

DRUGS I HAVEN'T TRIED...

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

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

Merely for kicks, I've taken all the legal recreational drugs (alcohol, tobacco, and caffeine) many of the legal pharmaceuticals (Valium, Xanax, Vicodin, OxyContin, Benzedrine, and the tragically no-longer-

available Quaalude), every conceivable manner of cannabinoid (hash, hash oil, and a rainbow coalition of weed), scores of psychedelics (LSD, MDMA, psilocybin mushrooms, mescaline, salvia, and Hawaiian baby woodrose seeds), the stimulants (I've smoked and snorted both meth and cocaine), the dissociatives (PCP and ketamine), the opiates (I've snorted heroin and smoked opium), and I've even dabbled in inhalants (amyl nitrite and nitrous oxide). Like I said, I've done a lot of drugs.

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

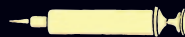


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I doubt that it'd be legal if I were to come right the fuck out and ask you, my legions of faithful and attentive readers, to supply me with any of the psychoactive compounds I'm about to enumerate. But I think it's legal to wish that you'd bring large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

DMT ... I've heard rumors—and I don't want to research them and find out they're false, because it'd be a letdown—that smoking DMT mimics the chemical the brain releases when you're dying. I've been fascinated with DMT's legendary psychedelic powers since my teens when I read that after smoking only one DMT-laced joint, comedian Lenny Bruce abandoned his black-and-white suits and began wearing colors. I've met a few people who've tried it, and the haunted look they get in

their eyes when describing the experience only makes it that much more appealing. Technically, I smoked a little bit of DMT a few years ago in a group of about six people, but I guess I didn't inhale enough to "ride the snake," or whatever it is that happens to you. For a split second, it felt like I was able to look into my wrist with X-ray vision and see my bones, but that was it. I definitely didn't leave my body. But a friend of mine at the same smoking session looked like he was on Jupiter for a few minutes there.



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

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

