

My Choice to Abuse Drugs

INTRODUCTION

A

Once upon a time, I and a friend of mine were sitting on a bench in typical public garden between some little blocks of flats, just outside the center of the city of Sofia. It had stopped raining about an hour before, luckily we had found a dry bench - sheltered from the rain by the branches of a chestnut tree - and were sharing a joint, wearily eyeing a bunch of old ladies that were sitting and staring into empty space on the other end of the garden. One never knows with old ladies. Until 1989 many of them had the habit of ratting on you to the secret police for saying jokes about the communist party, or listening to capitalist music, and such a habit dies not, but rather adapts to new realities – like a “war on drugs”. “Agents” is the street slang for such over-curious old folks, who stare at you from behind the curtains of their windows,

- “Watch it man, there’s an agent on third floor.”
- “Which one? Oh yeah, well, light a cigarette then, be natural.”

As the grass hit home, the colors got brighter as usual, the sounds of the city and the insects became more pronounced, the rate of heart-beats increased. On the wet ground below, many snails and slugs were wondering around in their slow motion dream, leaving glistening trails on the grass and cracked concrete. “Watch”, I said, and placed a “victory white” cigarette just in front of a snail. After a typical for stoner perception eternity, the snail had reached the cigarette and instead of just going over or around it, it stopped on top of it. Fifteen minutes later, three snails and one naked slug had joined into the party. Frozen, they sat stuck to the cigarette. “They are getting high”, my friend said, “yes”, I replied.

- “Could it be dangerous to them? Like poison or something?”
- “It certainly is poison for us, I don’t see why it shouldn’t be for them.”
- “So they may die soon after this cigarette?”
- “No idea, but they probably will die, or become ill or something.”
- “Doesn’t that bother you?”

This question made me collect my thoughts, which does take a bit of effort when one is high, and I answered something like: “My position is the following: these snails are pathetic little creatures. The little time that they are alive, they try to survive and to breed. They keep

getting stepped upon, infected by bacteria, crushed by cars. For all I know, they don't even have a mind, but are like little robots which feel pain, pleasure and maybe sometimes confusion, which desperately try to do what they were programmed to do – breed – before they snuff it. Right now, as they are getting high on the poison, they are outside the program which controls their lives, if only for a little while. This is as close to freedom, to something like individuality, as they are ever likely to get. Maybe they will all die in half an hour. I don't feel like a murderer. In fact, I hope that if I am ever a snail, there will be someone to offer me a cigarette.”

B

There is some arrogance, and unnecessary bravado in that argument, but nevertheless I still stand behind the attitude, which had made me say this. In fact, I stand behind it with more conviction and more developed arguments, than I had back then. Consider me. Where am I in this game of destinies? There is an eternity before my birth, there is an eternity after my death. Planets slowly float in space, turning their different sides to the suns around which they spin, the suns themselves follow their patterns of movement for millions of years, on our planet mountains change, continents collide and re-group, seas evaporate, thousands of species of animals, birds, insects, appear, develop for thousands or millions of years, and then disappear. Who am I? My life is a tiny spark which is there for a second, even a thousand times less than a second, and then disappears. Poof! And I'm gone. As far as I see it, during this life of mine I can do the following:

- a) follow my *biological programs* – the instincts of the species I belong to – the ‘inherited reflexes’, and my ‘acquired reflexes’ – simple habits which I automatically learn from the environment. That would make me no different from a hyena or a mosquito.
- b) I can also being a human, suppress parts of my instincts and follow instead social programming, which has shaped my psyche since birth, generated by my parents, my education and society as such. Such social programming shapes differently in different societies and different ages the thinking, emotions and habits of the individual human from birth to death: so that I do, think and see what other people tell me to do, think and see.

That would make me a biomechanical doll, which feels pain, pleasure and maybe sometimes confusion, but is different from an animal in that it follows not its *instincts* – nature's programming, but its *social reflexes* – society's programming.

c) The third choice is to keep trying to break out - *de-program myself*, to study myself and see which parts of me are from the “outside”, which are from the “inside”, and maybe some day achieve the transition from being a typical representative of my civilization – a sad ill monkey with emotional problems and delusions - to being an ‘authentic’, ‘real’, ‘person’. Not only recognizing how crazy everyone is, and how crazy I am, not only trying to figure out a way to counteract all this craziness, but also trying to experience life itself, without middle-men, experiencing life as such, and not the twisted torn and sewed together in random fashion version of life shoved into my face, to be followed under threat of violence, prison or the mental ward.

Of course this path of drug use is dangerous – even ignoring that jail or nuthouse are always a hair away - one mistake during the practice itself may lead to illness and death.

But we all die. And no one is qualified to choose instead of me when and how I die. In most, or maybe all constitutions of the world’s nations, the citizen has “a right to life.” But our lives are not eternal. They are eternal in a religious sense, but in the existing laws it is not the eternal life beyond, which is protected, but the finite biological lives of the citizens. And since we humans are not immortal – we are mortal – and we all die, the “right to life” does not mean the right to not die – that is impossible. It means the right not to be killed. Meaning – the right to not have someone else decide instead of you when and how you die.

My birth was not my choice but my death certainly can and must be. As long as I do not directly hurt anyone – and I certainly do not kill, steal or rape – I should be left to myself. I entirely agree with the view, that if everyone was a stoned metal-head like me, society would collapse. If everyone was an abstaining geologist or a drinking parking officer with a bird watching hobby, society would collapse just as surely. It is precisely the interaction of wildly different types of people, that makes our civilization unique, and at the same time renews it, does not allow it to fester and stagnate.

C

People who take illegal drugs, ‘drug abusers’, officially are criminals of the worst kind, who must either go to prison, so that ‘decent folks’ don’t get infected by their wickedness, or to have their brains washed by normalizing psychiatrists, who in the previous decades kindly cured in various parts of the globe, with their pills, electric shocks and syringes: children and teenagers from masturbation; dissidents from anti-communism; women from their ‘hyper-

sexuality'; homosexuals from homosexuality. Normalizers. When one of the biomechanical dolls begins behaving strangely, or communicating with weird signals, it must be disposed of, or 'fixed'.

- "Another one with a broken brain for you, doctor."

- "Oh is that so? Lets just take a look... Hmm, yes, oh, ah yes... Nurse! Half a foot of wire, a set of B class depth perception circuits and a sexual inhibitor type 3."

In this book I mainly attempt to present and analyze the various arguments which support the need for my imprisonment or brainwashing, while at the same time presenting my own case of why I in fact should not be imprisoned or brainwashed. There are also some afterthoughts and additional comments. One final point: even if person X does not use drugs for anything 'useful' and only drifts around in a haze, this still should not make him or her a criminal. The most useless person in the world is not a criminal until killing, stealing or raping takes place. Everything else is a moral judgment of personal lifestyle, which should have no place in the *laws of states* which describe themselves as 'impartial', 'democratic' and 'free'.

Part 1: Physical Health; Mental Health; Moral Monster; Future Crime Against Somebody; Unnatural

1. Physical Health

This chapter deals with the arguments concerning the body harm which illegal drugs cause. The arguments for putting drug abusers into jail or mental institutions is that thus their health is saved. Drugs are bad for the health, they kill, jail is better, makes you live longer. Let us take the hardest drug – heroin (to which all ‘soft’ drugs eventually lead according to propaganda). I have never tried heroin, and would feel bad if someone close to me developed a heroin dependency, but I definitely would not ‘forbid’ heroin. They say “once you start heroin, you’re a goner”, and that “people die from heroin”.

These statements are absurd. People do not die from heroin alone – in fact, in places where there is a tradition of manufacturing it, like Afghanistan or Pakistan, there are old people of 80 and over, who have been taking it since they were 10, and are still alive and kicking. Or at least alive and mumbling.

People, who shoot heroin into their veins, and who die young as a direct result of this practice, die generally due to three reasons (apart from being put into jail): a) overdose; b) dirty heroin; c) disease from dirty syringe.

When someone dies from a heroin overdose, this happens because the consumer of heroin is never sure of the concentration of heroin inside the dust he buys from the dealer. Suppose that Jimmy is used to a 15% heroin and 85% added obscure crap mixture. If someone sells him a mixture in which the heroin is 30%, he must take twice less than usual, otherwise, he will have an overdose – a dose of heroin to which his organism is not conditioned. But Jimmy does not know what he buys, because it is illegal, and there is no quality control. In fact, he dies, because heroin is illegal. If heroin was legal, bought at the local drug store, with strict quality control of the product, he would not have died.

When someone dies after injecting heroin mixed with rat poison, it is reported as “junkie dies after injecting heroin”, not “citizen dead in rat poison scandal”, but if someone dies after drinking wine with rat poison in it, he will be treated as a victim of poisoning, people will not blame the wine. When Jimmy dies after taking heroin mixed with rat poison, he dies because heroin is illegal, because the market is not legal, not open, not regulated, and therefore – the consumer has zero protection. He would not have died if heroin was legal. The same goes of course, for the ‘dirty syringe’ cause of illness and death, what is needed is clean syringes, not mindless campaigns ‘against heroin’. As if making an anti-drug concert performed by hypocritical drug abusers and ran by smug cocaine and whiskey fiends can actually lower the death rate better the clean syringes and clean heroin. Only a monkey can believe this. Only an evil hypocrite will pretend to believe it. Take your pick.

Of course not only heroin kills according to the propaganda, all drugs kill and corrupt the body. Lets take marijuana – my favorite drug – it “eats up the lungs”, it “causes impotence”, it makes you into a “schizophrenic”. I could take up the arguments that the “scientific researches” which have been conducted are as biased and inconclusive, as the ones which link madness, suicide and crime with masturbation, rock’n’roll and comic books; that in fact if the state needs the scientists to prove that the Jews are treacherous mutants or that critics of the government have pathological mental disorders, scientists tend to prove exactly that; or even the classical, lame cliché argument that other, legal substances are equally harmful, or even more so, but I consider all these arguments a waste of time, as I think time itself has proven them to be.

These logical exercises do not carry power, because the opponents do not use valid logic anyway. They follow other things, some of which will be examined later on. Bottom line is: **there is no substance in the universe, which can not kill you, if you do not use it carefully, and following correct information about it.** When you break an arm or bust a vein doing fitness exercise, it is because you were not careful or not properly informed, not because fitness exercise is inherently evil, the same goes for every other practice, including sitting in a chair or taking a shower, and every known substance, including water, oxygen, and tomatoes. Use them incorrectly, and you die.

At the end of the day, my argument is the following: “my health is my health. If I so wish, I will cut off my balls and wear them on a string around my neck. This is my choice and no one can choose instead of me. If the government thinks it must impose by force upon me the

currently fashionable “health wisdom”, it’s got another thing coming”. But it can and does think this, of course, and now we proceed to examine the notions behind the force. Or is it the farce?

2. Mental Health

A

Argument number 2 for putting me into a mental hospital, is that I am no longer in the ‘real world’. That the drugs that I take ‘distort reality’, ‘cloud the senses’, that I ‘escape into a fantasy world of illusions’. And the official reality is not an illusion? It is ‘real’? I have my doubts about that. To use a cliché - raise a generation believing in angels, and they will see angels in the sky; raise a generation believing in UFO’s, and they will see UFO’s in the sky. The sad monkeys just have to be shown firmly while they are still young and defenseless what must be seen and what must not be seen, what must and what must not be thought, into which type of faces and bodies to freeze their muscles, and off they go, hurrying to complete their sick patterns of life demanded by their shared illness, before their misshaped bodies reach the point of no return of decay.

I believe that the prevailing attitude – the belief of the people of all the societies within, and on the border of our civilization, that they experience Reality – is quite unfounded, childish and dangerous. They wave a holy book, knock on a table with their knuckles, or show a picture of a molecule and believe that in this way our experience of reality is proved. What follows in the next page and a half may be tedious to some, but is very important as example of simple logic which can be used to underline untruths upon which our miseries are built.

I know very little of biology, physics or cognitive sciences. But I am nevertheless aware of the following positions, which are based on information freely and easily available to anyone who is interested. What we do actually ‘experience’ - see, hear, smell and touch - is just a tiny, microscopic part of the universe, to which our biological senses react. The final reality is beyond our reach – we can only experience what we were designed to experience, at best we can magnify with machines the experience we were designed to experience.

When a tree drops and no one is there to hear it drop, it indeed does not make a sound. Sound does not exist outside of the ears of living beings. Sound is a vibration of the air, and it actually becomes ‘sound’ as such, only when these vibrations come in contact with the ear, or any other hearing apparatus of a living creature. There are no sounds outside of us – living creatures. Only vibrations in the air. Or, to be more precise – the unknown process or thing, which we perceive with the help of our instruments as ‘vibrations’, ‘in’, ‘the air’. What is out there we can not know, only what our senses translate into sounds, smells, colours, etc. The infinite reality is way, way outside our reach.

I suppose at this point lazy ‘common sense’ counter-arguments within some readers appear – “if colours and sounds exist only inside us, how come we all react to them? If fifty humans hear a sound, does that not mean, that the sound exists outside them?” Not at all - it simply means, that the sense organs of the fifty humans are standardized, and therefore certain aspects of reality are translated into similar information (similar internal realities) by similar organs. If there were five dogs with the fifty humans, and they reacted to the sound as well, this would only mean, that some sense organs of the dogs are similar in construction to those of the humans. Not that there was an objective ‘sound’ outside these humans and dogs – there was something else, to which their ears reacted and created a ‘sound’ inside them.

This is biological standardization – humans experience one reality, pigeons another, snakes a third one, spiders a fourth, flies a sixth, fish a seventh, etc. These realities do not exist ‘outside’, but rather ‘inside’ each creature, which is synchronized with the other creatures of the same species. Each of these ‘realities’ is real enough for a species to survive, so all of these realities are real. And yet – they are different – as many different type of organisms, of senses exist on our Earth – that many are the different realities, different impressions of the environment on the organisms. Our world is a collection of an impossibly huge number of overlapping realities – but we only experience ours.

Quite apart from this *biological standardization*, is the *social standardization* – when a group of humans is programmed by other humans, to see, think, speak, live and die in the same way. Different societies in different centuries and decades, exist in (or rather ‘maintain’) different realities. These realities are constructed by humans, but not consciously. A little part – the visible, the legitimate part - of every reality is constructed and maintained consciously, the rest, the millions of details and hidden mechanisms, the lies and fears, the daemons and angels – are all subconscious. The invisible matter, the hidden patterns and logic of human realities,

are subconscious. Therefore – the human race lives in different dreams. Usually – in nightmares. And each dream is experienced as a waking reality. To the great misfortune of us all.

The *infinite* reality is beyond the socially and biologically standardized experience of the human – the *finite* realities are many, the majority of them are also inaccessibly to any specific human, and they are all equally unreal. Some societies have realized this to some extent, and allow some *diversity within the reality market*. The different political parties mirror different realities, different dreams. What is self-evident truth concerning the nature of man and society to a socialist, is questionable to a centrist and outright nonsense to a right wing conservative. You can't say that one party offers the real reality, and that the others are deluded madmen. Well you can, but I think that one-party societies suck, and if you prefer living in one, it would be pointless for you to continue reading this book. Also religions – each religion offers a different reality, sometimes radically different realities. You can't pick one out and say: "This is reality. All other religions are upheld by a bunch of hallucinating retards." The same goes for art, music, the various meditation and philosophical schools. And let's not forget the thousands and millions of 'faith healers', 'clairvoyants', 'astrologists', 'black magic' people, 'white magic' people, and anyone who waves hands, adjusts energy fields, sees into the future and speaks to shining beings from elsewhere. As long as the kneeling Christian or Muslim who speak to God are considered normal, as long as an old lady is not locked away when she looks into the future with the help of a spirit, there is no logical cause to lock me away because I happen to see weird shit when I'm high. I'm supposed to be crazy? Compared to whom? Who is the person that is the standard of normality? I have yet to meet a normal person. All I ever meet is 'slightly crazy' or 'intensely crazy', 'slightly ill', or 'very ill' - never have I met anyone with such a perfect state of the organism and psyche, to be 'completely normal', 'completely healthy'. Pretending that you are normal and healthy, while knowing quite well that you are not, and suppressing this knowledge with alcohol, pills, excessive masturbation, tobacco, soap operas or religious zeal, will only drive you deeper into the maze of lies and pain, why not give it up, experience a sharp but limited period of pain, and then with a lighter heart begin a fresh start?

In this human world which we inhabit and create, there are interchanging flows of different realities, and while I believe that there should be a *free market* of realities, the state and church believe that they have the self-evident right to be reality monopolists. I think that any

church member or lab researcher can believe what they want to believe, but this should not be state law – states are meant for other things. Humans live together and follow rules for mutual protection and to achieve things which one human can not. Exchange of products, services and ideas happens. The ‘state’ should be a number of social structures for the maintenance of a safe environment for the exchange of products, services and ideas. It should make sure that people do not steal, kill, rape, torture, deceive each other. That the strong do not take advantage of the weak, that those who can not survive by themselves are protected by others. Instead it acts like God, assuming that it has final knowledge about Man and the Universe – assuming that what I eat, drink, smoke, what I think, see, and hear and feel, should all be the way which I am told to do it. Because, you see, the state not only has the ultimate perception of the present, it also foresees the future... It knows that if I smoke marijuana or sniff some coke, I’ll become a thieving hallucinating rapist.

B

‘Decent folks’ can never admit that it is they, and their official reality, their lies and pretences, that break souls, creating the monsters around us – they can not take that responsibility for turning their children and partners into hysterics, schizophrenic, sadists and murderers, and always look for an evil outside agency – the devil, the conspiracy, the drugs, the bad music, the bad films... Spending every waking moment protecting their fragile primitive realities from information which might destroy them, and pretending all the while that they are not doing this. With not relaxation, but relapses into uncontrollable mental spasms during sleep, followed upon waking by quick ‘zipping’ of the mental files concerning what was dreamt.

What I see, do and think is my business. It becomes the business of society, when I either kill, steal or rape; or when I am so socially inadequate, that I walk into walls, crap into my pants and generally can not survive for an hour without someone’s help. And please note: not if it is *assumed by someone that in a number of months or years* I will begin stealing, or walking into walls – this is wild speculation, unfounded bullshit– but if I *actually do* begin stealing or walking into walls. These are two very different things, one is paranoid speculation of ill monkeys, the other is what is called a ‘fact’. I, my friends, and millions of drug abusers the world over, neither steal nor walk into walls, but still are singled out for prison and compulsory mental hospitalization, due to the fashionable theories, the fashionable ‘certainties’ of what we will do in the coming years and decades. And even if I do kill someone in the year 2030 – and not for any other reason, but because ‘drugs made me do it’ -

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

