

The NarcoSexuals

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You want some water?

You know, the thing is: where else should I go?

I do my job. From Monday to Friday I'm an excellent employee.

And then I have the weekend to myself.

Where do I go?

When I am here I'm like: "Wow"

You want something?

We take something, We take G

There is always G. You want G?

We take 1,5 or 1.8 or 2 milliliters. I take two. I am used to it.

Ha (*abrupt shake*)

And then eh...

There is always someone who offers you a line, 3 MMC or coke,
and from that moment on, you know: it's going to be this kind of evening.

If you ask me how I feel.

I feel mellow, I guess. Things get cozy.

I feel a bit unwell, but it only flirts with that, like in a roller coaster, you're climbing those last
few

meters,

Oh my god, what's coming... Oh my god, what's coming...

And then... you're like - The brakes are - gone.

Man, I love myself.

I'm more funny, my jokes get better, definitely.

Things are becoming irrelevant.

"What should we do tomorrow?" "Do I have money on my account?"

It's irrelevant.

(smiles) huhm

I start looking around, and I wonder: "Who is the most yummy guy?"

Who is the most delicious?

You always start with the most sexy guy, because you never know when he leaves, you know.

Ha!!!

So eh, yeah, you found this guy and you're exploring him: His mouth, His cock. His body.

It's like... you are on a planet that hasn't been discovered yet, but you don't discover it alone, there is someone next to you.

And if you're lucky, that person is as horny as you are.

*

It's like super sensitive you know, here

I like that, when someone holds me here.

I hold his balls in my hand, sweaty balls, and it's not necessarily 'sexual'.

It's more like: being very close to a stranger.

Yesterday he was a random neighbor, now his balls are in my hand.

Going up - going down.

(smile) hmmm

They move.

(smells) I smell his skin.

Smells are... way stronger now.

Hair *(smile)*, curly hairs he has.

His balls are like...two small balloons calmly floating on the water.

(abrupt gesture of squeezing balls)

Normally... building connection takes time.

We, we don't need time anymore.

*

It's funny how tolerant you get.

Did I just say "yes"?

uhuh

sure

it's good

no, it's good, it's good.

I let guys do anything basically

"Hi"

Nice cock you have

such an amazing ass, ooof.

what a fucking tasty mouth.

Everyone here is... so aggrgrhggeww (*sounds like "attractive"*). Wow

The GHB says: "you're fucking hot man".

*

I can imáagine, you know, normal traditional sex without drugs, but I cannot say that's what I wish for, now.

When I'm here: Everyone is honest about what they like. Nothing is awkward.

Some parts of my body I didn't even know I had. Like my prostate, I only fully discovered here.

The men are like: lay down. I am going to make you happy.

So, yeah true, I do it a lot.

But it's not something I need, it's something I wánt.

*

Right now I'm super chill and nicely relaxed

and not so drugged that I don't function anymore.

It's all... good

(opens net curtains)

This is how you like me, right?

I look sexy

I mean: My body is ok, but I'm not arrogant. We're not in the gym.

Happy smile on my face.

(smiles)

I take PrEP:

no condoms, no bullshit, no strings attached.

I'm a fucking perfect catch.

*

hmmmm

The sensation is crazy.

It's almost a constant orgasm.

You never come, really.

That's the problem when you have a dick, right? Normal sex is: intense intense intense and then you come.

Here there are so many waves. You go up and down and up and down.

I didn't know that my dick and my ass and my mouth, you know, could do all these things.

They can do so much more than you think!

We hack Mother Nature.

Mother Nature is like: "Oh...This is not what I had in mind."

Fuck you mother nature!

*

I am super high, I am on LSD and ketamine

and I am licking someone's ass, and his ass is the universe.

It's like a galaxy.

It's just me and the butthole.

Like there is nothing else.

It feels like I'm meditating.

I taste his hole,

hmmm (smile)

still wet from all the other guys who came before me.

I smell the poppers, and I see his hole gaping.

My tongue licking him like a puppy, you know, I slurp my water from the bowl

hhhhhmmmmm

Pure happiness, pure joy, pure pleasure.

You like that: eating ass?

All my freedom - is hidden in that hole

I see trees. In the middle of a forest there's a field... of flowers: daisies.

I see: A group of men moving in a circle.

singing: Hey you ho ya hey ya ho

Hey ya ho ya

*

I feel like Superman.

Sometimes you feel you're about to faint, or you see that the other one is getting there... so you stop for a bit.

And then you find yourself in a situation where you love everyone and everyone loves you.

You tell each other everything,

You tell each other your secrets.

It's this magic slutty bubble where there are really good vibes.

Everyone here knows what to do and what - not.

Together we have this hobby.

Sure... deep inside you know that these are NOT your friends, but for that very moment you just feel really really connected. And, you know, friendship - is a thing.

Here it's like: the old days.

Like at high school. Or sports, you know, soccer buddies, that's what it feels like.

"hoi" (*smile*)

If someone feels bad, they have ice cream. "You want some?"

In a way it's like, you know, fucking my loneliness away. But it's also fucking liberating.

Sometimes my dick is like super soft, but that's not a problem at all. No one here bothers about my soft penis.

In the beginning... when I did start doing this, I easily fell in love with someone, I started feeling something, you know. Guys were like: This is NOT the place for a long term

relationship, baby. So now I know not to take those feelings too seriously

it's fast food, but it's delicious.

*

So yeah, that's what you do: you know. You do take more. You take more.

You're like: it's not about the quality, it's the quantity (*smile*)

HA!

The choice of drug isn't really - it is not important anymore.

You want some G?

Normally I wouldn't, you know, with those enormous cocks. Now I just let them fuck me.

I'm a starfish I think.

I am just a starfish.

And I'm like: What's better than two cocks? Ten cocks. We want variety.
Just like food, you know, we don't eat the same thing every day, do we?

So you don't know any more if you have a cock in your ear, or in your mouth, or in your ass,
let's say, It's my, you know...

Ha!

I guess it's my magical anus that brings all the boys to the yard.

I am a starfish! A starfish!

"Who needs family if you can have an orgy?"

Who needs a family?

you want G?

In this clean nice world, where everyone is kind of being nice, we are a reminder, like it's not
all clean and nice, sometimes things get dirty.

I am a proud slut, can I say that?

I want to sniff your fucking armpits and that is hot as fuck.

This - is - our safe house.

Like I am sucking a dirty dick and the other guy is pissing on the other, so it's...

There's no - judgement.

There's no judgement.

That is very very valuable. We experienced enough criticism.

*

Normally I don't do Tina, Crystal meth that is.

it doesn't really work on me.

I just do Tina - because it is taboo, "Ooh ooh ooh, you're doing Tina"

Nobody has the right to tell me what I should do with my body.

When people say: Oh, Tina is the worst you can do. I'm like: give me Tina.

*

There is this super kind man. Sexy.

I - offer him my arm,

He takes a small wipe and cleans it, at the place where he is going to inject.

He dissolves it in... water,

puts a band around my arm, tightens it.

He slowly pushes the needle in my arm.

(smile)

Super sweet.

He must have done this many times before, I think.

As he pushes the needle down further and further, I can feel my heart tremble.

He keeps on pushing all the way to the end.

I'm not sure if I was ever that close to someone.

Some people, you know, have mechanical sex after slamming.

I don't understand.

For me: it's flying.

The moment when the final drop enters my bloodstream – the world slips away and there is nothing but bliss. It literally takes my breath away.

(small cough)

As he pulls the needle out I have this sense of warmth and closeness.

Why care if it's real or not? It feels real.

*

"But it's so unhealthy, right?"

Yes, it is.

It is unhealthy, and dangerous.

You want me to have a healthy lifestyle?

Why would I want to live a healthy lifestyle?

You want me to stop smoking? Not to put a needle in my arm? NOT to sniff an extra line?

Why? What for?

To get to the age of 80?

Is that it?

Is that something I would want?

You think I want a dog and a family and grandchildren?

*

I find myself drowning in chest hair, right in front of my nose.

and It's all so fucking honest.

Having him in my arms, suddenly I am comforted

and - I feel so - light.

so - light.

it's like fireworks.

And when I do this. *(snips fingers)* I don't hear anything anymore.

*

(closes eyes)

I find it amusing.

Not being able to keep my eyes - open.

I cannot move.

I cannot talk. I can just feel.

It's all calm.

You just wait,

no worries, no shame, you wait.

My body might be somewhere on a bathroom floor...

My mind is calm.

It's not, what you would call, dramatic.

It's not like in the news; "Oh my, someone just passed out"

I know what I'm doing.

It's like - being in deep deep sleep but without the sleeping pills.

You wait and you wait and you wait, till one of your buddies wakes you up.

(slaps on his own face/ body)

"Hello, are you good?"

(opens eyes)

We are nurses.

We know how to take care.

We give each other some speed up the ass if someone needs that,

or a kiss.

"Hello?"

"Ça va?"

You find that worrying?

You want me to do yoga instead, is that it?

*

It's a supermarket!

I throw everything and everyone in my shopping cart.

"Don't touch the candy, don't touch the candy"

all your life you hear... "don't touch the candy".

But then from the one day to the next... candy is everywhere

*

(doorbell)

We always want it, you know, nothing satisfies us. We can fuck for hours and hours and we will still want to fuck.

It's like: put it inside, come inside, put put put something in.

Put the dildo inside, put it, your fingers, your hand, put a bottle, a piece of wood for god's sake, put something, put it!

Aaah

yeah, there (you know) I need to be filled.

filled with anything that is big enough.

my balls squeezing.

my fists grasping

my tongue out, lips wet

Put something, you know, in it.

I need to be filled with things that are hard enough, deep enough, many enough

The drugs through my veins. G in my stomach.

A bit of speed to stay in tune.

You know.. .outside it is like fwwwp (*the sound of tension*)

Here it is like Aaaaaah (*the sound of relaxation*)

That's the poppers and the G, or maybe it's K, I don't know.

But my pussy is sweet and receptive.

I used to be like fwwwwp (*the sound of tension*) now I feel like Aaaaaah (*the sound of relaxation*)

I'm a flower, you know.

My hole is a flower because of the K.

Now it's like aaaah

Outside everyone is oe oe oe and ah ah ah

look at my cool job

and my smart opinion

and my fancy clothes and what not...

I don't like to feel fwwwwp the whole day, you know

Thinking: am I respectable enough?

smart enough?

I don't fucking like that!

Here... it's like aaaah (relaxed) and aaah (aroused)

I'm not lonely, I'm just horny.

I hold my cock and I feel it exploding

It's never been so big before, so hard, so greedy, so in need for your hole, your mouth.

I'm like you know a total fuck-machine you know.

A hard, greedy pumping fuck-machine.

Other people go to Disneyland - I do this.

It's like fuck you know fucking horny I'm hard and fuck
and my balls

and I sweat like a mother fucker

and I want to come but I keep it inside.

Everything is just sex you know.

It's just sex

It's like wow

It's like: I'm a fucking animal

I'm a horse you know, an ape.

I'm important, to the person I am fucking I'm important.

Fuck fuck fuck you know fuck it.

aaah!

aaah

your spit

your spit

I want your spit

fucking hell

on my fucking cock

that's like oewaha

aaah

They help, the drugs really help!!!

(moaning)

"I love you" "I love you!"

Boring!

Life is too boring,

Life outside is too fucking "boring".

Life is boring, just saying, ok?

For centuries: we had no example about how we were supposed to live our lives.

Because we were always just deviant, and wrong.

But now: the straight people think:

"Hey... lesbians and gays are getting married, they're having families and they are adopting.

The straight people are like: 'Hey, they're like us'.

Uh uh uh,

NO!

We are not like you. Boring!

I am not your ideal homosexual, darling.
I'm not married,
I'm not monogamous,
So please... stop projecting that clean, liberal "boy next door" fantasy on me.
Ha!
And stop fucking pathologizing me, as if there is something wrong.
There is nothing wrong, baby.
I don't need to be fixed.
I don't see myself, you know, working and shopping and going to bed on time.
That is boring, seriously
I don't want to talk about my interior design, or anything else boring people talk about
I better make my cock hard.
HA!

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The text of *The NarcoSexuals* came about through interviews Dries Verhoeven had with fourteen men experienced with sexual drug use in the Netherlands and Germany. Besides, it is informed by academic articles, with interviews with mainly British men:

"Motivations and values associated with combining sex and illicit drugs ('chemsex') among gaymen in South London: findings from a qualitative study." (P. Weatherburn, et al., 2016)

"Fucking with homonormativity: The ambiguous politics of chemsex" (Sharif Mowlabocus, 2021)

"Chemsex experiences: narratives of pleasure" (Maitena Milhet, Jalpa Shah, Tim Madesclaire, Laurent Gaissad, 2019).