



The diary of a dope fiend

BY MATT EISSES

Entry into this article requires the clarification of a number of points so that you may read this account with understanding. First of all, this article will bring you into a world where the rules and regularities of everyday life no longer apply. The exact date this experiment began is uncertain. However, I can estimate that it was in the vicinity of October 21, 1999 and continues to this very day.

The journey in question, was not a physical journey, but a mental one that was induced through the consumption of a large quantity and variety of legal, as well as illegal, intoxicants. I observed the test subject, listened to his thoughts, and tried to understand where he was coming from.

The particular names of the substances consumed and their 'true' results (not the bullshit propaganda that the government feeds you), will be explained as they are relevant to the journey.

The entrance of this binge of exploration began at the crack of dawn, with a 26oz bottle of whiskey. Our faithful lab rat made a habit of starting his morning with a strictly whisky diet, and so begins the affair.

The effects of alcohol, when examined from a 'sober' standpoint, should be anything but desirable. It impedes motor skills, inspires stumbling, hinders reflexes, and causes one to slur. However, alcohol is an entertain-

ing buzz, acts as a good lubricant in some social situations, and is the only substance that brings people closest to their primal state.

Now that our farm-boy/test subject has detached himself from the anguish of humanity by releasing the drunken beast within, he feels he should heighten and sharpen his perception. Not to mention the fact that he was heavily burdened by the need for alcohol-induced sleep.

This is accomplished through the consumption of what are commonly called Magic Mushrooms. Magic Mushrooms contain a mild poison called psilocybin. When this poison is ingested, the body begins to fight back. The poison seems to hone his perception as sharp as a razor. It allowed our farm-boy, as he explained, to see the hidden intentions of those around him. He could read through any lie. He understood the subtlest body language as if it were crystal clear speech. The realization of this heightened awareness was a new experience for our once ignorant cowboy. The myths of grand hallucinations and magical journeys into Never Never Land were uncovered, and the true power of this magical plant was released. In order to compose yourself on these mushrooms, it seems, you must be able to handle the onslaught of information. Otherwise, your head is a jumble of unorganized thought. Apparently,

In his haste to stumble through a sea of self realization,

he turned away from the natural gifts that the great mother had provided, putting his Magic Mushrooms aside, and decided to delve into the realm of synthetic chemicals.

The primary one carries the name of ecstasy. The name of the drug is not a misrepresentation of the effects that it entails. Imagine a state of mind, where every sense is at its peak sensitivity. Every touch, every sound, every taste, every smell and every single solitary glint of light can cause the body to team with an obscene abundance of pleasure. It is, in every sense of the word, 'ecstasy.'

But, dear reader, this is only the entrance. Our subject used these merely as a vessel to the obscure. A warped look at everyday life.

He indulged in acid, or LSD, if you prefer. The drug of champions, a mind game for the masses. LSD is a nasty toy, and if not used carefully, has the ability to render the mind lost. Being a volatile type of drug, it is not to be taken lightly. In this case, our farm-boy was careful. Small doses at a time — always small doses at a time. His mind expanded to great lengths, exposing the evil side of himself, as well as those around him — truly a learning experience. Usually this is not a very serious problem, but with the amplified energy that LSD entices, many a problem arises with our test subject.

Marijuana shall be added to the list. Almost every drug user — or abuser — uses marijuana on a regular basis. Our weak and

indulgent pawn is no exception. Marijuana contains a drug called THC, which numbs the brain, and the senses. Marijuana is the prime substance for relaxation, and our friend is always up to relaxing.

As the night progressed, the quantities increased. As he became more accustomed to his heightened state of awareness, he learned many new tricks, and many new lessons. Excessive drug consumption can be a learning experience, it seems.

Our trusty cattle-rustler also met many new and exciting faces through the course of this transition. Some of them brought gifts, others painful revelations, and some of them brought both. Some of these faces, and the actions they undertook, are important and relevant to my intoxicated companion's tale and lessons, or so he has told me.

He told of a love tale, one woman, two men. The woman came between the men, and the men confronted each other. Our chemical-processor of a subject relayed this to me in fairy-tale-gone-bad way. A drunken fight over a girl became a multi-layered microcosm for human nature.

He also told me of another betrayal. Two friends who let alcohol and their desire for sex come between them. A more melodramatic and detailed perspective of an every day occurrence.

The journey is almost at an end...or is it? Will our battered and weary farm-boy slowly fade back into the 'sober' world, or is there anything left of that 'real'

part of him. Can someone transcend drug abuse like this and ever live the 'sober' life?

His soul has been purified and his life has been changed, he tells me. He has learned the penalty for foolishness and laziness, and the jumbled abundance of information one sees through a veil of recreational drugs. When we allow ourselves to be foolish and do not notice what is happening around us, we will miss great opportunities, lose wonderful changes, and always wonder why life seems so difficult and unfair. Inhibitions are what keep people from being unhappy.

There are no exceptions to these rules, we can all be great people. We can all do great things. We just have to do them, and stop thinking that we can't. Regardless of any other consequence, people should live as they see fit, barring of course anything that will undermine basic morality. See things as they truly are, and be truly happy.

And remember, our intuitive back-woods chicken chopper is always watching, listening, learning, tripping and always thinking exactly what is going on.

Ladies and gentlemen, you may not have learned anything in this story, but maybe that is the point. I know I have.

To be continued?

This story is not necessarily a reflection of the views of the Gazette. It is a true account, as disturbing as it may be, but we do not encourage the use of drugs, er... hard drugs.

Looking for a transcendental, transpersonal experience

A week without food - a Dal student's attempt at fasting

BY G. GRAHAM SIMMS

Last week I began a fast to cleanse my body and mind. I consumed only a mixture of water, maple syrup and lemon juice. This is sufficient to live on for a few weeks, with the syrup providing sugar energy to keep me propelled, and the juice providing essential vitamins. In addition, I consume my usual daily dose of Ginseng-Guava Jelly, Ginko-Biloba (provides oxygen to the brain), Kava-Kava (stress relief) and a multi vitamin.

Monday — Immediately I was hungry and my stomach was growling. My first cheating was

rationalized by telling myself that I needed to sample the gallon of humus I was making in case there was not enough garlic. Later that night I covertly ate a chocolate bar in a corner of my room, chewing quietly so my roommate would not hear.

Tuesday — Stopped feeling hungry. Consuming large amounts of the syrupjuice mix. Stealthfully eat one bite of lasagna. At least its organic and vegetarian, I say to myself.

Wednesday — Still not physically hungry, its more of a craving for a sweet, or fatty taste in my mouth, not in my stomach, which is full of the mix. The maple

syrup (I'm drinking three quarters of a bottle per day) is giving me a lot of energy. This and the increased effect of ginseng in my empty stomach makes me speedy and wired all day. My co-worker catches me dancing in the walk-in freezer.

While I'm making dinner for two friends, I have an olive, one I found at the bottom of a martini. Tomorrow is a holiday, which is a good thing because the next morning I feel like I drank five martini's.

Thursday — Day four. Body feeling slow until I get it jacked up again on the sugar/ ginseng/vitamin fix.

Friday — Day five. Begin to feel hungry at a cellular level. There is a slight ringing in my ears. I fight contemplating ending the fast. My mind automatically comes up with a thousand reasons why I can end it early. It would be so easy. Cheeseburgers appear in my minds eye,

and I dream of them in carnal and graphic ways. That night I tempt myself by going through the drive through of McDonalds, but my will-power prevails.

Saturday — For the past few days I have been very aware, sensitive and stimulated. My vision and hearing seem sharper, richer. I feel detached from all physical desires, my will-power seems strong and I get a lot of work done. But I realize that my will power, like that of most people, is weak. My flesh is weak. I have cheated every day of the fast. But the bizarre thing is that I hid it from everyone, even lying to myself with endless rationalizations.

I find that I have a lot of extra time since I'm not hunting down my next meal to feed my face. Certainly we eat largely out of habit and pleasure rather than necessity, but I do miss the ritual and social aspects of preparing food and eating with friends.

Sunday — Finally the experience I was hoping for — a transcendental, transpersonal experience. It was more mild than those I have had before, but those were usually under the influence of psychedelics, to experience man's fundamental, timeless interconnectedness with nature. This time I may or may not still have been under the influence of a puff of smoke. Basically, while I was falling asleep and my brain cycles began to slow down, my consciousness remained alert. This is not that unusual, many people have experienced it, where essential truths are briefly realised, and aspects of the universe may unfold and be understood on a cosmic scale only to suddenly fold right back up and be instantly forgotten. Attempts to describe the brief state of illumination are usually in vain, incomprehensible and contradictory. It can only be experienced.