

COMMON DRUGS AND THE BEHAVIORS THEY INDUCE TAKEN ALONE AND IN COMBINATION

		MARIJUANA	SECONAL	CODEINE COUGH SYRUP	HEROIN	ETHER	GLUE
	SOCIAL BEHAVIOR (SINGLE DRUG)	Everyone and everything is, like, absolutely fucking hilarious. And you don't have to, like, communicate it or that you maybe want to fuck someone, because, like, everyone just <i>knows</i> , you know, and it, like, <i>happens</i> .	Everything's all right. No problems, no anxiety, not much of anything. Just real smooth. So relaxed, you want to turn out the lights. (You hope someone <i>will</i> locate the switch and turn out the lights.)	You're in a perfect state of well-being. (No pain. Your cock is a numb cocktail frank.) Dreamy images flash behind your eyes, like tiny mariachis and black dogs licking your shoes.	Finally, you're in the <i>ultimately</i> perfect state of perfect well-being. Nobody minds the snot on your upper lip—everyone appreciates where you're at. They appreciate your needs. (You steal their furniture and puke on their floor.)	You're a mindless zombie crashing through a forest of furniture and doorjams. Nothing matters. (An eyetooth juts through your split upper lip and you've stepped on a steak knife. Fuck it. So what.)	You're a raving, cement-boned Cro-Magnon. Friends have no meaning, and narrow pink beaks. You want to rob a hobby shop with an ashtray. Pain truncheons your brain. (You shoot staples into your forehead.) A monster appears.
ALCOHOL	You're a great guy. You're a real funny guy. And an extremely tough guy. Tough and studly. And you're having a hell of a good time.	You're an incredibly amazing guy, and you can kick the shit out of anyone in the room, and they, like, fucking <i>know</i> it because it's a sensory thing, which they dig and, like, respect.	You're okay, and your friends are okay, and you're pretty funny and fairly tough if the opposition isn't around or is unconscious. (You're somewhat smooth with the unconscious ladies too, as long as you're not dead.)	You're a profound miracle of evolution and anesthesia. You'd like to beat someone up but dread the sudden noise of the punches. Besides, the women are after you. They'll settle for your finger.	You're a sniffing, itching hard-ass. The girls dig your tracks and like it when you projectile vomit and cough up bilious chunks all over them. Nobody fucks with you because you know where they live and when they're not home.	You don't know who you are. You swing at someone. Your momentum carries the bridge of your nose into a radiator. The girls know you're tough. (You fall on one of them. She kills you with a lamp.)	You don't care what kind of guy you are. (You make a joke by pulling off your shirt pocket. You pick a fight with an area rug.) You're pissed. You call the operator and demand more glue.
QUAALUDES	Your cock is about the size of an atomic cannon, and the girls know it. You don't have to tell them, because you can't. (You need your energy for the crawl to that warm primate in the corner.)	It's so fucking, like, insane that your cock is, like, so gargantuan, because whichever lady you decide to ball for, like, seventy-two hours or so is going to <i>know</i> that the fuck was, like, predestined.	(You crawl to the girl across the room.) You can't find your cock. No one will help you. (You black out and collapse on her feet and probably die.)	(You're prostrate, your face pressed into the carpet.) You dream about women rolling you over and fucking you. (It never happens. You hyperventilate instead. You're a disgusting, flaccid mess.)	(You've fallen through a window, lacerating half your face off, but all you can think about is fucking.) Maybe a passing junkie whore will fuck you. You can grab her feet and rape her, and then check her purse.	(You roll across the room to show a girl your crank.) She wants it. (You pull her to the floor. Her knee hits you in the teeth.) Everything is going perfectly. You're really having a good time.	You want to fuck something. That girl in the corner with the prehensile tail. She's ready. (You throw a turntable at her.) She loves it. You're a sex monster. (You run at her with a fork.)
COCAINE	(You're really excited.) You've got an enormous amount to say. Everyone likes you, including the girls. You may fuck one, later on.	(You're rapping and rapping, even though you, like, <i>know</i> exactly what everyone else is going to say.) But it's so incredibly funny that when it, like, happens it's, like, experiential.	(You're sort of excited and sort of "up.") You've got a few things to say. Nobody seems to care. (You finish some of what you have to say, then fall down, but have a hard time getting to sleep.)	(You're desperate to talk about how euphoric you are, but it's too much effort, so you have several thousand dreams about flowers and airborne reptiles with your eyes rolled back in your head.)	(The snot's pouring out like a garden hose now. New energy abounds. Energy to leave the apartment for a while, maybe even score some more and die.)	(You feel a slight twinge in the back of your medulla, then collapse and lie there with your mouth open, all wrinkled and dirty.) Things couldn't be better.	All you want to do is break everything around you into as many pieces as you can, real fast, so then you can get more glue and kill all your friends. All is not well. Time is running out.
LSD	Everything is one. Everything is God. You are God. You are everything. Everything and God is you. Except for the black widows. They're in the TV set, breathing loudly. You've got to run.	You, like, <i>know</i> you're God, and it's such a fucking joke to, like, <i>be</i> God because God is really this bristly, ooze-eyed insect who's after you, meaning you're, like, really after yourself, which is, like, the real joke.	You wonder if you are God. You aren't sure, so you wonder if there are any spiders attacking you. You ask someone to get rid of the spiders for you, in case any come. (You whimper briefly, then die.)	You're God. You're smooth and beautiful and everything is cool. Even a universe filled with quivering bee larvae is cool. You're God. The bees can't touch you.	You're God for a little while, then night comes and you're a hopeless blob, surrounded by terrifying, squealing sounds. (The stomach pains begin. You listen to a little jazz. No good.) You're not God anymore because you're dry heaving.	Everything isn't fine anymore. You're aching and spinning and God is eating your feet. Your friends are hovering over you with saws—deadly fiends, all of them. (Who cares? Soon you'll stop breathing and it won't matter.)	Where are those wretched, traitorous friends of yours? (You race around the room at breakneck speed looking for them.) They're in the walls. (You've almost chewed through the plasterboard when you get sick and throw up and die.)
AMYL NITRATE	The people in the room aren't there anymore. Just yourself and your blood-engorged head. You might be damaged. Whatever you are, it isn't living, and you might not come back. (You're an aberrant, drooling social pig, and it's <i>fun</i> .)	Your mind is, like, squashed and you're permanently damaged. (But you're laughing so hard you, like, don't even notice, and afterward you forget it happened, but your friends, like, <i>know</i> and they, like, tell you.)	(You lose consciousness. Your brain deteriorates while you're asleep. You probably don't wake up again. If you do, you don't notice any difference and go back to sleep and throw up and most likely choke to death.)	(You're a fevered, driveling, dangerous, contemptible social pig, and you love it, to the extent you are capable of emotion with a fibrillating heart and an EEG of zero. When death approaches, your friends just watch.)	Your brain swells to three times its normal size. (You beg a friend to pound a nail into your head, but you're dead before the first whack.)	(You experience sensations not unlike the black plague. Epidermal bleeding, raging fever. You almost die.) Snakes arrive. (Then you die.)	(Death.)
FREON	You're drooling and wheezing and hemorrhaging and blind and in the epicenter of a screeching molecular tornado. A cloud of bony shrapnel blasts through your eyes and you whirl around a lot. (Maybe you'll die.)	You're a laughing, wheezing, hemorrhaging and, like, blind epicenter of a screeching nuclear tornado, and that's your, like, reality. (Just before you vomit blood through your nose and your pulse stops.)	(You're drooling and wheezing and hemorrhaging and blind but aren't really aware of it until it's too late and you're dead.)	(Total pain. Immediate death. Nothing else.)	(You go into an instant coma and die six months later. About the fourth month you experience a brief impression that a Rototiller is working its way along your central nervous system.)	(You're sick; it gets worse; you're dead just like that.)	(Death.)
SOCIAL BEHAVIOR (TAKEN IN COMBINATION)							