’t like to drink when I’m high and other adults have reported similarly in informal studies.

Pro: Strippers might give more lap dances. Because, really, the customers who are melting into their chairs, experiencing heightened sensitivity, awareness and deeper relaxation, will probably want to prolong the experience. Lap dances are like back massages—the better it feels, the longer you want it to last, right?

Con: But, we might not get paid for all of them. Sometimes, when people are super high, they forget that they don’t have the available funds for an indulgence. Also, people who aren’t firing with all of their cylinders have a tendency to lose things—like their wallets. Ladies, try to get the money up front.

Pro: Fewer bar fights and altercations will occur. Because, THC really isn’t a substance that makes many people aggressive.

Con: More parking lot car accidents will occur. I don’t care what you say, stoned people tend to be really shitty drivers and there are plenty of studies to support this. Watching a person back up and text on their cell phone, is literally like watching a car accident in slow motion. Pro tip: Try to park where the lot cameras can see the license plate of the person who might hit you.

Pro: More tourists will flock to the “weird” city where they can simultaneously drink, smoke, gamble and see full nudity.

Con: More service industry workers will be dealing with tourists who feel entitled to display poor behavior while they drink, smoke, gamble and see full nudity.

Speculation aside, it will still be illegal to drive a car while under the influence of marijuana. It will still be illegal to smoke marijuana in public and likely in all entertainment venues. The main perk of Measure 91 passing, is that you can have up to 1 ounce of marijuana on your person when in public and up to eight ounces at home. And yet, this puts all renting citizens in a bind, as the overwhelming majority of apartment complexes do not allow smoking either.

I’ll speculate, that the folks that will be going hog wild, are likely to be the ones that didn’t take the time to read Measure 91 terms in the first place and are also the people who didn’t vote. These folks will have a lesser understanding of what the new law means. There will still be no smoking inside of bars and venues. It will still be illegal to smoke weed in public. A citizen of Oregon must be 21 years of age or older to possess marijuana on your person when in public, and yet, this puts all renting citizens in a bind, as the overwhelming majority of apartment complexes do not allow smoking either.

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A black man walks into a public bar and is immediately greeted with a cold, off-putting vibe from the white staff. The fair-skinned woman at the register, asks if there will be "umm...any more people coming" in a very hesitant tone of voice. After the black man is joined by his associates, the white cook gives a dirty look, as another black guy starts walking toward the jukebox. Immediately, the songs playing from the machine are cut off and replaced by a Pandora punk rock station, run by the bartender’s iPod. Thirty minutes later, when menus arrive on the table, the black man asks for a coffee and the waitress immediately asks if this will be on separate checks, before reminding her patrons of the establishment’s rule that someone has to leave a credit card behind the bar for an open tab. Suddenly, a white guy rushes into the bar and is immediately given a PBR, without being asked to leave a card or pay cash. This is not the 1950s, however, and this incident did not happen in the south. This is what a “hip hop showcase” looks like in Portland.

In the above anecdote, which happened on MLK in SE Portland, the white guy turned out to be the emcee for a dozen-plus white guy rap battle showcase. And, the black patrons remained ignored (for the majority of the evening) by the white wait staff that was busy pretending to be audience members at a BET taping. Welcome to liberal racism—specifically, the Portland variety.

Now, I’m not starting off this article with the assumption that all black people love hip hop—that would be like a straight guy starting a pro-LGBT rap song off with sixteen bars about how he thinks gay people like to draw. What I am saying, however, is that hip hop is a traditionally black art form, much like country music is traditionally white. If the above example happened in Oakland, on a “country night” and a table of white guys were ignored and shut-out by the all-black staff, Lars Larson and his colleagues would riot in the streets. When racism happens in Portland, however, it gets a pass—often veiled in a guise of good intentions and liberal talking points.

Why is this possible?

First, Oregon has a history of being really, really racist. As in, we sort of took over where Hitler left off in terms of the whole “knock on the door, forced out of the house, replace with white people” game. Except, instead of gas chambers, we have Whole Foods and vegan coffee shops and instead of the Holocaust, we have Vanport floods. Guess which one of these documented historical tragedies is not recognized by my spell check, even when capitalized? Imagine if Hitler had won World War II and then Germany decided to casually co-opt Jewish culture, publicly denouncing any and all affiliation with the Nazi party in the name of “tolerance,” while pretending that Jews were just sort of okay with the new Sour Kraut Food Cart that replaced the synagogue that was firebombed less than two decades prior. That’s Portland.

Second, Oregon’s biggest racists are liberal and thus covert. This may sound extreme, but I have a certain amount of respect for individuals who choose to openly adhere to extreme right-wing politics, only because these people aren’t putting on a facade about what they believe (even though it’s not what I agree with). The Ku Klux Klan doesn’t dress up in FUBU and pretend to be “not about racial politics,” while operating a soul food bar on post-gentrified Alberta Street. Portland liberals, on the other hand, have a handy conversion chart for racist terminology and smokescreens to cloud their fear of black folks. The word “urban” means the same thing as “nigger,” in the mind of the white liberal who uses it to justify what type of crowd they want to avoid. “We don’t do “urban” comedy, but black people are welcome here.” “We don’t play “urban” music because it’s violent, but if you want to hear Pantera, that’s fine because it’s classic rock.” “I pulled you over because you looked “urban,” even though this entire state is rural.”

Third, is the uncomfortable feeling that thickens the air whenever a white liberal is asked to openly discuss issues of race—often justified by some line of shit about sensitiv
ity and/or emotional triggers. Case in point, a Portland "comedian" went on the interwebs to bash Harvey's Comedy Club for featuring, "a comic who repeatedly uses the N-word on stage." Well, the part she forgot to mention, is that the comic in question was black. When this was brought up in the discussion, her response was that "some people" would get offended, including her own white ("well, technically. I'm one-sixteenth Native Amer..."), ahem, WHITE self. Something that we white people tend to forget, is that the notion of the trigger warning (aka the notion that the baby boomers didn't completely cripple an entire generation by making the world a safe black for twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The audience in this example, feels just a dose of what the black guy does when he's the only non-white person in a room full of privileged white comics, who discuss banjos, Wes Anderson, kittens and other things not directly addressed in the upcoming NWA documentary.

Fourth, the white liberals running around yelling "check your privilege," are usually those who benefit from it the most, but have found a smokescreen to defer accountability. Instead of accepting that every white person benefits from a systematic set of socially reinforced perks (regardless of how marginalized we want to be), the liberal Portlander grasps at straws to identify with anything other than that of a cultural beneficiary. "Well, as a woman/celiac-survivor/Scorpio/victim/etc., I'm discriminated against all the time" is just another way of saying "I feel guilty as shit that I'm white, and by identifying as the oppressed, it allows me to remove some of the burden." When a white nu-wave fauxminist brings up the wage gap (the fact that men make more than women), she leaves out the race factor. White men make more than white women while white women make more than black men—who in turn make more than black women. In other words, it says to a black woman, "I'm just as oppressed as you," when that is clearly not the case. To clarify, I'm not advocating for misogyny, homophobia, ____-shaming, spitting on babies or throwing bike locks at single mothers from vaudevillian bicycles. I'm saying that these are just additional examples of how Portlanders juggle struggles in a pseudo-artistic attempt to appear oppressed. And, if someone does want to play the Victim Olympics, any of the above struggles (sexual assault, gender discrimination, etc.) happen to non-white people at exponentially larger rates—while the resources available to white, marginalized groups are vastly superior.

Finally, and most damaging, is the white gatekeeper mentality persists in even the most well-intended social justice efforts. The white producers of Whitelandia, a film that intends to document the racist history of Oregon (well-intended), have been repeatedly accused of lifting material from (established, black) journalists, bloggers, speakers and activists to generate support (money raised via Kickstarter) for their (predictable, trite, white art house) film—even going as far as to include unauthorized video clips, within the body of their movie preview (falsely alluding to consensual use). One of the sources for stolen material, an author named Wali...
dah Imarisha, actually called the producers on their crap. According to her blog “Why I Chose Not To Be Involved In Whitelandia,” Imarisha reports:

“When I addressed these concerns with them, their response was to say it would be impossible for a film like this to exist without my scholarship and research, and that moreover, I was the “primary historian” on this subject. This alone shows how very little research the producers have done on their own. My name may come up when you type “Oregon Black History” into Google (which feels like it is the extent of their research), but I have only been presenting about this for three years. “

It takes a special kind of liberal doublespeak to turn “I love you people, can I touch your hair?” into an official response by a production company, but the Whitelandia people appear to have done it. Oh, and the latest five or six posts on their website and social media pages? Links to crowdfunding websites to pay for the movie. In other words, the formula of “black struggle, as portrayed by white media, equals profit” is tried and tested at this point. Sure, the point of making a documentary about Oregon’s racist history may seem altruistic on the surface, but Walidah summarizes with words I could not do justice to by paraphrasing:

“Do I think the two Whitelandia filmmakers are “bad” people? No. I believe they are white people who had good intentions. Unfortunately, intentions alone, without work, education and accountability, will not stop exploitative dynamics from happening. In fact, they often ensure systems of oppression will be perpetuated, especially in a place like Portland, which prides itself on espousing a liberal politic that actually serves to perpetuate institutional racism.”

The Northwest is famous for taking the struggles of other people and silencing them with our own portrayals. If it weren’t, Kendrick Lamar would have won that Grammy. It sounds like Whitelandia will do as much to “raise awareness” of Oregon’s racist history, as 50 Shades of Gray did to raise awareness about sexual assault. Ironically (but, not for the cute reasons), the same angry white bitch with non-prescription glasses (check your privilege, says the blind guy) will defend both with hashtags, as to avoid being lumped in as part of the problem. White people have the stage, we lead the discussion, and regardless of any amount of self-proclaimed oppression, all of us have the option of being visibly part of the dominant class. A white, crippled, bisexual, pans-gendered, pink-haired, tattooed victim of childhood incest, is still white. As much as pain is associated with being part of any marginalized group, cops don’t shoot a lot of unarmed, white feminist protesters, nor do they profile white-bipolar drivers who identify as werewolves suffering from Tumblr-trigger-inspired PTSD.

At least a handful of you aren’t waiting to call me a hypocrite for writing this column, like “Hey Ray, aren’t you speaking on behalf of black people, in regards to the black struggle and doing the same shit that the white liberals you seem to hate so much, are guilty of?” The answer is, obviously, yes—yes I am. You know how your favorite rapper gets to use the “whisper” “N-word” because he’s “whisper” not white? Well, I’m trying to co-opt the phrase “white liberal” to mean something positive again. Because, I’ve been called one all my life and I don’t like the connotations it has. I’m taking it back.
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After 4 rounds of qualifiers, close to 30 exotic aerialists descended upon the stage at Dante’s, for the ultimate battle royale of ec dysiastic proportions, on Friday, May 29. And, the winner is... unavailable—because we don’t have a time machine. We went to print on May 23, so enjoy this moment—you get to know something that we didn’t. But, rather than pretend all the awesomeness of these pages hasn’t happened, we’ll share everything with you, right up until that point when our publisher locked us all into our production cells, to bring you this drug-addled issue of sexy shenanigans.

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