

# Drink, Smoke, Pass Out

**Author: Judith Lucy**

## Extract

### Introduction

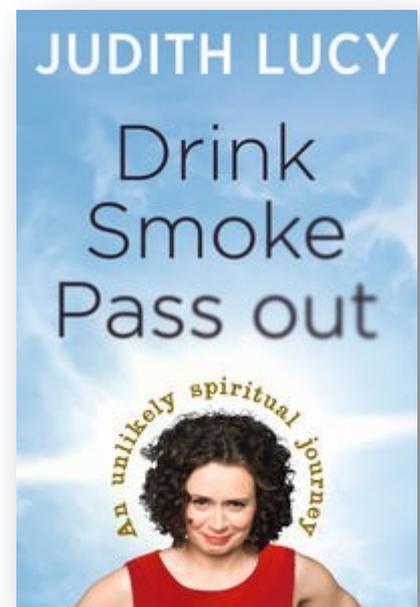
Some of you may be a little familiar with the book *Eat, Pray, Love*. It's a woman's search 'for everything' after a horrible divorce. The author's search takes her to Italy, India and Bali. Coincidentally, the last three countries I've been to are the same ones, and in the same order, although there were returns home in between. In Italy, Elizabeth Gilbert ate what she liked and lost weight, and had to swear to be celibate for a year because she'd always had men in her life; in India, she did yoga, stayed in an ashram and had some sort of spiritual breakthrough; and in Bali, she looked for balance in her life, met an incredible healer and wound up banging a hot Brazilian whom she went on to marry. I have nothing against this writer and I know that many women have loved this book. However, I couldn't have less in common with Elizabeth Gilbert if I was just a gas.

I've had several years where I've been celibate; the difference is that I was often desperately trying to have sex. If I had eaten everything I wanted to in Italy, I would have come back the size of a small zeppelin, and as it was I was constipated and sleeping in a room with my seventy-year-old birth mother, and the only man who came onto me was so short and so wide, he was virtually a circle.

I went to India on a spiritual journey too – in fact, for the TV show I made for the ABC, *Judith Lucy's Spiritual Journey*. While my ten days there was a great experience, the only yoga I did was on the roof of a boat, which nearly landed me in a neck brace. It was taught to me by a man who was so incompetent and bored that I may as well have just had diarrhoea for an extra day, because I could have had a more enlightening experience in a toilet.

And after finishing the show, I went to Bali. I didn't meet my future husband, and the 'healer' I encountered massaged my breasts. That wasn't the first time this has happened, either – my jugs must seem so tense.

I guess what I do have in common with Elizabeth is our desire to make shitloads of cash by telling our stories. Gee, that's not what I meant to type, let's try that again: What we do have in common is the fact that we were both



pretty depressed and wanted to work out why and how to live a better or more fulfilling life.

My 'journey' didn't take place over a year, but for the past forty-four. I grew up a staunch Catholic, but when I turned my back on that religion I believed in nothing and threw myself into my career, good times and finding Mr Right, believing that one or all of the above would make me happy. Not that I had any idea what being happy really was, but gradually I started to realise that none of these things seemed to be working, and when my parents died within ten months of each other, it made me start to question everything, even though I don't think I was aware of that for some time.

While I was slowly recognising that booze, boys and comedy might not hold the answer to the meaning of life, I was also developing a real love of yoga (try not to feel nauseous), which led me to an interest in spirituality (a word I still struggle with). At some point, I realised that I was less anxious, less desperate for a drink and not quite so dependent on circumstances dictating my state of mind. I was less of a pain in the arse. I really did feel better and I thought it might be worth writing that down. And though the idea for the book came before the idea for *Judith Lucy's Spiritual Journey* (and actually before I read *Eat, Pray, Love*), I've written about the experience of the television series as well.

I'm not living in a cave in the Himalayas, I'm single and I still drink (sometimes I still drink a lot). But I *am* less fucked up, and I thought, why not share a story that's sort of about spirituality, but doesn't take itself too seriously, and has no eating, less praying and loving, and a lot more drinking, smoking and passing out, because if my tale didn't have those elements, it would just be a pamphlet.

In Drink, Smoke, Pass Out, she tries to find out if there's more to life than wanting to suck tequila out of Ryan Gosling's navel. with disarming frankness and classic dry wit, she reviews the major paths of her life and, alarmingly, finds herself on a journey.'A well written, poignant, moving and naturally humorous story of one forty-something's. attempt to get her life together.' Australian Bookseller + Publisher'An often hilarious, at times disarming account of her ongoing search for spiritual awakening.' Madison'Can she write? Heck, yeah . . . At lea Smoke Out N Pass Out. Opposite of "Wake N Bake". When it's mornin I Wake N Bake When it's night I Smoke Out N Pass Out. by SmokedOutAllDay January 22, 2011. 17. 13. Flag. Get a Smoke Out N Pass Out mug for your grandma Larisa. Jul 29 trending. 1. Soop.Â Smoke on the Water Drunk. smoke or poke. smoke out. Drink, Smoke, Pass Out Kindle Edition. by Judith Lucy (Author) Format: Kindle Edition. 4.2 out of 5 stars 43 ratings. See all formats and editions Hide other formats and editions. Amazon Price.Â Page 1 of 1 Start overPage 1 of 1. This shopping feature will continue to load items when the Enter key is pressed. In order to navigate out of this carousel please use your heading shortcut key to navigate to the next or previous heading. Back. The Lucy Family Alphabet. Chorus: Drink smoke drink drink smoke drink drink smoke drink pass out 8xs. Verse:1 It's my party Its my party grip da forty sip bacardi puff da Marley Lay da carpet watch me walk it side to side my queen she riding like a Harley ->No Harley Davy pardon maybe Call me A.B young and rich I came from nothing Only chance I thought I had was make it back I. flipped the switch I pressed the button Dead tipsy meds lift me dreads crispy say no more I'm on my toes Ears 20, wrist 30, chain 50, this my year that's on my soul ...I could admit it yea I'm pass due ....Like I was only

Pass Out After Drinking Caffeine Syndrome (POADCS for short) is a disease that 707 made up in an attempt to prank Yoosung on Day 4 of Casual Story (Chat "Do Not Drink Coffee"). The disease supposedly began in cows, on Long Cat Island, who ate wild coffee beans. The article 707 sends was posted on a website called Cherrypedia, which was a play on Wikipedia. If the player reads the text, in the image, they come across "00000111 00000000 00000111" twice, which translates to "707" from binary. In Drink, Smoke, Pass Out, she tries to find out if there's more to life than wanting to suck tequila out of Ryan Gosling's navel. With disarming frankness and classic dry wit, she reviews the major paths of her life and, alarmingly, finds herself on a journey. 'A well written, poignant, moving and naturally humorous story of one forty-something's attempt to get her life together.' Smoke Out N Pass Out. Opposite of "Wake N Bake". When it's mornin I Wake N Bake When it's night I Smoke Out N Pass Out. by SmokedOutAllDay January 22, 2011. 17. 13. Flag. Get a Smoke Out N Pass Out mug for your grandma Larisa. Jul 29 trending. 1. Soop.Â Smoke on the Water Drunk. smoke or poke. smoke out.