

## **Sourpuss**

*by Dan Berkowitz*

I'll tell you why I don't do drugs anymore. Ten years ago, a friend's traveling in Germany, sends me a package. Inside, wrapped in tissue paper, is a lump of something, kinda brown. Naturally, I assume it's hashish, so I swallow it. An hour later, when I'm not high, I track my friend down at his hotel. Wake him up at three-thirty in the morning, Düsseldorf time – on his honeymoon – to complain about the lousy hash. It's only after he yells, "Why didn't you read the note in the fuckin' box?" that I realize what I had ingested was not hash, but was, in fact, a chunk of the Berlin Wall.

Three days later – when I am high on hash – I'm at a party, doing tequila shots. My friend Jack starts laughing and goes, "Man, remember that time you took the sledgehammer to Warren Beatty's Jaguar? Jesus, you really beat the crap out of that car!" And everybody's laughing, and I'm laughing, and then I find myself saying, "When did I do that?" And Jack must not have heard me, cause he starts laughing even harder, and goes, "And then when Warren pulled the gun on you, the way you fell to your knees, and stretched your arms out like Christ on the cross, and sobbed, 'Don't shoot! Dukakis needs every vote!'" Which, of course, told me it must have been 1988.

And I suddenly realize there are vast swaths of my life of which I no longer have any recollection at all. And some of them sound like they were fun. I mean, for example, I thought I'd never even been to the Tournament of Roses parade. And then I find out one year I not only rode on the Disney float, but had sex with Snow White. And two of the dwarfs. During the parade. But the hash had wiped out a lot of brain cells. Well, and the pot too. And probably the coke. And the acid and the mescaline. And I suppose the mushrooms, though I only did them once or twice. I think.

I am so glad vodka doesn't affect the brain.