

**THE  
POT  
HOLE**

**THE DOPE DELUSION.**

**By**

**DAVID GREY**

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# PART 1

## The Romance begins.

So when I met a lovely girl in the south of France with a joint in her hand I was fatalistically drawn to her.

My romance was almost like a storybook beginning when I met her on the beach through a mutual acquaintance.

Like all drug related encounters this romance started with an amusing 'lost in translation' beginning. There I was with my 20 euros asking a friend to acquire a little green bag and instead of her taking the money she requested that I meet a mystery supplier in person.

This got my alarms bells ringing and while she was innocently was trying to arrange a date, I had the distinct feeling that I was being set up to meet a cop and get busted.

That evening the young lady was arranging a relaxed smoke on the beach with me while I was acquiring some pot for a friend from London.

I was reluctantly waiting on the beach for a car to pull up and felt I could potentially be bundled into a van and interrogated for trying to purchase a nominal amount of contraband.

One can easily understand how prohibition throws normally law-abiding citizens into situations and circumstances, which raise their fear and paranoia.

Much to my relief a girl in pretty pink jeans turned up and the three of us proceeded to find some isolated pebbles to admire the view, listen to the ocean lapping on the rocks and enjoy a casual flirty smoke under the stars.

I eagerly admired the new brunette called CC who very quickly caught my attention.

Captivated by this young lady I felt a strong sense of abandonment so threw myself into getting to know her as well as possible. She mentioned that she had planned to relocate to Madrid so I threw caution to the wind and invited her to the beach the next day.

So like all self respecting Brits the next day I woke up early put on my board shorts to go to a near by beach and meet my friends from London. The day unfolded perfectly with us ending up in a memorable passionate embrace in the pool.

The combination of a beautiful setting, pot, friends, sunset and everything else was really the start of a great romance both with CC and pot. It is genuinely hard to describe the great feeling of having exactly arrived in a place where I wanted to be.

The stage was set for my love affair with marijuana to commence and like all things prohibited the 'forbidden fruit' aspect of it only made my late introduction even sweeter.

Food tasted better, sex was the best and I felt like I'd found the counterculture revolution of our time, which was legitimately going to make the world a better place along with a beautiful ally.

The U.K.- French alliance was strong and the intent was very cordial.

The next few weeks were spent primarily in bed in a haze of pot smoke and apart from tending to survival needs of food and water we spent hours in my apartment growing very close and embracing our

newfound mutual affection. The combination of love and sexual desire along with a mutual enjoyment for pot was a magical formula for connecting and essentially finding a perfect partner.

CC had to travel for work that only made our mutual affection grow as absence made the heart grow fonder so on her relocation to Madrid the stage was set for our next adventure.

The early stage of our romance was based purely on lust, a genuine excitement to get to know each other with the pleasure of shared experiences while seeing life in a new perspective.

The romance that ensued was deep and complex and we got on well with the backdrop of discovering new city, attempting to see the tourist sites and avoid the winter weather.

The marijuana aspect of our relationship was interesting as being bonded by the mutual enjoyment of getting high and laughing together was undeniably endless fun.

During the time I spent with CC I felt an incredible sense of appreciation. I knew this was a rare and privileged opportunity to have a beautiful girl who enjoyed and shared my passions for architecture and culture so we got to explore the city and walk the streets in beautiful and romantic settings.

We did well to mitigate any arguments or conflicts as we spent many hours just laughing and joking despite being slightly pressured by spending so much time together.

Most mornings I would leave CC to sleep whilst I snuck out of the bedroom to have a quick coffee and morning smoke on the balcony.

I'd know she was up when the radio started playing and I'd flick on the toast so she would have something better to smell other than the smoke.

We'd play the same upbeat music most morning that allowed us to exchange smiles, go about our morning routine but not feel too claustrophobic together.

Smiles, kiss's and touch, rather than words, got us ready for the day ahead.

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There is a very fine line between luxury and decadence; the balance of enjoyment and overindulgence is a constant battle.

The human experience seeks daily rewards and chasing comfort and dopamine is the constant challenge that we all face.

Modern life throws a huge amount of temptations at us on an hourly basis and once something is added to our list of enjoyments its then difficult to live without.

Our primary temptation is food and we are all guilty of overindulging in an ice-cream binge.

The issue of marijuana is that it's on the cookie list, whilst classified at a medicine for some, I know that my initial use was recreational and primarily a method of searching for more pleasure and a means to fully enjoy my life.

What is difficult to understand is cookies make you fat slowly and marijuana was having a subtle and adverse effect of my personality and was ruining my life.

Regardless of the pleasure I derived from its use the reality was a high price to pay but it was subtle and difficult to detect.

The primary difficulty about having a drug problem is that it becomes a problem apparent to other people *before* it is a problem to you.

I, like many others, could not see objectively that any of my issues were drug related or therefore made worse with my drug use.

It's easy to see 'life' as problematic and I never assumed that pot was making it worse for me.

There I was sitting with a joint in my hand fantasizing about changing the world, joining the softest revolution of our time.

Like many others I fell in love with the concept of advocating the issue and I had found a cause and purpose that matched my aspirations.

The end of unneeded incarceration, great potential medicinal benefits and peace on earth.

Every young man feels the pressure of trying to amount to something, make a stand, attempt to make a positive change on the planet and with the magic of the internet all one can share the great work that has been already been done.

In 2014 Uruguay was the first country to legalize marijuana and Washington and Colorado have also legalized it on a federal level for recreational use.

This made me feel that I could embrace and test the legality myself.

The hard truth for me is that I made the classic mistake of wearing it on my sleeve for all to see, as it seemed to fill a void. It filled a cause and persona that I had been longing for.  
This is where the problem started.

I was seduced hook line and sinker and off I trotted flagrantly throwing caution to the wind and essentially throwing myself under the bus.

A hard reality, that I learnt slowly, was the prohibition is also applied financially and getting high will do very little to help.

The politics of marijuana are closely associated with rebellious youthful causes of the next generation who take a moral standpoint

against the powers that be.

The Internet has exploded with expose documentaries about the financial system, food industry, monetary system and the global advocacy of marijuana is quickly following.

My constant dichotomy was that I agreed totally with the change in legislation but also felt it was worth highlighting the potential potholes associated with being a drug user.

'Freedom' is the ability to appreciate but not fall into dependence or abuse a substance.

I'd liken it to falling in love with a stripper; you know its a bad idea from the beginning but its attractive and feels like a challenge worth undertaking; you can continue to bullshit yourself that you've got it all under control, but it was one way from the beginning.

Once you've committed to this path the inevitable rock bottom heartbreak is inevitable.

It is almost the right of passage for modern man to avoid the hazards of drink, drugs, debt, obesity, venereal disease, unwanted pregnancies & cancer with the reward being his inevitable death!

At the ripe age of 35 I had managed to dodge most of these bullets, with an exception to drugs. I then spent the last two years in a 'cloud of stoner logic' trying to battle my personal prohibition with my new love for marijuana.

**The last forbidden fruit.**

The simple fact that marijuana is essentially illegal and hard to acquire only makes it more appealing.

This hurdle, plus misinformation regarding its effects, means that the first joint you smoke opens the question to why has this been the forbidden plant for so long?

The social peer pressure and the rebellious coming of age story whereby ones passage to adulthood is almost defined by the crossing the bridge into alcohol consumption, smoking and drugs is a script that is universal.

The very nature of social desire to fit in and assimilate with the cool kids and rebels is too attractive for most young people to resist.

These people are glamourized in popular media and celebrated but it does not mean its suitable behavior for most people. No one is smarter or improved by any of these vices.

The simple fact is cigarettes, alcohol and drugs have all been revealed as having negative health and financial consequences so ironically they are far more anti social than can ever be explained.

Getting drunk or high makes social situations more complicated and potentially problematic.

As it stands the legal issue is clear in my mind; that incarceration is inhumane but this does not deal with the very real dangers of social issues arising from dependence and essential pacification of frustrated rebellious young people chasing a good time.

The simple truth is no one is enhanced or improved when under the influence of drugs and the danger with Marijuana is the self-medication element for pain relief is still essentially illegal.

The initial laughs and pleasures of appreciating food, sports, sex and sleep throws the user into a classic preacher role. It's easy to remember that pot is a fun and recreational activity and getting high with your friends, the fresh perspective it brings to novel experiences opens a huge door.

Where that line is drawn a user must be very disciplined about and more importantly identify what is *not* enhanced with pot use. More easily said than done.

The research follows and highlights its non-toxicity and potent medicinal qualities so that throws a user into a new arena.

It's natural to walk blindly into a world of trial and error, where pot slowly incorporates itself into the every day.

Because there's no overdose line, weights and measures can be very easily adjusted the switch was too easy to dust some pot into my cigarette like adding some sugar to your tea. It was all too natural.

My lack of concern about pushing it to the point of overdose meant that my tolerance of it as a day-to-day habit quickly grew.

The week would pass in a blink of an eye, and a month passed with very little being achieved.

Smoking a pure joint and blowing ones mind is most people's first experience followed by the paranoia associated with getting caught. This is quickly followed by a healthy respect and a more measured approach to consumption.

## **Universally inescapable.**

There is no hiding from the exposure to drugs and regardless of age, race or geographic circumstance drugs are an integrated part of

modern life.

It is impossible to escape the inevitable reality that drugs have permeated every geography and social class.

It is one area where the average person will be exposed or introduced to these illicit substances, so the legal classification shift that we are seeing globally is even more important.

The best someone can hope for is a balanced recreational use that currently still has great stigma.

The nature of marijuana is that it does not provide motivation or the need to change; a condition that marijuana users often suffer.

I personally found once the door was open it was very hard to close.

The general perception of pot smoking is partying and laughing with friends but the truth for me was one of isolated use and a tool to combat the further isolation of unemployment.

This situation almost felt inescapable and at times deeply depressing.

Drugs and drink are never a good solution to anything but a combination to get high then escaping the day or tackling any issues.

## **Addiction & Pacification**

'A deed becomes a habit, a habit becomes a characteristic and your character determines your destiny.'

My view on addiction is that we all have a need for air, water, food and sleep but if this constant hungering for satisfaction is high jacked by drugs, coffee, sugar, tobacco or alcohol the short term stimulated

senses send constant miscommunication.

Often people misinterpret the pain in ones stomach as hunger when in fact its thirst for water so salty foods only exacerbate the need. It does nothing to satisfy the long-term requirement for water.

From the early stages we all have the potential 'death by mouth journey' and what we chose to consume in a 24-hour period, compounded over a decade, then a lifetime will end up determining our quality of life and eventual cause of death.

What we consume is what we become or the classic 'you are what you eat' and more importantly this applies to drinking and smoking.

More than ever the majority of people are consuming more sugar in liquid form and considering alcohol is essentially sugar water my personal view is that a lot of alcoholics have a sugar addiction.

The 'no go's' like meth and heroin are well documented, thanks to "Breaking Bad" and provoke a lot of fear in those with addictive habits.

I would say as a cigarette smoker there is a serious risk with marijuana due to the enhanced pleasure of smoking pot compared to plain tobacco.

The simple fact is that Prohibition has not worked and if one wants to get pot it is easy to access and essentially pretty affordable.

My personal experience is that it enhances ones circumstances if you're in a good place but if times are tough and your going through a rough patch the added sensitivity or shift in perspective is very harmful.

Never add a drug problem to money problems, if you are seeking work or having trouble with work then avoid drinking or drugs.

Ironically it's exactly when you're having tough time or times are stressful when the vices start to appear more attractive. Marijuana particularly presents a potential cozy escape from the

anxiety caused by modern life; it made it worse for me.

The need to see marijuana as beer or whiskey is important for drawing a line of recreation and dependence. The wake and bake lifestyle is preserve of college students on holiday but the subtle issue with Marijuana that is dangerous and grey but it has an unknown psychological impact, which blurs the lines and justifies the use.

Marijuana was tough to kick for me because I never believed I was addicted and it's not physically addictive. Without the down side it's easy to take a short break and then go back to it, which is minor addictive behavior.

If something is forbidden then it becomes more attractive and the pressures of modern life, financial anxiety and capitalism has created a competition for anything that provides some escape.

Its very hard for me to assess objectively whether it had a good impact on my personality, this is very subjective and whilst it triggered dopamine and produced a good feeling I'm yet to see someone genuinely benefit from a drug habit.

## **My Journey**

### **Sex, Drugs and Rock & Roll.**

The issue I have is that I can't handle weed and it took me a long

time to realize it.

I had previously given up my work and left London to explore the world, discover a new place out of the rat race, and perhaps a wife in a sunny fruitful environment.

My journey took me to Australia where I started work as a Divemaster on a boat in Cairns.

For the first time I had found an environment where I could live completely on my terms and I had found a dream job that really was something I would pay to do.

I found a very healthy balance of working hard 6 days a week and chilling out in the evening on my balcony with a joint and watching the sun set over the mountains.

Once I had found Byron Bay and Nimbin, where marijuana and their cookies are totally legal, my life would change forever.

My initial thinking was if I went public or come out so to speak as a weed smoker I would be able to debate and hopefully end my personal prohibition.

The thinking being that prohibition of any activity starts with oneself then the next person who says No.

I felt that if I was as open as possible and polite and considerate in my smoking habits that I could redefine the social tolerances and reclassify it as healthier alternative to a tobacco.

The seduction went a lot further in that I felt that the global championing of this cause could be the legacy and higher calling that I'd been searching for.

The cancer research aspect of my personal justification was potent and dangerous in the sense that I felt quite noble in opening the path for cancer sufferers to self medicate when needed. It could potentially justify that I was primitively doing my own research but this was hardly scientific and probably a weak justification for bad

behavior.

The very real and good news that Marijuana has been found to help cure breast cancer by the University of Madrid is undeniably the positive news that all stoners love to hear to support a change in legislation. It was heart-warming optimism rather than the oppressive criminal sanctions and punitive threats that weed smokers have faced for so long.

I felt drug users and addicts had been very misunderstood and unfairly treated historically and could potentially be the last group of heavily persecuted minorities undefined by sex, race or age.

What actually followed was two years of destroying my reputation as a normal functioning self-sustaining adult, which threw me into intervention after intervention with little result due to a deep twisted logic so hard to unwind.

The difficulty was that smoking cigarettes has permeated every aspect of my day from morning ritual with a coffee, post meals to night outs socially smoking, which inevitably meant that weed quickly crept into my every day. Once the floodgate once opened it was hard to close.

I quickly gained confidence with smoking everywhere, anytime and justifying it as a healthier alternative to cigarettes.

This meant that my identity as a slightly high constant stoner who clearly had a dependence issue was quickly established.

In retrospect had I done this with alcohol or any other stimulant I would have been easily able to see the potential for concern, it had almost become a personal challenge to see if I could operate in this cloudy haze.

The inevitable paranoia or at least sensitivity to being the law breaker in any circumstance brought about unwanted whispers if not unneeded attention all for the wrong reasons and undeniable changed my social status.

I probably enjoyed the initial rebellious protagonist role playing with a slightly naughty school boy type attention seeking or even worse someone who was leveraging his social status and relationships to justify a self indulgent / self destructive habit. It was clearly not socially accepted behavior.

Even in the face of homelessness and no work prospects I was still struggling to historically justify my self-destruction and warrant future support for the change in legislation and perhaps even relapse of my own bad habit.

It was the adolescent chest beating and arrogant flagrant disrespect for the law that was likely my undoing.

A potentially harsh analogy but like alcoholics people don't like being around people that are drunk or high.

Similar to the principle of the rule of law social behavior is fundamentally dictated by the individuals in said situation and for the most part people don't object too heavily and tolerate pot smokers. The truth is there are rarely legal ramifications to smoking in public but the commercial viability of being stoned in any work situation is distinctly different.

Like George and the dragon here I was trying to take a stand on the legal and social stigma attached to weed smokers by attempting to be a fresh face of rehabilitation whilst shooting myself in the foot socially and commercially.

I was doing my best to advance my life and self sustain a life in a competitive rat race and trying to carve a piece of the pie.

When I found that my job prospects and money quickly dried up the chicken and egg debate of whether the drug habit was now pacifying my daily depression or if my habit was worsening it?

The truth is that I still don't fully understand whether Marijuana was the problem or whether I was facing the hard reality that I had not found a job or vocation so tried to make it Marijuana.

To stoners the world is bright and wonderful if prohibition is over and

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