

HEROIN: JUST THE FACTS

The political implications of smack's appearance in our midst are very clear. Smack is big business. And the people in it are all out to get us. Not with guns, or violence, but quietly — through a 7 1/2 gauge needle.



That's all there is to say. Smack is a rip-off racket. Most of you have never tried it, and the idea of needles just doesn't appeal. But say you have used heroin. Say, you are strung out right at this moment. What are you supposed to do?

Well, first of all, you're a lot luckier than all the people strung out on Seconals. It used to be that a lot of people died from smack withdrawals, but not anymore. *Street heroin is only 1 1/2 to 3 percent pure in the United States.* Over the last several years, it has been cut down more and more, until kicking doesn't involve a very high risk of death by convulsions.

Lots of junkies with years of experience have learned how to kick without too many problems. If you're not an old time junkie, though, you're going to need help. If there's a kick pad in the area, they're equipped to handle people withdrawing. Some hot lines can refer you to the local place where you can go and not get busted. Other places, they will take down your name and ask for a commitment to some sort of state program. Needless to say, this isn't the answer. If you're on the West Coast, Synanon is one out. Other places have set up Synanon-type environments, still involving total commitment but without a police record.

Then there's methadone, the dream of every junkie. All that does is substitute a synthetic oral habit for a real intravenous one. A habit is a habit, and it's definitely a class-A bummer to be strung out and *dependent* for the rest of your life.

Beware!

Also, beware of the fact that there is a drive on now to push smack to the middle-class public. That means, instead of just psychedelics, many dealers are now stocking smack, too. Some connections won't sell kilos of grass unless you buy an ounce of smack with it. That means another ounce circulating around the otherwise peaceful soft-dope community. In the last 6 months, probably thousands of more people got strung out than did in the 6 months before.

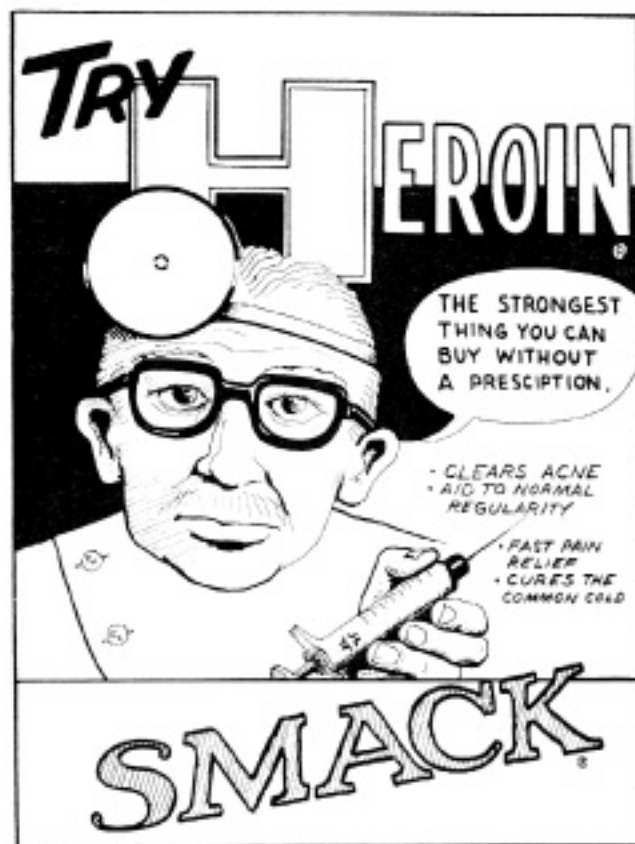
One thing for sure, there's nothing like smack to absorb a movement.

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM

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SOUND GOOD? SEE INSIDE!





It's my wife
 It's my life
 Cause the needle to my vein
 Leads to a center in my head
 And then I'm better off than dead
 Cause when the smack begins to flow
 I really don't care any more
 About all the Jim-Jims in this town
 And all the politicians makin' crazy sounds
 And thank God that I'm not aware
 And thank God that I just don't care.

—Velvet Underground, *Heroin*

Heroin shooters aren't going to read or even see this pamphlet. Even if they do, the content will not register.

For along with most of their world, it's just a piece of blue junk haze rarely penetrated by anything except a skagfilled works ready to feed the persistent junk-hunger that will never be fully quieted.

Addict — it's a nasty word, but the Movement is becoming more familiar with it every day. A part of our now-thriving alternative culture is based on drugs — marijuana, LSD, mescaline, peyote, the amphetamines, barbiturates . . . more potent mixtures of cannabis derivatives, cocaine, DET, DMT, MDA, LBJ, and a host of other synthesized hallucino-

gens related to either mescaline and/or amphetamines in composition.

And smack: Skag, horse, hard stuff, heroin, all those tags mean the same thing. It's a highly refined and purified extract of opium from Asian poppies, smuggled into French labs, sneaked into U.S. and Mexican ports, drastically cut with sugar, talcum powder, soap powder, epsom salts, or anything else white and powdery.

Then, it's sold down by the pound, to ounce (or spoon), to nickle and dime cap street sales. About 5000% profit down the line.

Smack . . . is a rip-off racket. According to the British Journal of Addiction and a dozen other sources, it takes only a week or two of shooting every day or every other day to become hooked, physically dependent on smack in order to function in social relationships.

Soon, friends become unimportant. The only thing that matters is whether or not the smack is in your vein on time.

As William Burroughs puts it, in his preface to *Naked Lunch*,

In the words of total need:

"Wouldn't you?" Yes, you would. You would lie, cheat, inform on your friends, steal, do anything to satisfy total need...a rabid dog cannot choose but bite.

You do this because the source of supply isn't some familiar long-haired dealer who will lay out simple tastes, like most do with weed, acid, etc. The contact is a bus-in-ess man, who is part of what Burroughs calls "The Junk Pyramid."

The pyramid of junk, one level eating the level below (it is no accident that junk higher-ups are always fat and the addict in the street is always thin) right up to the top to tops since there are many junk pyramids feeding on the peoples of the world and all built on basic principles of monopoly:

- 1) *Never give anything away for nothing;*
- 2) *Never give more than you have to give (always catch the buyer hungry and always make him wait);*
- 3) *Always take everything back if you possibly can.*

So that's where heroin, and synthetic junk are at. But why write about something every high school

counselor raves over in modern living class? Because there's recently been a subtle shift in available dope and the drug perspective of our culture is changing.

Recently the New York Times carried a long piece explaining a crash program undertaken by the U.S. government involving everyone from NASA to the police designed to wipe out the use of marijuana and LSD.

Torpedo boats, planes, ultra-new electronic sensors, more agents, chemicals (which have not been tested for human reactions) for spraying on growing cannabis which induce nausea and harsher penalties are all part of a new package legislation.

There was a brief mention that efforts will be made to crack down on heroin traffic, but no such meticulous measures were outlined such as the ones aimed at grass smokers.

If the weed supply is wiped out that will leave smack and speed and downers with which to get high, effectively delivering potheads into the hands of the junk industry.

So we're right back into the clutches of the slimiest part of a society whose values we rejected. The business is run by the Mafia, plain and simple.

That's a fraternal organization often composed of fine upstanding citizens. Like the substantiated rumor of a \$40,000 a day heroin deal running out of an Ann Arbor garage, with a lawyer acting as banker. Nice clean business — no muss, no balky customers to hype, lots of profit.

Get the picture?

It starts to fit together when you consider the downward spread of revolutionary (or radical or hippie or whatever) cultural influence into the high and junior high schools. The kids there are exposed to drugs from under and above ground media but often lack the caution or discretion found in more traditionally raised college students and older folks, or, in discarding the usual stuff thrown them by the straight media they chuck out any sane drug advice contained therein.

It is not uncommon these days to hear of suburban kids shooting peanut butter or orange juice, "just to find out what happens." Now, with a nice gullible market like that, how long before the smack racket sniffs out this market.

Of course, the next door neighbor who controls it won't dirty his hands. A pusher three or four levels down will make the deals, and also get busted if things go awry.