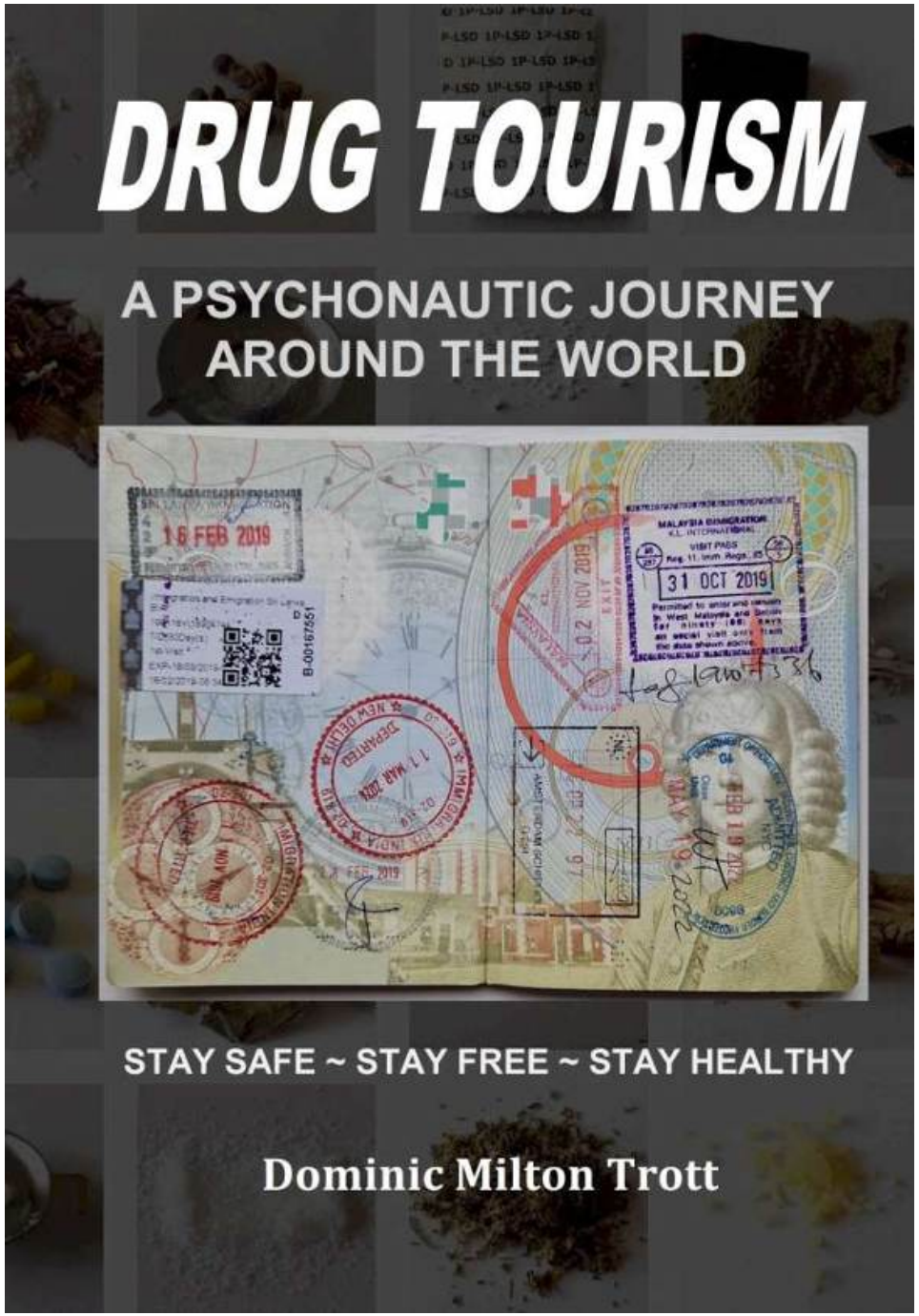

DRUG TOURISM

A PSYCHONAUTIC JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD

STAY SAFE ~ STAY FREE ~ STAY HEALTHY

DOMINIC MILTON TROTT

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IMPORTANT NOTICES

STAY SAFE
Don't compromise your own intuition and common sense regarding situations and places which may present risk to your physical well-being and safety.

STAY FREE
When visiting any territory, should you choose to use any psychoactive substance it is vital that you conduct your own research with respect to legality and law enforcement. Don't get *banged up abroad*. For the attention of law enforcement: nothing in this book constitutes a confession that I broke the law in any place or at any time.

STAY HEALTHY
Whatever the circumstances of your own travel do not suspend judgement or the use of a harm reduction process. Please refer to *The Drug Users Bible* for further information.

OTHER NOTES

NOTHING LASTS
Bear in mind that nothing is static: everything changes. Each photograph in this book represents the situation as it was at a particular point in time in a specific location. Don't blame the author if this has changed if and when you visit.

DONATIONS
In the event that you wish to treat the author to a pre-roll on his next visit to Amsterdam, his XMR address is:
47ZTX3DFhptG4qzV5GLDiJh7J73tLJD4DE5eKjZ4gj97SKeASASZGwUjA56LEhq1YzPhsuH4aR2fPcsneVj6ua7vVZZDR2E
Or, you can buy him a coffee via: *buymeacoffee.com/DMTrott*

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"It is better to travel than to arrive"

~ Buddha

PREFACE

I am the author of *The Drug Users Bible*, which is described by Amazon as follows:

> "*Over a 12 year period the author of this book self-administered over 180 psychoactive substances; both chemicals and plants. For each he recorded the life-sensitive safety data, including the anticipated onset times, the common threshold doses, the routes of administration, and the expected duration of the experience. In addition, for every compound he also produced a trip report, detailing the qualitative experience itself. This delivered another invaluable insight, enabling, for example, an objective assessment of the extent of any loss of judgement and self-control.*"

It was quite a journey, but it wasn't one which I undertook entirely in my small office in the North-West of England. I travelled; initially to source drugs, but equally to experience as many as I could in an authentic or traditional setting.

As the project progressed I found myself increasingly interested in the cultural aspects of the enterprise, and was drawn to visit locations with a drug association even if I had already tested and documented the relevant substance in the UK. I was soon taking photographs not only of obvious drug iconography, but of objects and scenes with only the most tenuous of links. By the end of this decade-long period I had accumulated thousands upon thousands of photographs, including of course of the actual drugs themselves.

If *The Drug Users Bible* recorded my journey through a myriad of conscious states, these photographs presented the physical real-life journey whilst experiencing them. In some sense, the latter could perhaps be described as the *sound track* to the former (albeit visual).

Although my collection is unique, and some of the photographs can never be replicated, the idea of publishing them didn't occur to me until the end of 2024. By this time my book, in its various forms, had reached hundreds of thousands of drug consumers; possibly more. However, the ongoing objective, of getting the vital information it contains into the hands of those who most needed it, remained.

With a book of this nature this was always a challenge, not least because the mainstream media was never going to cover it, and traditional social media would inevitably (algorithmically) throttle its exposure.

I overcame this with the help of a few isolated islands of compassion on the clearnet, but largely via support from many of the most significant players on the darknet. These parties understood clearly that whereas drugs are dispensed by medical practitioners alongside harm reduction information (dose, duration, etc), recreational drug consumers are usually left bereft of such essential data. Very soon the (free) PDF version of the book was being supplied globally by *Dread*, by darknet directories and by the drug markets themselves at point of drug sale.

Despite this unexpected measure of success, I still believed that more could be done to overcome the obstructions within the traditional landscape. It was at this juncture that the idea of using the photographs occurred.

What if I produced an album of selected photographs of drug relevant destinations, of related scenes, and of the drugs themselves? What if I also offered this in a free PDF? A few thoughts sprung to mind:

> I could reference appropriate segments of *The Drug Users Bible* throughout, thus re-enforcing the need to take harm reduction seriously, and providing direction on where exactly to obtain vital safety information.
>
> Patrons who had not yet heard of it might be attracted sufficiently to at least download it, again promoting essential awareness and education.

Increasingly, another dimension began to emerge. The lack of comprehensive guidance for travellers with our particular interest in terms of physical safety and, of course, law enforcement, was very apparent. I had learned a lot on my travels, including with respect to risk mitigation: perhaps I could pass some of this on too.

I was very quickly sold on the concept: after all, what was there to lose? Yes, I may well come across as a bit of a weirdo in full colour, but in all honesty, I crossed that bridge years ago.

So there you have the back story, and now you have the book. I do hope that you enjoy it, but most of all, if you are a drug consumer I hope that it encourages you to mitigate your own risk and stay safe.

ABOUT DRUG TOURISM (THIS BOOK)
There are many ways in which I could have presented the photographs in an album, but generally I sought to organise them geographically.

Where a city or location was particularly rich in drug iconography I created a specific section. Where this didn't apply I tended to collate by country or region. From this, a few issues emerge which are probably worth stressing:

> All locations are presented exactly as I found them: nothing more nothing less. If I missed something which you believe should have been included, this wasn't intentional.
>
> In a number of countries I failed to find anything sufficiently related to drug culture to include. Rest assured that I did try, so no offence is intended to any of those.
>
> The quality of my equipment improved as the journey proceeded. In other words, some of the earlier photographs may leave a bit to be desired. Perhaps to some extent they reflect the historical/technical evolution of the quality of digital phone cameras.

As the album took shape, I began to maturate the idea that it might help to preserve a smidgen of 21st century drug culture for history/posterity. Fundamentally though, it documents a journey: my own drug-obsessed journey across six continents over those years. Whilst this may provide some sort of feel for each location from a drug consumer's perspective, hopefully it will also help to normalize our community in terms of public perception, and reduce stigmatisation. We travel. We go on holidays. We are normal and we have rights too.

Note that I included the section on alcohol partly because alcohol is a drug, and partly because I felt that it might make the overall content relatable to more people. Having stated this, do bear in mind that more than 250 million people choose to use drugs described as *illicit* by the UN.

Finally, this remains a photograph album. Whilst I may provide an occasional hint regarding the story behind some of the photographs, I expect that even at this early stage you know where you can find the long form words themselves.

Bon voyage… but stay safe, stay free and stay healthy.

Dominic Milton Trott

1

DRUG TOURING INTRODUCTION

1. DRUG TOURING

Over the years, and despite the occasional moment of madness, I picked up a few bits and pieces which you might want to take on board. Please do take the advice and information in this section seriously, and always keep in mind the importance of self-preservation.

1.1 GENERAL TRAVEL TIPS

1.1.1 MONEY

Always carry a decent amount of local currency. Cash is king. This isn't to buy drugs with; it's to buy yourself out of a tight situation should one arise. This might have nothing to do with law enforcement, but then again, it might.

You are going to want reasonably high denominations here: not a massive wedge of notes. This is obvious but it probably does need to be said. Don't go overboard on the amount and risk drawing suspicion by having too much.

Always carry a global currency, typically US$. There might be exceptions where Euro or GBP can carry the weight, but at present, pre anything which BRICS may or may not create, $US is usually the best bet. I typically carry a couple of hundred or so.

My passport has seen better days.

1.1.2 STICKY SITUATIONS

So you are in the aforementioned situation, perhaps outside a western-type culture. Let's say, for example, that you are banged to rights with a couple of joints on a bus in a non-Shiva remote Indian territory, or on a train going across Africa.

1. DON'T shit your pants. Don't panic. READ the situation as calmly as you can. Get a plan together in your head.

2. DON'T escalate this into a calamity by making it seem like it is some sort of enormous bust for the police officers.

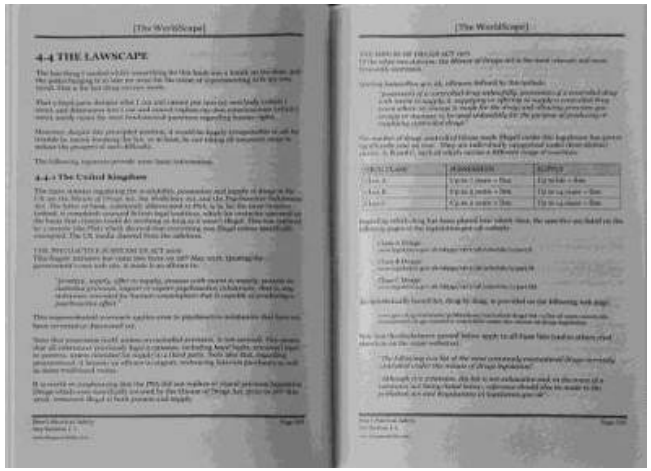
3. DO be nice. Don't play the big *I-am*, and bin any movie-lines like "*How much to make this go away*?"

4. DO find a better play. Here's one I have heard. If it seems that they are not just going to let it go, get your wallet, purse, or whatever to hand, and apologise: you are really sorry officer, you didn't realise. Here's a better line which might be less likely to expose you to bribery charges: "*What's the fine officer?*"

Do you see what I did there? I opened the door for them to take your money and walk away. Look for opportunities like this without being obvious or stupid about it.

I can't stress this enough though. This is down to your reading of the scenario and your people skills. Don't blow the thing up, don't be arrogant AT ALL, don't be disrespectful in any way. Find common ground and a way to establish if money or persuasion will get you out of it.

If the situation occurs in a western-culture, all that research you did beforehand is now relevant. What? You didn't do any research? Well, here's your first opportunity to open or download your copy of *The Drug Users Bible*. See *Section 4.4 LawScape*.


[The WorldScape]

4-4 THE LAWSCAPE

4.4.1 The United Kingdom

[The WorldScape]

Don't be completely clueless regarding the local lawscape.

Wherever you are going, you should have a broad idea of local attitude to drugs, penalties, and so forth before you depart.

1.1.3 CROSSING BORDERS

If you cross any borders, CLEAN-UP before doing so. Don't carry anything illegal across a border unless you really intend to, and you know you are doing.

It is very easy to forget and to leave the odd pill or joint in a pocket or a bag or wherever. I've done this myself when half a joint (encased) somehow slipped into the inner lining of my wheelie bag.

I don't know how...

I carried it around for months, completely oblivious. I could have been busted more times than I care to remember, but I was lucky and got away with it. I still slap myself about it to this day.

Looking back, it's possible that I might have put it there to hide it in a hotel whilst I was stoned. I don't know, but it has never happened again.

1.1.4 PRIOR TO TRAVEL

Know the contact details for your embassy or consulate. You are going to need these if you lose your passport, if you are arrested, if you are injured, or in a variety of other scenarios.

Aiutatemi. Sono stato arrestato.

Do have the contact details of your friends and family to hand (wallet or purse or money belt?). It's also a good idea to have the number of local emergency services.

Do you have any medical prescriptions/scripts or similar which may help you? Take them with you, even if they are out of date. If you are in trouble, even if they do not directly cover whatever drug is in question they might help to grey the area a bit and possibly create positive confusion.

Get travel insurance. This is normal for a reason, and is even more important given your potential disposition. Do NOT skip it.

Plan your transport from the destination airport to your hotel/hostel. Research this hard, and get the lay of the land before you embark so that you are not entirely lost when you arrive. If you are getting a taxi, establish the going rate, but be prepared to pay a bit more. BEFORE you get into the vehicle, get a price or check that it's on the meter. Also use common sense and your instinct in making sure that the taxi and the driver look legit.

Now about that taxi again. I don't do this, but many people organise a car to pick them up, usually via their pre-booked hotel. This is probably a better bet than my approach of just grabbing a taxi guy. It takes stress out of the equation and also means that you have a local there to help should you run into a problem at the airport/station/etc.

Using *Google Maps* or some other service familiarise yourself with your destination neighbourhood and relevant locations. Typically this might include the train station, major sights, or any other places that will or might be of use. Don't be absolutely clueless with respect to the geography of where or how far everything is.

On the same theme identify any dodgy neighbourhoods online before you go. This applies generally, and should be largely second nature, but equally don't be too paranoid about it or you won't go anywhere.

If you plan to drive at your destination make sure that you have a valid license (your domestic license may not cover you) and equally, that you are correctly insured.

Are you going to a destination for which one or more vaccinations are recommended? If so, arrange to have them well in advance. This is even more important if you are heading off the beaten-track, or backpacking, etc.

Ouchie!

Take digital copies of your passport, driving license, and any other important documentation and save them (securely) online, with perhaps a hardcopy print in your bag. If you do lose your stuff this will make life much easier for you.

Regarding the bag itself, choose one which matches the actual needs of your trip. For example, if you are going to be doing a lot of street walking with it, a suitcase is unlikely to be the best choice.

If you have someone close at home, tell them your plans: where and when you intend to go on your trip. Check-in to keep them updated. You might (or might not) wish to install a tracking app on your mobile phone to meet the same ends, but of course be aware of the wider issues with respect to this.

Before you travel, identify the type(s) of plug sockets in use at your destination(s). It's surprising how many people arrive in a new place to discover they cannot charge their phone, for example.

As collected over the years.

Well in advance make sure that you have any requisite visa, ESTA, or other documentation required for your destination(s).

At least they let me in last time.

Identify online, perhaps via your government's website, what items are not allowed into your destination country. Depending upon where you are going this could include anything, from over-the-counter medicines, to contraceptives, to literature, and so forth.

I always make sure that GPS is active on my phone, so that I can use '*Find My Phone*' should I lose it. Yes, it's a trade off with respect to privacy, but the last thing I need is to have no phone or camera.

As already mentioned above, research and establish the local attitude to drugs and the legal situation, for your destination country. Note here that if you are prescribed medicines at home, for example, possession of those medicines might not be legal (ditto in any countries you pass through).

If you are female identify any additional health and safety risks before you travel, including local customs and norms. The same applies if you are LGBTQI+. Be particularly careful. Unfortunately these things do need to be said for some locations.

If you are travelling to the US be aware that not all states are equal regarding the legality of drug use (with particular reference here to cannabis). As a rule of thumb Republican states tend to be the most backward and reactionary, but do take the trouble to establish the situation with respect to your specific destination.

Make yourself aware of any ongoing or emerging developments with respect to your destination, and be aware of local customs regarding protest, freedom of speech, etc.

Protesting against a foreign government's policies whilst visiting that country might not be advisable. Yes, that's me doing exactly this outside the White House.

Along similar lines note that the US and UK governments publish travel advisories for dozens of countries. These are currently here:
travel.state.gov/content/travel/en/traveladvisories/traveladvisories.html
and here:
www.gov.uk/foreign-travel-advice.
Check these and other sources so that you are tuned in to the local situation regarding safety, social and political sensitivities, and so forth.

That bottom line: fortunately I did Myanmar (Burma) some years ago

Depending upon where you are travelling to it might be expedient to delete certain social media or other online content. The same applies to your mobile phone and/or laptop/etc. In cases of particular sensitivity it could be wise to consider leaving digital copies of your passport/etc with a trusted party at home.

1.1.5 A FOREIGNER ABROAD

When you are asked for the purpose of your visit by passport-control (for example), don't say *to take drugs* or anything else that might be considered to be dodgy. The correct answer is going to be *tourism* or *a holiday* or something else nondescript.

I can't make you street wise if you are not, but always be aware of where you are: the sort of neighbourhood, the sort of people hanging around, the lighting, whether it is quiet/busy… all the stuff you normally do instinctively to avoid danger, but with bells on. This especially applies if you are going to be intoxicated.

If you are using a street dealer, remember that you can walk away at any time. Don't allow unfamiliarity or circumstance make you feel pressured into paying more than you are comfortable with, or into visiting an ATM, or basically into anything you are not entirely happy with.

If you use an ATM, choose one in a sensible place, and use common sense in checking that it hasn't been tampered with or is dodgy in any other way.

Don't get completely off your head with drugs or alcohol if you are not in a secure and safe location with people you can trust.

Be friendly to everyone, but don't trust anyone. You are basically on your own buddy, so wise-up quickly. Also, remember that there are a million scams out there, wherever you go.

Before catching a tuk-tuk or similar check how far you are going: you don't want to be travelling long distances in one of these things. They are ideally used for relatively short hops.

If you are using public Wi-Fi, take sensible precautions. This includes being careful about what you say, for instance about drugs.

Don't run out of money. If you can't get any sent to you or raise any locally, it's going to be easier to cope with being broke if you are somewhere familiar or somewhere you can do something about it… like home.

There's a phrase which I read on a forum some time ago which probably applies here. It goes along the lines of *don't crime whilst criming*. In our context it means that if you are going to be using or carrying drugs which are illegal, don't do anything which is going to attract the attention of law enforcement (or indeed, anyone else in authority).

These are fun, but are not ideal for lengthy trips.

Dress in a manner which doesn't make you a sitting duck for crime. Stating the obvious, your cash, cards, phone and valuables should not be exposed to pickpockets or thieves. I carry everything in a money belt, which I wear around my waist underneath my t-shirt. It is hidden but even if someone knew it was there it would be a non-trivial job to actually take it, or extract anything from it.

My beloved fly agaric money belt holds everything I need.

Try to be inconspicuous or at least avoid looking like you are dripping in wealth. I am sometimes told that I look like a hippy-tramp, who is not worth the effort of robbing. I'm comfortable with this, and have never had any trouble. The general advice though is to dress so that you blend in with the locals.

I personally think I look quite smart.

Use common sense with respect to your hotel room. Don't leave drugs or drug paraphernalia around for cleaners/etc to find. Lock anything valuable that you are not carrying in a safe. I'm super-cautious and often tend to put '*Do Not Disturb*' on the door even when I am out of the room. When I am actually in the room I always hard lock the door as well.

Secure your bag when you leave it in your hotel room, hostel or elsewhere, perhaps with a travel lock.

Don't keep all of your money either on you or in the safe in your room (if you have one). Split it so that you have backup for each.

Be careful with your phone/camera when taking photographs, and always keep a tight grip. Be aware of what/who is round you, note whether you are near a road (scooter riders grabbing cameras happens), and be wary that some people might object to being photographed.

Keep your phone charged.

I keep mine well topped-up, but I know people who don't.

If you are caught up in a safety/security drama and have to hide rather than escape the scene, turn your phone to silent (and turn off vibrate). If it is appropriate to call the police only do so when the threat to your well-being has sufficiently reduced or dissipated.

What if you run into a corrupt cop who attempts to extort you? This hasn't happened to me but has to others, including the late Rachel Jones, the *Hippie in Heels*. In her words: "*Sometimes you will feel angry because you'd been targeted for something you didn't do: you "ran a red light" or you "didn't stop back there" but you know you did. Are you in a position to essentially call the cop a liar? When dealing with police in countries where corruption is there, you have to use common sense and do the option that makes you safest. In most cases, if you call the cop out they will let you go, but other times I have heard horror stories of drugs being planted or other things*." What would I do? It depends on the situation and my reading of it. I might try to barter the bribe down, but I'd lean towards paying it.

Are you healthy today? It's a serious question: if you are about to embark upon an adventure, particularly if you are taking drugs, make sure you are well and that you are physically up to it.

Wherever you go, if you are going to consume drugs, do not forsake your normal harm reduction practices. At the risk of boring you through repetition, you can download a free copy of *The Drug Users Bible* and take it with you.

1.2. FLYING

I had to do an awful lot of flying, and have spent more time waiting in airports than I even want to think about. This is an aspect of travel which doesn't get any easier with experience, but perhaps the following suggestions might help to alleviate some of the problems.

Don't worry, they'd never let me sit in one of these seats.

1.2.1 BAGS

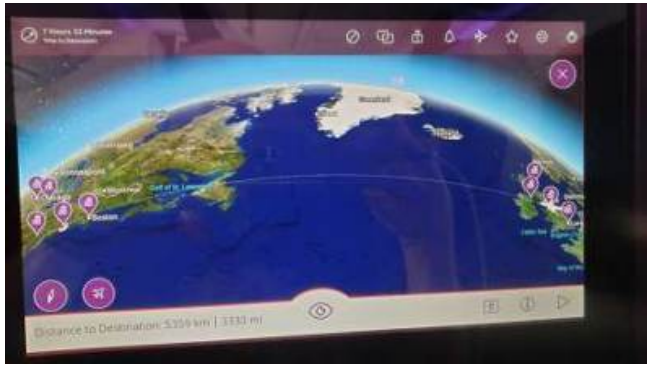
Personally, I never put anything in the hold: I'm strictly cabin bag only. I prefer to be off and out when my feet hit the ground, rather than waiting endlessly around a baggage carousel. This approach also feels somewhat more secure (see *www.expendable.tv* for an example of what can go wrong and how bad it can get).

1.2.2 SEATING

Others may have a different opinion but I prefer sitting in an aisle seat near to the exit, usually as close to the front as I can manage. The reason isn't just for escape/safety, but also because I like to get off the plane as quickly as possible after landing.

1.2.3 BOREDOM

So you finally sit down on the aircraft, and… you have so many hours to go.



Say it's not true!

Many of my flights were indeed long haul, so for some years I sought to minimize the boredom via the use of drugs. Specifically:

ALCOHOL
Using alcohol probably qualifies as being relatively normal, to the extent that passengers are usually offered alcoholic drinks in transit. Whilst there's obviously a huge disparity between having a couple of drinks and getting totally blotted, this isn't a drug I would consume on a flight.

Some people will drink anything to pass time.

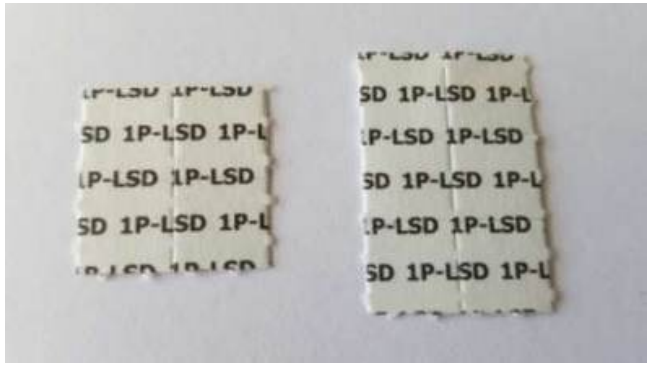
For myself, a few drinks might help a couple of hours go by, but what goes up must come down, and I have usually felt rather fatigued later on the flight or on landing, rendering the overall exercise to be one I now avoid.

Having a lot to drink, which was my tendency many moons ago, certainly helped the journey, but the payback was awful. On landing I would be hung over, tired and struggling with the mundane. This would constitute the worst possible start to a holiday or an adventure.

In short, the use of alcohol isn't something I would recommend at all.

STIMULANTS
The same applies to stimulants (amphetamine, cocaine, etc). Starting an expedition drained and low on serotonin/dopamine is an equally bad idea. The high itself can also be difficult. Even the frequently cited route to time acceleration, *stim-fapping*, is out of the question. If you don't know what this is, it's best that you just read on.

PSYCHEDELICS
If you've ever experienced a full-blown trip you will already know that one of the last places you would want to engage this is in an enclosed space 30,000 feet in the air. Set and setting really do matter and this would be a recipe for disaster.



Don't.

However, what about a microdose? I have, in fact, attempted this on a number of occasions, but it isn't without risk. The last time I did it I had slightly too much, felt the coming-up discomfort in the air, and went though a drowsy drained uncomfortable period on landing. It wasn't fun, and I haven't done it since.

CANNABIS
I usually got away with this, barring the odd incident of incompetence during the first couple of hours, and a slightly jaded aftermath on long hauls. Having said this, if you're inexperienced or get yourself into an anxiety loop, it could be a bit of a nightmare.

BENZOS
At some doses I would suggest that these work reasonably well in helping you sleep… if you know that you have an empty flight and can hog thee seats to lie across.

Unfortunately, if you don't, and you are anything like I am, you will end up feeling drowsy, slipping in and out of fitful sleep, and earning yourself neck or shoulder strain in the process.

These days I tend to take a mild sleeping aid the night prior to flying to ensure a good restful sleep… but not for the flight itself.

After so many flights over so many years the bottom line is that I recommend that you stay clean for the flight.

1.2.4 BE IN GOOD SHAPE ON LANDING

Being as alert as possible on landing can have its advantages, including that you will be more capable of escaping the sheeple and exercising independent thought and control over your situation.

An example of the need for clarity occurred with my recent flight from Amsterdam to Marrakech on the budget airline Transavia, which was unable to land due to a sandstorm.

By the third loop around the holding pattern I'd had enough.

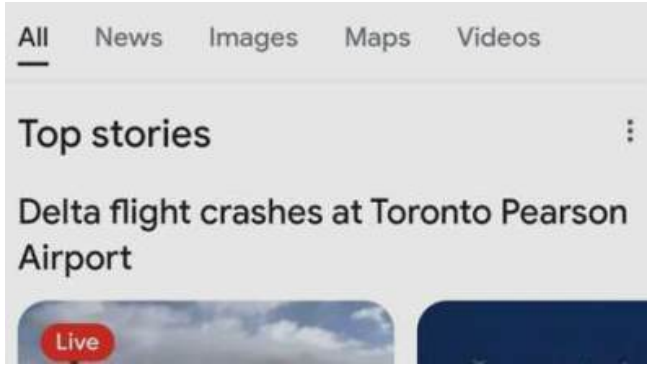
It was an evening flight and it was diverted to Casablanca, some 150 miles away. On landing, the plane simply refuelled and returned to Amsterdam with the cabin crew. Prior to disembarking we had been told not to worry because coaches would be available to take us to our intended destination.

Unfortunately, there were no coaches, there were no Transavia staff, there was no-one at the airport to assist. Luckily, being sober and capable, I walked through arrivals and found an information desk. The lady there told me that I could get a taxi or a train to Marrakech, and that the latter would be faster and cheaper than the former.

Whilst the other 200 passengers milled around the main hall, waiting for help, I went downstairs and boarded a train into Casablanca, where I caught a connection to Marrakech, arriving around midnight. I met one other guy, a Moroccan, who had done the same. He assured me that the rest of the passengers would still be there in the morning.

It's pretty obvious what this says even if you don't read French.

Would I have managed this if I was hung over or otherwise inebriated? No. It was a less than salubrious train journey, through the storm, the rain and the dark, but I got there and was able to proceed with my plans unhindered.



This one was in fact unfolding whilst I was on my way to... Toronto.

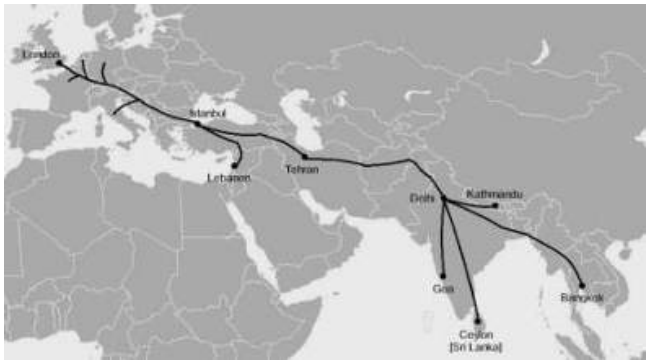
When you arrive in a foreign territory you never know when you are going to have to think quickly and act decisively. Be ready.

1.3 THE HIPPIE TRAIL

Etched into a prominent position in the history of drug tourism is the *hippie trail*. I described this as follows in *The Drug Users Bible*:

> The Hippie Trail was one of the most famed international travel routes of the last century. It was a journey undertaken by members of the hippie counterculture, largely from the mid 60s to the mid-late 70s.

> Start points were major cities in Western Europe, notably London and Amsterdam. The route meandered overland to northern India, where it branched into a variety of end-points, including Goa, Kathmandu, Bangkok and Sri Lanka.



The classic trail, but I had to fly directly to those end points.

> Unfortunately, in practical terms, much of the trail is now inaccessible, not least Afghanistan, Iran and the Indian/Pakistani border.
>
> The hippie lifestyle often embraced drugs, particularly psychedelics and hashish, and most of these locations offered an abundance, certainly of the latter. The drugs have now largely gone, at least in terms of their legal use, but the hippies left cultural marks on many of these places which still exist today.

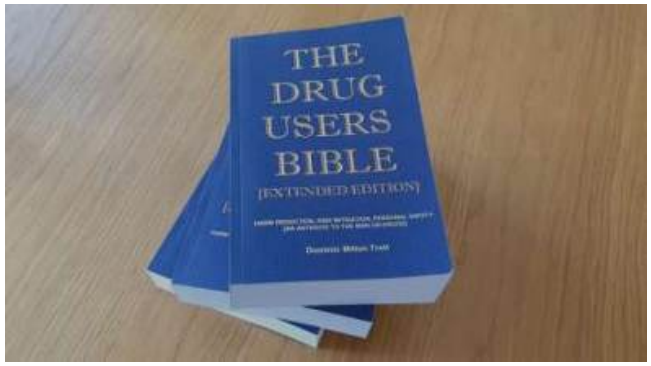
With the actual routes impossible to traverse, I therefore focused upon the end destinations, taking photographs at some of the most fabled and iconic locations, as featured in a number of sections within this book.

*Note that a modern but less drug related incantation of this is known as *The Banana Pancake Trail*. I was unaware that this existed until relatively recently, but it does in fact span many of the locations I already cover in this book.

1.4 THAT OTHER BOOK

For a number of the destinations I present the photographs in an order which broadly represents a photo-story. In other words: as a pictorial representation of my adventure, and sometimes of my drug experience.

In the case of the latter you will be able to read the full written account of the trip or the session in *The Drug Users Bible* itself. You can download this from the following web page: www.drugusersbible.com/2018/01/pdf.html.
Or alternatively you can give me some pennies by purchasing the paperback version via Amazon: www.drugusersbible.com/2019/03/order-from-amazon.html



Ignorance kills education saves lives.

1.4.1 THE STORY OF THE DRUG USERS BIBLE

For those unfamiliar, a brief chronology of the major developments regarding this project may be of interest:

2008-2017: As per the preface, I self-administered the drugs, documented each experience, and wrote the 638 page paperback edition of *The Drug Users Bible*.

2017-2022: Over its three editions the book became an Amazon best seller and widely known within the community.

2022-2023: In an attempt to reach those drug consumers who didn't read books, or who couldn't afford them, I produced a PDF version for free-distribution. The first weekend alone yielded almost 20,000 downloads.

2023-2024: Imagine vital harm reduction information being provided without charge at point of drug purchase, on a global basis. Imagine the potential impact this might have in terms of user safety.

With this vision in mind I approached the darknet social media and harm reduction platform (*Dread*). With the support I received, I then began to approach all the major darknet drug markets, asking for help in turning this far fetched scenario into a reality.

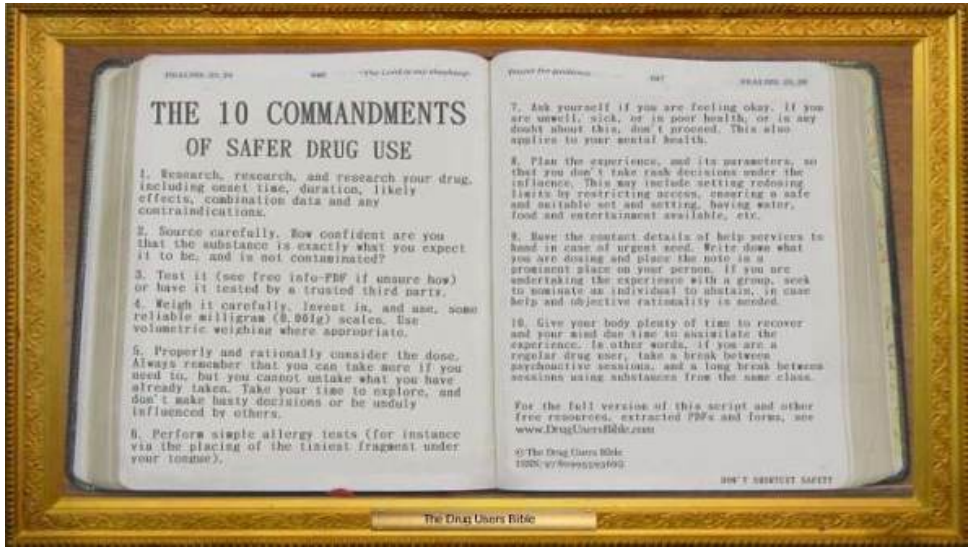
2024-2025: By the end of 2024 the PDF was being provided free-of-charge by Dread itself, by darknet directories, and by almost every significant drug market.

2024: Also during 2024, a team of Dread staff, contributors and moderators produced a browser based edition of the book, thus distributing its contents even further. This can be viewed on www.DrugUsersBible.org.

Also as referred to in the preface, despite their public health significance, these events, by and large, have occurred exclusively within the drug community, with no or little attention from outside.

1.4.2 STAY HEALTHY

Regardless of whether you use this book or not, I can't stress enough how important it is to take safety and harm reduction seriously. Your life may well depend upon it: never short-cut or compromise on this aspect of your adventure.



1.5 THE POLITICAL & SOCIAL CONTEXT

It is likely that some of you will be reading these words long after they were written, indeed, well after my death (particularly as I am rather old), so perhaps I should present the wider context of the current era.

We live in an age in which the wrath of governments is inexorably brought to bear against those who choose to use psychoactive drugs which are not state sanctioned. Families are ripped apart, people have their lives shattered by incarceration, and entire sections of society live at risk and in fear. This is a *war on people* which is presented as a *war on drugs*.

It is probably worth bearing in mind here that the sanctioned drugs include some of the most toxic (e.g. alcohol and nicotine), with many benign plants being illegalised and demonised. This is not an era of rationality and logic.

I argue the following in *The Drug Users Bible*:

> *"In this context the war on drugs constitutes a brutal and unremitting exercise of state sponsored persecution and oppression. It can reasonably be regarded as organised terrorism on a global scale, targeting those who choose to exercise the politically proscribed human right of perturbing their own consciousness. It is a war of terror, explicitly terrorising users of drugs and their families.*

> *Death, addiction, mass incarceration, and appalling social wreckage are inevitable consequences when the machinery and propaganda of state are ruthlessly and mercilessly turned upon innocent citizens in this manner. "*

For drug consumers the backdrop is often one of trepidation, which manifestly reduces the prospect of safe practice. Decades of social management and propaganda have even misappropriated related words: *drugs* and *drug users*, for example, conjure pictures of deficient individuals and a subject area which is edgy or even taboo.

Yet, as referred to in the preface, 250+ million people, real people, defy this assault on personal freedom, creating a counter-culture which this book scratches the surface of. To one degree or another we are essentially living under threat, making it prudent to exercise some degree of caution, particularly when travelling.

I should probably add at this juncture that due to its subject area it is by no means certain that this book, and even *The Drug Users Bible*, will remain on open and legal sale, or that links to the PDF version will remain operative. Access to the latter work has already been blocked in some jurisdictions.

From here the future is difficult to foretell. However, with the authoritarian-right in ascendance in many parts of the world the omens are not good.

In the long term I suspect that you will be looking back on this period in one of two ways; viewing it either as part of a dark age in which human rights and freedoms were ruthlessly crushed, or alternatively seeing it as a frightening harbinger and reflection of your own current predicament.

I hope on hope that the former picture materialises, and that this book can help to provide at least an historical insight into how it was for many of us.

*NOTE: Regarding cannabis, which features heavily in this book, whilst some territories have now enabled its legal supply the majority still pursue those individuals who choose to use it for self-medication or recreation.

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2

DRUGGING ALL OVER THE WORLD

2. DRUGGING ALL OVER THE WORLD

The photographs in this section are presented in broad alphabetical order, as described in the preface. They provide a pictorial anthology of my travels during the period covered. Note that there are no shots of the taking of those drugs deemed to be illegal within the territory concerned: photos of the drugs themselves are presented in the next section.

2.1 AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS

Whilst writing *The Drug Users Bible* I visited Amsterdam several times per year. I took so many photographs during this period that it was a real challenge to choose just a few that were in some way representative in terms of both my journey and my primary interest (drugs).

As found outside the Hash Museum (Oudezijds Achterburgwal 148).

This shot of the interior gives a decent impression of what I found within.

It was well worth a visit.

On the way out a complimentary toke on a vape was on offer. I recall that back in the early 90's they used to offer a toke from an enormous glass bowl. It delivered what is probably the highest high I have ever encountered from cannabis.

Street signage can be an art form. This particular photograph was banned by Facebook when I first posted it there. FWIW, I stopped posting on Meta platforms years ago.

At first glance I assumed these were telling me that drinking alcohol was forbidden, but that it was okay to smoke weed.

The Smoke Boat offered canal tours specifically for tokers. I caught it at Kloveniersburgwal 62, but at time of writing there is an additional departure point at Hendrikkade 33a.

Whilst The Bulldog coffeeshop didn't seem to have the best social media reputation during this period (presumably due to the number of tourists), it was certainly one of the most colourful.

The Original Dampkring Coffeeshop offered a more restrained but elegant exterior.

Note that I have in fact uploaded dozens of photos of coffeeshop exteriors to a Flickr album. See: www.DrugTourism.org/p/flickr.html

Small postage stamp views of some of them.

The interior of Feels Good Coffeeshop provided some good old fashioned atmosphere.

On the other hand, the interior of Prix d'Ami Coffeeshop had the chill factor. That's quite a contrast. There was everything in between: enough to suit every taste.

The old Coffeeshop El Guapo had a pretty imposing entrance. It's since been renamed to Terps Army Coffeeshop, and is presumably under new management.

Yes please!

Oh… do I spy some space cakes at the bottom of this photo (taken at the Tweede Kamur)? I think I do. ☺ Just be careful not to overdo them.

This is a fairly typical menu from the era. If you would like to see a wider selection of menus, I have uploaded some to another Flickr album. See: www.DrugTourism.org/p/flickr.html

Oh yes: magic truffles. Again, should you ever partake be careful not to over indulge in the busy city centre. See *The Drug Users Bible* for details of my disaster-class.

This was the offending box. Foolishly, I scoffed the lot.

Never be surprised to be surprised about what might lie round the corner. I'm rather embarrassed to admit it, but I snorted this chocolate too. Again, see the other book regarding the outcome.

If people-watching with a pint is your thing, you are not going to be disappointed. I was waiting here for my washing: there was a launderette next door but one.

It's a beautiful city, even with the recently added signage (circa 2022). The message on the right enables me to drop a reminder: always test your gear.

I have been known to use these, which are dotted across the city centre. I read recently that on average 15 people per year drown whilst urinating in the canals, so you can probably understand why they are necessary. There's also been a campaign for urination equality for women, which apparently, and not before time, has met with some success.

I used this particular sensory deprivation tank in search of a drug-free psychedelic experience (some people do claim success). Needless to say I made a mess of it.

I spent many hours gazing into smart shop windows, some of which offered a substantial array of goodies, particularly botanical goodies. A number were very long established and looked the part, none more so than this one, round the corner from Dam Square (Kloveniersburgwal 39).

The chalk board caught my eye (shop located on Spuistraat).

I know you want to see an example of what was on offer in these establishments. I can count about 20-odd psychoactives on display on these shelves, all of which were legally for sale when I took the photograph. Also visible are a variety of other interesting items, including testing kits and a trip killer.

Some were quite focused and detailed in their product range. I think I've had the pleasure of all of these, although not through that particular brand.

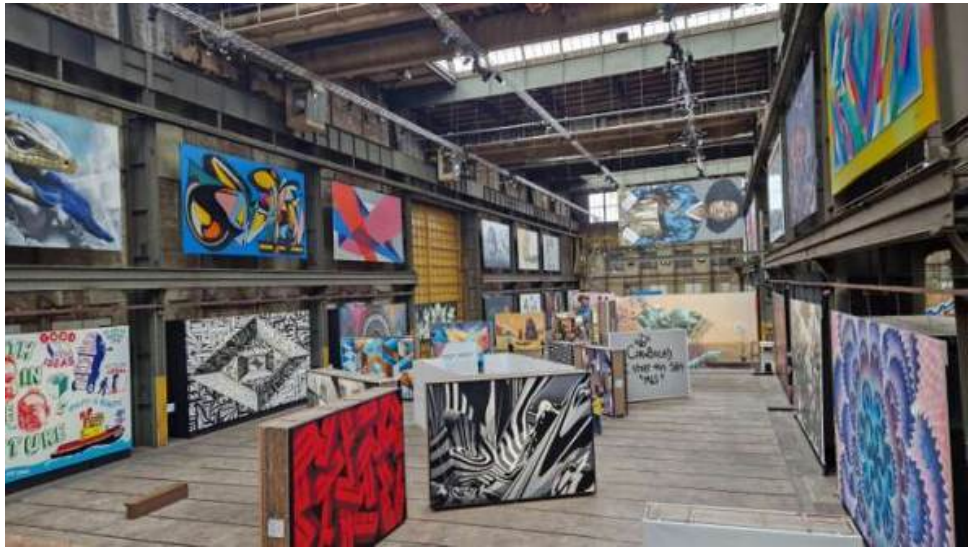
If you are into this, be sure to check out the segment on *chemsex* in that other book.

Sometimes the interiors were beautifully presented. This was the inside of The Old Indian at Kloveniersburgwal 32.

Tourist shops like this offered everything from cannabis lollipops to space cakes. Unfortunately, in terms of THC, everything was fake, with the real deal only (legally) available from coffeeshops. This was, and remains, a common trap.

You want seeds? There was no shortage of seed banks in town. This one, located on Damstraat, was particularly well stocked.

I wonder how many people used this establishment. It is closed now but it was located right in the centre of the old red light district.



Your eyes do not deceive: it's an enormous street art gallery. This was STRAAT, as housed in a former shipyard (NDSM-Plein 1).

1. I have often walked past this plaque outside the Hotel Prins Hendrik, from which jazz legend Chet Baker accidentally fell to his death with both cocaine and heroin present in his system.
2. As found growing in the basement of Cannabis College on Oudezijds Achterburgwal.
3. Just a fridge… with 400 doses of magic truffles.

This remains the strangest looking San Pedro Cactus I have ever seen.

Imagine Salvador Dali art drifting across the walls around you and covering the floor beneath your feet; with Pink Floyd offering an audio accompaniment. It was almost a trip without a drug. Now imagine this on a moderate dose of truffles. [Fabrique des Lumières, Pazzanistraat 37]

What's this I spy in the Flower Market?

Nothing to see here folks: just a street paved with rainbows.

Finally, many people recommend a walk to Vondelpark to escape the madness (perhaps whilst on a truffle trip), but a free boat ride across the water to NDSM can also provide a pleasant sojourn.

2.2 ASIA & THE FAR EAST

I have criss-crossed Asia and the Far East many times over the past decade or so, probably covering these countries in the most inefficient way possible. If you choose to visit I would definitely recommend planning your itinerary better than I did.

In this section I am including the region from India through to Japan. Specifically: Cambodia, China, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Japan, Laos, Malaysia, Myanmar, Singapore, South Korea, Sri Lanka and Vietnam.

These nations were visited, some multiple times, between 2010 and 2024.

Note that Thailand and Nepal (via Kathmandu) are represented in dedicated sections.

2.2.1 CAMBODIA

I saw this when I arrived at the hotel in Phnom Penh, which was also a casino: they didn't allow drugs or slippers inside. Something even stranger… although I only had 2 small beers before bed I woke with an inexplicable hangover. This was at 4am, when the power went off with an enormous bang. Through my peep-hole I saw men moving around with torches. Scary!

I'm aware that this photograph is rather blurred, but in my defence I was still recovering from the aforementioned hangover when I took it on the following morning.

To add to this weird little story, there were quite a few weird and interesting scenes in and around the city. As a country it was certainly undeveloped relative to some of its neighbours, although the locals were friendly enough.

2.2.1 CHINA

Tea is big in China. This was hard to miss outside a tea shop near to my hotel.

I was served this green tea about 45 miles north of Beijing, on the way up to the Great Wall. Needless to say it looked nothing like the green tea bags I use back home. It was rather pleasant though.

A colleague told me that these insects, which were alive and wriggling, were psychoactive. I don't know whether he was winding me up or serious, but regardless, there was absolutely no way....

2.2.2 HONG KONG

I tracked this place down, in the middle of what seemed to be a commercial and residential block, in pursuit of a particular vape. It's a long story, which I will leave to your imagination.

2.2.3 INDIA – [EXCL GOA, RISHIKESH & VARANASI]

With or without drugs prepare for sensory overload. It's one of the reasons so many people love this country. For the record, this photograph of a random street scene was taken in Bodh Gaya, just behind the Mahabodhi Temple Complex (which houses the Bodhi Tree).

Travelling around on Indian trains might not be for everyone, but on those occasions upon which the option presented itself, I just threw myself into it and never had a problem.

Fate can sometimes deliver perfect timing. By sheer coincidence I was in Amritsar for Maha Shivaratri which is celebrated in honour of the deity associated with cannabis use, Shiva. A lot of people did seem to be high, at least to me. It was rather wild.

This is what passed for the local pub. I went for the strongest version of *Bro Code* beer, which turned out to be a wine, and which I found to be unbelievably horrible. Apparently this mistake (buying it as a beer) is common, so now you know.

I feel like I have had variations of this exact meal in a dozen Indian cities. That's absolutely not a complaint though: India is a great place for vegetarians. This one was served free of charge in the Golden Temple complex.

This wasn't something I expected to see on a random walk in Jaipur.

Just around the corner from my hotel in Kolkata (*The Great Eastern*) was the local betel dispensary.

One rainy night, I was drawn to this salubrious haunt in search of a beer and some shelter. On the outside it reminded me somewhat of an English pub. After huffing and puffing for a while I dared to enter.

I stepped into the strange world of the disjointed. The menu left a bit to be desired, but Kingfisher seemed to be the best bet.

A man wailed into a microphone as the two guys at the front played. A woman and another punter clapped along enthusiastically. A man-butler stood behind my left shoulder as I was compelled to witness a performance that destroyed me from within.

We are back to the main hippie region here. You might say that McLeod Ganj offers a significant contrast to Kolkata. It was indeed beautiful.

I bought these more in hope than expectation. Despite the cool presentation and nice little box they had no discernable effect.

Also in McLeod Ganj I was suffering from altitude sickness, and so popped into the pharmacy. They gave me… wait for it… xanax. The blister pack only cost $1 so I bought it anyway, and headed to the traditional medical facility across the road hoping for better luck. The doctor there was far more impressive. She prescribed some organic veggie-balls, which actually worked.

I bet there are plenty of psychoactive veggie-balls in that medicine cabinet. I would have asked had I not been feeling like my head was about to explode.

I was lucky enough to see the Dalai Lama at his temple complex, which is a good introduction to the fact that the monks are on to something in drinking green tea. It contains l-theanine, which has a calmative effect; balancing the caffeine and promoting a state more conducive to mindfulness and meditation (see *The Drug Users Bible, Section 2.9.4*).

No, I wasn't high: I just felt like I was. This was the festival of colours and it was impossible not to join in the random celebrations.

Moving south again, Pushkar was a really cool hippie destination with a sacred lake, ready availability of weed, and here, a man playing drums at sunset. It was pretty awesome, to say the least.

It had a bustling and extremely pleasant main street above the lake, which was alive both in the evening and during the day. I didn't actually take any bhang here, but there were indeed lassi shops, from which I was reliably informed it was available.

2.2.4 INDONESIA

In the old days, magic mushrooms were so legal that advertisements were absolutely in your face, most certainly in Kuta (Bali).

Change your money here… and don't forget your magic mushrooms.

No I haven't edited this photo. For an hour a colleague and I had watched this TV whilst on a mushroom trip. We believed that the blurred screen was a visual hallucination. It was only when we changed channels that we learned that we were watching a 3D channel without the special glasses. I was kinda speechless.

You may well be wondering what this cowardly rabble is up to. Having spent 10 years smearing her and her family, the Australian media are hounding (innocent) Schapelle Corby on her release from prison. I took this photo in February 2014.

This is the court of shame, where she was sentenced to 20 years for a bag of weed which she knew nothing about. See the website www.Expendable.tv for details of this horrifying *war on drugs* saga.

The media could take photographs of the Bali 9, Schapelle Corby and others whilst they waited, no doubt in trepidation, in this holding cell. The back story regarding the nine is also horrendous, with two being brutally executed. The Australian Federal Police had wilfully informed the Indonesians prior to their return home, rather than arresting them in possession on landing.

Something in this meal, which I had in Jakarta, made myself and others hallucinate during the night, and I am looking at YOU, Mr (fried) Mushroom.

Back to Bali… if shisha is your thing you are covered.

It's a fair cop… I did it. They are my toes, one of which I inexplicably had varnished with flower petals.

I should add that as Australia's most popular foreign holiday destination, alcohol availability was not a problem, particularly on the beach around Kuta. This scene, with cold beer vendors on the right, continued for miles.

2.2.5 JAPAN

This photograph isn't here because it looks somewhat psychedelic. It's here because I spotted the drug advert on the right hand side. I know. I don't know what's wrong with me either.

There I go again… someone help me!

Now this was a bit strange. There were dozens of extremely tiny bars in an area known as Golden Gai in Tokyo… but you had to pay just to sit down.

Let's get on to something real. This tobacconist near Shinjuku station was selling white sage, which was obviously legal here. See *Section 3.4.22* of *The Drug Users Bible* if you don't know what this is.

A closer look: for your viewing pleasure.

The obligatory photo of the Shibuya Crossing, the world's busiest (with reportedly 2.4 million people crossing each day).

If tobacco is your bag, I know a man who can help. On a visit to Kawagoe I took this photograph to illustrate how openly tobacco was sold in Japan. This chap seems to be looking at me as though I am a bit of a weirdo.

2.2.6 LAOS

There were no durgs allowed at my hotel, whatever they may be. I'd better stick to drugs.

In Vientiane, *Heroin* was a brand.

Okay guys, we get the picture: smoking cigarettes is a bad idea! I found gruesome images like these in various places around the city, indicating a really vigorous campaign. Fair enough.

Well worth the 25km bus ride was Buddha Park, home of literally hundreds of Buddhist and Hindu statues and sculptures. It was a little strange, and in parts it invoked that weird feeling you get at the onset of a trip.

2.2.6 MALAYSIA

Are you serious? That other book seems to be banned in Malaysia.

Despite an insane level of hostility to drug consumers, I still ran across a few of these.

2.2.7 MYANMAR

It's betel again. In fact this was the first time I had ever encountered it. He was packing up for the day, and gave this to me on the house.

I saved some for you.

Whilst buzzing on betel I came across this. The stimulation seemed to be enhancing visual acuity, so this scene was wild.

The good news is that, whilst working on the book, 430 prisoners suddenly received amnesty, and "*most were serving terms for drug trafficking cases*". The bad news is that despite properly arranging to visit someone held as a prisoner there, my colleague and I were refused entry.

I also visited the courts themselves, which were basic, but a bigger impression had already been made by the mistreatment of three young prisoners, who were forcibly sat outside the prison visitor area in shackles, presumably as a humiliation. Myanmar: do better.

2.2.8 SINGAPORE

It looks like you can't do anything here except for drugs! Seriously though, there was nothing in Singapore to pique my interest as a psychonaut…

… except perhaps for this really weird looking construct. Tell me that this doesn't have the feel of the beginnings of an LSD trip. Or, as they look like some form of spangled mushroom: maybe a shroom trip.

The consolation prize was that I found and bought these extremely groovy bandanas.

2.2.9 SOUTH KOREA

When tested back home ginseng didn't really do anything for me, but some might differ. For those people, I found this place near the night market.

He told me that this bridge into North Korea was closed and I didn't argue.

2.2.10 SRI LANKA

You might think I'm making this up, but I'm not. This (the Jami Ul-Alfar Mosque in Colombo) reminds me of what I saw on my failed DMT trips. The architecture was less fancy, there was green colouration and other colours, but the sharp feel and general vibe of this place was there.

Another local production line for betel… as found in Kandy.

Yummy! Well, not really: I have found that when it is mixed with tobacco, like this, it makes me queasy and sickly. After chewing it, I had to lie down at the hotel to recover.

Back to caffeine I think. I had a nice cup of tea in a traditional tea house in the heart of Ceylon tea region.

It's probably worth saying this: don't get a tattoo when you are intoxicated. As found in Negombo.

Read all about it: career opportunities for killers! Unfortunately I am not joking. The president of Sri Lanka cited Duterte's murderous drug war campaign in the Philippines as an example to the world, and then advertised for people to do the dirty work in the local paper. I took this photograph outside the *Daily News* building in Kandy in February 2019.

I had looked for psychedelics growing in botanical gardens in a number of territories but I finally found one in the *Royal Botanic Gardens* near Kandy. This is in fact *Hawaiian Baby Woodrose*.

2.2.11 VIETNAM

I'll have whatever they are smoking, as long as it isn't *thuoc lao*. BTW, can you see my camera reflected in the window? Hanoi was full of all sorts of interesting little corners.

Is that a cannabis leaf engraved on the top pipe? I should stress that this isn't what the locals I encountered were smoking out of them.

Can you see the shisha advert on the right? Perhaps I should have gone for that, and avoided what follows.

On a number of occasions I noticed small groups of locals smoking something from pipes, and so naturally I asked for a toke. They refused payment, but insisted that I sat down on a stool. They knew what was coming.

Let's go for it! Two minutes later I was almost flat on my back; gasping for breath and wondering what the hell I had done. See *3.8.6 Mapacho* in *The Drug Users Bible* for the sordid details of this sorry tale.

Don't do what I did... seriously.

Riding around Saigon in a captured American jeep whilst drinking a beer wasn't on my bingo card for 2022, but here we are. Incidentally, the wide scale use of heroin by US soldiers in Vietnam didn't transfer home on the scale expected, indicating that circumstance is indeed a major factor with respect to addiction.

Finally, Vietnam is a fascinating place to visit, and I enjoyed both Hanoi and Saigon (Ho Chi Minh City). If forced to choose I would go for Hanoi, which isn't to say there wasn't a lot to see in the latter, including a vibrant nightlife (even in the rain).

2.3 BANGKOK

I visited Bangkok half a dozen times during the research period and have squeezed in a similar number of trips since weed became legal there in 2022. If you have never been, I recommend that you park your expectations prior to arrival: whatever type of holiday you are seeking you are likely to find it, and then some.

I started to get more from my visits once I familiarised myself with the layout of the skytrain/metro system. It's an easy culture to relax in and enjoy, particularly when you know your way around.

As a vibrant cosmopolitan city, it probably needs no introduction to many of you, but let's take a look at it from the perspective of an aging psychonaut.

So... where to start?

A good place is perhaps Khaosan Road, which comes alive at night. Its legendary status as a backpacker destination goes way back to the hippie era.

Klong Prem is probably best known for the imprisonment of foreigners on drug related offences. In a previous epoch I visited it on a humanitarian mission. I should add that this had very little to do with Thailand and a lot to do with police corruption in Australia.

Inside, it was an enormous campus. This moat, which had to be crossed to reach the prison block, absolutely stank of sewerage.

The visitor area was behind several sets of bars. But let's move on from this depressing locale and head back to town.

I met her on Sukhumvit, and fell in love.

Sukhumvit was in fact particularly well provisioned with cannabis stores. This one was on the corner of Soi 5.

Less imposing were the cannabis mobiles.

At the other end of the spectrum there were posh stores in posh malls.

And of course there was everything in between.

To further illustrate this I have uploaded a couple of dozen photographs to a Flickr album. See: www.DrugTourism.org/p/flickr.html

This shopping mall contained only cannabis related shops and stores. I filmed a video inside which you can find on my social media accounts.

Can I help you sir?

That's a handily placed bong on the right. Try before you buy?

Many could be viewed directly from the substantial and growing network of skywalks, of which I am a huge fan.

What's on the menu today?

This place, near Cowboy Soi, offered a particularly wide selection of edibles.

I try to.

On a recent visit I noticed this headline. I approve: get the heat on them! More seriously, there are occasional rumours that some sort of weed prohibition will raise its ugly head again, but at time of writing nothing has materialised. Let's hope it stays that way.

I spy with my little eye... fly agaric!

If psychedelics have taken you down the path of enlightenment, transcendence and meditation, you will find that Bangkok is awash with Buddhist temples and *wats* to explore. I always found these to be an oasis of calm and tranquillity amidst the madness.

Yes, kratom was legal too… and available. In this case it's processed to help consumers get over that appalling taste.

If you look carefully… here it is on sale at Nana Plaza.

Cheers….

Or perhaps authentic snus is your thing?

I ran across it a number of times.

There was no shortage of opportunities to relax with this particular hard drug (alcohol). I also came across some really nice microbreweries.

Cocktails or cannabis sir?

The things we do when stoned (aka it seemed a good idea at the time). The *Land of Smiles* was remarkably friendly.

I can't imagine why this (near Patpong) caught my eye.

How many pleasures can be sold in a small space? I see sugar, cannabis, caffeine, alcohol, more cannabis, a hint of sexual titillation, and food.

Make no mistake about it; Bangkok has a great deal to offer in the form of regular tourism too. You certainly won't run out of things to see and do.

2.4 CUSCO

I visited Cusco during the early stages of my journey, largely to engage in an ayahuasca ceremony. In some ways it set the ball rolling, at least in terms of international travel and confidence. The flip side is that in those days the quality of my camera left a bit to be desired, but regardless, the experience itself was unforgettable.

It's worth noting that it wasn't really appropriate to take photographs whilst I was actually consuming the ayahuasca itself. It offers a very personal and sacred experience, undertaken in a calm darkened room, and I was anxious not to undermine its gravity in any way.

Cusco is a beautiful city, with the main square (Plaza de Armas de Cusco) acting as a centre-point of the tourist area.

Ayahuasca ceremonies were in fact advertised here and there (see the lower-left in this photo).

However the first psychoactive I actually ran into wasn't ayahuasca, it was coca leaves (from which cocaine is derived).

I chewed the leaves but also drank copious amounts of coca tea, largely to help with altitude sickness. It didn't.

Preparation for the main event began in the days prior, when my diet was strictly controlled, and more or less vegan. I'm a vegetarian anyway, so this was cool.

On the day before the main event a nurse came to my hotel to administer volcanic water to *purge* me. I had to drink it until I went to the toilet to produce almost water-clear… well… you know. She was merciless as she endlessly repeated the fateful word: *more*.

The day itself began with an early morning drive to the retreat, about an hour away, in the Sacred Valley.

The local scenery couldn't have been more appropriate.

I had a room in which to rest. It was basic but sufficient. However, I was free to walk around the complex and its gardens.

I made myself at home in the grounds, and attempted to relax into what I knew would be a memorable and potentially life changing day.

The shaman himself also wandered the grounds.

In the grass I came across my first ever four-leaf clover.

Ceremonies and preparatory chats took place outdoors and indoors. Everybody was friendly, kind and gentle. I could not capture the main event on my phone for the reasons specified above, but it was indeed a beautiful experience.

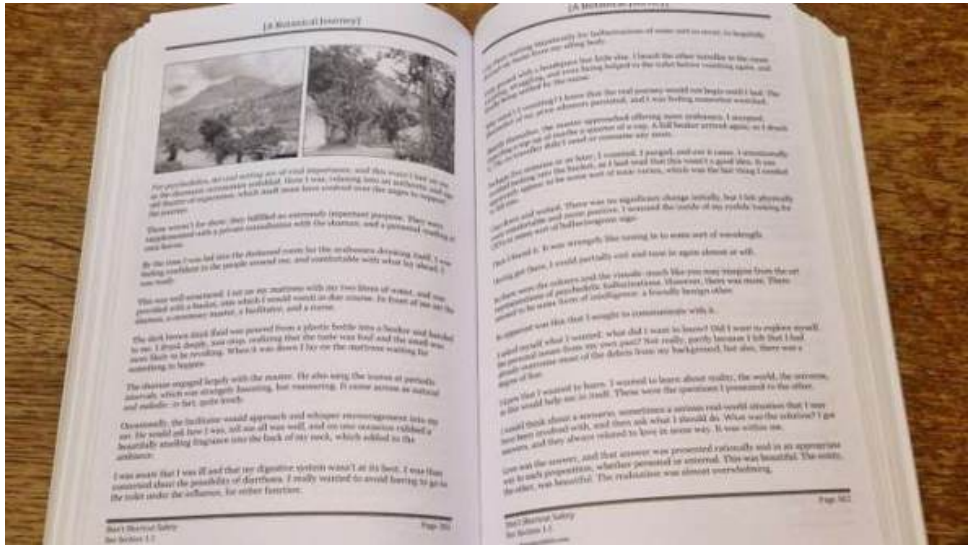
Is there a problem officer? I was happy for weeks afterwards, particularly during the days immediately following.

I was able to find a souvenir in the form of a t-shirt with a shaman on the front. Incoming confession: I got carried away and bought a whole bunch of them. I loved them and still do.

I thought that this scene was pretty psychedelic and weird. Perhaps I was still basking in the afterglow of the ayahuasca.

I had also booked a San Pedro Cactus experience in advance and was very much looking forward to it. Unfortunately, I was ill, and not just with the altitude sickness, so I had to cancel. As synchronicity would have it, I ran into this market on the same day, which didn't make me feel any better.

I needed a doctor, but I should add that those after effects largely countered my miserable physical condition.



For written details of my ayahuasca and coca experiences, as well as my subsequent San Pedro trip (at home), please see the book itself.

Finally, for regular tourists, Cusco has easy access to this (Machu Picchu). Sorry for blocking the view. I do in fact have a story from this day relating to my physical condition, but it's far too disgusting to record here.

2.5 EUROPE

This region, of course, is close to home, and includes my own backyard. I should state that including some European nations in this book was a bit of a stretch, whilst others, and no offence intended here, offered such a dearth of drug related iconography that they were omitted completely.

After a lot of toing and froing I finally included Belgium, Denmark, Estonia, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Poland, Spain, Sweden and the United Kingdom.

These nations were visited, some multiple times, between 2009 and 2025.

Note that The Netherlands is represented in a dedicated section.

2.5.1 BELGIUM

I wonder why this caught my eye. I can't put my finger on it.

2.5.2 DENMARK

Freetown Christiania is an alternative neighbourhood in Copenhagen and has quite a history.

The main entrances set the scene and the psychedelic vibe couldn't have been more obvious. At the time of my visit (2022) cannabis was still openly available on Pusher Street, in its centre, but since then events seem to have transpired to enforce change.

The sign says "*Help Christiania Legalize Cannabis*".

Behind the village there was a park area, which seemed to be an extremely suitable location for exploring whilst smoking weed.

The art gallery was itself a piece of art.

In fact no opportunity to create art seemed to have been missed; often weed centric art.

In the warm sun it exuded a really pleasant hippie ambience, and from here it was an easy walk to the centre of Copenhagen.

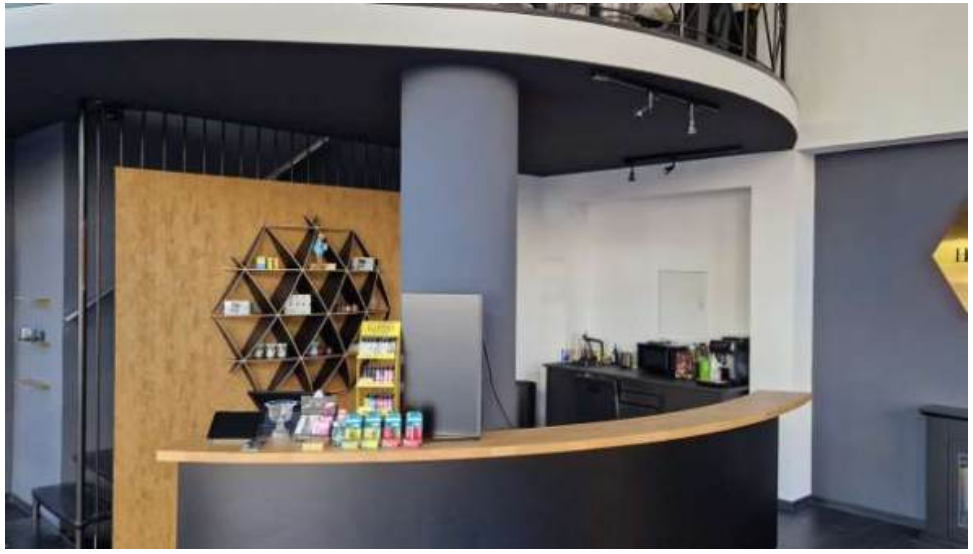
Finally, it was in Copenhagen that I succumbed to COVID. I was okay: I flew back to Amsterdam and medicated myself with… cannabis.

2.5.3 ESTONIA

Although I didn't find anything to include here I did invest in an *Eye of Horus* tattoo. This was believed to have protective magical powers, and some people claim to have seen it whilst tripping.

2.5.4 GERMANY

This is another European country in which cannabis was recently re-legislated.



The story I went with was that citizens of Germany could legally buy, but tourists couldn't. I decided to test this directly by finding an authorized distributor on a day trip to Cologne. Unfortunately it was deserted. It was a Sunday and pretty much everything here was closed!

I was definitely at the right place though.

2.5.5 IRELAND

There were pubs. [See the alcohol section for the reason I removed the other Ireland photo.]

2.5.6 ITALY

I was looking for psychoactive cacti in this garden (Como). There are a few varieties at the back there, but despite research I have never been able to confirm. Perhaps someone can help me.

2.5.7 POLAND

Incoming confession: I do a bit of urban exploration (urbex). I was checking out an old building in Kraków and came upon this: they do 4:20 in Poland! [Yes, I'm scraping the barrel here.]

2.5.8 SPAIN

I was told that to buy weed here it was necessary to join a club, so on my first evening in Torremolinos I found this place. I recall that I met an Everton supporter outside the door who had the same objective. We rang the bell repeatedly but there was no answer.

On the following day I tried again with another club, found courtesy of *Google Maps*.

I arrived at 3pm just as it opened, and began the registration process. The Swedish lady who served was very helpful, and after completing the formalities she even rolled my joints. Another incoming confession: due to gross ineptitude and incompetence I have always been useless at this, so asking for help was a regular feature of my tours.

I searched for other clubs on my way back to the hotel but they looked like they had disappeared or were so well hidden that I couldn't find them. I did run across this though. I had no idea what it was, but it looked interesting.

And this… which didn't look like it had been within a mile of any THC.

However, this Bob Marley puppet blasting out his songs made up for it. "*I'm gonna smoke'a de ganja until I go blind. You know I smoke'a de ganja all a de time.*"

On to Tenerife where I may have discovered the reason for the empty clubs referred to above. I found this… deserted. I was told by a lady working at the pub next door that it had been running for years but had suddenly closed last month.

And another: according to the lady at a nearby pharmacy they had been raided because "*they were doing bad things inside*". By this point I was starting to suspect that the *bad things* amounted to smoking a plant and minding their own business.

My final failure of the night came with the response "*Police corruption*" from a guy outside.

Yes I did. The next day I went to the local police station to ask why all the clubs had been closed. It didn't go well. A matron-like woman in full uniform told me sharply that "*Drug dealing is illegal*." I attempted to explain that weed was legal but she repeated the same four words, albeit louder. I tried a third time arguing that Tenerife was within Spanish jurisdiction and that the clubs had been there for years. She cut me off, practically shouting the same words. She started to stand, so fearing assault I thanked her and beat a hasty retreat. At least I didn't get arrested.

They did a thorough job. All taped off as though it was some sort of major crime scene.

Adverts were still visible in all sorts of places. I had been looking forward to something of a grand tour of these clubs, but I seem to have been a month or two late.

They seem to have left the CBD shops alone.

And I noticed that shisha bars were prominent in quite a few places.

Note that at time of writing the World Health Organisation states that 2.6 million deaths per year are attributable to alcohol consumption, with more than 8 million dying from tobacco use.

So to Ibiza, the holiday island frequently associated with clubbing… and drugs. On the second day I took myself to Pacha, one of the most famous venues in the world. Unfortunately, because I am ancient, I went in the afternoon and everything was closed (although I still sneaked in for a looksie). Could I really manage to drag my weary bones back at midnight, when apparently, the action gets underway? No. I tried, but failed.

I did find this though, which is perhaps more suited to my era. Far out man.

2.5.9 SWEDEN

Popping across the water from Copenhagen, I visited Malmo to sample real snus at its historical epicentre. Things didn't go according to plan. I told the shopkeeper I wanted an *authentic* snus experience. He described this as "*a traditional gentleman's snus*". I wonder if he knew.

Do I look well? I can assure you that I was anything but. That snus, above, wiped me out such that I had to sit and recover in the main square for half an hour. Never again!

Later I encountered this. It's a snus fridge, as found in the entrance to a supermarket.

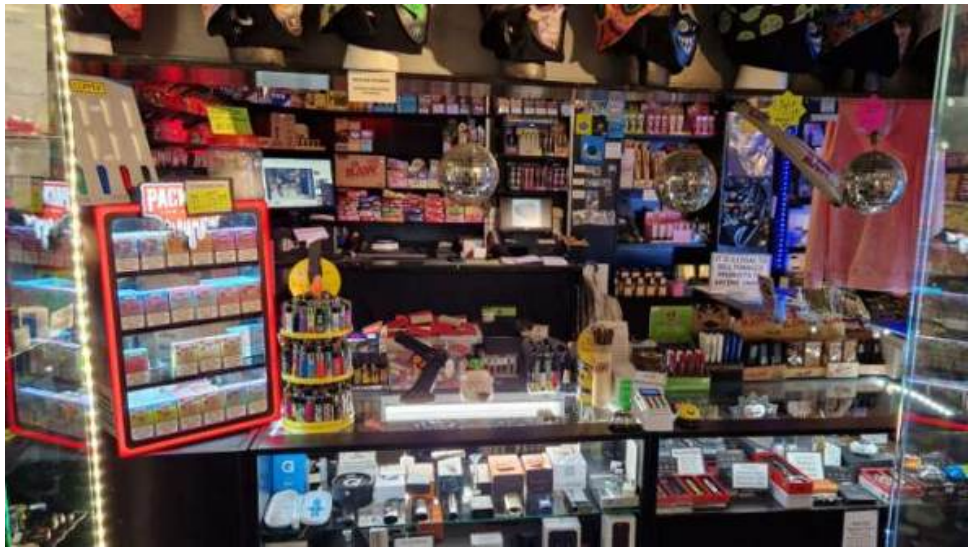
2.5.10 THE UNITED KINGDOM

How to represent the UK, where I currently live? Let's try a few anecdotal snippets from the North West of England. This is where it all began for me: Dr Herman's head shop in the Northern Quarter of Manchester. From here I procured spice, and my earliest research chemicals.

When legal highs were banned, many shops closed and there was an explosion of addiction (to synthetic cannabinoids in particular) amongst the homeless. This chap showed his stash to me as we chatted about it. A police officer later told me that his job was easier when the local shop was still open, because he could stop the supply of any adulterated or hazardous stuff with just a word to the owner.

Manchester mushrooms. There must be something interesting in the soil around here.

Early in 2025 I visited Willy Banjos in Preston (where I was born and brought up). It opened in the 1990's and I was more than pleased to discover that somehow it had survived. I had a good chat about its history with the owner.



It was still full of atmosphere, selling the weird and the wonderful.

Unfortunately there's only so far a shop like this can go and remain within the law, and thus stay in business. With a number of pubs in its proximity promoting and selling an uncompromising hard drug like alcohol, the insanity of the situation could hardly have been starker.

Sorry London, but Carnaby Street with its link to the swinging 60's drug era was the best I could do…

… although there was a free coffee tasting place around the corner on Regent Street.

Let's head back up north… to Liverpool, where you can just make out part of a psychedelic *Magical Mystery Tour* poster over my right shoulder.

Here they are: four pioneers of psychedelic music, and in many ways, psychedelics themselves. This wasn't simply a question of style and genre, but the sheer volume of timeless classics they produced referring to drugs or drug experiences. A quick search on the Internet will reveal dozens of lists of their drug relevant compositions.

Although there has been a blanket ban on psychoactives here since 2016, there is an exemption for medical cannabis. Towards the end of 2024 I was lucky enough to visit the legendary *Chillin' Rooms* coffeeshop in the same city.

The interior presented a sight to behold. It positively exuded atmosphere and vibe. It must be particularly awesome when full.

I met the owner, the equally legendary and all round great guy Gary Youds. It probably goes without saying that we had plenty to talk about. It is definitely worth a search on the Internet to read about his back story.

The shop logo is believed to mean *cannabis* in Chinese, and is the icon for the *Cannabis App* (xn--mc7a.app/).

Bear with me for this one. In *Red Dwarf;* as a baby Lister was found in the Aigburth Arms (also in Liverpool) under a pool table. This plaque, in the main saloon, celebrates the show. I've added it because I also used to drink there as a student (1976-1979).

This is as close as I got to actually seeing some legal (medical) cannabis in the UK. No, they didn't have any on the premises, but rather, offered consultation, with the offending item arriving later, by post (if approved). To be fair, they took the time to explain this when I asked them if I could view some product.

Dominic Milton Trott approves this message… but what about no discrimination against drug consumers? [Afflecks, Manchester]

2.6 GOA, INDIA

An end destination on the hippie trail, Goa is also known as the birthplace of Goa trance and psychedelic trance.

I expected little, probably because of its association with regular package holidays, but it delivered a fantastic experience. There is far more variety to it than meets the eye, particularly for those who are prepared to travel beyond the impressive beach front.

Another bonus is that Goa is warm all year round, making it an ideal locale for both summer and winter breaks. I know… that sounds like a cliché from a tourist operator.

Hilltop is Goa's most well known trance fixture. I was there early in the evening, before it got busy, but the signage offered an inauspicious start.

There were in fact quite a few patrons at the mature end of the spectrum; meaning that I didn't feel quite so old myself.

As dusk fell the ambience became livelier and louder.

On another night I found myself at the iconic Shiva Valley.

It was still early but I began to meet some people with similar interests to my own. ;-)

Having said this, "*Goa to set up special squad to crack down on drug lords*" doesn't sound too good for the scene.

Now and again I ran into some good old betel (see section 3.3.1 of the other book if you don't know what this is).

And markets which showed the hippies had left a long term (psychedelic) mark.

Although I'm not quite sure what Amsterdam has to do with it. Perhaps its presence reflects that 'Dam was one of the start points of the hippie trail.

There were a number of suppliers of pipes and chillums for some reason. ☺

And… bongs.

I noticed quite a few ayurvedic medicine shops, which offered a significant array of products, some of which are in fact mildly psychoactive (not necessarily these).

It's that weird guy again. As perhaps demonstrated by this photograph, Goa is in fact remarkably green.

If alcohol is the drug for you; I found a microbrewery at the fort end of the beach. This particular beer was of the highest quality, and I had rather more than I should have.

I hope it's still there.

Or you could head to one of the many beach shacks.

I found Goa to be big enough to stay occupied, but not so big that I ever got lost.

I enjoyed the bus ride to catch the boat to Panaji.

Although the boat ride itself was a bit wild, it was fun. To be completely open, part of the day's mission was to find some bhang lassi, but it wasn't to be.

Back to Goa North and to the night market, and more hippie-vibe.

A cyclone struck whilst I was there, delaying my flight back. More importantly, and tragically, this man lost his beach shack: his business and source of income were gone.

Well… hello… I guess.

Guess who? It's Shiva (the cannabis deity) again! For some reason I always smile when I see one of these.

Let's just say it's a great place to visit for the psychedelic minded.

Bye.

2.7 JAMAICA

Much of my trip to Jamaica revolved around a visit to Nine Mile to see Bob Marley's home and mausoleum. The booking agency offered a half day tour, but I went for the full day extravaganza. Good choice: it was an awesome experience.

Regarding cannabis, possession was reduced to a *petty offence* in 2015, meaning that no criminal offence would be recorded. In other words, at least at the time of my trip, there was no problem provided that you didn't do anything stupid, like smoking in an obviously inappropriate place. There was also no problem getting hold of it. I found it on open sale in most of the places I visited.

The bus to Nine Mile was quite smart, but it looks bigger on the outside than it seemed to be on the inside, providing a sort of reverse *TARDIS* experience. It has to be said that I wasn't entirely un-stoned at the start, as a member of staff at the hotel had furnished me with a little something on my first night.

The road up there was interesting but somewhat hair-raising in places. This was particularly the case on the way back, as we squeezed past traffic with a death defying drop on our left.

We stopped here on the way there (Dunn Falls). Apparently, they used to stop on the return journey, but sometimes the tourists were so stoned that they fell down the cascade.

We are getting close.

We have arrived! One love: yes... here we are at Nine Mile.

Bob's place came with views.

At the entrance slices of this beauty were on offer: a sort of ultimate space cake. It looks almost irresistibly yummy.

Nine Mile itself is at quite a high altitude, and one young woman made the mistake of biting off more than she could chew. She collapsed on to this exhibit, shattering it. The guide simply exclaimed: "*Oh F*ck*", and laughed. Some of the party managed to get her into a chair, before we continued on our way.

Luckily, I went for a pre-roll of sensimilla. It was indeed exquisite.

The tour proceeded as tours do.

It included a rather voyeuristic look at Bob's bed in Bob's bedroom.

Bob used to lie with his head on this stone, as demonstrated here by his friend (and our guide) Robert. Yes, I did the tourist thing and tried it out for myself.

On the way back to the courtyard the band played some of Bob's best known tunes. It turned out that Robert can also sing.

I wonder what this is, growing wild in the outer court.

I couldn't have put it better myself.

Who the hell is this guy? For the avoidance of doubt, I was totally stoned by this point.

Exodus. Until next time...

I shouldn't end without stating that there is much more to do in Jamaica, including relaxing (and smoking) on the beaches.

One love!

2.8 KATHMANDU

Kathmandu was one of the most captivating destinations I visited. I was gripped by a cultural shift; and scene after scene of the unexpected. I really do wish to return, but at the same time, I do not wish to disturb the precious memories I gathered.

A major end destination of the *hippie trail*, it is a labyrinth and showcase of the distinct and the fascinating. The contrast of the bustling and the serene seems to manifest in all sorts of places, with a myriad of temples, markets, museums and galleries to explore.

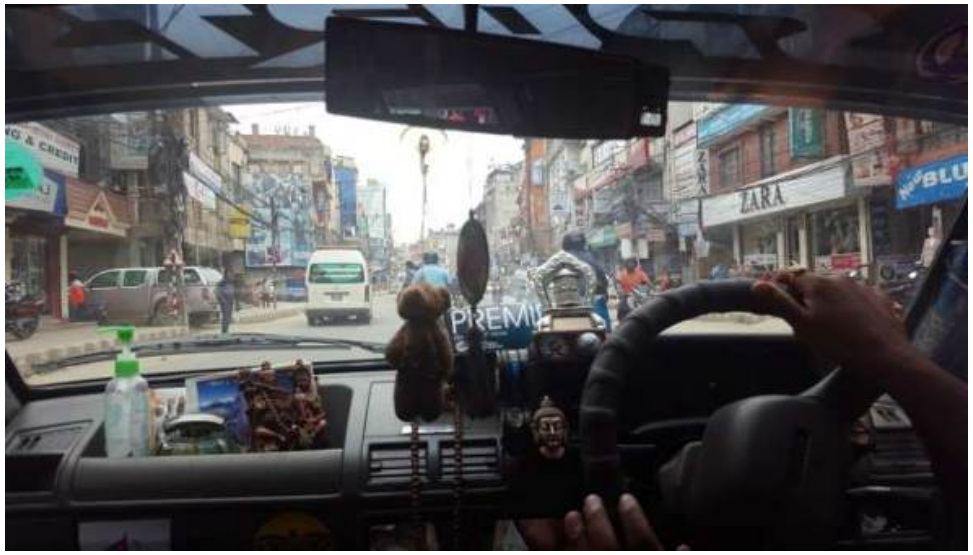
On the walk from my hotel to Durbar Square I procured some hash from a street vendor: the legendary *temple balls*. This was in fact outstanding, even better than I'd hoped for, and it lasted for the rest of my stay (a week). Via a mix of incompetence and paranoia, I failed to take a photograph of it, so this view, of part of the walk itself, will have to do instead.

Alongside Khaosan Road in Bangkok, Freak Street in Kathmandu is perhaps the most famous street of the entire trail. I had a cup of chai in the jewellers on the left: the owner was so honest that he gave me a ring to post on my return to England; to a tourist who had bought it but hadn't collected it due to the earthquake a year earlier.

There was a place outside the city called Bhaktapur, which was just so alien that I felt like I was tripping without tripping. I'm not making this up: weird can sometimes be so weird that it elevates the mind in itself.

It had a medieval look with architecture which confounded. I felt a little like Dr Strange looking for the Kamar-Taj.

No, I don't know what this is either.



Lost whilst stoned on that gorgeous hash I mentioned. I must stop doing this.

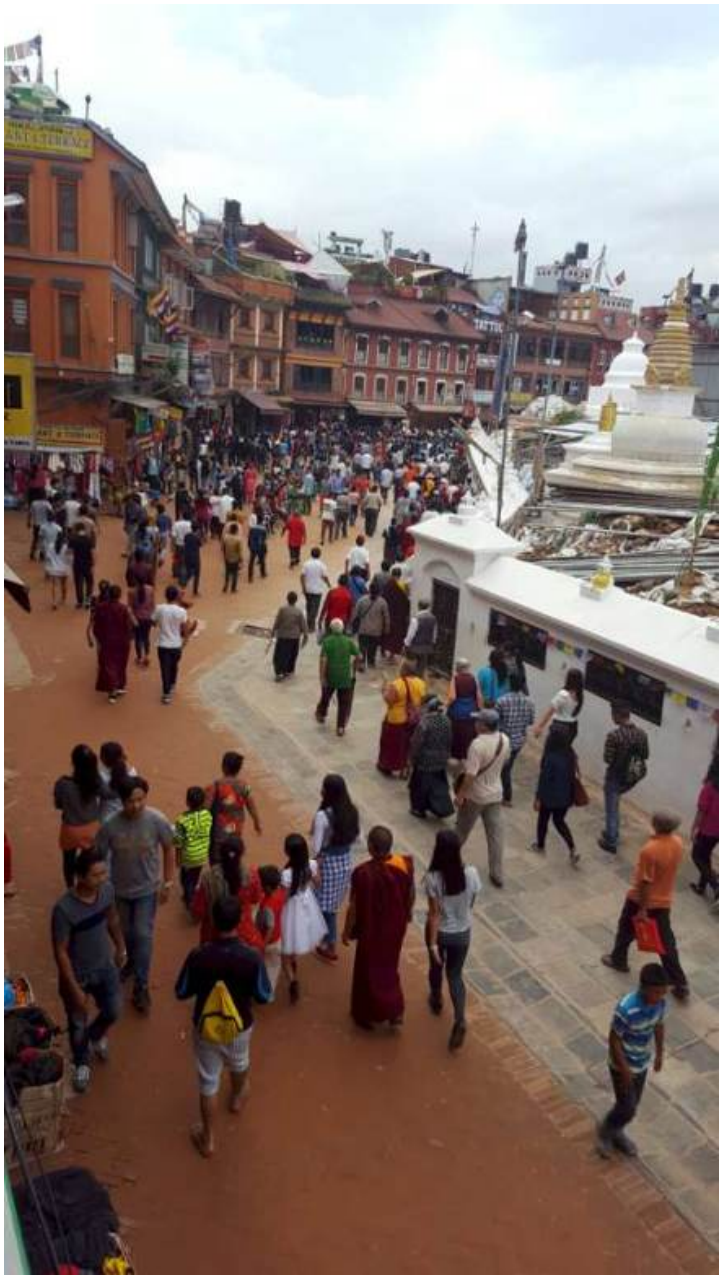
This planted a seed in my head, which led to the next photo.

I found a shisha pipe at the hotel.

There were some serious psychedelic mandalas on offer by the main square. I wish now that I had bought one and brought it home.

I regret to inform that I was mugged by one of these chaps: it jumped at me grabbing my bag of coconut chunks and then did a runner. Never trust a hungry monkey.

The iconic Boudha Stupa is in fact an awesome monument to walk around. And then walk around again, and again...



This is the view from the vegan café; these people are doing exactly that.

There's a bit of body burning going on here. It spooked me a little, but probably prepared me for what I was to encounter on a later trip (see Varanasi).

I had no idea what game these fellows were playing but they were friendly enough.

These guys are allowed to legally smoke weed, although apparently not sell it. I popped in to say hello. Shall we agree to call them *the hash guys*?

They were always happy to pose for photographs.

See what I mean? I don't normally do this sort of stuff but I got caught up in it and they were so friendly.

There was no shortage of colour.

Basically... be kind.

Unfortunately, it was heartbreaking to find that many people were still living in tents following the earthquakes I referred to earlier. Hopefully by now all have been found more robust accommodation.

It was just a wonderful place to explore, including in the evening.

2.9 MEDELLIN, COLUMBIA

In the unlikely event that you are unfamiliar I should introduce you to one Pablo Escobar. According to Wikipedia he was: "*a Colombian drug lord, narcoterrorist, and politician who was the founder and sole leader of the Medellin Cartel* ". You should do some homework on this, including perhaps watching the relevant Netflix episode of *Narcos* (a dramatized representation).

At the time of my visit the prevailing view was that the possession of cocaine was legal. However, *trafficking* was not, and purchase seemed to be covered by this term. I read that this gave rise to various means of supply, such as free cocaine provision with the purchase of other products.

But Medellin isn't just about cocaine. It is hills, it is green, and it is a vibrant colourful city of culture and life... although *3β-hydroxy-1αH,5α-H-tropane-2β-carboxylic acid methyl ester benzoat*e did, of course, dominate my trip.

The first thing I encountered at the airport was the office of the anti-narcotics police.

On my first evening I headed to a prime tourist attraction: one of Pablo's houses, which had been converted into a museum. Whether he was a good guy or a bad guy depends upon your perspective, but regardless, Pablo's story is a product of prohibition and direct US interference in Central American and South American affairs.

Some of his cars were on display. Yes, those are bullet holes in this Mercedes (although not strictly holes; as it was bullet-proof).

Quite the entrance: this bookcase slid open revealing a secret labyrinth of corridors and rooms, which visitors could explore.

Perhaps inevitably there was a wide selection of Pablo merchandise available, and a small café offering various refreshments (no, not drugs). This place was well worth a visit.

Let's have a cuppa. In fact let's have Columbian coffee in Columbia, served fresh and not at 2000 degrees centigrade (as it sometimes is in the west). It was really smooth and pleasant.

Pablo was heavily involved in philanthropy; building houses, schools and hospitals for the poorest. I walked around this area, known as Barrio Pablo Escobar (Pablo Escobar District), on my first full day and encountered no issues whatsoever.

This was the Pablo bread shop (bakery) which was open and thriving.

The centre-piece, at least for me, was this mural, which is periodically refreshed and re-painted. At the top there, which you can just about make out, was a second Pablo Escobar museum. Shall we take a look inside?

Standing on the balcony visible in the last photo...

The museum also provided another opportunity to acquire some Pablo souvenirs. Note that at time of writing a proposed law in Colombia's Congress is seeking to ban Pablo Escobar merchandise and memorabilia.

Farewell Barrio Pablo Escobar... now off to Provenza, a popular neighbourhood frequently cited as a *must-visit* by tourism portals.

As with cocaine, possession of weed was legal here, but not its purchase (see the introduction to this section). Shops like this one offered a variety of related products.

Shisha opportunities were dotted around for those inclined. Note the Pablo merch on the left: he was difficult to escape.

He was also a subject of local artists in Parque Lleras.

By way of contrast, this ran through the centre of this district: peaceful, quiet and tranquil.

Don't judge me too harshly: in fact don't judge me at all. The president of Columbia recently stated that cocaine was "*no worse than whiskey*" and he has a point.

WARNING: If you use cocaine here be aware that it could be considerably stronger than anything you have encountered back home.

You do know not to drink with your coke, yes? It produces a metabolite called cocaethylene which can create a number of toxic effects.

Finally, a trip to Cementerio Jardines Montesacro (about 12km south of Provenza) to see Pablo's grave.

It was very peaceful and tranquil and is probably a good place at which to end this section.

Fun fact: to get back to the airport the taxi-ride took me through one of the 100 longest road tunnels in the world.

Finally, I should point out that even if you aren't interested in drugs, Medellin is a fascinating place to visit. I can't really comment on the situation at night but during the day I never felt in any particular danger.

2.10 NETHERLANDS (THE)

For the intrepid drug tourist there's a lot more to the Netherlands than Amsterdam. In this section I present some of the photographs I took on my various expeditions around the land of the bicycle. Some of these were (day) excursions of curiosity from another location, whilst others were stays stretching up to a week.

Hopefully this collection provides a flavour of a country I have always felt comfortable in, and which has rewarded me with some extremely memorable and enjoyable times.

Note that Amsterdam is represented in a dedicated section.

ALKMAAR

It always surprises me when I see these openly growing, probably because I have never noticed them in the UK.

I encountered this psychedelic guitar in The Beatles Museum...

... which was actually pretty awesome. Like the one in Liverpool, it was well worth the stroll from the main train station.

Alkmaar had a particularly grand looking smart shop.

And there was this. I found it quite late in the afternoon, so I didn't have time to enter, but if I am ever there again I'll certainly make the effort.

DELFT

Delft, the home of *Delftware* pottery, was a really nice place to walk around, with an enormous town square. The coffeeshops took some finding, but they were there.

HAARLEM

Coffeeshop Empire was the first I came across when I reached Haarlem.

A good sign was that it was used by locals, and it certainly had atmosphere.

I didn't go inside this one, but have been in its sister coffeeshop in Amsterdam.

There was a neat smart shop here which had quite a cool name: *State of Mind*.

LEIDEN

It's very easy to assume that there isn't much to do or see in provincial towns like Leiden: but there is. I always found them to be amiable and pleasant.

The coffeeshops did tend to be more discreet than in Amsterdam though.

However, Coffeeshop Bebop wasn't open when I visited. They were very sorry, but they were stoned (see the sign).

ROTTERDAM

You want weird? This was pretty strange. It's the *art depot* of the Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen in huge a glass/mirror sphere. I am reflected down there somewhere.

Here is the mandatory photograph of a coffeeshop.

... and another. There wasn't an abundance of them, as per Amsterdam, but they could be found here and there.

In late summer I found the bohemian district to be very colourful and pleasant, especially for an early evening walk.

It was also the district in which I had a unalome symbol tattooed on to my left arm.

The ceiling of the indoor market took psychedelic artwork to a new level. This place was much bigger inside than it seemed to be from the outside.

The *DrugRunnerS* sticker caught my eye, but I present this as a work of art.

I bet this place sold bongs, and other items of interest. I was in a bit of a hurry so I didn't get to look inside.

RUIGOORD

On the outskirts of Amsterdam is the *hippie village* of Ruigoord. I went there for a change of scenery, and somehow ran across a guy who had once served and chatted to me in the Kokopelli smartshop.

It was nice and weird, which I like, and I was told that it was sometimes used as a venue for raves or music festivals.

UTRECHT

I found this coffeeshop on my first night, and the staff were kind enough to roll my joints for me.

You may see a boat, but I see a coffeeshop. I'd heard about it before I went, and so I walked across town to visit. It's known as the *Culture Boat* and it was well worth the investment of a couple of hours.

Yes, you can sit inside and chill. I enjoyed relaxing and chatting to the owner .

Hello. By the way, I found this jacket in a vintage shop in the centre of town, and it remains the most expensive item of clothing I have ever bought (which in reality isn't saying a lot). Do you like it?

For anyone interested in these things, this was the going rate in the autumn of 2024.

I came upon this by a picturesque canal: a psychedelic tunnel. How cool is that?

2.11 NORTH AMERICA & THE CARIBBEAN

Although I visited both the US and Canada during an earlier part of my life; recent visits (2015-2025) took me largely to the east and west coasts. Regarding the former (US) it is important to be aware that drug laws/attitudes can differ considerably between states, particularly with respect to cannabis: research your specific destination carefully.

Note also that I was well aware when creating this section that it covers what a significant number of people reading this book will call home. I should therefore stress again that it represents the perspective of a visitor, not a resident, so it is perhaps inevitable that my efforts will generate mixed feelings.

Finally, Jamaica is represented in a dedicated section, as is San Francisco.

2.11.1 THE BAHAMAS

The headline states "*World's second largest cruise ship to sail to The Bahamas exclusively.*" I flew there though.

It was not as exciting as Jamaica from a drug iconography perspective, but I did capture this shop window in Nassau from a local bus.

These weren't the sort of drugs I was interested in. I should point out that this is a Brit thing. We always call them *chemists* or *pharmacies*; hence the name *drug store* conjures certain images.

Nassau is a relative stone's throw from Cuba, but unfortunately Cuban cigars are not so easy to obtain due to US sanctions. The good news is that this didn't stop a friendly American from acquiring some and gifting one to me. This may be the worst quality photograph in this book, but I wanted to include the story.

2.11.2 CANADA

Incoming whistle-stop tour of cannabis shops in Toronto…

Cannabis has been legal in Canada since 2018, so at the time of my visit (February 2025) the market was quite mature, with dispensaries dotted across the city centre. Yes, that's snow: the temperature on that particular evening was around -12c.

This one was more spacious on the inside than it looked from outside.

The budtender opened a drawer of goodies for me to choose from.

So I chose....

This was just a couple of blocks from my hotel, so on the following day I popped in for a chat and another pre-roll.

The interior was clean and fairly standard, and on asking for that pre-roll, I was directed to an electronic menu from which I selected LA Kush Cake. This came on quite strongly, dissipating the lingering after-effects of the previous night.

I continued to run across them here and there as I made way to...

The mushroom shops! Yes, magic mushroom shops were a thing in Toronto (or at least they were when I wrote these words).

Of course, I had to go inside.

This one was on the next block.

I knew you wanted to see the menu.

If you like psychedelic art, perhaps as inspired by those mushrooms… I found an area just around the corner centred on *Graffiti Alley*.

It's still in situ as I write these words and is definitely a hidden treasure.

Further along Queen Street West I came upon this interesting establishment.

It was extremely well stocked, and although it wasn't actually targeting our particular interest, there were indeed some psychoactives in there, including kava.

2.11.3 THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA [EXCL SAN FRANCISCO]

Aware that the Drug Enforcement Agency had a museum there, I hopped over the river to Arlington from Washington DC. Let's take a look inside…

The walls heading to the entrance were decorated with photographs of deceased victims of fentanyl overdose. It was chilling, but the irony that prohibition had played a major role in this situation seemed to have escaped them.

It was quite spacious and modern.

I think you should give this one up guys. In fact, give it all up.

Now we are getting somewhere. Drugs!

These are more my style or at least those on the right are.

Watch out; here come the cops! I think I should mention a positive here. When writing *The Drug Users Bible* I asked the DEA if they would publish a harm reduction image I knew they had created internally, so that I could use it copyright-free in the book. They agreed, and did so. I thanked them in the book itself, but again, thank you.

Is Pablo Escobar's death mask really in good taste though? I didn't think so.

Okay, I'll come quietly. Take me back to New York...

On arrival at the hotel in New York I headed straight out to this place: a nearby cannabis dispensary which I had identified courtesy of *Google Maps*. The bad news was that it was closed and appeared to be derelict.

Not to worry: I'd already spotted this better looking bet around the corner.

For convenience I went for a vape.

It's fair to say there wasn't a shortage of options. This open-plan approach was a few hundreds yards up the road, close to Times Square.

It came with a bright spacious interior, and plenty of stock.

Once tuned in they were not difficult to locate.

According to the blurb on the window, this was New York's first legal dispensary.

John Lennon wasn't just a Beatle: he was a pioneer of psychedelics and the popularisation of them. This is Strawberry Fields in Central Park. If you are unfamiliar with the ground breaking song, you really do need to go and find it.

Across the road I found *The Dakota*, where he lived, and where he was murdered. ☹

It was just off West 42nd Street that I sourced my first hard stim, in the shape of crack cocaine, circa 1992. The ride itself didn't exactly go as planned (see the other book for the gory details). I should add that I don't recall it being so brightly lit in those days.

Whoa! Have I stumbled into a time tunnel? This is actually the old TWA Terminal at the airport, now (at time of writing) a hotel, but preserved as it was in the 60's. There was more to it than you might think, including a particularly cool Beatles psychedelic poster ("*It's all in the mind y'know"*) on the pool deck.

Just off Times Square… go on… you deserve it. They even sold what is currently my favourite American beer: Mango Cart.

Let's head south, to Orlando, for which I was going to present a photo I took in the Magic Kingdom and discuss the attraction/folly of tripping there. Unfortunately, Disney Corp objected on the basis that this didn't fall within their *brand integrity guidelines*. Seriously guys: you missed the opportunity of using "*as featured in the Drug Tourism book*" in your ads!

On to Miami Beach then… but: having already confiscated my small cabin bag and put it in the hold, American Airlines *randomly* selected me for a search and a pat down by an angry woman. The SSSS at the bottom stands for *Secondary Security Screening Selection*. Welcome to the USA.

An American is going to have to explain to me what this is about (found on Miami International Airport). Do you go in here to test what drugs are in your system? If so… why? If not, what is this about?

I referred earlier to some US states being less enlightened than others with respect to cannabis (generally meaning Republican states). Florida is one of them, so this paraphernalia shop was the best I could do. That's not to say that there wasn't a lot of it on the streets (there was).

Here comes the good news! But first: now is a good time to check out both kratom and kava kava in your copy of *The Drug Users Bible*.

Your eyes do not deceive. It is indeed a kava bar.

I treated myself to a *Sampler Flight*: three samples of traditional brewed kava, described as one for the enthusiast.

Did you really think I was going to stop there?

Of course I didn't: I had to try the kratom. This was filed under *DragonFlies* on the menu, and described as spice chai blend and oat milk made in-house… with kratom powder and kratom extract. At this point I was set for the afternoon.

I admit it… I went back the following day for a Kava Tropical (mango flavour).

It had a very nice interior as well; for anyone wishing to chill indoors.

Pablo followed me: as found in a tourist shop on Collins Avenue, the day after I arrived from Medellin.

I took this photo on Ocean Drive, but the story was convoluted. It went something like… they take seeds from Cuba, grow them in Nicaragua, then something happens in another country, and they end up as legal *Cuban cigars* in the US. What about just leaving Cuba alone?

These drug testing kits were being sold in a regular pharmacy, something I have never seen back home.

It's only a shisha bar, but what an entrance. [Lincoln Road]

For those who are partial to alcohol in craft beer form, I found a nice little microbrewery on 11th Avenue.

I'm trying hard not to let my imagination run wild here, particularly given the contents of this book.

This was in fact the last place I visited during the book's construction. I'm looking forward to not sitting in a tube in the sky for endless hours whilst pretending to be normal.

2.12 PRAGUE

Prague is a weird and wonderful place for any visitor with a psychedelic outlook, with hints of a psychoactive connection in all sorts of corners. I spent about a week there in 2016. I could have stayed much longer and still failed to do it justice.

I was first attracted to go there courtesy of an old Terence Mckenna video. He certainly seemed to enjoy it, with its strange but alluring vibe, its Bohemian history, and its unusual and mysterious feel, and so did I.

Absinthe was everywhere, and not just with respect to alcohol. Bear in mind here that this drink isn't just alcoholic: it contains wormwood. See section 3.3.11 of *The Drug users Bible* for information on this.

Yes, of course, I had to enter and try it for myself. You can see the drink I was served in the alcohol section.

Prague is also the home of the very psychedelic John Lennon Wall. It's ever-changing, so even if you have already seen it, it's worth a second look.

MDMA was reputed to be extremely popular in clubs like this. It was clear that a number of participants were indeed heavily engaged.

Alcohol, of course, was well represented. I found an excellent craft beer pub behind the main square, and even a Beer Museum, in which I took this photo.

I'm just hanging in there (at the museum) with a couple of mates.

I found this on the magnificent Charles Bridge (which you must walk). The poster at the top now hangs on one of my walls at home.

Prague is renowned for opera and classical music performances, and it has an amazing old library (do at least check this out on the Internet). I managed to get into this place on my first night.

Alchemy is defined as "*the medieval forerunner of chemistry, concerned with the transmutation of matter, in particular with attempts to convert base metals into gold or find a universal elixir*"... which was close enough to being related to drugs to pique my interest. This is the *Museum of Alchemy*.

I have no idea what is going on here, but I'll imagine it's a medieval meth lab.

This interesting form of interactive street art was in situ during my stay: paint your own brick and add it to the collective. They were all so happy and jolly; I had to suppress the urge to paint something dark, foreboding and disturbing. I'm only joking. ☺

Are you seeing what I am seeing in this random shop window? Top shelf four along, and bottom shelf just right of centre…

Having noted the above, cannabis was on offer in various shop windows across the city. However, rather like those tourist shops in Amsterdam, it was fake, with no THC. Cannabis was and remains (at time of writing) prohibited in the Czech Republic.

Here are the obligatory photographs of the astronomical clock. I admit that I have a bit of an obsession with time: view *Section 4.6.2* of *The Drug Users Bible* and you will see exactly what I mean.

On the main square there was a gallery (centre-right of this photograph) with an entire floor dedicated to each of Dalí, Mucha and Warhol. Yes, I know you like weird.

Somehow the Museum of Communism got into the psychedelic act. I have to say that I have never encountered so many different museums concentrated into a relatively small place.

Did I mention weird?

This just happened as I was walking across that incredible bridge.

If you get the chance to visit, take it. You won't be disappointed.

2.13 REST OF THE WORLD (THE)

Whether it's a big world or a small world depends upon your perspective. Again, no offence is intended to any of the territories I visited which proved to be fruitless in terms of my search for drug related iconography.

In this section I am featuring Australia, Egypt, Morocco, South Africa and the United Arab Emirates.

These nations were visited, some multiple times, between 2012 and 2024.

2.2.1 AUSTRALIA

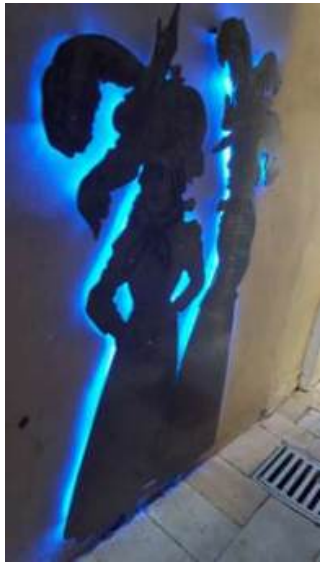
Whilst browsing a head shop in Cairns (Queensland) I noticed that all these herbs were related to increasing libido and addressing erectile dysfunction.

I bought these in an unsuccessful effort to accelerate my recovery from jetlag.

On a separate trip I was provided with this by a concerned colleague. As ever see *The Drug Users Bible* for detailed information on what it is and what it did.

I was in Brisbane airport when Schapelle Corby returned from Bali (see *Asia*). The Australian media, of course, were as scummy as they had been throughout her ordeal.

Hilariously though, she evaded them: they missed her completely. Here, they are being told the good news.



These characters were scattered around The Rock district of Sydney. They struck me particularly because that fluorescent colour was extremely prominent in my first LSD trip, but regardless, they were quite a cool feature of the area.

If you have ever wondered what medical cannabis looks like in Australia...

EGYPT

I went to Egypt many years ago, which strictly speaking wasn't part of this project. However, this papyrus still hangs on my wall, so I am including it. It depicts King Tutankhamun and Queen Ankhesenamun on a Nile Boat, but do you notice all those flowers on the right and in her hands? They are blue lotus and are psychoactive. Again, see *The Drug Users Bible* for further details.

MOROCCO

As mentioned in Section 1 of this book, I was compelled to take a night train from Casablanca to Marrakech, upon which I witnessed a drug trade between two locals involving an unknown white powder. I shuffled along the train pretending I hadn't noticed. I was here for the hash.

When searching for a pint, one local told me that: "*This is a caffeine culture.*" As a major producer of cannabis I'm not convinced that this is entirely true, although the coffee was nice.

One surprise in Marrakech was that I was only offered the aforementioned hash a couple of times. On each occasion the vendor looked a bit shady, and I thought that he might be plain clothed cop, which recent Reddit posts had warned of. I was too paranoid to buy, so you could argue that I went for the blue pill.

Finding a beer here was indeed a bit of a challenge. However, I discovered that the upper floors of some of those restaurants on the right of the main square (in Medina) did serve it. They were very expensive, and only offered bottles, but if you are desperate there you are.

SOUTH AFRICA

My expedition to obtain an obscure prescription medicine in South Africa was a spectacular failure. The best I can do is this vineyard, which I visited near Cape Town.

UNITED ARAB EMIRATES

Welcome to Dubai. If you like tall, at time of writing the Burj Khalifa is the tallest of the tall.

For those who share my primary interest a good place to start is authentic Arabian coffee. It was served with dates in this traditional restaurant.

Anyone fancy a donut to go with that coffee? Dubai had an abundance of modern buildings and monuments which were architecturally interesting (meaning bizarre).

With a lack of psychoactive drugs (other than caffeine) I smoked myself silly on this rather impressive shisha pipe.

On a walk by the creek I also found some exotic... pipes / bongs / whatever you want to call them. I should add that it's possible that I might have been looking in the wrong places for suitable content, although I doubt it.

I'll admit it. I spent ages looking for some blue lotus in this glass roof. I eventually I found some: in the right hand triangle, about 2/3 down the brown beam to the right. There are two persons looking into a flower head.

And what is the guy in the top right hand corner smoking?

2.14 RISHIKESH

Technically I didn't consume any drugs during my visit to Rishikesh, although it's more complicated than that (see the story below).

Rishikesh itself is famed as an end destination of the hippie trail, for yoga and as the home of *The Beatles Ashram*. It has some serious psychedelic history. I visited it in 2015, on my first trip to India since the 80's. This time it got me though: I returned every year or two for the next decade or so.

Let's start with that Beatles ashram, which was about as weird as weird can be. It was closed on arrival but the guy on the gate was more than happy to allow access for a few rupees. This is the entrance to what appeared to be the main hall.

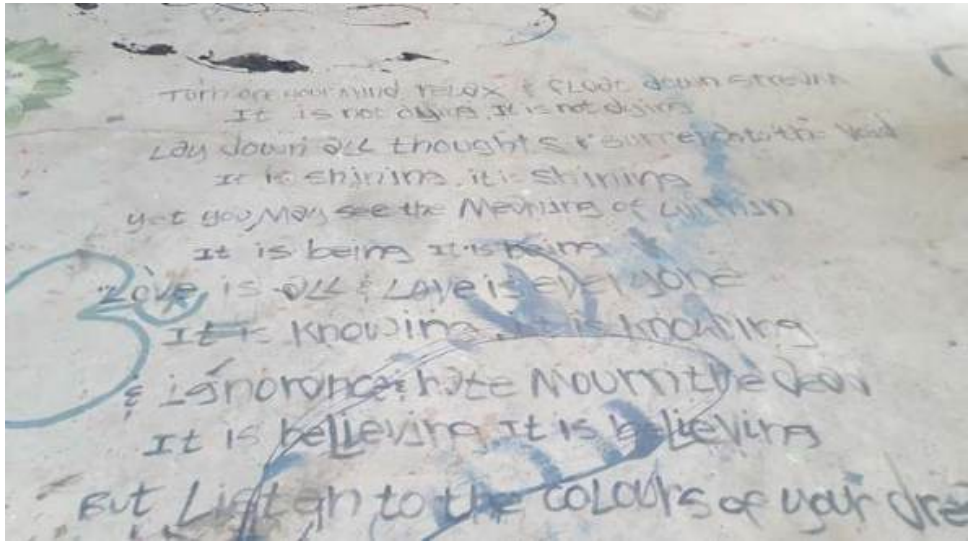
It was in here that I enquired about the availability of some local hash. These guys looked at me as though I was a lunatic. I later realised that I still had a *GoPro* camera strapped to my head. This image was screencapped from its recorded footage.

Note that this isn't how you source drugs abroad.

Here are a few more of the 84 meditation huts housed in the compound. From the entourage of associates and celebrities you have to wonder who stayed in each.

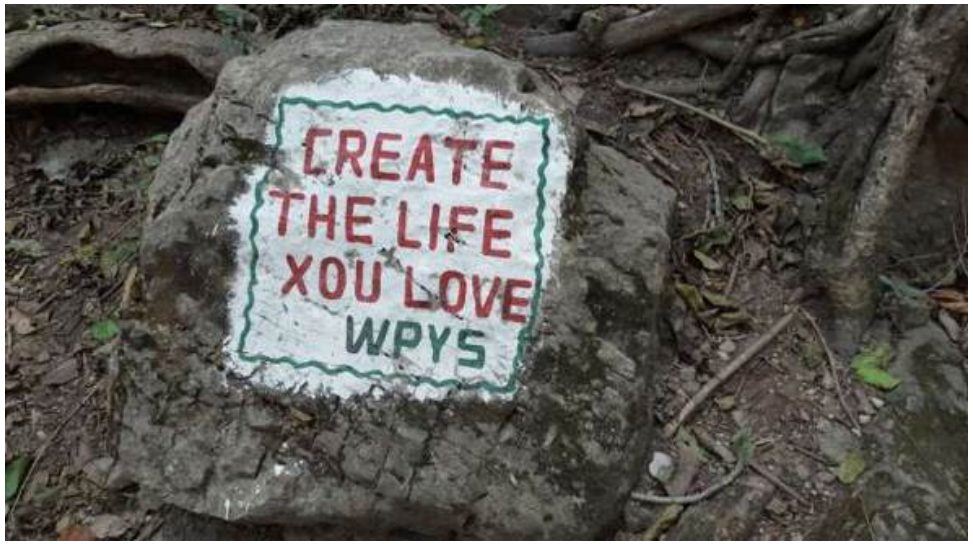
I'll have some of whatever she is smoking.

At least the sentiment was there.

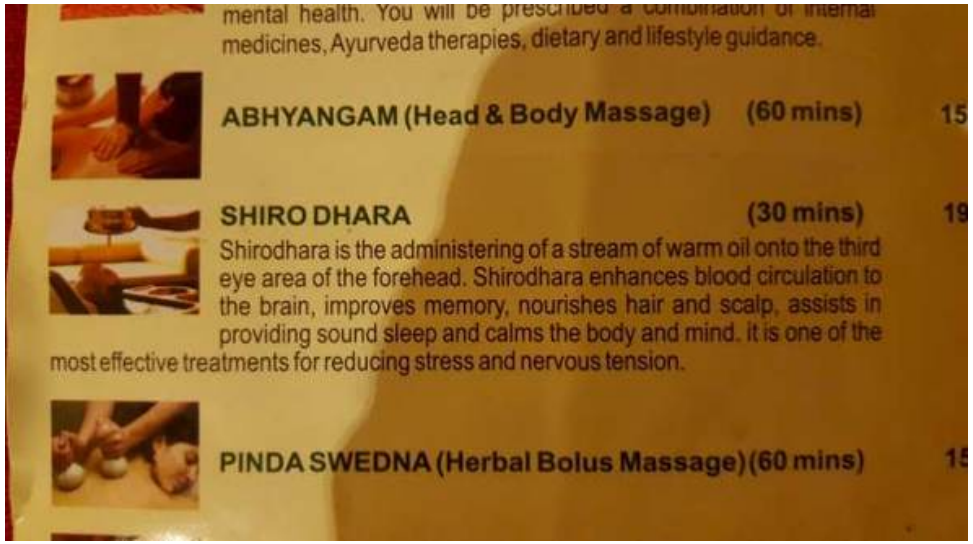


Inscribed upon the floor inside the main hall were the lyrics of *Tomorrow Never Knows*, a Lennon masterpiece from the Revolver album (1966), which is an ode to LSD. If you have never heard it, I strongly recommend that you track it down and give it a listen. Note that it's not the only drug related track on that album. Thank me later.

Rishikesh is very walkable, but tuk-tuk is the mode of transport if you are in a hurry. I left my glasses (in their case) in one of these. Incredibly, when I told the manager of the hotel he went down to the spot at which the drivers congregated and they found them. He returned them to me the same evening. I was blown away.



Following the river upstream, yogic type messages were painted on random rocks.



It's not a drug, but… wow. This *treatment* induced a psychedelic flash completely out of the blue. The hippie girl who directed me to it had simply told me to expect the unexpected. She knew what was coming.

I met a lot of these little guys. Should you ever visit, keep hold of your stuff!

Yoga you say? Given where I was it would have been remiss not to have my first ever yoga lesson. The teacher also introduced something called pranayama breathing, some of which I occasionally practice to this day.

Even the fly posters were wholesome.

Don't ask me what's going on here. I'm not sure if he is one of those *hash guys* or not (see Kathmandu).

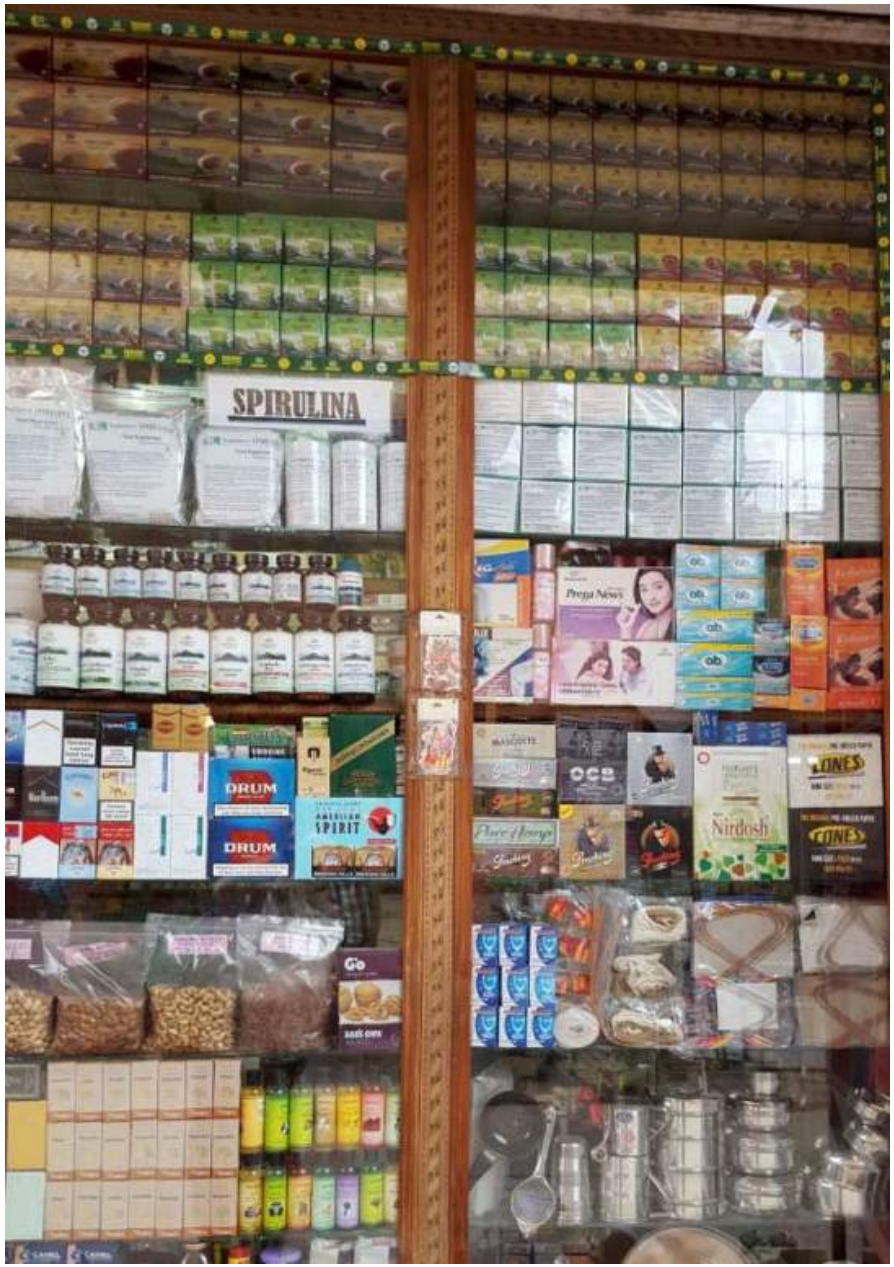
There were a lot of psychedelic materials, wall coverings, shirts, and more. This is quite similar to the one on one of my walls at home.

You never know what is round the next corner. This is Shiva; the Hindu deity closely associated with the use of... cannabis.

Dressed appropriately (for once)

I encountered quite a few small cafes and restaurants along the river, with outstanding views. They were ideal to relax in; not that I am a relaxing type of person.

Ayurvedic medicine (some of which is mildly psychoactive) was sold through a number of stores on the eastern bank, and of course in the city on the other side.



A typical display of smoking blends with some ayurvedic medicines. From my personal experience though; none of this is really going to do much for you.

The warm weather and colourful ambiance made for a very pleasant evening stroll.

Finally, I am indeed guilty of purchasing a couple of tiny bongs to take home. By the way, this image is not photo-shopped or manipulated in any way: the colour of the water was always a beautiful blue-green.

2.15 SAN FRANCISCO

As the epicentre of the summer of love, the counter-culture revolution and the hippie movement, many would argue that this should have been one of my first destinations. It was, in fact, one of the last, which had its benefits, including that by the time I visited weed was legal.

I spent a full week there early in 2022, but as so often is the case, I could easily have stayed much longer and still failed to see everything I wanted to.

If you come to San Francisco summertime will be a love-in there… Fun fact: the taxi driver played this on his cassette deck as I was driven across Golden Gate Bridge.

Actually getting there was something of a drama. Enormous queues snaked around the concourse of the departure airport. Why?

This was during the dying embers of the COVID-19 travel restrictions. Tests were mandatory to even step foot on a plane. This testing clinic provided an instant service on San Francisco International Airport.

So let's go. For someone who was actually alive during the aforementioned era, the only place to start was Haight-Ashbury.

The whole district was in fact awash with psychedelic art.

It often seemed to merge with the striking architecture.

In terms of photographing psychedelic imagery I was spoiled for choice.

There were smart shops too!

And of course there was the House of the Grateful Dead.

A short walk and I was able to enjoy the view from the legendary *hippie hill* in Golden Gate Park.

It's surrounded by reality, which as we all know is best avoided.

There was no shortage of weed shops in town. This one was about ten minutes walk from Union Square.

Not all of them appeared to be strictly regulated.

Some were very discreet. The member of staff in this shop was kind enough to allow me to photograph each and every interior display.

How do you want to feel? Regarding the ad in the bottom left, there was an entire display dedicated to… erm, let's call them lady cannabis items.

It's fair to say that the interiors of many were somewhat grand.

My personal weed haul was too sufficient. I had to commit sacrilege and leave some behind.

I found quite a few interesting bits and pieces off the beaten track.

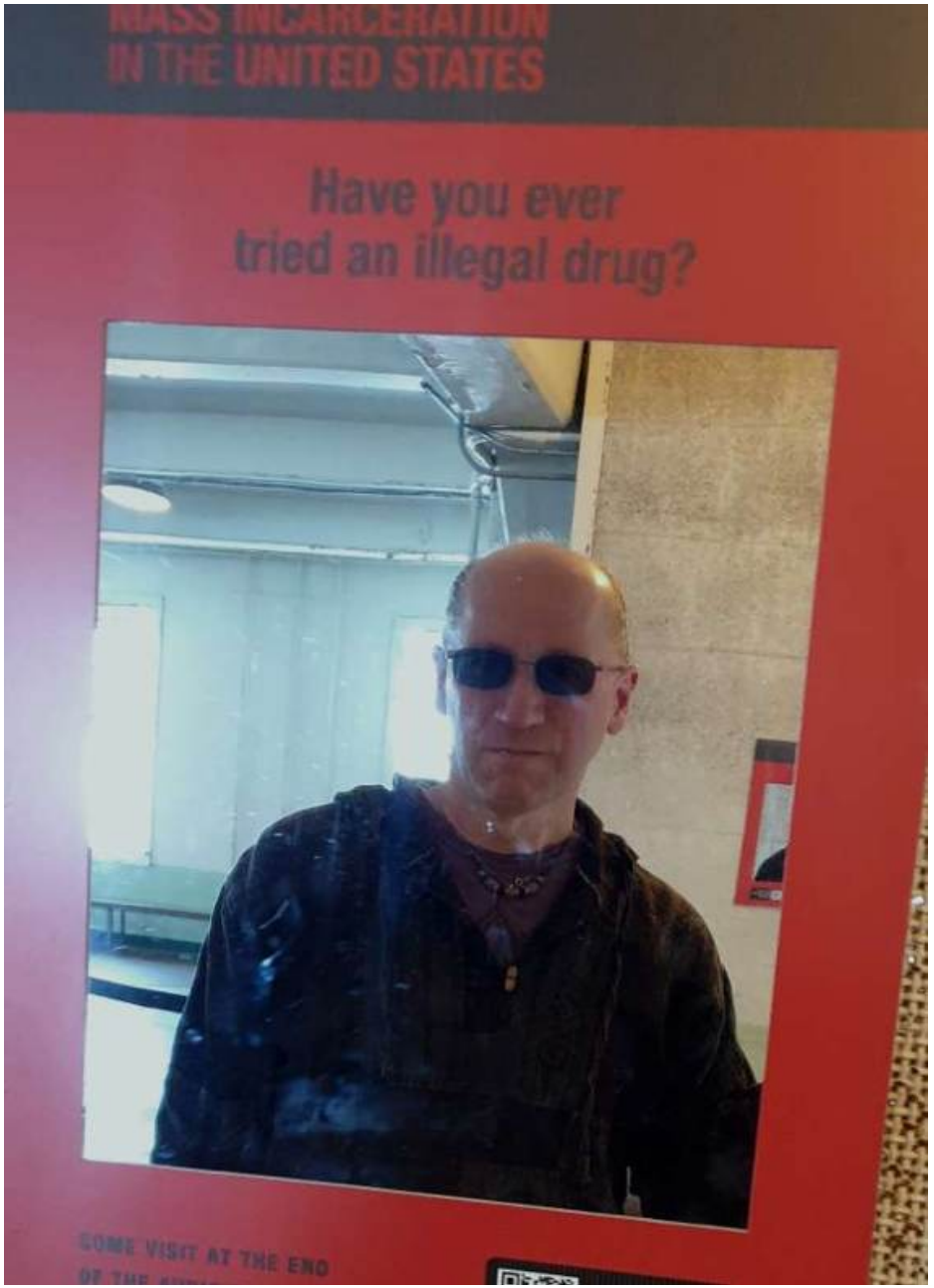
There was ample access to the usual hard addictive drug. Yes, I'm guilty m'lud.

What did I miss? Well, there were kratom & kava bars in San Fran, but during the COVID-19 period they were closed. Never mind (see later, under Miami). Have a photo of this bridge structure instead, which I walked over. It was rather windy, but like those 182 drugs, it had to be done.

Whoa! Groovy, man.

Did I really smoke weed in the exercise yard of Alcatraz?

I have an idea. Perhaps you should stop locking people up for using drugs, and where necessary treat them instead.



No, no, no, officer… I haven't. Do I look like that sort of person?

Walking around the infamous Tenderloin district (albeit in the morning) I encountered no problems at all.

In the heart of the district I came across this building. TripAdvisor describes it as follows: "*Blessings Ministries is a Rastafari church in the Civic Center offers an inviting space for members to practice their faith, share cannabis sacrament in a relaxed environment. Visit today and join the congregation. FREE cannabis for new members!*"

Unfortunately, on my last morning I came across a reminder of why harm reduction is so important. The *war on drugs* really does suck, even here. These people need to be helped, not denigrated and maligned.

Finally, I could sometimes pretend to be a normal tourist. Despite hostile media often misrepresenting it, San Francisco remains a wonderful place to visit.

2.16 THAILAND

I've visited a number of places in Thailand, but will limit this section to a provincial city and a couple of islands. Bangkok, of course, is represented in a dedicated section (see earlier).

CHIANG MAI
Chiang Mai is about 435 miles north of Bangkok and is the second largest city in Thailand. I found it to be far less hectic, with a less cosmopolitan presence, particularly within the old city walls.

Seemingly more common here was betel (areca nut). As discussed previously this is a botanical psychoactive and is widely used across this region. Here individual packets were being produced for onward for sale.

Let's take a closer look.

This was the finished product prior to being packed in a tin. I chewed and swallowed this over the course of an hour or so. It can be somewhat overwhelming, but this time I took it easy and it wasn't so bad.

Seriously guys, I don't want to know.

It's not often that I come across graffiti as enlightened as this. As found under a bridge near the Ping River.

In case you wondered... it's a bar.

Chiang Mai is of course a beautiful city to visit for regular tourism. I was there prior to the legalization of cannabis, but nonetheless I had a wonderful time.

KO SAMUI

This picturesque island, off the east coast, is about 300 miles from Bangkok. My flight took about an hour and 20 minutes, and on arrival it was immediately obvious why the airport itself is something of a tourist attraction. The photo doesn't begin to do it justice.

I was delighted to find that it had an abundance of cannabis stores.

One pre-roll and a cigarette lighter please.

Be your own drug dealer. Those are the words in red lights, in case you wondered.

Don’t touch the random weed growing in the street.

I’m not actually sure I could handle it every day. Having said that, it is what tends to happen when I visit certain parts of the world.

As in Bangkok, there was a space in the weed market for the small entrepreneur.

Step right this way. The inflatable was actually in motion, waving people into the shop. I’ve previously posted a video of this somewhere on social media.

A man's got to do what a man's got to do…or something like that. I know that some people are going to accuse me of being lazy for buying pre-rolls all the time, but I'm on holiday guys, give me a break. ☺

Kratom tea! Now you are talking.

If alcohol is your drug of choice, you might want to wander down here.

Oh… wait! What's this I see advertised?

KO PHA NGAN
Ko Pha Ngan is about a 40 minute ferry ride north of Ko Samui, and is famed for hosting the Full Moon Party, which I felt compelled to attend.

I arrived late afternoon and took a truck ride to Haad Rin Nok beach. As dusk fell, things started to happen.

What's it to be then: laughing gas in balloon, or f*cking strong bucket?

Or perhaps some more weed...

WTF? The moon's collapsed on to that bar!

This probably works even better if you've had some of those mushrooms which were rumoured to be available somewhere off the beach.

The party is just starting to get underway. Do you see that burning rope? I'm rather stoned but I'm fit (for my age) and I'm going to have a go on it, and show the kids a thing or two. I'll look cool, right?

Oh no!!! It didn't go according to plan. Suddenly all hell broke loose, with the guys dowsing me with sand. Not so cool after all.

Maybe I was more stoned than I thought. Luckily it healed quickly and was back to normal in a few weeks.

I have to be honest here. As I'm not a spring chicken I didn't stay all night. I begged/bribed a lift back to Ko Samui on a returning (empty) boat. Despite the mishap that was awesome.

2.17 VARANASI, INDIA

Varanasi is a remarkable destination. It is widely regarded as the spiritual capital of India, and the ultimate pilgrimage destination for Hindus.

I loved wandering through the bustling city and along the banks of the Ganges, but the highlight (or perhaps lowlight) was the day I decided to try the legendary cannabis brew *bhang lassi*. You can read about this in the other book, but the photos below illustrate how that day must have looked to anyone who wasn't completely out of their tree.

Varanasi here we come! These little planes seem to hop all over India. Walking on the tarmac and up some pull down stairs feels a little strange at first, but they've always been clean and reliable enough for me.

On my way to the source I just followed the crowd to get to the ghats. I then turned right and walked something like a mile.

The Green Lassi shop was one of three dispensaries which were recommended prior to travelling. It was easy to find courtesy of some young guys with *Google Maps* on their phones. I love that the shopkeeper here has entered into the spirit of the occasion.

Although I asked for a bhang lassi *light*, he obviously misheard. Perhaps my less than demure presentation trumped my words.

Bottoms up!

But it blew me away.

After an hour or so I was overwhelmed and had to escape this madness, so I went back down to the ghats to relax by the river.

Seeking solitude I sat down by a traditional burial ceremony.... OMG, they are burning real bodies! DEAD bodies! Yes, paranoia and anxiety had now crept in. I had to beat a hasty retreat to my hotel.

But half an hour in the back of a tuk-tuk in this condition, on crazy Indian roads, made it a journey from hell. It was the ultimate thrill ride, but not in a pleasant way. On top of this my mouth was so parched and dry that I could barely speak.

Fortunately, by the next day I was totally okay.

So on to betel, which was available here and there throughout the city centre.

As previously mentioned (more than once), this is another with which complacency can bite you. It can induce a clean feeling of stimulation, but equally, particularly when mixed with some form of tobacco, it can deliver a rather unpleasant and intense experience.

The Stoned Elephant: as encountered on another leisurely walk up the river.

A boat ride to help me come back down to planet earth seemed to be a good idea.

It's those guys again, the ones who appear to be able to smoke weed anywhere in India at anytime (I could be wrong, but it does seem like that).

This is in fact Shiva (again), the Hindu cannabis consuming deity. It is this connection which has enabled the current situation to emerge with respect to weed (bhang lassi).

I walked for miles, but it was always interesting, a word which fails to do it justice.

On my last day I stumbled across an advert for one of the other bhang dispensaries, *The Blue Lassi Shop*.

And there it was.

I have no idea why the walls were covered by photographs like this. My guess is that they are stoned customers, but I could be horribly wrong.

My eyes can't help themselves. This time the word *addicction* got me.

Finally, yes, visiting Varanasi was an awesome experience. Should you ever have the opportunity to go there make sure you take it.

2.18 THE DIGITAL WORLD

Whilst this book offers a representation of the physical world as I found it during this period, I also spent a great deal of time engaged in the digital world. It would, therefore, be remiss not to reflect this via images of some of the most important darknet properties and platforms, at least from my own perspective. See subsequent pages.

With respect to the clearnet, digital images can already be found courtesy of archive.org and similar services, so I won't replicate them here. For reference, however, I would cite the following as a reasonable cross-section from which to start a retrospective study: ukchemicalresearch.org, drugs-forum.com, bluelight.org, wedinos.org, erowid.com, bbgate.com, deoxy.org, psychonautwiki.org, tor.link, daunt.link, and tripsit.me.

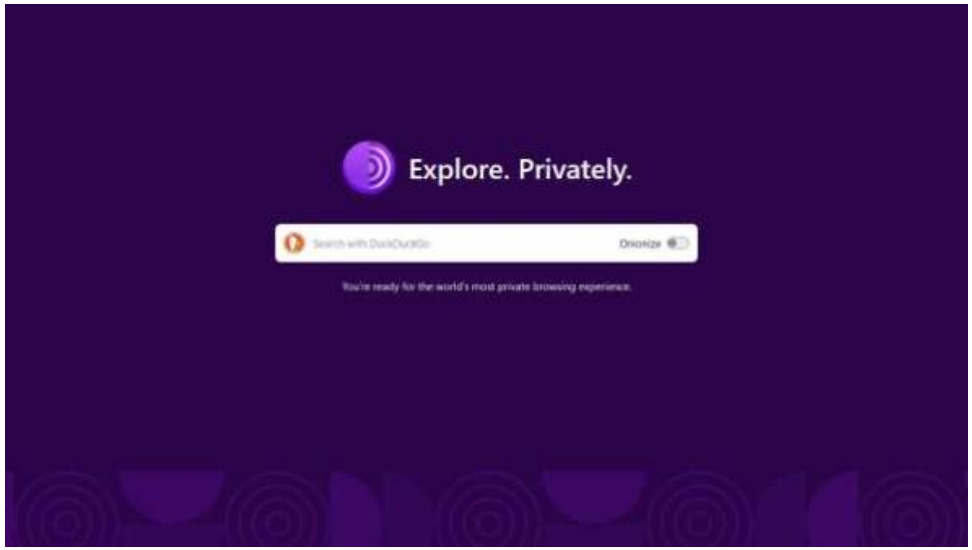
The archival services provide an essential insight into the past.

Drug relevant content on social media platforms such as Reddit and Tumblr can be viewed via the same services. For the former, perhaps start with r/drugs and go from there.

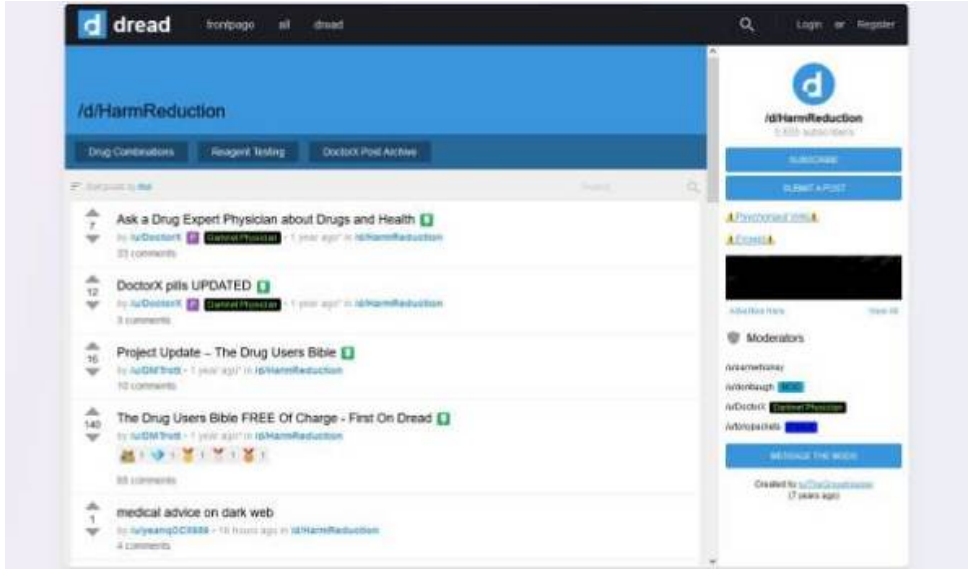
Until drug war legislation intervened, a vast array of psychoactive research chemicals was openly and legally available online. This came to an abrupt end, at least in my locale, in 2016, but significant vendors included names like Buckled Bonzi, Chemical Wire, BRC Fine Chemicals and Lizard Labs. Again, archive.org and others can help sate your curiosity.

As in the real world, when venturing online personal safety and welfare are primary considerations. Issues such as privacy are extremely important. I would thus refer to popular crypto tools and facilities such as gnupg.org and monero.com. Yet again, see the archival services for screen captures. Note that some or all of these facilities and tools may well be defunct when you read these words.

Finally, a reminder: you can also view the browser edition of *The Drug Users Bible* on DrugUsersBible.org or via the archival services.

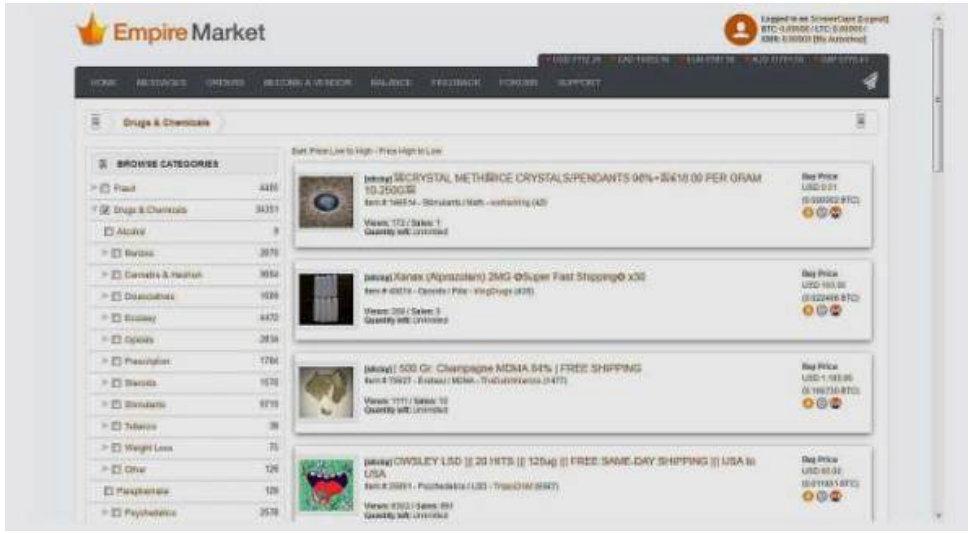


The ToR browser, developed and maintained by The Tor Project (a non-profit organization), provided the primary route to the darknet during the entire project.



The harm reduction and social media platform, Dread, offered an essential public service throughout the latter years.

Cake Wallet was one of the most popular crypto wallets and is, in fact, the one I still use, basically to dabble and to learn. Yes, you are reading the balance correctly. I have £6.88p: I'm saving up for a pre-roll in Amsterdam.



Markets came, and markets went. This one was very popular at one point in time. It was selected for inclusion pretty much at random.

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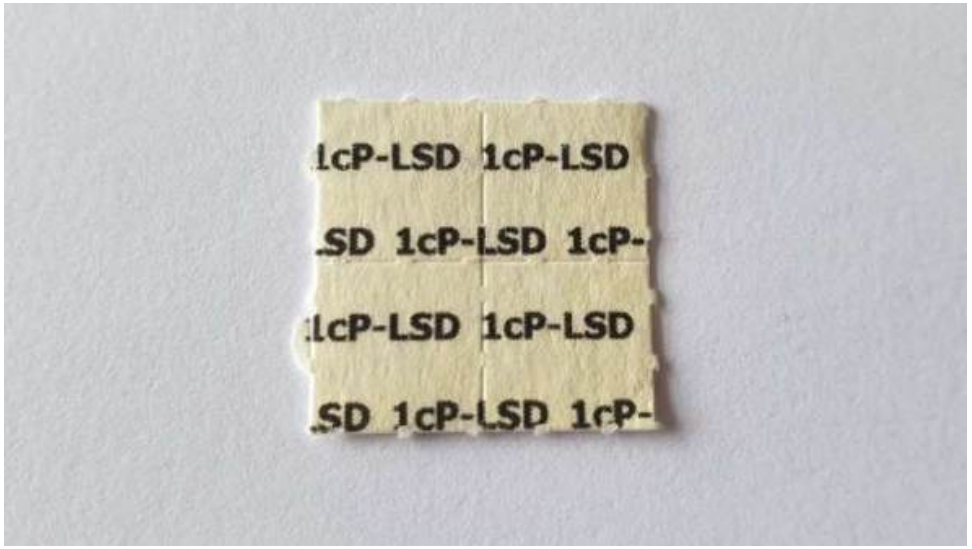
3

DRUGS, MAN

3. DRUGS, MAN

Whilst writing *The Drug Users Bible* I self-administered 182 different drugs. In this section I present over 120 of them. The photographs were taken prior to consumption.

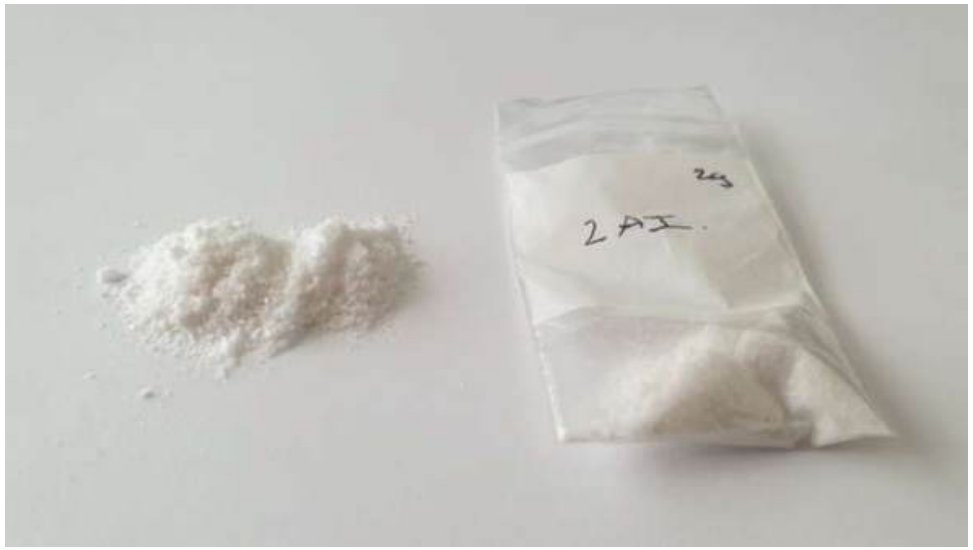
For each drug the location of the specific drug entry within *The Drug Users Bible* is indicated in square brackets next to the name. Here you will find, along with relevant harm reduction and safety information, an account of the subjective experience it induced.



1cP-LSD [2.2.2]

1P-ETH-LAD [2.2.3]

1P-LSD [2.2.1]



2-AI [2.3.1]

2C-B [2.2.4]

2C-B-AN [2.2.5]

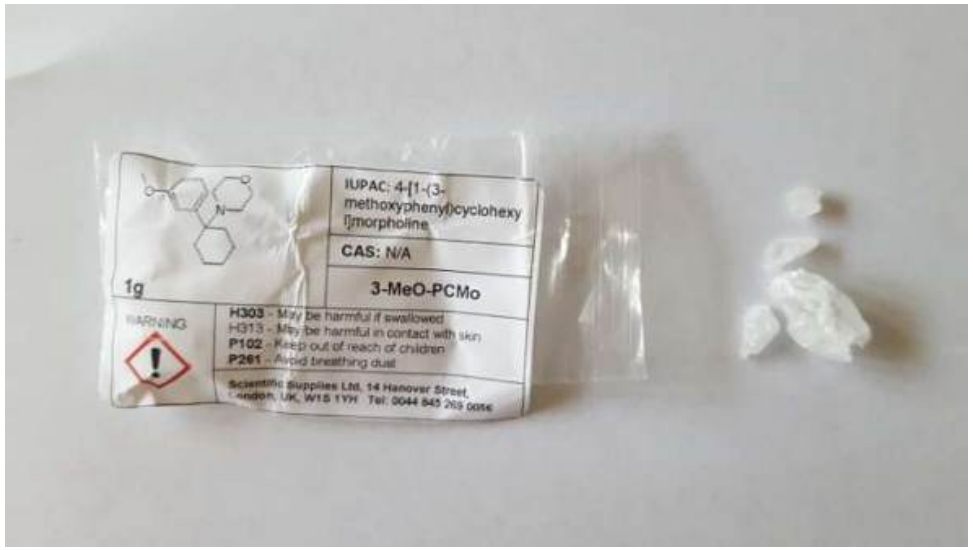
2C-B-FLY [2.2.6]

2C-E [2.2.7]

2C-I [2.2.8]

3-FPM [2.3.3]

3-HO-PCP [2.6.1]



3-MeO-PCMo [2.6.2]

3-MMC [2.3.4]

4-ACO-DMT [2.2.9]

4-FA [2.3.5]

4F-EPH [2.3.7]

4F-MPH [2.3.8]

5-HTP [2.9.1]

5-MeO-DIBF [3.2.12]

5-MeO-DMT [3.2.18]

ADDERALL [2.3.9]

AL-LAD [2.2.13]

AMPHETAMINE [2.3.10]

A-PHP [2.3.11]

ARMODAFINIL [2.9.3]

BETEL [3.3.1]

BK-2C-B [2.2.15]

BLUE LOTUS [2.4.1]

CACAO [3.4.2]

CALEA ZACATECHICHI [3.6.1]

CANNABIS [3.8.1]

CARISOPRODOL [2.4.2]

CATNIP [3.4.3]

CATUABA [3.5.1]

CEBIL SEEDS [3.2.2]

CELASTRUS PANICULATUS [3.5.2]

CHALIPONGA [3.2.3]

CHANGA [2.2.16]

CLONAZOLAM [2.4.3]

COCAINE [2.3.13]

CODEINE [2.5.2]

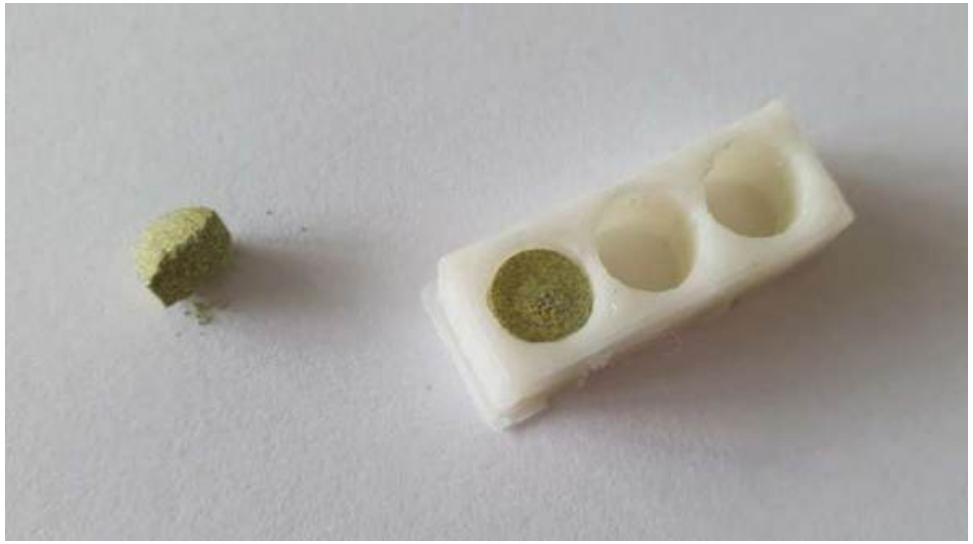
DAMIANA [3.4.5]

DATURA [3.7.1]

DIAZEPAM [2.4.4]

DIPHENIDINE [2.6.3]

DMT [2.2.17]



DOM [2.2.18]

DXM [2.6.4]

ENTADA RHEEDII [3.6.2]

EPHEDRA [3.3.3]

EPHENIDINE [2.6.5]

ETIZOLAM [2.4.5]

FLUBROMAZOLAM [2.4.10]

FLY AGARIC [3.2.4]

FRANKINCENSE [3.4.6]

GABAPENTIN [2.4.6]

GHB [2.5.4]

GINKGO [3.5.3]

GUARANA [3.3.6]

HASH [3.8.1]

HBWS [3.2.5]

HEROIN [2.5.5]

HEXEN [2.3.16]

HOPS [3.4.7]

HORNY GOAT WEED [3.3.8]

IBOGA [3.2.6]

IMPHEPHO [3.4.8]

ILEX GUAYUSA [3.3.7]

KANNA [3.4.10]

KAVA KAVA [3.8.3]

KETAMINE [2.6.6]

KOLA NUT [3.3.10]

KRATOM [3.8.4]

L-THEANINE [2.9.4]

LEAN [2.5.6]

LSD [2.2.19]

MACONHA BRAVA [3.4.12]

MAD HONEY [3.8.5]

MAGIC MUSHROOMS [3.2.7]

MAGIC TRUFFLES [3.2.8]

MAPACHO [3.8.6]

MARIHUANILLA [3.4.13]

MDA [2.7.2]

MDAI [2.7.3]

MDMA [2.7.4]

MEPHEDRONE [2.7.6]

METHAMPHETAMINE [2.3.18]

METHYLONE [2.7.7]

METHYLPHENIDATE [2.3.19]

MEXICAN TARRAGON [3.6.3]

MODAFIENDZ [2.9.5]

MORNING GLORY SEEDS [3.2.9]

MPA [2.3.20]

MUGWORT [3.6.4]

MULUNGU [3.4.15]

MXP [2.6.9]

NITROUS OXIDE [2.6.10]

NOOTROPICS (VARIOUS) [2.9]

OLILIUQUI [3.2.10]

OPIUM [3.8.7]

OXYCODONE [2.5.8]

PREGABALIN [2.4.7]

PINK LOTUS [3.4.1]

PIPRADROL [2.3.23]

PYRAZOLAM [2.4.8]

RAPÉ [3.8.8]

SAFFRON [3.4.18]

SAKAE NAA [3.8.9]

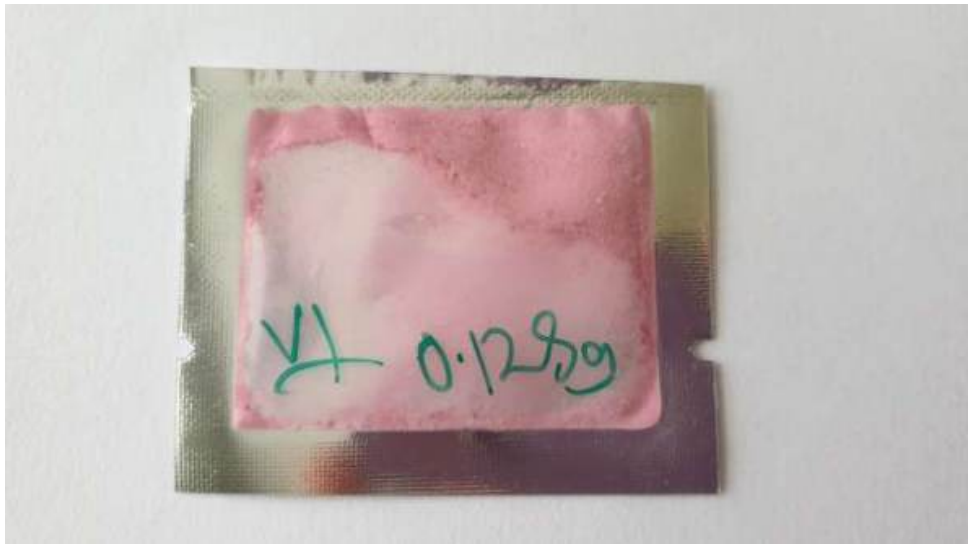
SALVIA DIVINORUM [3.2.11]

SANANGA [3.2.12]

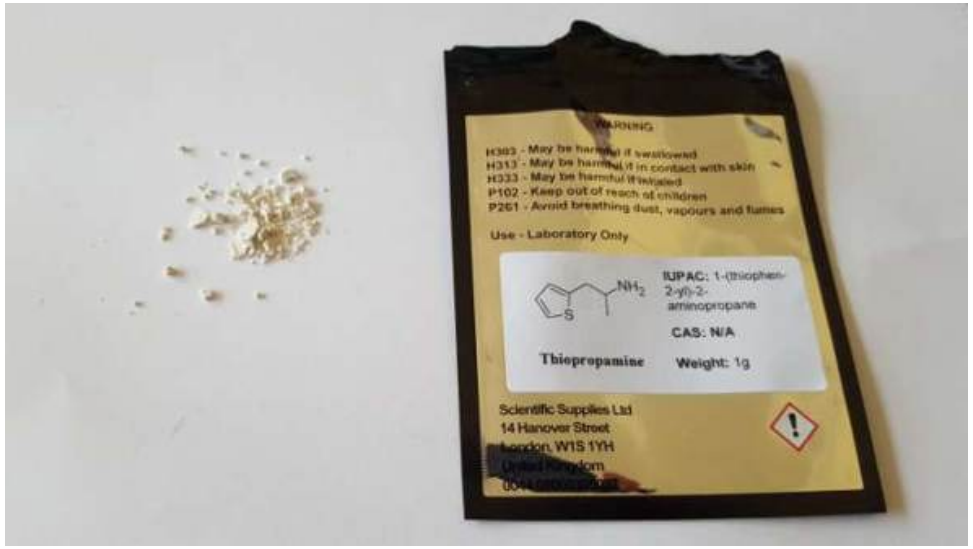
SAN PEDRO CACTUS [3.2.13]

SINICUICHI [3.2.16]

SYRIAN RUE [3.2.17]



TMA [2.2.21]



TPA [2.3.24]

TRAMADOL [2.5.11]

UBULAWU [3.6.5]

VALERIAN [3.4.21]

WHITE SAGE [3.4.22]

WILD DAGGA [3.4.23]

XANAX [2.4.1]

YOHIMBE [3.3.13]

YOPO [3.2.18]

ZOPICLONE [2.4.9]

FINALLY

This was my main collection of psychoactive botanicals from this period, which were usually (but not always) purchased online via one of a number of UK distributors.

During the legal high years, psychoactive research chemicals were openly sold in head shops and by online retailers. They were sometimes supplied in shiny colourful packets such as this one.

Often, such offerings contained a combination of chemicals, and were marketed with brand names, such as Pink Panthers, GoGaine and in this case Sparkle-E. Invariably the packaging came with the warning: *Not Approved For Human Consumption*.

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4

THE GRAND ALCOHOL TOUR

4. THE GRAND ALCOHOL TOUR

Let's be entirely open and honest about alcohol. It is a toxic and highly addictive drug. I could refer you to *The Drug Users Bible* again, but instead: wherever you are based just take a look, all around.

Having experienced so many alternatives, it is not my drug of choice. I tend to treat it as I would every other hard drug… with caution. However, given its ubiquity in so many territories, it is sometimes my drug of convenience. Thus, I thought it might be of interest to provide photographs of some of the occasions upon which I used it.

Cheers.

4.1 BEER!

Beer is the style in which I prefer to consume alcohol. I suspect that this is largely cultural, based upon my upbringing, but the volume also tends to slow down (but not eliminate) both over-intoxication and compulsive re-dosing.

AUSTRALIA [SYDNEY]

This was in fact the first thing I did when I landed there. It's sad… I already know.

BAHAMAS (THE) [NASSAU]

I found a nice quiet spot, just off the main road in the centre of town.

BELGIUM [BRUSSELS]

They looked tiny on the menu, but when they arrived… WTF? What else could I do but drink them? I shouldn't have.

CAMBODIA [PHNOM PENH]

In the big outdoor fish restaurant next to the mighty Mekong they sold their beer by the bucket.

CANADA [TORONTO]

It was -12c outside, but I made it to Beertown, near to Union Station. It was an excellent place for shelter, and the staff were extremely kind. I was even given a goodie bag. ☺

CHINA [BEIJING]

On the opposite corner to my hotel was a microbrewery called *Drunk*. I would give their beers 11/10. I have to admit that this did feel pretty surreal and weird.

COLUMBIA [MEDELLIN]

On a warm sunny day Beer Factory was impossible to walk past without stopping.

CZECH REPUBLIC [PRAGUE]

As served in the Beer Museum. Each visitor was provided with product samples as part of the tour.

DENMARK [COPENHAGEN]

After a day of walking, people watching on Vesterbrogade, with a beer, was quite pleasant.

ESTONIA [TALLINN]

I genuinely didn't intend to capture this young lady whilst ordering another, despite what you might think.

FINLAND [HELSINKI]

This was an interesting arrangement: serve yourself on the boat from Helsinki to Tallinn.

FRANCE [PARIS]

Whilst waiting for a train near *Gare du Nord* I had time for a quickie at a pavement cafe.

GERMANY [COLOGNE]

It was a Sunday and Germany was closed. What else was there to do?

HONG KONG

On my first evening I strolled to a night market. It was thirsty work so I stopped for some light refreshments. Not the best, and a plastic cup, but, they did a job.

INDIA [GOA]

There's nothing like a cold beer at the end of a hard day's relaxing.

INDONESIA [BALI]

One lunch time I sat on Kuta beach drinking these. For the avoidance of doubt, I wasn't alone. I had perhaps four or five of them. Okay, maybe six.

IRELAND [DUBLIN]

I originally selected a photo taken in the Guinness Brewery, but they were a bit funny about appearing in this book. This was much better anyway. ;-) As taken in *The Temple Bar*.

ITALY [TREMEZZO]

I recall that I was harangued for ordering a litre instead of a pint. In my defence it was warm and I was thirsty.

JAMAICA [MONTEGO BAY]

This was my *go to* when I wasn't high on the weed I bought at Bob's place.

JAPAN [TOKYO]

Sadly, I only discovered this craft beer dispensary on my last night.

LAOS [VIENTIANE]

The yellow plastic contraptions in the background comprise part of a couple of large beer dispensers (holding about 8 pints I think)... but that wouldn't have been a good idea.

MALAYSIA [KUALA LUMPUR]

My evening snack as served on Jalan Alor (Food Street). No draft beer but at least it was cold.

MOROCCO [MARRAKECH]

I ordered a beer, albeit a rather expensive one, whilst in the Medina in Marrakech. I didn't expect it to come with free nuts, olives and a ridiculously fancy fruit mocktail. Not that I complained.

MYANMAR [MANDALAY]

This place, near to Mandalay Hill, had loud music but no customers.

NEPAL [KATHMANDU]

I'm on my way home... just time for a quickie. I know it's a terrible photo but I hope it's better than nothing.

NETHERLANDS [AMSTERDAM]

Plenty of choices for Amsterdam, but I think the Beer Temple deserves the photo for its extensive range of quaffable IPA's.

PERU [LIMA]

This small bar/café was round the corner from my hotel in Lima, and I was bored.

POLAND [KRAKOW]

There's nothing wrong with having a nightcap in the main square, so don't be giving me those looks. And yes, you've got me: there's a wódka chaser hidden in the rear.

SINGAPORE

There's a district in Singapore called *Little India*. Whilst walking through it I stopped at a curry house on a corner for, well, a curry... and a beer.

SOUTH AFRICA [CAPE TOWN]

This was a beautiful sight on a warm sunny afternoon on the Victoria & Alfred Waterfront in Cape Town.

SOUTH KOREA [SEOUL]

I'm just settling in at *The Daily Beer*. For the record, they were as good as they look.

SPAIN [TORREMOLINOS]

It was hot and I was bored. Do I really need an excuse?

SRI LANKA [NEGOMBO]

This one was rather basic, but I've had plenty worse.

SWEDEN [MALMO]

I thought this might help me recover from snus poisoning and a visit to the *Disgusting Food Museum*.

THAILAND [BANGKOK]

Street drinking in Bangkok can nice and relaxing, but it is rather easy to get carried away.

UAE [DUBAI]

Dubai isn't the easiest place in which to find alcohol outside a hotel environment. This was the best I could do. Cheers!

UNITED KINGDOM [MANCHESTER]

I took this photo in the original BrewDog pub in Manchester, before it became a big dog.

USA [SAN FRANCISCO]

A lunch time drink at Pier 39, after walking from that fancy bridge.

VIETNAM [HANOI]

This was in one of those pavement street bars/cafes at which your food is cooked in front of you. I got through a number of different Vietnamese ales during the process.

4.2 WEIRD STUFF

There have been a few occasions upon which I've digressed from my beer-norm. Let's have a look at some of them.

Note that I am not including regular cocktails/spirits/etc... just the more weird-looking and colourful stuff. It's fair to say that I didn't enjoy all of these: in fact a couple of them were quite unpleasant (or at least not compatible with my palate).

BAHAMAS (THE) [NASSAU]

These were both mine. I had no idea what was in them, but they were strong and I liked the colours. This is the level of sophistication you are dealing with here.

CANADA [TORONTO]

The Sacred Beast, as served at The Library Bar in the Fairmont Royal York.

COLUMBIA [MEDELLIN]

As served in the Tipsy Bird Bar in El Poblado. The test tube cocktail with the bird was called *Climbing Tree*, and comprised vodka, red fruits, pineapple, pear and lime, whilst on the right *Poza de Xilitla* came in a birdcage and contained peppermint, tequila and pineapple.

CZECH REPUBLIC [PRAGUE]

Absinthe as served in the Absintherie.

INDONESIA [BALI]

It's best we don't go into this one.

JAPAN [TOKYO]

I ordered this shōchū (see the bottom left) in one of those conveyer belt places. It basically tasted like vodka (which I don't like).

THE NETHERLANDS [AMSTERDAM]

It's a gin board, as served in the original Olofspoort some years ago (before the old lady retired).

SINGAPORE

Singapore Sling in Raffles was as expensive as you might imagine, but it did include a free bag of monkey nuts.

SOUTH AFRICA

I had to include a token wine in this collection, so I picked this one from a whistle-stop wine tasting tour in the Cape Winelands. I recall that I had too much and I left my hat there.

SPAIN [TENERIFE]

Because this (Blue Lagoon) was popular with the girls in Preston when I was growing up I saw it as a step-up in sophistication (from half-a-lager) and as the ultimate cocktail.

THAILAND [BANGKOK]

This is easily the most expensive drink I have ever paid for. It's the *hangovertini* in the iconic Sky Bar at Lebua State Tower (a location for the movie *The Hangover Part 2)*.

UNITED KINGDOM [MANCHESTER]

The Alchemist in Manchester really seems to have entered into the spirit of this book. The cocktail with the syringe was called *Dead Red Zombie* whilst the bong was called *The Legal One*. The dry ice in both (already dissipated in the photo) added to the effect.

USA [MIAMI BEACH]

Mojito is a famed Cuban cocktail; here photographed in its allegedly adopted city of Miami.

XTRA

This craft beer bar was technically or at least arguably in no-man's land, given that it was airside. I was so impressed with it that I thought I should include it. It was in fact in Copenhagen airport.

I'm not sure I would agree with this but it does seem to be a good photo with which to end this section.

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WTF!

5. WTF!

There were occasions on my journey upon which I just had to think WTF! Often these were not related to drugs, and sometimes I only noticed their peculiarity when I examined the photograph at home. This also seems to be an appropriate section in which to place images I created to illustrate parts of the other book, or for campaign purposes.

TL;DR: Stuff that doesn't fit elsewhere.

Delirium! This was my effort to represent delirium, as I encountered it under the influence of nutmeg. See the corresponding entry in *The Drug Users Bible* for details of how traumatic this actually was.

This is in fact me, asleep, on Beijing airport. It's a long story.

The standoff! This fellow in Bodh Gaya (India) blocked my way and refused to move. Rather than engage in an unseemly brawl I stepped aside and let him through.

As found somewhere in the Netherlands.

I saw a lot of gruesome stuff on my journey, but this, in Cambodia, was truly horrific. It was one of many such exhibits in the Choeung Ek Genocidal Center, the Killing Fields museum, near Phnom Penh.

Here, a snake of empty beer pots is being created during an England v Australia cricket match at Old Trafford. At the end of a day of drinking this somehow seemed to be quite appropriate. Rival snakes were in fact being produced across different sections of the ground, with the barmy army choir in full voice.

This ended up being a gif file, but I think it works as a static image too.

Somewhere in China I found this delightful bowl of fruit sitting in the middle of a random roundabout for no obvious reason.

The Disgusting Food Museum in Malmo was indeed absolutely disgusting.

I once tried to grow a pair of San Pedro Cacti; to harvest the mescaline. It was a glorious failure: they lasted less than 6 months. I've subsequently been told that I gave them too much water.

What? No, I don't understand it either. As found in Singapore.

This is the most impressive love-lock display I have ever seen. It went on and on and on… and on. I found it on a huge bridge over the Rhine in Cologne.

When I couldn't procure the drug I was after in Africa I went on a photo-safari. But what to do if you desperately need to pee and you are in the back of a jeep in the wild? Drama ensued. They had to stop for me, guarding me with rifles primed and ready, whilst I was accompanied to the back to do the deed. Following this episode the other safari-goers didn't speak to me.

Oh, how rude! As encountered walking around Provenza in Medellin, Columbia.

Always test your gear! Witnessing a prolonged seizure in 2021 was an unmitigated nightmare. The victim had consumed an unknown dose of a synthetic cannabinoid, believing it to be 4-MMC (mephedrone).

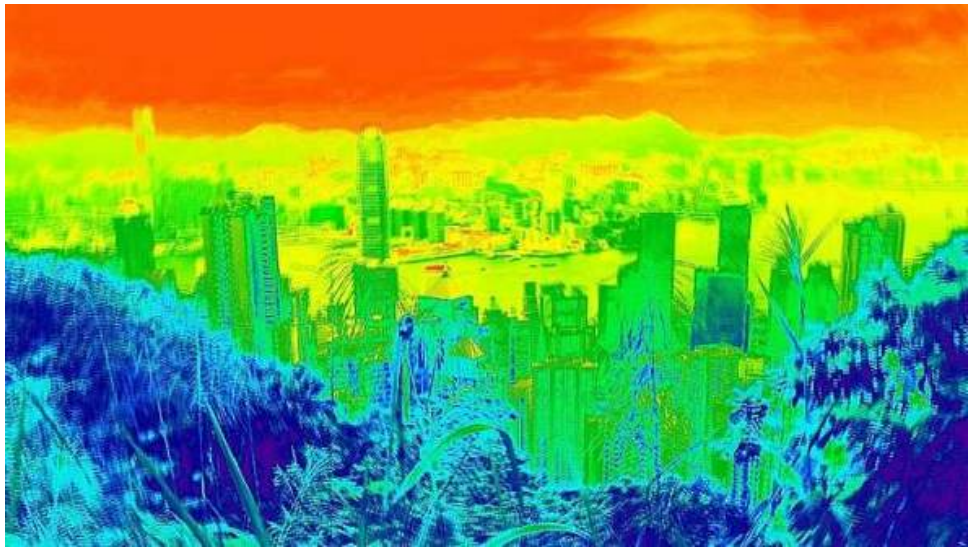
Seriously, you carnivores will eat anything that moves.

I was filming a pleasant street scene in Pushkar when suddenly the small cow at back reared, and a stampede ensued with the grey running directly at me. I dived into a shop collecting some lovely footage of the floor, whilst others screamed. I just laughed: in nervous relief.

On one of my earliest visits to Amsterdam I found myself in the *Winston Kingdom*, which was described as an underground club. It was very loud and when I visited the toilets I was greeted by this.

I have no idea. I took it in Japan, presumably by accident because I can't recall (although this doesn't confirm it). It was a genuine WTF when I saw it. It hurts my eyes.

Something I have not encountered before or since: free beer whilst you shop. I bought a jacket from here (Utrecht) in 2024.



I decided to use a photo I took in Hong Kong to illustrate the visual effects of LSD in *The Drug Users Bible*. It's a bit naff, but I was young and naïve at the time.

Let's try to get this right: crowds gather on either side of the Indian/Pakistani border at about 5pm each day for a ceremony which appears to comprise of mutual baiting and taunting. Epic!

Greetings from Brussels! It's such an official looking building too. The photograph was taken circa 2018.

ГЛАВНОЕ УПРАВЛЕНИЕ ВНУТРЕННИХ ДЕЛ
ИСПОЛНИТЕЛЬНЫХ КОМИТЕТОВ ЛЕНИНГРАДСКОГО
ОБЛАСТНОГО И ГОРОДСКОГО СОВЕТОВ
НАРОДНЫХ ДЕПУТАТОВ

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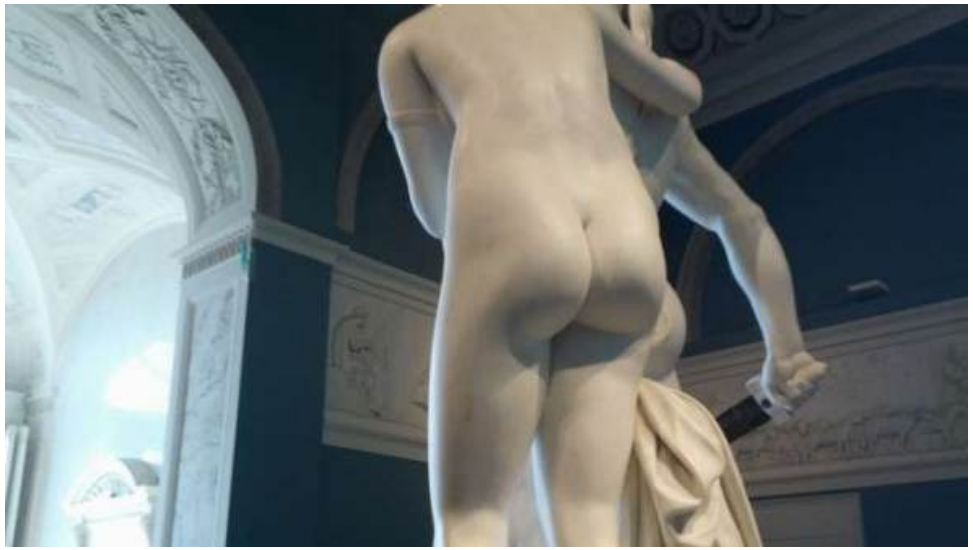
I recently came across this old ticket tucked in one of my books. Yes… many moons ago I was fined in Leningrad (now Saint Petersburg), Russia, for crossing a road (allegedly *jay walking*) whilst eating an ice cream. Free Dominic!



Have I done something wrong? I took this (for art) in a museum in Italy and was told sternly by a female guide *no photographs*! Strangely, this didn't seem to apply to anyone else.

Have you ever told a taxi driver to *follow that car*? I was after the Australian Foreign Minister (in the black car) to confront him with an evidence file regarding a drug case. It went pear-shaped when the driver saw the police behind us, panicked, and stopped.

I don't usually do selfies, but I took this for family members to show them that I was on the way home. I didn't spot the cheeky New York barman until I got back. TBH I always appreciate photo-bombing as it usually adds character to my photographs. I owe this man a pint.

Window shopping in Amsterdam…

More horror, but the last one: I promise. The terror of the US assault on civilian populations didn't end at the Vietnamese border. Millions of tons of munitions were unloaded upon Laos and Cambodia too, where unexploded cluster bombs continue to kill and maim. These artificial limbs are displayed at the COPE visitor centre in Vientiane, Laos.

Darn it… I can't spit here! This was at the entrance to the Howrah Bridge in Kolkata, but I have seen similar signage in a number of Indian cities.

Magic mushrooms with a colour filter. I can't remember how or why I did this, but I think it looks groovy. [2 Dried Grams]

Should I be scared? As taken in one of those tall buildings in Dubai.

Those who say WTF to this don't know what they are talking about. It's a butter pie with peas and gravy: a wonderful dish as served at the home of Preston North End FC.

Another country: another humiliation. Snorkelling at the Great Barrier Reef seemed to be a good idea until water leaked into my goggles causing chaos. I was the one who had to be rescued and towed ashore at the end of a rope. For the record, I'm actually a good swimmer, but… I need to be able to see. [Screencap taken from GoPro footage]

The guy next to me was eating these, as sold by stalls on Khao San Road in Bangkok. Seriously, I mean… WTAF!

You may see pampas grass swaying in the breeze but it spooked the hell out of me as I stared, under the influence of a datura seed, trying to assemble the inputs from my sensory organs into a coherent reality. I must have stood there for 5-10 minutes, hypnotized by it. Don't do deliriants!

Finally, I travelled a bit before starting this project. These are just a handful of the WTFs I recently spotted in my albums.

Uzbekistan: I referred to DMT-trip architecture in an earlier section (Sri Lanka), but this place gave me the same vibe, even though I had no idea what a trip was like at the time.

Iceland: This was another weird trip feeling, rather like being on the surface of the moon. So much so, in fact, that I have seen (false) claims that scenes for the Bond-movie *Moonraker* were filmed on location here.

USA: Apparently, women regularly stuck their underwear to the ceiling of this bar (called *The Hog's Breath*, I recall) in New Orleans. I have no idea why.

Greece: Does this still happen? It was full of fellow backpackers but there were no light fittings, the shared toilet was a hole in the ground and the shower was a hose pipe in the yard. It was marginally better than the beach I guess.

Norway: Seriously, never do Pulpit Rock on a cold and rainy day. That's my daughter, hardly surprisingly looking as miserable as sin. Don't worry: she made her feelings extremely clear at the time (and since).

For the avoidance of doubt, these are digital photographs of original photographs, going back some 40-odd years in some cases.

I thought I should end with a message, the content of which we can all hopefully agree with. This comprises 36 of those 182 psychoactives I self-administered for the writing of the other book. Listed row by row:

- Methamphetamine, Xanax, Morning Glory Seeds, Heroin, Opium, Yopo Seeds
- 2C-B-Fly, 3-FPM, 1P-LSD, Hawaiian Baby Woodrose Seeds, Cannabis, Amphetamine
- GHB, Diazepam, Celastrus Paniculatus Seeds, Kratom, Psilocybe Cubensis Mushrooms, 2CI
- MDMA, Pyrazolam, Noopept, Rapé, 2AI, Ubulawu
- Adderall, Etizolam, Kola Nut, Valerian Root, Cocaine, DXM
- Clonazolam, MXP, AL-LAD, San Pedro Cactus, Salvia Divinorum, Street Hash

The cannabis comprising the letter 'P' is gelato. The hash in the bottom right-hand corner is Moroccan.

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EPILOGUE

Outside the primary drug related objectives as outlined in the preface, I would always encourage people to travel as widely as possible. Why? Essentially, for the same reasons frequently cited by other travellers, including: the adventure, the excitement of the challenge, the inevitability of learning, and the pleasure of interacting with those from different cultures.

Spinning from these are a range of health (and mental health) related benefits, including an increased or different exercise regime, a boost to the immune system, a break from the stresses and worries of normal routine and an increase in personal reliance and self-esteem. Without even realising it you are liable to enhance your communication skills, learn more about yourself and increase your overall confidence.

This, collectively, tends to bring a wider and more balanced perspective, and a broadening of horizons. You may well find that you develop a greater sense of empathy and maturate a kinder more gentle set of moral principles.

The Dalai Lama is famously quoted as follows: "*Once a year go somewhere you have never been before*". I absolutely agree with him, and would generally go along with the old tenet that the best things you can spend your money on are experiences, saving time, and of course giving.

At this juncture I would also throw in my theory of time deceleration, or specifically, how to stop your own life experience from accelerating as you age. Travel is one mechanism to introduce the pre-requisite novelty into this equation. See *Section 4.6.2* of *The Drug Users Bible* for information on this.

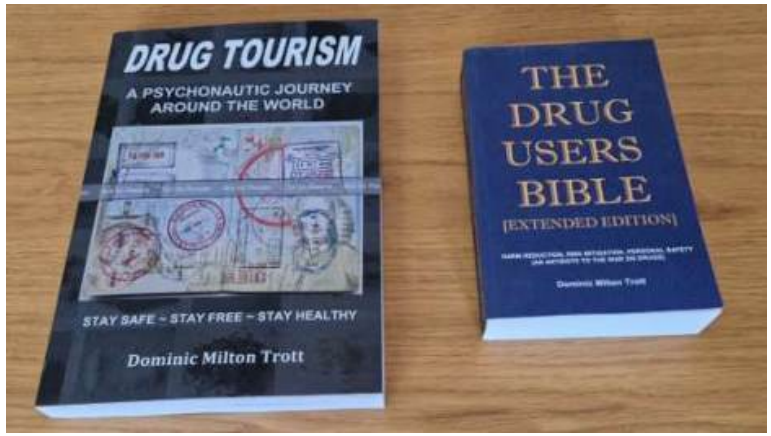
Thus, I don't regret spending my savings on these expeditions for a single moment. Indeed, I wish I had started earlier.

Unfortunately, I fear that in the medium term such extravagance of travel will not be possible. Currently, the walls do seem to be closing in for most of us, not least via political and social oppression. We will also have to adjust our activities to reflect the situation with respect to climate change. If you are driven to embark upon your own adventures, I would therefore suggest that you take the earliest opportunity, and that you do not leave it too late.

Finally, I hope that you found this album to be interesting and/or useful, and perhaps that it does indeed inspire some of you to embark upon your own journeys. If you do travel, be it short haul or long haul, please do take care. Do re-visit the first section to check the safety tips.

Perhaps one last word regarding drugs themselves: the last thing you need in your life is to be addicted (to anything) or to overdose in some way. Please do understand this and take all the words in *The Drug Users Bible* seriously. Download it without charge if you don't already have a copy: ignorance really does kill and it is incumbent upon yourself not to become a victim. Hopefully I am preaching to the converted here.

Stay safe, stay free and stay healthy.



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