Candyflip, the sweetest trip

by Charms

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dose: T+ 0:00</th>
<th>1 hit</th>
<th>oral</th>
<th>LSD</th>
<th>liquid</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T+ 0:00</td>
<td>1 tablet</td>
<td>rectal</td>
<td>MDMA</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T+ 0:00</td>
<td>smoked</td>
<td>Cannabis</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T+ 0:00</td>
<td>smoked</td>
<td>Tobacco - Cigarettes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T+ 4:30</td>
<td>1 caps</td>
<td>rectal</td>
<td>MDMA</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Body weight: 220 lbs

This experience happened a few days ago, last weekend at an undergroundish psy-trance gathering of hippies, ravers, burners and college students looking to fry the happiest way we know how. For me it was also my first time candyflipping (taking lsd and ecstasy together) and a celebration of having finished my midterms with good grades after working my ass off for weeks. As the time of the event approached and we scrambled to get the sound, decorations, visuals, soundproofing, etc. in place, tension ran a little high. People got frustrated with one another, but thankfully in the end things fell together wonderfully and we created an incredible space with blacklights, projections, handmade glowing psychedelic tapestries, etc. My mindset was a combination of impatience, anticipation, nervousness and excitement as I waited to see how the party would turn out and what the night would bring.

At 10:15pm, with the space prepped and the music starting, I stepped off to the bathroom to take my first dose of the night. I ate one lsd sugar cube (these were incredibly strong, our trusted medicine man refused to sell more than one to anybody, which was a good call) and nervously inserted one compressed green tablet of ecstasy stamped with a strawberry logo in to my rectum. This was my first time plugging anything, but from what I had heard about the experience of plugging x, I thought it would be worth a try. After washing my hands obsessively (because I mean, eww, especially if you’re going to be touching people all night) I stepped outside for a cigarette. By the time the cigarette was done, I was coming up incredibly hard and fast. I had the familiar unpleasant sensation in my stomach and the feeling of a rapidly rising body temperature, but I didn’t feel like I was in danger of vomiting, which was incredible considering how hard it was coming on. I rode out about 20 minutes of sensory overload on a couch that became more comfortable with each passing second, finally taking a small hit of marijuana to settle my stomach. With that done, I found myself rolling HARD. That maniacal clenched-jaw grin settled in, every sensation was like heaven, and it was only getting better.

Heading in to the dance floor, I experienced orgasmic bliss from the bass rattling my body. I found I was already experiencing outrageous visuals, which is what makes me suspect that there may have been MDA in the tab I took, as I was not yet experiencing the body load or the ‘mindfuck’
associated with the stage of an LSD trip that produces visuals at that level. I started to dance, the joy of pressing beyond my normal limits, exerting myself more and more and experiencing the music with ever-increasing intensity. About here my sense of time begins to fade as the lsd kicks in, and I find it increasingly difficult to dance as my body begins to confuse me and the visuals build to the point where it’s difficult to see clearly at all.

The next thing I know, I’m at the bottom of a ‘cuddle puddle’ on a huge sofa, a tactile orgy. I can’t believe how incredible it feels to be so connected to these people, we’re all in love now and we show it with every kiss, nuzzle, scratch, touch, tickle, squeeze. The girls, the boys, everyone is absolutely beautiful and nobody is the least bit afraid of each other. There is nothing lecherous or even really sexual in our caresses, each of us is simply engaging in sensual worship of and tribute to these beautiful, beloved creatures we are lucky enough to call our friends. The menthol cigarettes and high quality weed (it keeps me from frying too hard, brings out the acid and tastes delicious) come out. We are in fucking heaven. A guy I’m acquainted with, but have never really talked to much is there beside me, and we hold on to each other as fiercely as we can, talking, massaging, loving. I have no words now for the depth of the connection, of the adoration, of the safe glowing radiant love joy. Each moment is such a precious gift. It is love. It is delicate, impermanent, impossible, drug-induced, yes. But it is heartfelt, intense, gorgeous. We are gods, superhuman, unafraid, wonderful.

With difficulty, I manage to get my eyes to focus long enough to see that it’s 2:45AM. I’m coming down now, but by no means crashed. I step to the bathroom again, this time plugging a gelcap filled with ‘molly’, pure mdma powder. I dance again until I feel it in my stomach and return for a few minutes to the sofa and my friends. As I come up on the molly, it’s clear that the acid isn’t acting on me so strongly now, though it is far from gone. My head is clearing, the energy is rising within me. The molly speaks with the booming voice of God, handing down one simple commandment: ‘Dance, white boy.’ I am overjoyed to comply. I’m on the dance floor, the neon ribbons in my hands glowing under the black light and creating psychedelic patterns as the beats drive me to move like I can’t even believe, as the bass washes over me, my eyes roll back in my head with the impossible pleasure of it, every breakdown finds me in a sweat-soaked reverie, every buildup raises me to the stars and gives me the energy to hurl myself back in to the fray.

Deciding to give my body a break, I step outside in a motion that I’m told by an applauding group of friends combines all the best of sex and swimming (I slicked my soaking hair back from my face, looking to the sky and gasping ecstatically at the cool night air). Outside, I wait my turn to use the firespinning chains. When my time comes there is no fear, my coordination is perfect. I see the beauty of the bright orange flames as they whip past me, the fire roars gorgeously and I am overcome by the intensity of the sensation. I am surrounded by it, consumed with it, part of it, yet still in control of it. I am superhuman, there is power and glory in every move I make. This is fucking rapture.

I take one more green strawberry, knowing even before I do that I’ll regret it. As dawn approaches, a group heads up to the roof, watching the sunrise together and smoking out. After lounging around with arms around new and old friends, talking softly for a few hours, I head home with a
headache and muscle soreness like you wouldn’t believe, pound a couple of cosmopolitans and am
soon slipping off to sleep.
I wake up some 15 hours later feeling, well, like shit. My body is ravaged and sore, my mind
is dulled, I am unable to focus or feel much of anything. I ride it out, and wake up the next
day feeling pretty much the same, but the feeling continues to fade as the day goes on. Today
I woke up feeling pretty much normal. I believe sincerely that smoking a little pot periodically
throughout the roll keeps me just slightly mellower and reduces the period of time that I will
experience after-effects for. I also should have been smart enough not to take another tab so late
in the night. Anyway, I doubt I’ll be doing this again soon (it takes quite a toll and I have other
things to do), but dear Jesus am I glad that I had this experience. It was so incredibly intense,
and yet so clean, so bright, so pure, so wonderful. I think that the experience will stick with me
long after the hangover has disappeared.