

COCAINE

If you do dope you already know all about it. I'm certainly not going to be telling you anything new. I just want to refresh your memory about a few of the downside aspects of the toots. Being a believer in the rose-colored glasses theory, I would've started with the good points but since there aren't any I'll right down to the bad news.

I'll just jot down a few of my impressions of the delights of partying in the snow, then some light thoughts on the carma that follows the powder as it comes vibrating through your front door demolishing your nose, life and good times — some of the things that made me decide to eliminate dope from my small circle of friends making me a far better place to live and the same time stopping me from being a jerk.

ANCIENT HISTORY

A Day In The Life

(With Mr. Jones)

Your connection is home, awake and not too high to answer the phone. He has, at this moment the very best dope ever seen on Earth. Original Mother Lode but this doesn't matter to you. As far as you are concerned the main thing it's got going for it is geography. ***It's here – now.***

You drop by the automatic teller and pick up a couple of hundred bucks to cover the evening's entertainment. You're late because twenty other jerks are standing in line in front of you doing exactly the same thing. Most of them are in such a hurry, they leave their cars in the middle of the street with the doors open and the engines running. You're lucky. No one steals your car so he can sell it and buy coke.

You scoot over to your "man's" house. If you're late he might be out of nose candy, although he never is. (If by some chance

he actually *does* run out, he'll call you immediately to inform you of this fact and tell you he'll have some more real soon. This is the *only* time he will call you unless you owe him money — which you do).

Finally it's *your* turn. You shoot the breeze while you're eyeballing the scale to make sure you're getting a good count which doesn't matter because the scale's set for 7/8s. You grab your little package of fun, take one more hit for the road, thank your connection profusely for helping you ruin your life, ask him if he's going to be home later — just in case and take off.

When you get home late the little lady's madder than a wet hen until she finds out where you've been. You're already higher than the Space Shuttle so you have to turn her on so she'll be able to understand you because you're moving at the speed of light and sound like Alvin The Chipmunk.

You're now ready to go out and have a good time. As you sprint out the door you grab some Afrin and a half a box of Kleenex for later on in the evening when your nose starts dripping in the soup. Then you head out to pick up your friends for the evening's entertainment.

On the way to the restaurant you turn them on, they turn you on, you turn them on ad nauseum. By the time you get to the restaurant everyone's snorting, sniffing and gagging so much it sounds like a walking flu epidemic.

As soon as you're seated, or before if possible, you order drinks — triples, just to take the edge off. Next it's an expensive gourmet meal which everyone sits there watching rot between running back and forth to the rest room to powder your collective nose.

You can always tell who's snorting and who's peeing. People who snort immediately head for the handicapped stall even if you're the only other person there and you're washing your hands. They try to pee loudly and snort softly which doesn't

work. If you don't get enough suction going it falls out of your nose onto the toilet seat. If you snort off of toilet seats...

After your after dinner drinks – three or four of them – you generously tip your waiter and ask him to put your \$200 worth of untouched gourmet leftovers into doggie bags — which you promptly forget to take with you because you're so high you're doing the dippy-doodle even though it's only nine-thirty.

On the way to the club where you're going to have an *even better time* everyone gets headaches. All of you have developed magnum motor-mouth and are screaming at each other like traders on the floor of the stock exchange. Everyone is yelling at the same time but not about the same thing, This works out beautifully because you're all too high to understand what's being said anyway.

The club is only ten minutes away but it takes you 45 to get there because you drive past it five times while you're snorting, yelling and gagging.

When you finally get there you immediately order two or three more drinks just to stay in the ballpark. You cash a check at the bar because you've already spent enough to cover your car insurance for six months.

If you snort, you drink. That's how it works. When you're having a good time what's a little money?

Then you discover you're running out of powder! You have to make a call to see if you can get more. If you can't you're screwed – or that's what you think.

No Cocaine. No fun.

You've now been with your main squeeze for six hours. You don't even know or care what has happened in their life that day. You can only get it together to talk about how good the

dope was (with cocaine it's always past tense) and, of course, how high you are – or aren't. This topic of conversation runs out just about the same time your bottle does so the rest of the conversation is spent on talking about how to get some more.

You are now so high you're numb and you're drunk as a skunk to boot. You shouldn't be allowed to tie your shoelaces without adult supervision much less drive a three thousand pound weapon through the streets – *but you're off!*

So your connection's only thirty miles away. So the worst thunderstorm on record is happening at this very moment. So your car's got only one headlight and no windshield wipers. You're on a mission from God. People are counting on you. *You* are counting on you. Your *nose* is counting on you. You've *got* to make it.

You don't have to worry about not being able to drive. You didn't even take the Soma some psychopath offered while you were in the handicapped stall. You might have fallen asleep before the coke got there.

Back in the jungle the rest of your party hangs on the edges of their barstools frantically waiting for you to bring the medicine. Every time someone walks through the door they get whiplash from snapping their heads around 360 degrees to see if it's you. The only other things they do are drink more, scan the room for people they know who might have coke, scan the room for people they don't know who might have coke and talk about how they can't wait until you get back with the coke so they can *finally* start having a good time.

When, and if, you get back, three minutes before hotel motel time, there's a mad rush for the rest rooms and a flurry of orders for drinks in to go cups.

After you're all thrown out you stand around with runny noses trying to think of somewhere else to go and have even *more* fun. There *isn't* any but that doesn't stop you!