

it's time to stop this open crime

by Ron Haggart

(reprinted from The Telegram)

After dinner at our place, my friend joined me out on the porch for a moment. He is a well-known writer, with a national reputation. "I brought along some marijuana," he said casually. "Want to try some?"

I did something then I'd never done to a guest before. I asked him to leave.

It was a foolish and snobbish thing to do, as I suppose I realized from the start. I know perfectly well that the RCMP drug squad will not come shouldering their way through my nice, middle-class door, as they do in the rooming houses further to the south in the central city.

Smoking marijuana is the safest illegality there is, providing you have a steady professional job, are over 30, live in a self-contained house or apartment north of Dupont St. and (if male) wear a suit and tie and keep your hair cut.

The scandal of marijuana today is not its widespread use, but the expensive law enforcement which is directed exclusively toward a tiny fraction of its users: the young and especially the errant young.

Fresh-faced Mounties come down from Sask-

atchewan and ingratiate themselves among the gullible young. After a few weeks in their role of agents provocateur and having arranged to buy a little marijuana here and there, they surface, and the newspapers carry another small item of a "drug" roundup, with half-a-dozen or a dozen arrests.

These arrests with possibly one or two exceptions over the years, never include lawyers, doctors, editors, writers, sculptors, painters, university professors, advertising executives or businessmen.

High school students occasionally get caught but university students only rarely. Graduate students, who often wear suits and ties and don't look rebellious, seem particularly immune from prosecution.

Musicians get arrested, yes. American musicians coming across the border into Canada are particularly subject to search and harassment.

But the focus of law enforcement, as is so often the case, rests mainly upon one group, the alienated high school dropout. In this group is to be found the funny clothes, the wild hair, the erratic and visible behavior. There is a high degree of community acceptance when law enforcement is directed toward this group; they have

inherited the community distaste which an earlier generation visited upon the Beany Boys and zoot-suiters.

No one who believes in the role of law in a well-ordered society can really object when the law is enforced, the marijuana law or any other. The objection is to selective law enforcement, when one group is singled out for vigorous attention while other groups are permitted to break the law and enjoy immunity from prosecution.

Since the use of marijuana is widespread among the professional middle-class in Toronto, and is openly discussed at their parties and business gatherings, it should not be difficult for agents of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to infiltrate these groups, gain their confidence, and in a short time make hundreds of sensational arrests.

A good start would be to outfit the agents in expensive Edwardian suits and send them to painting and sculpture exhibitions at the better galleries. They could pose as artists or collectors. They won't find any marijuana actually on the premises — it's seldom found in the Yorkville restaurants either — but if they do their job well, they will soon be invited to the parties of other artists and collectors, where marijuana will

be openly passed around and smoked.

They might try their hand at selling articles and scripts to the newspapers, magazines and broadcasting studios. With any luck, a passable undercover agent will soon find himself at an illegal pot party packed with middle-class, and middle-aged, criminals.

Pretty policewomen, instead of being required to pose as low-grade whores, should be assigned to find jobs with television networks and advertising agencies, where pretty girls, and pot, are plentiful. Other agents should be enrolled in the graduate schools at universities, where fellow-students and professors will be easy to pick off for illegal possession of marijuana.

Familiarity with marijuana is probably as great among the artistic, intellectual and communications middle-class in Toronto as among all young people. There can simply be no excuse for a failure to enforce the law among a group where marijuana violations are frequent, flagrant and barely disguised.

Of course, nothing would speed the legalization of marijuana faster than a few hundred arrests among the best-known names in Canada and among respected professions and businesses. Is that, just possibly, the subconscious reason these arrests are never made?

marijuana and lsd: no-no's and goodies

by Dr. N. Agnew (Psych. Services)

(Reprinted from the Daily Ryersonian)

I am no pot expert but before coming to Toronto I did LSD research for several years. For the purposes of this discussion I'll assume pot is milder than LSD — like skimmed milk acid.

The ingredients of any current drug discussion include the following terms: "mind expansion," "freak-out," "jail," "dreamy" . . . suggesting there are pros and cons. Life's like that, but we usually have to find out the hard way.

You know what should happen, don't you? When the obstetrician whacks you on the rear to start you breathing, he should also be required to whisper in your ear, "Life isn't necessarily fair, kid" . . . and it isn't! The no-no's are all mixed up with the goodies — for some nefarious reason there are risks or investments tied to most intriguing activities.

The worst that can happen from puffing pot is that you go to jail, but on the other hand pot may expand your mind. The worst that can happen from sipping Acid is a permanent freak-out, but on the other hand, Acid may transform a fool's mouth into a poet's horn . . . That is the problem, you're never sure what will happen.

In fact, for most of us, it's: heads you go to jail; tails you get enough for a second-hand Volkswagen. Why can't it ever be: heads you win a sweepstake; tails you get the Nobel prize — or at least a bundle of gift certificates from Raquel Welch?

And that's another thing — you take sex. There's something that you can't really stretch forward but even sex is a mixed blessing. There

CHART

(Reprinted from the Daily Ryersonian)

MORPHINE—was the first alkaloid to be isolated from opium. A highly addicting drug, the average dose for a normal person is one-sixth to one-quarter of a grain, with one grain being fatal. The morphine addict may tolerate up to 10 grains several times a day. Morphine is used more by medical and professional addicts than by the street addicts who prefer heroin. The hypodermic method of administration was developed in the U.S. during the Civil War.

BENZEDRINE — is a cerebral stimulant. Large doses cause prolonged sleeplessness with feelings of exhilaration. The period of euphoria is followed by horrible depression. The drug tends to increase anxiety, causing indigestion and loss of appetite.

PEYOTE (Mescaline) — a stimulant, it dilates the pupils, keeps the user awake. Peyote is extremely nauseating; users have difficulty keeping it down long enough to realize the effect. There is increased sensitivity to colors and in-

THE JUNKIE ON JUNK

(Ed. Note: This interview was done by Bill Gilbert of the TGIF Supplement of the Daily Ryersonian. John, an ex-junkie, is 24 and has been off junk (heroin) for a year.)

TGIF — How did you stop taking heroin?

John — I had to stop. I got busted for possession. The cops picked me up and put me right in the can. They looked up my record and found that I had a long history of possession pickups. They wrote me off as a permanent addict and sent me to the Ontario Hospital for the cure. They told me if I didn't break the habit that I would spend the rest of my life in jail. I decided to try and quit.

That was when I was 18. They tried everything on me. Hypnosis, methadone, cold turkey, you name it — they tried it. But I just couldn't kick the habit. I didn't want to.

They finally let me out on the street after a year and I went back to the old routine. Coping a fix any way I could, usually stealing and fencing the goods for a fix. I once stole about \$6,000 worth of coats and sold them for about a four-day supply.

Then one day about a year later I met an old junkie friend of mine. Just to look at him made me sick. His skin was like paper. We shot up together and the only place left on his body for the needle was the vein in his eyeball. Man, I got sick and decided to kick that monkey right then and there.

TGIF — Why did you start taking heroin?

John — I left home when I was 17 because I couldn't stand my parents. I headed for the city, no money, scared, and no place to stay. Some queers picked me up and shot me so full of junk it's a wonder I didn't die.

As soon as they got me hooked, it took three or four days, they started getting me to do their particular kind of dirty work for them. When I refused they just took the stuff away from me. They gave it