

are exceptions, of course — one student claims that the girls he knows are good to talk to after as well as before. But for most Don Juans the lament is, "Boy, the ones I know are dumb, dumb, dumb. Thank God television and curfews." Strange, a lot of girls say . . .

All in all, it's a depressing possibility that the richness of our experience, whether in bed, at table, lectures, bull sessions, seminars, pot parties, or while alone, is critically determined by what we bring to the situation — bring a sow's ear and a slightly older sow's ear is what you'll take away as your cud to nourish you and flavor your future.

In this regard a former colleague who has taken LSD several hundred times, and who has worked closely with a variety of users, claims "There is as much chance of turning a hollow man into a creative one (or an amateur into a pro) with Acid as there is of miraculously transforming, with Acid or pot, a gawky girl into a prima ballerina. People who are interesting, to themselves and others, will continue to be interesting; people who are boring to themselves and others, will continue to be boring, with or without drugs."

The standard recipe for creativity is: an ounce of inspiration and a gallon of perspiration — ughh!!! But even this promise has risks attached. First, there's the danger of sweat poisoning. Second, you may not even become a famous author, but only a better writer; you may not even become a spellbinding speaker, but only a more interesting person; furthermore, it takes one hell of a long time; and finally, the proposal reeks of a coalition between Ayn Rand and the Protestant Ethic.

Well, after considering that alternative, maybe some will decide that the risks involved with the mind-blowing drugs aren't so bad. Nevertheless, when someone gives you the word that he is much more creative as a result of taking drugs, pause a moment and be your own judge. In the short haul its often very tricky to distinguish the creative person from the verbal con artist — sometimes the latter has an allergy to any consistent effort and to working alone. If you decide the drug exponent is a creative, productive soul, check to see if he was before taking drugs as well. As with political and religious beliefs the man who holds them seldom provides the last word on their validity.

Increasingly, the evidence I see concerning drug effects on mind expansion and creativity support my colleague's view — no magic transformations — but some people have good times, some people have bad times, and some people have both. Some innocents, along with some pros, will suffer severe legal penalties. For others, curiosity and circumstance will combine and they will experiment undetected. A few will freak-out for some terrible hours, a few will drift in a warm ecstasy, most will experience less extreme positive and negative reactions, and for all of them the trip will become a brief episode in their college days. But some will become regular users, either as a relaxing and pleasant diversion from an active and productive life, or, as a periodic oasis in a gritty, dull existence. Of course, both groups run the increased risk of legal detection, and of becoming hooked on drugs.

At this time no one can predict who will freak-out, nor for those who do how long the freak-out and the risk of arrest add the element of playing drug roulette, which may be the major appeal these drugs have for a very few — These are the driven ones, or the hollow ones.

But some of us, although not hollow or driven, are very much life's amateurs, still sculpting our basic identity — sculpting slowly, or blindly, or desperately, a place to stand; and some are precariously perched on someone else's pedestal, briefly secure as their emotional lackey; and some are forever sneaking off to share a sugar tit, relying on the sweetness and sounds of sucking to silence the doubts. For such souls, drugs, like other sugar tit relationships, present fascinating hazards; on the other hand drugs may do you no "real" harm, and you can look back and sing with Bob Dylan . . . "Don't think twice . . . you just wasted my precious time. . ."

pressions. Overdose of peyote may lead to respiratory paralysis and even death.

COCAINE — an exhilarating drug, with the euphoria centering in the head. Full effect can only be realized by an intravenous injection, and lasts only five to 10 minutes. Many cocaine users sit up all night shooting cocaine at one-minute intervals, alternating with shots of heroin or cocaine and heroin mixed in the same injection to form a "speed ball." Most cocaine users are also morphine addicts. Continued use leads to nervousness, depression, sometimes drug psychosis with paranoid hallucinations.

BARBITURATES — definitely addicting if taken in large quantities over any period of time. (A gram a day will cause addiction.) The withdrawal syndroms is dangerous, consisting of hallucinations with epilepsy-type convulsions. The barbiturate addict can not co-ordinate, he staggers, drops food out of his mouth, falls asleep in the middle of a sentence. He is confused and quarrelsome, and will lay his hands on any other drug he can get. Barbiturate users are looked down on by the addict society. "Goof ball bums. They got no class."

CODEINE — can be made from both morphine and heroin, addictive but not to the same extent as morphine and heroin. Can be obtained in many ways (e.g. taking 222 tablets or cough medicine in large doses.)

DEMEROL — a synthetic narcotic, thought at first to be a non-addictive substitute for morphine. Dosage is usually higher for effect and some authorities consider it more dangerous than heroin since convulsions may occur in withdrawal.

AMPHETAMINE — is a powerful stimulant of the central nervous system, occurring in forms of benzedrine and dexedrine. Enhances user's mood, increasing initiative, alertness and performance with little fatigue. There is often a resultant depression when the drug wears off. There is little disturbance from withdrawal other than depression and restlessness.

MARIJUANA — the effect of marijuana are a disturbance of space-time perception, acute sensitivity to impressions, flight of ideas, laughing spasms and silliness. Marijuana is a sensitizer, and the results are not always pleasant. Can make a bad situation worse, depression becomes despair, anxiety panic. Use varies greatly with the individual. Not physically habit forming, may become psychologically addictive.

back to me after I did what they wanted.

They soon got a new boy to entertain them and they handed me over to a pusher friend of theirs. And there I was, a full-fledged junky at 18. Just like that.

TGIF — How much did you pay a day for your heroin?

John — When I started it would cost me \$5 a day. By the time I decided to quit it was costing me \$30 to \$50 a day, depending on what city I was in.

TGIF — How did you pay for it?

John — Mostly by heisting warehouses or conning queers.

TGIF — Have you taken any other drugs?

John — Man, you name it and I've taken it. When I couldn't get the king I would take anything I could get.

TGIF — What does it feel like to be high on heroin?

John — Hoo-ee, it's something else. It makes pot, pills, hash and even acid seem like kid stuff. It's like being all wrapped up in a soft blanket with soft, soft lights going off and on in slow motion.

TGIF — What does it feel like withdrawing from the drug?

John — That's something I don't even like to think about. If you can imagine having someone blow hot and cold air over your body at 30-second intervals while they stick you all over with hot knives until your body rocks with the pain, then I'd say you were about half-way there.

If you can go on to imagining every nerve in your body jumping at the same time, then I'd say you just about had it made.

TGIF — Have you ever quit junk for any length of time and then gone back to taking it again?

John — Yeah, I've done that a thousand times.

TGIF — Why did you go back to taking heroin?

John — I guess it was because it was an easy way out of all the trouble I was in. Once you're marked as a junky the cops never let you alone. Those narco boys can smell you a mile away and pick you up just to bug you.

Every time they'd do that to me I'd just go right back to the junk. Nothing bothers you when you've got junk in your veins.

TGIF — What do you think of the old saying, 'Once a junky, always a junky'?

John — In most cases it's true. I've known guys who have stayed off the stuff for two or three years, but sooner or later they always go back to junk for their kicks or their escape.

I hope it's different with me, though. I figure if I just keep off the stuff on a day-by-day basis, soon it won't even appeal to me any more and I'll be able to do without it.

TGIF — How many cures did you try and what were they?

John — I tried four cures altogether. The first time I got caught they put me in solitary confinement and slowly cut down my dose of junk until I didn't physically need it any more. This took six to seven months.

As soon as I was out, I lasted a week and then went right back to the habit. I was scared without a fix.

The second time around they tried the same thing and then reinforced it with hypnosis. They tried to tell my subconscious that I didn't need the drug.

It only took two weeks that time for me to go back.

The third time they sent me to a shrink for a year, and man, that was a real hopeless cause.

The fourth time they gave me a heroin substitute, methadone. I would go in for my weekly amount every Monday, and in this way stayed off the king, but still I got my kicks and satisfied my need to get out.

Methadone is non-habit forming, but still gives you the same feeling as heroin, or close to it. This worked, and backed with psychoanalysis I soon needed less and less methadone. I don't take the stuff at all now, but I do smoke pot and take acid a lot.

Maybe I'll just stick to the little stuff. That big stuff's really to much to handle.