

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 inaccessible 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’ -

is this reason to put me in jail in 2007? This is insane – not acceptable even by early Star Trek logic, but amazingly enough – accepted by politicians, doctors and citizens in all the countries of the world. But this is the topic of another chapter, to return to ‘mental health’ issues: whatever goes on inside my mind, whatever goes on below my skin, while I am able to carry out a conversation, earn money, and cross a street, I am socially adequate, therefore not ‘crazy’ and whatever I see, do or think must not be controlled by the policeman, the doctor or the politician. If a chronically depressed, guilt ridden emotional sado-masochist who works a boring job and has a wall of lies between him and his partner and friends, thinks that he is the one to judge whether I am ‘normal’, by taking himself as an example of ‘normality’, it is his right to do so, that is ‘freedom’, but if his views are imposed on me by use of police-forces and medical institutions, this ‘sucks’.

3. Moral Monster

A.

An argument outside of the modernistic sphere of ‘compulsory health protection’, which is used to justify forcing me into a situation of simultaneously giving the government money in taxes, and get harassment and fear in return, is an older, more ancient type of argument - that drug abusers are *moral monsters*. Those who take drugs are immoral, they have no sense of good or bad, allowed and forbidden, and that means that they are not civilized. They are unpredictable barbarians who must be locked away, if society is to survive.

But what is it that the decent folks fear? What is the image of the ‘death of society’, which would appear, if I am not jailed? Death? Violence? Pain? Fear? They are all here, they are present already, and have existed for centuries, since the beginning of recorded history. There are murderers; rapists; thieves and robbers; there are brutal wars; there are sadistic fathers and sadistic mothers and sadistic children; and there is blood lust which takes over the minds of riot police and makes them beat helpless people. None of the above can in any way be the result of me and my friends smoking pot, or tripping on acid, or even that guy in the park shooting up what he fondly believes to be heroin.

To say that I am one of the millions who sponsor the ‘mafia’ by buying illegal drugs, and thus indirectly cause harm, is to repeat drooling self-righteous hysterics, who base crude logic on false assumptions. I buy illegal drugs because they are not legal. If they were legal I would be buying legal drugs and I would not mind at all sponsoring the state instead of the ‘mafia’ – but I do not have this choice – because of the state. And even if I *am* indirectly responsible for keeping some mob boss satisfied – since when is such indirect responsibility to be punished by prison? What, like I should be jailed or put into a hospital if I buy fruits without demanding to see documents concerning the working conditions of those who picked it, and the tax paid by those who employed them? Of those who made the t-shirt I am wearing and those who distributed it? If it were a free market I would be able to choose to whom to give my money – but it’s an illegal market, because of the state, so I pay to whoever offers. I don’t wish it to be so – I would much rather prefer to have choice as a consumer. So to first take away the possibility for legal buying of the drugs I use – and then jail me for ‘sponsoring organized crime’ is not only self-contradictory – its as hypocritical as it gets.

Another issue in the matter of the moral monster phenomenon, is that the ‘moral values’, enforced at least on the level of talking by the decent folks, are:

- a) not dominant in today’s society. They only pretend that life works according to their ‘moral values’ – it doesn’t. And anyway, they are the first to lie, bribe and slobber over a relative’s child on their lap.
- b) these moral values never were dominant., never were really followed. Every generation has a ‘golden age’ in the past when everything was alright, but today everything is wrong. Sad, sad, crazy, crazy monkeys.

When adults try to program children to live by certain rules, they are not telling the children all the facts. Rather, the adults construct a *controlled information cocoon* around the child, a micro universe, which follows not the rules observable in the every day, adult world, but ‘special good rules’ which exist in the shallow imagination of the adult. The adult follows the delusion, that if he/she lies and confuses and threatens the child enough, if the right method to achieve this is found – then somehow the resulting mixture of mental and emotional crap is the ‘good child’, which will surely grow up into a ‘good person’. Because the adult also maintains a controlled information cocoon around *himself* as well, to protect his/her miserable attempts at personality from disillusionment, and if the child does not accept such a cocoon,

this places in danger the adult's cocoon. The child must be threatened and cajoled into the lie of the adult, because the lie of the adult depends upon people believing in it.

When the next generation is programmed it is always programmed in the 'good things' of the current reality, while the 'bad things' are treated as not really existing. The child learns to lie to itself and perceive consciously only the reality insisted upon by the adults, turning itself into one of them. A mess of fear, pain, confusion, desperately attempting to identify itself with its projected role. Desperately to try to be the mask it wears, refusing to accept what is behind it, refusing to accept that such a difference even exists. And whatever was in the beginning behind the mask withers away as the years pass, it rots into dust, ignored by the person, until what is left behind the mask is only foul darkness. Any wonder that no one is prepared to admit there is something behind the mask?

Thus it is a futile, doomed for inescapable psychological reasons, attempt of every dominant generation, to try to re-create through the next generation a world which would be just like the current one, but without the 'bad stuff'. Decade after decade, a flood of 'good programming' information is directed in inadequate manners by mentally and emotionally sick monkeys, at those who must be programmed, and decade after decade there is angered disbelief of the programmers, that the world just does not correspond to their hypocritical guilt-ridden collective dream. It must be, of course, the fault of those, who do not act in the game of pretence, but live by a different logic, in a different reality.

B.

From an 'information flow' point of view, society is shaped by:

- a) Consciously directed information, with the intent of programming the population to follow a certain set of values, norms and other fictions. Such programming bursts of 'shape-giving', 'simple reality constructing' information, are produced by the state, the church, the local 'organization for morality and fatherland' and in short any institutionalized group of people, who see their calling as being the inheritors, shapers, the controllers of true reality.
- b) The independent flows of information, and the random combinations of different competing realities, which create unpredictable ideas and worlds.

Although I personally seem to prefer the 'random' information structure, I do not go as far as to say, that the 'structured', information is unneeded – I am writing some right now, am I not? I can not imagine a world of 'random' information only. But it is exactly through the

interplay between ‘random’ and ‘structured’ information, between ‘random’ and ‘structured’ realities, that civilization is being kept alive, is given youth. If the ‘random’ side of the information flow is repressed, there follows a brief glory of a ‘structured’ world, before its inevitable, bloody, horrific death. As happened to the European civilization in the first half of the 20th century, and the most extreme example of this process – Nazi Germany. Even if it succeeds in existing for more than 20 years without exploding, the ‘ultra-structured’ world of controlled information flows is maintained on one hand by the officials turning a blind eye on the black market which prevents the economy from collapse, and on the other - by a constant parallel underworld of threats, kidnappings, tortures and executions – like in the USSR and many dead and contemporary societies, where only happy, positive stuff is allowed to be shown on the surface.

It absolutely must be remembered, that it’s highly disciplined people, with clear moral values, and inbred loyalty and self-sacrifice, who conducted many of the horrors of the Second World War. ‘Disciplined’, ‘moral’, ‘loyal’ – this is a description of the Nazis. I’ve met in many books a question baffling the authors: how was it possible for the best educated and most disciplined people in Europe – the Germans¹ - to behave like such monsters? I find nothing strange in this. The German system of programming the population was the most efficient one, it created the best possible robots, and they did what they were told to do. No mystery here. That is what you get, if the only reality available is the official state one. Another type of *disciplined, courageous, loyal and conservatively moral* people is the one consisting of individuals who blow themselves up on bus stops.

A main reason for the reaction of the decent folks against other realities, is that the very fact of existence of another set of values, automatically makes their decent official reality ‘relative’ as in ‘not the supreme and only official reality’. Having the possibility of choice between different truths makes robots very very nervous and prone to unpredictable acts of violence.

There always have been monsters among humans, who behave in horrific fashion – who rape their children, beat their partners, kill for pleasure, humiliate weaker people, etc.. These monsters existed before the war on drugs was invented, they will exist long after the war on

¹ As well as most ‘disciplined’, ‘loyal’, etc., people in East Asia – the Japanese.

drugs has been forgotten. The existence of these monsters is made possible by, among other things, the endlessly perpetuated hypocritical world of a 'pretend reality', and the unspoken 'dark' sides. Below the official reality of the decent folks is bubbling a dark counterweight abyss, full of forbidden pleasures and horrific nightmares. What the decent folks don't realize, is that the dark abyss within them exists only because they keep up a pretend reality by constantly lying to themselves. It's a mental compensating mechanism. Stop lying to yourself, examine honestly what you are, and you no longer will have to exercise all available mental energy to suppress 'the animal below', because there is no 'animal below', without 'the hypocrite above'. This is the difference between a mental 'free market', and a mental 'state plan economy', compensated by a mental black market.

When *free market* is replaced by *state and corporate monopoly*, there automatically appears a cruel and primitive *black market*, to compensate the obvious untruths and therefore inefficiencies of the structured monopoly. There is in such a society on one side an endless official war against the black market, and on the other – everyone gets things really done the black market way.

Inevitably, in any society of more than one type of human psyches, there are overlapping realities, but there must be a liberal market of competing realities, if we are to avoid the cruel primitivism of the black market and the sophisticated sadism of the state officials. This goes for society in general, it also goes for the individual's mind – if you hide from yourself the 'bad stuff' and only see the 'good stuff', very quickly hysteria or schizophrenia sets in – as it has indeed set in, in mild, medium, and intense form, in almost everyone. Similar rules I believe apply both to the information management of the individual mind, and of society in general, as society (being a set of beliefs, values, truths and taboos) exist only in the minds of the individuals which inhabit it, and is therefore a projection of the dominant structure of the psyche.

So on one hand, our psyches are programmed by society, on the other – society exists only within our minds. On one hand I am shaped by external forces, on the other – there's nothing out there. Well – there are other beings like me, who keep communicating between each other patterns of information, which they believe to be the existing reality around them, a belief for which most are prepared to kill and some – to die. They'd rather kill, they'd rather die, then admit that they are ill liars. Proving, of course, that they indeed are very ill liars.

C.

Talking of projections - Civilization is on the brink of collapse not because the structured efforts of the state and decent folks are unable to create their perfect world. Civilization is on the brink, because they – the inhabitants of the dominant dreams - are succeeding far too well, following their own lies to the disasters to which they lead them, with increasingly more effective technologies to translate these inevitable disasters into global mayhem.

When the movements against opium appeared in Great Britain in the 19th century, it being an ‘immoral’ drug, the people fighting the use of opium would say: ‘look what’s happening in China! You get addicts who sell their wives and children just to be able to buy the drug.’ Oooh, my, what an evil drug, tsk, tsk. Well how come a modern junkie in Detroit or Paris doesn’t sell his wife and kids? Its not opium which made 19th century Chinese society into a place where the wife and children are seen as products which can be bought and sold! A fucked up society is fucked up with or without opium. And it’s not smoking cigarettes, which transforms old Cambodian peasants into skeletons, whatever the educational films on TV may say. And it’s not heroin that makes modern Russia what it is today. Or perhaps it was vodka that was responsible for the appearance of the USSR, and beer for the appearance of the Third Reich? And marijuana smoking is responsible for the bloody civil wars in Africa? It is not alcohol or drugs which makes possible the miseries of this world, its just that we allow ourselves to admit to the existence of these miseries only when connected to someone we can despise or pity. Which just shows how pathetic we are.

The current obsession with childhood sexuality, resulting in ‘pedophile tourism’, and child pornography being the dark secret of our synthetic clean society, is the direct result of the hysterical attempts of the mechanized corpses to ensure ‘control’ over themselves and others through lies and emotional violence. They lead a life of evasions, denials, emotional games of domination and humiliation. Refusing to accept that their life and their mask are not the same thing, that they are full of suppressed fear and pain, by ignoring them, they let the fear and pain to secretly take life over, and shape all activities and feelings. Forever wondering “Did anyone see? Did anyone see behind my mask?” And congratulating themselves “No one saw! No one saw behind my mask!”, and then lying to themselves “No mask! No mask exists! This is all that I am – nothing else! Nothing else!”

They see children, with their innocent perceptions and naïve emotions, and they feel strange. They are jealous of the children. But instead of asking themselves ‘why am I not like that any longer? Can I ever do something to be like that for at least five minutes?’ they try neurotically

to infect themselves with the innocence of children by physical contact, in the process destroying what they do not have but desperately want. And after a while, they get twisted pleasure just from the fact of destroying a soul, or of getting satisfaction of going through pathetic rituals with soul already destroyed before. And this is not that strange – for what else can a soul which is destroyed itself, desire?

What will happen, if in spite of its inefficiency and absurdities, the machine of the official reality suddenly succeeds in all fields? When the last visible ‘drug abuser’, ‘pervert’, ‘nut case’ and ‘delinquent’ are jailed or hospitalized, there will follow half a decade of forced happy smiling and collective building, before the internal pressures of the primitive robot’s psyche blow the world into smithereens once again.

4. Future Crime Against Somebody

Now that we have examined the “medical”, “psychiatric”, and “moral” arguments of the opposition, comes the turn of the “crime prevention” arguments. It goes as follows: when a human begins taking illegal drugs, so immediately begins of a long chain of events, which ends with him/her stealing, killing and raping. As this is considered to be scientific wisdom, it justifies the state intervention. According to this logic, in the end it does not matter where on the road to your future crimes you may be – you are on the road to them and that is all that counts - it’s not a question of “if” but “when”, and that is why it is the duty of the state to

intervene and put you safely into jail, thus preventing crimes which would otherwise have occurred.

“Science” can not predict what the fashion will be in five years, it can not predict, what artwork or film will ‘change the world’ next season, it can not predict when civil unrest will erupt, or a new energy drink will conquer the bars, but it is dead certain, a 100%, that individual ‘A’ who smokes pot, sniffs coke, trips acid or injects morphine, will *inevitably* become a thief, robber, rapist or murderer². And whenever you point out, that in the past science proved that its ok for children to work for 11 hours in a factory, or that opium and tobacco are beneficial for the health, they just say: ‘that was then. Now we know how things really stand’. Typical arrogance. Every generation of scientists believe that it is them who have discovered the final truth. And how can you persuade the public that this is not the case, when the doctor and the policeman are breathing down your neck?

If science was that far advanced, that it could accurately predict the life of any human being, just from examining his or her blood or urine – we would not be living in the world we do. We would be living in a Brave New World of totally controlled perceptions and emotions, or in a Mystical Fragmented Utopia. As things stand – we just don’t know when a husband will murder a wife, when a bank manager will run off leaving ruins behind, or when the market or civil peace crash. And to claim that we do know, is pathetic. But instead of honestly admitting that there are huge areas of life in which events can not be easily predicted, people pretend that these dark holes do not exist, and fill them with imagined causes, effects, and characters. In my case, the imagined character is the vile junkie, the imagined cause is the vile drug, and the imagined effect is violence against another person.

I am caught in this dream which is not of my making, because the dream is enforced by policemen, doctors, politicians and ‘decent folks’.

True – a certain chunk of humanity is made up of monsters, but the group of monsters is not made up of drug abusers alone. It contains monster who are teachers, doctors, soldiers, policemen, salesmen, cleaners. Monsters, which drink alcohol, or coffee, or tea, or eat cake, who listen to pop, and who listen to classical music. Of the drug abusers a minority are monsters, a lot are just generally unpleasant. But then – the same goes for the rest of

² Just like in the past (and in some contemporary societies) it would have come from reading Spiderman, watching Aliens or listening to Elvis Presley.

humanity. There is no ‘cosmic’, ‘natural’, ‘biological’, ‘psychological’ or ‘social’ reason for every pot-head, coke-fiend or speed-freak to turn into a robber, rapist or a killer. Some probably will – most won’t – just like with every group of people in urban and agricultural communities.

5. Unnatural

As popular as the preceding arguments, is the one that taking drugs is ‘unnatural’. This argument is put forward by many groups:

- by members of sects and sub-sects, to whom ‘natural’ is ‘what God said’;
- by ‘political conservatives’, for whom ‘natural’ means ‘what our grandfathers did’;
- by ‘atheist scientists’ for whom ‘natural’ is ‘what current lab research shows’;
- also by people who sit with crossed legs, stick their tongues to the roofs of their mouths, count their breaths, and support the war against drugs on grounds that humans have no use for ‘artificial substances’ from the ‘outside’.

As if spaghetti, tea and eyeglasses are not artificial substances from outside. Humans are not self-contained closed systems. We are open systems, constantly exchanging substances with the ‘outside world’. When people speak of ‘natural’ and ‘unnatural’ practices, they assume that they know what ‘natural’ is. From what I gather from clever books, a natural state for a human is to go around naked, eat berries, kill animals with its teeth, eat everything raw, communicate with grunts and howls with other humans, and, if lucky, die of old age around 20 something. Everything we humans do today, and have done for thousands of years, is unnatural. It is the opposite of natural – ‘artificial’. Teeth chew what they were not designed to chew, the digestive system digests what it was not designed to digest, the air, the sounds, the body itself, is very very rarely in a ‘natural’ position. Our environment reflects in a warped way our biology, but in no way is it the original ecological niche which we occupied when we were ‘natural’.

Artificiality is made possible by the existence of human society which is based not on inherited information (like the societies of bees, ants, wolves, elephants) but information acquired through symbols, through mediums like conversations, books, pictures... Whenever we humans are faced by a choice between different practices and situations, we can never, while living in a society at least, be choosing between 'natural' and 'unnatural', but between different kinds of 'unnatural'. Just like talk of 'maintaining a natural balance' is logically invalid, so is talk of 'unnatural practices'. A balance which is natural maintains itself. A balance which is maintained by humans is artificial. Therefore, when a balance is maintained by human efforts it can not be natural – it is artificial. No natural balance maintaining ecologist or contemplator likes to admit this, because to them 'natural' equals good and 'artificial', 'unnatural' – bad. Most people are in the same mental trip, calling natural what they consider good, and unnatural what they consider bad. Which is 'only natural'. Of course taking drugs is unnatural. But so is working in a bank, drinking coffee, washing teeth and wearing socks.

Being put into prison or a mental home is certainly not 'more natural', than smoking marijuana. Living naked in the forest is natural. And even if I am completely wrong, and driving a car or using electricity for light is indeed by some sick logic far more natural than smoking a plant or injecting its extract – why should this be a question of such magnitude as to put me into jail or mental home? Why should anyone the hell care if what I do is natural or unnatural? Because I anger the gods? But I don't believe in your gods! So in the end it is all a question of punishing me for not believing in your gods? But, if I am a danger by not believing in them, if I make them less real or powerful by not believing in them – how pathetic are they? How pathetic are you? And if I don't affect them – then why do you or they care?

Some people would wave a holy book at me, and say that I was in fact created by 'the Lord', and therefore am his property, and to not do with myself what he commands me to do is a crime. What can I say?

1. I don't believe you actually talk to this Master and know what he wants – you are lying;
2. I don't believe he exists at all in the way you describe him– rather he is a symptom of your mental illness;

3. If he *does* exist in the way you describe him, and *does* tell you what you say he does – he can kiss his property goodbye, because it has just declared independence;
4. If I am wrong – I’ll get what I deserve after I die. This is between me and him. It’s none of your business.
5. Your business is what happens on the outside – if I steal, kill or rape. What happens on the inside – this is so *not* your territory.

6. Conclusion

We have examined the main positions of the opponents. All of them, on closer examination, as I hope to have shown convincingly, turn out to be obscure magical/psychotic incantations, based on the assumed, ‘self-evident’ truths of various dreams which follow various unconscious scenarios, but all four carry strong emotional appeal for the inhabitants of our society. One final example of the lack of valid logic in the war on drugs are the marijuana laws. When one points out to the politicians how absurd it is when possession of a plant meant for smoking leads to equal or higher prison sentences³ in comparison to crimes like assault of a person, robbery and rape, there are two ‘liberal arguments’ given in return:

1. “Although this is the punishment in our law books, of course we don’t *really* put kids with a cigarette of marijuana into jail for years! The judges can see that the law should not be enforced to its full extent in such cases, and go easier on the young delinquents.”
2. “In our society small prison sentences or even just fines are the official punishments for possession of a small amount of marijuana. It’s only the dealers who are severely punished.”

In the first case the opposition actually admits that the laws are inadequate and that it would be wrong to enforce them the way they are written. Then what is the point of these laws? The point is political – declare the activity of 30% of the inhabitants illegal, and keep them in

³ In many places of the world – even to execution.

perpetual fear. You don't have even to have enough prisons or mental homes to lock them away – you can't lock them all away anyway – society will collapse – but you can always keep them guilty and weak in front of the state authority. Like in previous decades and to this day in many societies there are laws against homosexuality. Millions do it, everyone knows that millions do it, but strict laws against it allow keeping a huge chunk of the population in fear.

The second argument, that only people who are seen by the law as 'dealers' get severe sentences, is not based so much on a logic of political tyranny, but rather on almost sincere attempts of finding a compromise between the mass hysteria and common sense. It's good that there are societies in which you don't have your arm cut off if you have a cigarette of marijuana, but still, the idea that you must get it from the thin air and not from someone else is absurd. There is a hint of the Anglo-Saxon concept of 'fair play' in this – 'if we catch you with a little amount its ok, if we catch you with more – tough luck.'

PRAGMATIC ISSUES

Behind this abstract logic of oppression, there are of course, also simple pragmatic issues:

- careers which politicians make by their anti-drug/indecency crusades;
- promotions which police officers get for catching an X amount of "drug abusing and dealing scum";
- huge profits which the organized crime has from the illegal status of drugs
- a splendid excuse for restricting civil freedoms.
- some of the huge organized crime profits finding their ways into cops pockets and politicians bank accounts.

From a practical point of view, the current war on drugs is good for everyone – the politicians are happy; the mafia is happy; the police is happy; the population is happy. "The war on drugs" is a survival strategy of so many people, that if drugs were to be legalized tomorrow, millions would be lost to some, careers would be lost to others, whole national economies would be seriously threatened, and the poor decent folks would have to find another group which to blame for everything which is wrong in their lives, another group with which to compare and to feel smug about themselves.

REALITY DEFENCE

But behind the confused emotional logic, the lies, as well as the ‘common sense’ pragmatism, there is a third layer of explanation. It has to do with the state protecting its “reality” from subversion. In dictatorships and totalitarian regimes it is known all too well, that not only political hints, but also simple “strangeness”, “outlandishness” can make the state censor to forbid a work of art.

The sheer “avant-garde” is dangerous in itself, because it subverts the legitimate rules of reality, by offering an alternative. And people’s jobs, marriages, all activities which keep them alive and give meaning to their lives, their ‘survival strategies’, exist only as long as the reality which makes them possible exists. So it is an intuitive feeling of self-preservation which makes the decent folks fear and hate ‘drugs’, makes them laugh at strange paintings and get depressed from strange music. But of course, no society can remain unchanged. The fight which they lead is doomed from the start – change in general can not be halted, drugs in particular can not be ‘un-invented’, you can not turn the clock back to the moment before drugs appeared, and by putting everyone you catch taking them into prison, you do not ensure a stable and happy society, all you ensure, is an illusory peace of mind for yourself.

SUMMARY

To put it simply: it is my belief, that mind affecting drugs are divided into legal and illegal by a simple criteria. The drugs which shut out the worrying thoughts and emotions and help a citizen go through his or her routine with a smile are legal, while drugs which lead to brooding self-examination, or out-worldly bliss, and therefore to questioning or ignoring of the current rules and expectations, are illegal. Drugs which help you stay programmed are legal, drugs which can be used for personal de-programming are outlawed.

Part 2: Afterthoughts

1. Circles of Hypocrisy

When life in Europe was ran by Kings and Christian churches, at the end of the Middle Ages, a group of morbid perverts appeared. They were completely insane, had no respect for the holy aspects of life and death, or even for common decency. These people felt the need, the unholy and sinful craving, to dig up dead bodies, or bribe unworthy individuals to deliver bodies to them. After getting their hands on the dead people, they would cut them up into small bits, dissecting them layer by layer, organ by organ, until finally the body would no longer look like a dead human being, but like a mess of flesh, bones and body fluids. Society was outraged at these desecrations, some of these madmen were caught, mobbed, hang, burnt, but this did not stop the others, for they were driven by the devil. These madmen are the founders of modern surgery. Bought, used and sold by the rich, hated by simple villager and high priest alike, hunted like criminals, burnt like heretics, they continued their search for knowledge. Today, surgeons are no longer a hunted minority, but to the contrary – a respected part of the establishment. Centuries have passed, and surgeons, practicing and experimenting alike, are now an integral part of the official reality. These days no surgeon remembers the past, the heroic age, when one was advancing human knowledge at an enormous personal cost. No, they are proud of being a respected class of the establishment and probably sometimes wonder, what does make the outsiders choose to be outsiders. Are they all mad perhaps?

When Gallileo looked through his telescope, what he saw was a reality totally outside the official medieval dream. The church said that there are only seven heavenly bodies, corresponding by divine logic with the seven holes in a human head. But Gallileo saw more, way more heavenly bodies. He saw a universe beyond the imagination of anyone around him. So much beyond, that when he offered to church members the opportunity to look through his telescope, they flatly refused. For they knew what there is to know about reality, so logically, what they would see through the telescope would be an evil illusion of Satan. So they refused to look, to be contaminated.

Morphine was introduced more than a century ago. It relieved pain. But today millions are forced to suffer intolerable pain daily, just because Morphine is 'bad'. I'm sorry sir, but you'll have to be a curled up ball of pain – you see, Morphine is an evil drug. You may curse us now, but in the end you will realize we are saving you from a horrible evil.

In the 1930-ties, the firm Bayer introduced 'heroin' – a medicine which stops coughing completely. After heroin got outlawed other similar anti-cough medicines appeared, like Codterpine, but soon were outlawed too, or put under very strict surveillance. I'm sorry sir – I know that you can't sleep because of your terrible cough, and that you keep the whole house awake, but this is for your own good. Coughing shouldn't be suppressed, you know.

The founding father of psychoanalysis – Sigmund Freud invented cocaine as we know it today. Using it allowed him to push back the boundaries of his thoughts, as the 19th century neared its end. Without it there would be no psychoanalysis. Charles Darwin was an opium fiend. No "evolution theory", no "survival of the fittest" without opium. Everyone's favorite politician – JFK – was an injected amphetamine addict. Of course, today this is under the carpet, and if ever admitted, brushed off as "peculiar quirks" of an eccentric genius. Well I myself would certainly like to be able to practice these peculiar quirks without having to go to jail. Or do I have to invent a whole science or make a Cuba crisis to justify my use of drugs? What is this – a question of a reward for accomplishments? Some sort of pleasure reserved only for demigods? Or like morphine today – liberally available only for people with terminal cancer – a reward for being near death? Scratch the surface of modernity and you immediately strike stone age system of roles, status, basic social interaction.

They lap up music inspired by drugs, they enjoy movie special effects inspired by drugs, they read books, look at painting inspired by drugs, and they are loving it. But if they ever catch you actually taking the drugs – it's off to the funny farm boyo.

When great musicians of the 20th century are being publicly discussed, their use of drugs is always presented as an unfortunate side-effect of the 'dangers of fame'. Or sometimes just as the negative side of the personality. It is never stated publicly that the great artists and musicians who took drugs took them for inspiration, that these drugs were indispensable instruments for achieving that which they have achieved.

Obviously people do things for reasons, with the aim of achieving something. Consciously AND unconsciously. Drugs are tools for changing perceptions. They are in use when perceptions need to be changed. This is not the same as 'escaping reality'. Escaping reality is achieved by happy pills, alcohol and religion. If, for instance, a government decides to take urban high school boys and send them to the other side of the world, to patrol the jungle and play deadly hide and seek with armed and dangerous natives, what have we got? We've got a

generation put into an impossible situation, looking for solutions to survive. The epidemic use of marijuana and heroin in Vietnam by American conscripts was, and still is regarded either as a 'moral failure' of 'decadent imperialist invaders', or as a suicidal reaction to a horrible environment. No one looks at the possibility, that by these drugs the poor guys were trying to survive on a deadly alien world: a drug which opens the senses and a drug which gives deadly calm.

The wave of 'drug abusing rebels' in the late 1960-ties in the Anglo-Saxon world and Western Europe came as gentle thunder. Love, peace, tolerance was much talked about, and even practiced for about four years, before the establishment reacted and killed with laws, punitive police actions and general contempt this naïve, desperate attempt of a generation to simultaneously understand what's wrong and to put it right. Now they are remembered as 'lazy, sex – obsessed junkies'. Who brought forward to the general public the concept of planetary ecology? The hippies did! Now the suits and suitcases pretend that it is they – ministers and ministries – which have invented 'ecology'. Who made it possible to practice sex outside the 'norms' and 'morals' of the previous centuries? We wouldn't have the sexual freedom we have today if it wasn't for the hippies. We'd still be like we were in the 1940-ties. What about the right of a young man not to shipped off against his will to fight a purposeless war somewhere far away? Or the right of a woman not to have her choices restricted to 'respectable wife' and 'whore', with no middle ground? All this is the heritage not of government institutions suddenly becoming 'progressive' (as they pretend it happened) – this is the heritage of the long haired junkie protesting on the street and having his/her head bashed in. Today – in the very beginning of the 21st century, everyone talks of 'good' or 'bad energy' coming from some person, 'good' or 'bad energy' in someone's home, 'alternative medicine' is at an all time high – all this was made possible, was introduced into the neurotic society of robots by kids on LSD you hypocrites! Every housewife who uses alternative medicine or comments on the energy of someone, but supports war against drugs should go to hell. Every parent that so completely messes up the upbringing of his child that the kid becomes dependant on heroin, and then sends off this kid to jail or a mental institution... Oooh, sometimes I get so mad...

The hippie experiment failed – wide eyed, stoned, smiling people can not survive in the grinder – and they were grinded up. Some withdrew into Asian religions and agricultural communities, others disappeared somewhere in the third world, some just broke down and either locked their soul away again, and got a haircut, suit and job, or overdosed. A certain

portion adapted, and entered the 'normal' social life, without quite forgetting the other realities. If it wasn't for them, no one would give a damn about 'diversity', 'sustainable development', 'fair trade', 'freedom of sexuality', 'religious tolerance', neither would anyone be bothered with 'recycling', 'fossil fuel conservation' or 'animal species extinction'. What today is seen as self-evident part of life by the 'decent folks', was introduced decades ago into the public debate by the very people who were beaten and despised by decent folks protecting other decent folks.

Indeed, many talented humans burn themselves up, trying earnestly and chaotically to find the answer. I can relate to that, even though I wouldn't like it to happen to a friend of mine. And if people think, that's its better, and more honorable, to live a life of a machine, which is allowed to enjoy sometimes the animal pleasures, and not 'waste yourself' looking for the answer – well, it's their choice, and I will respect it, as long as they respect other's choices...

The numbers of people wasting away from drugs need not be so high at all. If there is comprehensive public information about the use and effects of these drugs. If there is strict quality control... Then it will be a private pastime, as safe (and of course as obsessive) as any other hobby, or 'lifestyle'.

2. The Experienced Reality

We all know, that a human can die from fear. Someone is startled, shocked by a frightening event and drops dead as a result. A human can also die from sorrow, from self pity, from self hatred. All these things which kill you can not be touched, can not be seen, they exist only in the mind, but are capable of killing nevertheless. These 'thoughts', produce 'emotions', to which the body reacts chemically and physically. A thought, a feeling, can help someone survive in impossible situations, but they can also kill as successfully as a real gun.

These invisible killers do not appear out of nothing, they are reactions to the outside world, to the signals which people, books, TV, send to us. During our life, we are surrounded by signals, by information which slowly eats away at our mental and emotional defenses, which

slowly kills us. This is called stress. Many people react to this by trying to limit the amount of information around them. Like campaigning against violent films and nudity. Or shutting out the worrying information by creating a mental wall with alcohol or prescription “happy pills”. Or trying to concentrate on one area of life and completely ignore the other areas.

There is always a “black market” when impulses are repressed, a black market of the soul, which contains all the stuff which the conscious mind refuses to accept. Stuff concerning the person in question, as well as the world around him/her. Some people succeed completely in suppressing ‘the other side’ of themselves, and actually divide into separate personalities – they *split* themselves. It isn’t even always a dramatic condition – just ‘normal’ everyday schizophrenia. We all know people who are sometimes person A and nice to be with, and sometimes person B, who is horrible. Others secretly practice things, which they are later ashamed of, and refuse to think about it until the next time the repressed information overflows, and is acted out in one neurotic ritual or other.

When I, or anyone else, say “Jimmy”...hahaha... When Jimmy lights up a joint, or takes some LSD, or eats a weird mushroom, he, after that act, experiences certain things. But these experiences are not - not - contained in the drug itself. *The drug is not a cartridge of information like a CD, a cassette or a book, the cigarette of cannabis does not contain within itself the trip which follows when Jimmy inhales the smoke.* The trip is within Jimmy himself, the drug activates it. The trip is not inside the drug, the drug is the trigger of the trip. The emotions, the pictures, symbols, sequences, etc., which make up Jimmy’s trip when high, were already inside Jimmy, no new information has entered his brain by the act of sucking at the joint, what has happened is that for the duration of the “high” experience, Jimmy’s mental and emotional patterns, the patterns of existing information are re-arranged, dis-arranged. New realities or new aspects of the ordinary reality appear. The dreams begin dividing, intertwining and changing.

The debate concerning the *inherited knowledge* which humans (may) have, the knowledge they are born with, their “instincts”, has been going on for a long time. From the very beginning of my awareness of the existence this debate, I have been in militant opposition to the “pro-instinct” view, perhaps because “I was born this way” is a weak excuse, which is used much too often⁴. Ever since I started examining such notions, it has struck me as absurd, to assume that when a child of a basketball player or a drunk, becomes a basketball player or a

⁴ Not to mention the instances of political oppression justified by claims that ‘nature’ is being followed.

drunk, it is because of the “blood”, because of some information stored in the child’s DNA. To me it was, and still is, blindingly obvious, that the “blood heritage” contains information concerning the number of fingers and limbs, and the color of the skin and eyes, but not a micro gram of social information, like what profession or lifestyle the child will choose. Social information is not inherited, but transferred onto the child by the inhabitants of the social environment – first the parents, than their friends, than the kids and grownups on the street and in school, then by the interaction with the whole info-sphere – TV, books, internet, etc. When the child of a drunk becomes a drunk, or a child of hysteric becomes a hysteric, this is not because some information contained in its DNA suddenly became active, but because the child’s psyche was made, was programmed, consciously and unconsciously, by a hysteric or a drunk⁵. The child after all, while still with an unformed character, is programmed by *everything* an adult does or says, not just by the “pray to god”, “do not tell lies” statements.

There was a point at which I denied the existence of any instincts in the human at all, but I had to modify my opinions, funnily enough, after I became conscious of some of my dog’s behavior. My dog is a toy poodle – as far from a wolf as a dog can get – but still, sometimes he does things, which no one had taught him to do:

1. When he plays with a toy, he sometimes bites it and shakes his head violently. It is fun to watch, but must be a distorted predator instinct – to bite into the prey and to violently rip out a chunk of meat, or to bite into a smaller animal, and break its spine.
2. When he takes a crap outside, he then lamely tries to cover up his crap with earth, by using his hind legs. This is also a distorted instinct of a wild animal, which must hide evidence of its presence from other animals.
3. Sometimes, when he wants to lie down, he turns around in circles, trying to soften up the pillow, or chair, or floor, with his paws. A third example of behavior which he was not taught by anyone, and therefore – inherited behavior, “instinct”, from a time when a wolf or wild dog must make himself a comfortable resting spot in the wilderness.

If we accept the theory, that we humans have evolved from a slightly different animal species, although we know next to nothing of this mystical animal species, I think it is safe to assume, that the difference between us and them, is as big, if not bigger, than the difference between my dog and the original wolf-like wild beasts. In history books it is said, that the dog was domesticated around 15 000 BC. Today, my toy poodle still has some distorted remains of the

⁵ Which only illustrates the need to de-program one self if one is ever to approach something like freedom.

instincts of the original wild beasts. Therefore, I no longer find absurd the notion, that some instincts may still be operating in humans. What I find absurd is the silly examples which people give concerning our instincts. Although it is logically valid to assume that there must be some inherited information patterns inside us, it is also valid to assume, that we are as blind to it, as we are to air, and as fish is to water. It is an integral part of us, and to actually see it, is very very difficult. When we think we see it, its usually something else completely, something which can be explained by other means, without us having to invoke DNA, YHVH, or ET, depending on the prevailing supernatural leanings. Invoking God, Nature, Biology, Aliens, to give an explanation to a difficult phenomenon, is pure laziness of the brain.

There's a lot of stuff we know about the world, and an enormous amount of what we don't know, and when encountering something for which there is no humanly logical explanation, it is much more honorable to say 'I don't know. Yet.', instead of filling the unknown with stuff which makes you feel safe, or secure in knowledge. Of course, this is my personal view, everyone is free to perceive the world whichever way they prefer, even those who I think are horrible people have this right, what I'm saying is, that no-one must force their own loony notions upon me, and especially not have the police or military at their disposal when they try to do it.

When one is open minded, and does not take for granted the spoken and unspoken 'self – evident truths', and when one does not force by willpower oneself to see, hear, think and feel only things which are 'appropriate' – then one can surf the crazy currents of information in an aware and efficient way. Then one realizes that there is no useless knowledge and no impossible things.

3. The Myth of the Inner Demon

Another important factor in the deep reasons which lie underneath the “wars against” which the decent folks are so fond of leading, is their distrust of their own impulses. According to their logic, inside every man lives an animal, which wants to satisfy its wishes, wishes which

society, or at least the neighbors, directly or indirectly repress. This “animal logic” means that each one of them also has an “animal inside”, and, for instance, when a housewife can not stop eating chocolate, or her husband can not quit his whiskey habit, it is not a question of a mental problem connected with emotions, motivation, self-perception, etc., but a question of an inner animal, an inner demon, which is too powerful. The drama of lighting a cigarette and hating yourself for it, is not seen as a struggle between mind and habit, but between “virtue”, “self restraint”, and “pleasure”. So from the *mechanical* point of view, once we dig past the mental layers which are a product of the industrial revolution, it is still all a question of struggling against forbidden pleasures. Those who do not struggle against these forbidden pleasures are sinful and must be punished, or shown the error of their ways (cured), or preferably both.

The intensity of the war for decency, is based, these days at least, primarily on the fears of the honest folks, that if they are surrounded by accessible forbidden pleasures, they will surrender to them. That is why, the regular Mr and Mrs Smith may state, that the children must be protected from drugs, from pornography, from competing religious sects and from following their own sexual impulses, but this is just another *fictive* wish. The real wish, hidden away by the inner mental censorship, is their desire for them and not so much their children, to be protected from temptations. What is happening, is that they are subconsciously doing the work of god – leading themselves not unto temptation.

Therefore, in plain language this means the following:

- when a “plainly decent” citizen is disgusted by the naked flesh on television and magazine pages, his or her as the case may be, disgust, is a disguised fear of their own weakness. Or something which they see as their own weakness. They are afraid of becoming lusty animals, which lead a life of continuous adultery. Quite often, this fear is strengthened by their tabu fear (never admitted to themselves) that they are in fact ugly and bad at sex.
- when they insist that drugs be forbidden and not available in drugstores, they are also doing this for their own sakes. They are afraid that if “drugs” are freely available they will not be going out of their homes but just stay there experiencing pleasure. To them, taking illegal drugs is a question of forbidden pleasure as well. A collective fantasy, consisting of a mystical, indecent ecstasy, for which the user, in the best pseudo-biblical

traditions, pays the price by dying. They are afraid of having the possibility of choosing the 'indecent ecstasy'.

- Likewise with action films, horror movies and aggressive music. When a human being is seen as an animal repressed by virtuous social programming, not only ecstasy from sex or from drugs is feared. There is also the deeply hidden dread of the ecstasy of rape and murder. Bloodlust. The honest folks are afraid that that they a) have impulses to kill and rape which they repress and b) that films and music can make them lose control, lose their minds and turn into mad killers/rapists; ironically, while fear and disgust is expressed at the new hip hop single in which the words 'shit' or 'bitch' are used, its seen as understandable, and not even worth all the fuss, when riot police, soldiers, or just righteous mobs are gripped by quite direct physical bloodlust and turn into bad ass monkeys who beat into pulps or destroy in other manner every 'enemy' human in their way.
- Finally, the desires to have a social or religious guiding hand, a real or ultra-real Big Brother; Mighty Father; Kind Mother, who choose instead of you what is good, what is bad and who you are, all speak of the same. The wish to fight to the death for the right to have a god, a pope, a military dictator, or just a kind, fatherly leader above mundane things like political parties, is a wish which mirrors the fear of one's own weaknesses. "I am weak and bad, and someone must protect me from myself, or I will choose the path of wrong, the path of sin." While I am a proponent of diversity, and believe that everyone has the right to make an informed decision on his/her lifestyle, I find it uncalled for, when this decision is forced upon me as well, to follow or be punished.

What the decent folks feel and think to be the inner daemon, the beast inside, is just their shadow, which they have created with their lies. It really does have demonic power over them, but only because they keep it beyond their consciousness. If the pain, fear, and 'disgusting' fantasies, kept locked away, are allowed to emerge into the light, then they become visible, knowable, controllable. If you keep something in the darkness – like sex – it becomes an independent demon. If you keep it as part of yourself – it's just an element of your experience of the world. If prostitution or abortion or alcohol are kept in the dark – everyone does it anyway – but people get ill, poisoned, or killed. If these things are brought out into the light, they become visible, knowable and controllable. They have clear boundaries and dimensions and can be made as little fucked up as possible.

Of course, I have as much mental programs as the next guy. When the Mohamed cartoon controversy was on, and disproportionately upset Muslims were chanting “Europe is the cancer – Islam the cure!”, “God bless Hitler” and “9/11 was nothing!”, I suddenly lost sense of proportion as well. For a few seconds, as I read an article on the matter, I was not a skeptical liberal, but identified myself in a very primitive way with “Europe”, with “the white civilization” and images of planes dropping napalm with a “Die Walkure” soundtrack and glorious knights defending Vienna against evil Ottomans, flashed through my mind, accompanied by bubbling of adrenalin. Clanking of steel, buzz of airplanes, villages in flames and banners waiving in the wind – I am a product of my environment and I do sometimes suffer from “white power” attacks. But the difference between me and the religious, nationalistic or racist fundamentalists, is that I detect these processes in me fairly quickly after they appear, and they do not completely take over my thoughts and emotions. Because I am familiar with my mental and emotional processes – because I have studied them carefully for years. My instruments in achieving this were drugs and books. Reading certain books is forbidden in some societies, taking certain drugs – in others, and yes, these societies are protecting themselves from information which may change them. The “normal psyche” is very afraid of change. It tries to freeze the moment, and keep death away. This can never work but it can and does produce much unneeded misery.

And when they are afraid of certain drugs or book or films, when they are afraid of certain information – this is because deep down many are convinced that ‘civilization’ will be ‘destroyed’. If the ‘bad’ information is accepted, then the current reality stops making sense. The irony is of course, that their lives make no sense anyway, but they fool themselves that they do make sense, by not thinking uncomfortable thoughts and not allowing themselves to feel unhappy emotions. And they are quite right in fearing, that another gram of ‘bad information’ will be too much, and their mental defenses will be overwhelmed. But its not civilization, and not reality which will collapse, but just an individual house of lies, which is being confused, on purpose, with the world as such.

4. Pot Tripping

One thing I would recommend to all marijuana users who are attempting to use this drug as a tool for self-exploration – my experience shows that we regular smokers smoke much more than we need to, and often at the wrong places.

For marijuana to be of any effective use in the attempts of self-exploration, we must decide first – is it a social drug, or a private drug? A thing which makes parties more fun, or a thing which aides one in personal reflection? It is of course both, and I believe, that neither forms of taking it should be completely eclipsed by the other. A marijuana smoker for whom the weed is a permanent companion of the day, but who is never alone with himself, who is always talking, or watching TV, or fiddling with the computer – a smoker like this is a frozen soul, which has forgotten itself, a person which has become a machine for eating, watching, shitting, and talking. He wastes his weed, his personal energy, and his mind, and sooner or later the abyss he creates with a lifestyle like this, will catch up. He, who, on the other hand, only uses it alone, rarely, when there is no one else present, either does not trust himself, of what he might do when other people are present, or he doesn't have close friends. Both versions are sad.

On one hand marijuana helps one to function outside the rules of the official mind script. On the other hand – all everyday drugs: alcohol, sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, marijuana – do to some extent 'cloud' – distorting what little access we have to the universe with our five senses. Meaning – dope can open the mind, only if it used in a certain way, and you are aware of its fundamental limitations. If it is used in an aware way – a tiny glimpse of reality may be caught – or at least the unreality will become more obvious; yet if it used unthinkingly, it simply makes the day more colorful, intense and confused, you are still in the same mind prison, but have for an hour coloured a part of the prison wall with crayons. Good for you. Still better than just rotting away while going through the motions of life and spending all mental energy on brainwashing yourself into buying the act.

Many smokers of marijuana are not aware at all of the full potency of this drug. Do an experiment – choose two days in which you are free from most social responsibilities – and stop everything. Stop marijuana and/or alcohol, and/or cigarettes, and/or coffee... For these two days just drink water. With honey, or lemon, or whatever – just make sure its something completely harmless for your perceptions. These two days should be hell – but if you have an eye for the hidden, you will notice what is hiding behind the withdrawal symptoms - all the negative emotions which you repress by your drugs. You'll be depressed as shit. And after these two days of detox pass, in the evening of the second day – smoke dope, best of all –

alone with yourself. And after you get high, after the marijuana trip unfolds, you will experience a slightly different 'drug trip', you may experience yourself in a way which frightens you, you will want to control it, you will want to take some other drug, like a cigarette or a beer or a coke, to help you. And if you don't do this – if you remain calm, have trust in yourself, remember to breath, to keep the muscles relaxed, and listen honestly to what is going on inside you – and it should be pretty noisy and weird there – if you experience the whole marijuana trip in a clean, clear form, without interfering with it – then you will know why marijuana is not only a *great toy*, but also an *instrument*, an *efficient tool*. Of course you don't necessarily have to experience an intense and frightening trip – you may simply relax for the first time in years, or achieve mini-enlightenment, or regain a feeling of the body, feel it as an extension of you, not as a container. The point is – the trip will be weird and fruitful.

Social Drug

I believe marijuana to be the perfect drug, for a pleasant time with one's close friends. It enables one to relax in a manner which is otherwise almost unachievable for us toxic nervous 21st century hysterics. The authentically conscious mind is present to a very small extent in our life, most of the things we experience and do, are products from the outside, social psychic mechanisms, which have become part of us. We perform roles, play games, take our cues of how the situation is developing from the scripts within our minds. At most times we are not really individuals – rather we are *possessed* – by outside *spirits and demons* – by the mental programs, which have developed through the years inside our minds. Smoking pot with friends can help a lot to open the mind, to stop following the script, to stop playing roles, to oust at least for a time the outside forces which possess you, to let down the guard. Isn't that what close friends and loved ones are for? To have someone, in front of whom you do not follow the scripts, to have someone to whom you do not have to lie, when both have let down their guards. When relaxation, and trust which needs no proof are in the house, the party is perfect – it charges you up with energy, instead of sucking you dry. You have created a temporary mini-society, in which humans communicate with humans, not animals with animals or robots with robots.

If, on the other hand, you are stoned all day long, in situations in which you can not be truly relaxed – out on crowded streets, in school, at work, whatever may be the reason – you are wasting yourself. Marijuana is a drug which opens the mind. What is the point of opening your mind – and become therefore very sensitive to outside influence – and then use all available psychic energy, to stay 'adequate' in an environment which does not allow you to

fully relax and enjoy the high to its fullest extent? To take a drug which helps break down the wall of defenses, and then put yourself into a situation in which you are forced to stay ‘alert’ and ‘defended’?

Some people think it’s very ‘manly’ to be able to control your high. But *why want* to control high? That’s not a high. That’s just a buzzed low. If you want to ‘stay in control’, if you want to continue to live by the rules of the official reality – pot is not your best choice. Get a prescription for happy pills. They are legal, and they make you ‘calm’ and ‘happy’, without any ‘loss of control’, you are still in the official reality, but with the pain and fear it generates being blocked from your mind. Its people like that – who smoke dope mainly to prove to themselves how cool they are, how well they control themselves – that can’t take magic mushrooms or LSD. Because the bigger hallucinogenic trips aren’t toys – they are truly powerful and the usual little ego games just don’t work. Those who take these more powerful drugs, thinking that this is just another possibility to show off, to prove something to someone, are wasting their time and money, as well as their psychic energy. They will either realize at the very beginning that this isn’t a game and that an enormously powerful trip is coming, and will use all available ego power to completely or partially stop it from unfolding, thus denying themselves the experience which they thought they wanted; or the trip will unfold, beyond their control, and they will be in for horrible hours, in which their hidden fears, confusions, lies, pain, etc., will rise from the mental basement into which they had been foolishly and arrogantly locked up. A glorious relaxed trip with a strong hallucinogenic can only happen if you are aware of what will follow, like ‘my present personality will be altered for a number of hours. I do it out of choice, I will not fight it or try to analyze it while its there’, and best be with a few close friends who have your 100% trust. But back to the point – grass is a perfect social drug, as long as you’re sure that the authorities won’t be coming.

Private Drug

A minor psychedelic like marijuana is all of the sudden not so minor, if you are alone and are trying to enjoy to the *full extent the force* of the trip, instead of spending it on TV watching, PC game playing, reading, or jerking off. As the trip sets in, thoughts begin to race, forgotten memories come up, emotions are partially freed, tremors in the body may appear, the five senses are magnified. It’s like enlightenment or madness, but weaker, and only for a couple of hours. Certainly, if you are only doing this to prove something to someone, you’ll probably be

eating shit to hell and back⁶, but if you are genuinely, earnestly trying to shake off the outside programs which have shaped you and your life – after the trip is over you will have learnt and experienced more stuff than you would in years of ‘normal life’. Or maybe ever.

When you are alone with yourself, stoned, bad stuff is sure to emerge – visions, fantasies, fears, weaknesses, ugliness – this bad stuff did not come from the drug. The drug is not a cartridge of information. The information is already inside you. Explore it, even though emotional pain is inevitable, so that you may control it instead of it controlling you.

Of course, one can also spend the force of the trip on listening to music, watching TV, reading a book or jerking off. In all occasions the drug will provide a fuller and more detailed enjoyment of whatever is being enjoyed. Or a fuller and more detailed boredom at what turns out to be a boring loss of time.

When I am high, and when my friends are high – we sometimes manage to regain the innocent eye of the child. Everything is interesting – watching ants crawling on the ground, trees move from the wind, a pedestrian walking past, a commercial poster, the sound of the city (or meadow) in general. Of course this only happens if you are stoned AND relaxed. Marijuana helps you become like a child, which is earnestly interested in the world around it, before this child is twisted and deformed by the social forces around it. Before it becomes one broken mechanical doll in a civilization of broken mechanical dolls. I believe the ‘infantile’ effect of marijuana should not be fought, but used.

In short: marijuana is like a microscope – you can use it to bang on a table to make music, you can use it to reflect sunbeams into people’s faces, or you can use it to investigate the structure of the world. Your choice.

5. Allegiance

(...And now for some preaching)

Most drug abusers who do not “drop out” of legitimate society, develop mental mechanisms against knowing that they are criminals. It is a normal ego self-defense mechanism – to hide a fact which might upset you. They pretend that they are part of the game around them, and as an afterthought make sure that they don’t get caught. But this is exactly where the issue is – they make sure that they don’t get caught, because they are enemies, they are criminals. By

⁶ And if it is a strong psychedelic that you take to show off – there may be no coming back from hell.

fooling yourself that you are not a criminal, by making yourself forget that fact, you are playing the game of those who want to see you behind bars. And there are many levels of hypocrisy into which a person might fall and usually does.

- It is hiding from the cops and supporting politically or religiously the people who make the cops 'crack down' on you.
- It's a drug-taking musician participating in a "say no to drugs" occasion. The lowest of the low.
- Now that I think about it, the lowest of the low are the young politicians who take cocaine, but make no effort to change the law, because they themselves are secure;
- Obviously the policeman who take drugs, and thinks "I'm not one of them"
- The adult on happy pills who thinks "I'm not one of them".

Because the "*them*" in the "*I'm not one of them*" is invented by the establishment. All they have to do is stop treating drug takers as "them", the "evil them", than we will no longer be living in the divisions, spying and paranoia of this "war on drugs". But for now, we are the "evil them", and we must try to remember at all times, that those to whom we are the "evil them", honestly believe that we are scum, which wants to rape their daughters, shoot their sons, steal their property and poison their minds.

If you can not, do not want to live without your favorite drugs which are illegal, than you better be sure that your political choices are based on careful thought. Why support a government, or an institution, when according to them you are a criminal? Yet many drug abusers lead such a schizophrenic political life – they vote for people, they support people, who want to see them in jail. I mean – a political choice is a choice of "what kind of life am I going to lead if these guys win? Are they going to take something away from me, are they going to give me something, or are they the same as the previous ones". Quite simply – the choice is "are they my enemies, or are they my allies?" If they say that they are going to put you into prison because of what you see, think, say, smoke, listen to, watch, eat, feel – then they are obviously not your friends.

Of course, there are, to my knowledge (2007 ad), no new parliaments being formed anywhere with the promise to legalize drugs, and so we are as "abusers" are forced to choose between different evils, to evaluate – who is going to do me least harm? Who can take care of the economy, foreign policy, and at the same time not wage war on me and my friends? There is,

at this point, no such political force, but be careful to choose the lesser evil, and do your little effort to help. Write to your political representatives (if you are in such a society) and demand the stop of the war on drugs. When you meet a politician on the street – walk over to him/her, or just yell from a distance something about ‘legalization’. When at election time political parties try to grab your vote - why not tell them bluntly that they will get the vote only in exchange of a promise concerning the end of the war on drugs. There are many small ways in which political pressure can be kept up (in the Free World at least) by independent individuals, with little effort. Of course, everyone must be the judge of how far is it safe to go in each given society, and each given moment. No use getting yourself ran out of town, jailed or executed...

But political actions apart, the focus of the struggle is not so much to convince with logical arguments the other side of a free debate – its not a free debate (one side risks more or less everything by participating, the other – nothing), and the other side is not influenced by logical arguments, because either the other side is blindly following subconscious programs, or it doesn’t really care anyway.

The struggle is not to convince with reason the public, but to influence it – to condition it. Using the most primitive of mental mechanisms – if someone lives with something long enough – he begins to see it as “normal”.

Therefore, if the public lives side by side with drug abusers for long enough – we will become part of the landscape and it will be much easier to pursue our freedom. Just like it happened with homosexuals and scientists.

For this to happen, the public must be aware of the fact, that it is living side by side with drug abusers, who are not scum. Because now, the public is only aware of the ‘frightening monster’ drug abuser, of the drug abuser who is visible because he is behaving inadequately, or because he steals the pocket money of schoolchildren and the purses of old ladies. And of course Hollywood and TV are doing their bit in showing evil drug dealers and drug abusers launching rocket grenades at petrol stations, etc.

And for the public to be aware of the existence of ‘normal’ drug abusers – these drug abusers must come out in the open – in ways which do not directly lead to jail, but which let the others know who you are, what you do, and what you stand for. A marijuana t-shirt, or blandly inserting into conversations – “when I was stoned the other day...” are quite enough, to make sure that the people around you know that you take dope, and little by little, if you set with

yourself a good example and don't let their fears materialize – you will be working for a more free future.

If we continue hiding and fooling ourselves that we don't mind always being on the edge of prison or a mental hospital, it'll just go on, and on, and on, like until now. I believe, that the process of changing our status from “**enemy of society and everything decent**” to “**just these weird guys**” must follow a mellow groove. It's not a question of choosing between *revolution* or *submission*, but of a careful, calm and patient interaction with the environment.

If every self-aware drug abuser makes sure to influence in small ways the community around him or her, than maybe, we, or the next generation will live to see a world with freedom of thought.

OUTRO

At the time of writing these paragraphs, my personal beliefs include the following ethical positions:

When one's mind is free, or at least partially free from the inherited and socially acquired mental programming – that is when one can be a decent human being. Meaning – making choices based on honest, developed through extensive self-exploration, inner convictions of right and wrong.

A decent person reacts, where others sit and take it. A decent person involves himself into nasty situations of which he is a witness, but to which the other people turn a blind eye. A decent person judges someone by no pre-conceived notions, but solely by the impression from direct contact. A decent person does not constantly lie to himself and therefore does not lie to his friends.

I believe, my experience points to an assumption, that to a large extent, stopping being a compulsively lying monkey is only possible after the realization that you will die – one of the fears the size of galaxies, which tend to emerge during intense psychedelic tripping. It's not 'just paranoia' - you will die. It's not an unfounded drug induced psychosis – it's a glimpse of what lurks beyond the walls of the mental fortress. From a broader point of view you are already dead. From a narrower point of view – you are already dying, death is inevitable, and

it will come. Once a person fully and freely admits that to himself, immediately change begins, the withering away of tons of useless lies and half-lies and compromises and fears.

By this point, at the end of the book, to many readers it must have become quite apparent, that while on the level of politics, I, the author, am a liberal anarchist, on a different, metaphysical level, I am a nihilist. I have never come across anything which would convince me beyond reasonable doubt, that any human can experience the full 'real reality' instead of some shade of a collective dream. Certainly the walking, talking and fornicating corpses around me are no example of 'reality perception'. Perhaps the fundamental reality is accessible for enlightened Zen teachers. Perhaps in a more mortal dimension, it is accessible for the 'unblocked' patients of Arthur Janov or Stanislav Groff, or to the various followers of Wilhelm Reich. Perhaps it is accessible to everyone after death. These are all theoretical possibilities, but until I myself experience something which is at least close to the 'real reality' I have no basis for assuming that anyone has ever experienced it.

Most of the time I am wandering around within the collective dream, and actually forget for hours, weeks and in terrible periods even months, what other alternatives exist. Getting sucked into the endless flight of second rate phenomena, with the accompanying, alarmingly rapid deterioration of the thinking processes. In certain moments, thankfully, I experience intense trips which remind me how things stand (or at least how they don't stand), and experience crazy realities which nevertheless show what a ludicrous project the currently prevailing collective dreams are. For a short period, the fog thins out, and you can actually make sense of some of what becomes visible, and sometimes I swear I have the feeling the fog has retreated completely. But that is of course enthusiasm of the moment.

Thus I am a nihilist not in the sense of 'not believing in anything', but in the sense of 'not taking reality for granted', and 'not taking normality for granted'. When I say 'there is no reality', I don't mean 'nothing exists', I mean 'everyone is a sad and scared monkey which has severe mental, emotional and physiological illnesses and deformations, and can't see shit with it's crude sense organs, but even if it could – wouldn't make anything out, as the dreams would be blurring it all.'

Of course, drug abuse is in the end, suicidal. No more than 'normal life' in society is, but still I can not deny the drawbacks of the practice. Its very function of getting you high is 'bad for

you', because the freedom it brings is freedom from mental mechanisms, which for a little while do not function 'properly'. Imagine a cartoon humanoid robot hitting itself on the head with a hammer, in order to affect its built-in programming, so that it can stop following it long enough to make an escape. When a drug, or a near death experience, or intense toxic or emotional shock hit the organism of a human being, for a while some functions are impaired, and this makes a dose of freedom possible – while the program which forbids it, is not functioning at full strength. There are surely others, not so blatantly self-destructive ways of doing this, ways which actually make you healthy and have a long life span. But my point is not that drugs make me healthy, but that it should be everyone's individual choice of what lifestyle they lead and/or change it whenever they feel like it. If I have made an informed choice to pay a certain price to achieve a certain effect – this is private. And if my choice was not informed, this is because your efforts created an environment in which taking drugs is like walking off a cliff with the hope that things will somehow work out.

Some day the hypocrisy will end. South American peasants will be free to produce legal cocaine, Central Asian peasants will be able to produce legal heroin, and one will be able to grow marijuana at one's plot of land without fear. The third world peasant will have good money for once, the first world abusers will have cheap and clean drugs, the taxes alone will pay for many social services, the mafia will be forced to move on to more exotic businesses, or to adapt to a legalized business environment, and realize suddenly that good money can still be made, without the need of being submerged in soul crushing stress the whole time.

Will this really happen? Won't our civilization rather:

- a) destroy itself by pollution?
- b) be destroyed by foreign fascism?
- c) be destroyed by internal neurotic pressure?

Can we influence events?

