

# DOPE AND RACING-- THE INSIDE STORY



By Rick Sieman

Before you read any further, let's get a few things straight. First, we are not taking *any* side in this discussion. The information contained herein is just that; information.

If you learn something from these words, that's good. If you don't learn anything, give the magazine to someone else and let them learn.

We interviewed as many racers as we could, bearing in mind that many of those we approached would not consent to an interview. False names

are used to protect the racers from possible legal actions, but everything they told us is—word for word—put down as they said it. All we have edited out is useless words like “uhhh. well, ya know” and the like. We felt it necessary to leave the profanity in to retain the flavor of the party speaking.

The “dope” referred to consists of most of the commonplace things found in our society today: grass, uppers, downers, acid, heroin, hash and even booze. Yes, we felt that

alcohol should be included, simply because the effect is quite similar to many drugs.

Please don't even think of asking us who these people we interviewed are. We gave them our absolute assurances that their anonymity would be protected. And don't go making any half-assed guesses who they are, just because you think it might be someone, you know. Possible clues to the identities have been carefully screened out.

Again, we take no sides.



## SPORTSMAN RACER

MC: Tell us about your racing background.

JOE: I'm just a Sportsman rider. Mostly fun stuff. I rode some desert pretty steady for a couple of years, then got into motocross. Now I race pretty much what I want to. Maybe one weekend I'll do a motocross, then the next weekend I'll bop on out to the dez, then the weekend after, I'll just go out and fart around with my buddies and do some trail riding. I'm not that fast, but I trophy every once in a while, if everything goes right.

MC: As you know, this interview is about drugs. What are you in to?

JOE: Pills, mostly. Uppers and downers. Got into it when I used to drive a truck.

MC: Anything else?

JOE: Oh, once in a while I'll do up some grass, but I don't like to smoke much of anything. It makes me cough.

MC: Why uppers and downers?

JOE: Why not? Hey, you get up around five on a Sunday morning and you feel like shit. Snarf down a couple of whites with your orange juice and you start feeling good right away. I like to feel up. It makes everything sharper. Even food tastes better when you're up. If I drop a couple of whites right when I get up, by the time we're at the dez, I'm really shaped.

MC: Does it affect your racing in any manner?

JOE: Hey, it helps me. My mind is sharp, really sharp. And I make moves good and fast. When I'm not up, I just don't feel like gassing it hard. The only hassle is later. You sorta feel burned out when you come down. One thing about "speed," is that you don't want to get in too deep. Do too much speed and you don't feel like coming down. What I do, later, is drop a few reds (downers) and crash early that night. Next morning, I feel great. No hangovers or nothing. And I could eat a whole fuckin' horse for breakfast.

MC: No side effects?

JOE: Just real hungry after a good night's sleep. That's all. Some guys, it affects in other ways. They do some uppers and they get all paranoid. What you've got to do is use your head and know when enough is enough. I don't use anything during the week. Maybe a beer or two in the evening, but that's all.

The problem with most people is that they abuse anything. You can

get your system more ruined with booze than you can with whites. You've just got to understand how your own body functions. With me, a buzz makes me a lot more alert. I think it's not all that bad, but I wouldn't tell anyone else to do it. Some people just can't handle it.

MC: Are you concerned with any possible long range damage to your body?

JOE: Hey, who knows what's gonna happen? You start worrying about all that kind of shit and you'll never do anything at all. I think if my body is going to be affected in any way, I'll be able to tell and I'll just quit. I mean, it's not like smack or anything. You've got to use your head with damn near everything. Shit, plain old aspirin can waste your guts if you take too much.

### LES—ENDUROS, TWO DAY TRIALS

MC: What's your specialty?

LES: Mostly National Enduros and Two Day Qualifiers. My plans are to someday make the Six Days team. I've won a few medals at some big events.

MC: Any habits?

LES: I don't know if you'd call them habits, but I do some pot, drink a little and take ginseng.

MC: Before, after or during an event?

LES: No booze before a serious event. That's the worst thing you can do. Oh, I might have a glass of wine or a beer the night before, but no heavy drinking the night before. And the week before, I might have some beer or wine, but in moderation. I've been smoking grass steady and usually have wine every day; normally with a meal.

MC: What kind? Good old cheap Red Mountain?

LES: No. Usually a decent Pinot Noir, or a Chablis. And in the summer, I have a bottle of beer most every day, but none during the winter.

MC: Ever get bombed?

LES: Well, I get loose every now and then.

MC: Booze or smoke?

LES: My motto is: "Drink a little, smoke a lot." That works for me.

MC: Do you smoke steady?

LES: Pretty much every day. Usually not before the sun goes over the yardarm; which is why I live in the lower latitudes. Heh heh.

MC: Any preference in dope?

LES: Home grown, definitely. I



don't usually grow any, but my friends have some more often than not. That way, you know what you get.

MC: Do you smoke much?

LES: About a lid a week. Two to three decent joints a night is average.

MC: Any side effects you'd care to comment on?

LES: None. Sometimes I get tired of smoking, so I quite for a while. Maybe as much as two or three weeks at a time. Then, when I start smoking again, I enjoy it more. You can get tired of almost anything after a while.

MC: Notice any changes in your appetite when you do or don't smoke?

LES: Not really. Although, I do have a good breakfast in the morning. When I wake up, I usually feel pretty good. Unless I've drank too much the night before. Like I said, that's the worst thing you can do. In fact, me and my friends have a running joke about putting on an enduro after a good drunk. We'd call it the DRY HEAVES ENDURO. 'Cause that's what you usually get when you ride after you've had too much liquid intake.

MC: How many of the time line Enduro/Two Days riders smoke?

LES: Most. Except some of the family guys. But most of the guys that I know relax the night before an event with a joint. We joke about it a lot. Some of the very best riders, like \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ do up more shit than you'd think. Yet, they function pretty good out on the trail. Just look at the results. You can't argue with a Gold Medal, can you?

MC: Do you feel that your timing is affected by smoking the night before? And do you suffer from the dreaded "munchies" the next day?

LES: I have this idea in the back of my mind, where I'd like to carry a big dinner with me in a pouch, with a red checkered table cloth and all. Then, I'd like to pull into the first check real early and spread everything out, kick back and have a trail banquet. That should psyche everyone



out real well. Like my friend, \_\_\_\_\_, he'll get into a check early and sit there puffing on cigarettes, just to mess peoples' minds up. He doesn't even inhale; just blows smoke in and out. They think he's having such an easy run, that it demoralizes them.

MC: Do you ever light up before, or during a run?

LES: No.

MC: Ever do anything other than grass?

LES: Oh, maybe a little acid two or three times a year, but never before a run. It seems that your body is so wasted after doing acid, that you don't have any energy. It takes me two or three days to feel active again. But, I don't think it's the acid itself that makes you tired; I think it's all the running around like crazy that wipes you out. I can't even sit still. Just gotta run around and do things.

MC: Any other aftereffects?

LES: None. After I get some rest, I'm OK physically. Actually, the important thing is to have your head in good shape. If your head is screwed on right, then everything else follows.

MC: What's bad stuff for enduro riders?

LES: Uppers or downers. They fuck with your body chemistry too much. And hash. Hash just makes you all mushy. It's good to lay off of that stuff, especially some time before you have to ride. I don't like to take anything that isn't natural into my body. Grass is a natural thing.

MC: What about for riding MX? Do you think that a hyper activity like that would be influenced by smoking? You mentioned earlier that you have done some motocrossing. . . .

LES: I ride motocross the same way I ride an enduro; kicked back and low key. Maybe it's just my personality, but I don't like to ride all wired up and on edge. That's probably why I do a lot better at the Two-Days stuff than at anything else. As for side effects, I think smoking steadily

helps me, if anything. My basic rule is to do what makes you feel good. But I don't feel much different if I haven't smoked, or if I have. It's just that it helps me relax the night before a lot more. Some of the guys I ride with can't even sleep properly unless they have a number or two. Isn't it better for them to relax with a joint, than to stay up tight and not get a good night's sleep? As long as you don't overdo it, then you're OK.

MC: What if you *do* overdo it the night before?

LES: Then have a joint when you get up and ride with a mellow attitude. But it's best not to ride when you're loaded.

MC: Do you ever?

LES: Sometimes me and a friend will do some trail riding, step on top of a mountain and fire up a joint or two. That's neat. Then we ride around easy like and look at the squirrels and stuff. We don't go fast. Sometimes, when I've been smoking and trail riding, I catch myself going fast and say, "Hey. Slow down. You wanna get off?" Then I relax and start enjoying the ride again. One thing: On a cold enduro, I might carry along some Mother's Milk. Just a little flask.

MC: Mother's Milk?

LES: Yeh. Apricot brandy. Nothing gets you warmer faster. In fact, in my enduro survival kit, besides the tools I might need, I carry a flask of brandy and two joints.

MC: Do you ever stop during an enduro and light up? If so, how does it affect you?

LES: Oh, I've done it once in a while, but it makes you feel like you're going faster than you are. Then, I lose interest in going fast and start to feel silly. I do like to get loaded and go street riding, though, as long as there's not much traffic out. I won't even think about going out stoned in heavy traffic.

MC: Any advice, or thoughts you want to pass on?

LES: Yes. If you plan to ride and smoke, then do it regularly. Sometimes, if you haven't smoked for some time, then you fire up before an event, it might affect you. Hey, I've been stoned for months on end at times, and as long as I stayed stoned, I was able to function quite nicely. It's those times in between that confuse people. Like I said, if you're gonna ride loaded, then stay loaded all the time, so you can find out how to operate normally while stoned. Don't think you can hop back and forth.

Especially if you have a heavy night of smoking right before an event and you can still feel some of the effects the next morning. Then, I feel it's better to light up and ride relaxed, than to have half a worry in the back of your head. Or don't ride at all.

The worst thing you can do, is to start off a long run all tensed up. Hell, I don't even drink coffee the morning of an event. That stuff is bad for you. It gets you all nervous.

If I'm slightly hungover, or feel the traces of getting loaded the night before, I take some Ginseng. That snaps me back in line.

MC: What does it do for you?

LES: It's extracted from an Oriental root and you can get it in tablet or capsule form. One every four hours works best for me. Who knows? Maybe it's all psychological. I think it's an adrenaline stimulant. Whatever. It helps me go fast when I want to.

Like, I might want to do real good in a special afternoon test, so in the late morning, I take a few capsules, then I'm up for it. But I don't rely on the stuff. Or anything, for that matter. I take all kinds of things that might help me, like vitamin E, B, some B complex, a good multi, some desiccated liver.

Now that's good stuff, that desiccated liver. It helps on really hot days, like 120 degree days. I've got so much energy that I'm just naturally wired. I think it also prevents cramping, but that might be the vitamins, who knows?

One night, I got wired on some heavy grass and Ginseng. Me and my friends were just sitting around over at the shop. This was some *good* grass, let me tell you. Anyway, I got so wired that I took my Penton completely apart and put it back together in about four hours flat. Wrenches were flying! It was only when I tried to slip the pipe back on, that I noticed that the head was on backwards, but that only took a minute to change. There's no way I could have done all that work that fast without being properly wired.

All things considered, I don't think that grass will hurt you. At least, I feel that I can function just fine stoned. Most people can't tell when I'm ruined or straight. Can you?

MC: Hmmm.

### FRANK—SPORTSMAN RIDER, MX AND DESERT

MC: How about some background on your racing?

FRANK: Oh, I'm doing a lot of MX right now, but I used to be into



desert. In fact, I hit the dez real strong for almost three years. I made yellow plate (Amateur) without too much trouble. Before that, I raced a whole bunch of MX for a large CZ dealer here in L.A. That's when CZs were the hot setup. Put some Konis on and change the grips and you had the best iron on the track.

MC: Smoke?

FRANK: Thanks. Don't mind if I do.

MC: No, I mean do you indulge in the killer weed?

FRANK: Oh sure. Doesn't everyone? Actually, I didn't start smoking heavy until I rode the dez on a regular basis. Those desert people are serious loados. Lots of partying goes on all the time; wine drinking and that kind of stuff.

MC: Have you played around with anything other than grass?

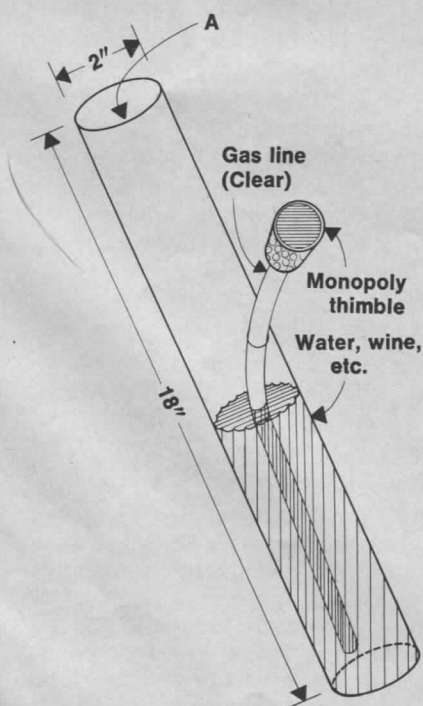
FRANK: I've done some acid a few times—and snort coke whenever I can afford the splurge—and I drink some wine and an occasional beer now and then.

MC: How often do you indulge?

FRANK: Most every night. But I don't smoke joints. I do Bongs.

MC: Bongs?

FRANK: Yeh. That's the only way to go. See, you take this tube and put a hose in it . . . wait . . . better than that; here's a drawing and you'll get a better idea.



This is a bong. Do not under any circumstances build one of these. We only showed you what it's like in the interest of science.

What you do, is put some high grade shit in the monopoly thimble and light her up. I drill a 3/32 hole in the thimble—and this seems to be the best jetting—I've experimented with different sizes and all others either seem to run too lean or too rich. Avoid an over lean mixture as it gives you a raspy smoke. Here's how it works:

1. Fill the thimble with dope. No stems, no seeds that you don't need, puh-leeze.
2. Light shit.
3. Place mouth over "A."
4. Inhale deeply until lit pot coal drops into water.
5. You are now fucked up.

In a normal Bong session, 3 to 5 hits of commercial pot and you are ruined! Wasted! Destroyed! On good grass, three hits and you are a zombie. Do too many Bongs the night before and the next morning, the starting gate looks like rubber.

Once, right before a moto—my second—I did a Bong. B.H. gave me a snap. It was good shit. I got severely stoned on one solid hit. Wasted! There I was, spaced out on the starting line.

The only reason I stayed there, was that I had done pretty good in the first moto and I figured I should try and salvage the day.

Jeesus, was I slow. No concentration. I got a bad start; when the starting gate dropped, I giggled a lot and said to myself, "Time to go, Hee hee." Everything felt speeded up grossly and I felt like I was hauling ass, but people were passing me easily. Man, you just don't have it together when you're racing stoned. I finished the moto, but way back. When I realized how ruined I was, I just went careful and tried not to cause any problems for anyone. I didn't fall, though.

MC: Have you been smoking long?

FRANK: Since I've been thirteen years old; I'm 22 now.

MC: How many in your crowd indulge?

FRANK: I don't know anyone who doesn't. Look, I don't think that grass is all that bad for you. Booze is the worst stuff in the world. Grass helps you relax and keeps you clear the next day.

MC: Does smoking tend to make you lazy, as it does with some people?

FRANK: Yes, but only when I let it. That's one reason why not everyone should smoke. Some people, I don't know why, turn into a vegetable and they don't have the ambition to do anything.

Me? I'm lazy when I smoke, but when it wears off, I'm OK. It's the people who don't smoke regularly that run into that feeling much more than us regular tokers.

MC: Any other side effects?

FRANK: Just good ones. Look, I've been out partying and having a good old time and the smokers never make any hassle. The drinkers are always getting belligerent and starting fights. There's nothing more obnoxious or unreasoning than a drunk. Shit, dope even affects animals better than booze. You drop a beer can somewhere and that's bad. It just lays there and gets rusty. Drop a roach and a kangaroo rat will find it and eat it and get stoned.

(Editor's note: At this point, a friend of Frank's showed up and joined the conversation. Like Frank, he was a biker and indulged now and then.)

FRANK'S FRIEND: The biggest joint I ever saw was 36 inches long. No shit. It was made out of those Esmerelda Rolling Papers that are gummed on the ends, all put together. Boy, that showed some class. There were only six of us there and they just passed it around.

MC: How long did it last?

FR. FRIEND: I don't remember.

FRANK: Naw. Smoking all those joints is *not* the way to go. The Bong is by far, the hot setup, like I told you. And the only aftereffects you get are the munchies. And I only get the munchies while I'm stoned, not the next day.

Actually, the only thing you have to watch out for is if you've smoked grass with PCP in it. Animal tranquilizer. That's bad shit. Another bad thing is what they call angel dust. That's grass that's been soaked in ether. That used to be pretty common, but now you find that damned PCP soaked shit all over the place. Man, it gives you headaches the next morning and makes you feel raspy.

Grass is best when you leave it alone in its natural state. It's organic. Add chemicals to it and you're gonna mess your system up.

Another thing I like real well is coke. It's nice and it's a good upper. But one gram cost \$85 or so and you can do that real easy in one night. A gram! Shit, that's one-half of a Molly Blue Fork Oil bottle cap. Yeh.

MC: Side effects?

FRANK: Sure. You wake up in the morning burned out. Hey, don't even think about racing for a few days

after a coke snorting session.

Same with acid. Your body takes time to recover and build up energy again. You don't want to do anything but lay around in bed all day. It makes you feel like you've been laying in the hot sun way too long. You feel like you just went three motos against Roger D. You can kiss away three days after acid.

MC: What about uppers?

FR. FRIEND: Uppers? You think you're Superman and right away you overestimate your ability. Lots of the Baja racers, both the bike and the car people, use uppers during the races. You can bet your ass that some of those really serious crashes have been guys strung out too far, too long.

You start seeing shit at night. Lots of the car racers use prescription diet pills. They just go right up and get them from their doctors. The most popular one is called Obatrocs, or something like that. It's a round yellow pill, but it ain't a yellow jacket. That's about the least shaky upper you can get. It's real mild compared to some of the trucker pills.

But still, you can get strung out and shaky after a long period of exertion. And that's bad, because racing is an adrenaline booster itself. The combination of the two ruins you. Shit, when I ran cars, I've cracked teeth I tried so hard. You just get all wired up. You don't flow when you're on uppers. You don't even ride a bike. You drive it.

MC: What about downers?

FRANK: Reds and booze are very close. Both give you feel of a bad drunk, especially after. Hell, I think that the effects to your system are almost identical. That's what's nice about pot. The more pot you smoke, the happier you get. The opposite

with downers and booze. They make you mean and start fights.

I know guys who are 40 years old and older that smoke, and they're OK. Physically and mentally. A 40-year-old heavy boozier is ruined. I think this country is misinformed about things. Like those people in India with their hash. Who are we to go around fucking with their habits. The government stuffs its nose in the wrong places.

MC: Is there any way you could compare the effects of grass to booze? Disregarding the side effects?

FR. FRIEND: Sure. 2 to 3 joints will get you as loaded as 6 ounces of hard booze, and the load will come out ahead every time in his ability to function, where the drinker will lose control. Like when you have to function when you're stoned . . . adrenaline weakens the effect of marijuana — while adrenaline gets you more ruined and burns you out. You get rushes, bad reactions.

Still, when I have to do things, I don't smoke. I never missed a day of work in my whole life because of any sort of drugs, and I've tried them all. I've missed work from booze.

Once, when I was a carpenter, I went to work with a bad booze hang-over and threw up all over everyone from three stories up. All over the workers on the ground. Booze is bad!

FRANK: Hey, here's one for you. Lots of the Europeans racers use Snoose. It's a powder made with real finely ground glass, snuff and a little opium thrown in. You put it in your mouth, and the glass cuts the gums with little microscopic cuts and the opium gets right into your system. You spit the juice out and everyone thinks you're just chewing tobacco. Lots of people in Europe do it on the job and get stoned all day long and no one knows it.

FRANK'S FRIEND: It's like lots of things about drugs. The average person has no comprehension about what things are and what they really do.

MC: Bikers are not average?

FRANK: The average duck on the street just doesn't know. Bikers, surfers, ski people, hang gliders—all kinds of active people, they know what's shakin'.

FRANK'S FRIEND: I know a guy who eats tranquilizers by the dozen every day, just to keep from cracking up, and he told me, "If my kid smoked dope, I'd kick his ass." Yet, four or five times a day, he snarfs down his tranquilizers, just because Doc gave it to him. What the hell is normal, after you realize things

like that? Hell, lots of people I know are heavy dopers and they lead a normal life otherwise.

FRANK: Many of the top bikers—current fast guys—are Big Heads. You bet. The only thing is, you've got to use your head with anything you do. Like, when you smoke a lot, don't go over munching. You can get fat real fast. Stay away from the shit food—especially late at night. And don't mix booze and grass.

If you get the munchies, drink some iced tea, with no sugar. That's real good and even cures gator mouth.

If you're gonna race the next day, don't smoke any Colombian or Thai grass the night before. Too heavy of a buzz. You don't want to get out of bed in the morning.

The night before a race, stay home with a number and the radio on and relax. Pick up on some music. Or maybe go sit in the tub with a doobie and *really* relax. But don't do up on race day. After? Yes.

MC: Any last thoughts or advice?

FRANK: Yeh. Have fun. Like, I live right across the street from a cop and they have these parties all the time. They get smashed beyond control and I go over there stoned and eat all their food. They're barfing and getting weird and I'm having fun and staying loose as can be. Who's wrong? Them or me? You tell me?

FRANK'S FRIEND: I can add a thought to all that. I've tried and taken almost every kind of drug known. The cleanest and safest high is grass.

FRANK: Right fucking on! I'll go along with that.

FRANK'S FRIEND: But you know what? Now that I've gotten heavily into racing, I don't do anything anymore, not even grass. Racing is such a fine high I don't need anything else.

FRANK: You're weird, you know that?

### MIKE—PROFESSIONAL DIRT TRACKER

MC: How about some riding background information?

MIKE: What's to say? I've been riding Ascot mostly for what seems like forever. I went the usual Sportsman riding route like most of the others; you know, Adelanto and Perris. Then I got a Pro License and worked my way up to Expert real fast. I've won some mains and beaten some of the best in the business. On so-so equipment, too. I've never

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# dope

had what I'd consider top line rides. But, you ride what you got and do the best you can. I ride other big tracks whenever I can get someone to pop for the gas credit card, but it seems like I always end up here. It ain't so bad. I could be like some of those poor fuckers workin' in a factory somewhere. I got a van and a good car and some broads. What else do I need?

MC: Any habits?

MIKE: I wouldn't say I've got any habits, but I've fucked around with most everything you've ever heard of.  
MC: Care to elaborate?

MIKE: Everything from smack on down. But, I don't *have* to do anything. I mess with what I want to, when I want to. And I'll tell you something: that's a lot of bullshit about getting strung out on smack. I think those assholes who've got a whole arm full of holes and got a big habit, are the kind of freaks who have no mind strength. The fact that they let themselves get to the bottom and can't stop, shows me that almost anything could get a hold on them. They're just weaklings and weaklings deserve to suffer whatever they get. If you play with fire, you got to know when to take your hand out. Right?

MC: How often to you, uh . . . shoot up?

MIKE: Hey, back off! Don't try to make me out like I'm some kind of fucking smack freak, OK?

MC: Sorry. Didn't mean to insinuate anything. We're just trying to find out how racers operate and how things affect them.

MIKE: Look. Every once in a while, I'm flush. Everything is right with the world and . . . say the season's over . . . then, I might get together with some friends and party. Do up a few spoons. Hell, maybe only twice . . . three times a year. In fact, I only pop it in a vein every now and then . . . just for the rush. Most of the time, I just eat it. Did you know that you don't have to inject the shit into your system?

Oh, there's a difference if you eat it, or dump it right in. The rush you get is right away. You eat the stuff and it takes a while before the glow

hits. And it doesn't even hit . . . it just sort of sneaks up on you. It's hard to tell exactly when the hammer's dropped. I guess that's why most smack freaks shoot the stuff. There ain't no mistake when it hits. Boom! And you're mellow and kicked back. Nod city.

MC: Have you ever raced while still wired?

MIKE: On smack? Fuck no! No way. Hey, I ain't asking to eat that wall, and you don't want to nod off while you're sideways, now do you?

What I do occasionally, is use an upper or two before the main. But my favorite is amyl nitrate. That's the stuff people with bad hearts carry around with them. Right before you go out for a heat, or the main, you pop a capsule under your nose and take a good deep breath. Once, I did up about three amyls before a main.

Christ, I felt like Superman! Shit, I won so easy I couldn't believe it. And I was on a three-year-old rat bike, too. Only problem, you sometimes get a headache if you do too much amyl nitrate, though.

I remember that night I won the main. I felt like I could do anything. No fear whatsoever. Man, I came down the straight with that motor just talking to me, then when the turn came up, I left that son-of-a-bitch on so long that I couldn't believe it. Then, when I set up and worked the throttle, everything happened soooo smooooth. I went right up near the wall and backed through that turn like one of those fucking sprint cars. And you know what? My head was clear as a bell the whole time. I came down some in the last few laps and started to get a little tired, but by then, I had the race won. Man, we partied later! I bought the coke and that got rid of the headache. You know what they say, "things go better with coke." Right?

MC: Any other indulgences?

MIKE: Oh, I smoke a little shit now and then, but I think people shouldn't smoke anything too much. Your mouth feels like shit in the morning and it makes you get tired too easy.

I like acid. As long as you don't have to do anything for a few days

after you drop some acid, then everything's OK. Right? Hey, once I had a good sized blotter in my van and pulled off a corner and chewed it up right before a heat. That was one weird-assed race. I won the heat all right, but I got all paranoid about falling down and didn't do shit in the main. That little nibble on the blotter cost me some bread that night. I didn't do that again.

MC: It seems strange that you're concerned about smoking and not overly concerned about possible effects of various chemicals on your body. Any reasons?

MIKE: Like the commercials say, "You only go around once," right? Hey, I've done more in my life already than most people even think about. So what the fuck do I care about a couple of years either way. Right? I know guys who never did anything and they've bought the farm. Who can tell?

I'll tell you this much, though. If my body ever started giving me trouble, I'd back off everything. Even coffee. The human body can take a tremendous pounding from just about anything and if you let it rest a while, it'll fix itself.

Once I got busted real good at Ascot and figured I was over and done with. Plaster city and all that. Couple months later, I was right back in there. In fact, I think the layoff did me good. It made me hungry to ride again.

Maybe that's one reason I like to mess around with this and that. Anything can get boring. I remember once I was running third and there was no way I could catch the two guys in front of me—they had too much motor on me—and there I was, getting ready to set up for the North turn, yawning. Can you buy that? Yawning! I was flat-assed bored. So that night, I picked up on this little honey that had been hanging around and we went down to my buddy's house on the beach and got all naked and snorted about two hundred bucks worth of coke and ate a whole blotter worth of acid. Hey, no yawning that night! Right?

MC: Any thoughts you'd like to pass on?

MIKE: Sure. If you ain't strong enough to handle *anything*, then don't do it at all. But, if you've got your head screwed on right, then there ain't anything in the world that can put a strangle hold on you. Nothing. I mean, how many people can make a living doing what I'm doing? Right?

MC: Right.