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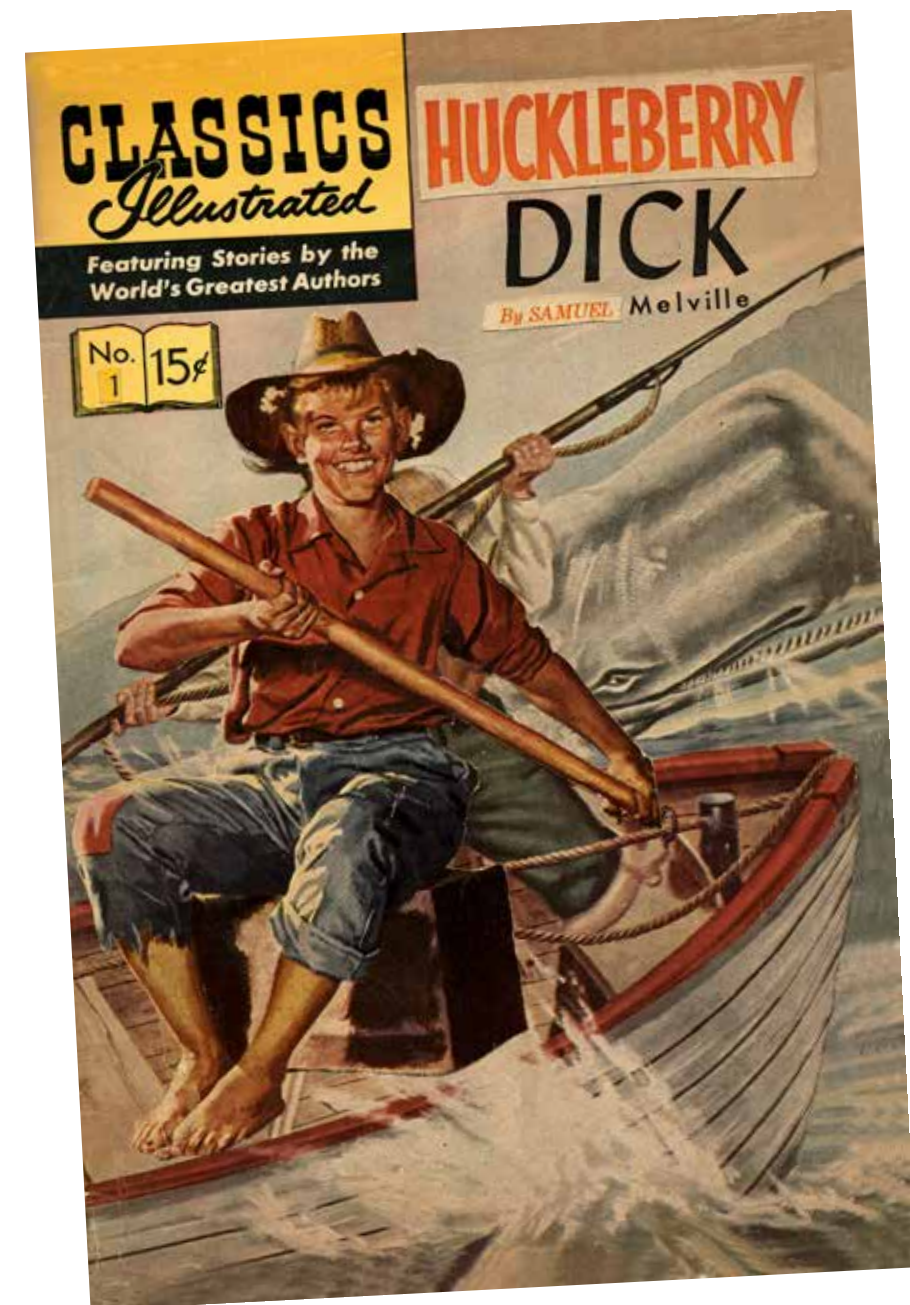
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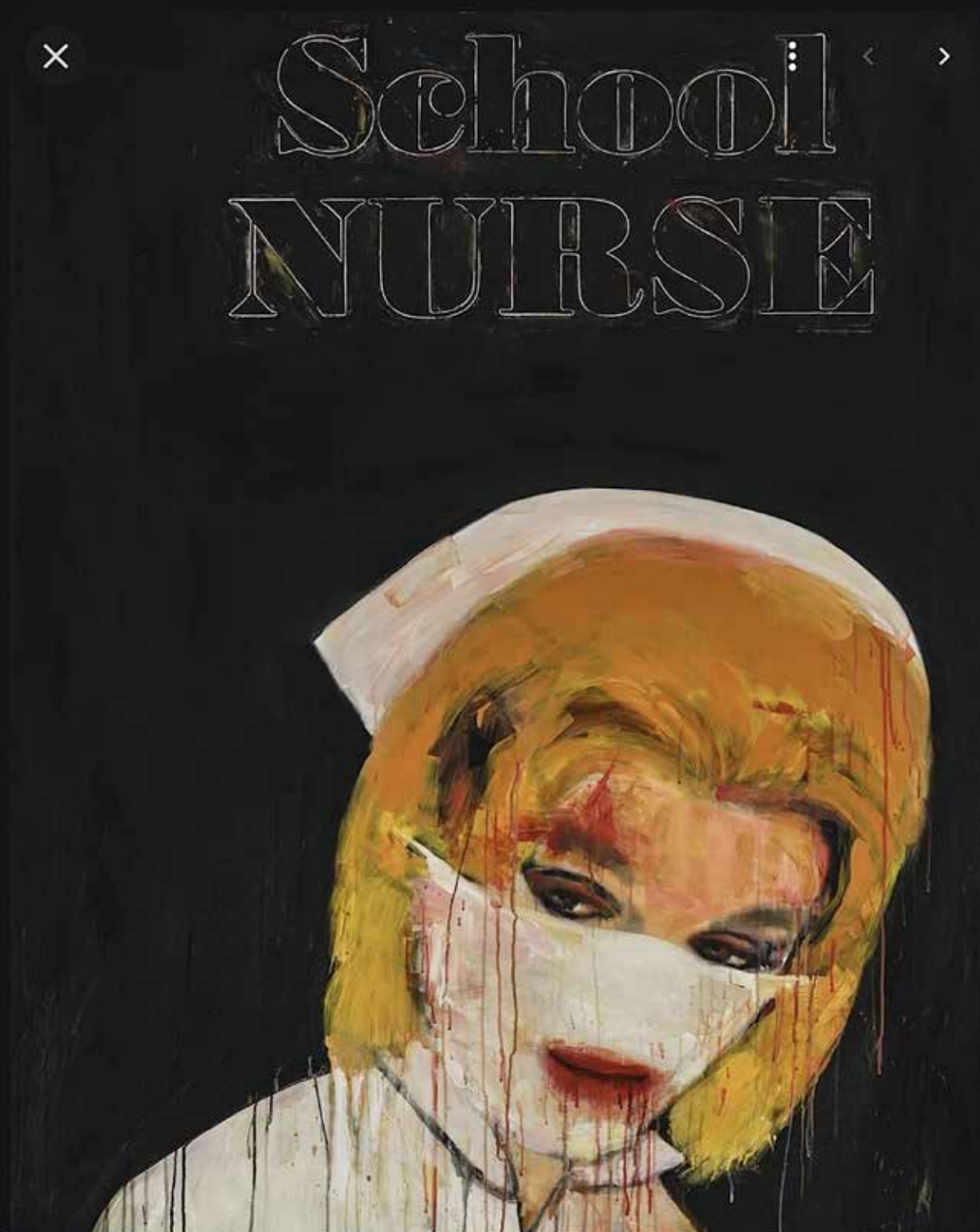



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trouble

volume one • number two • autumn 2021

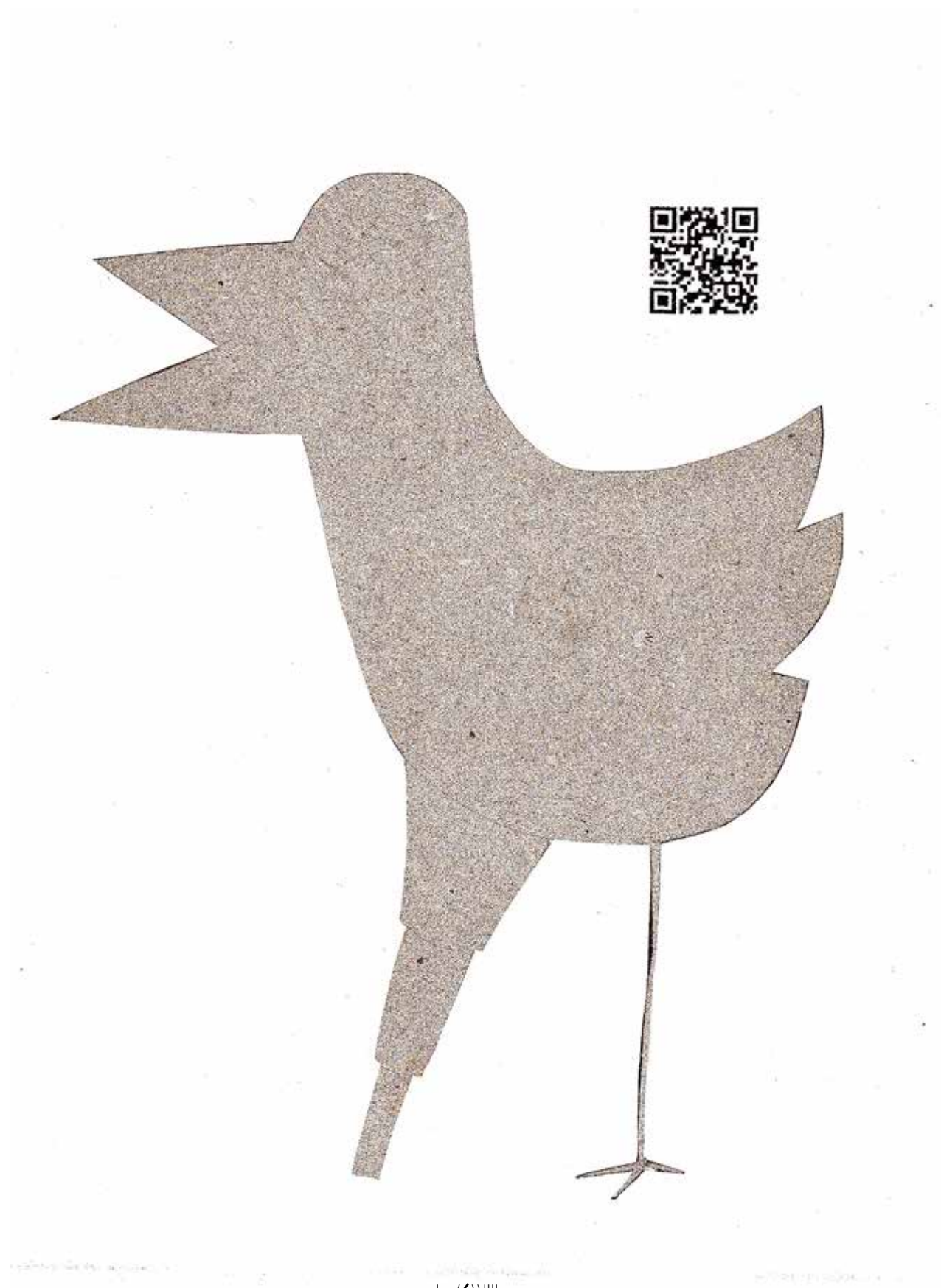
contents

Just Say Whoa: Troubling Letter From The Editor	9
Junk: Rick Prol	12
Better Living Through (inadvertent) Chemistry by Jennifer Allen Newton	16
Tripping With Mom by Bruce Wayne	22
Drug Worlds From Around the World	32
Getting High With Bojo by MJ Moon	48
Side Effect: The Munchies by Jacques Claude Migeon PhD	54
Diagram Poems : Matthew Kay	60
Whiskey, Raki & Gin: Bottle Cap Sculpture : Jamie Newton	72
In Case You Were Wondering (Chem 101)	76
Wall Paper: 75019 Paris by Leslie King	82
Drugs by Mail : Michael Hernandez de Luna & Michael Thompson	90
Opium Dreams by Pia Camilla Copper	112
Dead Skins Talking by Caterina Verde	114
More Trouble by Matthew Rose	120
Deep Tree Diving by Cory Seznec	126
Kitchen Talk: Hash Brownies by Louise!	130
Damien Hirst Climbs a Cherry Tree by Matthew Rose	134
Burning Man Doctor by Oregon K. Hunter, MD	146
Portrait of the Artist on Drugs : Bryan Lewis Saunders	154
Make Wuhan Great Again: Tibor Horvath	172
Some Pills Make You Larger by Michael Amitin	176
Dana Wyse's Instant Drug Mart	182

Cover: Mr. Acidy, 2020 : Matthew Rose

trouble welcomes unsolicited pitches, ideas, proposals and problems for our upcoming issues. If you would like to advertise, sure, we're good with that as well. **trouble** is open to a full range of issues, rashes and, of course, their cures. **trouble is published in Paris, France. For all inquiries, please contact: mistahrose@yahoo.com**

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# trouble

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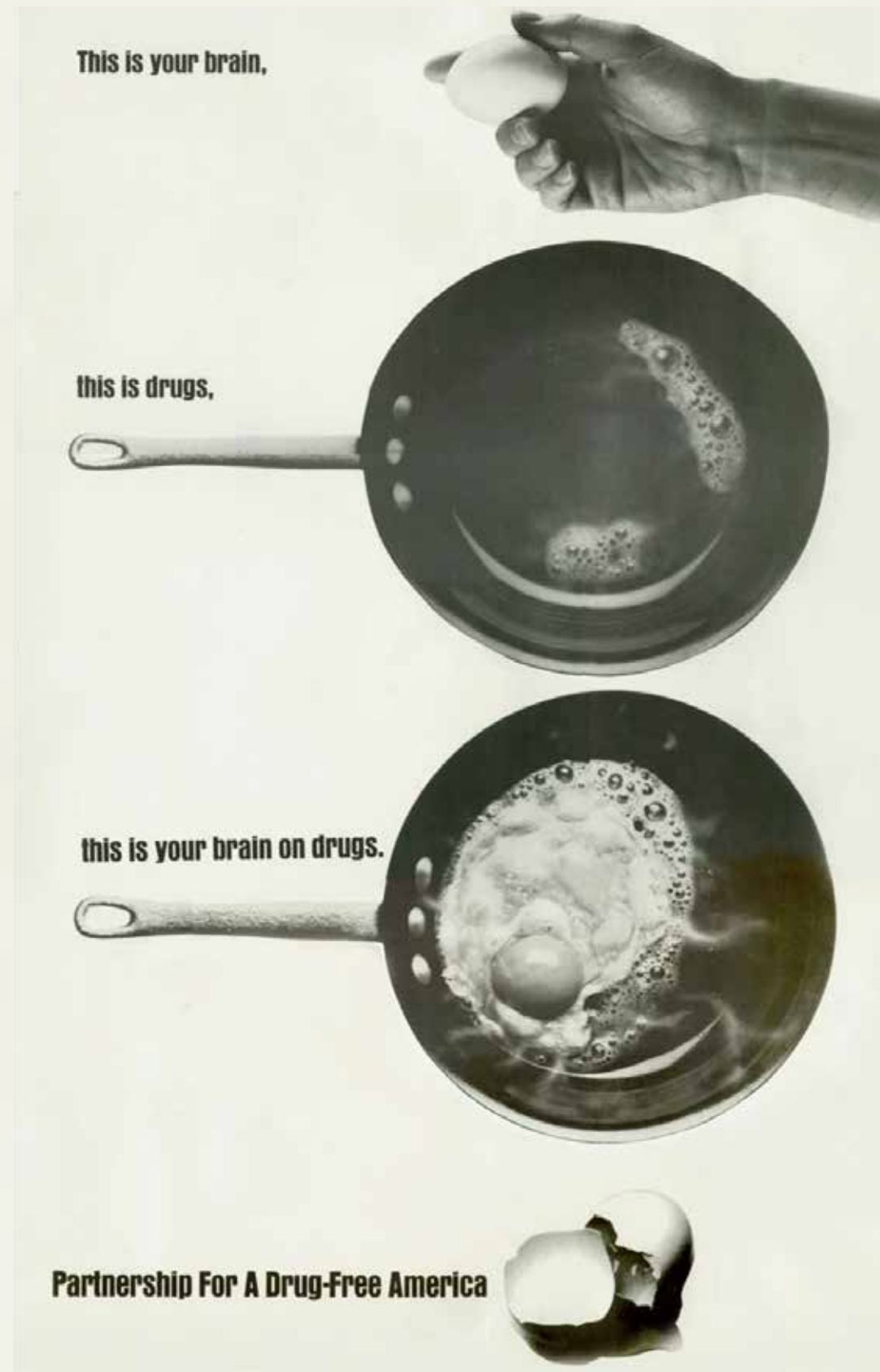
## Coffee Machine

Mr. Coffee

## House Band

the weather channel





## Just Say Whoa!

Let us pray ... Ever since this probably never happened : Adam and Eve expelled from the bucolic Garden of Eden, born from the wrath of God in their attempt to self-medicate with fruit and knowledge. Humanity learned hunger, loneliness, disease, pain during childbirth, pain pretty much everywhere, actually. Our separation from nature, combined with the inescapable reality that we are both in and of nature, led us to the drug store to fix this hot mess. Whether its in the Amazon Rain Forest or the corner Walgreens, our drugs of choice become a kind of rainbow candy-colored identity politics. Not just dope but Tylenol; Brazilian coffee or Sri Lankan tea or Red Bull, IPA beer or benzedrine. Hey, remember Quaaludes?

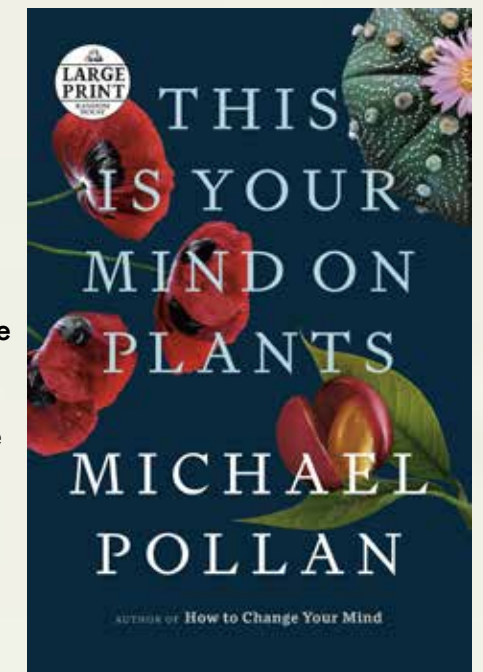
Drugs, a perfect example of strategic product design: Creation of a good for a problem you didn't know existed, but whose antidote you crave three times a day. Beyond the colored pills and lovely needles, tall glass bongos and the one-a-day marketing of medications, we are a world hooked, lined and suckered. And conflicted. LSD bad, bourbon good. McDonald's good, cooking at home bad. Drugs have long been the metaphor of choice for convenience, for travel and for overeating, oversleeping, overstimulating and overachieving: Reward yourself!

We're all on drugs: Admit it. And if we're not, we're trying to solve problems and sidestep our "biblical" pain by building skyscrapers, churches, bridges, and even bonds with each other: To overcome the chronic dislocation. We are at home and never at home. To assuage this anxiety – we're all gonna die – we take drugs, have sex (one reason anyway), drink alcohol, sleep, mimic death – seek relief, seek a way back home to Eden.

When I was in the second grade, I carried a small glass bottle of orange-flavored baby aspirin. I would eat them all day long. Asked what I was eating and I showed my teacher the bottle. She took them away from me and called my parents. Was I a problem child? With a propensity to self-medicate? Was baby aspirin my gateway drug? People were concerned.

I'm newly addicted to the food archeologist/sociologist/activist author Michael Pollan. His interviews are thrilling – mindful, poetic, fluid and as easy to consume as French Fries. Pollan is an immersion journalist – yes, he takes these hallucinogens – and serves as a steward to this gateway of the consciousness-changing chemical diet.

Pollan's *Food Rules* and *Cooked* are contemporary archeologies of our culture: Food as consciousness. *How to Change your Mind* and, his most recent, *This is Your Mind on Plants* detail the socio-ecosystem of drug taking. Specifically opium, caffeine and mescaline. He's interested in how we are who we are (humanity) because of the these mind game-changers ever since we settled into long-term culture making 10,000 years ago with the advent of the Agrarian Revolution (growing food).





# حشیش

موز اوس پلورو  
د ازادی مبارز حشیش  
او چرس

طالبان

نه بنجی ، نه صلیبیان

Fast forward: Without novocaine, there's no fucking way you're going to pull my molars. And I'm not reading the mail without a cup of coffee, and yes, kids, your church is now psychedelic as you can now order up tabs of mescaline or magic mushrooms for the congregation if you're the right kind of believer.

Our problematic futures are potentially solved with mythic projections of possible union, potential prodigal returns or at least a way to cook up something with what's in front of us. If not entirely useful, at least drugs offer a vaguely interesting (though temporary) way to decorate the world beyond Eden.

Art and drugs have a long (art) history. Willem de Kooning and Jackson Pollock used alcohol not just to paint but also to live and manage social relations. Jean-Michel Basquiat was perhaps the most famous heroin addict in contemporary art. Guitarist Carlos Santana dropped a peyote button right before he went on stage at Woodstock. He was great, wasn't he? How many musicians OD'd? Plenty. Was Vincent van Gogh addicted to absinthe and digitalis? Andy Warhol claimed he neither smoked nor drank but he did have a prescription for Obetrol, an amphetamine diet pill. His major addictions, however, were elsewhere – chronicling in some form his drug addicted friends. Love is a drug, too.

Rothko drank heavily and was reportedly addicted to Valium and anti-depressants. The son of a pharmacist, Rothko did have some insight into prescription drugs. Amy Winehouse died of alcohol; Whitney Houston, cocaine. Michael Jackson went down the rabbit hole with Fentanyl. Bob Marley loved his pot and wrote and sang anthems to it. There are many many more.

So...drugs and art?

[ ] YES

[ ] NO

Be safe out there,

Matthew Rose

Matthew Rose  
Paris, France September 2021



**JUNK, September 9, 2021, wax crayon pencil on paper; 30 inches x 22 inches. Rick Prol is an artist living and working in New York City, New York.**

**CRACKED WINDOW, a major retrospective at the Leeahn Gallery in Seoul (March 11 - April 24 - 2021) and Daegu, (May 6 - June 26, 2021), brought together more than two dozen of Rick Prol's monumental canvases, objects and works on paper from the 1980s.**

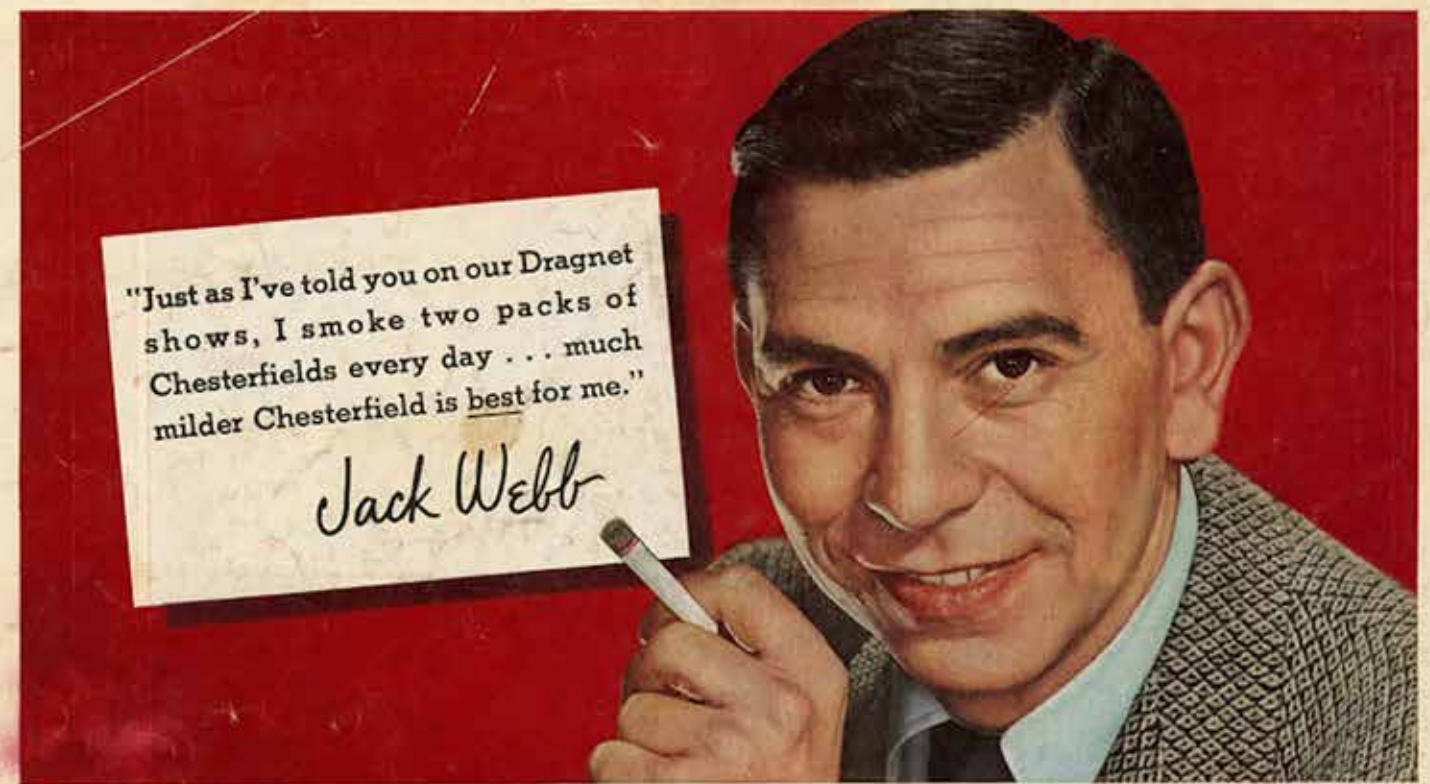
**"To revisit Rick Prol's paintings of the early eighties today is like stumbling into a crime scene decades after the fact, the clues smudged and scattered yet the air still redolent of some unspeakable horror and violence."**

**– Carlo McCormick, "Rick Prol's Broken Window Theory" from the artist's exhibiton at the Leeahn Gallery.**

**See Rick Prol's work on Instagram:  
<https://www.instagram.com/rickprol/>**







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# Better Living Through (inadvertent) CHEMISTRY!

By Jennifer Allen Newton

**Y**ou may not think so, but you are on drugs. All the time. You are breathing, eating, drinking, absorbing and playing host to thousands of chemical compounds that are dancing with your cells, your genes, your microbiome, your brain. Our brains.

You've probably heard about growth hormones and antibiotics in meat and dairy products. Both are given to cows and other farm animals mainly to fatten them up quickly and keep them from getting sick from the squalid, feedlot or factory-farming environment they live in.

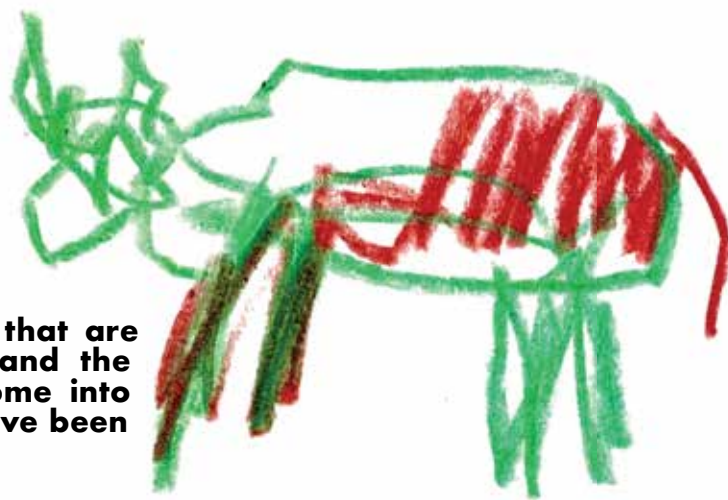
About 80% of all antibiotics sold in the US are used in animal agriculture<sup>i</sup> and 70% of those are considered "medically important" for human medicine. These drugs become infused into the meat we eat, creating an environment for antibiotic resistance to arise, kicking off a chain reaction in our own bodies fattening us up faster, for all the same reasons.

We can mostly avoid these antibiotics and growth hormones by eating organically-raised and pastured animals or not eating animal products at all. But far more prevalent – in our water, air, the animals and plants we eat, the furniture we sit on, the clothes and lotions and objects we put in and on our bodies – are thousands of chemicals that have direct and cumulative effects on our health and well-being.

**Of the approximately 84,000 chemicals that are regularly used in agriculture, industry and the household and personal products we come into contact with each day, only about 200 have been studied for safety.<sup>ii</sup>**

## Can We Talk About Drugs?

Drugs are chemicals that are regulated: antidepressants, pain killers, blood pressure pills, hormone treatments, anti-psychotics and other legal (and illegal) medications that – thanks to urine and speedy disposal of drugs down toilets – now circulate in our rivers, lakes, oceans and ground water. At least 66% of all adults in the United States use prescription drugs (not counting the folks downing horse de-wormer). That's a lot of strange chemistry making its way into our environment.



- More than a decade ago the USGS found measurable amounts of pharmaceutical medications in 80% of water samples they drew from 139 streams in 30 states.
- A 2013 study by the EPA found at least 25 different drugs in the effluent coming out of wastewater treatment plants – that's the "clean" stuff.
- In 2016 researchers found more than 80 pharmaceuticals – antibiotics, antiseptics, fungicides, anticoagulants and chemicals from personal care products – in the salmon swimming in Puget Sound in Washington State.

While the amounts of any single drug or chemical may be tiny, scientists point out that no one knows the cumulative effect of so many of these chemicals over time or the synergistic effects they may have when combined with each other.

## Better Living Through Chemistry?

Rachel Carson, the American marine biologist and author of *Silent Spring*, questioned our environmental choices nearly 60 years ago and kicked off the global environmental movement. Since her book, the situation has gone from bad to worse.

In 2005, the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) conducted a National Report on Human Exposure to Environmental Chemicals.<sup>iii</sup> That report looked at exposure to 148 chemicals (and the substances they break down into) in a cross-section of 2400 people in the US. Examining blood, urine, sweat, breast milk, amniotic fluid, placental tissue, umbilical cord blood and fetal serum, the CDC found that more than 90% of the people were carrying a mix of pesticides in their bodies that were at or above EPA safety standards; 92.6% were contaminated by Bisphenol-A (BPA) a toxic plastic.

Around the same time, Mount Sinai School of Medicine and the Environmental Working Group (EWG) conducted body burden studies and found 167 different contaminants in the blood and urine of adults, and some 200 contaminants in umbilical cord blood samples from newborn babies.

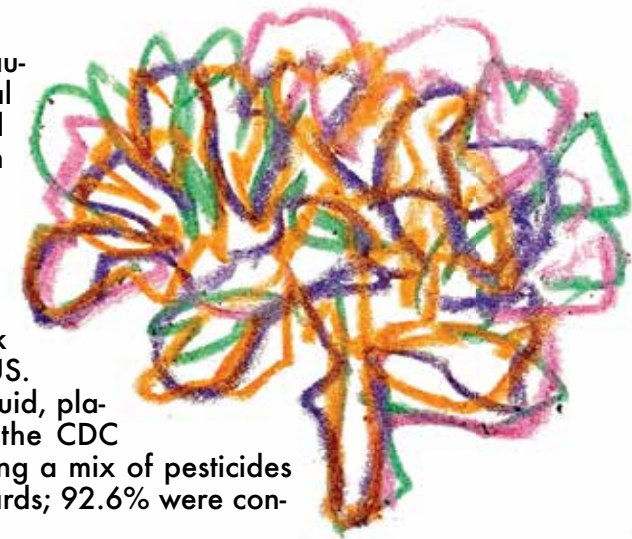
The most recognized heavies in this scene are metals like lead, mercury and cadmium and chemicals like PCBs and arsenic in our soils, water and food, often issuing from industrial sources. Unless you are trying to poison someone, you might not think of them as drugs. But they act on our bodies

## Americans have collectively forfeited 41 million IQ points

and cause negative changes that disrupt our health. Many of them have been identified as potent neurotoxins. Some of these substances cross the blood-brain barrier and have been found in the brains of people with Alzheimers and other dementias. Dr. Dale Bredesen, a leading scientist in the area of environmental research, believes the plaques in the brains of people with Alzheimers disease may be a part of the brain's immune reaction to toxins crossing the blood-brain barrier.<sup>iv</sup>

A study from the National Institutes of Health and Harvard University determined that Americans have collectively forfeited 41 million IQ points as a result of exposure to lead, mercury and organophosphate pesticides.<sup>v</sup> (That explains a lot.)

But lurking under the radar, there's another whole group of chemicals known as endocrine-disrupt-





ing chemicals, or EDCs. EDCs are hormone-disrupting chemicals causing multiple adverse effects, including changing how our bodies and brains develop from conception, how our hormones work, our fertility, our immune systems, our DNA, our enzymes, our likelihood of developing cancer and causing negative effects on our brains and nervous systems.

A few of the more prevalent EDCs are:

- **Phthalates** – used in many personal care products as well as air fresheners, food packaging and even yoga mats. Yep, yoga mats!
- **Bisphenols** – BPA and BPS (BPA's younger sibling used in BPA-free cans, but likely just as bad, just less studied)
- **Pesticides** like Glyphosate, Atrazine and the now-illegal DDT (still used in countries we import foods from and which lingers for decades in our soils)
- **PFAS** – man-made chemicals used in waterproof and stain-resistant fabrics, non-stick cookware and the linings of fast-food and take-out containers. These persistent chemicals never break down and accumulate in our bodies over time.
- **Brominated flame retardants** – also persistent chemicals, used in everything from mattresses to baby clothes\*
- **Cigarette smoke** – Yes, folks, it's not only the evils of tobacco, it's all the pesticides and other chemicals used to grow the tobacco that you're sucking into your lungs. And when you look at the additional chemicals found in vape products (e.g. heavy metals, formaldehyde, benzene), the levels of chemical exposure can be even higher.

*\*Of note: In the mid-20th century as thousands of people were dying as a result of setting their clothing, beds, furniture and homes on fire with smoldering cigarettes, the tobacco industry was called on to make cigarettes safer (i.e. to snuff out on their own). Instead, the tobacco industry and lobbyists put their efforts into the development and promotion of the use of brominated flame-retardants in children's sleepwear, fabrics, rugs, furniture and other things likely to catch fire. Now these bioaccumulating, persistent chemicals, which have been linked to disruption of thyroid hormones, brain development and IQ among other things are found in the tissues of most human beings. And people still manage to burn down their homes and set themselves on fire with lit cigarettes.*

## Awry Hormones

Our hormones circulate throughout our bodies, regulating everything from growth to sex to how we handle stress. They interact with our brains, glands, organs and tissues. As every horny teenager, every man who has experienced sexual dysfunction and every woman who has ever experienced PMS or menopause knows, hormones mess with our brains and emotions in ways that are difficult to control. And those are OUR hormones.

The reason EDCs are particularly bad for our health is because they mimic, disrupt and alter how our bodies use and metabolize our natural hormones. Like keys in locks, they bind to hormone receptors within our cells – receptors that are supposed to bind with our own hormones – essentially locking them out. Even tiny amounts of EDCs circulating through our systems can mess with our sex hormones (estrogen, testosterone, progesterone) and our metabolic hormones like insulin and thyroid.

EDCs can cause inflammation, contribute to infertility, cause cancer, can lead



to man boobs and erectile dysfunction, endometriosis and PCOS. They make us gain weight and cause changes that make extra weight nearly impossible to shed. They can lead to insulin resistance and the development of diabetes. They can lead to depression and brain fog. They've even been shown to increase our levels of cortisol – the "fight or flight" stress hormone – making us feel constantly anxious and agitated. Sound a bit like taking drugs?

EDCs, particularly when you add them to the influx of estrogenic hormones in meat and dairy, are even contributing to the alarming rates of premature puberty these days. We're now seeing little girls as young as eight getting their periods. That is just so, so wrong.

I don't know about you, but when I turned eight, I was in second grade. I was really into Barbies. And while I had a Malibu Ken, there was no consideration of hanky panky going on in the Dream House. We didn't even have sex education in school (or at home) until at least fifth or sixth grade. I know kids today are exposed to a lot more at that age than I was, but an eight-year-old brain is still an eight-year-old brain, and a child of that age is not anywhere near ready to deal with monthly bleeding, breasts, body hair and a libido. These chemicals are quite literally robbing girls of their childhood. And they are affecting boys in more subtle ways as well.

## Body Burden, Society's Burden

The more fat we have, male or female, the more chemical burden we are likely to have because many of these chemicals tend to accumulate in fat tissues. And

**"Our very great concern is that children worldwide are being exposed to unrecognized toxic chemicals that are silently eroding intelligence, disrupting behaviors..."**

our children throughout their development in the womb and through breast milk. And, unless we're feeding them organic food, we continue to expose them to poisons.

Philippe Grandjean, a Danish-born researcher and Philip Landrigan, dean for global health at Mount Sinai School of Medicine published a report covered in The Atlantic,<sup>vi</sup> where the authors talked about the "silent pandemic" of toxins that are damaging the brains of our children.

*"Our very great concern is that children worldwide are being exposed to unrecognized toxic chemicals that are silently eroding intelligence, disrupting behaviors, truncating future achievements and damaging societies,"* wrote Grandjean and Landrigan.

So while our leaders were fighting the "War on Drugs," the proliferating and largely unregulated stew of other chemicals in our food and environment were busy damaging the brains of the next generation. And they still are.

Compared to our grandparents' generation both women and men today are experiencing a much higher incidence of hormone-related issues, and EDCs and other toxins are likely playing a big role in that.





Toxic chemicals in our systems aren't just coming from our environment, food and water. We're also absorbing them via cleansers, shampoos, conditioners, hair gel, sunscreens, lotions, creams, soaps, nail polish, deodorant and perfumes. And while men are using an increasing number of products, women tend to be exposed to, and carry, more of this toxic chemical burden.

EWG, which studies chemicals and toxins in our day-to-day products and publishes the "Skin Deep" database, found in a recent study that women (who use an average of 12 or more personal care products) are exposed to 186 chemicals every day. Some are harmless. Many are not. It's not just one chemical in minute amounts that is affecting us, it's the cumulative effect. Some of the chemicals found in our daily use personal care products, include EDCs, parabens, phthalates, heavy metals (lead has been found in lipstick and artificial dyes). Hormones are added to anti-aging creams. And perfumes and other fragrances (including air fresheners) are among the worst:

*"While some fragrances may include natural oils, 95% are entirely synthetic and derived from petroleum products, and even when natural oils are included, most commercial products also include volatile organic compounds (VOCs), phthalates, benzene, toluene, formaldehyde, styrene, and many other endocrine-disrupting, known carcinogenic, neurotoxic, and DNA-damaging ingredients as part of the chemical cocktail that binds or disperses the scent," according to Aviva Romm, MD in her book, **Hormone Intelligence**.*



### So what can we do?

While you can't pass through a health food store or pharmacy without tripping over the latest "detox in a box," these aren't always a good idea. At least not to start. The first step is reducing your exposure.

1. **Get rid of chemicals in the environment you can control** – your home. That means ridding your cupboards of cleaning and personal care products that contain known toxins and EDCs and replacing them with less burdensome ones.

2. **Eat a rainbow of brightly colored fruits and vegetables** – they not only convey essential nutrients, different colors in foods are associated with beneficial phytochemicals that help your body detoxify and build your immune system.

3. **Choose organic foods** to the extent you can afford them (check EWG's Clean 15 for the safest foods to buy conventional and Dirty Dozen to learn which ones to always buy organic due to pesticide residues).

4. **Filter your water** (avoid bottled water – plastics, and the chemicals in them, leach into the water) and drink lots of it: each day try to drink half your body weight in ounces of water, more if you sweat a lot.

5. **Poop daily**. If you're not, get ye some fiber, because elimination is essential to reducing your toxic burden.

6. **Sweat**. It's one of the best ways to rid your body of toxins. Workout. Use a sauna.

7. **Research**. Find out what industries are in your area – what's in their effluent and their smokestacks?

8. **Get involved**. Take part in community clean-up and advocacy for clean air, water and soil.

### Resources:

A number of websites and books provide excellent resources for detoxifying your environment, your home and your body.

- **NRDC** publishes some great guides:

<https://www.nrdc.org/issues/toxic-chemicals#priority-experts-resources>

- **EWG** is an excellent resource with their Skin Deep database and consumer guides like the Dirty Dozen and Clean Fifteen, which help you determine which fruits and vegetables are the most important to prioritize buying organic.

<https://www.ewg.org/>

- **Clean Water Action** tells you how to safely dispose of drugs:

<https://www.cleanwateraction.org/features/keeping-drugs-out-our-waterways-safe-drug-disposal-program>

- **The Toxin Solution**, by Dr. Joseph Pizzorno is an excellent resource for reducing your toxic burden.

- **Hormone Intelligence**, by Dr. Aviva Romm is particularly good for women who want to reduce their toxic burden and improve their overall hormone health (and address issues like PMS, infertility and menopause).

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### Notes:

i <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC4638249/>

ii <https://www.cnn.com/2010/HEALTH/10/26/senate.toxic.america.hearing/>

iii <https://www.cdc.gov/exposurereport/index.html>

iv <https://www.goodnewsnetwork.org/bredesen-alzheimers-research/>

v <https://www.theatlantic.com/health/archive/2014/03/the-toxins-that-threaten-our-brains/284466/>

vi <https://www.theatlantic.com/health/archive/2014/03/the-toxins-that-threaten-our-brains/284466/>

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# TRIPPING WITH MOM

By Bruce Wayne

Art by Matthew Rose

I was an angry, broken lonely kid. My father left, and left me alone at the bus stop with a crazy lady, my mother. Why wouldn't I want to obliterate the ordinary and change my mind? LSD seemed the right medication.

((((( 22 ••

By the time I was 14, I flat out wanted to hallucinate ... to see strange things. I smoked pot in massive quantities in hopes I'd hallucinate. My friends heard if you got very high and hyperventilated you might hallucinate. Like LSD.

One night at a local park we were really high and we took 10 super deep breaths, blowing them out hard and then held the last gulp in as long as we could.

Can't quite remember how, but I was somehow laying on the ground and Eddie and the other guys were screaming "Holy shit, Wayne are you okay? Fuck!"

By their accounts, I keeled over, my head bouncing off the bench, then the concrete base before hitting the dirt. Not sure how long I was out, but it made a good story for months. I probably hallucinated at some point, don't really remember. It was my first experience with self-destruction.

I slowed down with the pot, and even stopped for a while. I didn't like bong, blew the wrong way and made a mess. I thought about eating hashish, but it seemed it might get expensive. Reefer was also making me anxious and withdrawn. I did like buying it and selling it – that was the draw.

My attraction to leave my body remained. I read Huxley's *Doors of Perception* for clues. But Huxley didn't offer me much: No trip to see, only what he thought about tripping. Carlos Castaneda was a notch better – a kind of Narnia series of peyote-eating. The first book was loaded with graphic descriptions of tripping on peyote. The second was hardcore. The narrator learned how to turn into desert animals – wolves or eagles. He flew. The third book, though, was a total bore as he tried to figure it all out. No trips, no visuals. It seemed useless to me in 1975. Where was a 15-year old kid on Long Island going to get peyote, much less a Native American living in the desert to teach me how to eat it, and what it all meant. Also, there seemed to be a lot of vomiting when you ate peyote. Throwing up was my least favorite thing to do.

That spring at school a guy named Rob said he had LSD to sell. I'd sold Rob some pot and got high with him behind the cafeteria. So me and Eddie went over to Rob's house after school – a fancy house on a rich block. He had "tabs" of LSD. \$2 apiece. Cheap! I bought four tabs – colored dots on paper. We cut a tab into 8 bits. Eddie and I took an 1/8 of a tab. When nothing happened, we took another eight of a tab. Still nothing. We walked back to my house – a two bedroom apartment where I lived with my Mom.

Looking at an encyclopedia in my room, something stirred; we started laughing and laughing. Laughing so hard it couldn't come out fast enough. High-shriek laughing. Unable-to-breathe laughing. My face hurt. My jaws hurt, We couldn't stop. A door opened up inside my head. A word would float out and we would say it over to each other, passing it to each other like a nerf football. Words like "newspaper," or "sandwich." I didn't know what this meant and didn't care.

We moved our hands through the air; chemtrails followed the motions as if you could study them, like stop time photography. Were we doing that for 15 seconds, 15 minutes? No idea. The spell was broken somewhat when I had a powerful feeling that my mother was about to walk through the door.

///23|•



I spent the spring dropping the quarter and half tabs on my own, chipping away at my stash, spending afternoons looking at my hands for hours and examining stuff in my house. Secretly impressed with myself for breaking the cardinal rule and taking the acid alone, I was also aware I wasn't seeing anything dramatic, nothing that wasn't there, just seeing what was there, somewhat altered. While I still wanted a full-on psychedelic trip, I don't know why I didn't pop a whole tab - that would be true tripping, right?

For my 16th birthday that June, I polished off the last ¾ of a tab that I had left. A Saturday, I killed the afternoon walking around, bathing in the sunshine. I may have stolen a bike. I remember ending up at home where my mother cooked a lobster dinner. Her friend and neighbor Stanley joined us. I don't remember if I ate the lobster or not. They were enough of a diversion for each other I could be tripping and they'd never notice.

Stanley gave me a psychedelic-colored Jerry Garcia album. What I was doing to celebrate my 16th birthday, he asked. "Tripping on acid" I thought. I left to find my friends in the park.

LSD hadn't offered me a breakthrough of any kind; no higher consciousness, nothing really. Just another distraction.

At the beginning of the next school year I met Bobbie, a girl a year younger than me. She smoked pot, was kind of pretty but a little chubby. She told me her sister, Sally, a year older and really hot, spent the summer in Hawaii and brought back really good LSD. Did I want to come over on Saturday? I liked the idea of being invited over to get in Sally's house. Who knows? I might get in there and Sally might take off her clothes and let me touch her tits and pussy.

So on a sunny September Saturday morning I went over to the sisters' house. We stood in their den. Me and Bobbie. Sally walks in.

"You like acid?" she asked. I wasn't sure what was supposed to happen. Was I buying some? Were they taking it? Was I taking it? The hits of acid I got from Rob the spring before were perfect little circles about 2 mm in diameter on a square piece of paper. Little dots. Very civilized. Sally's acid from Hawaii was a tiny dull silvery triangle. Sally made me and Bobbie drink whole glasses of orange juice because, she said, somehow that was going to be helpful. Bobbie and I each took a tab standing there in the den. Sally didn't take any - I thought she would, but she said, "No just for you guys."

Bobbie looked at me with these big cow eyes, saying we are going to spend the next 18 hours together. But I'm disappointed Sally hadn't taken any. It seemed like she was leaving. So I said, "Well thanks, I think I'm going to go."

"You can't trip alone," Sally insisted.

"No, I'm cool."

"You haven't even gotten off yet," Sally said but I didn't like the idea of spending the day with Bobbie. I just couldn't get into her even with the promise of tits or kissing. Both sisters pushed the "safety issue" of tripping with at least a partner - but with Sally exiting the picture I didn't want to stay. I found my way out and took off on my bike.

I rode around the streets in Bobbie and Sally's neighborhood, literally on the other side of the tracks of our town. Autopilot kicked in, and without knowing it, I headed home.

I was definitely getting off. I had to think about how to ride my bike...how to pedal and balance and stop and start this weird thing attached to me somewhere way down there below my body.

It took hours to climb the hill along the railroad tracks or so it seemed. Without the acid perhaps I was up and over the hill in maybe 20 seconds.

**I was definitely getting off.  
I had to think about how to ride my bike  
...how to pedal and balance and stop and  
start this weird thing attached to me  
somewhere way down there  
below my body.**

A dingy strip of stores stood across from the railroad station - newspaper, coffee, candy shops where commuters gathered to await their trains to New York City. That day there on the sidewalk in front of the stores, a neighborhood bully was beating the shit out of some kid. Famous for being a prick, the bully was probably 17, big with a frizzy blond Afro. Seemed like he lived in his green army surplus jacket. The younger kid was on the ground, and the bully pounded and slapped away the kid's face, left, right, left, right.

I stopped and watched. I was inches away from them; or 60 feet away. Couldn't tell. The bully grew tired of punching so with both hands he picked up the kid's head like a watermelon and began smashing it into the sidewalk. Like a cartoon, echoing in melodic tones. Could other people hear this? See this?

"What are you looking at?" the frizzy haired kid snarled. I left.

The apartment was empty. I found myself watching a Gary Cooper Western. The settlers were way the fuck out in the middle of nowhere. Wagons were circled. I stood with them around their campfire. Everything was nighttime blue, white talking faces glowed from a bright moon and sharp stars in the sky. Women stood about in their bonnets.

Something though, wasn't right. Their fire crackled loud in the apartment. Bird song in the distance...Gary Cooper put a hand up, looked around, and whispered, "Injuns!" An arrow came whizzing over my shoulder and struck the guy next to Gary Cooper. Whoosh, right in the chest. The womenfolk screamed and everyone scattered, horses reared up, everyone yelling... hell on earth.



I dropped to the floor to avoid the pandemonium. The cowboy with the arrow in his chest hit the ground as blood poured out of his body, then out of the tv and onto the floor of the apartment.

“Shit shit shit!” I screamed and ran into the kitchen to grab paper towels. I took one sheet and ran, a trail of white paper following me from the roll in the kitchen back to the floor in front of the tv. I wiped up the blood but there was so much of it and it kept coming.

The yellow kitchen wall phone started ringing; the phone bounced in its cradle. I caught it in mid air; it was Eddie yelling something. I had no idea what he was saying, and worse, I wasn’t sure how the telephone works. His lips and tongue were coming out of the earpiece.

“Eddie I’m tripping,” I said, and he began laughing and coughing, laughing and coughing. The only person I knew who at 16 had a smoker’s hack. I think I hung up the phone.

I heard something! My mother was in the house. How long had she been home? She was walking around and saying things, but what was she saying? Trying to remember what it is that I do when she is in the house – was there a rule?

She was in the living room and then in the kitchen and then by the TV where we have our dining table. The blood was gone, and I was relieved. Suddenly the apartment filled with soft golden light. I noticed my mother’s hair piled on top of her head. She was talking and talking. Not being sure of what I was supposed to do, I retreated to my room.

**M**ost Saturdays my mother and I would go out to dinner. Nothing fancy; we stuck to rituals, going to the same place week after week like the Long Island Cafe, a pizza place serving Italian food – ziti, pasta, clams and lobster. There were two rooms with booths around the perimeter. One room was brightly lit and the other dimly lit with a bar. I don’t think the owners were Italian but they were nice enough, knew their customers, and a fat lady with red-dyed hair eternally perched at the front register.

I was flying as we walked inside; I knew this place but it was all new to me. What were we doing in this dark room? Usually we sat in the well lit half, but tonight they put us in a pool of shadows. I had no idea what we were doing. My Mother asked me to “decide.” I looked at her for clues about what I was supposed to do, but she went ahead and made a decision on her own as I watched. Moments later a hot orange disk on a little circular table was placed before us.

What is that? I wondered. I looked around the restaurant and saw that yes, there were others with this same thing on their tables, too. Trying to still figure out the correct protocol, I witnessed my mother sliding a triangular piece of this red and white thing off the plate, applying it to the hole in her face. I’m touching to see if I have a hole like that too. I do, and then I realized that this is “eating.”

Should I tell my mother I’m tripping, I wondered. She continued to produce all kinds of noises. I nodded and went along with it, and decided not to speak.

Suddenly we were leaving. At the register the fat lady smiled. Her dyed red hair seemed to grow

Mit Fahrrad, 2007. Collage on cardboard.







Hitchhiker, 2017. Collage on canvas.

in front of my eyes, like a fire emanating from her head. She took some paper from my mother and I spied a bowl of mints. I knew they were mints and I put one in my mouth. There was an explosion of a black sweet flavor that took over my whole face.

Back in a car, my mother driving, moving through darkness and light, floating. I was two inches tall in the passenger seat. The world was quite big and the air blue black. We were soon home. Home. I realized my Hawaiian LSD was actually just starting. This is the beginning, not the end. There's going to be more – and more. My mother seemed to have things to do and I slipped away into my room pretending to have things to do, too. I waited a while then finally remembered that if I said "good night" to my mother that meant I could be released from my interactions with her.

I closed the door and got under my covers. I understood I was tripping and like a long flight somewhere exotic, I tried to calculate how many hours til I arrived. I was falling. I closed my eyes. I wanted to get off. Opening my eyes didn't help. I begged for sleep that would deliver me to the other side.

Sunday morning: There was light. No more colors or sounds. I was up before my mother. I turned on the TV. I was back.

The next year, a senior in high school, I found I was still attempting to pry open reality and get a good look at what I suspected was really there. On a Saturday night I was the passenger in a stupid, drunk teenage car accident. The top of my head slammed the windshield. I spent a few months in a dull brain fog. When that haze finally lifted, I began to believe my forays into tripping had left my razor sharp brain permanently dulled, chipped like a beautiful chef's knife dropped and abused by a harsh metal sink. I surmised these chips were too deep to ever be polished out. I would never again be able to slice through some puzzle to a pattern, or carve up some concept into a swan – the way I had as a child. I'd have to fake it

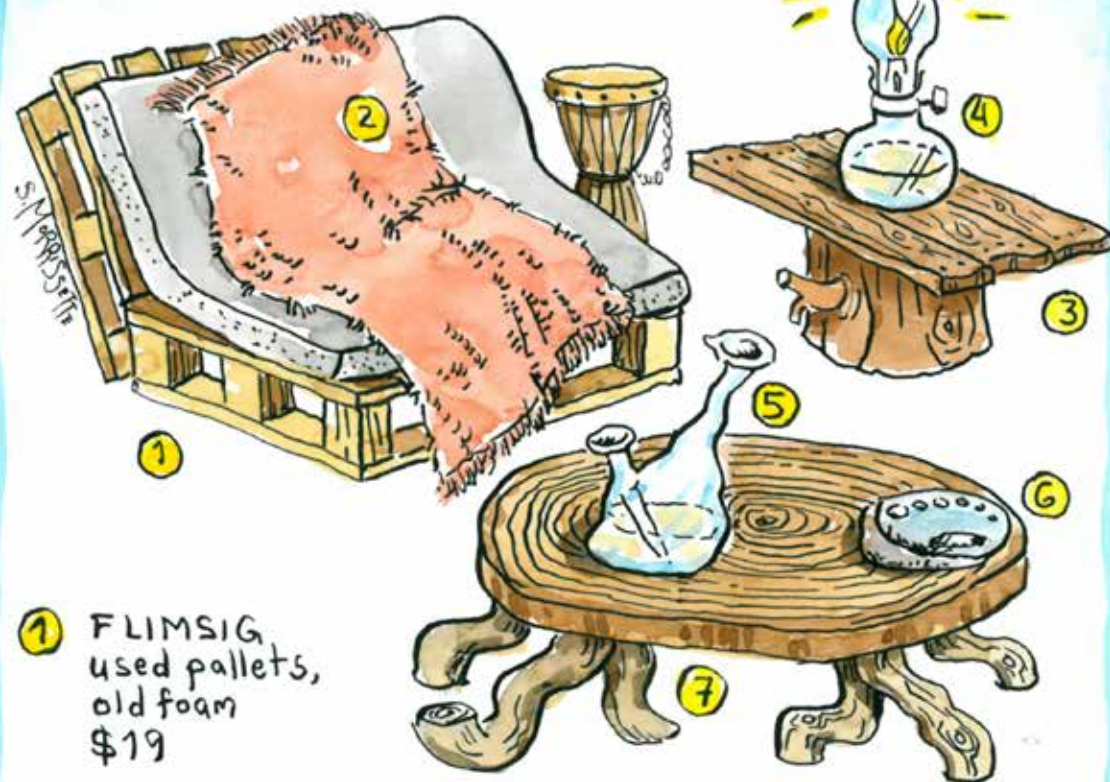
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*Bruce Wayne is a crime fighter living and working in Gotham. He has no web site.*



# IKEA

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used pallets,  
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kerosene lamp  
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⑤ STUPOR  
hand blown by Nils  
\$5

⑥ SMOKUM  
found on beach in Mendocino  
\$3

⑦ WOBLIG  
driftwood, round of wood  
\$25



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It was only a matter of time until Gertrude turned into a grumpy cat.





MIKE KATZ/NEW YORK CITY



# DRUG WORLDS

The neighborhood drug mart is a staple of every community. Like the coconut shells and palm leaves in your witch doctor's grass hut or the rock shelf in your cro-magnon cave, your local around-the-corner drug stores have that essential vibe of scientific organization and clarity of purpose. It's the human fix-it shop, a labyrinth of colorful aisles, each dressed up with a range of boxes and tubes and plastic packaging in a way to guarantee you will never find what you are looking for, even if you speak the local language.

Yet, there is a drugstore on almost every corner in every major city on the planet. Walmart, I understand, has a strategy of placing one of its stores on major suburban roads no more than five miles apart. Drugs are the future. Thus the growing need for new age witch doctors – pharmacists – and their happy lab-coat-wear-and plenty of random people in willing to team up with you to help annoying anal itch, runny noses, blood pressure, bleeding ear, or pills and sometimes even discount with colorful boxes. Other prob-drug test at work and you've been banging back lines of coke or smoking your father's medical marijuana and you have to mask it from your urine. Someone can surely help with that, no?



But wait... there's so much more! Toys, nail files, condoms, shampoo, vitamins, cold medicines that really don't work, babyfood, skin care cream, toothbrushes, hairbrushes and even food (dietary cookies!) as well as serving as a clearinghouse for all drug information (What molecule is this particular opiate, please?) to new brand names for the same old jock itch formula, to current pandemics and new public health emergencies.

My parents loved the drive-through drugstore at the Walgreens. They'd call it in and then go out for a pleasant drive to pick up their chemo prescriptions. Deliveries of course are still happening (Uber Drugs coming soon? Amazon is planning on drone air drops of drugs). Who can forget Little George in It's a Wonderful Life not delivering the pills Mr Gower prepared – because it was POISON! (<https://youtu.be/X8QA95mTcbI>).

Drugs are big business. Illegal drugs, for some perspective, is currently running at \$270 billion (2021) and climbing, according to World-o-meter's running clock. Others peg it at 360 billion. In 2020 global pharmaceutical sales topped \$1.27 trillion US (Source: [statista.com](https://www.statista.com)). And you thought plastics were a growth industry.

Top: LINUS GRUSZEWSKI, SAN DIEGO, CA; Middle: FRITZ SAUTER/SCHAFFHAUSEN, SWITZERLAND





MATTHEW ROSE / PARIS, FRANCE



DR NON / PARIS, FRANCE





MIKE KATZ/NEW YORK CITY, USA



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TOHEI MANO/SHIZUOKA CITY, JAPAN





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MICHAEL KIMT/VILNIUS, LITHUANIA





TOHEI MANO/SHIZUOKA CITY, JAPAN

ADAM ZAID/LONG ISLAND, NY, USA







MATTHEW ROSE / PARIS, FRANCE



DAN PHILIPS/BARCELONA, SPAIN









Via REDDIT

*Letter From London :*

# *Getting High With BoJo*

**By MJ Moon**

**S**ometimes, strange things happen to us, dear reader, and we just can't explain the phenomena and we can't fathom it without taking a week off work to get cerebral.

One balmy evening in a simpler London back in 2019, a time before the dominion of Uber and discarded single-use surgical masks, I toked up with Boris Johnson.

I had totally forgotten the occasion I am about to recount. My memory was only jogged just this morning watching a seagull picking away at roadkill (a pigeon) and the tale of how I got stoned with BoJo came flooding back.

I was working close to Westminster, often trudging past Parliament from Westminster Tube Station – just one of the many grey commuters commuting in and out of the city. Westminster, mind you, was not being part of the original Roman city, but likely part of Lundenburgh, a Saxon stronghold which began to grow up around the Thames in the 7th century.

Since then not much has changed around London's seat of government. The pigs belonging to wealthy lords still roll around in purified mud, while the oiks and proles sip lattes from plastic cups while talking hands-free to their Nearests and Dearests over Lebara or Whatsapp.

After a particularly arduous day at the office, I was on my way home, and I was knackered. Our HQ stands opposite a relatively indistinct pub, but one reputed for its posh clientele. MPs frequent this particular boozer, and I'd often seen the gaping maw of Nigel Farage sinking pints outside while chain-smoking and raucously laughing when paparazzi passed, or braying like a pantomime horse each time he would spot a foreigner that looked like they may be resident in the UK.



I was messaging a friend when I expedited a carriage return, and felt my legs give way. My shins (and, coincidentally, my ankles and feet) had been hampered by a quite substantial form.

I looked down. The shock of unkempt, blonde hair was familiar. Actually more than familiar, it was indeed Alexander Boris de Pfeffel Johnson. Did I trip over the chubby MP or did he stumble over me? In any case, he's not the sort you expect to topple over. Although looking at the big picture, if you're going to be brought down by any politician, sans explanation and find him prostrate on the ground, well it's going to be Boris, isn't it? Lovable, infuriating, lying, bloated Boris, an MP unafraid to get his knees dirty (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-ldOL3LhhCM>) or indeed to nap outside the Commons.

We found ourselves therefore somewhat entangled, just beyond the gaze of the bronze Churchill statue which overlooks Parliament Square in the centre of Westminster. This hallowed area, awash with the footfall of curious tourists, became the playground in which our adventure took place...

"Well, I must say!" exclaimed Boris.

"I quite agree, Johnson," I riposted. "What are you, of all people doing on the pavement!?"

"Tell you the truth, old chap, I'm not quite sure," mumbled BoJo.

"Think you should get up before you do any more damage?" I enquired.

"Too late now, old boy," said BoJo. "There's a fat lot of good in trying to undo previous mistakes. And anyway, we live in a post-truth era. I intend, quite literally to lean into this one, before the boys at the Guardian and the Independent get a sniff of it."

Apparently Johnson smelled a scandal no matter where or how tumbled over.

I hoisted myself back to my feet, grabbing at one of the austere, black railings that surround the Parliamentary complex. I noticed the right honourable member for Uxbridge and South Ruislip seemed to have fallen with quite a force; his briefcase had split open on the pavement, revealing the contents. I witnessed a birthday card, yet unwritten and unsent, floating down the street in the wind, while strewn about were opened packets of the popular American snack food Cracker Jacks, and about 20 to 30 small paper packages, similar to the wraps of cocaine found all over London in bankers' wallets, in lawyers' desk drawers, and notably, littered about Parliament from the Members' bar to their private bathrooms (<https://metro.co.uk/2019/06/26/traces-of-cocaine-found-throughout-houses-of-parliament-10075256/>). Hmm. Drugs. Who could have guessed?

Well, I couldn't resist asking... "Why the Cracker Jacks, Boris?"

"Although I do my best to suppress the knowledge, I was, in fact, born in the USA. I was weaned on Cracker Jacks and could never shake the habit..." he said.

"Talking of habits," I continued, "what about these?" I motioned down and scooped up one of the little white paper wraps. I unfolded one of the bundles, and had the answer for myself. The little packets contained a very pungent, and rather flattened quantity of marijuana!

"Not your usual tipple?" I said, meeting the eyes of our soon-to-be Prime Minister. He slid himself

back to standing position but made no attempt to gather up his case or the exposed contents, but, rather looked about furtively, perhaps for someone to clean up this mess on his behalf? Just another day at the office?

His eyes were saying one thing, as his mouth was about to say another. I didn't give him enough time to answer, and instead, made an executive decision. I had nothing planned that evening, and doubted whether Boris much of anything better to do than sire another illegitimate child, so I grabbed a bud of his Super Skunk and gestured the remainder of the packet towards him. Boris and his ursine hand relieved me of the dope.

I didn't realise how terribly short he was til fully he was up on his feet. After David Cameron, quite the giant of a leader, I expected Boris to have a similar stature. But he's not even remotely tall. His physical presence comes largely from his density; like a rugby player crossed with a bull. He reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a pack of King Skins.

Well, I already had my own provisions and within a minute I had crafted a sizeable spliff. But just wanting to check that I was not dreaming, I took a glance at Boris before I lit up.

"So what happens now?" I enquired, taking a hit and passing it on to BoJo who sucked away at it making it fairly disappear. "Wot?" he said.

BoJo just laughed and laughed, somewhat maniacally, cocking his head to the side as if he was figuring me out.

We walked to Westminster Bridge and then up alongside the Thames. Boris suggested a detour and we slipped into a pub - 'The Duchess' - where we were met by a pair of burly, red-faced bartenders in matching overalls. I tucked the spliff into my breast pocket and leaned against the bar trying to ascertain where my life went wrong...what was I doing with Boris Johnson?

"A quick one to get us rocketing," explained Boris, ordering two pints of Spit Fire, knocking back the first before the barman even had time to ring up the charge. I was taken aback that my MP didn't order one for me. He was already fingering the second pint. I ordered a pint of London Pride for myself.

Boris scoffed at my choice of refreshment, and commenced on the second pint, while fumbling for his wallet. Well maybe after all... ?

It soon became apparent Boris was not covering my drink. I paid up and went to secure a spot outside the pub, eventually leaning against a wall and thinking: MP Boris Johnson had actually tripped me up, pushed recreational drugs at me, and was now leading me down a hole, deftly portraying the White Rabbit, with a touch of Mad Hatter. Johnson pulled at my sleeve.

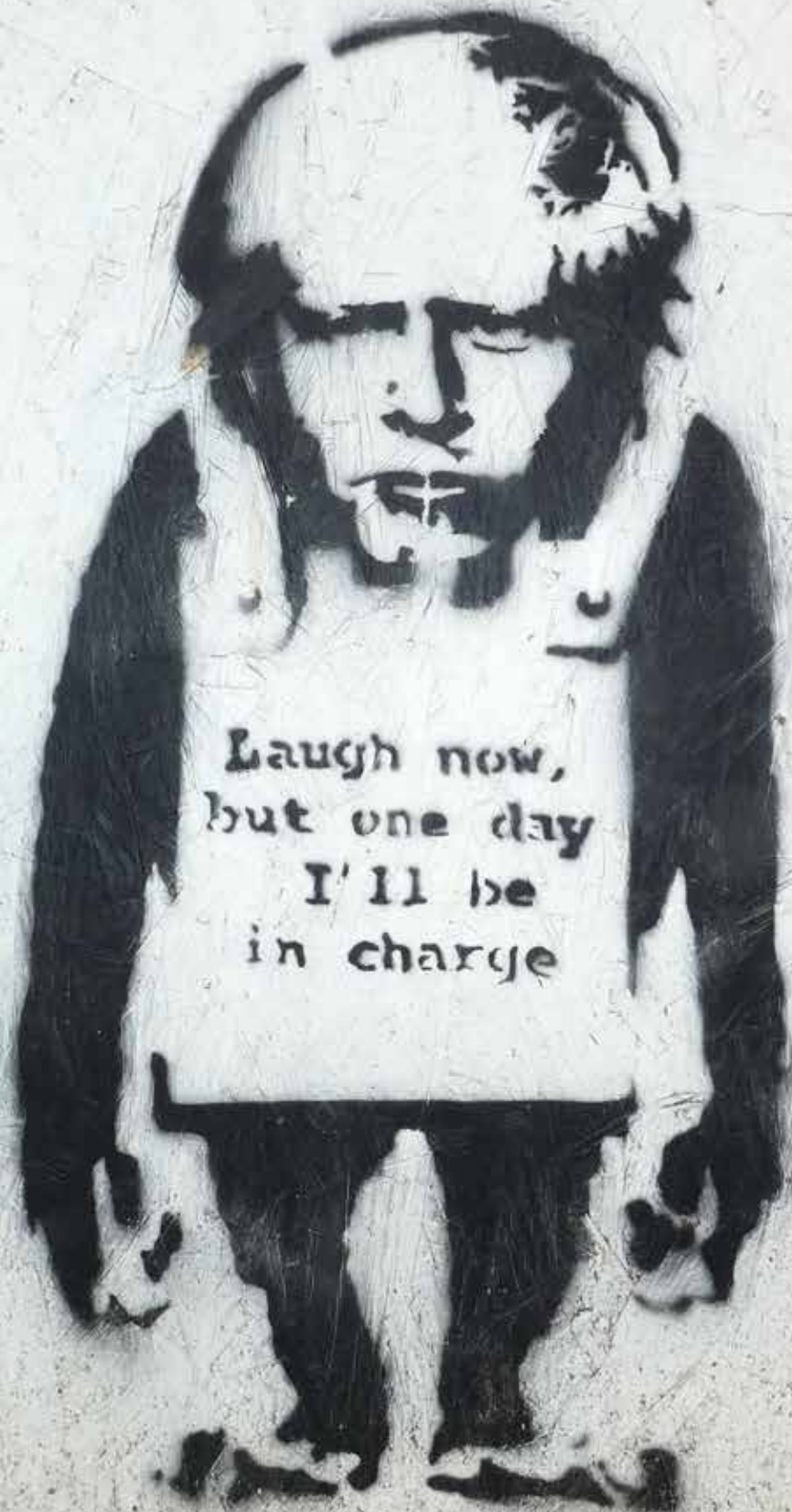
"Come on boy, this way."

We found ourselves in a short alley with Tudor-style buildings either side, obscuring all but a strip of blue sky. What was this all about? Boris just wanted more weed - my weed, not his - I ascertained. I eased the half-smoked joint from my pocket. Giving a look towards our Conservative antagonist, I placed the spliff between my lips. An almost indiscernible, perfunctory nod from Boris, I dutifully handed it over to him, but it had gone out. I whipped out a lighter and sparked it up. Rapidly consumed, Boris fumbled about his person, and pulled out his own spliff, twice as long as mine. He positioned it in his face and De Pfeffel Johnson craned towards my lighter, expecting combustion. I did not disappoint.

MJ: So, what do you think?

BJ: To be honest old boy, it's the first time I've dabbled in such a thing. I thought it was exclusive-





Banky's Johnson wall stencil. Courtesy : duncan c via flickr

ly for council estate kids to use in order to lose their minds. Sort of semi-permanent escapism.

MJ: That displays a staggering lack of self-awareness, Boris...

BJ: Yes, I'm quite proud of that little outburst.

MJ: Sounds about right.

BJ: Must admit I'm not paying a lot of attention to what you're saying. The colours in the sky are rather distracting.

Looking up, I saw nothing out of the ordinary. However, a light smog of doubt wafted through my head. I reasoned that, as someone who smokes every day, perhaps I always see the sky as our PM Apparent was doing.

MJ: What do you mean?

BJ: There's just such a vivid glow. It reminds me of something from Dioscurides or Homer...

MJ: They used drugs in ancient times then?

BJ: There are plenty of references, yes... Even Marcus Aurelius was an opium addict. We just like to keep this sort of information away from the plebs.

At this point he laughed hinting at an excessive, and slightly creepy, sense of irony.

BJ: Recent revisions of ancient texts even suggested they smoked this stuff...

Boris gesticulated, took another fierce drag on the joint. He mimed an awkward impression of Churchill with his cigars.

Boris then grabbed a discarded apple crate from the alley and moved towards the pub's smoking area where he plopped the crate down, and hopped on top. I glared up at him, as did a small group of German tourists on their way to cross the Thames. Our erstwhile MP grabbed a fallen tree branch and, using it as a cane, demonstrated his best Winston Churchill. I stuck around for a few minutes to see what would happen next, but the pantomime quickly degenerated. Boris Johnson, stoned and strange, started whimpering. He fell to his knees, began cackling about a dragon called "Pretty" he saw swooping from Parliament's turrets. Things to come? I took the opportunity to leave. Of course years later BoJo would ruin all our lives as he stormed our television and stole all our dope.

\* \* \*

**MJ Moon is TROUBLE's London Bureau Chief and musician with Temporal Comet.  
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Side Effects

# The Munchies

By Jacques Claude Migeon, PhD

**Y**ou have just indulged in a now-legal vice, and you have the “munchies.” Cliché or psychological-biological phenomenon? Are you really hungry? And why does it have to be greasy, salty potato chips or everything-with-double-cheese pizza rather than a garden salad with tomatoes or a Granny Smith apple.

**Turns out that there are several pharmacological mechanisms for the “Munchies.” It’s science!**

+\_54\_

**A**s you probably know the principal psychoactive ingredient in cannabis is Tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), but there are at least 65 cannabinoid compounds among the more than 400 compounds found in the plant; cannabinoid receptors, however, are one of the most commonly found receptors in the human brain. They naturally hook up with the active psychoactive ingredient in cannabis. And while many other molecules in cannabis likely have physiological effects, how THC interacts with the Cannabinoid Receptors CB1 and CB2 in the body is our focus here.

The CB1 and CB2 Cannabinoid Receptors are members of a large family of cell membrane receptors called G-Protein Coupled Receptors (GPCRs). These GPCRs include a wide range of hormone and neurotransmitter receptors. They send signals from the outside of cells to the insides of cells known and are known as intracellular signaling molecules and ion channels.

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*Munchies: It's pharmaceutical. Opposite: How it all works. Illustrations: Jacques Claude Migeon*

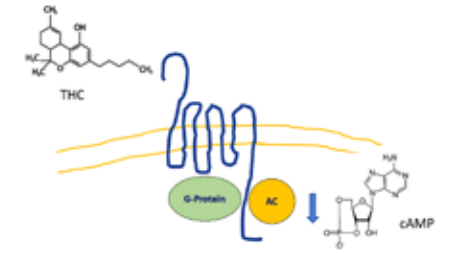
The GPCRs are characterized by seven segments that span the cell membrane and extracellular and intracellular domains. Molecules arriving at the cell interact with the external portion of the receptor and can cause a change in the conformation of the internal parts of the receptor. If they do, they activate the associated G-Protein and enzymes. Follow me here? Only a small number of molecules with specific structures will interact with a given receptor, those that can "turn on" the receptor are called agonists, or block other molecules from activating it (the antagonists), or something in between (the partial agonists). Think of it as a bouncer with a particular sensitivity to certain club goers.

The Cannabinoid Receptors (they look like phone cords in the illustration above) are a part of the Endocannabinoid (EC) System located throughout the central and peripheral nervous systems. That's where they mediate many processes such as neuronal growth, neuroprotection, sensory pathways, cognition, nausea and vomiting, sleep, motor control, seizure activity and, most relevant to our discussion, appetite and food intake. Your brain has its own natural cannabinoids that regulates all these processes when you are not "recreating." The hypothalamus, a region in the forebrain, is largely responsible for appetite and food intake among many other things. (Timper et al., *Dis Model Mech.* 2017;10(6):679-689.) It's where the brain says: "I'm hungry! Feed me!"

Our friend the THC molecule is an agonist, and can activate CB1 and CB2 receptors, but as the CB1 receptors are largely found in the brain, they are the best candidate for role in the mechanism of the "Munchies." So back to Cheetos...

When the THC hits and activates the cannabinoid receptors, it turns on a whole body system and tricks you into thinking you are starving! Big time caloric foods (carbohydrates, sugars, food laden with salt) seem to satisfy that biological survival system. You are being told you are hungry. Sugar and salt hit the body fast and are likely to satiate the demands of the hypothalamus, whereas green leafy vegetables and other foods that might be good for you...not so much.

While it is not likely that one specific mechanism is responsible for what happens when THC floods the brain, the presence of CB1 receptors in many different parts of the brain gives clues to the important pathways involved. For example, in the nucleus accubens of the hypothalamus, a center of cognitive processing of motivation, aversion, pleasure, and positive reinforcement, there is a pathway that increases dopamine release in response to delicious food, resulting in the joy of eating good food. Lip smacking ingestion! In experiments with rats this pathway was potentiated by THC. Hence, fatter rats (De Luca et al., *Neuropharmacology.* 2012 Jul; 63(1): 161-168).



In the hypothalamus, endogenous cannabinoids and Ghrelin, a brain-gut peptide are implicated in appetite-induction through a pathway involving stimulation of an enzyme called AMPK which is a fundamental regulator of cellular metabolism and energetics (Herzig et al., *Nat Rev Mol Cell Biol.* 2018;19(2):121-135). THC also, has been shown to stimulate the activity of AMPK (Kola et al., *JBC.* 2005 Jul; 280(26): 25196-25201).

Once again in the hypothalamus, pro-opiomelanocortin (POMC) neurons, a specific subset of neurons, promote satiety. CB1 receptor activation has been shown to decrease the activity of these neurons thus opposing satiety, i.e. decreasing that "full" feeling (Koch et al., *Nature.* 2015;519(7541):45-50) .

At the sensory level, activation of CB1 receptors by exogenous (THC) or endogenous cannabinoids in the main olfactory bulb (MOB), increased odor detection and food intake in fasted mice. Feedback from the cortex to the MOB regulates food intake, and links appetite to increased odor sensitivity. (Soria-Gómez et al., *Nat. Neurosci.* 2014;17: 407-415)

So, hey, man, it's not your fault, those Cheetos are indeed calling out to you! Simply put: The THC that just invaded and is now flowing through your system has tricked your body into thinking you are indeed hungry and further rewards you when you indulge. Put another way, THC conveniently hijacks parts of the endogenous systems of appetite control and sends you on a midnight trip to the SNACKS aisle at the local 7/11. There is a growing body of evidence to explain the molecular mechanisms behind this phenomenon, and studying these mechanisms gives us insight into how biochemical signals are translated into behavior by altering perception.

*Postscript:* For those of you habitual users, you may have noticed that you don't get the "Munchies" like you used to or that you need to indulge more to achieve the same effect. This phenomenon is due to "tolerance." The repeated presence of THC in the brain causes a down-regulation of the number of cannabinoid receptors, part of the brain's natural biofeedback system. And finally, "No," the munchies are not really related to the cravings associated with pregnancy.

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*Jacques Claude Migeon has long worked in the pharmaceutical industry, He is also a guitarist, banjo and mandolin player with Tangletown String Band in Seattle, Washington. Check out his music: <http://www.tangletownstringband.com/>*



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prints . books  
tee shirts .ephemera. texts

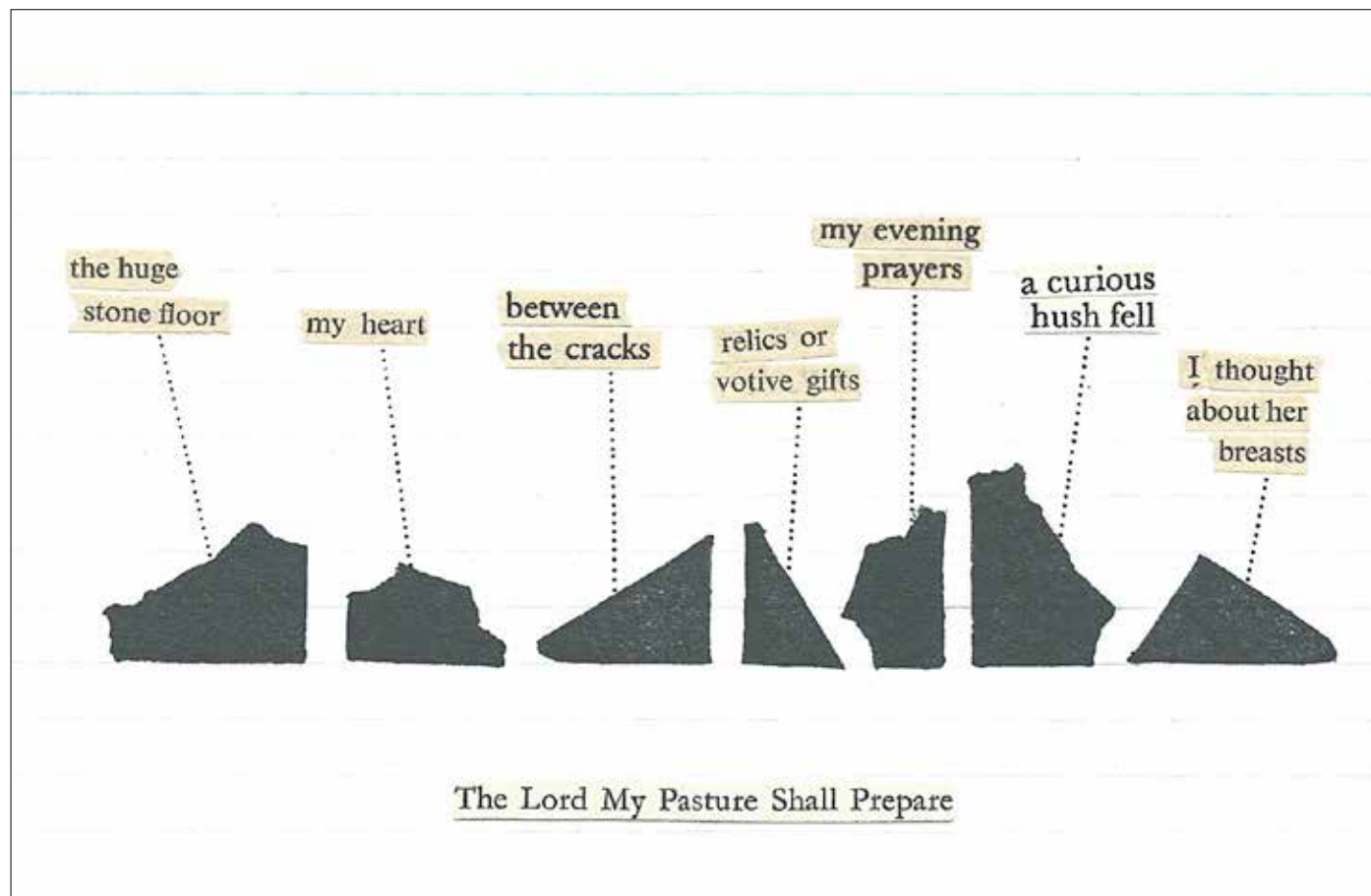
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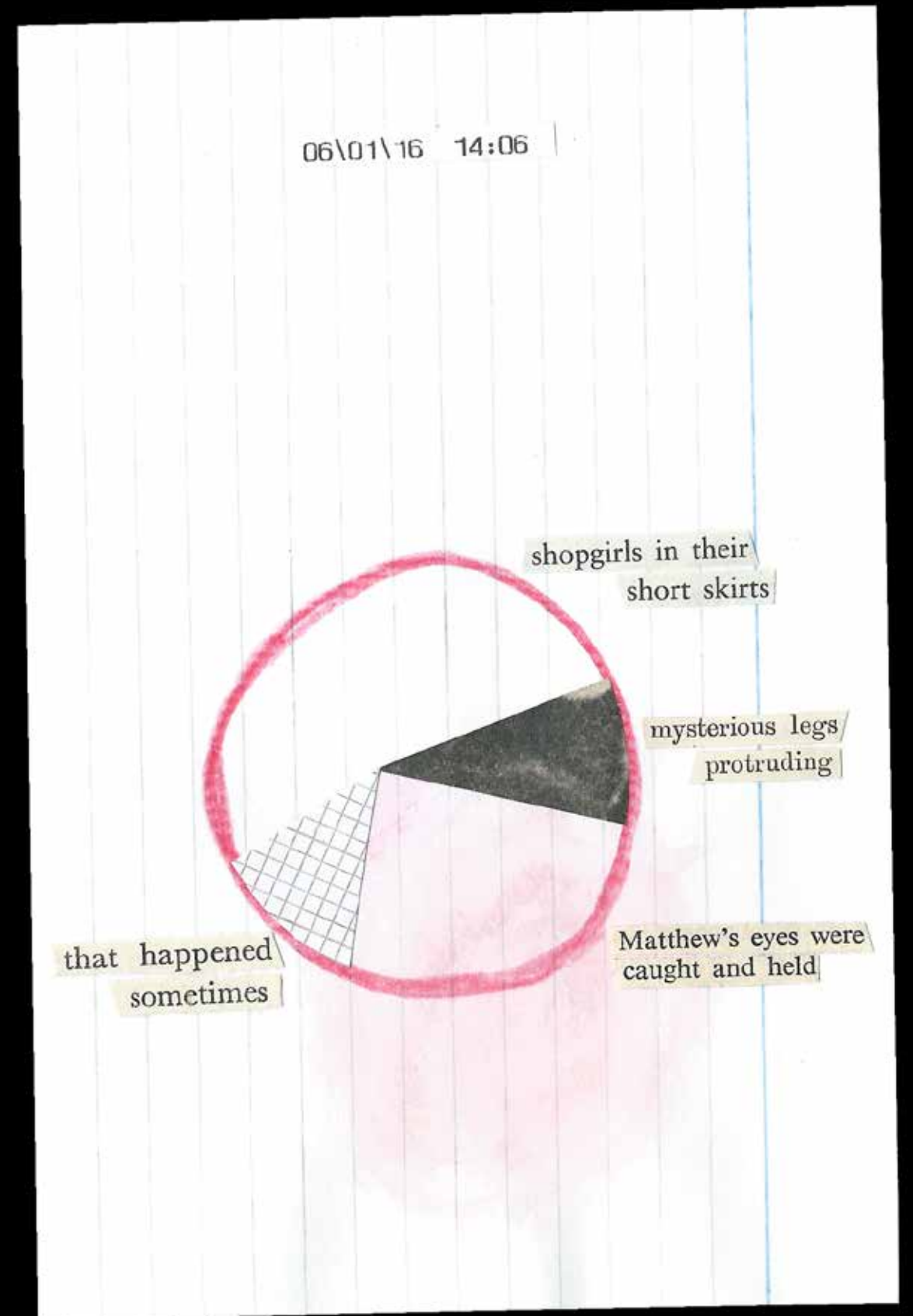


## Obsessed with Matthew Kay

**M**atthew Kay is driven by a concern for collecting, collating and curating pre-existing objects and imagery. He makes assemblage sculptures, animations, books and works on paper. It's the paper that we are seeing here, collages from his artist books, collages that he collects into handmade volumes. The collages are primarily poetic piecharts and other non-mathematical, un-scientific and allusive diagrams (which he also produces as stand-alone works). The "diagram poems" feature re-contextualise found words and phrases employed as annotations for appropriated and made-up diagrams. Collectively, Matthew's collage works engage with themes of everyday life, sex and sexuality, the nature of God, religious beliefs and their influence on the structures that we create to interpret our experience of the world and ourselves. This subset is dealing primarily with obsession, want and yearning as a type of drug: sometimes pleasant, sometimes painful; confusing, joyful, human.

*Matthew Kay lives and works in London, UK  
@diagram\_poems*

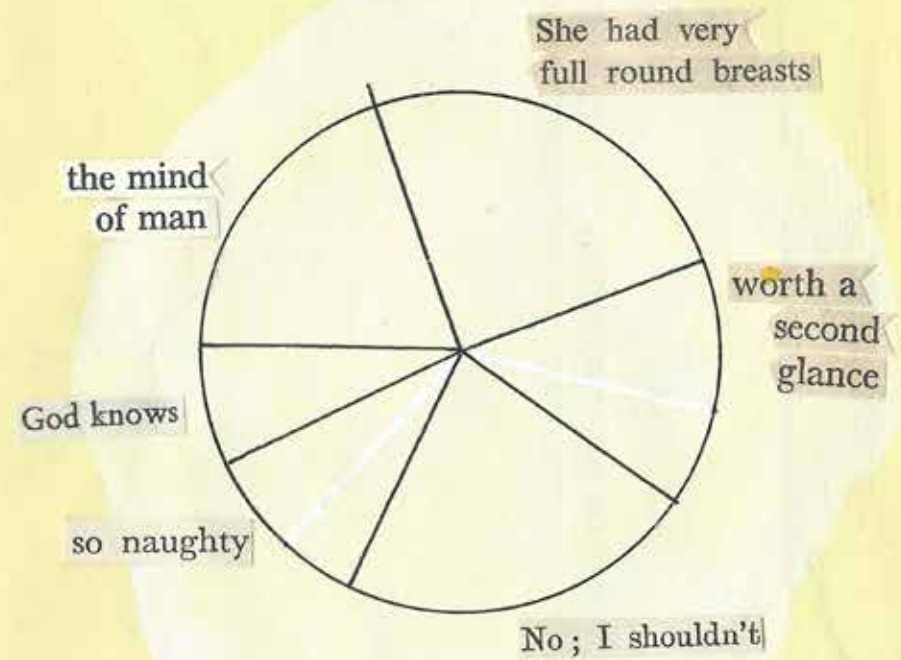
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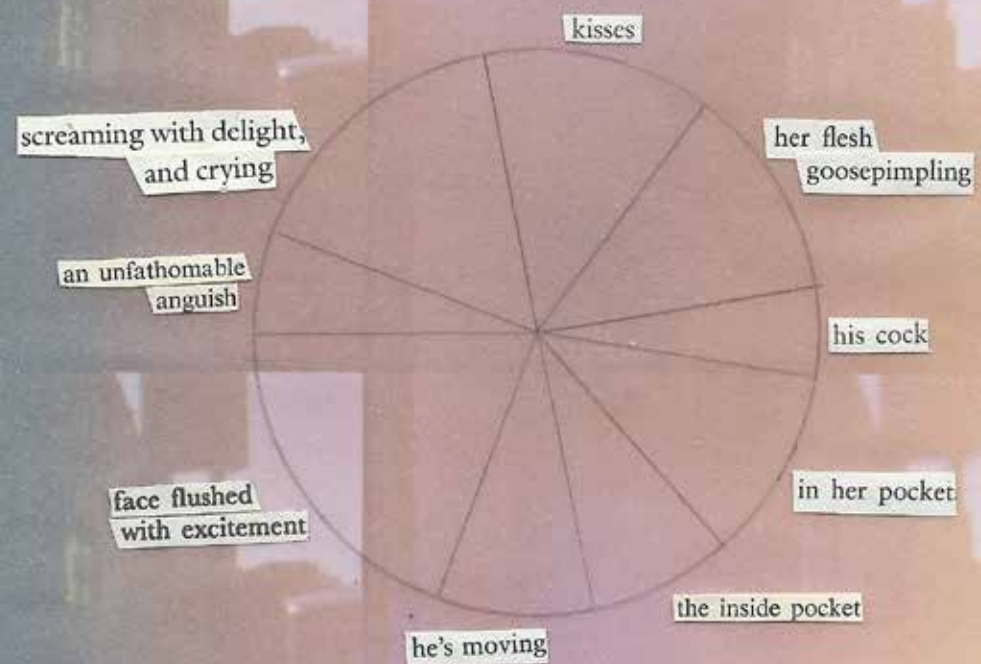
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I tried not to stare



the happy chaos





lest I should fall

FIRST BITE AT  
THE APPLE

pips

a musical surge  
of birds

wistful dreams

rapture

harmony

joy

another bite  
of that apple

a longer gallop than usual

the lips

tits

bits

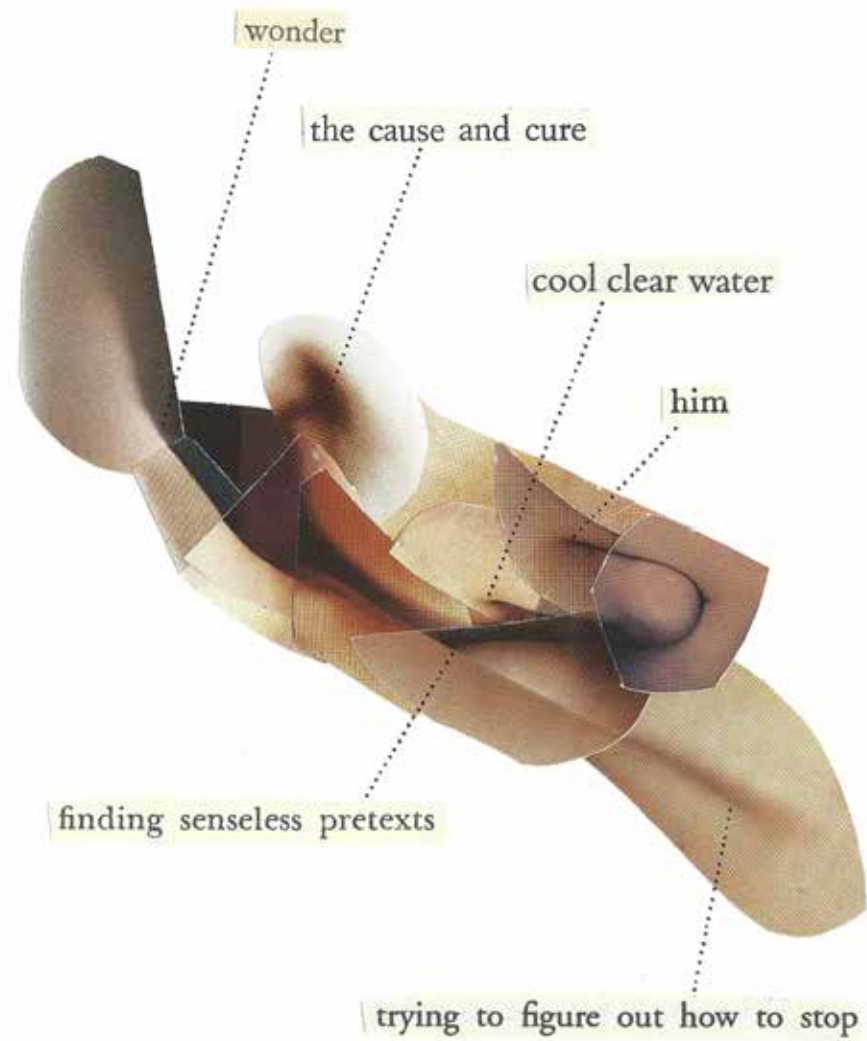
grip

kicks

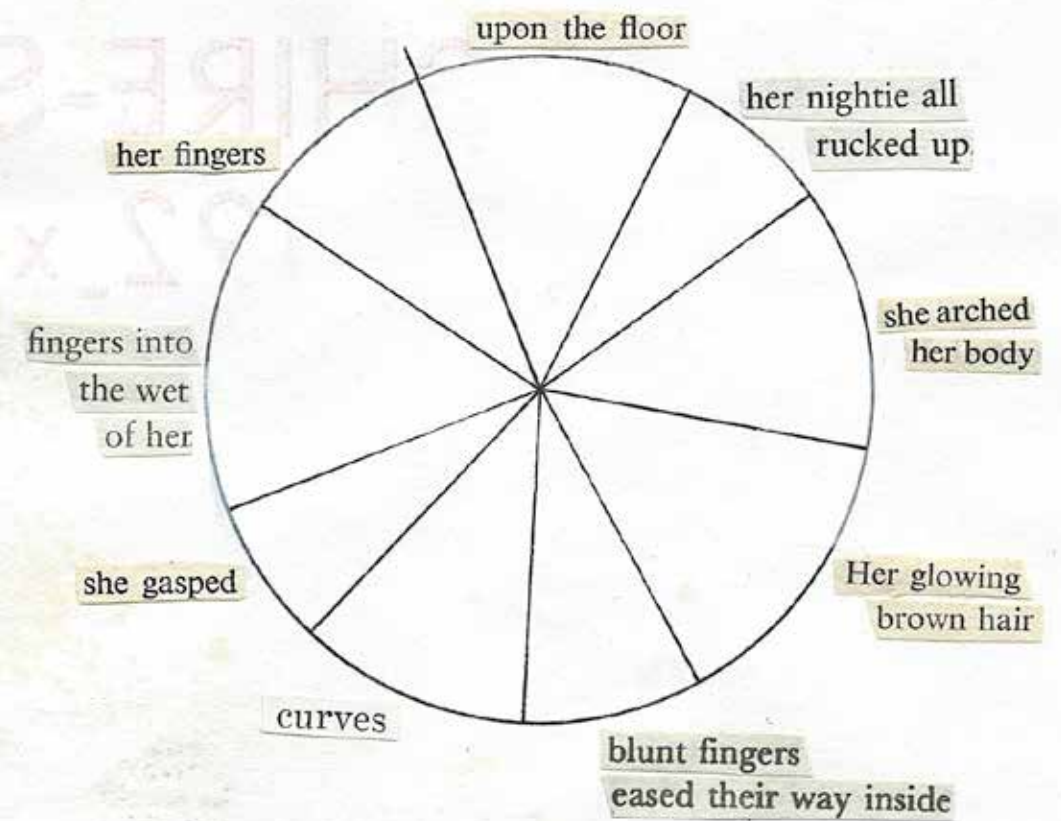
shame



THE DAYLIGHT

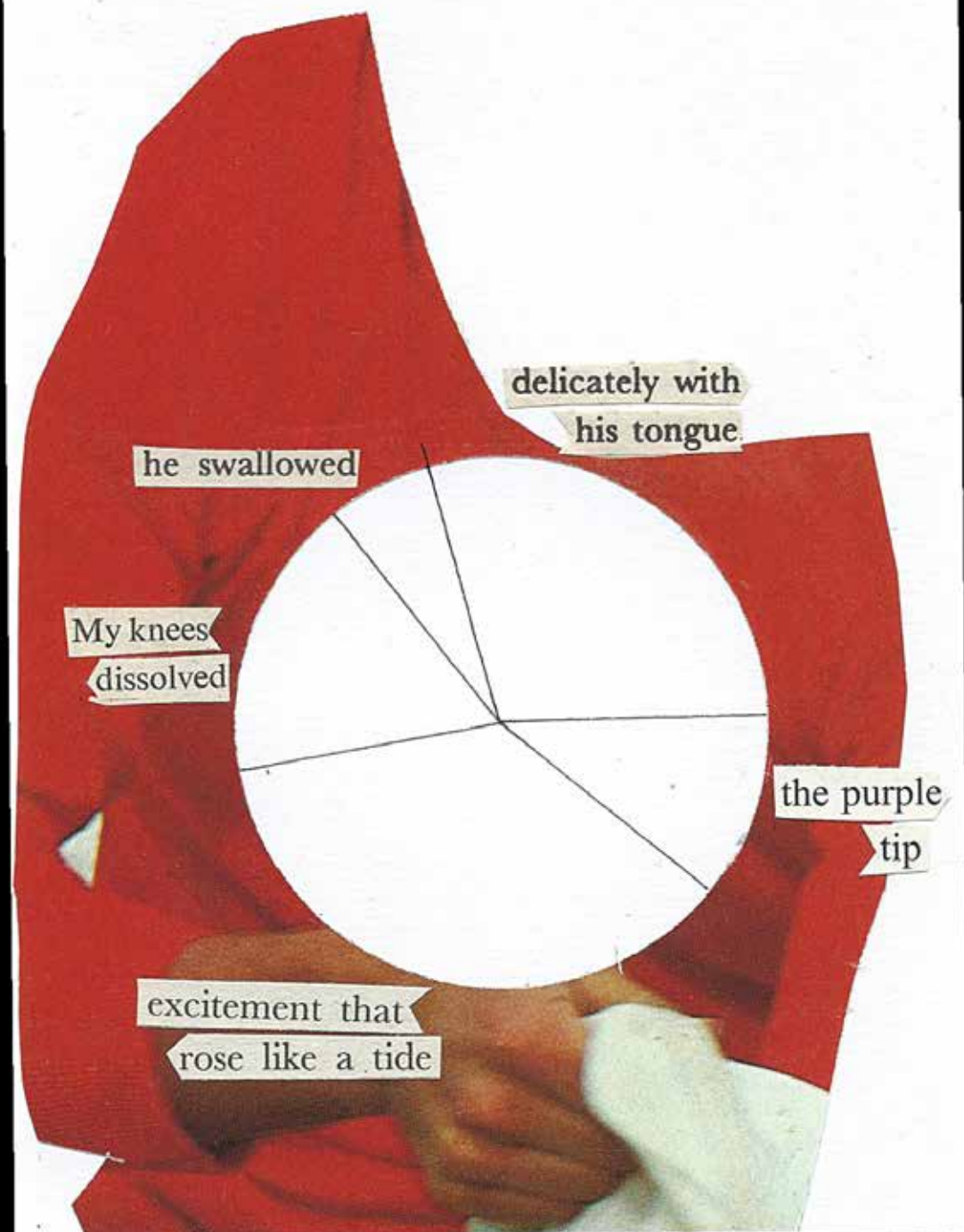


growing up

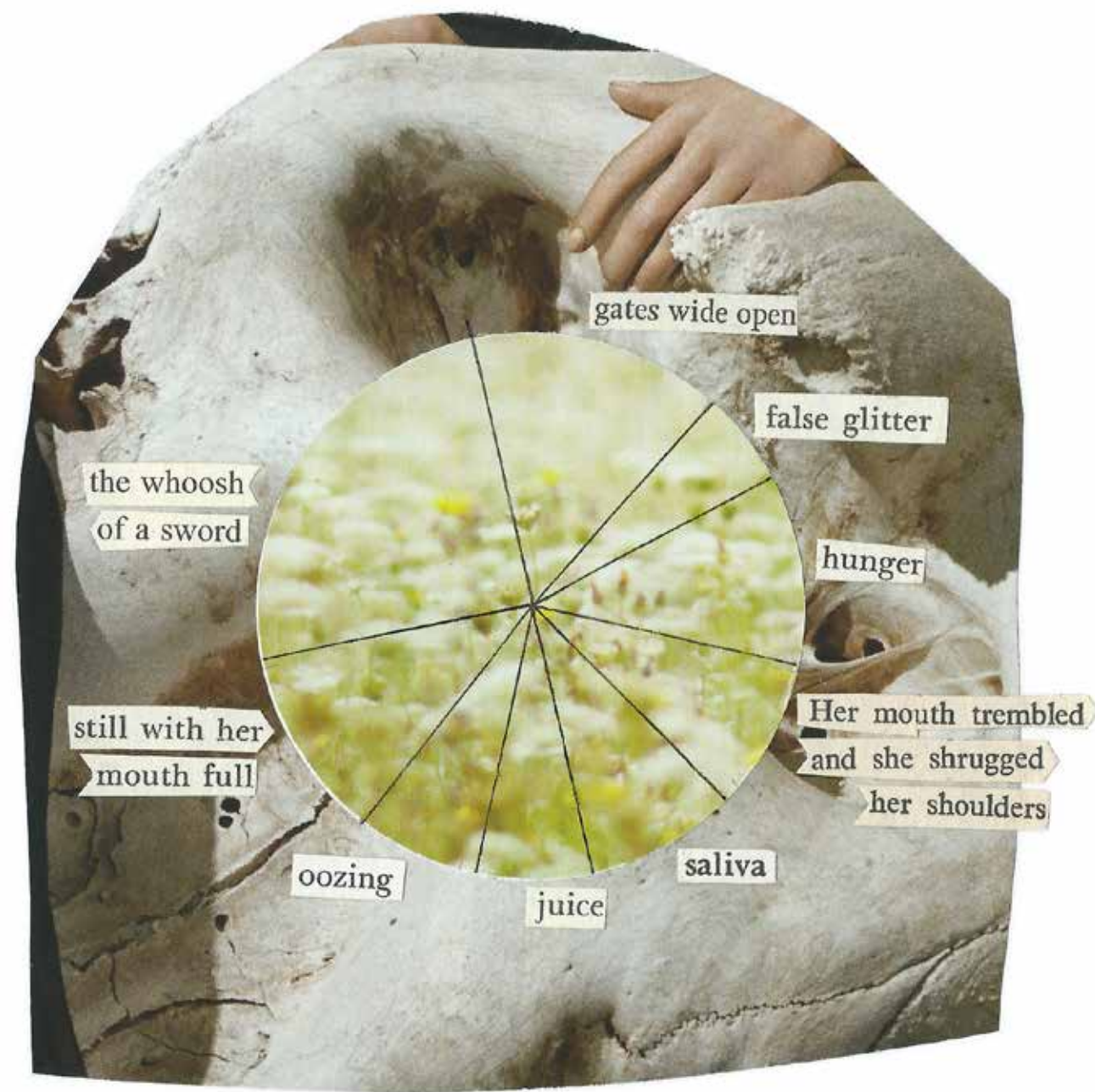




# gentle precision



## FIRST BITE AT THE APPLE





LA CAVE  
des PAPILLES







above: bottle cap sculptures • jameson sequence • 2010 - 027 to 031 (jameson caps & found objects from hillsboro, oregon • usa)  
above: bottle cap sculptures • beefeater sequence • 2010 - 032 to 036 (beefeater caps & found objects from hillsboro, oregon • usa)



jamie newton  
bottle cap sculptures • whiskey, raki & gin

These are part of an ongoing set of collections, currently housed at the Museum of Collections of Small Things and Found Objects (MoCoSTa-BaFO) [see the ad elsewhere in this magazine]. Bottle cap sculptures are made up of bottle caps, concrete and found objects, the objects found in the streets of the places wherein the drink was consumed. While not all of the collection(s) are based on alcohol caps, this subset highlights whiskey, raki (the equivalent of ouzo or pastis) and gin caps and the objects found in the neighborhoods around where the drink was purchased.



left: bottle cap sculpture • japan sequence • 2018 - 003 (suntory whiskey cap & found object from kyoto, japan)  
above: bottle cap sculptures • japan sequence • 2009 - 021 (suntory whiskey cap & found object from takayama, japan)





facing page:  
bottle cap sculpture  
2009 - 001  
(jameson cap & found objects  
from hillsboro, oregon • usa)

right:  
bottle cap sculpture collection box  
japan sequence • 2018  
various caps, concrete & found objects  
in found box with additions & stamping  
kyoto, kanazawa & takayama, japan



left:  
bottle cap sculptures  
turkey sequence  
2012 - 006 to 008  
(raki caps & found objects  
from kas, turkey)

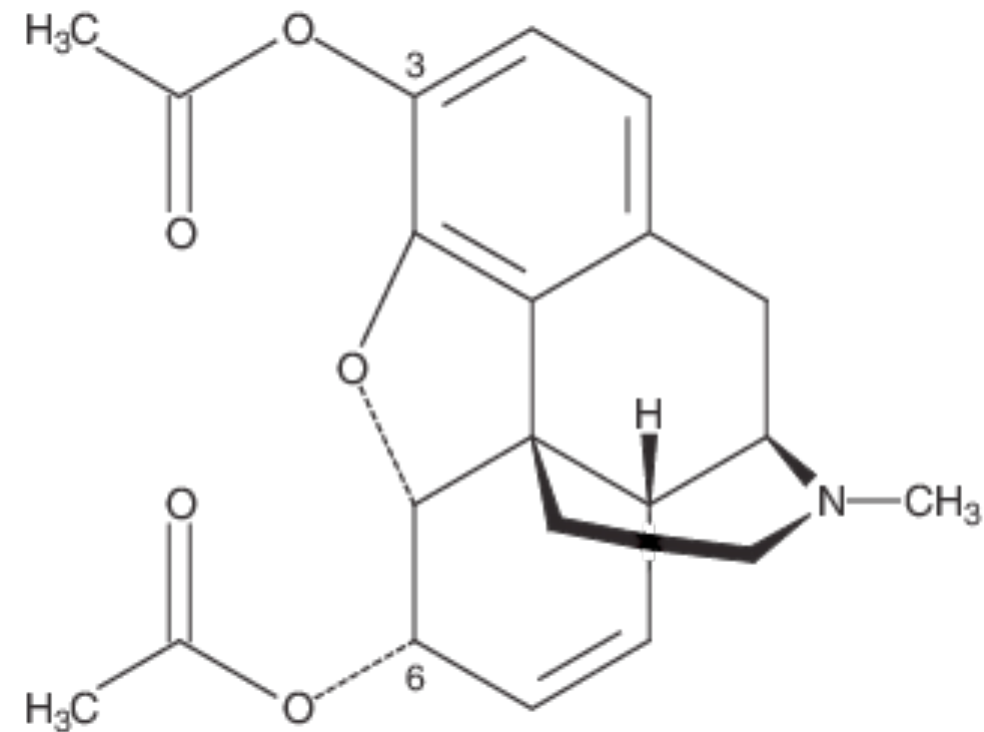
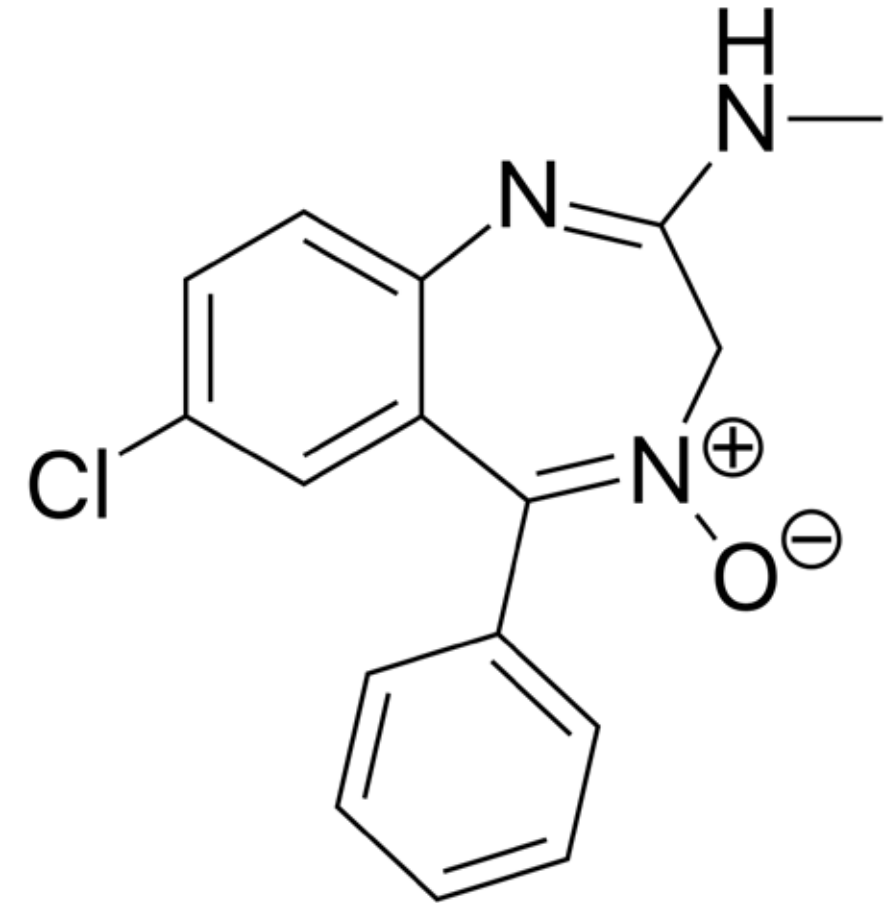
*jamie newton lives and works in the  
coast range foothills west of portland,  
oregon. he is an artist, writer and co-  
creator of trouble.  
@concretewheels  
@mocostabafo*



# In Case You Were Wondering



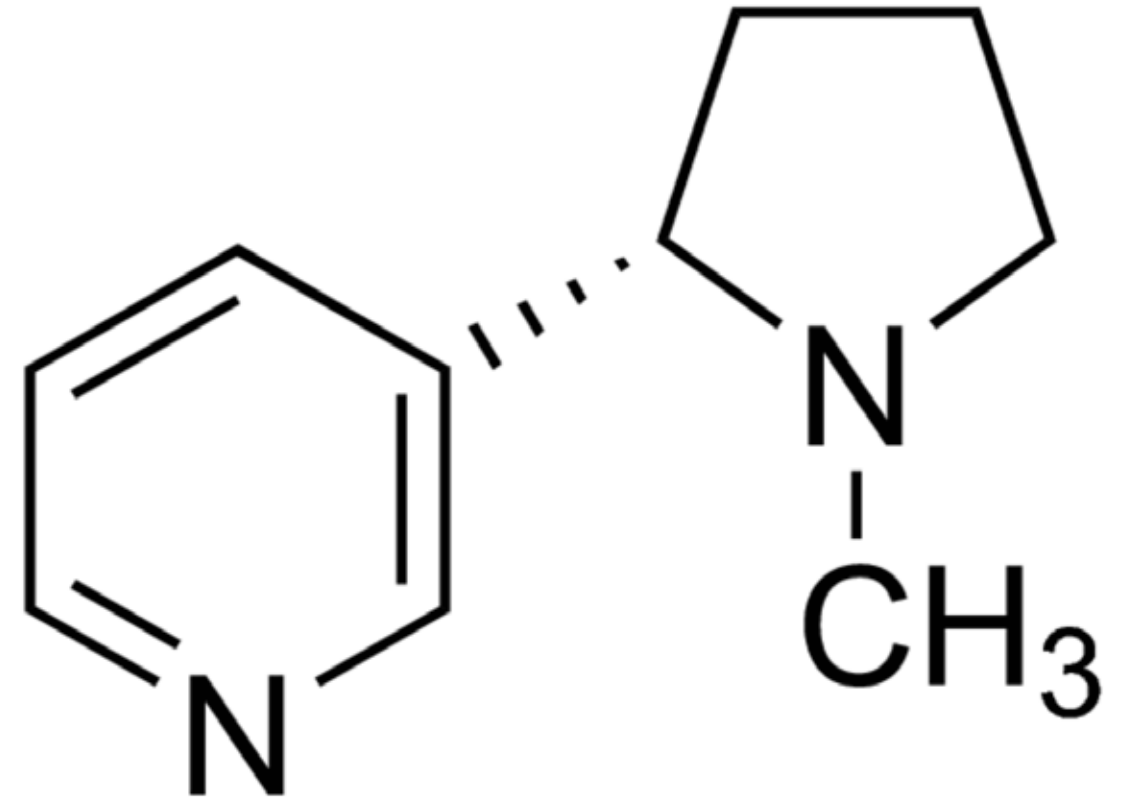
Librium Molecule



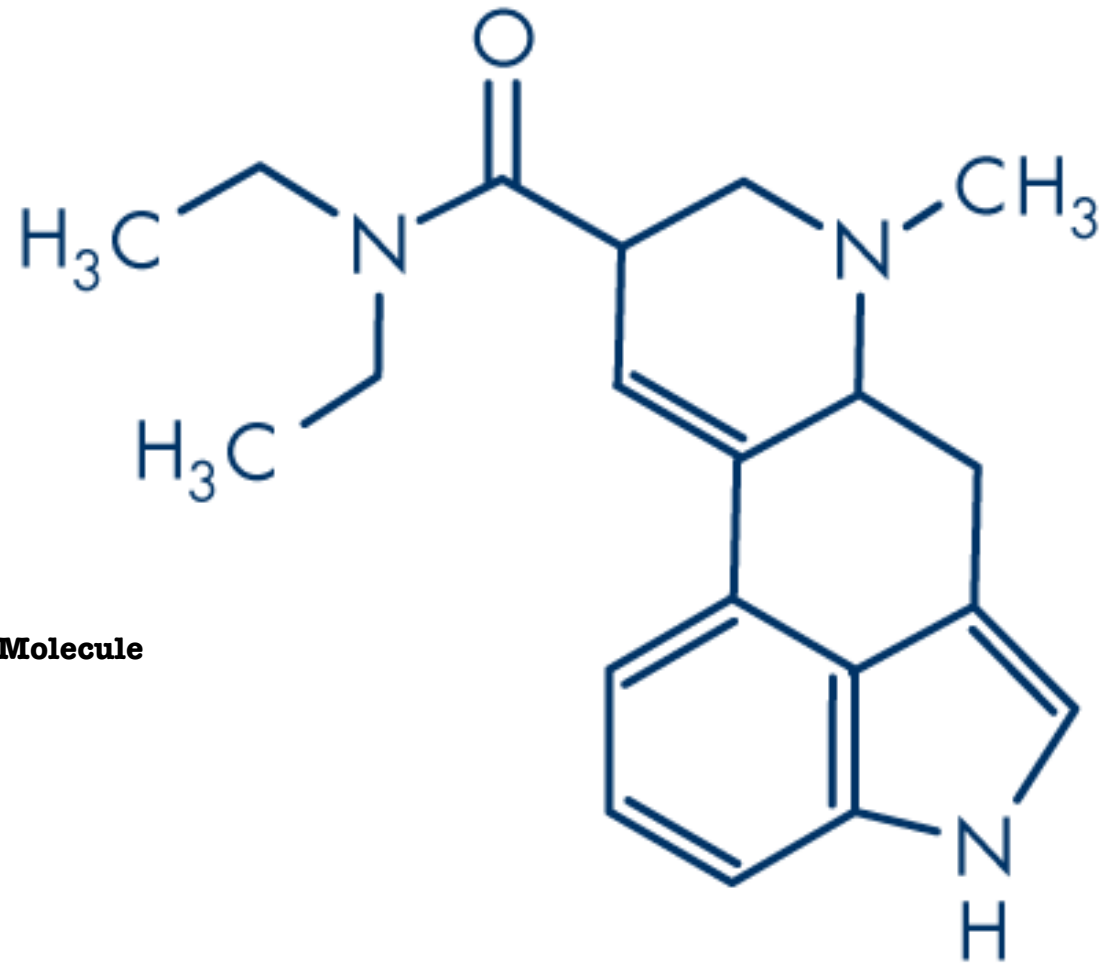
Heroin Molecule



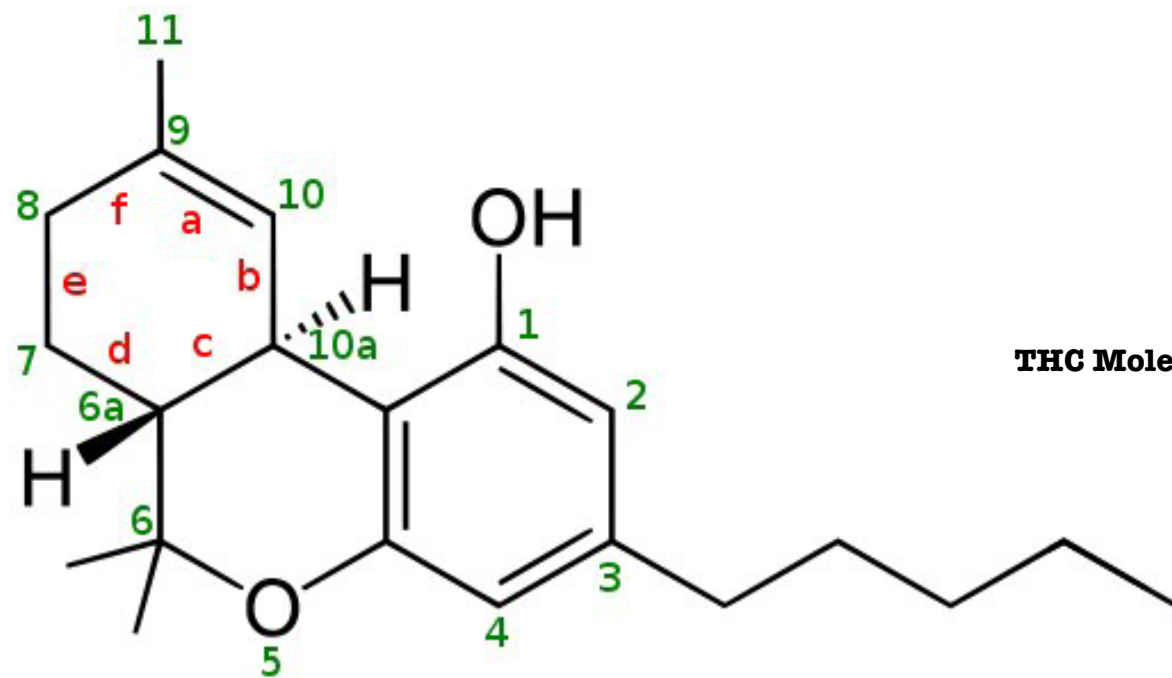
Nicotine Molecule



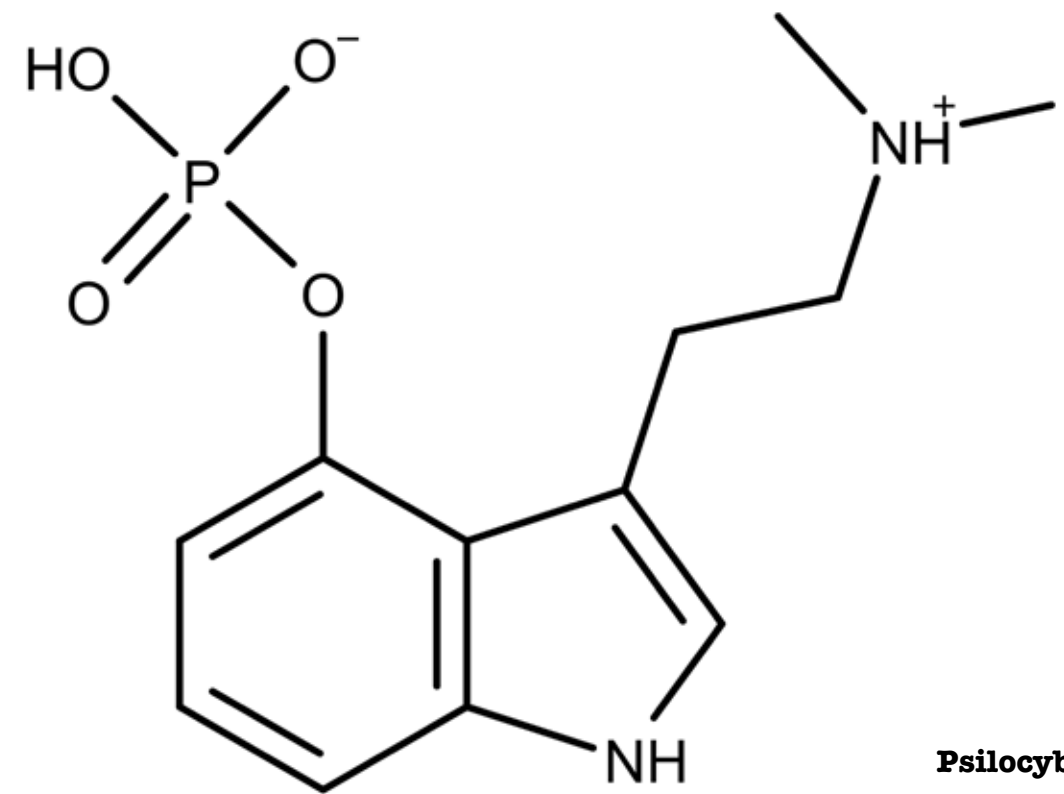
LSD Molecule



THC Molecule



...78+///

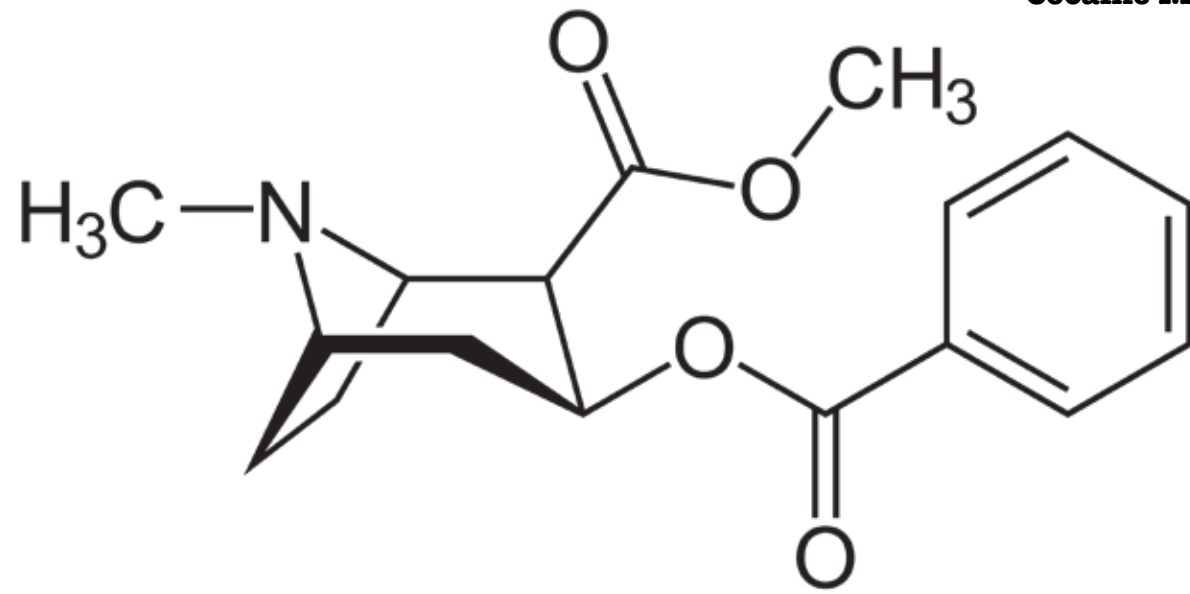


Psilocybin Molecule

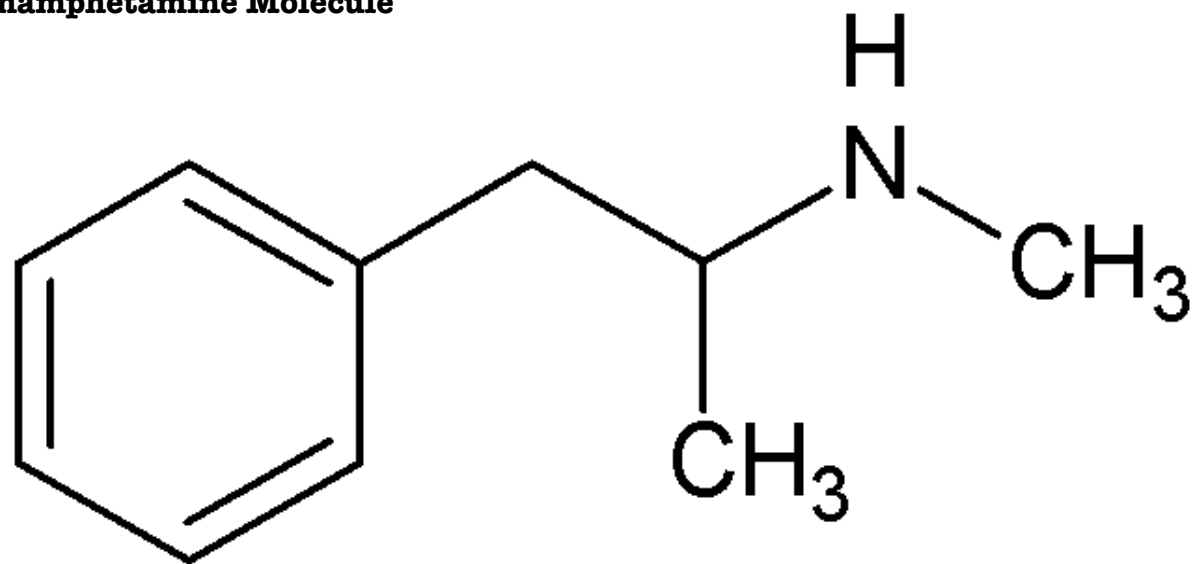
...79••/•



Cocaine Molecule



Methamphetamine Molecule



Right: Bottle of Heroin, sold by Bayer, circa 1895-1900. It was available in pharmacies, and contained 5% of pure heroin. Source: Wikipedia.





PARIS 75019

# RATS, CATS & VISUAL RAP

Text and Photographs  
by Leslie King

**A** giant golden cat checks out his comrade, a white rat snacking on a human finger. A massive rooster is dressed for success in a tie and jacket. A woman squats to take a pee. Another cat stares out at passersby, its eye sockets glow with leaking white paint. It's a wonderful world up here in Paris's northern district, the 19th Arrondissement

Though not far from the bucolic Parc des Buttes-Chaumont, the pulse on the streets in and around where I'm living for a few weeks, is both frantic and tense, sometimes languid, sometimes brutal. But that's judging from the writing on the walls.

I've visited Paris for many years but never thought about the pasted messages on almost every conceivable surface of buildings, bridges and sidewalks in this city. Graffiti here is an open book, its pages are torn apart by the rain and wind and quickly replaced when the storm passes. It's a collective visual consciousness.

I barely noticed the subtitling of my environment in my previous stays here, but in the 19th arrondissement, I suddenly found myself sifting through the joy and desperation confessed on these walls: Pleas for political clarity, cries for the rights of immigrants and women all mashed together with an array of pop culture visual rap and odes to addiction, poverty and advertisements for their creators.

Pasted cutouts, spray-painted texts, and often-provocative images felt radical: "We're occupying this public space, like it or not." Political messages – "Macron, France is not for sale!" – provide an ongoing commentary on almost every possible surface.

Whatever the topic or the motivation, Parisian street art implies an insistence that not all ideas be filtered through corporate-controlled mass media and an loud emphasis on equality – "art is for all!"

*Leslie King is a Professor of Sociology at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. Leslie is also an avid Francophile and a bluegrass musician.*



















**ACID, Stampsheet (Detail), Michael Thompson, 1996**

## Mail Room



## Michael Thompson & Michael Hernandez de Luna

Since the tail end of the 20th century, reknown troublemakers and art world geniuses Michael Hernandez de Luna and Michael Thompson have been mailing out their own home-brewed postage stamps across the planet, celebrating pretty much everything from India's atom bomb to boobs, public urination, horses fucking, religious cults, hunting deer, racism, Mad Cow disease, group sex, airplane disasters and of course, every recreational drug cooked up by man.

What evolved from a parlor game of small art and chance into a ongoing global art project, the works of these Chicago-based artists have attracted the keen interest of not only art and stamp collectors, but also the attention of Postal Inspectors and federal authorities. Their crimes are many and include counterfeiting, mailing indecent matter on stamps and envelopes, theft of labor or services or property and of course, unpaid postage. Thompson and Hernandez de Luna have made careers of their elegant postal mischief.

The history of faux stamps is most celebrated in Yves Klein's blue stamp affixed to an invitation envelope for his 1957 Paris exhibition at Iris Clert. The simple blue stamp was cancelled and, yes, delivered, merging petty crime and modern art with conceptual performance in an act of joy and subversive collaboration. Klein's cancelled envelopes are worth a small fortune.

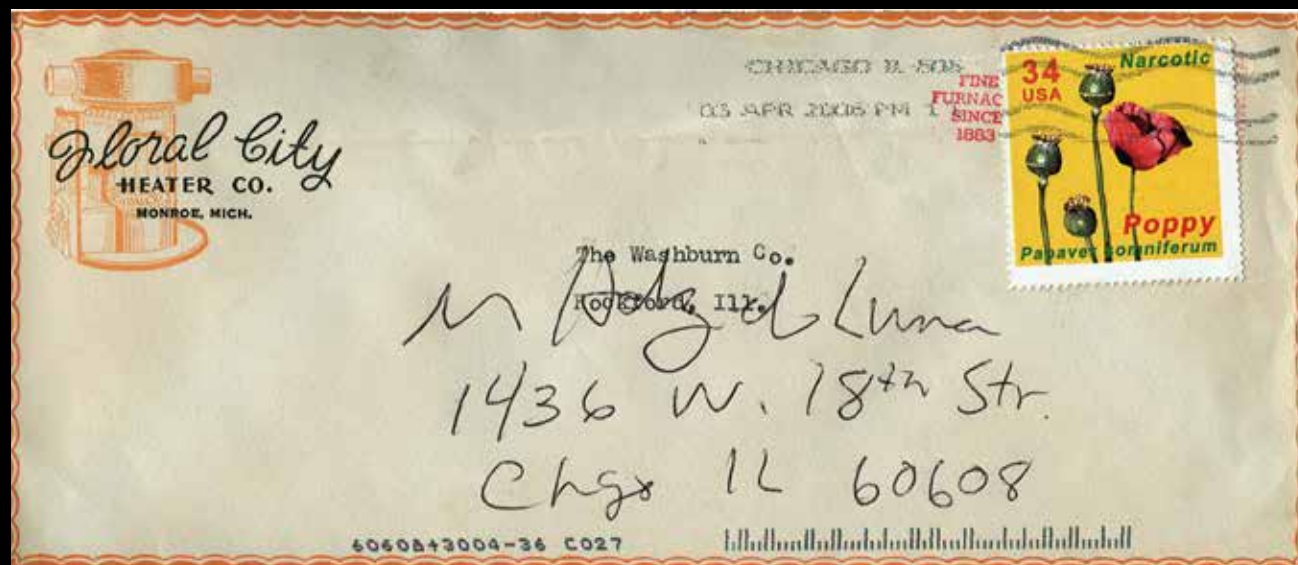
Exhibitions of the faux stamp sheets and cancelled envelopes of both these artists were held over the years. Hernandez de Luna noted in his book with Thompson, *The Stamp Art and Postal History of Michael Thompson and Michael Hernandez de Luna*: "The exhibition went off without any glitches, meaning no one went to jail. Michael and I bickered for a while about who was number one on the Postal Inspectors' case list. It turned out we tied: We're listed under the same case number 380-12-1365 R1 (1). We figure the Postal Inspectors are our biggest collectors to date."

Following is a select portfolio of some of their most notorious artiststamp issues celebrating LSD, Ecstasy, marijuana, opium, seconal, anthax and even the aphrodisiac of the Rhino's horn. And of course, these unique issues are deliciously illegal.

– Matthew Rose

Michael Thompson : <https://michaelthompsonart.com/home.html>  
Michael Hernandez de Luna: <https://www.instagram.com/mhdlove9/>





Narcotic Poppy, Stampsheet and mailed envelope, Michael Hernandez de Luna, 2006



Hashish (Morocco), Stampsheet and envelope, Michael Thompson, 1996



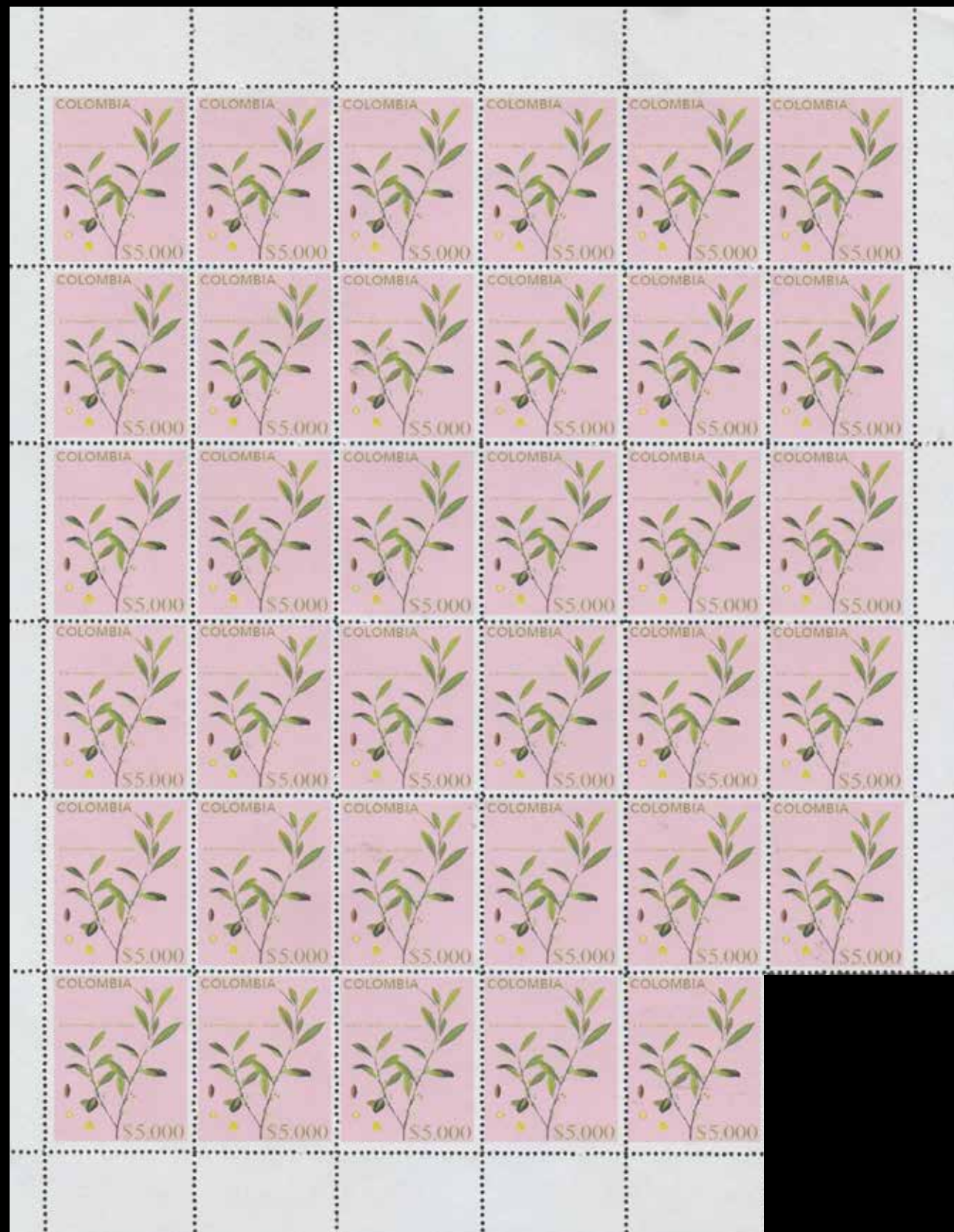


Ecstasy, Stampsheet and mailed envelope, Michael Hernandez de Luna 2008



Seconol, Stampsheet (Detail), Michael Thompson, 1996





Columbia (Coca Plant), Stampsheet, Michael Thompson, 2015

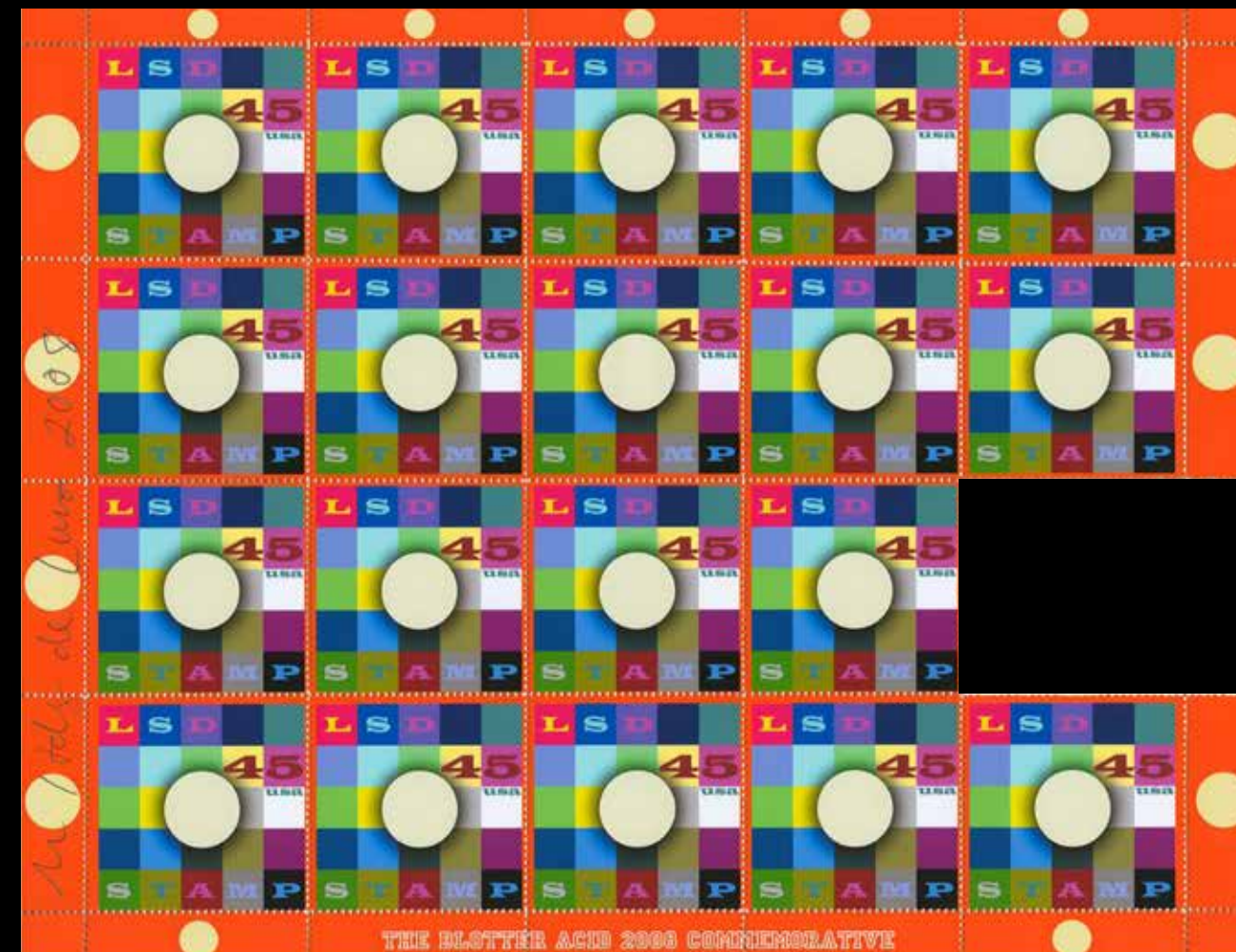


Anthrax, Stampsheet and mailed envelope, Michael Hernandez de Luna 2001





Opium, Stampsheet and mailed envelope, Michael Thompson 20XX

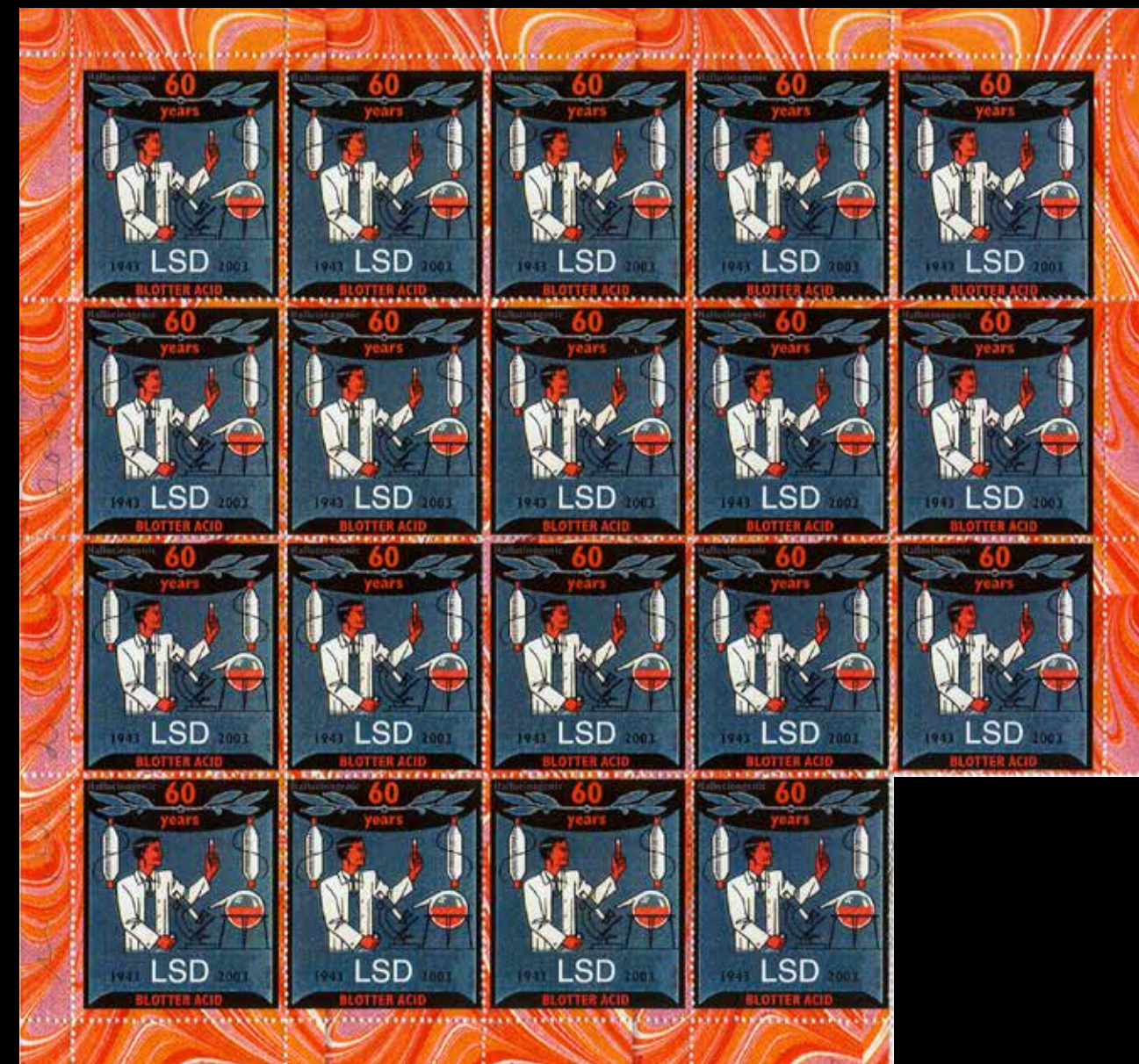


LSD, Stampsheet and mailed envelope, Michael Hernandez de Luna, 2008





ACID TABS (Felix The Cat), mailed envelope, Michael Michael Thompson, 1997

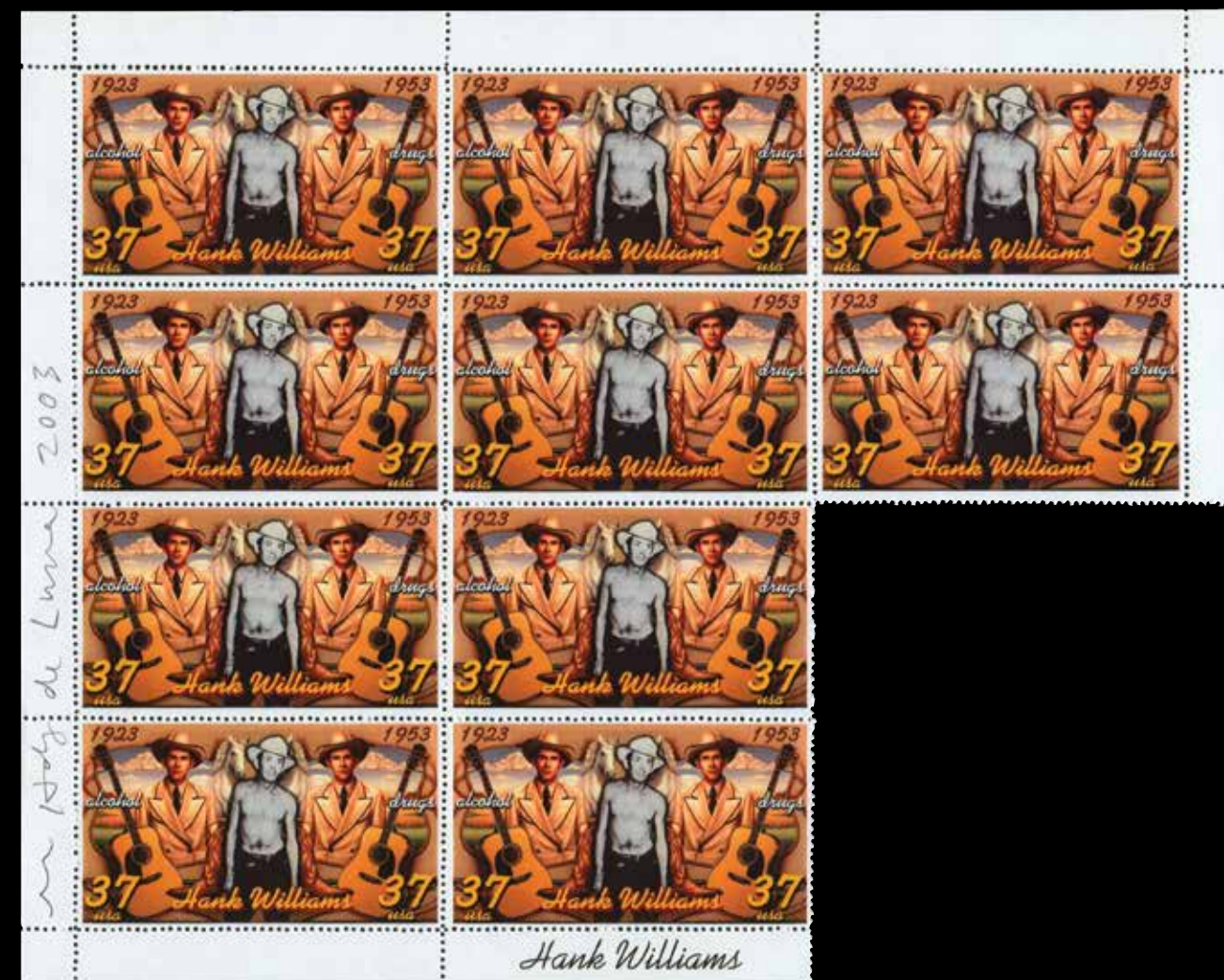


LSD (1943-2003), Stampsheet and mailed envelope, Michael Hernandez de Luna, 2003





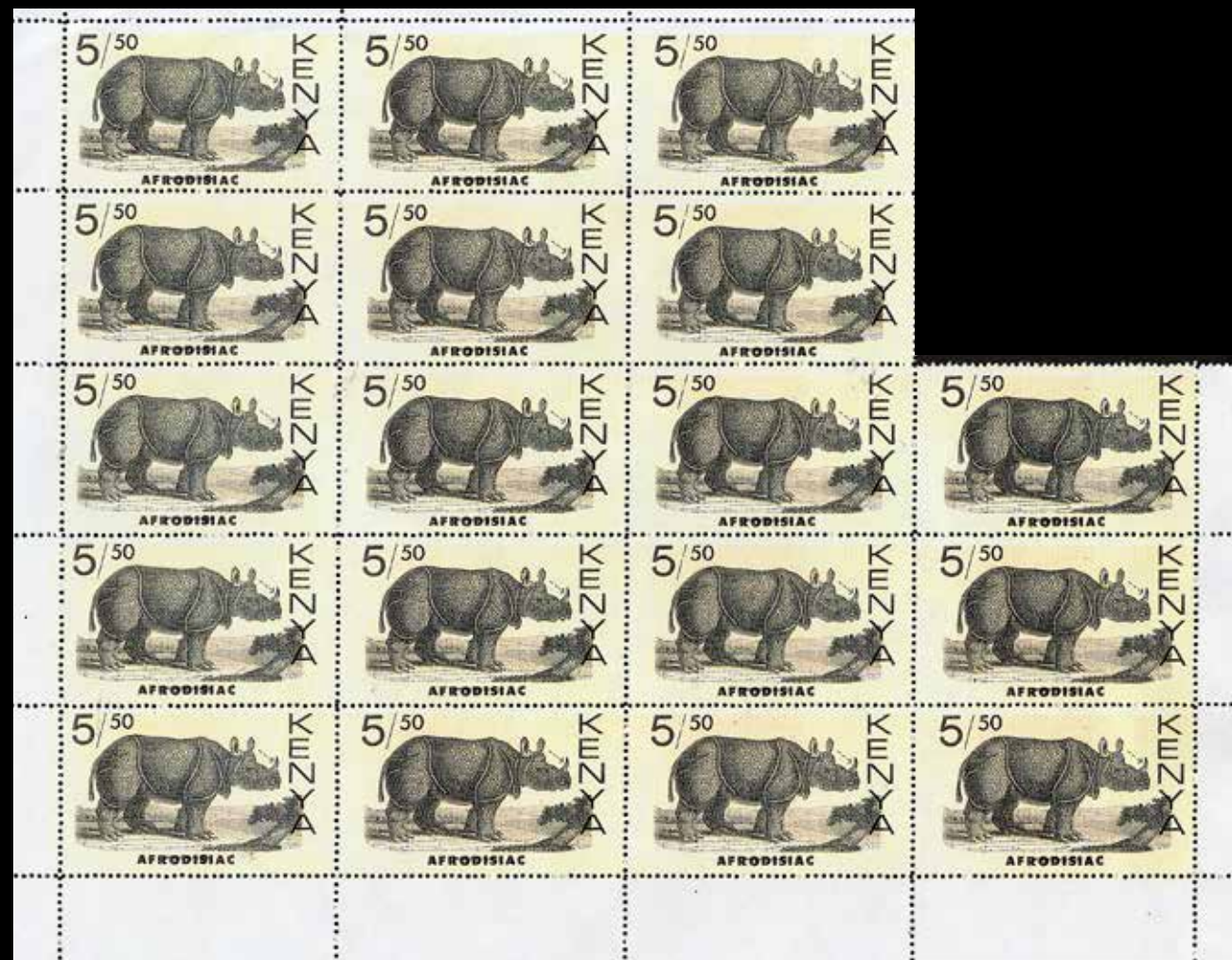
American Gardeners, Stampsheet (Detail), Michael Hernandez de Luna, 2010



Hank Williams. Stampsheet and envelope, Michael Hernandez de Luna, 2003





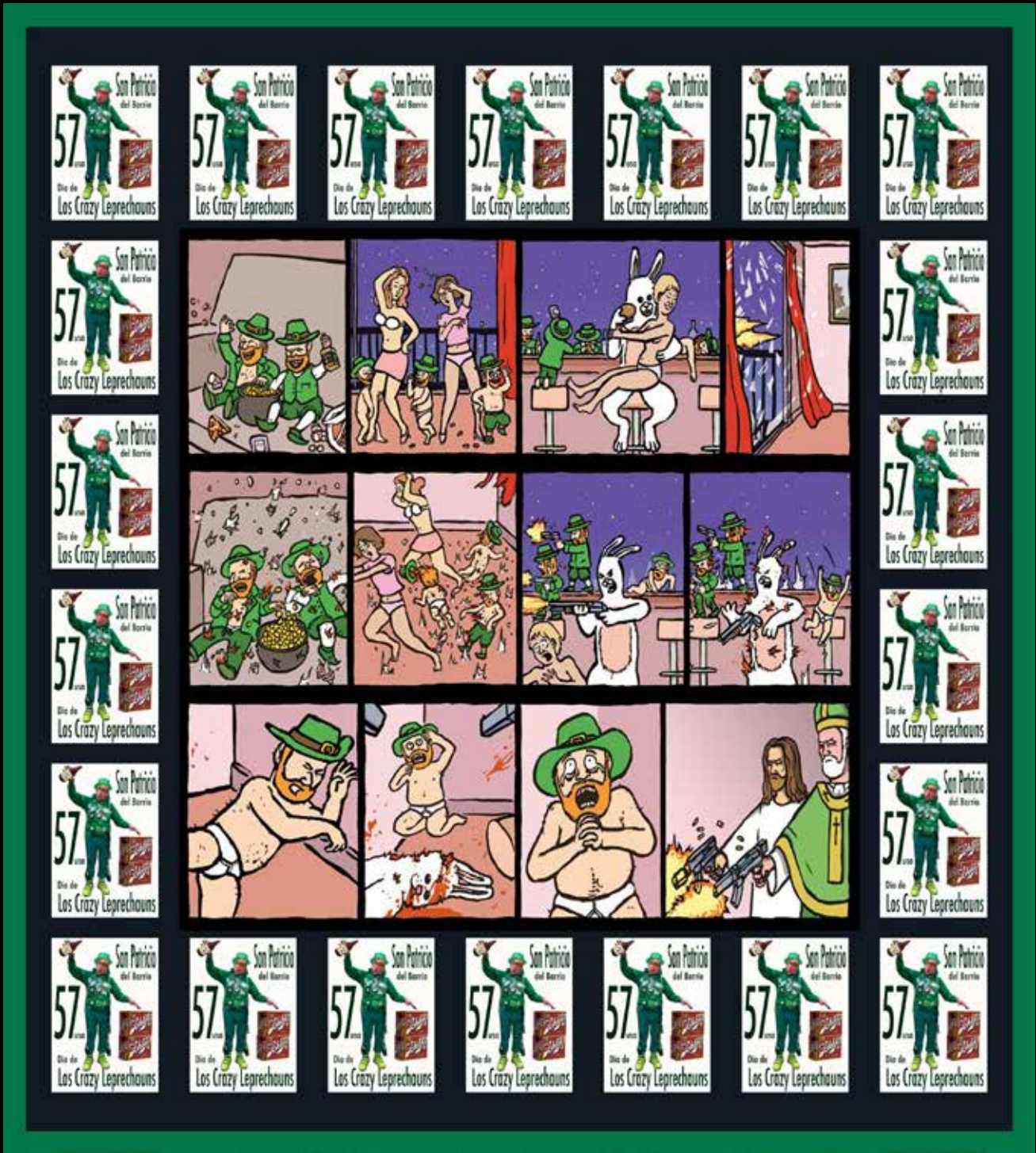


Afrodisiac (Kenya), Stampsheet and mailed envelope, Michael Thompson, 1996



Tobacco, Stampsheet and evelope, Michael Hernandez de Luna, 2002





Crazy Leprechauns, Stampsheet #3, Michael Hernandez de Luna, 2015



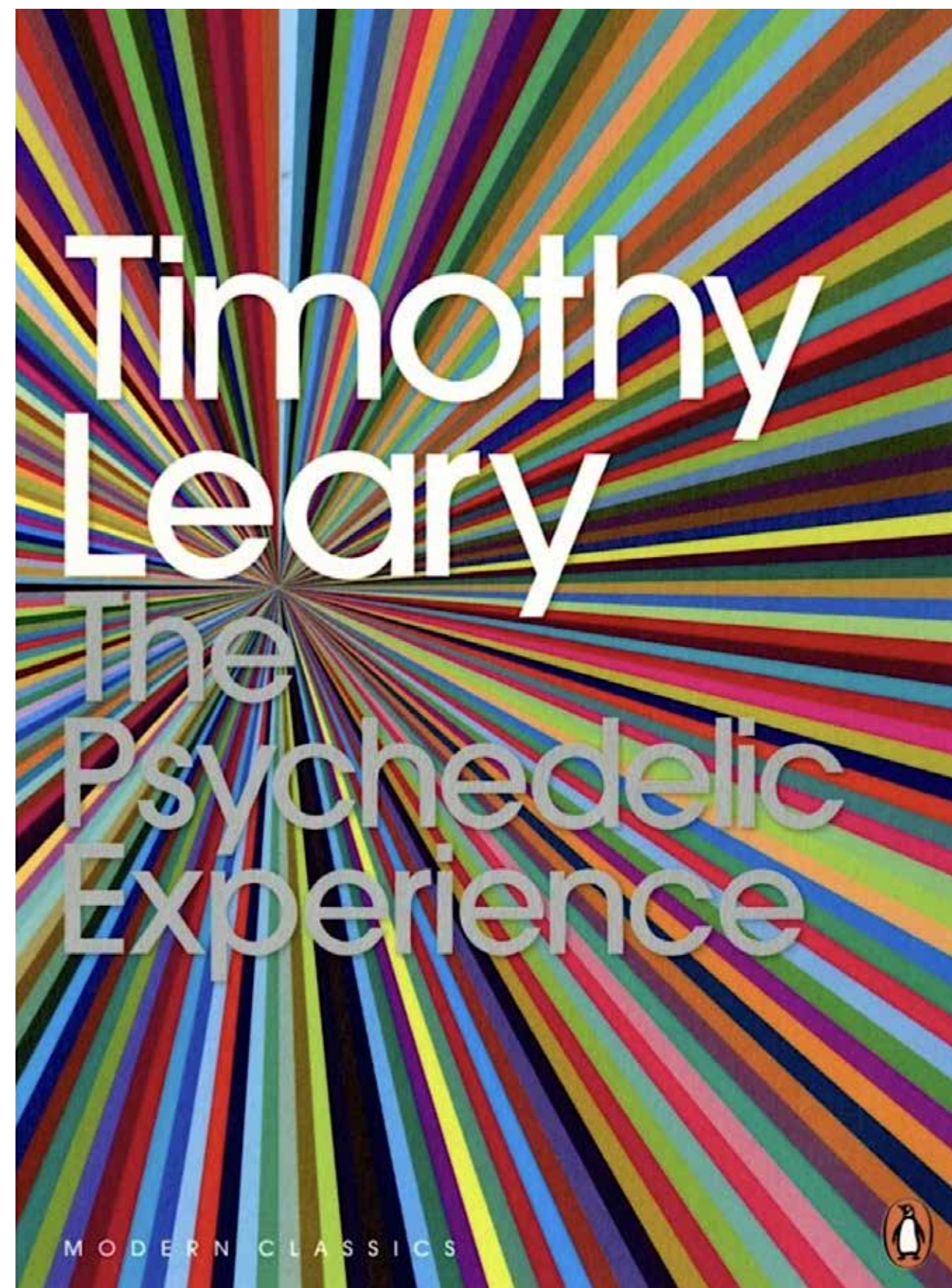
Maguey, Stampsheet and envelope, Michael Hernandez de Luna, 2015



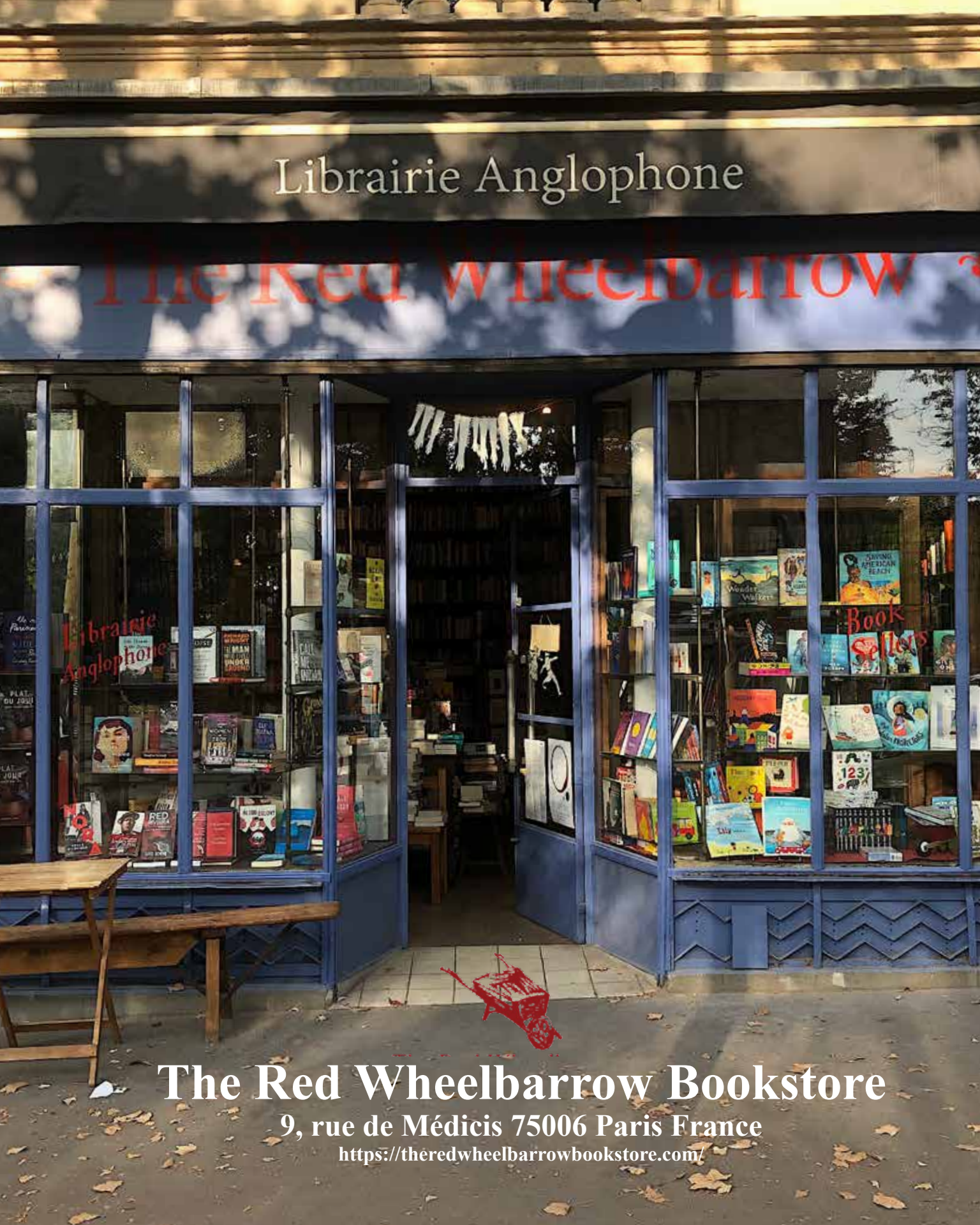
WHAT WERE THEY READING?



MORRISSETTE



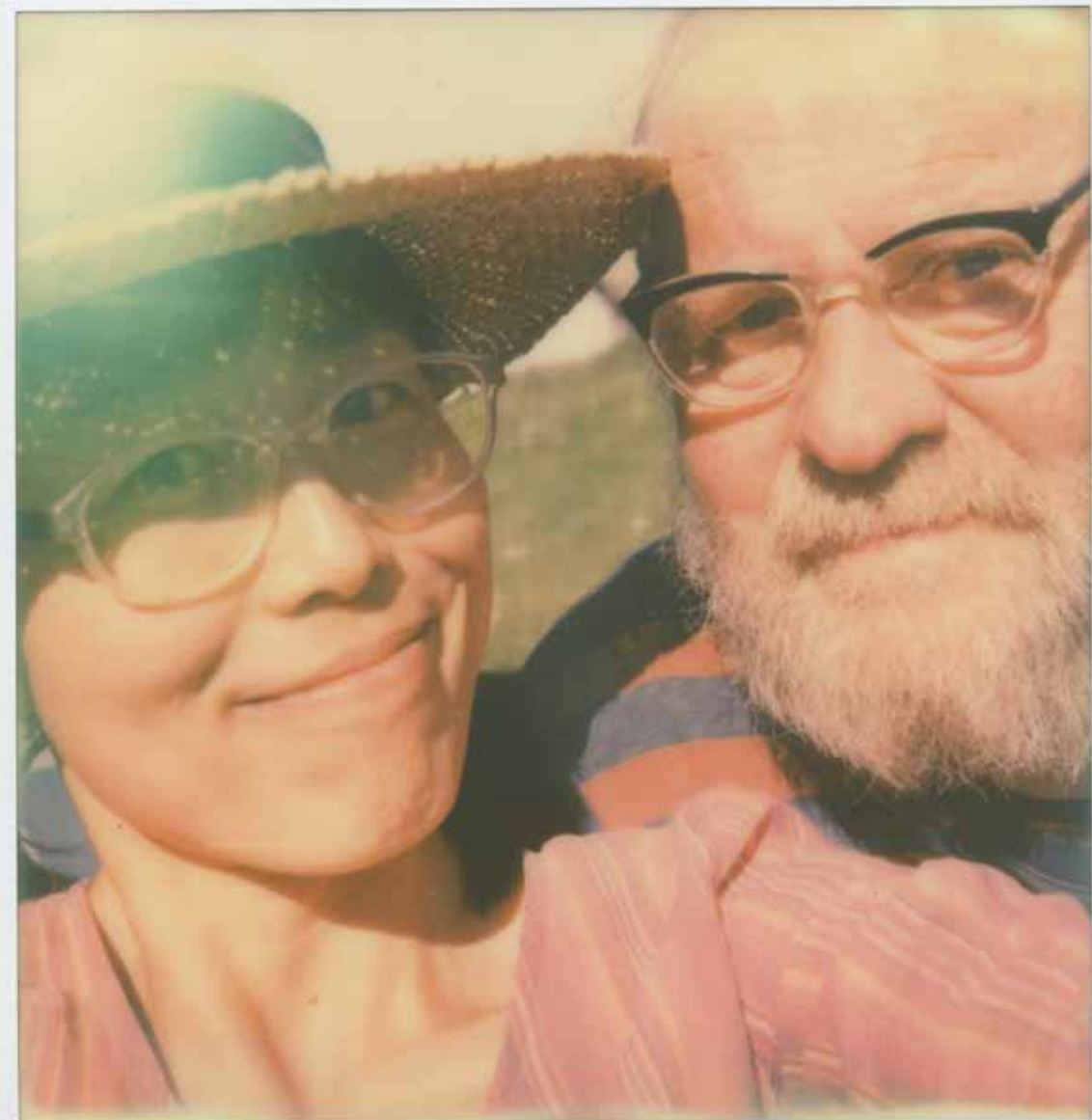




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# Opium & Other Pursuits

By Pia Camilla Copper

Opium. I had a friend in China who told me the best sleep she ever had was at the Peace Hotel because it was built in part from the money made from the sale of opium.

At the Peace Hotel in Shanghai, she told me, you sleep without dreams. "It's a very deep sleep that makes you forget you ever existed."

Many years before, I sold opium beds from Shandong. They were cheap as French Fries. Long, woven rattan méridiennes, they evoked another China, a China subjugated by foreigners, a China sold off by outsiders, a China that thrived in the opium trade and dreamed.

All of China was once in a deep sleep and that sleep came from the molten black gum, rolled and heated and smoked in long pipes, and consumed by millions of Chinese. It made the world rich and dream...The sleep from opium, say some friends who smoked it regularly, was "psychoanalyst" sleep with a rich layer of dream consciousness. Others said an opium sleep was the one "needed before undertaking a new venture."

In China, they ran out of opium beds. We sold thousands of these unique dream rafts to Americans and Europeans as coffee tables and tv stands, surely stripping them of their beautiful, antique veneer; removing the stories and in effect, those people with stories. An anethetised curio. Opium dens were also sold off, probably to make room for fast food restaurants, drug stores and nail salons.

Opium, we learn, is for dreamers, visionaries who want to see life more clearly, more in focus. It is a bit like art, a drug that enhances, puts into focus, amplifies, gives meaning to the ordinary. Artists need a drugged state for creation with or without drugs. To feel things and see things, one must see them clearly and that is not a gift easily given to anyone. I love art; also a drug, my drug.

I've opened a gallery in Arles, an old Roman city in a sunken old palazzo, sitting along the Rhône. Arles, they say, is the city of dreamers. Even the emperors were floated down-river to be buried here. Sleep, dream, death.

The saddest thing happened to me the other day. I lost my first love. Pascal was killed by a medical robot doing a routine operation. It pierced his kidney. He slipped into a coma. And he died.

His mother told me his face was beautiful and waxen, like a prince, when he died. He was a prince while he was alive, a dreamer, alive beyond question. I will miss him forever and I am wondering, was he dreaming as his soul slipped away? Of what was he dreaming?

Pascal was an artist and I will show his heart installation in my gallery this August to remember him. It is a red heart, a criss crossing of lines, a drawing made with AI (artificial intelligence). It is called "Somewhere We will Meet Again." { <https://pascalhaudressy.com/Projects-on-going/Serie-Organes> }

The heart stands alone, a soul aloft in the heavens waiting to be born. Blood pumps through its chambers. We can hear it beating. Its movements are calculated.

The irony is that his installations were robotic, projections of what the human hand would do, of what the human brain would think. And a robot killed him. Pierced an internal organ.

They say AI has no soul and no conscience. Automatons. Motion without emotion. Sleep without dreams. Beyond human. In another world. Opium.

Pascal Haudressy 10 November 1968 - 14 July 2021. Another year of Covid.

Pia Camilla Copper is an art dealer based in France. Belle et Beau, 12 Rue de Grille, Arles, 13200 France  
<https://www.instagram.com/belle.beau.arles/>







Monkey Bike Illumination, 1994 © Caterina Verde

# Dead Skins Talking

By Caterina Verde

Somewhere in the summer of 1973, my best friend Barb and I decided that we would go up to Maine to see my uncle Jim and his wife Mary and their two kids. They lived up in Franklin in a remote spot on 18 acres. Last I'd heard, their chickens were laying frozen eggs, and the goats were living in the house. I liked that.

Jim was a painter, and, having followed Adele Davis in the early sixties (maybe even the fifties), he was an early proponent of healthy living and a well-considered diet. Jim left his sixty-dollar-a-month studio on Avenue D to get to the land. Everyone tends to forget that NYC is on the land, but, ok, that's another story. He married his student Mary from The Cooper Union in a loft in Chelsea, where I sighted my first wearer of a paper dress. My very Victorian great aunt, Linda, asked a woman if she had forgotten her dress thinking she'd arrived in just her slip. With all that settled in NYC, off they went, first to North Guilford, CT and then on to Roast Meat Hill Road in Killingworth, CT (they were vegetarians), and then northward to Maine — the final destination. Jim was of a quiet mind, student of the I-Ching, teacher and practitioner of Tai Chi, a tall gentle spirit with a kind and loving smile. His paintings reflected his nature. He studied Chinese and because of his expertise, he was taken on as a code breaker during the Korean War. Mary was Chinese but didn't speak it.



Mushroom Act on a Hill, 2021 © Caterina Verde

Jim and Mary's kitchen shelves were always lined with mason jars full of beans and other dried food goods. Tea was served.

## The Trip

Maine is where Barb and I are headed. Mom passed away last year, and Dad is all too eager for a break from an argumentative adolescent me. He drops us off at the New Haven Greyhound bus station. Our hiphuggers held up by wide-leather-big-buckle-belts, feet punctuated by water-buffalo sandals and our Mexican tops, fully inform our traveling neighbours as to who we are. Of course we don't know.

"Yeah, hey, bye, Dad, thanks for the ride," I shout in a muted voice and casually wave as we get on the bus.

Flopping into our seats, we sigh, and settle in. Within minutes I'm looking around. I don't want to be on that bus. I look at Barb — "This is bullshit, Barb. Let's get off. Let's hitch." She agrees. We're in Hartford, and hurrying off the bus, aiming our internal GPS towards the highway. Do we even have a map? I have no idea. But we get a ride from some guy for a big chunk of the way. We've even gone straight to Portland in one shot. There's still a long way to go. A young farmer picks us up and we ride much of the way in the bed of his pickup. Miraculously, we make it to Bar Harbor without incident.

Entre-acte: I guess we contact Jim and Mary phone-booth style, right? How quickly we forget. No one can even get properly lost anymore.

Before continuing on to Franklin, we decide to drop some Orange Sunshine in Bar Harbor and spend the day there. The town square is it. Exploring every section of it and its minutiae. It is opening itself up to us, opening us up to the Universe and all the natural world has to offer us in its great benevolence. We have a blanket (acting as carpet) that moves along with us from





*Still So Full of Hope, 2015-2021 © Caterina Verde*

area to area. Lying on our backs, our eyes relaxing, allowing information to enter us, watching clouds take formation, giving us enigmatic messages, all the while becoming fantastical shapes of creatures from yester-yore or never-before. The bark on the trees, undulating and moving, we are tuning into them and they are listening. We know it.

I think, "If it can be perceived, then it exists. Even a hallucination is real."

Taking a break from our four corners world we head to the local trading store. It's a once upon a time kind of place where trappers get trapped. A mix of hippie meets old Maine; stacks of wooden salad bowls, pipes, clunky ceramic coffee cups and some purple stuff thrown in for good measure. Turning a corner at the back of the store, I meet a standing pile of furs. Must be fifty high. I stand back and stare. Something's odd. I keep looking. The furs are expanding and contracting. Wait, the furs are breathing. "Hey, Barb, quick, come over here, the furs are breathing." She arrives and sees it too. We stay for a while, just watching. Breathing but not speaking.

## Arc of Life

Back in NYC after several trajectories, one in Paris, a child now grown, extreme health issues, legal stuff, loss of life, an inheritance lost to a grifter, oh well, you know, gamblers, exhibitions, back to Connecticut, teaching, video editing, then out to the East End of Long Island (a whole meshgunnah there too) close friends die, some old friends drift away, as we're all looking for the freedom to create a new reality unfettered by other opinions, happy times in between and now exploring the land of NYC. Back to the place where my great grandmother, Zadie, who ran a Tea and Coffee Emporium on Chambers Street was killed by a cab while stepping off a curb. Didn't expect to be back, but, yes, and now here for some time.

Initially, I land back at Root's house in Ridgewood. I know Root from the early Williamsburgh – no, not Virginia. She's a stalwart friend; intrepid. Root believes in house-mating as a lifestyle. Now after having raised a daughter, I'm in a housemate situation. But hey, co-habitation as they say, is all the rage. It's ECO: eco-nomic; eco-logic and probably eco-comic. As it turns out, eco-cosmic. Still, it's good move, though I know it's another temporary lateral move.

It's been decades since I tried ye old lysergic acid or any other hallucinogenics for that matter. But now seems to be the time for micro-dosing as my old low-grade depression had been clinging onto me like a fine dust for decades. I need a bit of a re-fresh. A friend has access and I partake. Back and forth between precision blade-cut triangles of jelly, with names like Dragon Scale and yes, even Orange Sunshine. It's still around. Then, I move on to mushrooms.

I realize mushrooms have a profound healing capacity. Sending underground messages to trees informing them how to adapt, fertilize and repair, they are the networking masters. Neither flora nor fauna, fungi is probably the UFO that we've all been looking for but in the wrong place. We are part fungi too – and we're looking out when we should be looking down and in. As humans, we're only 43 percent human, the rest is a festival of bacteria and other freeloaders.

I read Donald Hoffman's, "The Case Against Reality." He posits evolutionary game theory as an initial foundation furthered by the concept that we're living in an interface and creating "reality" constantly. Of course, this can be taken many ways. Back to my thought from Bar Harbor...

My drawings are getting back to the beginning. Tired of the preciousness of art. There's no sense in this whole shebang that we are repurposing into some kind of grid pattern. Essentially, you have that first part of life, where you look around, bewildered. Initial joy and optimism with brightly opened eyes are gradually replaced by a cautious analysis. Yes, children have analytical prowess. Even as a child you are aware. As you are introduced to concepts and other people's thoughts, you think, "well, that's screwed up" or "that doesn't make sense" but over time people convince you that somehow you should swallow that pill. No wonder we're depressed.

We've swallowed a whole package and we can't pass it. So by the time we've swallowed it, indigestion sets in... and you wonder why it is this way or maybe you don't wonder, you're just wondering what the hell is wrong with you. But there's nothing wrong. You simply have indigestion from that package of crap you ate some time before and everybody's telling you to sing a happy tune. So by the time I'm rolling around to the micro-dosing, I'm realizing, we're all constantly creating our perceptions, our reality - undulating. Stop trying to manipulate the ocean.

The mushrooms tell me that I can simply move in space and that's good enough. This summer, mushrooms are everywhere. I'm photographing them. So many varieties. They pop up out of nowhere and suddenly disappear, just like us.

"If it can be perceived, then it exists. Even a hallucination is real."

\*\*\*

***Caterina Verde is an artist living and working in Queens, New York, and creator of artist edition house, Peat and Repeat – [www.instagram.com/peatandrepeatcosmos/](http://www.instagram.com/peatandrepeatcosmos/)***

***Her Instagram: [www.instagram.com/caterinavertverde/](http://www.instagram.com/caterinavertverde/)***





**Paris & France Apartments & Homes**  
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Opium, YSL's 2000 perfume launched in 2000 featured model Sophie Dahl lying on her back wearing only a pair of stiletto heels. The wiki entry suggests she was "...seemingly in the throes of ecstasy, with her legs spread apart as she covers one of her nipples with her hand." Steven Meisel's photograph covered the Western World and drove the Brits a bit crazy. The British Advertising Standards Authority had nearly 1000 complaints from the public, and ordered the posters and billboards withdrawn on the grounds they were too sexually suggestive, degrading to women, and likely to cause "serious or widespread offence."

– Pepe Piu

**OPIUM**  
the fragrance from  
**YVES SAINT LAURENT**







Drink Up (Vosines), 2017 (Detail), Matthew Rose

# MORE TROUBLE

By Matthew Rose

I went to the bathroom to check my eyes. My eyes were red from smoking a joint on the way over to the fancy birthday party. I checked out the medicine cabinet and found a fresh bottle of oxycodone. It was only six months old. Never opened. I thought about pocketing it. No one would know, but I didn't, and so approached the host, a slim woman in her late 40s, pretty and a bit nervous. "Say, I found these in your medicine cabinet," I said, showing her the bottle. "I see you've not used them, can I buy them from you?"

\*\*\*

Tucker Carlson, the highest-rated Fox News host and heir to the Swanson TV dinner fortune, has an average 2.9 million viewers tuning in to hear him tell us what to hate. Carlson said the Biden plan to vaccinate Americans was an attempt to "force people to take medicine they don't want or need." Carlson who won't say if he's been vaccinated, called the initiative "the greatest scandal in my lifetime, by far." I read one needs a vaccine doc to get in and out of the Fox News Complex.

\*\*\*

I took a break from my exhausting life of cutting up paper and gluing it to cardboard and trying to sell it to rich people – and flew to the Sonoran Desert in Arizona. I told friends I needed to "find myself" even though I'm as old as the hills and exuded utter confidence in my cutting and pasting profession. When I got to the hot sandy nowhere, I met a guy in a wide brimmed straw hat walking around with a stick he used to poke under rocks.

"I'm hunting a rare species of toad native to this desert," he said. "The Bufo Alvarius." The Bufo produces a venom known as 5-MeO-DMT. Happens to be an extremely potent natural psychedelic. The drug's hallucinogenic effects take hold in about five minutes after you ingest it and you go on a powerful trip. Lasts about an hour. I watched him work. Finally, he found a toad, grabbed it. It wiggled in his sun-worn hand. "Here, lick this toad and you will find yourself."

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A junkie friend wrote me about heroin and art. "Domenic Esposito," he said, "wanted to stick it to drugmakers with his art work." Esposito's work is an 800-pound Heroin Spoon placed in front of pharmaceutical manufacturers' HQs. The artist typically gets arrested after these impromptu middle of the night installations.

Heroin is also of great interest to designers. In 2010 Liza Vадnai and Pedro Mateu-Gelabert discovered empty glassine bags on the ground in Brooklyn. They were rubber stamped with curious names and images.

Drug dealers, they noticed, stamped the brand names of their smack on the small glassine envelopes, as a way to promote the thrill of its contents. LIFE, Black Jack, PLAYBOY, So Amazing, True Religion, True Romance, Subway, Obamacare and Last Temptation were just some of the names. Others featured pop culture icons like Batman, Yankees, Game of Thrones, or the ironic

\*(--121`#|+)





CVS logo. These bags also fascinated artist Graham MacIndoe. His book *All In* also surveyed the design and typography of heroin bags collected over his years as an addict. I wondered if Graham's romance with heroin was more about the bags than the drug?

\*\*\*

An artist I know, Ralph T., grew up in the Midwest farmlands and always liked growing things. His parents grew soy. He decided to grow pot. After ordering a dozen seeds from some outlet in Vancouver, he put them in wet paper towel to start them off. When their tail-like roots began to grow, he transplanted them to a sunny field.

Following the directions on the packet, Ralph dutifully watered the plants and once put a bag over the saplings when the weather hit a cool spell. Three months later he told me they were fucking gigantic, and "stunk like... skunk!" He pulled them up, turned them upside down and hung them in the attic of his house. Final yield was 7.7 kilos.

\*\*\*

When I was 17 my older brother (now dead) gave me a Quaalude. "Here, take this." I kept it in my sock drawer for a month, then when my folks were on vacation, and my other brother was on a trip to New Jersey, I took 1/2. Nothing happened. I watched reruns of Andy Griffith on our little black and white. Still nothing happened. I took the other 1/2. Hmmm. I slipped out of my chair. I couldn't stand up. I knew where I was but couldn't move my legs. I could slither though. I slithered to the stairs and up to the first floor and finally got to my room where I found my big black chair and, with a box of pastels and a stack of paper, made 100 drawings of monkeys.

A runner I know has atrial fibrillation and his doctor said, "Here take this - Flecainide. It's a pill - 100 milligrams. It'll fix you up." The runner was logging 8 miles a day, and then suddenly he couldn't climb the fucking stairs at the mall for Chrissakes! So after 5 months of laying around watching Netflix, he went back to the doctor and she said, "Okay Stair Master, let's cut it in half. But don't drop dead on me."

Now Mr. Long Distance is back to climbing mountains and even went back to drinking alcohol - "it has nothing to do with my heart issue" - but he did stop caffeine. "I was pissing too much," he said. "Caffeine. But drinking is okay - but no more than a bottle of red a day."

\*\*\*

So an ex of mine has a drinking problem. In the morning she'll crack open a wine cooler can. "It's soda she says." At night she likes a bottle. Even when the bottle is empty she still likes the container, and has begun carrying around a 1/2 dozen empty bottles in a large cloth bag. It's as if she's going to recycle them, but instead they act as surrogate children and an impromptu percussion set. "Oh I can't sing," she used to tell me. "I can't even play a record, let alone a musical instrument."

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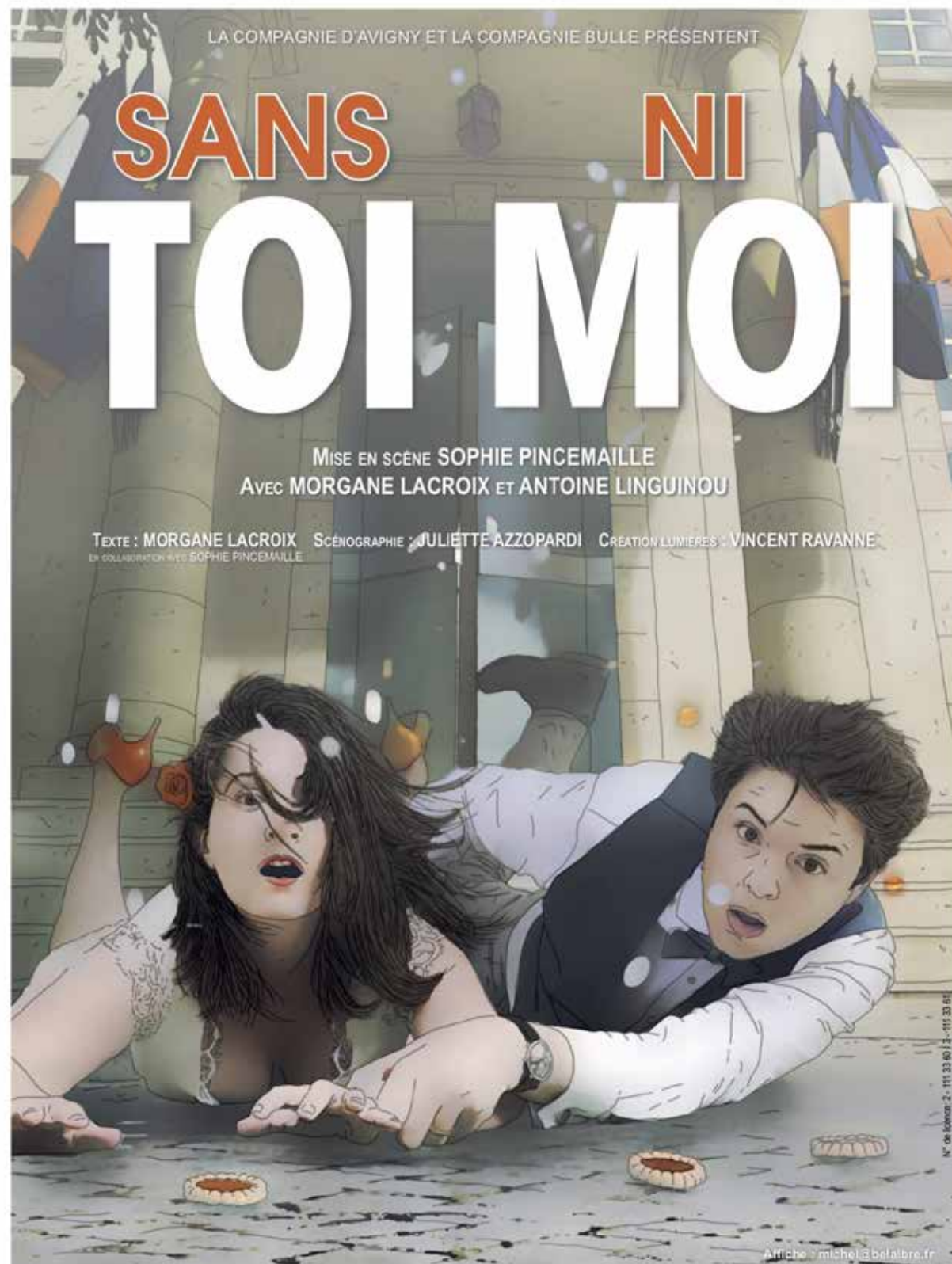
I'd quit smoking for years, but the night my girlfriend broke up with me in a crowded noisy smokey bar, I took her cigarettes and consumed the entire pack, tears streaming down my face. It took me 10 years to quit again. True story. Pathetic, I know.

**Matthew Rose is an artist and writer and creator of TROUBLE.**  
Instagram: @mistahcoughdrop



MORRISSETTE



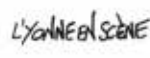


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# Deep Tree Diving

By Cory Seznec

A chipmunk emerged from the shadows of a fallen tree, his bobbing head catching a glint of the rising sun. He seemed unsurprised to see us and, nodding a welcoming “Yes, Hello!” beckoned us into the woods. There were three of us – Michael, Paul and myself. We’d awakened at 5 am that late August morning, drove to the baptist church on **Wolfe Ridge**, and walked through a field to the edge of the forest where we each dropped a psilocybin mushroom pellet.

**D**arkness. Waiting. Witnessing. We stood enveloped in the twilight awaiting the sunrise.

The night before at Paul and Anne’s caravan, a vintage home on wheels parked by a silvery lake in the Ottawa Valley in Ontario, Canada, we ate a simple summer supper of plantains, brown rice and herbal tea. After dinner, we retired to a homemade yurt after visiting a litter of newborn border collie pups at a neighboring farm house.

We were musicians in a band called Groanbox about to record our eponymous album featuring music steeped in the traditions of American folk, blues and rock, with influences from around the world, pulling together accordion, banjos, guitars, bass, harmonicas, trumpet, trombone, piano and an assortment of percussion instruments. Our trip was exploratory – to see what would happen, to change the angle, to unshackle our minds and our sonic confines. Nothing was to be preconceived, everything was to originate in the moment, germinating in the experiences at hand and nurtured by our surroundings.

*Groanbox musicians : Paul Clifford, Cory Seznec, Michael Ward-Bergeman; not pictured, producer, Oscar Cainer.*

**W**hen dawn made her appearance above the horizon, orange and pink flooded the meadow before us and we stood in a pool of shimmering light. Sun-tendrils snaked through the web of trees in the distance and filled the field with gold. Sunlight exploded around us, and we were soon immersed in a wondrous technicolor bath. It was full blown blazing beauty. The trip had begun.

We looked about: Every drop of dew hanging on every blade of grass spun precious gleams, radiating them into the world. I glanced up at Paul. He was a giant, wise old bear, mouth agape. Michael was a shaman bowing to the light. A deluge of color and sound continued to pour in around us and appeared as liquid, a peach pastel sky-ocean flowing in and totally surrounding us.

“C’mon,” the chipmunk seemed to say as it scurried toward the forest fringe. It turned back to be sure we followed. We hopped a barbed wire fence and stepped into the belly of this thick lush Arcadia. A slight breeze picked up; we inhaled the forest as we pushed ahead and soon found ourselves in a **deep tree dive**. We floated past old-growth trunks that guided us as we made our way toward the heart of an ancient woodland. Birds and crickets and forest life called out “Good morning,” the breeze through the trees caressed our souls.





Before us a bed of wild grasses looked like the green beard of a sleeping giant. We peered upwards: Tall broadleaf and coniferous trees stared right back at us. Boulders seemed to nudge themselves out of the cradle of the earth like stone ponies riding through dirt and rock. We rode one. Rosie the stone pony, we named it.

One oddity after another appeared as we awoke to the world around us. Diving downward into this sylvan ocean, a strange music leaned into us and coaxed us to listen articulately, to be a part of this sensorial symphony. To join the chorus. Something was calling.

We continued down the ridge as sensations of profound wonder mixed with uncontainable hilarity punctuated our descent: Crazy contours of tree bark, an all-knowing squirrel scampering up a tree registering our presence and nodding, heavenly sounds of birds flitting and chirping announcing our presence in the forest. In the hollow below we came upon a graveyard of dead

and dying pines. Here stood giant tree bones as if the trees themselves had walked down to this sacred ground to die. Michael picked up a dried branch and started banging on the hollow boles. Then we were all “playing the trees,” making percussive wood music that washed through us. (I should note that much to our frustration, we were unable to reproduce these sounds and rhythms in subsequent, non-hallucinogenic forays into the woods).

Dark, strange and still utterly comical, the forest kept giving us things to look at, to ponder. Paul picked up a seed pod, studied it. It coughed up its guts – dirt and earth – alive and struggling. Paul took on a strange cackling voice, using it as a puppet: “Coughee the seed-pod” was now a character in our real-time absurdist mystical journey.

After who knows how long we began climbing back up the ridge. Gaining purchase in the loamy dirt by clawing at the ground with our hands, at one point we dug up a tree root that had wrapped itself around a strong rock and ... split it. It was a stunning event, and we bore witness to it: **The Root Will Split The Rock.**

**W**e kept climbing, resting here and there on fallen logs, our eyes drinking in the lush green canopy overhead. Birdsong surrounded us while these aerial magicians of all shapes and colors darted and chirped blissfully. Finally, we re-emerged from the woods and crossed a worn dirt road. It was nearly noon, the sun directly over head. Coming towards us were a trio of **Demon Trucks**, loggers barreling down the road with their fresh kills. This too, was stunning to our minds. How could it be?

Pleasantly lost, we came upon a little country store, Kauffeldt’s Grocery, where we bought a handful of delicious butter tarts and cups of tea. We could see a golden lake ahead of us down the road and we headed for that. Once there, again in the wilderness, we stripped naked and swam. We glowed, and the water, a magic elixir, replenished us. Afterglow: For days, weeks and months later, I could still feel the power of these moments resonating within me. Over the next week, holed up in a wooden cottage – our producer Oscar freshly arrived from London – we began composing and recording the material that made up an album. The album we called Groanbox, as if this was the ultimate fruit of our merged consciousnesses.

I should point out the aural landscape in Groanbox was provided by the recording locations – the instruments and the insects of the rural shack in Ontario, the crashing and destruction of the broken cabin that was rumored to be Al Capone’s hideout, and the drips, echoes and screeches of bats as music rang through the night in the underground caves of Bonnechere in Ontario. Completed in New Orleans, many of the words and melodies ring with the culture and history of the Big Easy.

\*\*\*

### Listen to Groanbox

<https://groanbox.bandcamp.com/album/groanbox>

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**Cory Seznec is a musician living and working in Paris, France.**



# Holy Moly Hash Brownies!



by Louise!

You’re Gonna Love These... but it takes time so take your time!

First: Make weed or hash butter!

You’re gonna melt your butter on the stove on low heat. DO NOT LET THE BUTTER BOIL. Never ever. While you let the butter slowly melt, grind your weed into tiny bits with a grinder, and your hash into tiny hash balls with your fingers or with scissors.

Add the weed/hash to the melted butter and stir every 10 to 15 mins. If the butter looks like its starting to boil, add a dash of cold water and lower the heat for a couple of minutes.

The longer you cook the weed this way, the stronger your brownies will be. Usually the minimum amount of time recommended to cook the weed is 2 hours! (I know yes it’s a really long time!). Remember: Stir the butter/hash mixture every 15 minutes to make sure your butter does not burn!

When your weed butter seems fully cooked, take a paper coffee filter and gently pour the weed butter through it and into a bowl. This may take a couple of minutes, and please note, by now you may feel slightly high from the fumes, so relax and take your time.

If you break your coffee filter, no worries just try again, you have 2 spares (see ingredients).

Once you have drained the butter into your bowl, LET IT REST IN THE FRIDGE FOR 12 to 16 hours. Do not skip this part or your space cakes won’t get you to space at all.

INGREDIENTS

- For 4 regular people (or 2 stoner people)
- 3 paper coffee strainers
- 1 cup of butter (250g)
- 3g of hash or weed
- 1/2 cup of white sugar
- 1/2 cup of brown sugar
- 3/4 cup of cocoa powder (like nesquik or colacao)
- 3/4 cup of flour
- 4 eggs
- 1 tablespoon of vanilla
- Pinch of salt
- 1 teaspoon of baking powder
- Some nuts or smarties if you want!

PREP TIME

- Weed/hash butter = 3 hours to make and 12 hours resting period before use
- Brownies = 20 mins prep and 35 mins baking time

MAKING DA BROWNIE:

- Preheat oven to 170°C (340°F)
- Mix both types of sugar, cocoa powder, baking powder, flour and salt together.
- Add in the hash or weed butter, eggs and vanilla, stirring gently.

If the mixture is too dry, add an egg. If too moist, add some cocoa or sugar.  
Add in nuts or smarties if you like.

Butter your pan and pour in your brownie mixture. Slide the pan into the oven. Wait 25 mins and check on your brownie to see if its burning – this happens all the time so be vigilant!  
If not fully cooked yet, give your brownies another 15 mins and check again.

Test it out! Start with a small square.

You may want to prepare some separate snacks on the side in case you get the munchies and start eating the brownies! This is NOT RECOMMENDED.

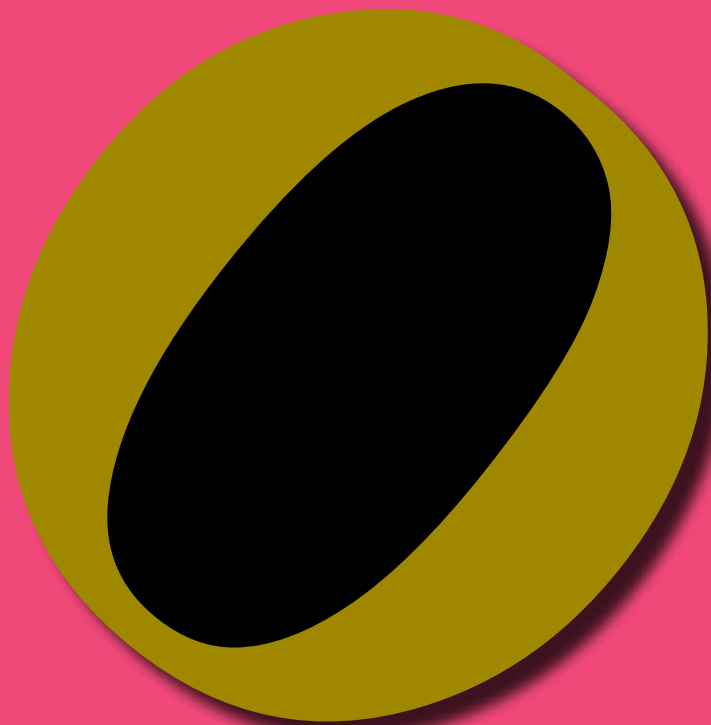
Wait 45 min for the brownie to hit. Enjoy with friends!

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Louise! is a freelance chef cooking up a storm across Europe and Asia.



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- water journals
- sweeper tines
- walk boxes
- not robert rauschenberg's erasers
- soils, sands and stones
- bones
- wishbones
- snakeskins
- paint books/journals
- travel journals
- 3D postcards, old & new
- globes
- lists of skipped stones
- mosses, seeds and cones
- ricers
- braces (hand drills)
- map boxes
- recordings
- tin tubes
- tin/steel boxes & cans
- church keys
- toy postal vans / various countries
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- sardine gyotaku

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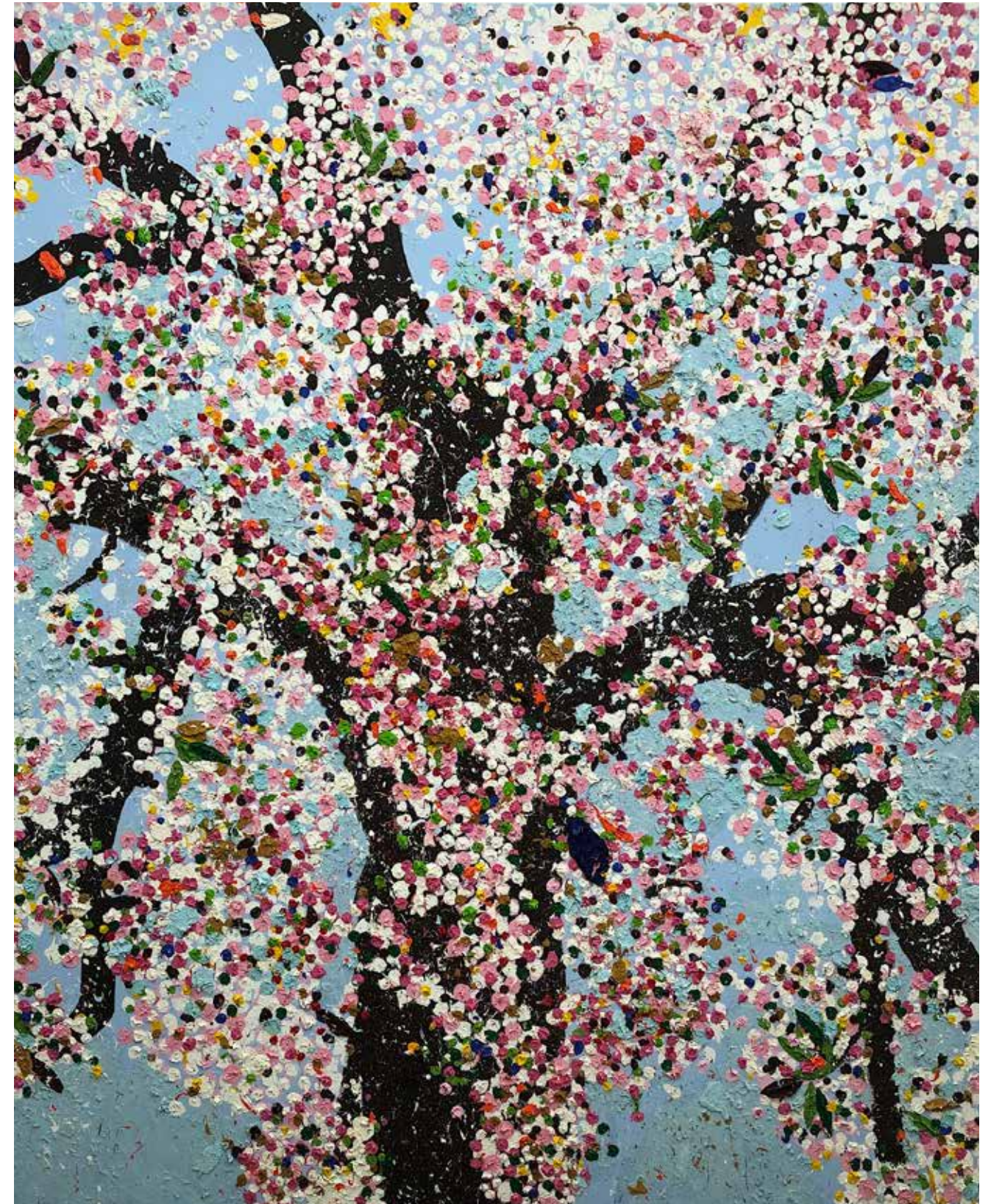


# GIVE ME CHERRIES OR GIVE ME GOUT

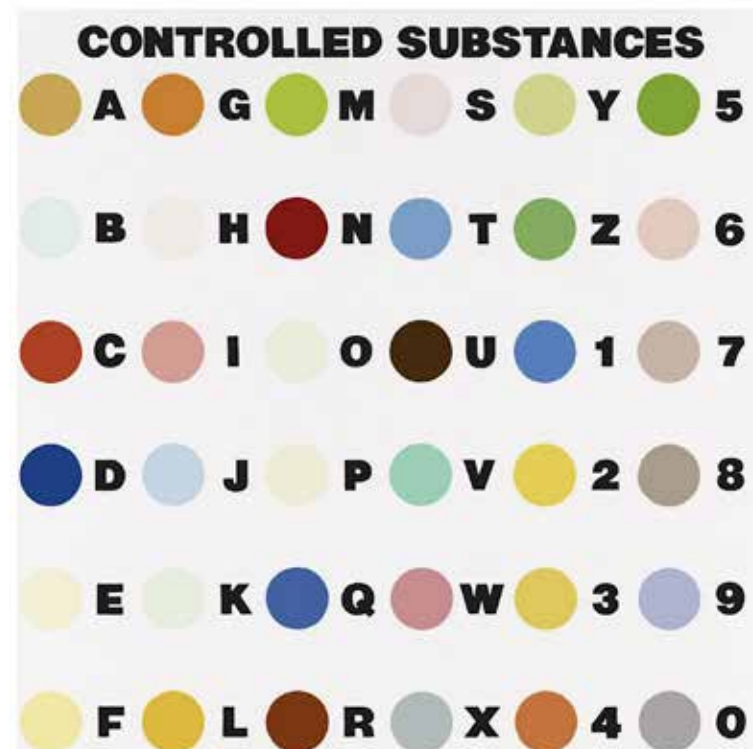
**Damien Hirst Climbs A Tree**

**By Matthew Rose**

There's no cure for gout, the cute little four-letter word that strikes fear in the heart of ordinary, overweight men with poor kidney function, congestive heart failure and a dose of hypertension. Often called the rich man's disease because their diet high in purines – red meat, animal products, seafoods – exacerbates a situation causing *hyperuricemia*. Alcohol and fructose don't help; they increase the body's uric acid levels. Uric acid crystals (monosodium urate) build up in joints and tissues resulting in painful inflammation – usually in the feet, and typically starting with your big toe. Hurts like fucking hell. The cure? There isn't one save for: time, water, a better diet, and to some, eating massive amounts of cherries.





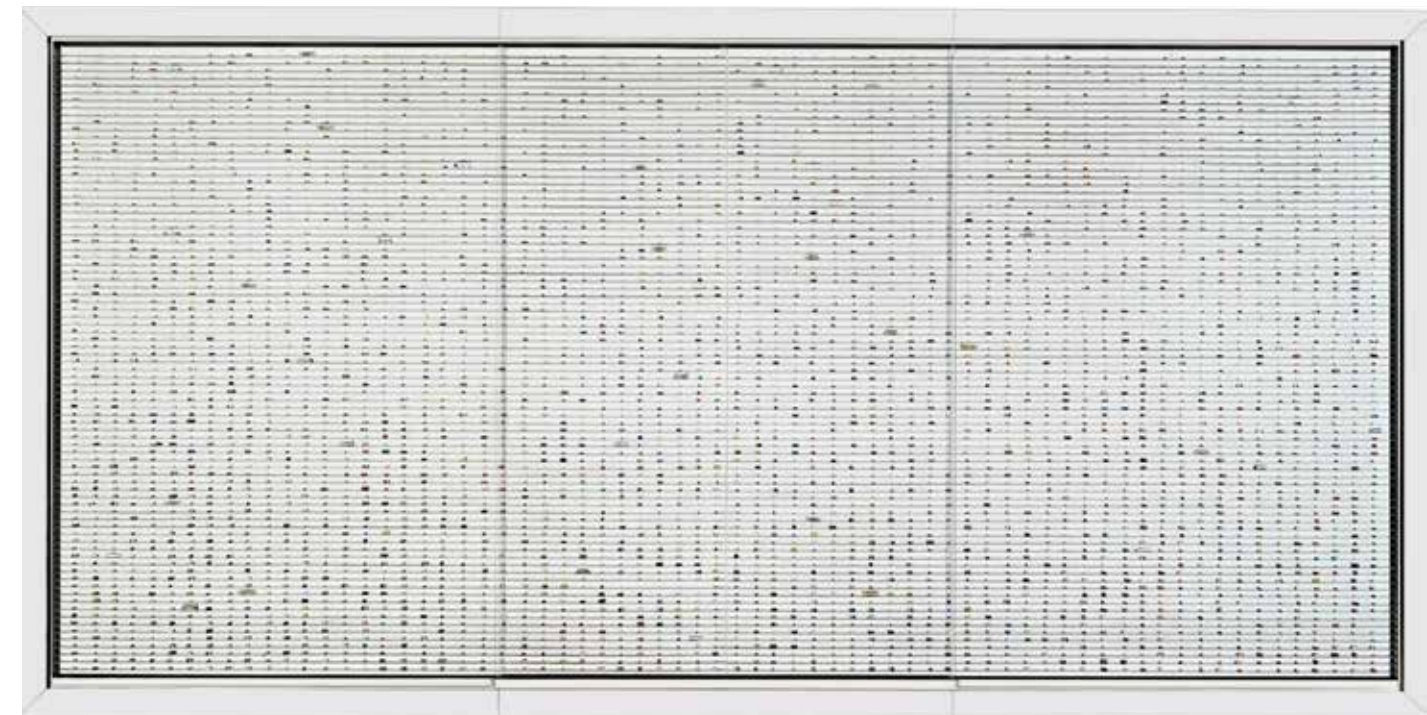


Hirst, Controlled Substances Key Painting (Spot 4a), 1994

My father had congestive heart failure and developed gout at age 86. I ran out to buy a liter of concentrated cherry juice. Its consumption became part of his daily intake of vitamins, blood thinners, folic acid, diuretics and other prescription drugs. Did it help? Who knows? The CDC says: "Perhaps unsurprisingly, the extract worked especially well when paired with allopurinol, a drug often used to lower uric acid and protect against such episodes."

So... I found myself at British sensation Damien Hirst's "Cherry Blossom" painting exhibition at the Fondation Cartier in Paris. The artist/dealer and art marketing guru caused me some pause while reading the pamphlet guide. "The Cherry Blossoms are about beauty and life and death," says Hirst. "They're extreme - there's something almost tacky about them. Like Jackson Pollack twisted by love.... "

Wandering around this impasto orchard of 30 monumental paintings, my mind drifted to the last weeks of my father's life, a difficult period punctuated with daily intakes of pills, followed by swollen ankles, slips, falls, fresh oxygen tanks, wheelchairs, long conversations about World War 2, and overflowing glasses of cherry juice. That is what art sometimes does: Puts you somewhere else, somewhere in your past, where you are often haunted with things that could have been. There is clearly something inflammatory in these thickly-painted faux-naive cherry blossom works. I say "faux-naive" because Hirst clearly knows better. Or he's aping Grandma Moses for effect. Or he's not a good painter and it doesn't really matter, does it? Style over substance abuse. Towering, colorful and wildly expensive, these Cherry Blossom paintings are undoubtedly good investments for corporations starved for growth in our time of political churn and pandemic, but are they about beauty and life and death? Does it matter?



Damien Hirst, Void, 2000

Hirst has produced many works that do in fact, for want of a better word, "intrigue," but for the wrong reasons, as they tumble into the category of auction art for the wealthy. There has long been skepticism about Hirst's "sincerity," though this word often has no place in contemporary art. Perhaps, at the beginning of his art school career curating Freeze, a show of fellow Goldsmiths student work, the curious and inspired artist that belied his first works might have been sincere; but the shaman, barker-dealer, took over.

Skipping along the pop art highway, Hirst achieved great monetary and press success, launching him into the stratosphere, and culminating in 2008 Sotheby's auction of some 223 art-works. That September date was notable for a few reasons: Lehman Brothers announced a \$600 billion bankruptcy that morning, while that night Hirst pulled in a \$200 million bonanza. Some 56 lots - 97 % - sold. Hirst pocketed \$176 million. It seemed to this observer that selling was, in fact, his art. A fun note: Hirst dubbed his Sotheby's sale with this title: "Beautiful Inside My Head Forever."

Damien Hirst did make things (or had assistants produce them) though we are long over the fact of artist factories (Warhol, Rembrandt). One series with great possibility was his 1988 Medicine Cabinets. Empty drug packaging foraged from Hirst's late grandmother were ideal Duchampian ready-mades. The artist quickly mimicked Warhol's early 1960s Brillo Boxes and represented them as they were - realist detritus from the real world. Not yet finished, Hirst then fiddled with arrangements of drug boxes and pills on shelves, and like all contemporary strategies, engaged in enlargement therapy: Giant pills and giant pill boxes. But these objects have no real meaning, though Hirst said he thought the arrangement of single pills on a massive glass shelf - The Void, 2000 - "...was the best piece I ever made." Yep. We take drugs. We like drugs. We knew that.





## There's no medicine in these overwrought, over-thought and over-bought corporate investments masquerading as "twisted Pollock love stories."

Presentation of the obvious, chez Damien, is good and, an added bonus: Ironic. It's become a routine art world strategy. I've always wondered what would happen if Hirst did a performance piece ingesting these drugs while hanging out in a glass vitrine cuddled up with a glass of chilled chardonnay in a Barka Lounger while digging into vintage Popeye cartoons. I think there's a buck to be made there.

I first encountered Hirst's interest in "sensation" when in New York City decades ago, a massive ashtray entitled "Crematorium" was placed in the center of the gallery. Smokers at the opening casually crushed, then flipped their cigarettes into the kiddie pool-sized sculpture (yes, you could do that then). I thought it was all charming because it invited action, and not just a purchase.

His best work, I believe, is A Thousand Years (1990), a science project illustrating life and death as the fascinating drug of rebirth and sadness: Inside a glass box, a rotting, bloodied cow's head loaded with maggots, births flies which then buzz upwards until they are, alas, electrocuted, falling down littering the pen. Perhaps they copulate prior to their execution? I'm not sure. It's as mesmerizing as a fresh car wreck.



Damien Hirst, Crematorium, 1996

Back in 2012, I was in London for an exhibition of my own (Scared But Fresh at Orange Dot), and I crushed into the Damien Hirst retrospective at the Tate Modern for a look at the wrinkled sharks, sliced sheep, the giant ashtray, the pharmaceutical garage, the butterflies (live installation and stained glass version), a diamond-encrusted skull, miles of dot paintings, and of course the endless rows of pills. I noted the ostensible meaning of the dot paintings: Controlled Substances (there's an alphabetic and numeric key of sorts elucidating various drugs). Are these drugs he took? It wasn't in the literature. I carried on and, having inhaled this sensation, got ready for a rainy run to the Tube but not before noting I could pick up a "Spin Umbrella" for only £39,95 in the gift shop.

Back to the cherry blossoms. There's no medicine in these overwrought, over-thought and over-bought corporate investments masquerading as "twisted Pollock love stories." They really are big. And purposely "naive." In interviews over the years, Hirst is disarming to a fault; he confesses he's given up drinking and smoking. He's older, richer, wiser and, having fired his entire dot painting staff years ago, climbs ladders and slathers pink and green and blue and black paint these days. A tonic, he says, that helped him through pandemic lockdown in London in 2020. Art as medicine after all. Like prozac? He's now making NFTs (of course).

Will eating cherries helps cure gout? Unlikely. Will the "magic" of ordinary foods as life hack provide the ultimate tool kit for surviving life on the planet. Unlikely. Natural drugs like vitamin C in citrus or potassium in bananas or fibre in nuts and seeds are the mantras of a culture intent on living longer and remaining upright and out of the hospital. But these Cherry Blossom works are, in the end, purposeless balms to get us through the next inevitable pandemic or art sale on our way to the ICU.

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**Matthew Rose is an artist and writer living and working in Paris, France.**  
Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/mistahcoughdrop/>



IT WAS ALL IN THE CHEMISTRY.  
THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO MADE BAD SO GOOD.



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Coronaville Episode 1 "If I Get Corona, I Get Corona."



## «Coronaville»

A Dystopian Comic Book Opera

Matthew Rose

«Coronaville is my comic opera of the pandemic, produced during the quarantine in Paris in the Spring of 2020. There are 40 episodes made during 40 days and 40 nights. Coronaville captures the self-dealing and double-speak of (mostly) American politicians who have diasterously and criminally mismanaged the Coronavirus pandemic.»

Coronaville is wicked, an acid romp through the cult minds and neighborhoods of Trump World. Coronaville is the dark comic opera of our times.

Matthew Rose is an American artist and writer living in Paris. Click on the QR code, get your copy of Coronaville.



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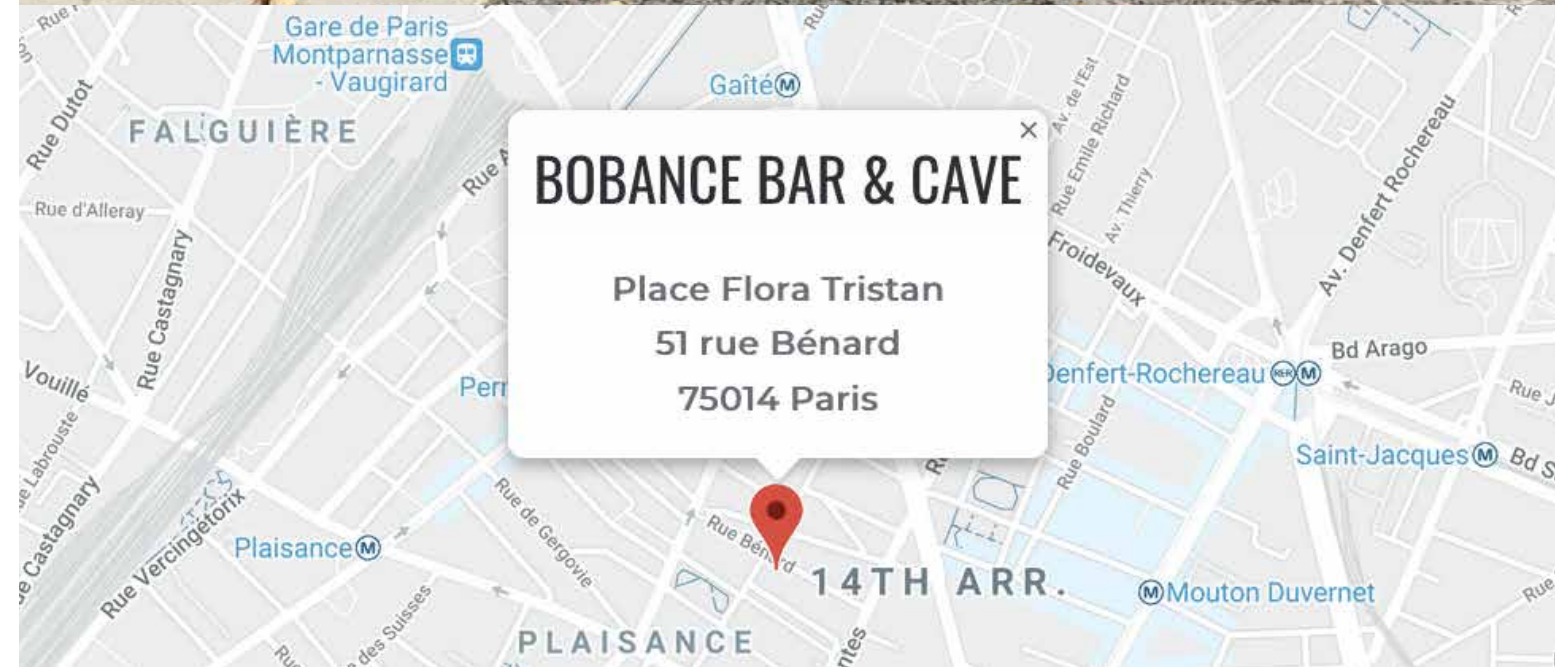


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# Notes From the Playa

## Burning Man Doctor

"Be who you are...say what you feel... because those who mind don't matter,  
and those who matter, don't mind." – Dr. Seuss.

**By Oregon K. Hunter, MD**

**B**urning Man, the annual, weeklong pop-up utopia in Nevada's Black Rock Desert, is the ultimate marriage of art, drugs, sand, music and heat in a mass hookup of some 70,000 "burners" who adorn themselves in goggles (sand), hats (sun), neon LEDs (darkness) and who consume more LSD, marijuana and psilocybin mushrooms in a week than the default world (reality) perhaps does in a year. I was – for years – a volunteer Burning Man doctor.

Black Rock City, the temporary metropolis erected in the desert some 100 miles (160 km) north-northeast of Reno, was never on my personal map before a childhood friend, after years of begging me, finally got me to fly in from Florida. I was running a pain relief institute I founded with a group of doctors and had little time to expand my mind. There was really no way my friend Jay, a glass artist, could have prepared me for this weeklong trip into the nature man, music, hallucinogens and life in a giant sand box. At \$500 per person (excluding the necessities), it seemed reasonable for what BM promised.

### First Time Burner

My inaugural festival took place in 1997. Jay met me in Reno and together we loaded up enough food, water and shelter to survive five grueling days off grid along with tens of thousands covered (eventually) in dust and love. When we arrived, the "Playa" was vibrant – I'd never imagined a tent city to be so expansive, and on a terrain so open and flat, with the sun beating down and the wind whipping up sandstorms that made seeing your hands and feet a daunting challenge. When the wind stopped we edged our way to our friends at "Bunny Camp," and I began a decade long love affair with Burning Man.

My second year, I volunteered at Center Camp. I wanted to be a barista, but having no experience at making or serving coffee, I was given the job of "greener," and my task was to scan the Playa and collect refuse for recycling. I met quite a few people chasing down plastic bottles and paper cups in the wind.

My third year at Burning Man I checked in with ESD (Emergency Services Department) at Centre Camp, volunteering as a doctor. Obviously I would be more useful to the community and immediately I understood that while Burning Man is a profound opportunity to find out who you are, it does not compare to what one experiences as a volunteer, helping the community actually function. This was yet another artwork born of this gathering.



Dr Oregon Hunter, relaxing on the Playa

At emergency services, we were responsible to the medical problems of 70,000 individuals who were trying to survive in a truly hostile environment. Temperatures 100+ daytime and in the 40's at night, white out dust storms, playa dust behaving like ground glass on your skin. And there were hundreds in need of emergency services – even if it was a drink of water, a patch up from a fall off a sculpture or bicycle or, more common, someone having a very bad and frightening trip.

Many "burners" have underestimated the trifecta of lack of sleep, dehydration and mind-altering chemicals. At all hours they would stagger into our medical camp, an oasis of sanity and predictability. We could treat these folks with oral rehydration or, if necessary a liter or so of IV fluids. Burners walked in or were brought in by campmates or QRVs (quick response vehicles) that patrolled the Playa looking for people who were lost or in need of medical attention. And they were young and beautiful spirits from all over the world. They trusted us to help them through a





The Good Doctor is in – at ESD on the Playa

health and existential crisis. And we did. We treated them with respect and dignity and without judgement.

Sure, they had made some decisions that put them into harm's way (but who hasn't?), and though most people would not wind up in our Emergency Services camp, these folks had, and we helped them through it all; we held their hand. These burners wore little of any clothing, some, no clothing at all. The ESD camp was a truly mind-blowing place to hang out with naked burners sprawled out on cots in the open air clinic. It was really a heartfelt beautiful sight. Working as a volunteer in that setting was really a blessing, and I always felt that the joyful spirit the burners brought me was such a gift.

**Drugs : We were all Suspicious**

It is not as easy to get drugs onto the Playa – but probably easier than importing hashish from Nepal. Many folks brought in Ecstasy or pot or LSD. If you didn't look suspicious, you could try to bring it in your car. Trouble was, everyone headed to BM was suspicious!

We would wait for hours in a line of vehicles and RVs to get through the gate. During this wait, people would get out of their cars to party...the music began to play on the Playa radio station, BMIR 94.5 FM. EDM, deep house, trance, esoteric music put you in mood. Out came the beers, weed, LSD, mushrooms, ecstasy.

When you finally got through the gate, there was a line of BLM (Bureau of Land Management) rangers with their scary official light green trucks and lights on the roof. One of the vehicles was even marked K-9 – for the drug sniffing dogs. Burning Man, I should point out is in Northern Nevada, where pot is both legal medicinally and recreationally but the Black Rock Desert is on federal land! So, legally you could get busted for possession of marijuana. And while it wasn't likely you'd get arrested, the fear of handcuffs was enough to act as a deterrent. One would often see an RV pulled over, the flashing red and blue lights created quite a scene. Federal rangers would cart EVERYTHING out of the RV and dump it onto the Playa looking for a single joint.

I personally never brought any drugs or controlled substances to the Playa. But once there, I discovered very early on, people just tried to give you – water if you needed it, pot or LSD or magic mushrooms if you wanted it. In fact, you'd have to go out of your way to buy drugs on the Playa. One of our campmates wore a bandoleer ammo belt with tequila shot glasses for quick reloading, passing out shots to whomever asked! While I never saw any opiates or amphetamines on the playa or while working at ESD, I did have the thought and the discussion with others that it would be very difficult to use heavy narcotics such as heroin at BM, because it would be impossible for those people to function in that environment.

One time I met a guy who was from San Louis Obispo at BM and visited him in his well-worn trailer. One of his girlfriends walked in naked to shower and engaged us in a conversation about taking Vitamin K also known as Ketamine. Ketamine is basically anesthesia and it was used extensively for surgery during the Vietnam war or for surgical interventions on dogs and horses. It was getting more popular recreationally for the equanimity it can chemically induce, particularly its hallucinogenic qualities.

In 2017, The Reno Gazette Journal did a report on the kinds of drugs the feds were finding at Burning Man. The records of the Pershing County Sheriff's Office indicated on site the drugs they confiscated: 818.5 grams of psilocybin (mushrooms); 639 grams of marijuana; 336.25 grams of MDMA or ecstasy; 231.85 grams of cocaine; 217 tabs of LSD ; 120 grams of ketamine; 13.5 grams of methamphetamine as well as a ton of pills that were not specified at all. My guess is that this was just a tiny fraction of what 70,000 burners actually brought onto the Playa to enhance and expand their week-long orgy of excellent vibrations.



An Emergency Services Station on the Playa

**Fire Eaters on the Playa**

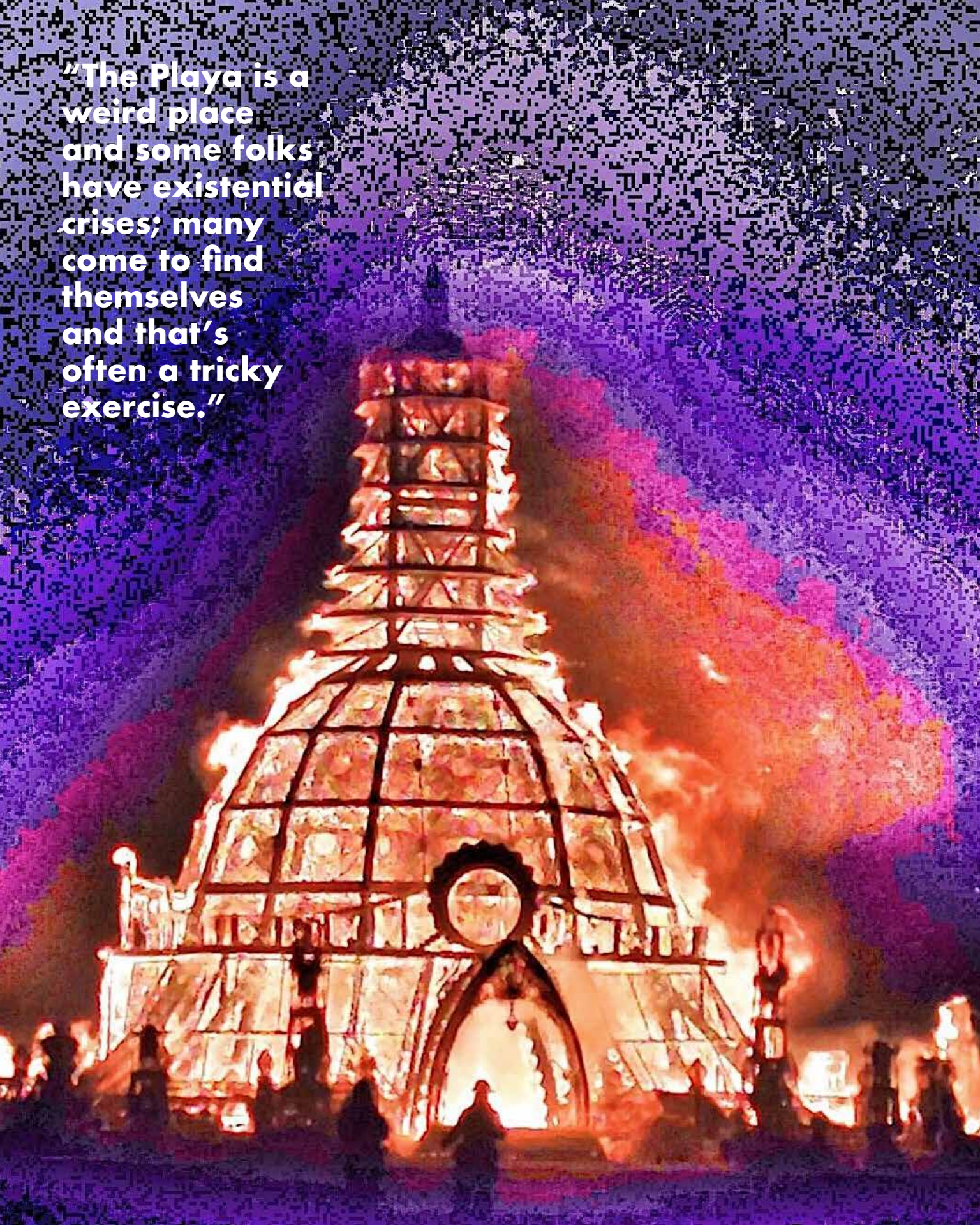
One year on the playa, it was reported that a man was severely burned on the night that The Man was burned. He reportedly broke through the security team that protected people from the festival finale burning of the massive wooden structure: The Burning Man. I don't know what state of consciousness could have resulted in this awful situation where he ran into a burning structure, plowing into the embers. He was medevaced off the playa for emergency treatment.

At night on the Playa there are dozens of Art Cars driving around the Playa. These are cars that resemble giant fish or caterpillars and ferry people around with an ongoing party taking place inside. It's dark out on the Playa and everyone's in an altered state of consciousness, and not particularly safety conscious. It was reported that One year a woman got caught between the art car and a trailer full of people it was pulling. She was run over by the trailer.

More typical were folks freaking out on acid. Using psychedelics in excess, lack of sleep, heat, exhaustion, dust, lack of food and water combined with hours of dancing created extreme conditions leading to serious health issues. Many burners were so dehydrated they couldn't talk. We'd give them water or electrolytes, sometimes an IV to put a liter or two of fluid in them and in a calm quiet space to reorient them.

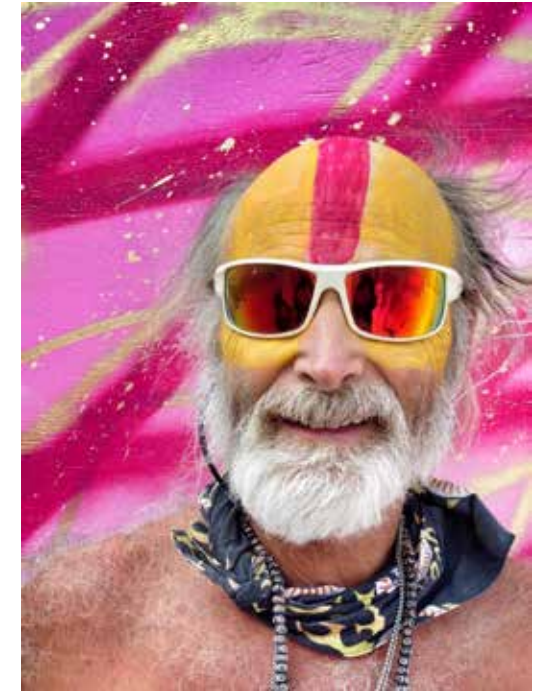


**"The Playa is a weird place and some folks have existential crises; many come to find themselves and that's often a tricky exercise."**



We treated people who were dizzy, dehydrated, who had scraped their feet. We had to assess if first aid was sufficient or a transfer to an Emergency Room needed. It was frightening because we never knew what was going to come through the tent door. There were long periods with no one came in – say between 3 am to 6 am –and we'd stand around the campfire and try to stay warm...40 F at night on the desert and 100 F in the day! Strange but the Playa dust acted like a sunscreen and we rarely treated sunburn!

At times groups of burners would come scrambling into our Emergency Services unit, each with crazy costumes and all flipping out on LSD. The Playa is a weird place and some folks have existential crises; many come to find themselves and that's often a tricky exercise. So In the ESD tent, we would examine their blood pressure, breathing and then determine where to send them – to the emergency room or back to their camp, or sometimes to a quiet zen like dust-free, cool environment so they could get themselves back together. Often it wasn't medical issue, but a psychedelic issue. And the psychedelic crisis was precipitated not only by the new substances that they had taken, but also by failing to take their usual prescription medications that they were using prior to coming to BM. Example: stopping antidepressants abruptly prior to coming to BM.



We have one hospital for critically ill and six emergency stations throughout the Playa. Our emergency services station was 800- to1000-square feet, with two to 12 people working there at any time; there are rangers – the Burning Man problem solvers and a fire unit, plus lots of undercover cops looking like burners to crack down on drug sales and other issues.

Burning Man, as I mentioned, functions as a gifting economy, meaning people bring things to give away, like the man at the Tequila Bar who pours drinks for anyone who asks. Or folks who share pot or mushrooms, but rare, as I said, is the actual sale of drugs. In fact, "giving" is one of the 10 principles of BM.

Burning man is in a way a "nowhere" unique to the planet, a place where people go to dig deep into themselves and the universe(s) they find themselves in. The Burning Man festival is for most there, an alternate way to understand the "de-fault reality" they came from, and prepare (perhaps) to return to it. Burning Man changed my life, to be sure, and by volunteering as a doctor, Burning Man allowed me to share in and take care of this temporary city, an odd and compelling community of creatives that literally springs from nothing into a pulsating heart beat in the middle of the desert. Aside from the hundreds of art works that abound, my art became clear to me: If I could calm the worried souls and patch up the wounds of these travelers (myself included!) along their journey, then I've accomplished something significant on this planet.

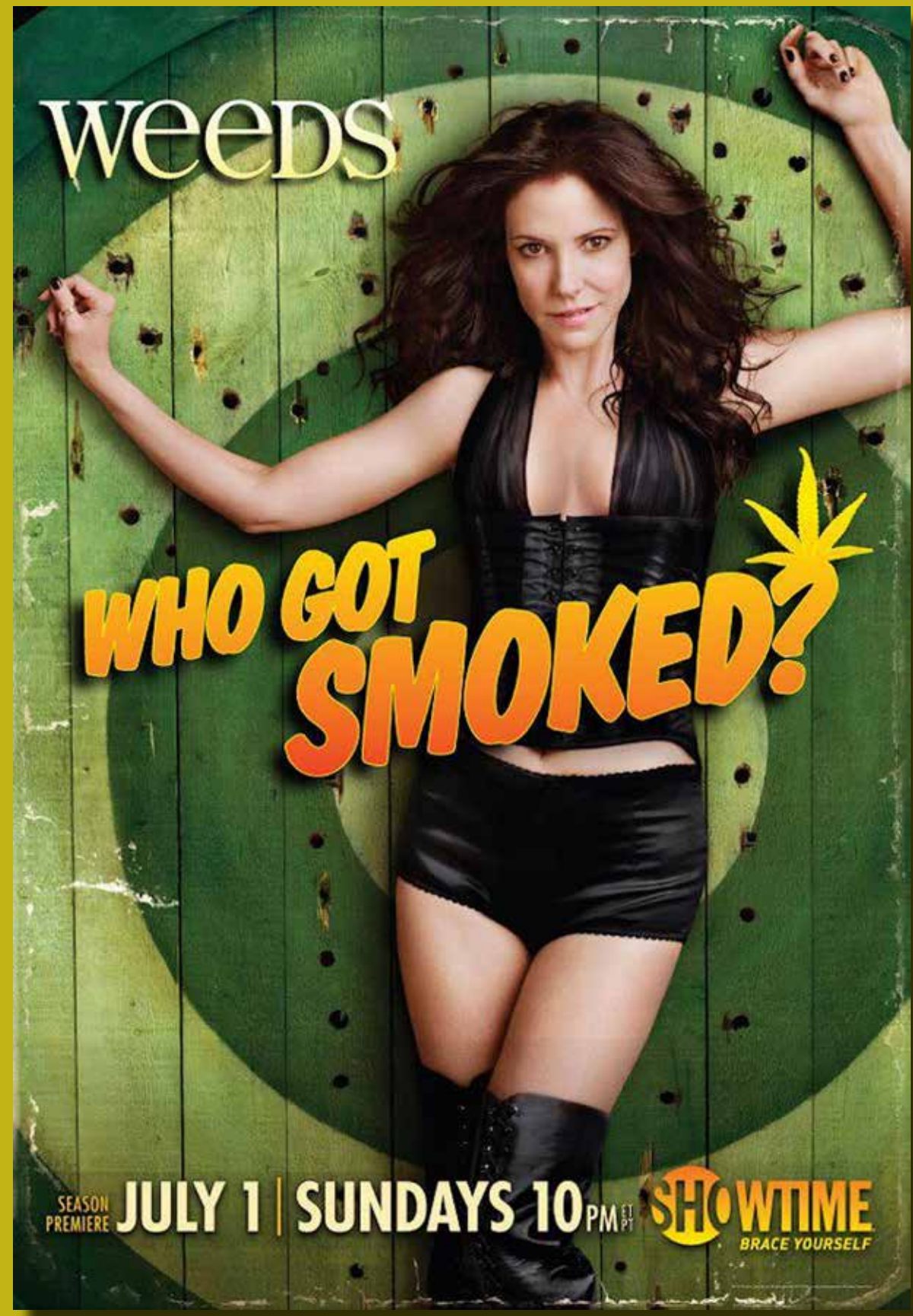
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***Oregon K. Hunter, is a doctor living and working in Malibu, California.***





<sup>35</sup>Br<sup>56</sup>eaking  
Bad



weeds

WHO GOT  
SMOKED?

SEASON PREMIERE JULY 1 | SUNDAYS 10 PM ET/PT SHOWTIME  
BRACE YOURSELF





Lithium 300 mg; 26 April, 2007

# Self Portrait

## Of The Artist Under The Influence

**Bryan Lewis Saunders**

Since March 30, 1995, the Johnson City, Tennessee artist has produced a self portrait each day in an obsessive and intense inquiry. Bryan Lewis Saunders has produced more than 12,500 drawings, all housed in sketch books, their pages fat with paint and pencil, sometimes collage elements, journaling a deep dive into his life.

Some years ago Saunders began using household, over-the-counter and controlled substances as a kind of tool to pry open the hidden layers of the self. Alcohol, valium, cocaine, heroin, viagra, lighter fluid, PCP, absinthe, Adderall, carbon monoxide inhalation, crystal meth, hashish, hydrocodone and oxycodone, khat and lithium to LSD, pot and morphine are among the many drugs he's employed as raw tools in his art.

The artist has also experimented with days of silence, blindness and deafness, drawing each day, creating a massive self-portrait encyclopedia, the books arrayed with the pages facing outward. His deep plunge into sensory experience is serial and serious... the following portfolio, courtesy of the artist, is but a sample of Bryan Lewis Saunders' work. Here, too, is his text "Creativity and Drugs" from his book, *Under the Influence*.

**Bryan Lewis Saunders on Instagram: @ bryan\_lewis\_saunders**  
Images and text courtesy of the artist. © All Images Bryan Lewis Saunders.



# Creativity and Drugs

By Bryan Lewis Saunders

**C**reativity comes from the merging of two different mental processes. The first involves the relationship between novelty and pattern. Our attention always directs us to differences. We are hard wired to perceive change and novelty. As we go about our day our senses are continuously filtering everything we experience against the patterns we have already formed in our brains.

The second process underlying creativity involves alternating states of mental activation such as when we are engaged in problem solving. Here, the mind becomes “extra active” or focused on that problem. When relaxing, sleeping or daydreaming, mental activity is “under active” or not focused on the problem at all. Creative thoughts arise during states of mental under activity after first being in a state of over activity. This is why it feels as if the creative spark arrives out of thin air because creativity happens when the mind is not currently focused on the problem.

There is a big difference between how drugs can affect imagery and creativity. People regularly conflate these two ideas. I used to say that drugs don’t make you creative, you have to be creative already for them to “work.” I tell students and interviewers this because I didn’t want to give impressionable young children a license or desire to hurt themselves like I did.

There are many ways drugs can be useful for artists and creativity in general. Drugs can create extreme experiences by either dulling or intensifying sensations or by wildly distorting sensory information or used to change mental conditions so radically you have an earth-shattering spiritual awakening or loosen up mental rules that govern your perceptions. They can fracture mental patterns, greatly increasing the possibility of experiencing many new things or test your physical and psychological limits to see how far one can push away from comfort zones and loosen inhibitions and access the subconscious.

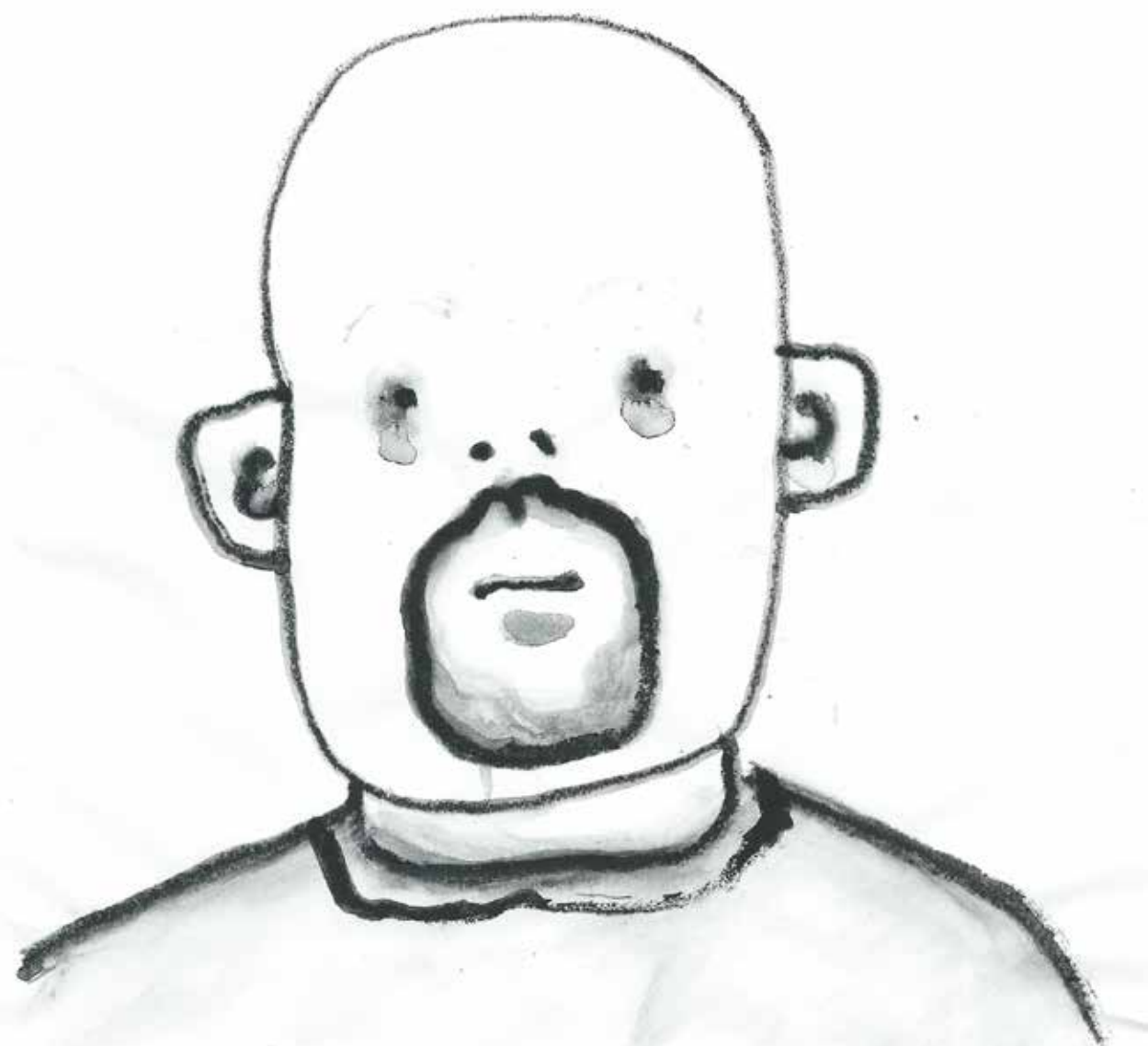
It’s easy to see why some artists might get carried away using drugs. Drugs can quickly and cheaply alter the basic elements of experience; attention, arousal, valence, and stress and directly influence our perceptions of time, novelty and patterns. Drawing makes it possible to physically transcend time, affording us the means to communicate our sensory perceptions, thoughts, feelings, behaviors and beliefs over large distances and spans of time; to interact with our past memories, present observations and future imaginations. Drawing empowers us to perceive and experience life more accurately, more profoundly, and help life evolve more efficiently. Drawing while under the influence of drugs can exponentially increase the potential for creativity.

When I’m sitting in front of my mirror drawing and feeling hopeful, I see a future where people seldom manipulate materials to create art. Instead I see them artistically manipulating themselves. I see them authoring their own experiences with greater control for the purpose of sculpting their neurology, physiology and psychology into the kind of personalized sensory management system that they want when engaging in different situations in the world. I believe that by expanding the potential for drawing we can change for the better, mutate and adapt. In the future when we want to think outside the box, we will change the box. And be experts at it.



Cocaine, 1/2 gram; 25 July, 1999

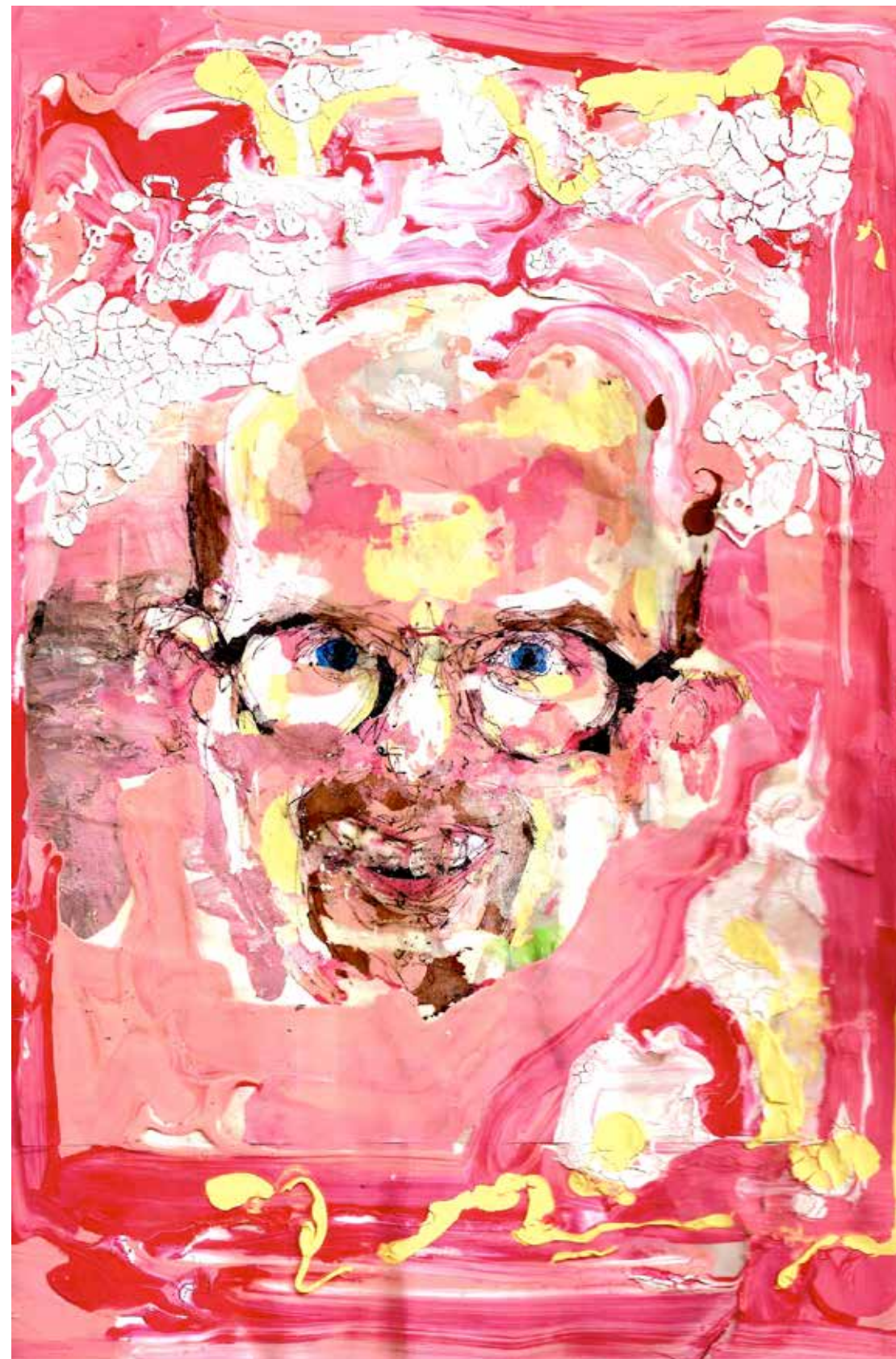




ABSINTH

Absinthe; 9 December, 2007

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Crystal Meth; 15 August, 2000

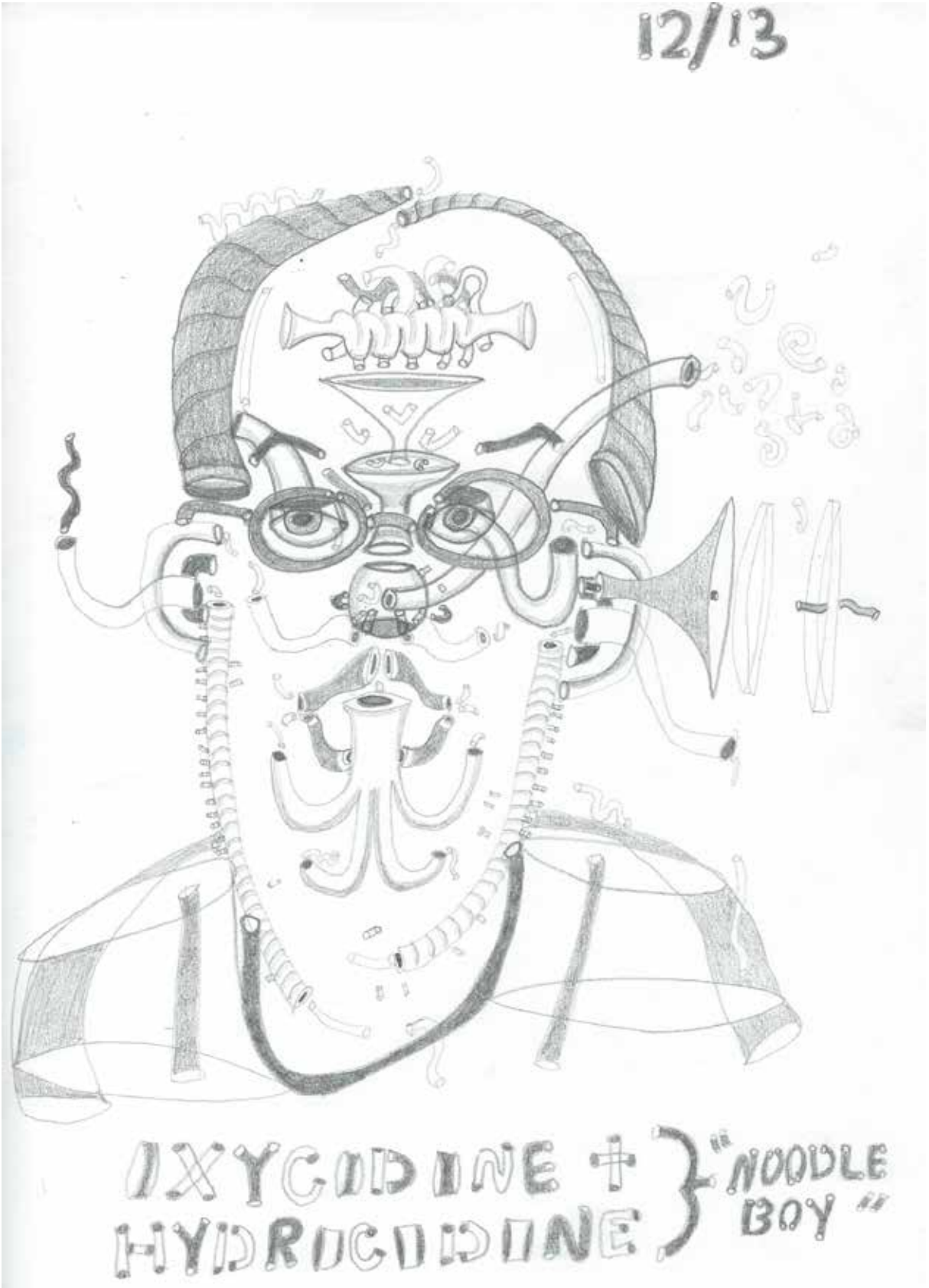
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Dilaudid, Morphine; 11 November, 2005

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Hydrocodone Oxycodone; 13 December, 2005

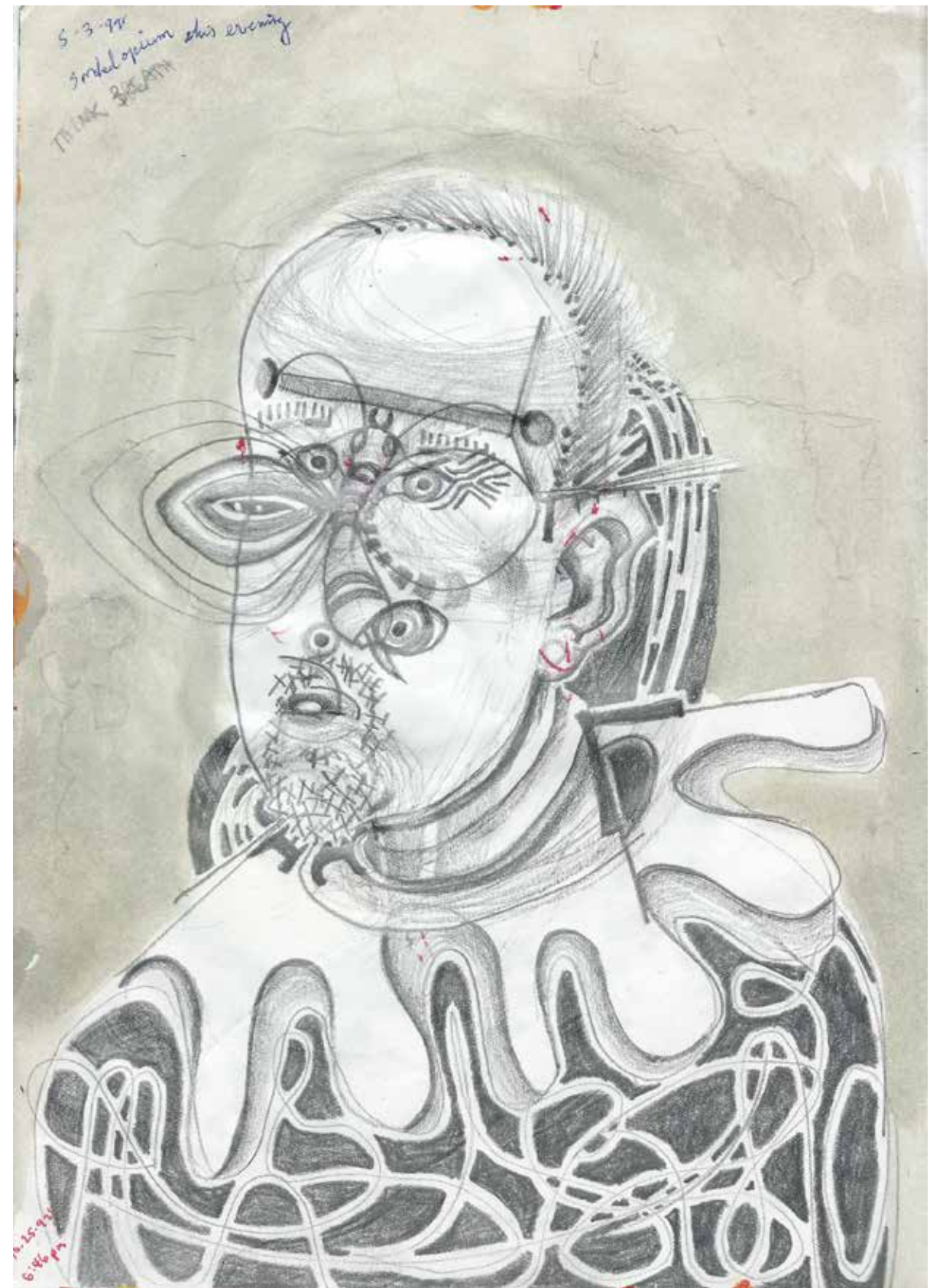
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Khat (Chew and Tea); 27 October, 2012

^162-(\_`



Opium; 5 March, 1999

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Tramadol 100 mg; 26 August, 2013

164. |+



Huffing Gas; 29, June 1999

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Morphine; March 20, 1997

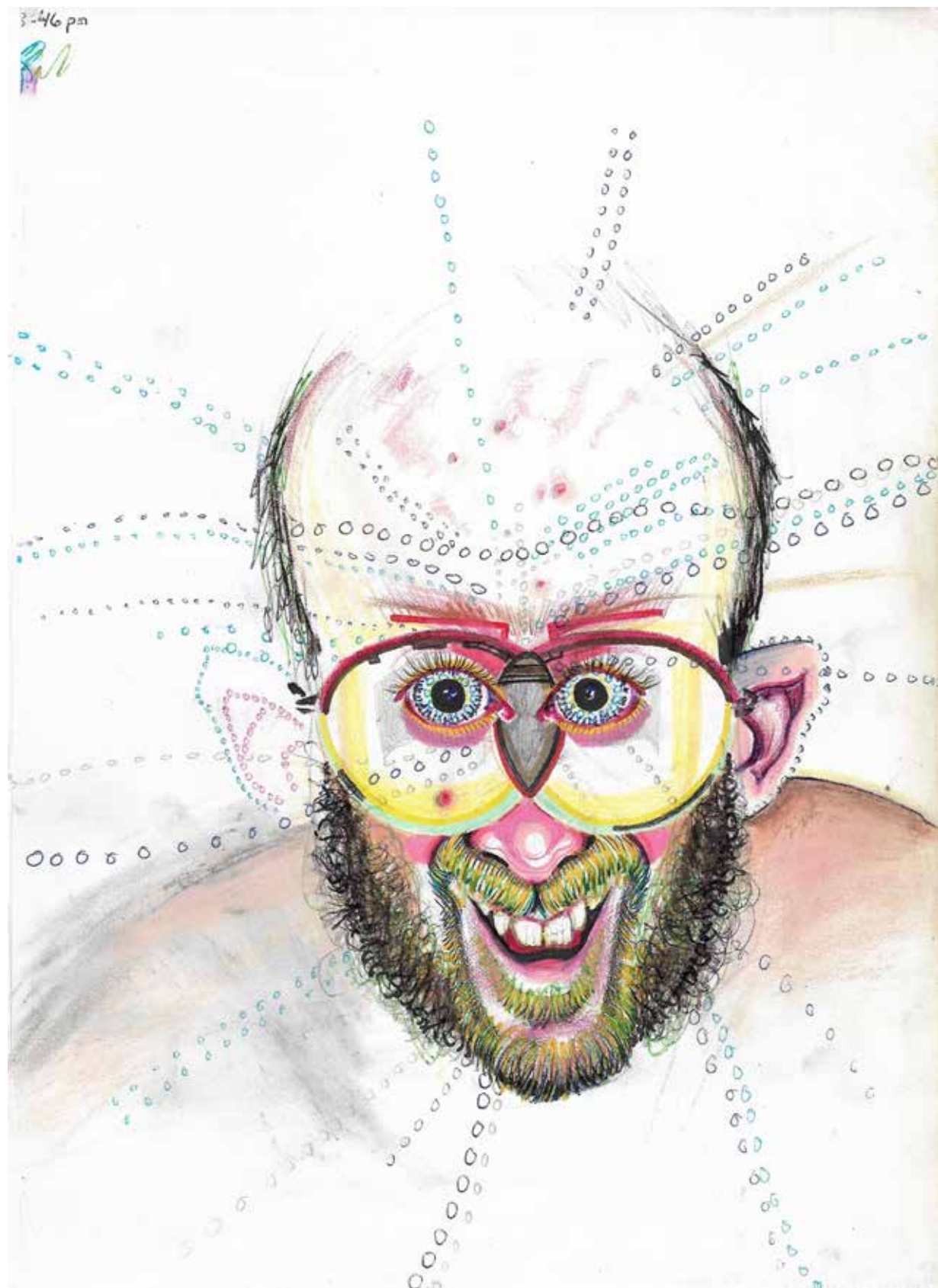
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Robitussin (2 bottles); 11 August, 2001

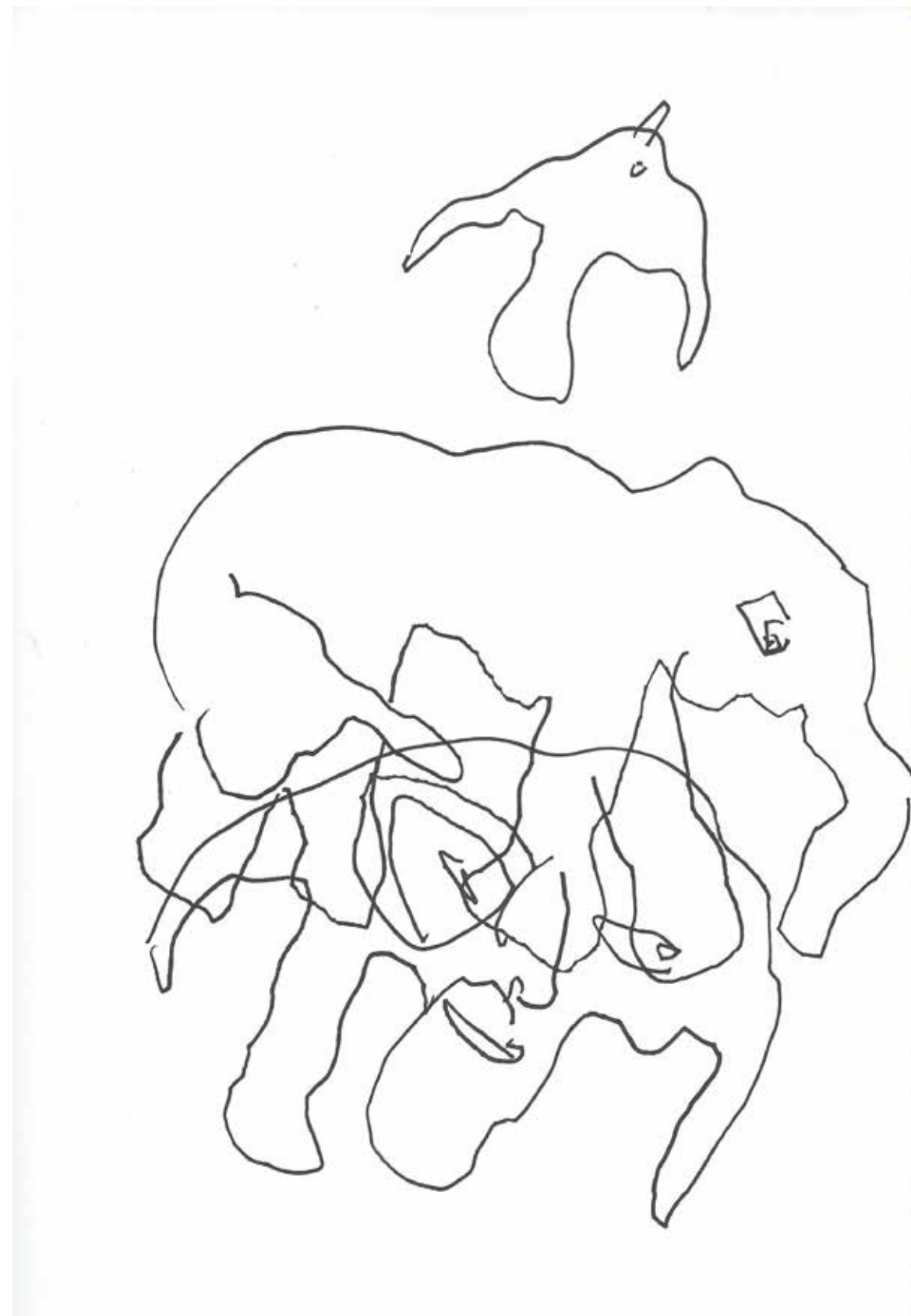
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Psilocybin Mushrooms; 9 August, 2001

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Heroin (snorted); April 27, 2009

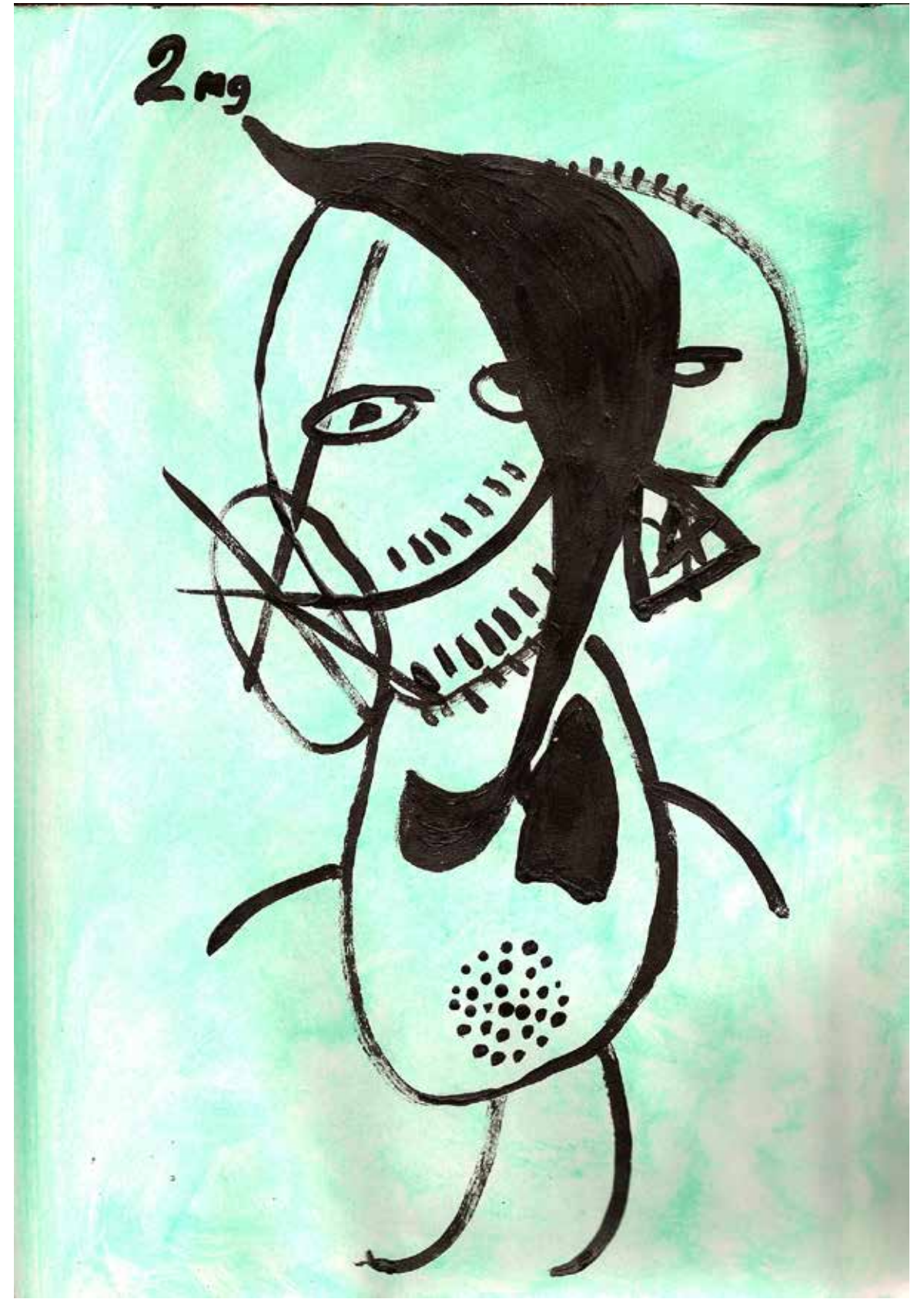
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Valium 20 mg; 8 March, 2001

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Nicotine (gum); 26 November, 2010

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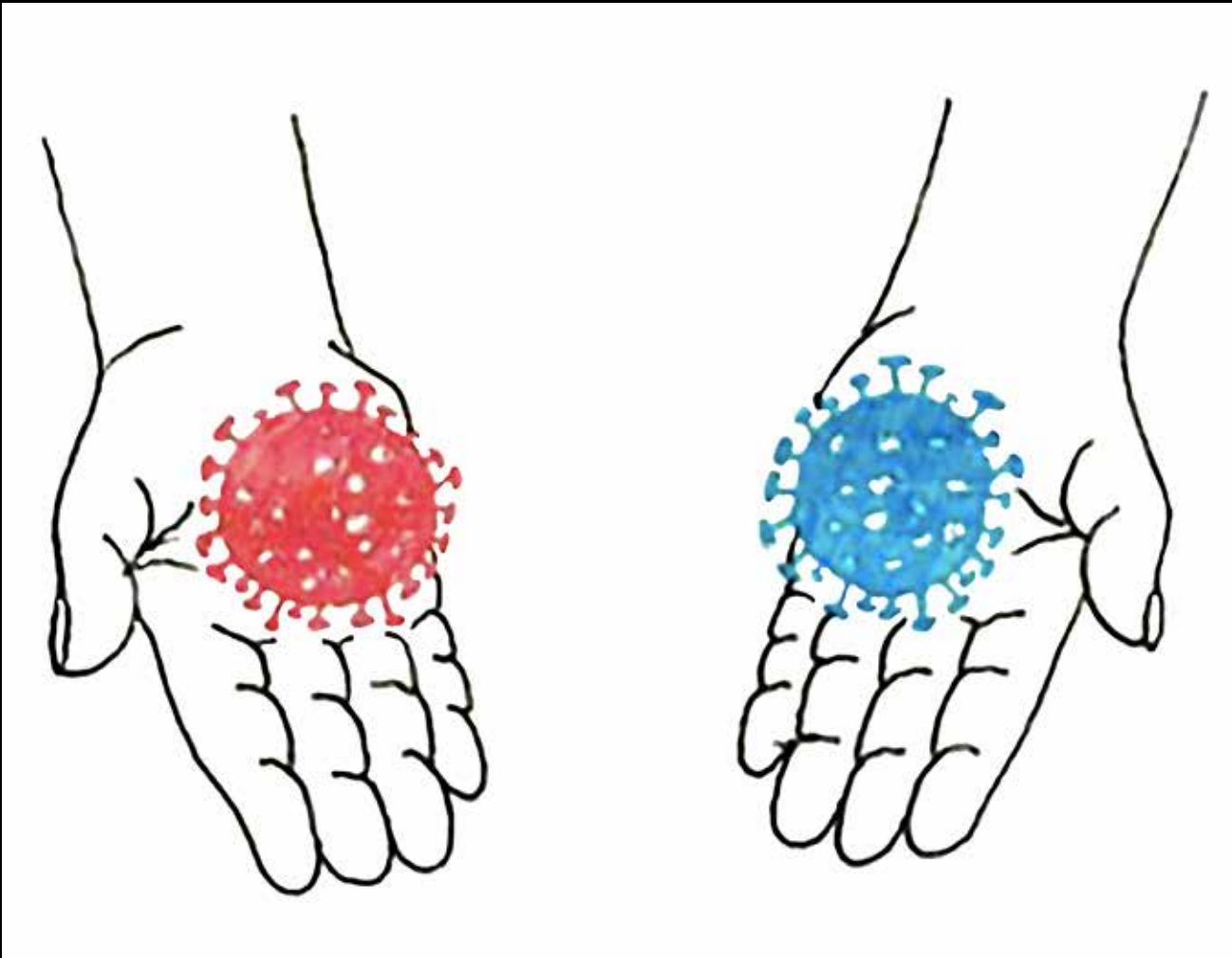




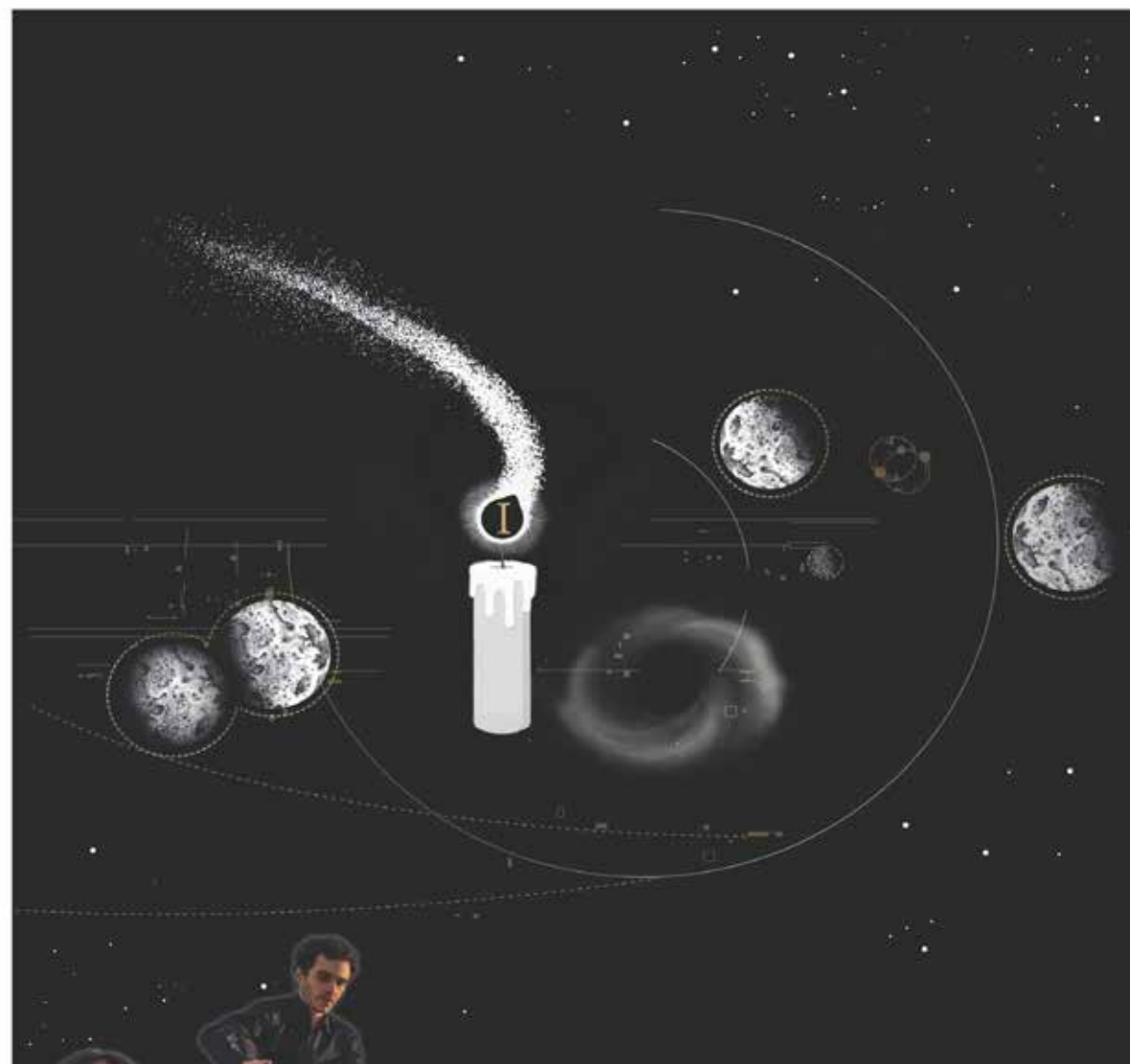
Tibor Horvath is the genius behind the irreverant drawings depicting our collective madness in all things relating to choice.

Tibor's focus is largely aimed at advertising and in his lens he rediscovers conflict, confusion and the community of consumers who essentially scream fire in a crowded theater. Tibor though is quiet, and his felt marker drawings, childlike and simple, pull back the curtains on our global media shit show.

Enjoy more of his work here:  
[www.instagram.com/adseries/](http://www.instagram.com/adseries/)







'Shine' – the latest single from Temporal Comet

Go to [www.temporalcomet.com/music](http://www.temporalcomet.com/music)

"Shine is our sad love song to Earth, a meditation... on the trouble we've created for ourselves" says MJ Moon, TC's lead singer, guitarist and live-looper.

The cover art was designed by French artist, Petronille Remaury  
View her work – [www.instagram.com/petronille.remaury](http://www.instagram.com/petronille.remaury)



#### 軽井沢ニューアートミュージアムとは

軽井沢が陽光に輝く4月、JR軽井沢駅から目抜き通りを真っ直ぐに8分あまりそぞろ歩いた通り沿いに、軽井沢ニューアートミュージアムがオープンしました。この「軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム」は、主に日本の戦後から現在までの優れたアートを、新しい視点から日本の現代アートとして再領域化し、国際的な評価にたえうる諸作品を、広く国内外に普及してゆくことを目的として誕生しました。企画展では、世界の第一線で活躍中の日本の現代アートの作家やそのグループ展だけでなく、海外作家も含めて、日本国内のみならず海外からの美術ファンの期待にも応えられるような斬新な切り口の展示を展開していきます。また近年顕著に国際的な評価が高まっている「具体美術協会」に所属した前衛作家たちの作品など、日本の前衛作家の作品を積極的にコレクションしていく方針です。美術館の設計は建築家・西森隆雄によるもので、総ガラス張りをベースにカラマツ林をイメージした白い柱をデザイン的に林立させた構造は、さわやかな高原リゾート地・軽井沢に心地よく溶け込んでいます。この美術館は、2007年に商業施設として建てられたものを新たに美術館として内装のリニューアル工事を行い2012年にオープンいたしました。軽井沢には美術館をはじめとして数多くの文化施設がありますが、そうした既存の文化施設、団体の方々も協働し、軽井沢町を国際的な芸術文化の拠点としてさらなる繁栄へと導くことを目指します。また、「軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム」は、上記の目的実現のために「軽井沢国際芸術文化都市推進協議会」（略称 KIAC）の後援を受け、地域と連携した様々な活動を展開していきます。

軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム 館長  
松橋英一

## KARUIZAWA NEW ART MUSEUM

1151-5 Karuizawa, Karuizawa-machi, Kitasaku-gun, Nagano Prefecture 389-0102, Japan

<http://knam.jp/en/>



# Some Pills Make You Larger

**Michael Amitin**



## **Strawberry Sun Day**

Magical Sponge Vehicle Express

perfect day to ditch school  
verdugo hills high, boring as frost-bit hell  
dolts, future socialites, lame jock fighter pilots  
all n all a decrepit faded-tan prison complex  
tucked into nowhere-dom's So. Cal foothills

debbie brown and i lit out, lunchtime,, stopping at her house  
ripping off our overalls, going gone  
we were fucking like no-tomorrow to anthem of the sun 6/8,  
her psychedelized bedroom

in red striped valour and jeans she told me  
she'd scored a few tabs of strawberry mescaline  
from lucky  
the day was ripe for taking

we turned our animal instincts  
to the LA zoo

giraffe necks stretching to san berdoo...  
eyelashes batting double time  
camel humps doing the strawberry sun watusi  
dry burnt saharas, dehydrated wonderland  
mirage  
shaky knee'd we shivered

lions, tigers and bears uh huh  
zoo faded-tan prison complex,  
set 'em free daddy'o

all this in an eternity.. a few hours

return to debbie's, mellow blaze – we swam naked, got out, threw on anthem of the sun  
and began balling in 6/8.. again and again sundown  
sound of the front door creaking  
oh shit the ol mans home  
and this ol man he played mean  
big beer, gun tater-toter fearshit mean...  
i scoot to the head  
naked as a strawberry jaybird  
debbie throws on a robe  
and plays it like i'd stopped by for a swim  
growling machine pa  
smells otherwise  
i figure i'm cooked

at home over roast beef dinner, my pop says 'you shouldn't fuck around over there, he's  
liable to yank a gun and blow your brains out'

cherry on a strawberry sun day



## Fingers, wild spiders

climbing Mount Chopin

grenades exploding  
her sundown eyes firelighting  
crème de la creme chandelier houses  
upper midwest '30s

Lizst, Mendlesohn  
fountains of ivory pink rain

one day  
she refused the refrain of her  
Mother's ceaseless hammering

Mary hurled her ill-tempered pills  
into the Minneapolis chill winter night  
where in an icy grave they lay

good girls don't behave this way

Two oversized men white oversized coats  
stormed the door  
Mary singing mad woman blues  
serpentine prodigy all of twenty-three  
hailed off in the eternal fog debris

Mary carrying lanterns in idyllic swamps  
died (so they say) a muddied soul  
stomped to death by the bulls of  
hell's ripened mores, medicine flimflam sham

Lizst, Chopin, Mendlesohn  
full house empty stage  
my lost Aunt, foresaken

And I heard a chorus go up  
'you gotta get that music out of that kid's head'  
After these mandolin curtain call fandangos  
Mary's face in a black amber wind

## She Said I Had a Phobia of Meds

Dr X said I had a phobia of meds  
Could be  
After burying my family side by side  
down chemo highway  
Vendors hawking cool yellow ice

And it was there sweet Dr F  
Best bedside manner this side of hell  
Peddling wigs to bald sheep  
Baying at rainbow moons  
Painted on lagoon walls  
of the Dansport hospital lobby

While the healers peeled south of  
Bordertown  
the last straw crowd  
Tumbled in, took a number

After the pros  
stole their hopes and crowns

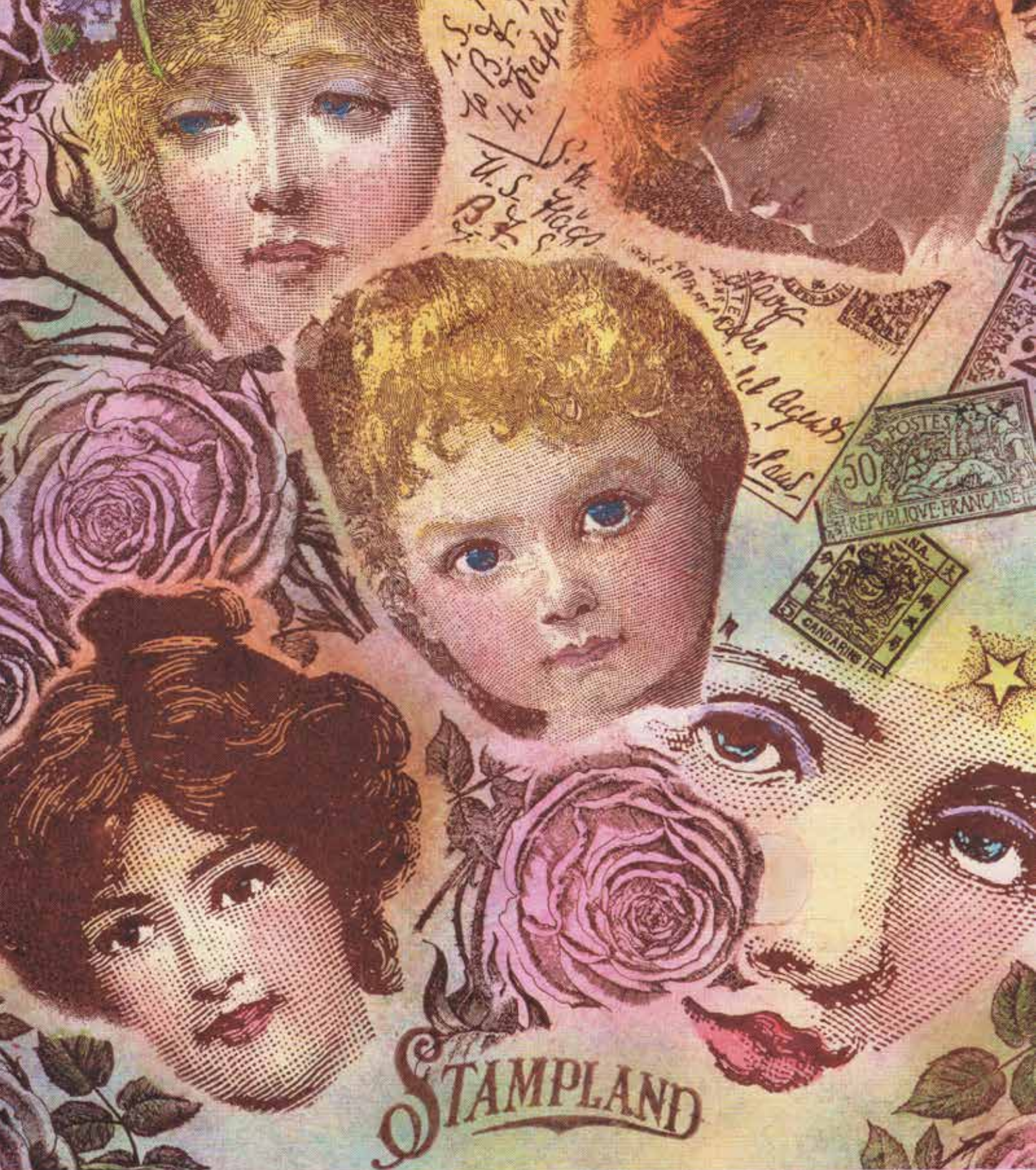
Corretta King, Steve McQueen,  
Stars, dreams

Now she wants my dear sweet boy  
To suck on this chokehold  
Broken cigar walkway  
And I in moments, too  
Weak to fight  
Fight back tears

This shriveled reject from a  
Tim Burton casting call

Then I read the words of Jyl  
She woke me like thunder





## The wine lubricated my hip

High and lo tide, she and I  
Still the morning irish jig brings sunrise  
And life

Hot red town got me on the ropes  
Walking a fine line between done and a ray of hope

Mediterranean wistful melody  
And im off to great illusion

Tiger lily hanging from cine tower moons  
Heading for home where brainlight

Bursts the open stage, the world becomes a river of flowing words  
singing in the dew drop choir



**Michael Amitin is an American poet and musician living and working in Paris, France. Born in Los Angeles, California. Michael has published widely and performs his musical compositions on the mandolin and the guitar throughout France and the world. Find him here: [www.riverlights.art/](http://www.riverlights.art/)**

Vintage Romantic Rubberstamp Images

handcrafted [stamplandchicago.com](http://stamplandchicago.com)



# DANA WYSE

In 1996, Canadian artist Dana Wyse went into the novel business of marrying art to pharmacology to commerce. Jesus Had A Sister Productions is a massive drug mart of pills that cure problems you didn't know you had and answers questions you didn't know you asked. Her art work "medications" are inexpensive responses to the human condition.

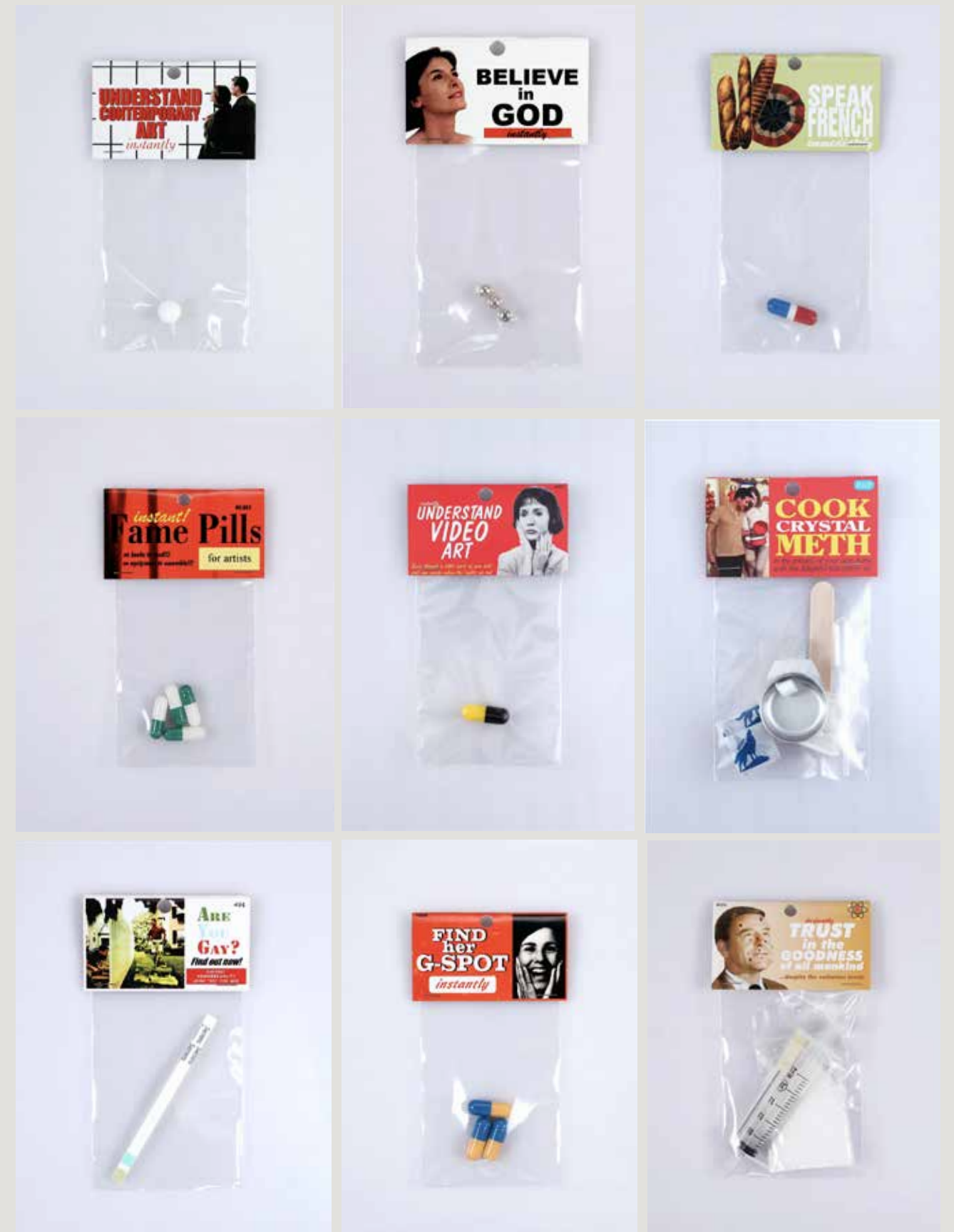


Dana Wyse takes advertising and the ruts it's cut in our psyches, and offers up the promising possibility of instant personal change.

It is a philosophical work-in-progress, she says.  
"We have new products every year!"

[www.danawyse.com](http://www.danawyse.com)

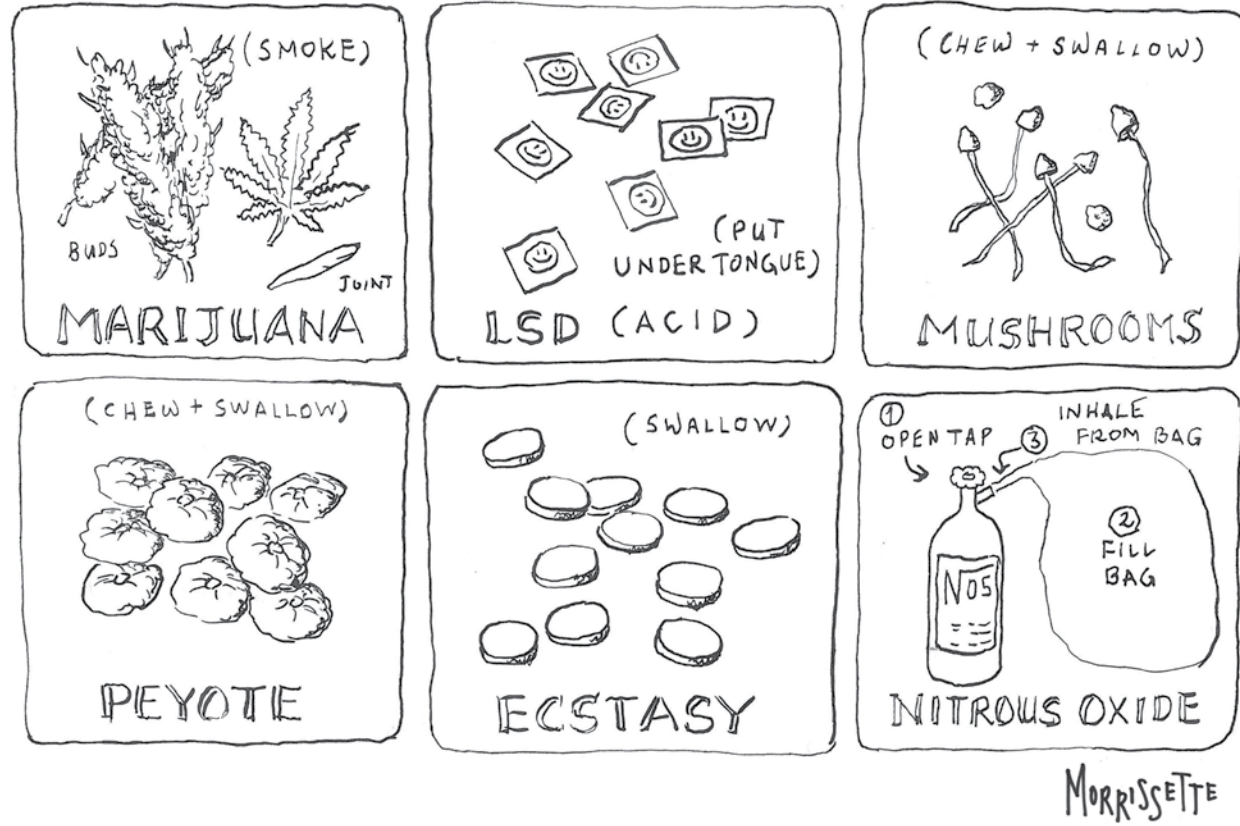
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IMAGES COURTESY : DANA WYSE



# DRUGS OF RAINBOW



**Share Trouble  
With Friends & Family.  
It's Free. It's Fun.  
It's Foxy.**







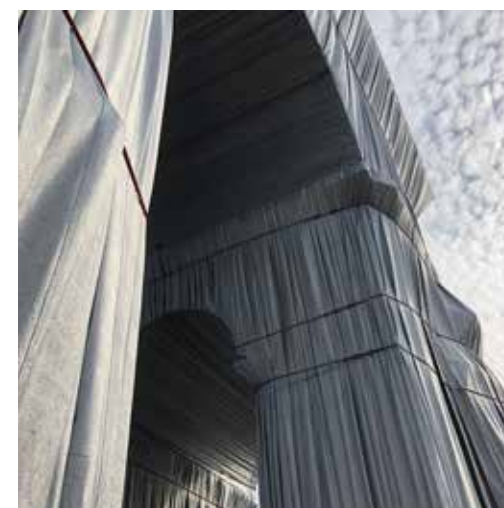
trouble and its editors and contributors have lost many friends and heros these past two difficult years.

This second issue is dedicated to creatives who left the planet, and the millions of health care workers who toiled tirelessly through it all.

Jim Haynes; Afghanistan, its girls, women, translators and friends  
 Charlie Watts; Remy; Norm Macdonald; Michael K. Williams; Edward Asner  
 Jean-Paul Belmondo; Chuck Close; Gerd Müller; Dusty Hill; Steven Weinberg  
 Jon Hassell; Frederic Rzewski; Hank Aaron; Jonathan Dickinson

And a note of thanks to John Cage (1912-1992) ... not that his interest and book on mushrooms was psychedelic, but because he pointed us all here decades ago.

Above: *A Mycological Foray*, published by Atelier Editions.



Final note of thanks:  
 Wrapped Arc de Triomphe  
 Paris, France  
 18 September - 3 October 2021  
 Christo (1935-2020) &  
 Jeanne-Claude (1935-2009)





**Charlotte Bialas**  
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volume one • number two • fall 2021