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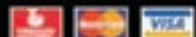
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DRUGS I HAVEN'T TRIED...

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.



...YET

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.

PSYCHEDELIC TOAD VENOM ...
Mainly because my last name rhymes with "toad."



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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 I going to the office to watch "Venus" on the Batcave-style security monitors. Sure enough, "Venus" was chopping up... *something*. Seemingly smart enough to find the "hidden" camera, she put her basil or lettuce or whatever under the lens, making it invisible to any bored employees violating her privacy.

After her pile of mystery substance was finished being diced, "Venus" leaned forward with a straw, most likely to drink the powdered beverage that she had just mixed up...



... 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.

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

when us DJs get on the mic and harass you about tipping the girls, it's not because Kyra can time her ass to shake with a beat, or because Indago and Taylor are recreating the only good scene in *Bound* for less than the price of a gordita. It's the simple fact that these women are making themselves physically vulnerable in every aspect, on and off the stage.

Having been drugged against my knowledge and having made it out with an un-violated poop chute, I have a great deal more respect for the dancers that risk their sobriety, anal virginity, and God knows what else so my friends and I can wad up bills and play asshole basketball while Sapphire flips the DJ off for playing Slayer.

TALES FROM THE D.J. BOOTH

BY STATUTORY RAY

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"Nothing but the naked truth"

April 2008

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 12th, 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; Darkstar 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 Stimulating 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 *Über*-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 not with dismay over 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 on a grand scale rock music hasn't had a true artistic and cultural upheaval since Nirvana in the early 90s?

Now before you get the notion that I'm against the use of antidepressants, I should disclose that I've been taking them for several years. Fuck—how else am I gonna get through these dreary Seattle fucking winters without either slitting my wrists or

Axl's Little Helper

have antidepressants killed rock 'n' roll?

by rich evans

gnawing some passive-aggressive douchebag's jugular vein right out of their throat? You think I'm obnoxious now? Just try to imagine the self-righteous vitriol that spews from this mind unmedicated!

Before finding the pill that was just right for me (i.e., one that allows me to wake up every day for work but doesn't turn my brain to applesauce and/or turn my schlong into a shriveling, useless appendage), I had to endure the living hell of experimenting with various pills that affected my brain and body chemistry in sometimes unpredictable ways.

Sometimes I'd seemingly spend days in a dark room listening to "Blood and Roses" by The Smithereens or some other depressing shit on a continuous loop. Other times I'd obsessively clean my apartment while chattering

endlessly to my roommates about how Sonic Youth was responsible for all the world's ills. My sex drive would range from zero to humping anything with a pulse. My appetite for food swung wildly as well—sometimes voracious, sometimes nonexistent.

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....



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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 liquored-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!

OK, meatheads...I put up with you fucks coming into my watering hole, acting like losers, hitting on bartenders, thinkin' you're the coolest, and fucking with any pro that shows you up. BUT! If you start sucker-punching my friends and thinking you're gonna kidnap two girls and take advantage of them because they needed a little rest on the curb before venturing on, you might want to look around and count how many pros are watching your bullshit.

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 act 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 fucking 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.

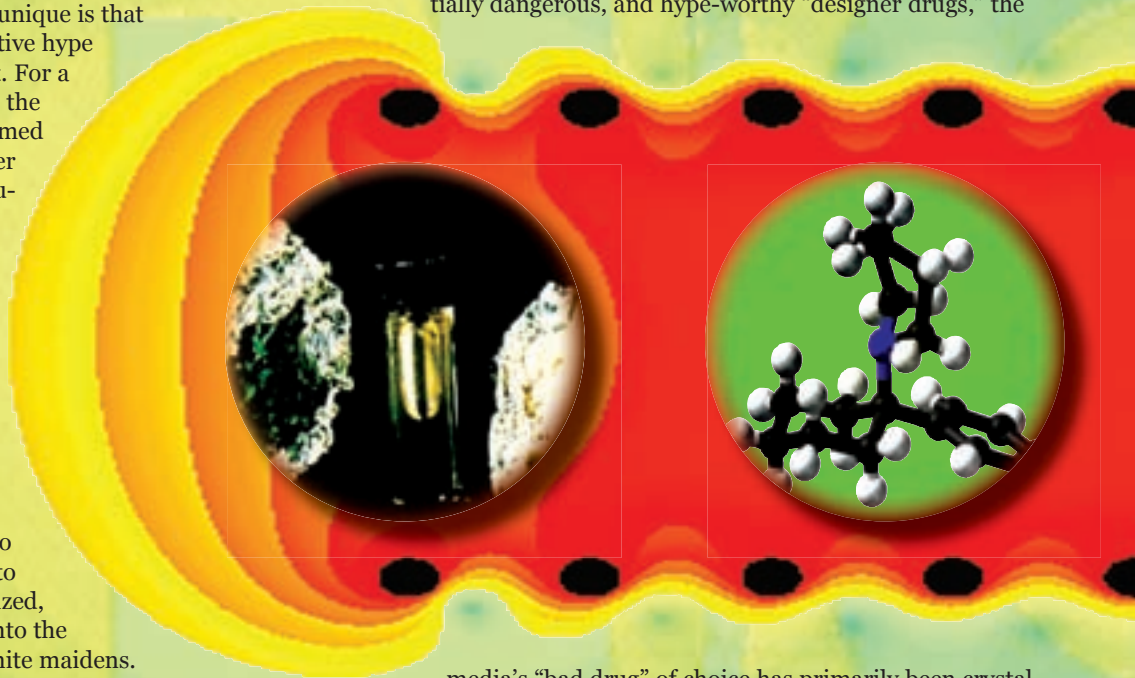
Such hype inevitably led to anti-cocaine legislation. But coke, of course, has survived quite nicely.

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 uptight 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

FOND REMEMBRANCES OF PHENCYCLIDINE, THE "BAD DRUG" OF THE 1970S

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 pervasively *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

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 creamed by speeding autos.

As you can see—not a lot of fun there.

But because, although humble, I consider myself a trendsetter and a maverick and a pioneer and a trailblazer, I have deemed it my civic duty to come forward and utter what are possibly the first positive words ever said about recreationally abusing the dreaded cat tranquilizer Angel Dust.

I've smoked it on maybe a half-dozen occasions, the last being in the late 1980s while hanging out with some Mexicans in East LA. They got their kicks smoking Kool mentholated cigarettes dipped in liquid PCP, and "Kool" was their street term for a dusted cigarette. You could buy a Kool from them for five bucks.

I only took one or two hits that day, but the Kool bore the unmistakably metallic-fishy flavor of PCP. And within a few minutes, just like all the previous times I'd been dusted, I felt as if I was walking on giant boots made of marshmallows. I felt fine. It was an angel, rather than a devil, that had dusted me.

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.



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.



Name: Jessie
Club: Pullas
Make-up: Melissa Riggs

April 2008

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DANCE CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 1
8325 SE McLoughlin (503) 231-9611
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, full menu, cigars

THE BIG BANG 2
11051 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-3320
Daily 2pm-2:30am—full bar, full menu

BLUSH 3
5145 SE McLoughlin Blvd (503) 236-1131
Mon-Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat Noon-2:30am, Sun 7pm-2:30am
2 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery

BOOM BOOM ROOM 4
8345 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-7630
Daily 2pm-2am—1 stage, full bar, wine, food, lottery

BOTTOMS UP! 5
16900 NW St. Helens (503) 621-9844
M-Thu 12pm-12am Fri-Sat noon-2am Sun 12n-10pm—1 stage, full bar, food

CABARET 6
503 W Burnside (503) 525-4900
Daily 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CABARET II 7
17544 SE Stark (503) 252-3529
Mon-Sat Noon-2:30am, Sun 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CARNAVAL 8
330 SW 3rd Ave. (503) 227-1527
Mon 8pm-4am Tues-Fri 4pm-4am, Sat-Sun 6pm-4am—18+ juice bar, nude dancers, private shows

CASA DIABLO GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 46
2839 NW St. Helens Rd. (503) 222-6600
Mon-Sat 2pm-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CLUB 82 9
4229 SE 82nd Ave (503) 774-2907
Daily 10:30am-2:30am—full bar, food

COCKTAILS AND DREAMS 10
3620 SE 35th (503) 238-7787
Mon-Sat 11:2-30 Sunday 3pm-2:30am—4 stages, full bar, food

DANCIN' BARE 11
8440 N Interstate (503) 285-9073
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

DEVILS POINT 12
5305 SE Foster (503) 774-4513
Daily 11am-2:30am—topless dancing, burlesque, bands, full bar, lottery

THE DOLPHIN I 13
17180 SE McLoughlin (503) 654-9366
Daily 11:30am-2am—3 stages, full bar, food

THE DOLPHIN II 14
10360 SW Beaverton Hills. Hwy. (503) 627-0666
Daily 11:30am-2am—4 stages, full bar, food, lottery

DOUBLE DRIBBLE TAVERN 15
13550 SE Powell (503) 760-7096
Daily 1am-2:30am—1 stage, beer & wine, food

DREAM ON SALOON 16
15920 SE Stark (503) 253-8765
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 1pm-2am—2 stages, full bar, food

DV8 17
5021 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 788-7178
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

EXOTICA INTERNATIONAL 18
240 NE Columbia (503) 285-0281
Daily 11am-2:30am—5 stages, full bar, full menu, VIP room

HAWTHORNE STRIP 19
1008 SE Hawthorne (503) 232-9516
Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery

HOTTIES 20
10140 SW Canyon Rd. (503) 643-7377
Sun-Wed 6pm-2am, Thurs-Sat 6pm-6am—2 stages, juice bar, after hours, dj, dancing

JD'S BAR 'N' GRILL 21
4523 NE 60th (503) 288-9771
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, beer & wine, food

JIGGLES 22
7455 SW Nyberg Rd. (503) 692-3655
Mon-Thu 3pm-3am, Fri-Sat 3pm-4am, Sun 6pm-3am—18+ juice bar, beautiful women

JODY'S BAR & GRILL 23
12035 NE Glisan (503) 255-5039
Daily 11am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47
633 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 206-7350
Daily 7am-2:30am—1 stage, 1 full bar, incredible food, non-smoking

MAGIC GARDENS 24
217 NW 4th (503) 224-8472
M-Sat 12n-2:30am Sun 6pm-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

MARY'S CLUB 25
129 SW Broadway (503) 227-3023
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, snacks, lottery

MONTEGO'S 26
15826 SE Division (503) 761-7293
1pm-2am, 7 Days—2 stages, full bar, food

NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE 27
2460 NW 24th (503) 227-5384
Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am Sat 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

THE PALLAS 28
13639 SE Powell (503) 760-8128
Mon-Sa 11:30am-2:30am Sun 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food

PIRATE'S COVE 29
7417 NE Sandy (503) 287-8900
Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

POP-A-TOP PUB 30
6210 NE Columbia (503) 281-3212
Mon-Sa 10am-2:30am, Sun 3pm-7:30am—3 stages, beer & wine, food

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31
545 SE Tacoma (503) 232-6813
Mon-Sa 10am-2:30am Su 1pm-1am—2 stages, full bar, food

ROOSTER'S 32
605 N Columbia (503) 289-1351
Mon-Sa 11am-2am Su 12pm-12am—beer & wine, snacks

SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33
3000 SE Powell (503) 231-9199
Daily 10am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

SASSY'S BAR & GRILL 34
927 SE Morrison (503) 231-1606
Daily 10:30am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food, lottery, pool

SOOBIE'S 35
333 SE 122nd (503) 253-8892
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, bento & teriyaki cuisine

STARS CABARET 36
4570 SW Lombard Ave. (503) 350-0868
Mon-Sat 11am-2:00am, Sun 4pm-2am—4 stages, full bar, food

THE SUNSET STRIP 37
10205 SW Parkway (503) 297-8466
Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 5pm-2:30am
2 stages, full bar & menu, VIP lounge, champagne room

TOMMY'S 38
3532 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 234-6033
Daily 11am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

TOMMY'S TOO 39
10335 SE Foster (503) 771-3544
Daily 11am-2am—2 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery

TOMMY'S III 40
8000 SE Foster (971) 230-0047
Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am Sun 10am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, wine, full menu, lottery

TOP HAT AND TAILS 41
4579 NE Cully Blvd. (503) 493-9169
Daily 10am-2am—1 stage, full bar, full menu, lottery, pool

THE VIEWPOINT 42
82nd & NE Killingsworth (503) 254-0191
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food

UNION JACKS 43
938 E. Burnside (503) 236-1125
Daily 2pm-2:30am—2 stages, Full Bar, Food

92ND STREET CLUB 44
5933 SE 92nd St. (503) 771-6966
Daily 11am-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food, Lottery

505 CLUB 45
505 NW Burnside, Gresham (503) 666-2286
Daily 11am-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food, Lottery

BUSINESSES

ANGELSPDX.COM 101
3533 SE 39th (503) 727-3580
Fri & Sat 8pm-4am—couples, single women & select single men

ADULT VIDEO ONLY STORES 102
Vancouver: 10620 NE 4th Plain Rd. (360) 253-2806
Mon-Thu 8am-midnight Fri-Sat 8am-1am Sun 8am-11pm
Videos, mags, arcade, toys

ALL ADULT VIDEO 103
14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd (503) 652-2004
Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, arcade, toys

AREA 69 104
7720 SE 82nd Ave (503) 774-5544
Daily 10am-2am—videos, magazines, toys, novelties

B. A. VIDEO 105
5425 SE 72nd (503) 788-7669
Mon-Sat 11am-7pm—specialty videos, magazines

BLUE SPOT VIDEO 106
3232 NE 82nd (503) 251-8944
Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys, arcade

BLUSH BOUTIQUE 149
611 SE Morrison St. (503) 481-8788
Mon-Fri 12pm-7pm Sat-Sun 12pm-5pm—custom made exotic dancewear, lingerie, shoes, stockings

CASTLE MEGASTORE 108
9815 SW Capitol Hwy (503) 768-9305
Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, novelties, toys

CATHIE'S 109
8201 SE Powell #H (503) 771-9979
Daily 9am-12am—videos, mags, toys, lingerie

CENTERFOLD SUITES 110
314 W Burnside, Suite 300 (503) 222-9823
Mon-Thu 10am-4am Fri-Sat 24 hours Sun noon-4am—private lingerie modeling

CINDY'S BOOKSTORE 111
NW 4th and W Burnside (503) 222-1554
Mon-Fri 8am-1am Sat-Sun 9am-1am—videos, mags, toys, arcade

D.K. WILDS 112
13355 SW Henry (503) 643-6645
Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys, arcade, leather

DUKE'S ADULT BOOKSTORE 113
13560 SE Powell Blvd (503) 774-4566
Daily 10am-8pm—videos/rental, mags, toys

EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114
5620 NE MLK Blvd. (503) 493-3944
Daily 4pm-Midnight—adult novelties, videos, mags, toys

FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (6) 115
3137 NE Sandy (503) 239-6969 - 24 Hours
6440 SW Coronado - (503) 244-6969 - 24 Hours
1512 W Burnside - (503) 295-6969 - 24 Hours
10720 SW Beaverton Hillsdale Hwy - (503) 235-6969
15536 SE 82nd Dr. (503) 203-6969 - 24 Hours
DVDs, arcade, erotica, preview, lingerie, apparel, and shoes

FANTASYLAND 2 (1) 116
5228 SE Foster Rd. (503) 775-0094
16014 SE 82nd Dr. (503) 655-4667
Daily 24 hours—ideos, mags, arcade, toys

FASCINATIONS 117
9515 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 774-4345
Mon-Thu 8am-1am, Fri-Sat 8am-2am, Sun Noon-Mid.
Videos, mags, toys, novelties, lingerie and much more!

FAT COBRA VIDEO (2) 118
5940 N Interstate (503) 247-DICK (3425)
5501 NW St. Helens Rd. (503) 222-0180
Daily 10am-4am—videos, magazines, toys, novelties, leather, arcades

FOXXY'S 119
8405 NE Fremont St. (503) 255-1390
Noon - Midnight Daily—Lingerie Modeling & Pampering for Men

FROLICS 120
8845 NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 408-9640
Daily 24 hours—videos, arcade, novelties, dancers

THE FUTURE 121
931 SW Oak St. (503) 241-0875
Mon-Thurs 11am-6pm, Fri-Sat 11am-7pm, Sun 1pm-6pm
shoes, costumes, clubwear, fetishwear

HEAVEN'S CLOSET 122
5429 SE 72nd Ave. (503) 537-7286
Call for hours—Clothing, shoes and accessories

HUNNIES 148
3520 NE 82nd Ave. (503) 254-4226
Daily 24 hours—private lingerie and nude modeling

LIBERATED WORLD 123
10660 SE Division (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, novelties and toys

LOVE BOUTIQUE 124
1720 SE 122nd (503) 252-2017
M-Th 10:30am-7:30pm Fri 10:30am-9pm
Sat 10:30am-8pm—lingerie, novelties, lotions, cards, gifts

LOVE POTIONS 125
50425 Columbia River Hwy (503) 543-7032
Sun-Wed 10am-12am, Thu-Sat 10am-1am—Lingerie, Costumes, Videos, Mags, Books, Lotions, Oils, Adult Toys and much more!

OH ZONE 126
6218 NE Columbia (503) 284-4759
Daily 10am-3am—live models, toys, video

OREGON THEATRE 127
3530 SE Division (503) 232-7469
Daily from 12noon—adult feature movies

PARADISE VIDEO 128
14712 SE Stark St. (503) 255-9414
Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, novelties, toys

PARIS THEATER 129
6 SW 3rd Ave (503) 295-7808
Daily 11am-4am—adult feature-length movies

PASSIONATE DREAMS (2) 130
6644 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 775-6665
10518B NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 252-5559
Daily 10am-4am—private lingerie & nude modeling

PEEP HOLE / MR. PEEP'S (2) 131
709 SE 122nd (503) 257-8617
20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR (503) 356-5624
Simply Everything Adult—videos, showgirls, novelties

PRIVATE PLEASURES 132
10931 SW 53rd Ave. (off Barbur Blvd.) (503) 768-9235
Daily 24 hours—private lingerie & nude modeling

PUSSYCATS 148
3414 NE 82nd (503) 327-8095
Daily 24 hours—fetishes, toy shows, couple shows, bachelor parties

RUMORS WEST 133
9272 SW. Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy. (503) 297-8910
Tues-Fri 1pm-6pm, Sat 2pm-6pm, (Sun & Mon by appointment)
sexy dresses, exotic club wear, shoes & lingerie

SCARLETT RIBBONS 134
5226 SE Foster Rd. (503) 774-3183
Mon-Sat 10am-3am, Sun 10am-Mid.—Private lingerie & nude modeling

SECRET PLEASURES 135
4345 SW Rose Biggi Ave. (503) 644-5730
Sun-Thu 10am-2am, Fri & Sat 10am-4am—Private lingerie & nude modeling

SECRET RENDEZVOUS 136
12503 SE Division #C (503) 761-4040
Daily 24 hours—private lingerie & nude modeling

SHEENA'S G-SPOT (3) 137
3400 NE 82nd Ave. (503) 261-1111
8654 NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 252-8777
8315 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-6666
Daily 24 hours—Private shows

SHEER SENSATIONS 138
1441 SE 82nd (503) 774-1344
Daily 9am-Midnight—private lingerie & nude modeling

SILVER SPOON 139
8521 SW Barbur Blvd (503) 245-0489
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm Sun 12n-5pm—adult novelties & gags, tobacco products & incense

THE SMOKE SHACK 140
5030 SE Foster Rd. (503) 775-3646
Mon-Sat 8am-8pm Sun 9am-8pm—adult novelties, videos, tobacco products, glassware

SPARTACUS LEATHERS 141
300 SW 12th Ave. (503) 224-2604
M-Th 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12mid, Sun 12n-9pm
leather, lingerie, novelties, lotions, oils and more!

STILL SMOKIN' 142
12302 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 762-4219
Mon-Sat 8am-8pm Sun 9am-8pm—adult novelties, videos, tobacco products, glassware

SWEET SENSATIONS 143
10018 SW Canyon Rd. (503) 297-3406
Mon-Thurs 8am-2am, Fri-Sat 7am-3am, Sun 10am-12mid
videos, erotica, novelties, lingerie

TABOO VIDEO (3) 144
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd. (503) 239-1678
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 777-6033
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave. (360) 254-1126
Daily 24 hours—videos, arcade, mags, novelties

VALENTINE VIDEO 145
6935 N Fessenden (503) 288-9201
Mon-Fri Noon-9pm, Sat-Sun Noon-6pm—rare and discount DVDs

X-OTIC TAN 147
3242 NE 82nd (503) 257-0622
Daily 9am-1am—private lingerie & nude modeling

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Soobies

OPEN FROM 11AM TO 2:30AM
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Hawthorne Strip

1008 SE Hawthorne Blvd. • (503) 232-9516

6/7



503 W. BURNSIDE
(503) 525-4900



1744 SE STARK
(503) 252-0821

144

Taboo

11100 AVE. TABOO (360) 777-4613 • 1144 SE STARK (503) 252-0821
3338 SE 82ND AVE. PORTLAND, OR • 237 SE MLK BLVD. PORTLAND, OR

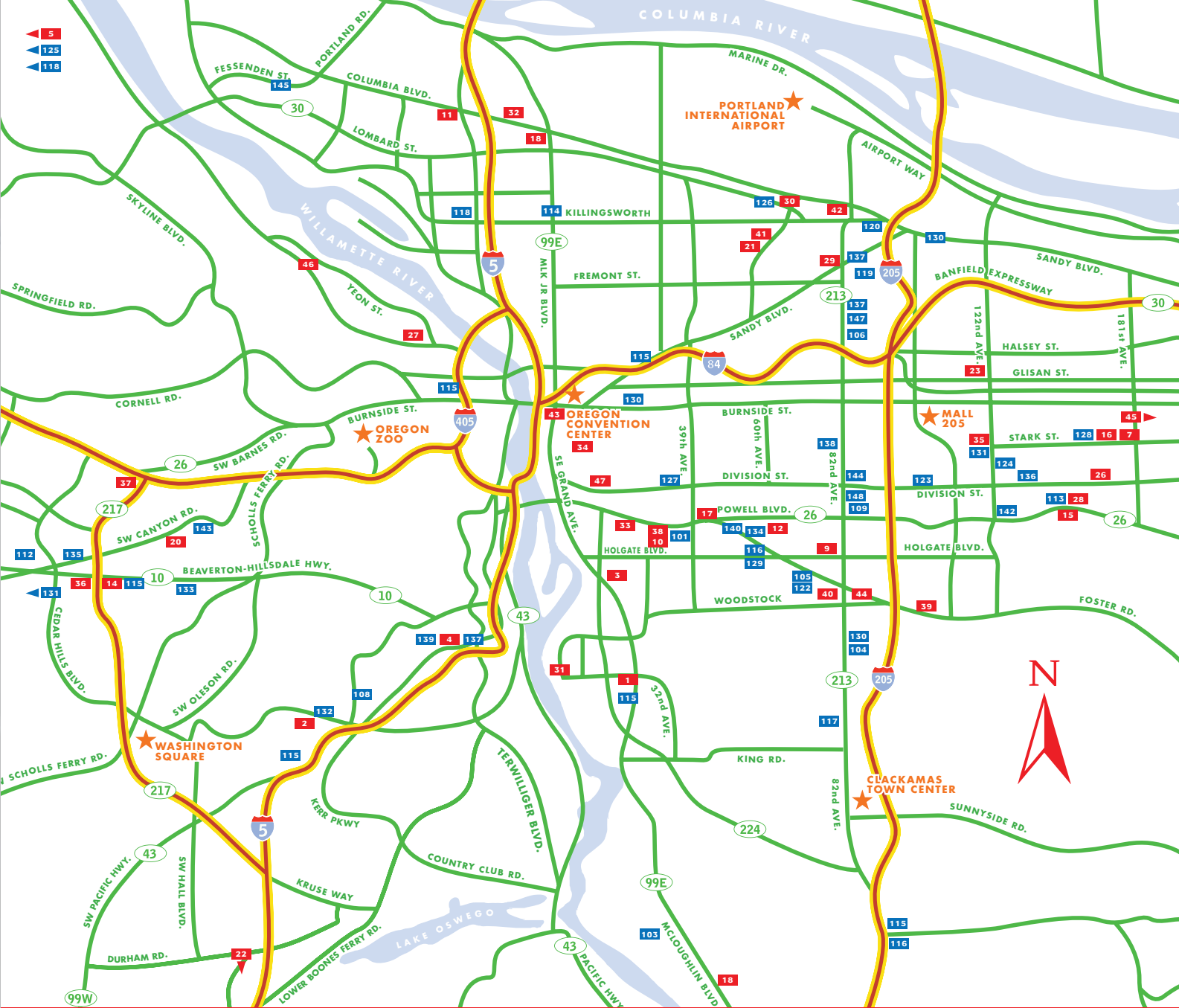
TABOO VANCOUVER (360) 254-1126
4811 NE 94TH AVE. VANCOUVER, WA

13/14

The Dolphin Clubs

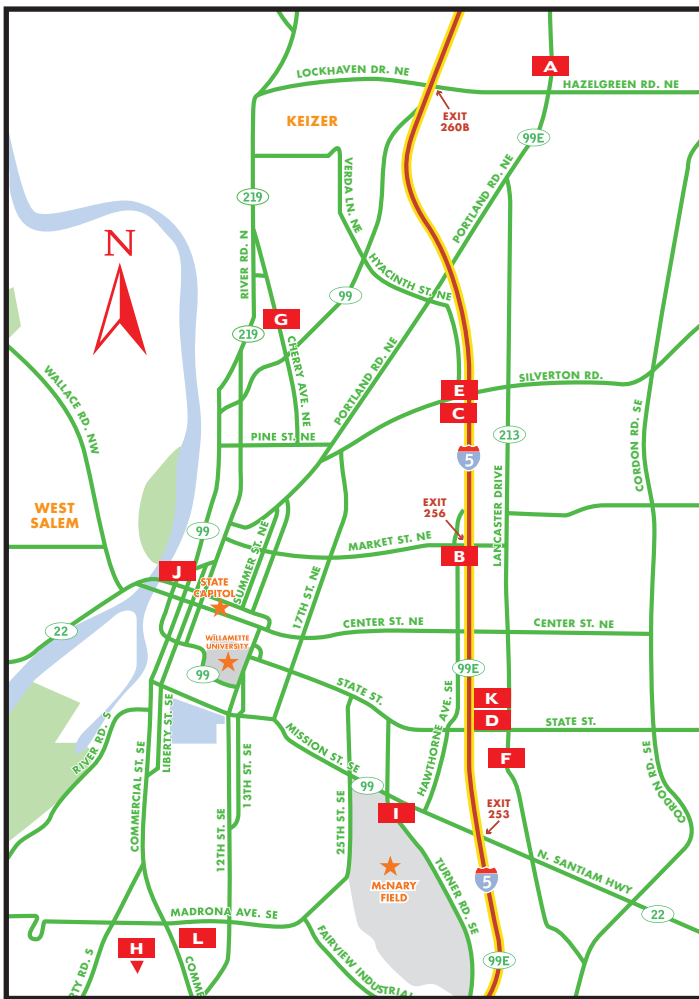
THE DOLPHIN I
17180 SE MCGLOUGHLIN BLVD.
1700 554-9366

THE DOLPHIN II
10360 SW BEAVERTON HILLSDALE HWY.
1500 237-0666



DOWNTOWN PORTLAND





SALEM

- ADULT SHOP F**
155 Lancaster Drive Se
(503) 585-8288
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- ADULT SHOP G**
3113 River Road
(503) 390-4371
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
10am - Midnight / 7 Days
- ADULT SHOP H**
5530 Commercial St Se
(503) 763-6754
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- ADULT SHOP I**
2410 Mission St. S
(503) 763-3556
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- BOB'S ADULT BOOKS D**
3815 State Street
(503) 363-3846
Adult Books, Videos, 63 Ch Arcade,
And Mini-theatre
9am - 2am / 7 Days
- CHEETAHS C**
3453 Silverton Road
(971) 327-8777
Juice Bar, Special Shows
7pm - Close / 7 Days
- THE FIREHOUSE A**
5782 Portland Road NE
(503) 393-4782
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery
11am - 2am / 7 Days
- LA DONNA'S EXOTIC LOUNGE J**
940 Commercial St. Ne
(503) 371-9011
Full Bar, Full Menu, 2 Stages
Noon - 2am / 7 Days

- PRESLEY'S PLAYHOUSE L**
3803 Commercial St.
(503) 371-1565
Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole
Mon - Sat 11:30am - 2:30am, Sun 3pm - 2:30am
- PUSSYCATS K**
3815 State St.
(503) 363-0401
18+ Over, Lingerie Modeling
Mon - Sat 11am - 3am, Sun 4pm - Midnight
- SPICE VIDEO E**
3473 Silverton Road
(503) 370-7080
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- STARS CABARET B**
1550 Weston Ct NE
(503) 370-8063
Full Bar, Full Menu, Sports Room, 4 Stages
Mon - Sat 11am - 2:30am, Sun 4pm - 2:30am

ALBANY

- ADULT SHOP**
3404 Spicer Drive Se / (541) 812-2522
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- PUSSYCATS**
919 SE 9th St.
(971) 363-0401
18+ Over, Lingerie Modeling
Mon - Sat 11am - 3am, Sun 4pm - Midnight

ASTORIA

- ANNIE'S UPPERTOWN TAVERN**
2897 Marine Drive / (503) 325-1102
Beer & Wine, Dancers, Full Menu, Lottery
Mon - Sat 4pm - 2am

BEND

- IMAGINE THAT**
197 NE Third St. / (541) 312-8100
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
24 Hours / 7 Days
- PLEASURE WORLD**
1843 NE 3rd St. / (541) 317-9723
Videos, Novelties, Lingerie, Books
Open 9am - 2am Daily
- STARS CABARET**
197 NE Third St. / (541) 388-4081
Full Bar, Full Menu, Beautiful Dancers
Mon. - Sat. 11am - 2am, Sun. 4pm - 2am

COOS BAY

- BACHELOR'S INN**
63721 Edwards Rd. / (541) 266-8827
1 Stage, Full Bar, Full Menu
Mon - Sat 4pm - 2am, Sun 6pm - 2am

CORVALLIS

- ADULT SHOP**
2315 9th St Nw / (541) 754-7039
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
10am - 2am / 7 Days

EUGENE

- ADULT SHOP**
290 River Road
(541) 688-5411
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- ADULT SHOP**
720 Garfield Street
(541) 345-2873
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
- B&B DISTRIBUTORS**
710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties,
Viewing Room (Watch Or Be Watched!)
24 Hours / 7 Days
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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!

whatz crackin'?

by j.mack

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 brizzles 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.

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!



STEADY LOCC

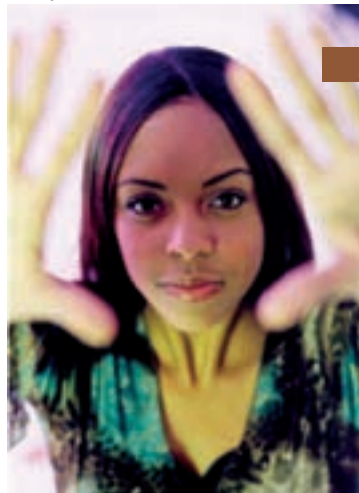
To My People in the Streetz

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 beefs 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.

ZAYA



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

One Love,
J.Mack

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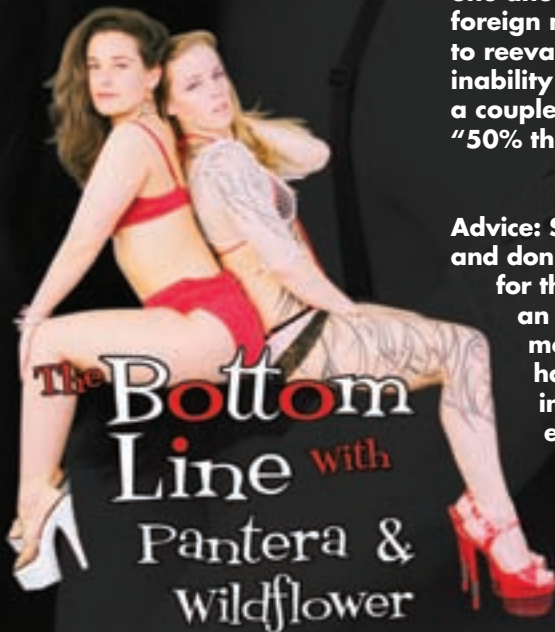
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Dear Bottom Line,

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.



Dear Ladies,

I've been having some problems with my boyfriend's sexual performance. It's mostly an endurance thing. You can just about set your watch by how long he's gonna last, and it never seems to make it to the point where I get off before he goes limp. I had complained about this more times than I can remember until one night, he not only lasted above and beyond the call of duty, he was rock-hard and ready to go again. I asked him what the hell was up, and he simply said it was only because I turned him on. Not quite buying the fantasy, I pushed him a little harder on the subject, and he copped to the fact that he had picked up some Viagra from a "friend." This pissed me off to no end. Should a 28-year-old guy need Viagra to get his groove on? How would you feel?

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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So 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 wiping. 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 and 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 hirsute 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 testes 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 squirming worms hatched inside the testicles. And for all the blibbity-blab 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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Aural Stimulation

by statutory ray

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 throwback than peers Buck Cherry and Finger Eleven, THC do what nearly every other "rock" band in the past decade has failed to do: rock. Instead of subjecting their listeners to experimental bullshit or genre-defying blah-blah-blah, THC serve up more than the daily recommended allowance (23g) of rock, no frills.

Attitude belongs onstage, if at all. Slash, the greatest guitarist to ever survive all of his plane trips, has virtually no ego. Jack White, the worst musician on the face of the planet, is reported to have sued Webster's for copyright infringement for the word "arrogant." Hence, if you're actually the shit (Slash), you don't need to act like a know-it-all (White). Attitude belongs in a Hello Kitty G-string and nowhere else.

Why is it, then, that Top Heavy Crush get points once again for something that would normally ding a band's Ray-ting? The attitude behind THC's lyrics, as well as vocalist Andrew Day's presence, is genuinely tenacious. THC actually *pull off* their arguably cocky and self-righteous attitude where so many other bands don't. Irritatingly catchy, THC get away with songs of personal triumphs without sounding like the rest of my C:/CrapToDelete/ folder.

Seriously, these guys are *that* good.

The cherry on the THC sundae (mmm...) is the blue-Sharpie-inked CD-R and poorly designed MySpace page that serve as the

band's catalogue and web presence. Wrapping up with the theme of doing everything wrong the right way, 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*

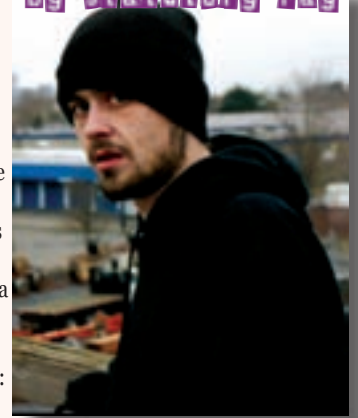
"After buying coke from this guy, I walked outside and three Bahamas policemen were waiting for me. It was a bust. In fear of being deported, I bribed two hundred bucks—all the cash I had. The cops wanted three. So after receiving a police escort to the ATM, I avoided deportation."

—*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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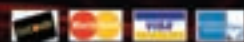
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