

EUROPE'S FIRST DOPE MAGAZINE

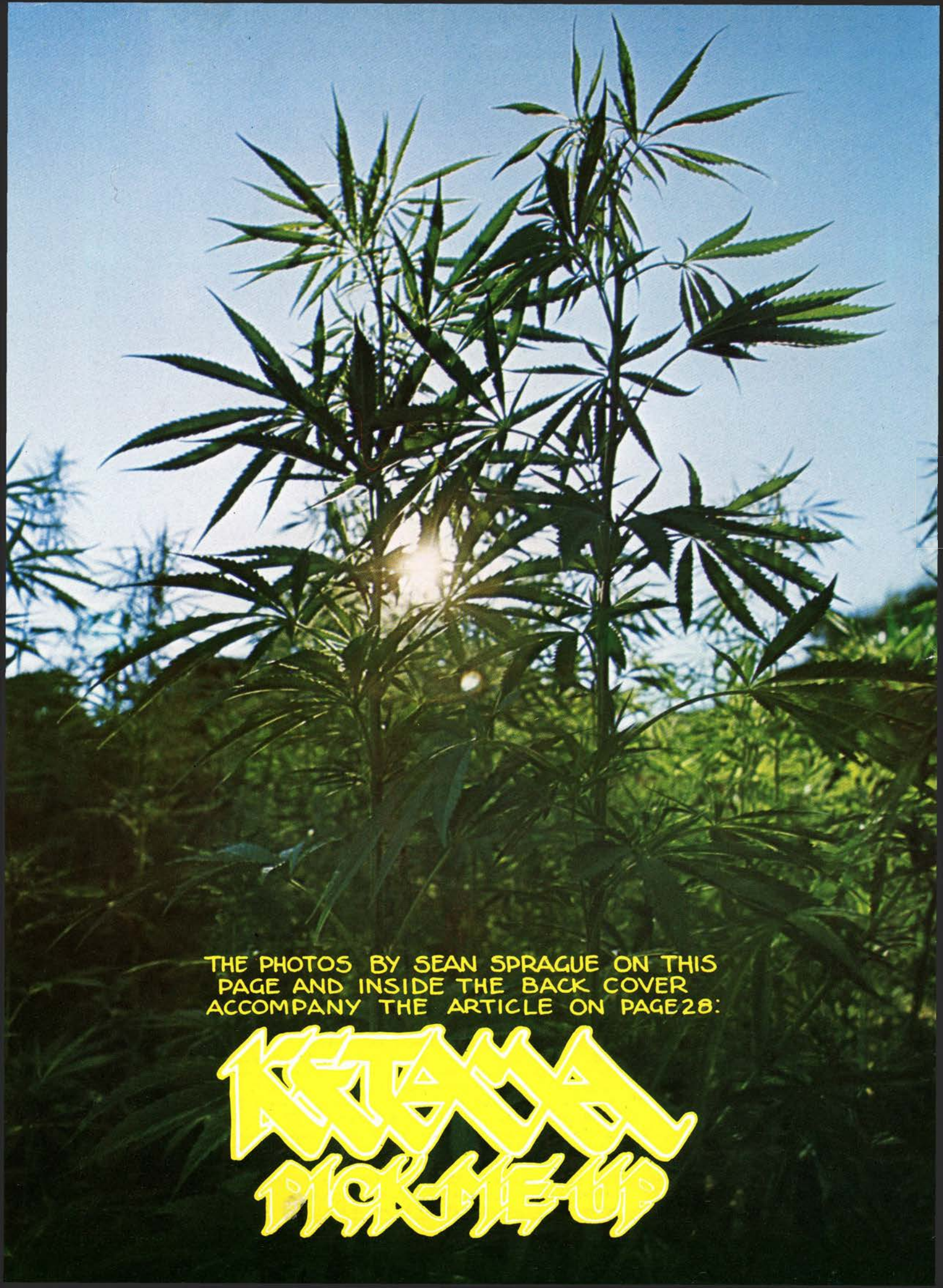
Homegrown

VOL.1 NO.2 50p
U.S.\$1.50
ADULTS ONLY



C.I.A. Drug Experiments
New Wave and Speed
Pictorial: Ketama
Plus Dope News and Views

JB422



THE PHOTOS BY SEAN SPRAGUE ON THIS
PAGE AND INSIDE THE BACK COVER
ACCOMPANY THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 28:

KETAXX
PICK-UP



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High,

Welcome to the long-awaited second issue of Home Grown, Europe's first dope magazine. In this issue we present a wide range of dope-related subjects. Michael Marten, co-author of the *Index of Possibilities*, gives the most detailed account to be published in Britain on the C.I.A.'s involvement with "mind-expanding" drugs. Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons, staff-writers on the *New Musical Express*, write on the New Wave and speed. Brian Barritt, author of the legendary "*Whisper*", introduces subterranean city — Amsterdam, an excerpt from his new novel. Sean Sprague, whose book on Bali, published in "*This Beautiful World*" series, takes a look at Ketama, hash capital of Morocco. And much more of interest to whet your appetite and startle your senses.

Meanwhile the dope lobby rolls on. In the summer, the Release-organised lobbying of Parliament, attracted many hundreds, who duly turned up in the dim hope of enlightening the honourable members of that austere chamber. In September, on a fine Saturday afternoon, the "Smokey Bears" met in Hyde Park for a smoke-in, observed by smiling policemen. Tony Read, the "cannabis crusader", is now free and still rolling joints wherever he pleases. 1978 marks the fiftieth year of cannabis prohibition in this country.

We live in the Chemical Age. The latest figures show that 497 people died of poisoning from pain-killers in one year, the humble aspirin accounting for 189 deaths. Alcohol and tobacco consumption are endemic. Yet cannabis, the noble weed, is still illegal. A hundred years ago, Prof. O. Phelps Brown in "*The Complete Herbalist, or The People Their Own Physician*", wrote of cannabis: "... it is chiefly valuable as an invigorator of mind and body. Its exhilarating qualities are unequalled, and it is a certain restorative in low mental conditions".

Home Grown hopes to add its voice towards a more rational approach to the smoking of this herb. Finally, I would like to thank the many artists and writers who contributed to this issue and the many thousands of you who bought the first issue, which has completely sold out.

Stay high...

Lee Harris



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LEGALISE IT



'There is probably one thing, and one thing only, on which the leaders of all modern states agree ... That thing is the "scientific fact" that certain substances which people like to ingest or inject are "dangerous" both to those that use them and to others ... However, there is little agreement — from people to people,

country to country, even decade to decade — on which substances are acceptable and their use considered a popular pastime, and which substances are unacceptable and their use therefore considered "drug abuse" and drug addiction.'

THOMAS SZASZ—*Ceremonial Chemistry*

In 1973 when Nelson Rockefeller was Governor of New York State, he delivered a tough speech in which he outlined his plans for a war against the drug problem. He painted a graphic picture of a society "terrorised" by crime and claimed: "We the citizens are imprisoned by pushers. I want to put the pushers in prison so we

can come out, ladies and gentlemen."

At the same time that he ushered in the strongest anti-drug penalties in the country, a committee was set up in order to study the performance of the new laws. They reported recently that by mid-1976, the State had spent \$76 million on hiring 49 new judges, plus prosecutors, defence counsels and support staff in order to handle the new legislation.

'Yet', the report claimed, 'there were fewer drug cases processed per year by the courts than there were under the old law.' The tougher penalties simply meant that defendants fought their cases harder and the courts began to bog down. By mid-1976, the backlog of cases in New York City alone had reached 2,600, a year's workload for the courts.

The new penalties had been publicly announced via a \$500,000 advertising campaign but its deterrent effect did little. There was an initial drop in drug cases and dealers began hustling from doorways rather than the pavement, but within a few months an improvement was blown away. The law had to be altered.

This method of drug control, the Rockefeller syndrome, was clearly defined in a UNESCO seminar on 'Youth and the Use of Drugs in Industrialised Countries' which pointed to 'The increasingly political use of the "drug bogey" by the public authorities in order to influence public opinion and validate forms of action which are completely out of proportion to the problems involved.' Making a mainline out of a roach clip, you might say.

This general attitude towards "the drug problem" is exemplified by the official stance on cannabis, a relatively mild plant drug — one among thousands — which has been hogging the public limelight for more than a quarter of a century.

Now it seems, in America at least, that the facade of cannabis control and the myths surrounding it, are breaking down. Lenny Bruce rightly pointed out that when the lawyers started to smoke then things would change. Even he couldn't foresee the possibility of the son of a Republican President openly admitting to the media that he turned on.

Official statistics now claim that 45 million Americans have tried it and 11 million are regular users out of total population of 216 million. Cannabis has ceased to be an exotic herb smoked only by blacks, Jews and radicals and is now a national pastime of the middle class. This in turn has stimulated the growth of a huge paraphernalia industry with its own bible, *High Times*, and a new breed of hip entrepreneurs like Burt Rubin.

Rubin, a one-time metals salesman, now heads Robert Burton Associates which last year grossed \$5 million from selling rolling papers. Rubin was 24 when he had the idea which was to change his life: "Everywhere I went, I noticed that people always stick two pieces of rolling paper together to roll a joint. So I figured why not make the paper wide?" E-Z Wider Rolling Papers were launched into a national market which consumes 150 million packets a year, and are now racked

in supermarkets.

Of course it must be remembered that America had Prohibition to look back on as a prime example of what happens when you try and stop the people getting what they want. Marijuana's prime identification with the youth revolt in the '60's did little for its legal chances but, once the cordite fumes had cleared, the authorities were under increasing pressure to adopt more reasonable attitudes.

Decriminalisation became the marching watchword and changes arrived thick and fast. Oregon was the first state to go in 1973 and nine others have followed its example with 30 bills pending. Public attitudes combined with a large-scale, influential lobbying campaign by the Playboy-financed organisation NORML did the trick. Cops began carrying scales next to their nightsticks to weigh your stash to see if you were under the legal limit.

Of course this is still a long way from the utopia envisioned by psychedelic radicals of the '60's. As Dr Robert duPont, a leading drug expert points out, decriminalisation "need not be viewed as a stepping stone to legalisation," but rather a "rational step that takes into account the realities of mass use, while at the same time attempting to make clear that such use is both undesirable and without social approval."

This shift in emphasis was echoed by President Carter's speech in which he announced plans to reduce Federal penalties. He said, "We can and should continue to discourage the use of marijuana, but this can be done without defining the smoker as a criminal." He pointed out that 90% of deaths from drug abuse are related to heroin, barbiturates and other sedative-hypnotic drugs. His conclusion is important: "Penalties against possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself."

Meantime, back in Blighty, we're still in the Dark Ages. In 1978 it will be fifty years since cannabis was first banned in this country purely, it now seems, as a kind of diplomatic backhander to keep friends and neighbours happy. It seems that the majority of our lawmakers still tend towards Rockefeller's end of the spectrum and there is little public incentive to change this. Only a kamikaze candidate would risk his political career for such an issue.

A series of campaigns, spearheaded by Release, have attempted to enlighten public opinion and lobby in the corridors of power. As a result minute concessions have been granted while the whole issue has been quietly defused, its very real political nature masked by a mass of jargon until it can be safely handled by experts in the art of technicalities. How can you rally round the call "Let's kick out Sub Paragraph 3(b)"?

Meantime the situation remains that if you smoke the stalk and tops of a cannabis plant it's a Class B offence, while leaf smokers are classified up there among the Main Offenders in Class A. In addition a considerable number of people still get

sent down for simple possession charges while the drug laws in general are used to discriminate against certain bolshy sections of the community.

Prime bone of contention is the power the police have under the drug laws to stop and search. In 1975 there were 14,000 reported "stops" and only in 24% of cases were drugs found. When you consider that the number of searches recorded can only be a fraction of the total carried out, this "success" percentage is even lower.

On the one hand the authorities bemoan the financial pressure placed on courts and prisons while on the other official figures show that 80% of all drug prosecutions are for simple cannabis possession.

The UNESCO report mentioned earlier fingers the root of the problem. "Legislative, judiciary, penitentiary and police systems, just like medical, psychiatric and educational systems, which in various capacities are concerned with the drug problem, constitute so many cogs in the social mechanism which move only when changes occur in public opinion, which is itself conditioned by the evolution of systems of representation."

In other words, it's all one big ball game conditioned by the PUBLIC IMAGE. Change that, and everything else will follow. The blame for the current situation lies with the media's constant campaign of misinformation which is largely designed to perpetuate old myths and untruths — what used to be termed 'yellow journalism'. Propaganda masquerades as fact, ignorance as informed opinion. Meantime hundreds of young people each year discover what the inside of a cell looks like, have their fingerprints taken, are fined in court and pilloried in public as a result.

On the scale of things of course, the cannabis issue is a fleabite on an elephant. There are many more dangerous threats to civil liberties. Presley is dead and pollution is spreading. Europe is racked by terrorism and punks and teds fight it out in the streets. But even fleabites have a tendency to keep on itching.

So let's celebrate the new year by making it a real Golden Jubilee Anniversary. Let's write the obituary for the cannabis laws.

You know what they say. The only problem about cannabis is getting busted.

THE EDITORS



JAPAN

The *Washington Post's* John Saar reports that Japan is rapidly turning into the Land of the Rising Bottle. Problem drinkers are now said to number 2 million, 60 per cent of these are businessmen who, it appears, run the wheels of industry on whisky and water.

There are no social taboos against drunkenness in Japan; in fact, in many cases, it's encouraged. A foreign diplomat commented: "Alcohol plays the role of psychiatry in the West. I think the country would explode without it. Instead of analysis they get rid of their inhibitions with a few drinks. You can say and do anything — tell the boss off and get away with it."

Surprisingly perhaps, there is little alcohol absenteeism as yet but the intake into the "tiger box" — the Japanese drunk-tank — is increasing. 37 per cent of all murders are alcohol-related.

It's a ridiculous situation says Dr Kono, director of the National Institute of Alcoholism, when "even in a hospital where alcoholics are treated, the doctors are expected to drink together to show human communication."

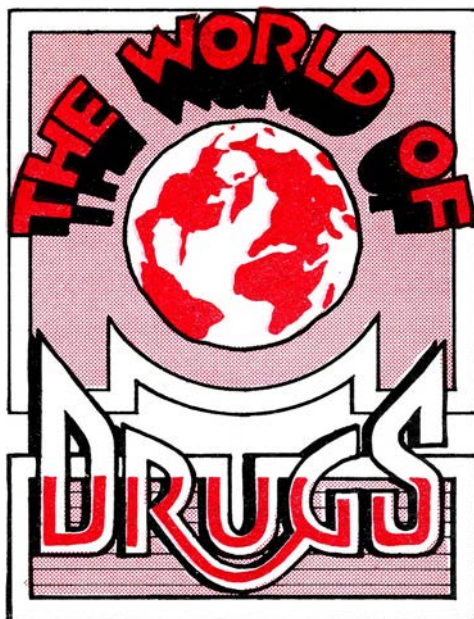
Last year Japan took in \$3.5 billion in alcohol taxes and spent just \$19,000 on alcoholism research. Every year the tax agency announces the national drink consumption, using the image of a hollow skyscraper filled up to the brim with drink. In 1970 Japan drank 10 Skyscraper's worth. In 1977 it was up to 12.

RUSSIA

Russia recently became the first nation to turn a whole city into a no-smoking zone as part of a nationwide campaign to cut down on Soviet nicotine intake. There are no reports on how the inhabitants of the Black Sea port of Sochi have taken to all this. Large notices are everywhere showing a gun, loaded with a cigarette and pointing at a human heart. The legend reads: "Work, Rest and Medical Treatment are Incompatible with Smoking."

In Russia's major cities similar efforts are being made with the result that some shops and restaurants now operate a no-smoking ban. President Brezhnev, a heavy smoker himself, did the right thing and foreswore the weed two years back. Now it has become law that all medical personnel must give up the habit within three years and they must not smoke in front of patients. Professors are banned from puffing before students, and the State is stepping up production of anabazin, an anti-smoking drug.

All of which does not appear to be making a lot of difference. When fags sell for 25 kopecks for 20, a mere 20p to you, you can see why.



USA

The latest national survey of the number of heroin addicts in the USA in 1975 estimates there to be between 522,000 and 559,000.

Heroin addiction peaked in San Francisco which has 916 addicts per 100,000 population. Next came Los Angeles (864), Phoenix (796), Detroit (792), San Diego (788) and Chicago (677). Lowest levels were recorded at Atlanta (289). New York has the highest total number of addicts (69,600) but when compared with population ranked eighth on the scale with 608 addicts per 100,000.

THAILAND

The existence of an immense stockpile of heroin at a Laotian Army base on the Thai border, "enough to overwhelm the world's narcotics control systems" was reported in the *London Times*. Thai narcotics agents believe that the Laotian army may try and flood Western markets with several tons of junk, their aim being to raise money for arms to help the Thai Communist insurgents near the border. The heroin mountain is apparently extremely high-grade and worth billions of dollars on the open market.

In Thailand itself Premier Thanin Kraivichien set fire to a giant pile of drugs confiscated from dope traffickers between 1973 and 1974. More than 623 lbs of heroin and over a ton of marijuana were placed in a pit, drenched with kerosene and set alight. Thailand's narcotics dealers have a rough time if caught; under Article 21 of Thai law, the Premier can take any action towards persons considered a threat to national security. A trial is not necessary.

Meantime a plan put forward by Peter Bourne, director of the Office of Drug Abuse Policy, that the United States or the United Nations should buy up and destroy \$36 million worth of narcotics from the "opium lords of the golden triangle" of Southeast Asia has been rejected.

BOSTON

Boston has become a prime target area for Federal drug agents following new developments in the international heroin business.

Edward Cass, a New England regional director for the Drug Enforcement Administration claims: "Today, top level heroin traffickers throughout the country are predominantly Spanish-speaking." Like the Italian Mafia, the Hispanics are organised into a large number of powerful family networks. The DEA estimates there are six in Boston alone, who bring in large quantities of heroin from the West Coast. Other networks get their supply from Chicago where a Mexican family controls the city's heroin market.

This change has taken place in the last three years for very interesting reasons. Until five years ago Mafia operating from New York controlled the nation's trade. Using their Corsican connections they established a virtual monopoly on high-quality Turkish heroin coming from France. However, in 1972 Turkey made an agreement with the US Government to grow other crops instead of the opium poppy, which coincided with 2000 agents being put into operation to stem the French Connection.

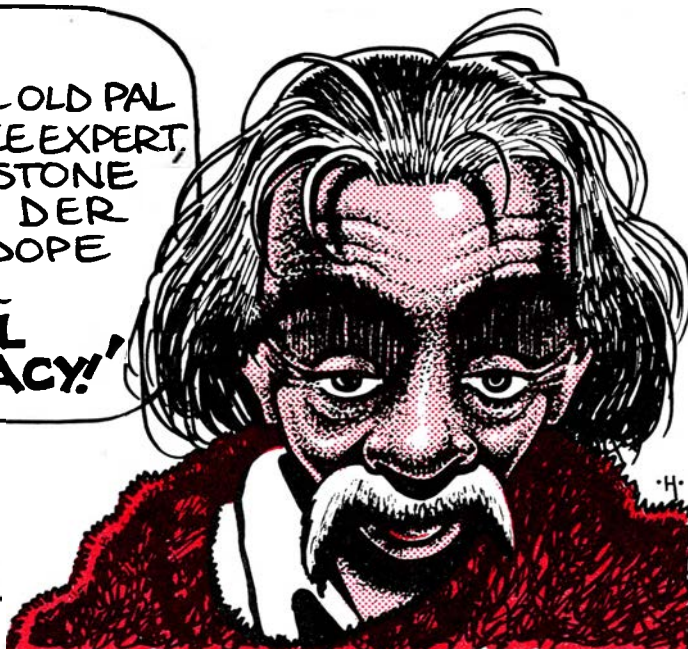
As a result the Mexicans, seeing there was a gap in the market, began setting up small heroin processing plants all over the Mexican countryside. Now lower-quality

brown Mexican heroin is more common on the street than white Turkish. Mexican traffickers began to take hold of the heroin trade and other Hispanics, using the Spanish language as a link, began to move in. Now the top men in the heroin hierarchy are Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, Cubans and Mexicans according to DEA sources.

In fact the Hispanic take-over has caused the DEA problems. One agent quipped: "It is the same ball-game but with different players." One result has been a huge demand inside the DEA for Hispanic agents capable of penetrating the tightly-woven family networks. DEA's Edward Cass said: "I'm desperate for Spanish-speaking agents, but I don't have a slot to hire one. I'm trying to steal one, but these guys are like prima donnas now — almost like major league baseball players."

Cass believes that ultimately the Hispanics will be forced to sell to white and black top level dealers. "They're adapting to us," he says, "They can't do the volume of business that they want to do and stay confined to the Spanish-speaking. They're helping us."

HELLO!
DIS IZ YOUR OLD PAL
UND SCIENCE EXPERT,
ALBERT EINSTONE
TO GIVE YOU DER
STRAIGHT DOPE
ON DER
'CHEMICAL
CONSPIRACY!'



RELAXED MUSICIANS RAISE FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION

Student musicians given a pill to reduce nervousness showed a marked improvement in their performances in tests at London's Wigmore Hall, according to Dr Ian James, a clinical pharmacologist at the Royal Free Hospital. The drug, oxprenolol (or Trasicor), is manufactured by CIBA Laboratories, part of the giant CIBA-Geigy group. It is one of a family of drugs known as "adrenergic beta-blocking agents" which were first developed some years ago to treat angina, hypertension and related heart conditions. The drugs work by blocking the effects of the excitatory hormone adrenalin.

At the Wigmore Hall tests, the musical students were given either the active drug or a placebo (dummy pill) 1½ hours before they were due to play. Their performances were marked by experienced judges. While the results have yet to be fully analysed, Dr James told me that the students on the active drug showed an overall improvement. The most nervous students improved dramatically. Other tests, according to CIBA, have been carried out successfully on racing drivers and ski-jumpers.

Dr James foresees a time when oxprenolol or other beta-blockers will be available on prescription for people subject to stressful situations, especially in their professional lives. Students who suffer "exam fright" are other potential users. Many people have a quick drink or pop down a Valium or Librium before a frightening situation. These drugs, however, tend to reduce reaction times and motor performances, whereas beta-blockers apparently don't have this effect. "Tranquillisers are designed for 'abnormal people' in anxiety states," Dr James said. "This pill is for normal people in a stressful situation."

The human body produces the adrenalin hormone when you are tense, excited or frightened, as part of the so-called "fight or flight" reaction. This reaction would not have evolved if it did not contribute to our survival. Dr James argues, however,

that modern society puts tremendously *abnormal* stresses on people while at the same time regarding the "fight or flight" reaction as inappropriate. "On the whole I feel that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages," he said. But he agrees that the possible use of oxprenolol as an anti-anxiety agent is "a hot potato and should be widely debated."

To what extent drugs should be used to control "natural" human functions is a fundamental issue of our times. If a person reacts inappropriately to a situation — with aggression or fear, nervousness or depression — do you change the person or the situation? The current use and abuse of tranquillisers, whether on "aggressive" prisoners or "menopausal" housewives, is a case in point.

Reporting on the Wigmore Hall tests of oxprenolol, *The Times* quotes the manufacturers as saying that the drug breaks a circle of fear feeding on itself. The report comments that "because it does not affect mechanical performance or reflexes, it could be used by people working with machinery." Millions of factory workers can be become nerveless as well as mindless slaves of the Wheels of Industry.

CIBA, meanwhile, are at pains to emphasise that oxprenolol is not yet marketed as an anti-anxiety agent, only for treatment of angina and other heart problems. CIBA are still collecting evidence on the drug's effects before deciding whether to approach the Committee on the Safety of Medicines (CSM) for permission to market oxprenolol for other uses, such as to control nervousness. CIBA insisted on seeing a copy of this article before publication.

Beta-blocking drugs generally are being used with caution at the moment following the withdrawal of ICI's Eraldin (also known as Practolol). Eraldin produced more than 1,000 cases of severe "side-effects", including unpleasant rashes, restricted vision and loss of hearing. Last December the CSM wrote to all UK doctors asking them to be on the look-out for "side-effects" from other beta-blockers, including oxprenolol. Dr James told me,

however, that Eraldin was the "odd-man-out" amongst the beta-blockers, which have proved a major advance in the treatment of certain heart conditions.

Michael Marten

GOVERNMENT SUCKS UP TO DRUG COMPANIES

For several years the British government, using the power of National Health Service bulk buying of drugs, acted vigorously to cut the inflated drug prices (and incredible profits) of such major pharmaceutical manufacturers as Hoffman La Roche. But drug company pressure has now persuaded the politicians to back-pedal. The companies complained that low domestic prices made for lower export prices and therefore lower balance-of-payments earnings. They backed this up with open threats to build their factories abroad in future. According to a *Sunday Times* business section report, Britain has as a result "suddenly become much more indulgent, particularly about prices and profits." Drug prices rose an average 26% in 1976; they rose 30% in the first six months of 1977. "The profit margins of companies such as Beecham," says the *Sunday Times* "seem to be directly boosted by the UK government." Meanwhile, the Dutch government has ordered Hoffman La Roche to reduce its prices for Librium and Valium, the best-selling tranquillisers, by up to 38%.

MONTEZUMA'S LAST REVENGE & OTHER TWISTED TALES

The list of "drug-induced injuries" grows by the day. Enterovioform, used by millions of British holidaymakers over the years to ward off Montezuma's Revenge (or Napoleon's or Garibaldi's), has been found to cause blindness and paralysis. Ten cases have been confirmed in Britain. CIBA-Geigy, the manufacturers, are reported to have had evidence of Enterovioform's "side-effects" which they failed to pass on. In Japan, where 10,000 have been crippled by an Enterovioform-caused disease known as "Smon", CIBA have agreed to a £63 million compensation pay-out. In Britain, Enterovioform is still on general sale. It will become available by prescription only from January 1, 1978.

Also under suspicion is the heart drug, Pexid (manufactured by Richardson-Merrell), which is believed to cause muscle weakness and liver abnormalities.

Studies have also found that estrogen-based drugs multiply the risk of cancer of the uterus by five to ten times. These drugs, which are used by middle-aged women to help them get over the menopause, are manufactured by most big pharmaceutical companies. Company brochures for estrogen drugs have claimed in the past that they keep users "feminine forever" with soft skin and supple limbs, improve women's post-menopausal sex drive, and even that they may prevent cancer.

Meanwhile, a 14-year-old Canadian girl deformed at birth by Thalidomide (manufactured by Distillers) has been awarded £580,000 by a Canadian court.



WAS 'SPRUCE GOOSE' PILOT FLYING HIGH?

This man Howard Hughes won't rest in peace. Another clue to the identity of the recluse millionaire has surfaced in a Texas probate court of inquiry: Hughes obtained drugs, all sorts of drugs, in amazing quantities, from an unknown 'personal physician'. Empirin, Ecdrin, Surfak and Valium were all taken in large oral doses; codeine tablets were crushed and injected intravenously. Hughes (or a simulacrum of Hughes) died of kidney failure on an ambulance plane on April 5, 1976. The autopsy revealed his kidneys to be shrunk and coated in a way to suggest heavy use of drugs such as Empirin — which taken with codeine is indicated for relief of pain for all degrees of severity up to that which requires morphine. Was the industrialist in pain ... or drugged to the teeth?

—LT



QUOTE OF THE QUARTER

"LSD is a chemical, not a drug. People who take drugs are trying to escape their lives; those who take hallucinogens are looking in to it."

CARY GRANT.

REMEMBERING THE DOPE

Students who use drugs or alcohol while studying may do well to have a few hits before taking their exams. According to Dr Ronald Peterson, an experimental biologist, tests on soldiers show that what you learn under the influence of drugs or alcohol is best remembered under the same influence.

COKE N' VINEGAR WITH YER CHIPS, SIR?

This month's Innovative Dealer is Jesse Jackson, a famous Boston restaurant owner, who was busted with a former Maine state senator and eight others, on alleged counts of cocaine distribution and prostitution. The coke-and-sex ring, which operated out of Boston's infamous Combat Zone, was uncovered while agents of the US Drug Enforcement Administration were investigating reports that Jackson was selling coke in vials that were hidden in orders of fish and chips.

—LT

COFFEE HIJACKING?

Due to the huge rise in the world price of coffee the latest crime to worry the authorities is coffee hijacking. Recently £6 million of raw coffee beans were hijacked from a warehouse in Uganda. The 19,000 sacks were loaded into lorries, taken to the port of Mombasa and sold to international buyers when it was on the high seas. Police from six countries were called in to investigate the theft and one Belgian police officer commented: "Compared to this, the Great Train Robbery was chicken feed."

Meantime in the State coffeejacking has reached epidemic proportions. In the first five weeks of 1977 alone, more than £1,500,000 worth of beans were stolen and the total for the whole year may well top £20 million. An FBI spokesman commented: "The thefts of coffee and other foodstuffs is part of a highly organised network of crime ... All you have to do is read the commodity exchange in the Wall Street Journal. Just look at which item is rising swiftly in price and that's the one the hijackers will hit."

LAND OF TRANQUILLITY

Valium and Librium remain the most popular drugs in the "medical" arsenal. While national figures show that 17.7% of all prescriptions are for psychotropic drugs (stimulants, anti-depressants and tranquillisers), a recent survey found that one man in ten and one woman in five in Britain receive at least one tranquilliser prescription per year. One woman in three between the ages of 45 and 59 uses tranquillisers at least once a year. Tranquillisers are thought to contribute to road accidents, lapses of judgement, and possibly birth defects. Because they "disinhibit aggression", they also cause cases of baby battering, shoplifting, and violence among prisoners. Valium and Librium are amongst Hoffman La Roche's top-selling and most overpriced products.

Michael Marten



DEATH BY DRUGS

The state of Oklahoma has passed a law providing for the death penalty to be carried out by intravenous injection of drugs. State Senator Bill Dawson, the bill's main promoter, said death would occur in seconds. The "dose" would include a barbiturate to induce sleep and a chemical paralytic to kill. Texas, New Mexico, Maryland and Illinois are adopting similar legislation. It remains unclear whether the injections will be carried out by doctors and, if so, how they will square it with their Hippocratic oath to preserve life.



TOBACCO CAN KILL! OFFICIAL

The American Federal Trade Commission is asking for the warning notices put on the sides of cigarette packets to be worded in a stronger fashion. One of their suggestions goes "Warning: Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Health, and May Cause Death from Cancer, Coronary Heart Disease, Chronic Bronchitis, Pulmonary Emphysema and Other Diseases." If this trend continues they'll have to think about enlarging the size of the cigarette packet.

ALCOHOL — HEALTH TONIC OR HAZARD?

The experts just can't seem to agree. A recent medical study published in the *Lancet* claims that men who drink about 12 glasses of wine a week or the equivalent in beer or spirits appear to have a lower risk of coronary thrombosis than teetotalers.

Meantime researchers at Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York claim that alcohol has a direct effect on the testicles and may cause men to lose body hair and put on fat around the breasts and buttocks. Who do you believe?



MERRY WIDOW'S STASH

For nearly a half century, a 77-year old Oklahoma widow watched thousands of brightly coloured poppy blossoms grace her back yard. Then, this July, Tecumseh Police Chief Lloyd Rogers pulled up and burnt her plot — the largest single crop of Turkish opium poppies ever confiscated in

the United States. Mrs. Ouida Parsons told the *Associated Press* "I never did pay it a bit of mind, that opium business." Chief Rogers didn't file charges against Mrs. Parsons because, he said, he had known her for so long.



MEXICAN DEAL

A new treaty soon to become American law promises hope for drug offenders now rotting in Mexican jails. Under the treaty prisoners could be repatriated if they have six or more months to serve. Once in a US jail, they would then be eligible for parole after serving one-third of their sentence, a distinct advantage as parole is not available under Mexican law. The only condition for this is that prisoners would not be allowed to challenge their Mexican conviction in a US court. About 600 US citizens are

currently in Mexican jails, the majority for drug offences.

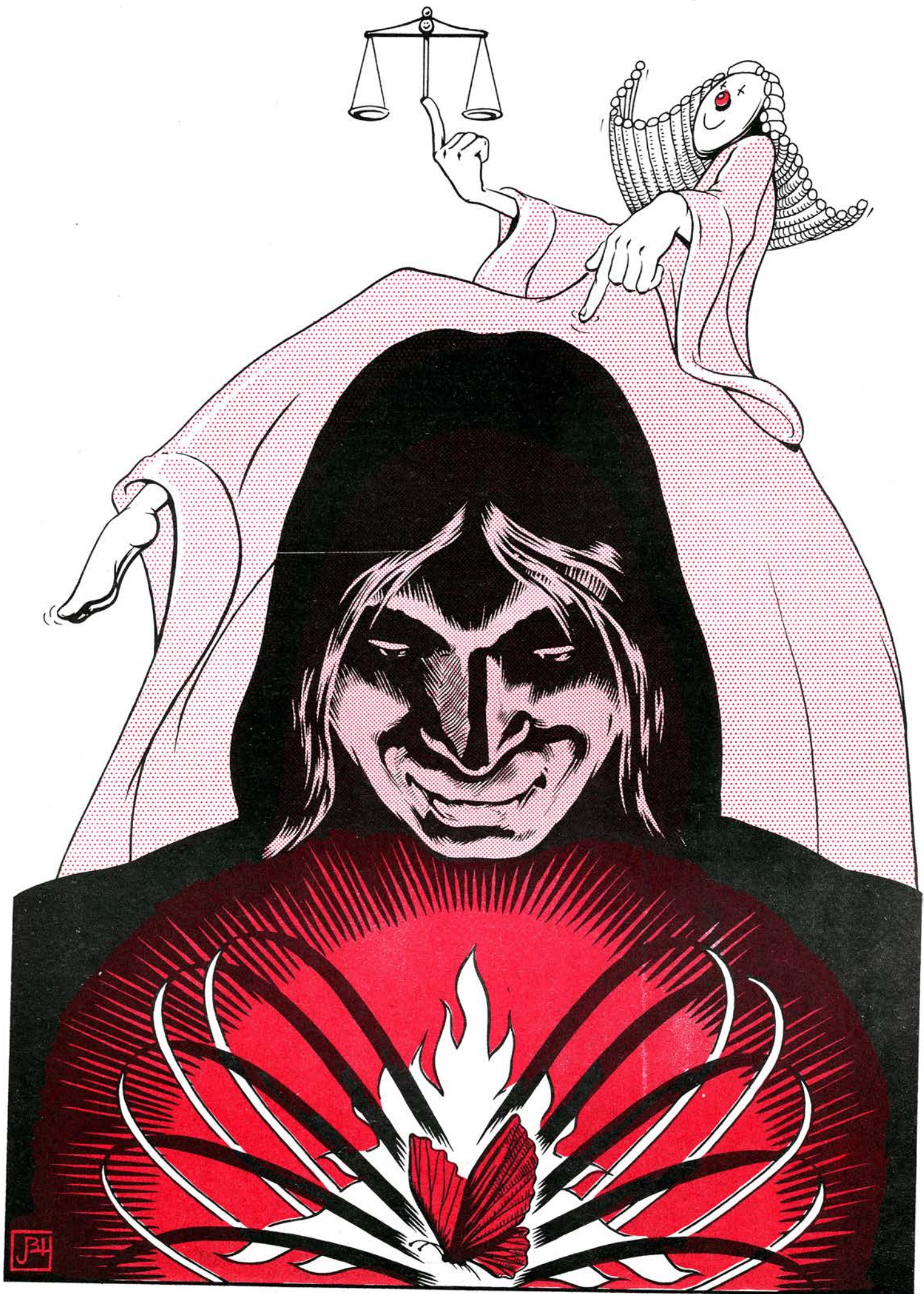


APHRODISIAC THAT WORKS

Leave it to the American Chemical Society to brew up a love drug. That's right, in its current issue of *Chemical & Engineering News*, the society announced experimental drugs which have abolished impotence in men and kindled sex drives in women "who have never had an erotic feeling in their entire lives."

The wonderful drug goes by the name "bromocryptine". It is said to induce menstruation in women whose menstrual cycle has ceased and restores sperm production in men. According to Dr Dominico Fonzi of the University of Torino, Italy, bromocryptine has been shown in clinical trials to "increase sexual urges". The drug is undergoing tests in the US and Italy where two more sex drugs are in the pipeline: testosterone undecanoate for men and estradiol decanoate for women, both of which correct hormone deficiencies.





OPERATION JULIE

"The operation was successful beyond my wildest dreams. This could pave the way to a national police force." *Detective Superintendent Dennis Greenslade.*

It was the largest police anti-drug operation ever in this country. At exactly 5 am on the morning of Saturday 26th March the code message – "Julie has arrived" – went out, signalling 800 police from 16 regional crime squads into action. Armed with guns and search warrants some 60 addresses scattered all over the British Isles were raided, more than 100 people were arrested and summarily removed to the centre of the operation at Swindon police headquarters. There, all suspects, including a pregnant woman, were strip-searched, and their clothing sent away for analysis. Many spent two days just wrapped in blankets. Cut off from the outside world, not allowed to make calls to friends or solicitors, the detainees were subject to intensive questioning. This was just the beginning.

Operation Julie, named after undercover investigator Julie Taylor of the Wiltshire Constabulary, was aimed at smashing what the police allege was a major manufacturing and distributing organisation for LSD. The operation head was Detective Superintendent Greenslade of the No 7 Regional Crime Squad in Bristol but much of the 'credit' for the precision of the planning must go to Detective Chief Inspector Richard Lee, operations expert from the Thames Valley police. The team of detectives had been together for fourteen months prior to the raids and had begun investigating as the result of information received from the States where a large acid factory had been busted. Further snippets of information were overheard by plainclothes detectives at the Watchfield Festival in August 1975 and the operation soon began in earnest. In Wales a number of plain clothes detectives integrated themselves into the freak community and kept various individuals under constant surveillance. Their knowledge was so good that by October 1976 they had already set the precise date for the raids when they believed that an acid run would take place. In the same month they even went so far as to ask Swindon Magistrates

whether they could handle a big case in the following March. Swindon, with its large modern police headquarters and court house, thus became centre of operations for the massive police exercise.

By Monday March 28th a number of supplementary raids had swelled the total number of arrests to 130. Many people on lesser possession charges were released on bail. However, when the 27 main defendants appeared in court it seemed that a policy decision had been made either to refuse legal aid, delay it or else grant it to Swindon solicitors rather than solicitors of the defendant's choice. Many of the defendants have still not received it, despite months of facing extremely serious charges.

By all accounts scenes in the court were extraordinary. On that Monday Detective Superintendent Greenslade gave a hysterical speech claiming these were 'the worst crimes he had ever known' and said it was likely that the defendants might receive 20 year sentences. Security was tight and feelings ran high. On that day and at subsequent court appearances solicitors have been threatened with ejection from the Court, complaints have been lodged with the Lord Chancellor's office, and a Law Society investigation has begun into the conduct of one of the solicitors. In an extremely unusual step the Swindon magistrates were recently replaced by a Mr Maclean, a Highbury magistrate who has a reputation for being extremely harsh in granting bail and refusing to listen to arguments against police objections to bail.

After a long struggle 13 of the main defendants finally got bail with sureties ranging up to £25,000 but the police objections were wide-ranging and persistent. D.S. Greenslade claimed that police calculations showed that there were still 2 million unrecovered doses of LSD, a figure reached by calculating the proportion of raw material (ergotamine tartrate) which they believed to be involved to the amount of finished product recovered. Further, he claimed that there were large amounts of money outstanding, and that two people are still being hunted in the US and Europe. He objected to bail on the grounds that defendants were facing serious charges and might abscond, this despite the fact that

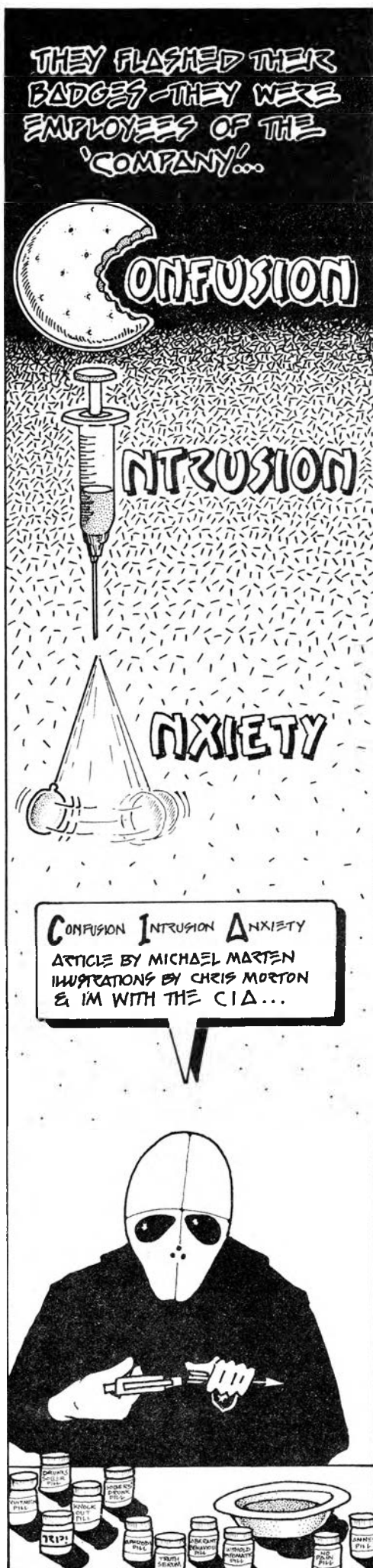
many of those involved had excellent sureties and families and houses in the UK.

One defendant was refused bail despite the fact that his girlfriend, who faced exactly the same charges, had been granted it. Magistrate Maclean commented: "This government may have made everyone equal but there is still a difference between a man and a woman." In another case a defendant's bail was refused, despite the fact that it had previously been granted and that his wife was about to have a baby.

Twelve people are still in custody and seem likely to remain so until all 27 main defendants come up for trial at Bristol Crown Court on an indeterminate date probably not before the end of the year. The main defendants face a tough group of charges. The police claim there were four conspiracies involving overlapping groups out of the 27. Using a purely arbitrary distinction for the sake of neatness, they have divided the conspiracies as happening before and after June 30th 1973, the date when the new drug legislation – the 1971 Misuses of Drugs Act – came into force.

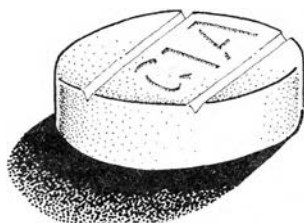
Thus the conspiracies are 1) a pre-1973 conspiracy to manufacture and supply LSD, 2) a post-1973 conspiracy to manufacture LSD, 3) a post-1973 conspiracy to supply LSD and 4) a post-1973 conspiracy to supply cannabis. The rest of the 130 defendants face various possession and dealing charges involving cannabis, amphetamine sulphate and cocaine.

Ever since the initial raids the street grapevine has been buzzing with rumour as to the true implications of this extraordinary case. HOME GROWN is fully aware of the defendants' position and, not wishing in any way to damage their case, have refrained from publishing any of this material. It seems abundantly clear however that, in order to justify the vast police operation and the alleged "dirty tricks" used in the investigations, the authorities will have to make the case into a show trial. Make no mistake though, the conspiracy charge, a favourite establishment technique, and Greenslade's comments on 'a national police force' do not bode well for civil liberties in the future.



From 1949 to 1975 the CIA and the US military conducted a series of multi-million dollar programmes to develop ways of controlling human behaviour. In this first complete summary of the CIA experiments to appear in the British press, MICHAEL MARTEN reports on Operations Bluebird, Artichoke, MK-ULTRA, MK-DELTA, MK-NAOMI and Often-Chickwit: a tale of drug abuse on a massive and unprecedented scale.

With special thanks for source material to CHRISTOPHER EALAND in San Francisco, LEE TORREY in Cape Cod, and the American Embassy library in London.



How the Central Intelligence Agency Got Hooked on Drugs and Ran Amock

"Allen W. Dulles, then Director of Central Intelligence, ordered a crash programme. It was a normal reflex. People were always ordering crash programmes in those days. It didn't matter that they often ended in crashes."

— Russell Baker, in *New York Times*, 5.8.77

At the Nuremberg trials, in 1945, the victorious nations of World War II condemned the Nazi "medical" experiments on concentration camp prisoners and drew up a code of practice to prevent such atrocities occurring again. Experiments on human beings, they declared, should be for the good of mankind; they should not be carried out on unwilling or unwitting subjects, only volunteers; and prisoners and soldiers should be considered as volunteers only if offered no inducement or reward.

Four years later, in 1949, at the headquarters of the CIA in Langley, Virginia, Director Dulles authorised Operation Bluebird. It was the first in a series of programmes that would span a quarter of a century and subject thousands of Americans to unethical and illegal experimentation with drugs and other mind-altering techniques. In many cases drugs were administered with neither the consent nor the knowledge of the subjects. In other cases, "consent" was given for experiments never adequately explained. Soldier "volunteers" were rewarded with extra leave, a certificate of merit and a \$45 per month bonus. Prisoner "volunteers" were offered remission of sentence and easier conditions; and drug addicts were paid, naturally, in drugs. Patients in mental hospitals were given no inducements: they were experimented upon as part of their "normal" treatment.

Operation Bluebird was renamed Operation Artichoke in 1950. Three years later the CIA's eager young deputy

director of plans put forward a proposal for an improved and expanded programme, codenamed MK-ULTRA, whose purpose it would be "to research and develop chemical, biological and radiological materials capable of employment in clandestine operations to control human behaviour." This young man was Richard Helms, who would later become Director of the CIA under Richard Nixon.

MK-ULTRA in turn spawned other programmes: MK-DELTA, which tested drugs and other techniques in "operational situations"; MK-NAOMI, under which the CIA collaborated with the Army to test LSD on soldiers; and Often-Chickwit, the last phase, which ran until 1973. Parallel with these efforts, the US Army conducted its own wideranging experiments; and the US Air Force got in on the act too.

The story is that the CIA first got involved in behaviour control to keep up with the Russians. "They had looked into the vacant eyes of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty at his treason trial in Budapest in 1949," the *New York Times* explained recently, "and had been horrified." Agency officials were convinced the Cardinal's confession had been extracted under drugs, and that he stood in the dock in a post-hypnotic trance. Worse was to come. There were reports of massive Russian purchases of hallucinogens; two Soviet agents were arrested in Germany armed with hypodermics which, it was claimed, "would make the victim amenable to the will of his captors;" and in 1952, six US Air Force pilots captured by the Chinese publicly confessed to dropping germ warfare bombs on North Korea. The Free World would not be safe, the CIA brass argued, until the United States had taken the lead in the mind-control race.

When a military study group determined, in 1953, that events had not been what they seemed, that neither Russians nor Chinese had yet perfected means of making men into robots, and that there was little threat to "national security", the CIA paid little mind. Its defensive measures had become offensive. It was adrift on a sea of fantastic possibilities.

This, after all, was the era of Cold War, H-bombs and Berlin crises. The American public was drip-fed an intoxicating cocktail of McCarthy witchhunts, Korean "brainwashing" atrocities and Hollywood invasions of prairie hometowns by monstrous aliens. Every day was espionage day. Communism was not just a dangerous doctrine, it was a sophisticated and worldwide conspiracy to subvert and conquer the home of the brave and land of the free. Amongst the men of the CIA, anti-communism was a form of worship, an affirmation of their clean and crewcut young manhood.

Twitches, Jerks and Stagers

"All hands agreed ... that the Agency should purchase the LSD if possible and as soon as possible."

— CIA memorandum, 1953.

Over the years the CIA experimented with marijuana, mescaline, psilocybin, LSD, sodium pentathol, sodium amytal,

methedrine and benzedrine, barbiturates and tranquillisers, ether, ethyl alcohol, atropine and scopolamine, and nerve gases. They tested incapacitating agents, immobilising agents, "harassment" agents, and food poisons which tasted normal but, when eaten, created "confusion-anxiety-fear."

As well as drugs, they investigated the uses of hypnosis, electro-shock, sensory deprivation, conditioning techniques, brain surgery, and ultrasonics. They interviewed doctors and scientists around the world, studied the writings of Hitler's personal psychologist, and checked out "occult" techniques and "black psychiatry".

Amongst their more extraordinary ideas were schemes to dissolve the Berlin Wall, manufacture rubber from mushrooms, and locate enemy submarines by dowsing. They commissioned John Mulholland, a professional magician, to verify the claims of a "genuine psychic" who said he could transmit and receive messages anywhere in the world by telepathy. And they paid Mulholland \$3000, in 1953, to write a sleight-of-hand manual to aid agents in surreptitiously administering drugs, whether in "solid, liquid, or gaseous" form. What Admiral Stansfield Turner, the current CIA Director, describes as "putting the mickey in the finn."

They were obsessed with pills. They wanted a "recruitment pill" to subvert enemy agents, a "knockout pill" to temporarily incapacitate a building full of people, an aphrodisiac pill to alter a person's sex patterns, a pill to make drunken agents sober and keep sober agents from getting drunk, and a pill to discredit prominent people by producing "aberrant behaviour" in public.

They arranged for the "collection, cultivation, propagation and testing of certain narcotic mushrooms by agencies, both governmental and private." They decided, in 1953, to purchase from Sandoz for \$240,000, ten kilogrammes of LSD, enough for 100 million effective doses. And they spent \$24,000, in 1956, to study the "feasibility of utilising aerosols as a delivery system" for LSD and other drugs. The study concluded that LSD spraycans would not make effective weapons.

One of their most pressing concerns was interrogation. Was there a "truth serum" which would make enemy agents talk? Were there other drugs which would enable their own agents to resist questioning, even physical torture? They conducted a variety of interrogation experiments using drugs, especially sodium pentathol and LSD, and other techniques. They established two "special interrogation teams" made up of a psychiatrist, a hypnotist and an interrogator to test "narcohypnotic" methods in the field. One team operated in Europe, the other in Asia. In 1952, the European team spent 11 days grilling three Iron Curtain CIA agents who were suspected of doubling for the KGB. The men were held in the basement of a suburban house and were guarded by armed military police in

civilian clothes. They were injected with sodium pentathol and a stimulant, hypnotised, and engaged in "fantasies" by the interrogator and psychiatrist. One of the men experienced a "remarkable regression" and "actually relived certain past activities of his life, some dating back 15 years, while, in addition, he totally accepted Mr (name deleted) as an old and trusted and beloved personal friend whom the subject had known in years past in Georgia, USSR." The three men were cleared, and continued to be used operationally.

Because interrogation techniques could be used against them as well as by them, CIA officials were eager to find ways of producing "guaranteed amnesias". At one high-level Artichoke conference in early '53, "(name deleted) stated that some individuals in the Agency had to know tremendous amounts of information and if any way could be found to produce amnesias—for instance, after the individual had left the Agency—it would be a remarkable thing." The need for amnesias, another said, was particularly great in operational work: it would be extremely useful if an operative's memory of a clandestine mission, or even a murder, could be wiped out.

In addition to memory control, they worked on the "controlled production" of headaches and earaches, of twitches, jerks and staggers. They wanted to reduce a man to a bewildered, self-doubting mass so that they could "subvert his principles" and direct him in ways that "may vary from rationalising a disloyal act to the construction of a new person." They hoped to "crack the defences of enemy agents — to be able to programme both them and their own operatives to carry out any mission, even against their will and such fundamental laws as self-preservation."

Naive and bizarre though they often were, the CIA schemes cannot be lightly dismissed. This was a deliberate assault on the human psyche, sustained over many years. As MK-ULTRA progressed, its experiments and methods became more refined and purposeful. The intent, according to one CIA memo, was to reach a situation where "the basic knowledge of the effects of these drugs would permit specific hypotheses of a 'which drug which purpose' nature." Such hypotheses should then be "critically tested under field conditions: i.e. prisoners of war, if possible, federal prisoners, if possible, security officers, etc., under threat conditions beyond the scope of civilian experimentation."

DANGEROUS AND DEVIOUS

"They flashed their badges — they were employees of the Company."

— Dr Carl Pfeiffer, pharmacologist, describing his recruitment by the CIA.

The scope of the CIA experiments was massive. In its peak period, from 1953 to 1964, MK-ULTRA alone ran 149 separate projects at 154 institutions, including hospitals, insane asylums, private clinics, university departments, state and federal prisons, drug addiction centres, and



pharmaceutical companies. (Interestingly enough, while many of the academic facilities have been named, the drug companies all remain anonymous.) The CIA employed, directly or through front organisations, some 200 non-governmental researchers, including doctors, psychiatrists, neurologists and biochemists. Many knew they were working for the Agency, but others believed they were employed by respectable research foundations.

ULTRA was swathed in extreme secrecy, even by CIA standards. ULTRA officials pursued a policy of "minimum documentation" and relied largely on "oral communications". When the Agency's Inspector-General reviewed the programme in 1963, he found that "substantial portions of the MK-ULTRA record" resided solely in the memories of two senior CIA officials who applied the "need-to-know" doctrine to fellow Agency employees "to the maximum degree."

The men referred to were probably Richard Helms and Dr Sidney Gottlieb. Gottlieb was a biochemist who joined the Agency in 1951. A close associate of Helms, he rose to be director of the Technical Services Division (TSD) and the man in charge of ULTRA. It was Gottlieb who administered the LSD that led to Frank Olson's suicide, and Gottlieb who personally recruited many of the CIA's outside researchers, including Dr Pfeiffer. When Helms retired as CIA director in 1972, he ordered the ULTRA records destroyed, and Gottlieb personally shredded 152 separate files. Gottlieb himself retired the following year. At the congressional hearings on CIA drug tests in 1975, Gottlieb told the Senators that he "couldn't remember much about the project", though his name appeared on every ULTRA document. He was last heard of living abroad.

One of the most troubling aspects of both CIA and Army programmes is the apparent ease with which outside researchers - many of them top scientists in their fields - were enlisted to perform experiments which, even in those days, were highly dubious. The CIA was well aware of this. One memorandum states that "the professional reputations of outside researchers are in jeopardy since the objectives of such research are widely regarded as anti-ethical or illegal." Another memo declares that one candidate's "ethics might be such that he might not care to cooperate in certain more revolutionary phases of our project", whereas a second man's ethics "are such that he would be completely cooperative in any phase of our programme, regardless of how revolutionary it may be."

The CIA maintained an elaborate system to keep its sponsorship of experiments secret. Research was often conducted under a cover story. One series of LSD experiments, for example, was ostensibly seeking a substitute for codeine as a mild painkiller. Researchers reported back by devious means. In one instance a scientist despatched his results in double envelopes and signed himself with a pseudonym. Funding was invariably indirect, through other government departments or, more often, apparently

respectable research foundations.

Three major conduits for CIA money were the Geschikter Foundation, a CIA front, the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology (SIHE), another CIA front, and the Josiah Macy Jr Foundation, a genuine organisation. SIHE was set up in the early Fifties at the behest of the CIA by Dr Harold G. Wolfe, a Cornell University neurologist. Wolfe had become a close friend of Dulles' after treating his son for brain injuries received in Korea, and was also a leading authority on Chinese "brainwashing" of American POWs. Several researchers funded by SIHE and the foundations, according to former CIA officials, never knew they were working for the Agency. But what of those who did?

One lesson is that scientists were no more immune than anyone else to the paranoia of the times. Another is that science follows funding: if the bulk of the research money comes from the military, the corporations and the cloak-and-dagger merchants, the bulk of the research will be on weapons, corporate products and cloak-and-dagger techniques.

The Americans have no right to moralistically condemn Soviet psychiatrists who treat dissidents as mental cases when they themselves treated innocent people as guinea-pigs. In all the revelations about the CIA drug tests, there is only one instance of a scientist refusing to work for the Agency. Dr Robert Heath, the man who discovered the brain's "pleasure centres", was approached by a CIA doctor to work on the brain's "pain centres". He found the idea "abhorrent". "I took the stand," he said in 1975, "that if I were going to be a spy, I'd be a spy. I wanted to be a doctor and practise medicine."

THE EXPERIMENTS

"I will write you a quick letter as soon as I can get the stuff into a man or two."
— Dr Harris Isbell, in a letter to his CIA contact.

Only a handful of ULTRA's academic and medical experiments have been made public. They include:

- * Experiments with LSD and other hallucinogens at the federal Addiction Research Center, Lexington, Kentucky, from 1952 to 1963. Addicts were "paid" in morphine and other drugs. LSD was administered in biscuits. Research director: Dr Harris Isbell. Funding: through Office for Naval Research. Isbell also purchased drugs for the CIA from European pharmaceutical companies who imagined they were supplying an American public health official.

- * Experiments with LSD at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, from 1952 to 1957. Subjects were staff members and students from nearby Harvard, MIT and Emerson College. Students were paid \$30 to drink a tall glass of water laced with acid and then take part in 10-12 hours of psychological tests. Research director: Dr Max Rinkle. Funding: SIHE.

- * Experiments with LSD on about 100 prisoners at Atlanta federal penitentiary and Bordentown Reformatory, New Jersey, from 1955 to 1964. Research



director: Dr Carl Pfeiffer, who was paid \$25,000 a year through the Geschikter Foundation. Pfeiffer has said all subjects gave "full informed consent"; said there were no after-effects except for some prisoners writing later to complain that the acid had "worsened their criminal careers".

* Various drug and brainwashing experiments at the Allen Memorial Institute of Psychiatry, McGill University, Montreal, from 1955 to 1960. One study involved "brainwashing patients instead of giving them drugs." In another, 30 nurses were subjected to sensory deprivation for half an hour. "One particular nurse thought there were snakes coming out from under her chair. She was listed a few months later as a schizophrenic and she had to go to the hospital." A third experiment studied the effects of thorazine and sernyl, two powerful tranquillisers. Sernyl has since been taken off the market and is now used only as an immobilising agent in animal studies. Research director: Dr Ewen Cameron. Funding: SIHE.

* In 1955, the CIA contributed \$375,000 through the Geschikter Foundation to the building of a new wing at Georgetown University Medical School, Washington DC. The Agency was to get in return one-sixth of the floor space, where CIA biochemists planned to experiment with a "K" or knockout pill on terminal cancer patients. The medical school serves many of Washington's top people, and treated Edward Kennedy's son for cancer. Hospital officials have denied any knowledge of CIA involvement.

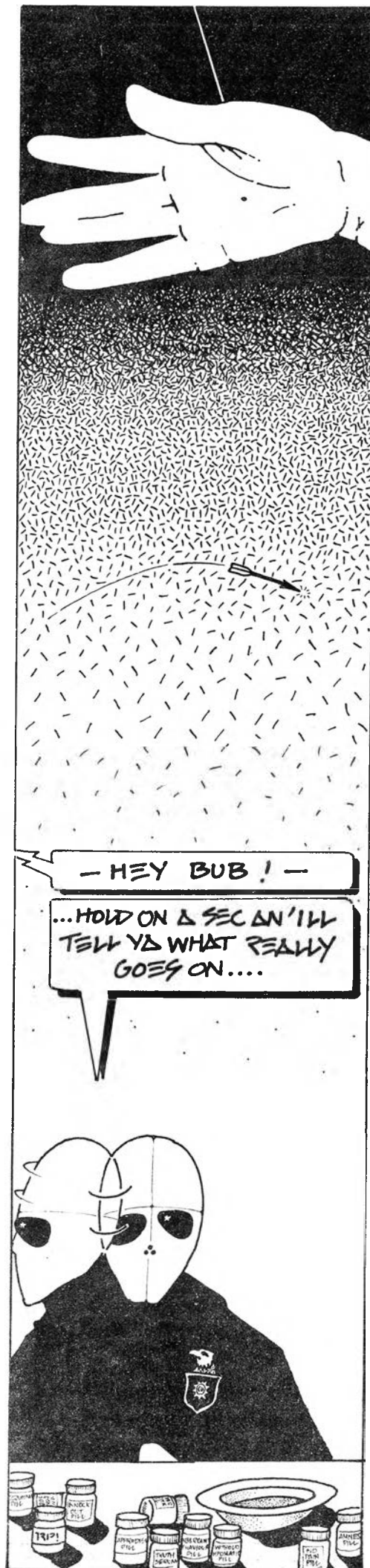
* Experiments with LSD and marijuana derivatives on 142 "sexual psychopaths" at Iona State Hospital, Michigan, from 1957 to 1960. The CIA believed that "sexual psychopaths have the kind of motivation for withholding certain information that is comparable to operational interrogation situations." Subjects were both drugged and hypnotised, then interrogated by teams of psychiatrists and psychologists. Sessions were tape-recorded, lie-detectors employed. Research director: Dr Alex Canty. Funding: SIHE. Many Iona inmates had been detained without trial under a Michigan law later ruled unconstitutional.

As far as the men of the CIA were concerned, however, these academic experiments were mainly background research. "It is the firm doctrine in TSD," an Agency report said, "that testing of materials under accepted scientific procedures fails to disclose the full pattern of reactions and attributions that may occur in operational situations." The MK-ULTRA programme, indeed, specifically called for experiments with LSD and other drugs on unwitting individuals "at all social levels, high and low, native American and foreign".

The very first such test occurred in November 1953, and ended in death.

THE OLSON CASE

"Since 1953 we have struggled to understand Frank Olson's death as an inexplicable 'suicide'. Now, 22 years



later, we learn that his death was the result of CIA negligence and illegality on a scale difficult to contemplate."

- Olson family statement, 1975.

Ten men attended the week-long technical meeting at a mountain resort in mid-November 1953. Four of the ten, including Dr Sidney Gottlieb, were members of the CIA. The other six were all from Fort Detrick, the US Army's top secret biological warfare research (CIA stockpiles at Detrick included anthrax, tuberculosis, food poisons, biological incapacitating agents, cobra venom, and shellfish toxin.) But Gottlieb also saw it as an ideal experimental situation. After dinner one evening, he and another Agency man, Dr Robert Lashbrook, slipped a quantity of LSD into a bottle of Cointreau. When the Detrick men had innocently drunk the liqueur, Gottlieb informed them that they had been given LSD and that their reactions would be observed.

Colonel Ruwet later described it as "the most frightening experience I have ever had".

When Frank Olson returned home at the weekend, he was a changed man. His wife Alice has said that he "sat and brooded" and was "uncharacteristically withdrawn". Back at work he continued to show "signs of imbalance", and the following week, on November 24th, Colonel Ruwet escorted him to New York to consult psychiatrist Dr Harold Abramson.

Abramson was a former psychological consultant for the Army and one of the pioneers of LSD research in the US, much of it sponsored by the CIA. He would tell a scientific conference in 1959 that at the time of his early LSD work many of his colleagues had regarded him as "a sort of psychiatric Dracula."

Olson had two long sessions with Abramson, then returned to Washington with Ruwet on the morning of the 26th. But that same afternoon Olson returned to New York, this time accompanied by Lashbrook. They checked into Room 1018A at the Statler Hotel, and visited the psychiatrist the next morning. Abramson told Olson he was suffering from "severe psychosis and delusions" and should enter a sanitarium. Arrangements for this were made on the spot.

That evening, Olson and Lashbrook dined at the Statler's Cafe Rouge and retired to their room at 9.30 PM. They watched TV for an hour and went to bed. At about 3.20 AM Lashbrook was woken by "a crash of glass," switched on the light, saw that Olson was not in his bed, and realised that the window was broken.

That was what Lashbrook told the cops. He told Mrs Olson that he awoke to see her husband "going at a full run towards the window". He said he saw Olson "go through both the closed window and a drawn shade."

Cause of death, according to the Medical Examiner's Office, was "multiple fractures, shock and haemorrhages".

Lashbrook identified himself to the authorities as an employee of the Department of Defence. He did not tell them he worked for the CIA, nor that Olson had

been suffering the effects of an involuntary acid trip, nor that Olson was under psychiatric care. The case was listed as a routine suicide.

The CIA's cover-up was rapid and efficient. Lashbrook was given temporary identification as an Army consultant. Federal employee compensation for the widow was approved six days before she filed the claim. And Lashbrook, in his Army guise, officially told her that Frank's death was "inexplicable". He did not mention the CIA.

The Olsons didn't learn the truth until 1975, following the Rockefeller Commission's report on CIA activities. They decided to sue the Agency, and issued a press statement which read in part: "We suddenly learn that for 22 years we were lied to, led to believe that Frank Olson had a fatal nervous breakdown. Thus, Frank Olson's children grew up under a double shadow, the shadow of their father's suicide and the shadowy inexplicability of that act". Son Nils told reporters that when asked about his father's death, he used to reply, "He died of concussion".

The government reacted promptly. In return for dropping their embarrassing lawsuit, Congress passed a law granting the family \$750,000 compensation. And President Ford invited the Olsons to the White House and spoke to them for 12 minutes. He announced that Olson's death was "a horrible episode in American history".

MIDNIGHT CLIMAX

"Well, they'll stone you when you're trying to be so good,

"They'll stone you just like they said they would,

"They'll stone you when you're trying to go on home,

"They'll stone you when you're there all alone."

— Bob Dylan, *Rainy Day Woman*

Nos. 12 & 35

Unphased by Olson's fate, Gottlieb and other ULTRA Officials pressed ahead with experiments on unwitting subjects. They wanted to be able to drug ordinary people in a more or less ordinary setting, so in 1955 they set up a "safehouse" in San Francisco, to which unsuspecting citizens were enticed by operatives planted in nearby bars. The subjects were entertained by prostitutes, surreptitiously administered "marijuana extract" or LSD, and observed through two-way mirrors by agents of the Bureau of Narcotics. A second "safehouse" was set up in New York City, at 103 West 13th Street, in 1961.

Both establishments consisted of adjoining studio apartments, the one for the subject's "entertainment", the other for observation. The bedroom in San Francisco was decorated with red curtains, Toulouse Lautrec posters, a painting of can-can dancers, a dressing-table trimmed with black velvet, and elaborate concealed recording equipment. The operation was code-named Midnight Climax by an operative called Morgan Hall.

The two "safehouses" were run under an "informal arrangement" made in 1955

with "certain cleared and witting" members of the Bureau of Narcotics. This arrangement minimised the chances of CIA involvement leaking out. It was also advantageous to the narks, since some subjects were "informers or members of suspect criminal elements from whom the Bureau has obtained results of operational value". The CIA, however, worried that "Bureau agents are not qualified scientific observers". Indeed, the whole set-up was somewhat passive for Agency purposes, since subjects could only be observed, not manipulated or interrogated. Nonetheless, "the testing may be useful in perfecting delivery techniques, and in identifying surface characteristics of onset, reaction, attribution and side-effects".

It was the discovery of Gottlieb's top-secret Midnight Climax project that caused the Inspector-General's department in 1963 to investigate and review all ULTRA operations. The I-G recommended that tests on unwitting subjects should be halted — not because of any scruples about ethics or legality, simply because the risks of exposure were thought to be too great. The I-G found that "in a number of instances, the test subject has become ill for hours or days, including hospitalisation in at least one case".

The "safehouses" were shut down in late 1963, by which time hundreds, perhaps thousands, of individuals had been lured there and drugged. None of these "subjects" were physically or psychologically screened, either before or afterwards. None were ever told what had been done to them, and many must be worried to this day about the period of apparent "insanity" that followed their brief acquaintance with the friendly stranger in the bar.

CONCLUSION

"Possible sickness and attendant economic loss are inherent contingent effects of the testing."

— Inspector-General's report, 1963.

According to a recent editorial in the *Boston Globe* MK-ULTRA was "so exotic that it can best be explained as a psycho-historical fragment of the Cold War period". Press coverage has concentrated on the sensational or bizarre aspects of the CIA tests, and ignored its implications. We are even told that the hundreds of studies and millions of dollars produced, at the end of it all, zero results.

But even if many CIA projects *did* result in failure, they nevertheless acquired a vast mass of dangerous information. Scientific and technical knowledge progresses as much by finding out what doesn't work as by discovering what does.

The "Cold War aberration" theory is not a satisfactory explanation of the CIA tests. MK-ULTRA and the other programmes need to be seen in the context of a political and economic framework where individuals were (and are) regarded as expendable pawns in the global power game. The CIA's behaviour control experiments were a ruthless, sophisticated and sustained attempt to turn people into amenable tools of the State whenever the State deemed it expedient.



Wizardry & Wild Romance 1978



The Big O Calendar

Big O brings you *Fantastic Art* at its very best. Not so much a calendar, more a unique visual experience to illuminate the passage of the year. Rodney Matthew's vivid compelling illustrations inspired by Michael Moorcock's incredible imagery bring you Corum, Elric & Hawkmoon in their eternal struggle against the Lords of Chaos whilst the Ice Spirit and Tanelorn stand serene in their magical landscapes.

In each case, Rodney has interpreted a passage from the book which he feels captures the essence of Michael Moorcock's imagery. And for those Moorcock freaks who can't get enough of the stuff we've included a current bibliography of the Master's work.

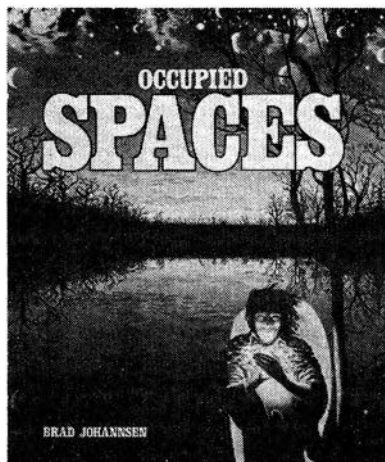
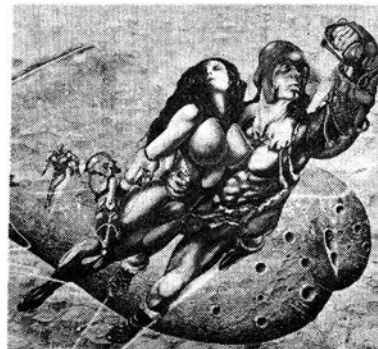


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The "moksa medicine" described by Aldous Huxley in "Island" was an extract of psilocybe mushrooms. Huxley's description of the properties of the "moksa medicine" correlates point for point with the generally recognised characteristics of psilocybin, so that one may in fact consider the terms "moksa medicine" and "psilocybin" to be equivalent and interchangeable, two different names for the same thing. The uses which Huxley imagined for the substance within the social structure of the community remain the most accurate outline of its beneficial potentialities yet established.

Psilocybe mushrooms may have been one of the ingredients in the brew of Cerridwen. Merlin (and other enchanters) could have carried a wee bundle of powdered psilocybe mushrooms up his sleeve. The special mead of the bards, which was different from ordinary mead, could well have been prepared from honey in which psilocybe mushrooms had been steeped.

No one knows precisely what the Beaker Folk drank in their ritual beakers during the ceremonies at their solstice festivals, but an infusion containing (among other things) psilocybe mushrooms seems distinctly possible. After drinking whatever it was, they broke their beakers. The legend of the brew of Cerridwen may represent a survival of the memory of the ritual potion of the Beaker Folk.

It is significant that the area back of Cardigan Bay that was known in antiquity as the Gate to the Other World is today still rich in psilocybe mushrooms, and remains one of the best regions in which to gather them, these pixie caps of the fairy folk which give passage between dimensions.

It has taken some time for realisation to dawn that psilocybe mushrooms are no longer an exotic rarity from the jungles of Mexico (where they have been named with reverence "Flesh of the Gods"), since related species with similar effects grow wild in abundance all over the British Isles for about three months every year. Now that public realisation of this fact has taken place, the consequences are irreversible, and the implications far-reaching. The key to the door of fairy land is now within any one's reach. Let us hope that the public will use it with the respect due to a sacramental substance.



THE LEGAL ANGLE

At the present time the legal status of the psilocybe mushrooms which grow wild naturally throughout the British Isles from mid-August through mid-November remains ambiguous. A case in Reading Court a year ago was dismissed by the judge, who quite reasonably decided that possession of wild mushrooms growing naturally in England did not constitute possession of the controlled drug: psilocybin.

This year several other arrests have been made, but the only case brought to court so far has been adjourned part heard. No legal precedent is set until a case reaches the level of the Court of Appeals. Police strategy in these recent arrests has been to charge for possession of psilocybin, a Class A drug, on the grounds that the mushrooms contain small amounts of psilocybin. This is the same strategy as charging those with home-grown cannabis for possession of cannabinol derivatives, also Class A, on the grounds that home-grown cannabis contains small amounts of cannabinol derivatives.

If this strategy succeeds in standing up in court, home-grown grass and native wild mushrooms used traditionally in antiquity by our ancestors will become Class A drug offences. Naturally occurring relatively non-toxic substances with great positive potential and broad safety margins will be deliberately confused by the authorities with genuinely toxic and potentially dangerous substances that have narrow safety margins. Success of the police strategy would place home-grown grass and wild mushrooms in the same criminal category as heroin. Such a strategy can not help to solve the drug problem, but can only add to the already existing confusion.

Anyone arrested for possession of psilocybe mushrooms that grow wild naturally in England should be sure to contact Release at 1 Elgin Avenue, London W.9, 01-289 1123, so that solicitors who specialise in the intricacies of this subject may be mobilised to organise an effective defence which sets a legal precedent.

George Andrews



EFFECTS

The experienced effect of Psilocybin mushrooms depends on the amount taken and (as with all hallucinogens) the balance and personal metabolism of the taker.

You will notice the initial effect of Psilocybin more quickly than you do with L.S.D. (disregarding the instant high many people experience at the moment of ingestion of both L.S.D. and Psilocybin). The state of mind induced by a full dose is one of euphoria with no loss of coherence or clarity of thought. The effects of a moderate dose, 8-12 mg. of Psilocybin, begin to subside after four to seven hours, compared to six to fifteen hours for a similar dosage of L.S.D. (125 mg.)

A tolerance to Psilocybin develops quite quickly if taken more frequently than once a week to ten days. To achieve the same effect the next day, 1½-2 times as many mushrooms are needed. So when a tolerance develops you can either increase the dose or stop taking them until your body's metabolism has had time to regain its normal equilibrium. The latter course seems sensible, although,

since the toxicity of Psilocybin is so low, raising the dosage for a while is a viable alternative.

Little hard evidence is available as to what constitutes a toxic dose for humans but taking of large doses frequently may cause some mental distortions. As with all drugs, respect and caution are necessary.

When you wake up the next day, you will usually feel completely refreshed by your experience. Slight effects, or memory of effects, may occur for up to four or five days, sometimes many weeks later.



HARVESTING AND PRESERVING

The best time to harvest your mushrooms is shortly after the veil enclosing the gills has broken. You cannot always be that choosy but this is the time when the potency is likely to be at its height. It is a bit of a waste to pick small or immature mushrooms as you can always go back and get them in a day or two, when they've matured.

Pick the mushrooms by snapping or cutting the stem just above the ground. Only uproot the mushroom if you are going to test for the presence of Psilocybin by crushing the root.

The harvested mushrooms can either be eaten fresh, when they have a very pleasant mild taste, or they can be dried for later use. The potency of fresh mushrooms can be as much as twice that of dried ones.

Then, to transport the mushrooms to where they're going to be eaten or dried, place them in layers in a shallow box or basket, taking care not to bruise the flesh. Do not over-fill the box as the mushrooms at the bottom will become squashed.

Air and oven drying both work well the potency being much the same by either method. To air dry your mushrooms, string them together like beads by sewing through the point of the cap with a needle and thread, leaving if possible a small gap between each one to prevent them sticking together. **Don't discard the stems, as they are just as potent.**

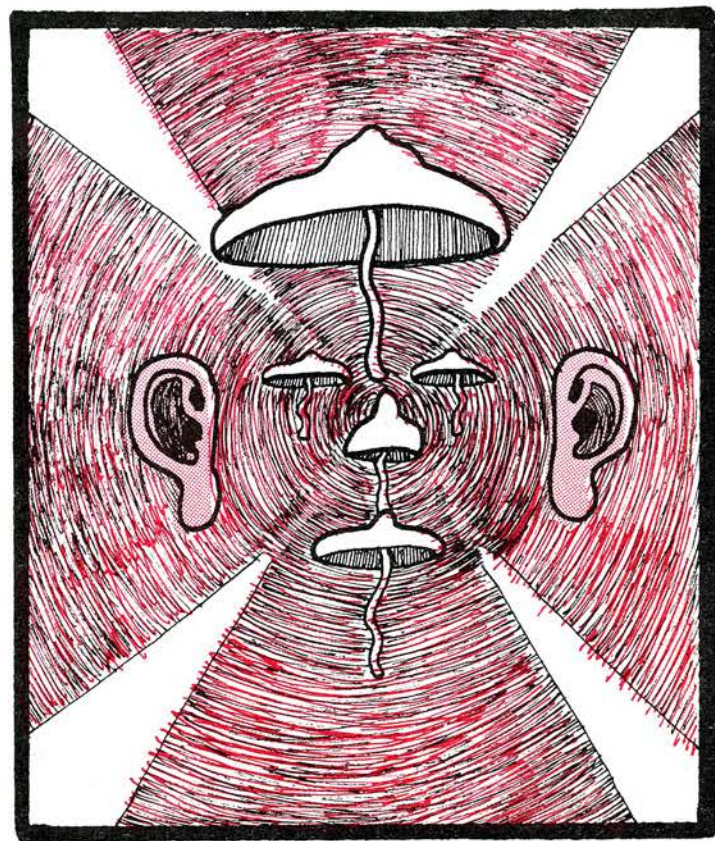
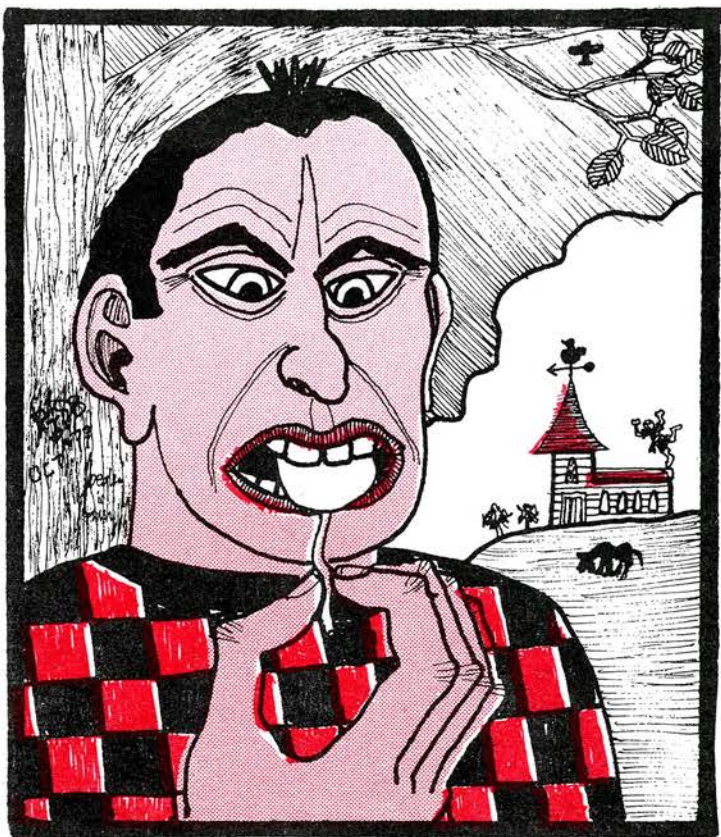
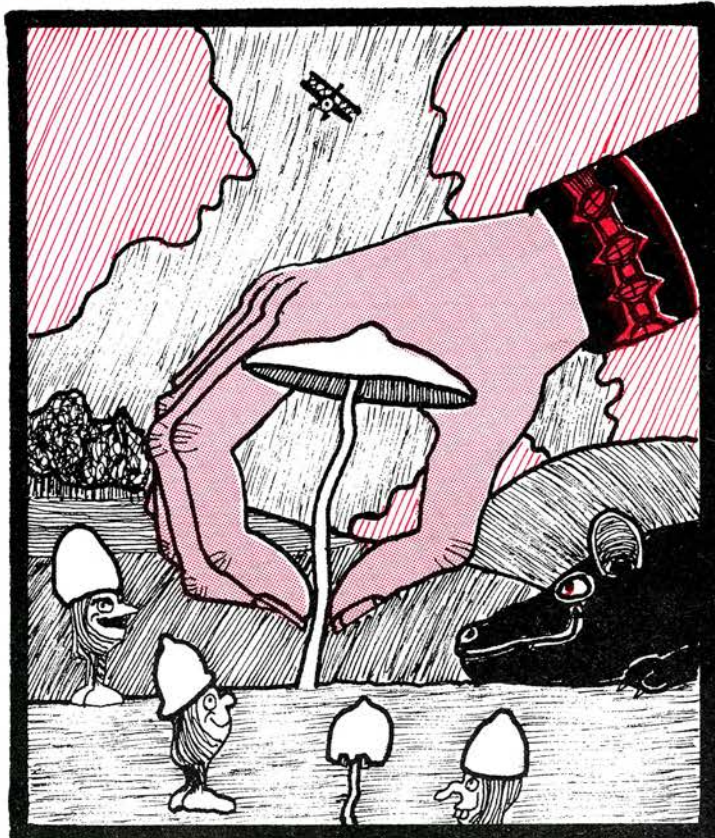
Hang the strings in a warm, dry and, if possible, dark place. When they are completely dry, no longer spongy to the touch, they can be stored in sealed plastic bags. Remember to mark on the bags how many are in each one, as they tend to crumble quite easily when dry.

To oven dry your mushrooms, spread one layer on each baking tray and place them in a low oven (below 150°F). It takes two to four hours to dry *psilocybe semilanceata* and *panaeolus soeniseicii* and up to ten hours for *psilocybe cubensis*.

I find air drying more satisfactory, although it takes longer.

NB. Never put undried mushrooms in a plastic bag for very long as they turn into a sticky mess. However *psilocybe cubensis* can be kept fresh in plastic bags in the salad compartment of a fridge for a week to ten days.

POSTCOYABIN



THE APRICOT WAR



During the winter of 1975, after three days of cross-border surveillance, agents of US customs finally pounced on a shipment of illegal drugs entering California from Tijuana, Mexico.

In a score of cardboard boxes the narcs found, not heroin or best Columbian grass, but \$40,000 worth of an illicit cancer cure — laetrile, the extract of apricot stones over which Americans have been fighting for 20 years.

Laetrile is an innocuous white powder, 'discovered' during the 1920s by an American chemist named Krebs, who was at the time attempting to improve the flavour of bootleg whisky. Refined by his son, Ernst Krebs jnr, the compound was touted as a cancer cure — although the theory behind its anti-cancer activity is so flimsy you could drive a chemical lab through it. Banned as useless by the all-powerful US Food and Drug Administration, laetrile went underground in the 1960s, but an extensive and efficient smuggling network made sure that the drug was available to all who wanted it — and there were plenty.

Faced with the horrors of conventional treatment; butcherous surgery followed by massive doses of hard radiation and drugs so toxic that they can only be given in small amounts, cancer sufferers turned to laetrile in their thousands. Some slipped over to Mexico for treatment at two private clinics, others scored from their local laetrile dealer. Rumour had it that even Betty Ford was getting supplies of the painless, easily-taken drug via a CIA connection in Mexico. There were claims of miracle cures, pain reduction and full recovery. The drug, according to its supporters, hadn't been banned because it was useless. Far from it, laetrile was so effective that if it were legalised the entire US multi-billion dollar cancer industry would collapse overnight. A cancer patient, said one supporter, "can be treated with laetrile for 10% of what it costs to die under conventional therapy."

Demonstrations were held, seminars arranged, petitions sent to Washington. "Test laetrile now!" was the call. Even though every laetrile research programme had come up with negative results, the US cancer establishment took a hammering. One set of findings supposedly showing positive results in tests on mice, was lifted from a prestigious research institute and leaked to the press, provoking cries of

"cover-up" from Watergate-happy laetrilists. The FDA was accused of fraud and harassment. Several prominent laetrile supporters were dragged before the courts for encouraging use of the drug.

The establishment backlash came in 1976. Faced with a revolt amongst US citizens, a team of FDA investigators went hard and heavy into the smuggling operation and the people behind it. After the Californian bust, a Grand Jury sitting in San Diego was presented with evidence which revealed the extent of the laetrile operation. In complete contrast to the benevolent picture presented by the pro-laetrile movement, the Feds uncovered a multi-million dollar racket in which laetrile was peddled to the public in much the same manner as the great snake-oil hussle a century before.

From two factories in Mexico, supplies of the drug were shipped to clinics in Tijuana — where it was legal — or over the border into the US. One of the clinics processed 35,000 Americans alone, and its director was a millionaire. The cross-border traffic exceeded in quantity that of Mexican Brown heroin, and, in addition to the Mexican connections, supplies were being shipped from Germany disguised as electrical equipment. Prescribed at up to \$50 a shot, laetrile was making some Americans very rich. According to subpoenaed accounts and bank records Ernst Krebs Jnr, laetrile's prime mover, was taking a quarter of a million dollars in laetrile revenue. Dr John Richardson, a Californian who had been in and out of the courts ever since the sixties on laetrile-related charges was grossing \$750,000 by 1971.

In the wake of the Grand Jury disclosures, some very suspect characters came to light. Many of those involved in the pro-laetrile movement were also involved with the John Birch Society, a 'god, country and motherhood' movement which sees everything as a commie plot. The JBS had been on the decline for some years, and the laetrile affair was a godsend. After the first of Birchier member Richardson's many arrests, the JBS organised the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy Inc, a 25,000-member pressure group which lobbied for laetrile legalisation whilst organising the cross-border runs and internal US distribution of the drug. When the Feds pounced in 1975, the owner of the cardboard boxes turned out to be no other

than R.W. Bradford, President of the Committee, himself grossing \$200,000 *each month* in laetrile revenue.

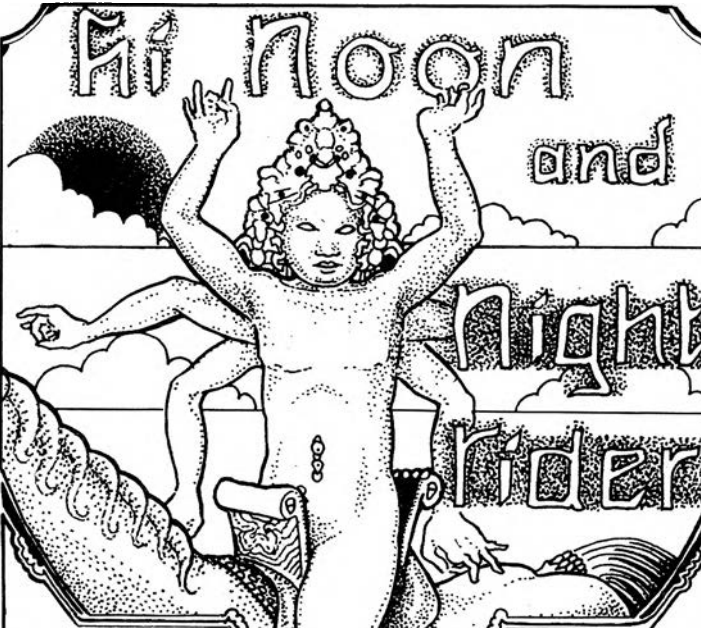
Krebs, reportedly a "brilliant medical student" with all the qualifications necessary to the discoverer of a miracle cancer cure, turned out to be a failed medical student with a degree from a bible school in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Like many in the laetrile movement, Krebs was also a rightist sympathiser who referred to Germany as "the motherland".

By far the most interesting character was one Andrew McNaughton. A member of one of Canada's high-society families, he led a fantasy existence as a top test-pilot, gun-runner to Castro's Cuban guerillas in the 50's and millionaire entrepreneur. After meeting Krebs, McNaughton decided to throw his weight behind laetrile and organised an extensive, legal research programme in both Canada and the States. When laetrile was banned, McNaughton went underground and set up the Mexican production bases. Through his involvement in a Canadian company from which \$5 millions disappeared; and his shady dealings with a known Mob figure who donated \$130,000 to laetrile research, McNaughton has been characterised as the evil genius behind the laetrile movement. Although the Grand Jury failed to find any evidence that the Canadian had profited from laetrile, it was pointed out by an American reporter that anyone capable of running guns into Cuba would have no problems in stashing drugs profits.

Even though laetrile has been revealed as a giant scam, Americans are still turning to it in their thousands. Says the editor of an American medical journal, "There's disenchantment with modern science and a return to occultism. Science is in a mood to accept magic remedies." For the 700,000 Americans who, this year, will discover that they have the Big C, laetrile offers hope, even if they have to pay through the nose for it. Conventional science is up against the wall; cancer is reaching epidemic proportions and no-one has a cure for it. Even though laetrile is regarded as useless by the US medical establishment, and despite the racketeering behind its popularity, more and more doctors are calling for it to be freely available. *People with cancer, they say, need every chance they can get.*

John Trux.

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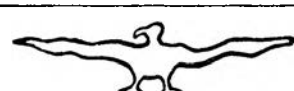
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BLAM BLAM AMSTERDAM! Seaport in cold January, wind hustling the stricken streets, lace-work of canals and little bridges, a bruised and blackened sky thunders down at us from a great height. "Welcome to the Nether Lands!"

We came from the heights of Switzerland to damp, underwater Amsterdam in twelve hours train ride — from riches to rags in half a day, from acid to smack at the turn of a wheel — and began looking for somewhere to live among the boats moored along the canals that squirm between the tall, narrow houses. There are around two thousand houseboats in A'dam and over a thousand are unregistered and therefore illegal. Add together all the illicit people that live on the boats and a floating civilisation of land-locked flotsam emerges, washed up from all over Europe, along with false passports and criminal records, all eking a dodgy living.

Liz and I, broke and homeless, looking for a friendly omen, see a playing card face down in the street. "Bet that's a Joker?" Bingo! — just round the corner is an empty boat called the Joke. 'Joke,' pronounced Yo-ka in Dutch, is a girl's name; apple-cheeked maid in a print dress and yellow clogs holding a tulip. We slap a sticker of Barbarella on the door and a week later I find £150 in the back of a taxi. So we rented the floating love-nest, lazing on its tree-lined canal, and leaned into the volume of the Sony, until shortage of bread again began inhibiting our style.

Superimposed on the big blatant blat that Amsterdam sells to the tourists advertising Dutch cheeses, Amstel Bier, Ann Frank's Hideout and the house in Rosengracht where Rembrandt went broke, is another city, a subterranean of drugs, boats and Underground Comix. Beneath the surface of commercial awareness lies the zone of monstrous joys and gigantic depressions, realm of archetypal deals and mythological busts, Submarine City — the lost Atlantis.

Looked at through the eyes of the Joke the streets of Submarine City open out like strip cartoons. The Furry Freak Brothers peer suspiciously round every corner, Stella Stardust juggles used cars outside the American Express, Wyatt Winghead sells hash-oil ice-lollies on the steps of the Moses and Aaron church. The sub- and super-minds of Amsterdam mingling in the bars, cafes and night-time pinball arcades, all acting as relay stations for the transmission of dope.

Our first flash of Submarine City was a huge pulsing brain with each person a neuron, wired in to every other neuron in the drug consciousness. The law of the neuron is all or nothing, when it fires it goes full out, all the way. Just like acid, Sub. City will take you any place you choose, as far as you dare to go.

Rollicking, bollicking sailors with big beards and sea-boots pitching and rolling across the street, drunk, loud and belligerent, guffawing at the size of the dildos in a sex-shop window. Birdman fluttering against the glass, every peek at the cunt books followed by a nervous glance over his shoulder. One of the

sailors speaks to him and laughs. He scuttles off on thin legs, threatening to peck them under his breath.

A'dam has a rhythm all of her own, a hop, skip and jump, easygoing, quick and lazy at the same time. If you catch the tempo the city looks after you, if you lose step she waits for you to pick it up again; but if you can't jive she beats you up, rips you off and busts you just for being there. Amsterdam, the world's Western dope centre where drug laws are liberal compared with the rest of Europe, and the solid Dutch Protestants cashed in on the rest of the continent's paranoia and cornered the dope and sex markets.

From all over Europe people pour into A'dam to score or to visit the red-light area. During the Summer months American students, deprived of easy access to dope at home, fly across the Atlantic and arrive in Vondell Park, toking on a more-or-less legal joint or slaking their thirsts in the heads' mixed-media emporiums such as the Paradiso, Milky Way and Cosmos. Hash is so interwoven with business interests that the Hollanders would be cutting their own throats by putting any real pressure on the traffic. The American high-school kids spend rolls of dollars grooving about the city enjoying the goodies while their senses are extended by smoking hash. There's never enough hotels, boatels and sleep-ins to cater for the Summer multitudes, so Vondell Park operates as a mass open air crash-pad, lit up at night by a galaxy of glowing joints.

While they are picking up dope the visitors also pick up on the life-styles, *so we are dealing ways of living as much as drugs; trying to get rid of the sick or tatty imagery surrounding the dope scene*, coming on with plots and plans that are successful instead of goofy, and behind it all the means to excitement, travel and intensity — money.

International drug bartering in broken Spanish and bastard Italian. 'How much?' in pigeon German, ludicrous English, colloquial Norwegian, provençal French. Foreign phrases and dialects flutter through the conversations like coloured butterflies, conjuring images and exporting them to far away lands.

Our recent background of peace and goodwill left us ill-prepared for the heavies when we first arrived. Man's inhumanity to man shocked our cosmic complacency so that it still remained shocked even after violence had been accepted as an every day thing. The breadless are the nastiest and most primitive beings in the city. When money is short desperation meters are on max. input, '... an I'll tear ya fuckin face off if you don't let goa that bread!'

The Dutch run the hash and the brothels, the Chinese run the cafes and the smack, Double-Dutch dealing gets a shoot-out and no fucking about — blam blam fin. Then there's the assorted hustlers who lost their nationalities long ago — and some of them changed colour several times as well — those who are at heart dope fiends first and foremost and only incidentally the burglars, bandits

and robbers of the fuzz files.

Chinatown. Little yellow men in dim lit cafes and gambling dens, slit-eyed skeletons with dead-pan fingers balancing the scales. Chinatown is the red-light area, or the red-light area is Chinatown, depending on whether you're looking for a fix or a fuck. The two zones overlap in a tangle of canals, bridges and crooked streets, so scoring has the glitter-flash of sex and glamour behind it. The choice of women runs up the spectrum of brown, yellow and pink races to big blonde Vikings and coal-black mammas with a spattering of extra-terrestrials and females from the centre of the Earth. The sweet lure of danger runs through it all like a Lou Reed number, a magic magnet pulling the blood across Damrak into the maze of capillaries straddling the red-light area.

The houses taken over by squatters are known as 'cracked houses', these 'Kraak' (meaning 'broken into' in Dutch) pads are the focal points for scoring. The most notorious of the squats, known throughout the continent as a never-ending source of supply, is a group of three houses, 65, 67 and 69 Kaisergracht.

In between 65 and 69 Kaisergracht, entered by way of 69, is a house that would be 67 if it were numbered. We moved into a hollow empty room on the ground floor, with a history of heroin pushers stretching back three occupants and ending in a sudden bust, and when the opportunity occurred changed into a huge room on the first floor — Room 13. We are nearer the light now overlooking a fairytale canal and Toytown barges through four large rectangular windows that open like double doors and allow us to scan the street for fuzz. No. 65, an old nunnery with chapel and stained-glass windows is a rabbit warren of numerous small cell-like rooms that zig-zag in Escherscapes up five floors of narrow stairways to a magnificent view over the hustlers in the street below. Sixty-nine and the mythical 67 were rich merchant's town houses, with wide stairways and cavernous rooms that shrink towards the top of the houses into random cubby holes, or expand into immense cavernous spaces that defy anyone to guess which building they belong to. The ultra-big pads have been divided by sheets of hardboard, making it possible for half-a-dozen people to keep their own scenes going, and completing the overall edifice of the three building complex as a four dimensional casbah.

There's Batman and Dr. Strange in the attic, Ogoth the Wasted living with the Austrian Hindus upstairs, Jerry Cornelius bitterly alone in the alcove, cowboys opposite and beatniks in the basement. There's Honeybunch Kominski at war with Elastoman, Flower Power arguing with Science Fiction, The Hulk preaching peace and love, the Furry Freaks pushing smack and Mr. Natural coming on as a Hell's Angel.

The Underground comics have really got the Tarot pack going here — cosmic jokers by the roomful — ever since I was a Fool I've known there was a giggle in

everything, but not all the time, like you don't laugh in Nirvana, you might kinda half-smile like the Buddha, but anything more than that is positively coarse, so ya gotta have an elegant image as well, ain'tcha? It's illegal to have more than one image at a time, the passport I have says 'author' this year and 'artist' last, but passports are like leaves on a tree here and it's Autumn all year round.

The sign on the door said PUSH. When someone comes to score they step through the front door onto a wheel of chance that quite often drops them at Room 13. Got the wheel rigged of course, the cards marked and the dice loaded, but so's everyone else, so all in all it's about fair. But there's always one dude who wants to control the whole game, the Sheriff, and nearly always the Sheriff ain't got a chick.

The ganglia or electrical wiring, dangling through the halls and trailing up the stairs of the three Kaisergracht houses, are the tendrils of a weird, dangerous shock plant that throws the houses into total blackness whenever a smashed-out soul stumbles against it. Many a stoned acid freak has been flung out of the solar system for boogie-ing too close to the upstairs wall. Was the time 69's first floor toilet chain blasted you straight to Nirvana every flush. People sprang out with the Beatific vision streaming from their eyes, pants round

their ankles and fingers still trembling from the touch of God. God leans forward and reaches out to touch the hand of Michelangelo's Adam; unseen by the artist a small, oblong packet changes hands.

There's a flippancy about money when you're pushing. Dutch banknotes look like R. Crumb drew them, none of the regal magnificence of the one pound sterling, or the heavy German Mark, or the all-American dollar, this money is for playing with, Franc and Mark as croupiers — dope roulette.

In between deals we read Marvel comix and Sci-Fi paperbacks, taking the occasional fix among hoards of bug-eyed quasi-beings, limboids and antagonistic semi-entities that plot ceaselessly to mismanage the galaxy. There's generally three or four deals going on simultaneously in different parts of the room with Liz or myself supervising and waiting irritably for them to make up their minds.

"... Twenty-four for Paki, twenty-six for Leb, nineteen for Ketama, got two K's Nep for thirty..."

"... did a year in Germania with this cat used to be a frogman in the Polish navy..."

"... microdots thirteen a thou, pyramids fifteen this week, windowpanes one thousand eight hundred..."

The characters are apt to come loose from the pages of the comic books and start arguing with us about the price of coke. Liz's close to Morbius the vampire at times, Red is Shuman the Human when he's at his best, so pretty soon it's Shuman reading about Barritt who's telling Liz how sweetly she's drawn when the Sewer Coolies of Coagular pour off the cover and burst in, ravaging with chemical lust to score.

"... busted for ten keys of O by a warlord in Upper Thailand..."

"... doing three hundred years in the States..."

"... his chick left him for a quarter gram..."

"I won't beat about the bush, this is the best weed this side of Thailand, one blast on this and you're inspired, it was flown in by Jumbo jet, parachuted into the sea and picked up by frogmen — that's why it's a bit wet. I agree it does weigh more when it's damp but just think of the devotion that's gone into it at such a cheap price."

How to get it in, how to cross all those borders with the dope? Mostly it's smuggled in via invisible force-fields manipulated by telepathic monitor hooked to a computer in our pad, but we are working on a phase shifter that will manifest horse and hasheesh direct through a slit in the air. A time-tunnel is programmed to a stone in Liz's ring that sparkles before she speaks, she does the ordering while I check with a pocket calculator. Fu Manchu or Saladin get their bread via a Swiss bank or can buy time-shares or up to ten years in the Dutch Dope Industry.

Miniature submarines operate the canals and we use Neuroloids when doing business with the CIA or KGB. Recently

the Kremlin has been co-operating with the Mafia to equip humanoids with psychologists' brains to act as double agents — little do they know it was the extra-terrestrials, working for us, who placed the idea in their heads to divert suspicion from the dudes carrying through the customs in packs.

The mushrooms come from Lapland, brought down by reindeer sled, the coke comes from South America by Astral plane. We get the acid from various Stella sources, that at this date it is not prudent to disclose, but I will say that XK90 is not unknown to the astro-police as a source of suspicious radiation.

Realities: deal for real, steal for real, feel for real and you might even heal for real. Right or wrong? On this level? ... you *must* be kidding! 'Play ya for ya ethics — strip poker. Your deal, acid or smack? Play ya for ya woman — stud poker. Play ya for ya after-life — seven card karma or faro.' Or you can always play Russian roulette with the fuzz. Only three laws in this gambling joint; bluff, brag and cheat.

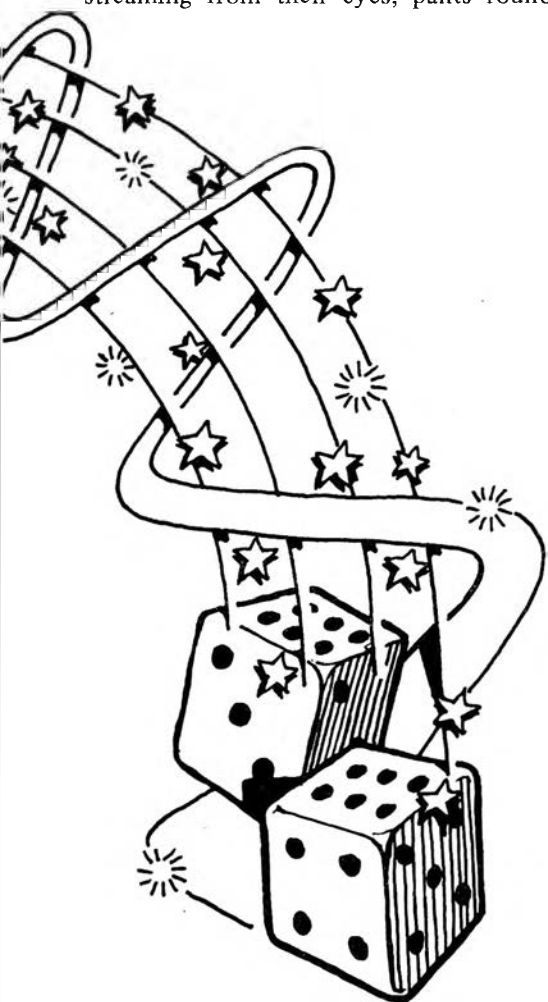
There's something refreshing about cheating; when you know the guy you're doing business with will cheat at every opportunity, and he knows you will, it's kinda honest. A very astute and very rich art dealer once told me that dishonesty was only for amateurs, and he was one of the biggest crooks I've known. Sometimes by telling a lie hard enough you make it become true, tell somebody who's down that they look great and they might believe you and feel great. These are not black lies or even white lies (flattery) if they change a downer into an upper, if they make someone glow in the dark, they're called fluorescent lies — and the instant they fluoresce they become truth.

"You tell me lies darlin' and I'll and I'll..."

"What will ya do?"

"If they're big enough I'll believe you."

But if everyone cheated and told lies where would it all lead? Well we would be fanatically honest, that's for certain, and the rest would gradually follow until we had to turn dishonest again — evolution is provoked, ask any mutant. Where we are there's no opposites so we have to create them to get anything done at all, everything I write is bound to be biased if not a downright lie, 'The world is divided for love's sake,' said Aleister Crowley, so let's put the poles together. Genuine humour is the last step before paradox, wit is Zen, mini paradox stardust. By rubbing the poles together we start sparks flying and remember, only the glitter gets through. If words are fired from the spirit they shoot themselves into the future like projectiles and wait for your premonition to pick up on them; if you miss out they smooth you into the shape they want without you even knowing. Sixty-five, 67 and 69 Kaisergracht, trey of gambling clubs — jokers wild — Liz Elliot Queen of Hearts, Brian Barritt Knave of Diamonds, your deal.



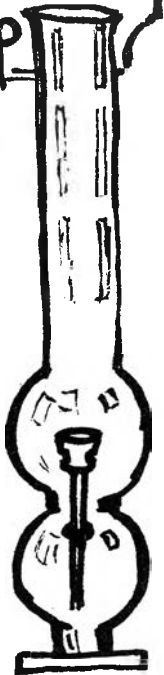


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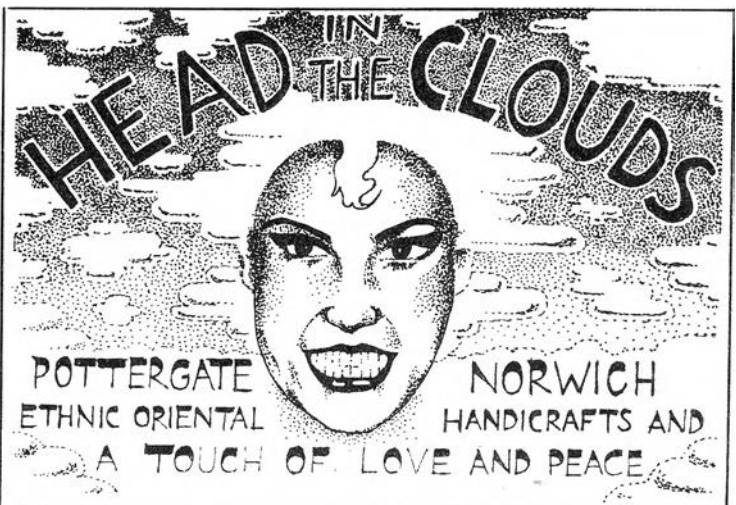
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NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE

BOSTON — Hot on the heels of herbal hash oil, lettuce opium, analog amy nitrate, and other ersatz but strictly legal highs, a fake flake retailed as “Coca Leaf Incense” has sent bad vibes rippling through an otherwise serene coke culture. All but connoisseurs are worried because, when snorted, the phoney is indistinguishable from the real thing.

The ‘Incense’ has arrived just after cocaine enthusiasts were rocked and shocked by a government study released earlier this summer claiming coke was not a “beneficent recreational stimulant” but a dangerous drug of abuse which causes anxiety, insomnia, paranoid delusions and hallucinations (see lead story).

On top of all this, New York’s *Village Voice* ran a graphic story on how cocaine destroys noses. An oto-rhino-laryngologist told the Murdoch-owned paper that “cocaine eats away until a small hole is worn through. With this problem you get

whistling, crusting around the edges, and frequent nose bleeds.” The specialist went on to describe gum rot, middle-ear injury, and damage to the throat. One plastic surgeon said chronic snorters go through entire nose rebuilding operations over and over again.

So along comes ‘Coca Leaf Incense’ for only \$10 a gram. It looks, feels, smells and tastes authentic and it contains an ingenious blend of chemicals: caffeine, citric acid, and two numbing agents, procaine and tetracaine. These two, in theory, ought to provide an amazing buzz. Procaine has long been known to produce a vivid euphoria when taken intravenously and tetracaine is known for its stimulative qualities. Citric acid was thrown in because it makes caffeine water-soluble and readily absorbed through the nasal mucous membranes.

As with other legal highs, panels of ‘drug experts’ have been commissioned, in this case to put their noses on the line,

to determine whether the stuff will get ya high. The result: All agreed it was lousy lady, but none doubted that it was actually coke. The first hint that you’re snorting ‘Incense’ comes with the first toot: a sharp burning which quickly freezes your nose — more than usual. The procaine, used by dentists as a local anaesthetic, keeps the nose colder than coke, so subsequent toots seem to be less potent. But it is hard to tell unless you support an ounce-a-month habit.

What can this mean to possibly paranoid coke snorters except that the ‘Incense’s’ similarities to cocaine make it suitable for cutting, if not outright substitution.

There is a twist, of course. Procaine and tetracaine are illegal if sold as drugs, so they are sold as ‘Incense’. The package even contains a printed warning to the effect that “This is not a drug and not to be taken internally”. Which in newspeak means just the opposite.

Lee Torrey

COCAINE TRIAL

It began as just another cocaine possession case and turned into what one American magazine dubbed as 'the most influential drug case of the 1970's'. Richard Miller, a 36-year-old spade was up before the Roxbury District Court in Massachusetts charged with carrying a speck of cocaine. The court appointed as his lawyers the Boston firm of Oteri and Weinberg to defend him, which is where things began to get interesting.

In 1967 Joseph Oteri had tried the first marijuana test case in the country, defending two Boston University students busted with some grass by bringing into court nine expert witnesses to testify that marijuana was basically harmless. He lost the case but succeeded in gaining nationwide publicity for his argument.

Ten years on they decided to try the same thing with cocaine. Presenting the court with an extensively researched 75-page document on the drug, they claimed that cocaine is wrongly classified as a narcotic and is, in fact, a stimulant like caffeine and therefore no more harmful than cigarettes or alcohol. Further they asked for the case to be dismissed on the grounds that since cocaine poses no direct threat to society, the statutes prohibiting its use are unlawful.

Enter Judge Elwood McKenny, a man not previously known for his leniency in drug cases. Having studied the brief McKenny was so impressed that he announced that he wanted to try some of the drug himself before hearing the case. This was unheard of. McKenny explained: "My wanting to do this is similar to a judge visiting the scene of a crime or viewing a movie to determine if it is obscene."

As it turned out McKenny never did get his line. The press had a field day on the subject and the experiment was abandoned because, as McKenny put it, it had "taken on the dimension of a circus act". But a month later the ruling on the case was handed down and this turned out to be the biggest surprise of all.

The judge accepted the defence's plea that the laws prohibiting cocaine use were unconstitutional and further that cocaine was, by all expert accounts, an "acceptable, recreational drug". Summing up the case McKenny declared: "Current drug laws are harmful in that they are not in accord with medical evidence, in that they are hypocritical and thus breed disrespect for the law, in that they label as criminal otherwise normal, responsible law-abiding people, in that they inhibit valuable medical research, and in that they divert from rational priorities of money, time and effort in law enforcement."

This was a landmark decision. Since then McKenny has dismissed a number of other cocaine cases on the same grounds. Within two weeks a superior court judge in Alaska had also ruled that cocaine was wrongly classified as a narcotic, and all the signs are that this attitude among law-makers will spread.

John May

Against a background of increasing cocaine use, the National Institute of Drug Abuse has produced a damning report on the drug. Called *Cocaine:1977* it cost \$4 million, took four years to compile and claims that 111 deaths in the United States were related to cocaine use, 26 of these to cocaine alone.

The comprehensive report which covers the history of the drug, medical knowledge on the subject and patterns of use, claims that 8 million Americans have tried cocaine at least once and that 1 million are regular users. In his introduction Dr Robert Dupont, head of NIDA, states: "for most Americans, it comes as a surprise to realise that much traditional drug use around the world has been and continues to be work-related rather than recreational. Contrary to expectations based on modern pharmacology, this is true of such drugs as cannabis, opium, tobacco, and is even more characteristic of the coca leaf. In fact, the most compelling analogy to Andean coca chewing is American coffee drinking as a work adjunct."

In a statement which echoes numerous government reports on marijuana, the report claims: "one of the most notable aspects of our knowledge is that so much is *not* yet known. We are still to a large extent, ignorant of the actual and potential health hazards posed by this fascinating substance, even though it was used by about two million Americans this past year."

Despite this it is claimed "cocaine is among the most powerfully reinforcing of all abusive drugs. Although not physically addictive in the sense that the opiates are, there is good evidence that the desire to continue use when available is remarkably strong." The study talks of "a cocaine psychosis with associated violence" and maintains that the definite risks associated with cocaine use are "socially desirable to maintain".

These basic findings were elaborated on by Dr DuPont at a press reception to launch the report. DuPont, throwing impartiality to the winds, claimed "In the same way that 'Speed kills', I am convinced that cocaine kills." He said his "mission" was "to give cocaine a bad name."

He was worried he said about the current casualness towards the drug, fearing that "cocaine was riding on the coat tails of marijuana" and thought that cocaine use should be deglamorised. He acknowledged that cocaine was expensive and not readily available, observing that it costs \$10 for a dose that lasted 30 minutes, making cocaine the most expensive drug in terms of "cost per minute ratio".

"Because cocaine is so difficult to get and so expensive," he said, "the number of people who use enough to get into trouble is very small. I am concerned about cocaine and the potential, not what it is now."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I have received a copy of your first issue containing a story, "Coca Leaf

Capers" by George Andrews that refers to me and my research with coca. The story is filled with factual errors.

For the record, the US Drug Enforcement Agency has been very helpful in enabling me to obtain coca for research. Delays encountered in bringing leaves north have been due to slow paperwork at the Peruvian end. US Customs did not "freak" on learning what the package contained; they simply turned it over on receiving the proper forms. I do not at the moment have the right to administer coca to human beings but am applying to the US Food and Drug Administration for permission to do so. My colleagues and I do not intend to dispense coca without having legal clearance from the FDA, and we expect to obtain that without undue difficulty.

Sincerely yours

Andrew Weil, M.D.
Tucson, Arizona.

Lee Harris asked me for an article dealing with the developments that have taken place since "The Coca Leaf and Cocaine Papers" was published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. I completed a rough first draft, and sent copies to him and to Dr. Weil simultaneously. I was under the impression that the deadline was for mid-June, and had no idea that the first issue of "Home Grown" was to be printed several weeks earlier. When Dr. Weil's corrections arrived, I incorporated them into the final version of "Coca Leaf Capers", and sent it off to Lee Harris. I was horrified to discover that "Home Grown" had already been published, and there was no way to prevent my rough uncorrected first draft from appearing in print. I wish to take this opportunity to define the inaccuracies my article was riddled with in order to put the record straight.

The monkeys who were allowed to self-administer coca leaf at will did not develop any toxic symptoms, but experiments have not yet been carried on long enough to justify drawing conclusions about long-term continuous exposure.

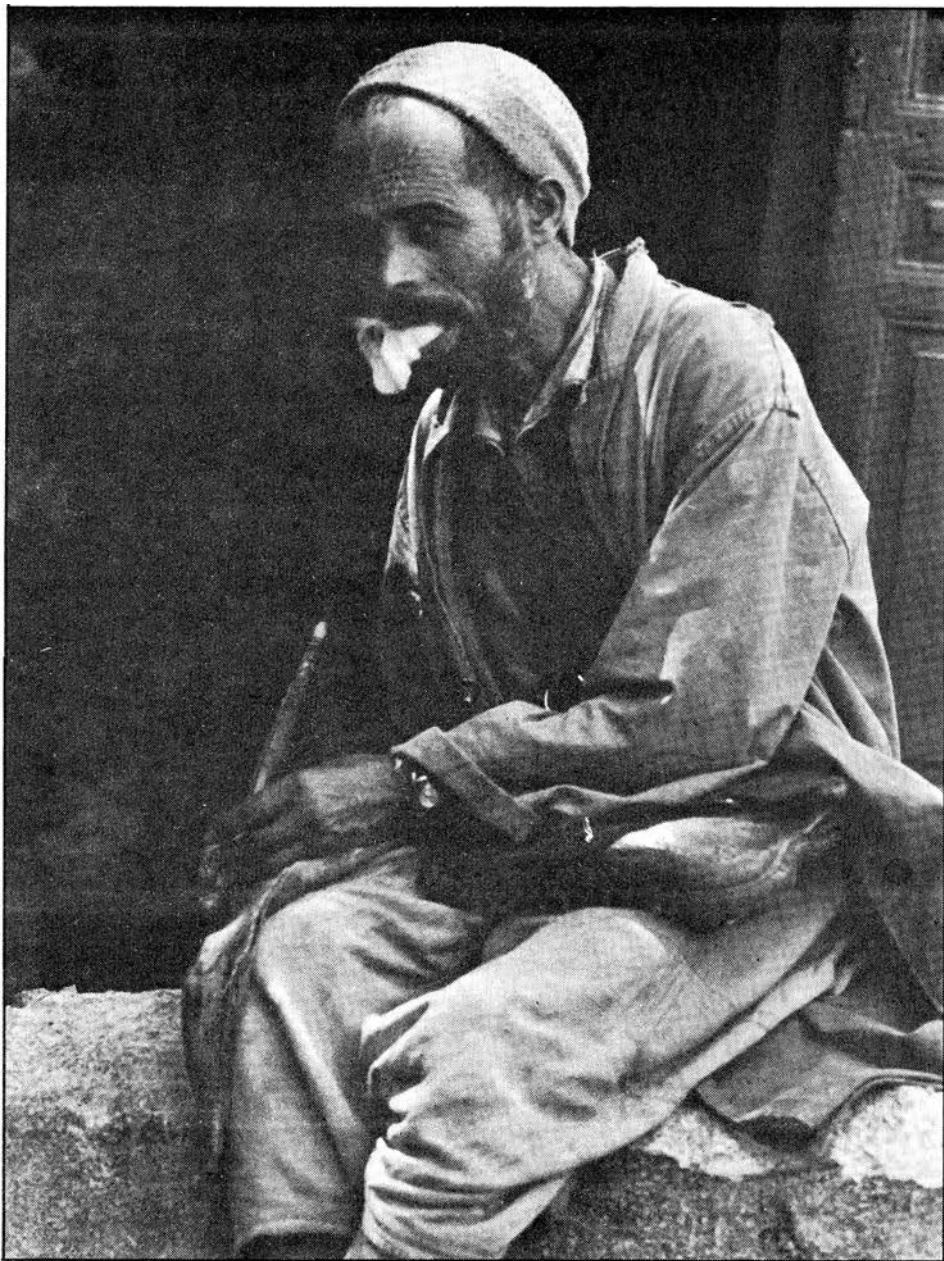
Most of the coca leaf which Coca-Cola buys in Peru is of the sweet (Trujillo) variety, but not all of it, as was erroneously stated in the article. Coca-Cola also buys a considerable quantity of Bolivian type leaf from the Cusco area. The 600 ton figure should have been corrected to approximately 700 metric tons.

2% is a high figure for a yield of cocaine from coca leaf. Only top quality leaf would yield that much. Leaf of average quality can yield as little as 0.5%.

Dr. Weil's comments concerning the FDA should have read as follows: "The FDA claims that coca is an investigational new drug not approved for human use. That is silly. Coca is an old, traditional remedy, and any registered physician should have the right to dispense coca leaf if it were available. My colleagues and I will go ahead and obtain the necessary investigational new drug permit from the FDA in order to start human work with the plant, but our aim is to make coca freely available as a medical drug and, perhaps eventually, as a recreational one."

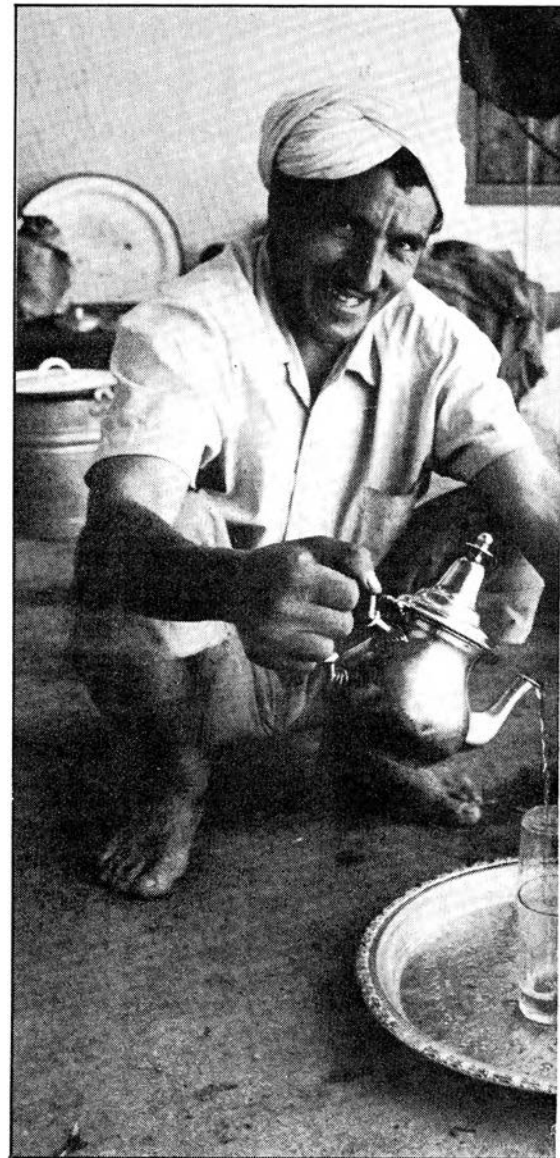
My apologies to Dr. Weil for any inconvenience these errors may have caused him.

George Andrews



KETA PICK

BY MUSTAFA MELANGE.



KETAMA — Hash City, Kif Capital of North Africa, Source of the River Cannabis . . . what a speedy soukh marketplace I find myself in as I alight from the bus . . . hello Johnny you wanna buy some hashish? . . . gotta find a tea-shop in this maze of bean baskets, jellabahs, bargaining fingers . . . take refuge with a glass of mint tea . . . there's a lot of pipe smoking going on in these tea shops . . . biggest sibs to be seen in Morocco stoked with reckless abandon . . . deep jets of smoke fume from lungs to pierce the sultry air . . . see a waiter walking through the pine trees carrying a tray of mint tea toking on a sibi as he stumbles along . . . this place is quite outrageous!

I am sitting waiting for my contact to materialise . . . entertainment courtesy of a gang of stoned card-playing boys . . . "how many kilos you want Mister? . . . business hovers around my ear like a mosquito . . . "I'll take a toke thank you very much but please don't lean on me already" . . . I'm getting razzled down the middle and frayed at the edges here . . . go ahead! incinerate me in your sibs and scatter the ashes on the dewy kif

fields of morning . . . somebody please take me away.

Mustafa Cool sidles over to peer down at me thoughtfully; . . . he offers me a little joint of zero-zero as I'm lead away from the soukh, across the tarmac road, up a steep embankment onto a plateau of kif farms . . . surrounded by sweet fields of cannabis on all sides . . . I do believe I see little crystals of THC just glistening away on those flowers . . . a little tingling sensation is now starting in my finger-tips . . . we are going to Uncle Mohammed's House . . . he has a super-8 movie camera and he's filming me admiring his kif fields . . . Salam, Mohammed . . . forty years old, solid physique, star-spangled acid jerkin and pants . . . wraparound shades . . . droopy moustache and a deep furrow between the eyes . . . through impenetrable sunglasses we gaze knowingly into each other's eyes . . . this is THE MAN . . .

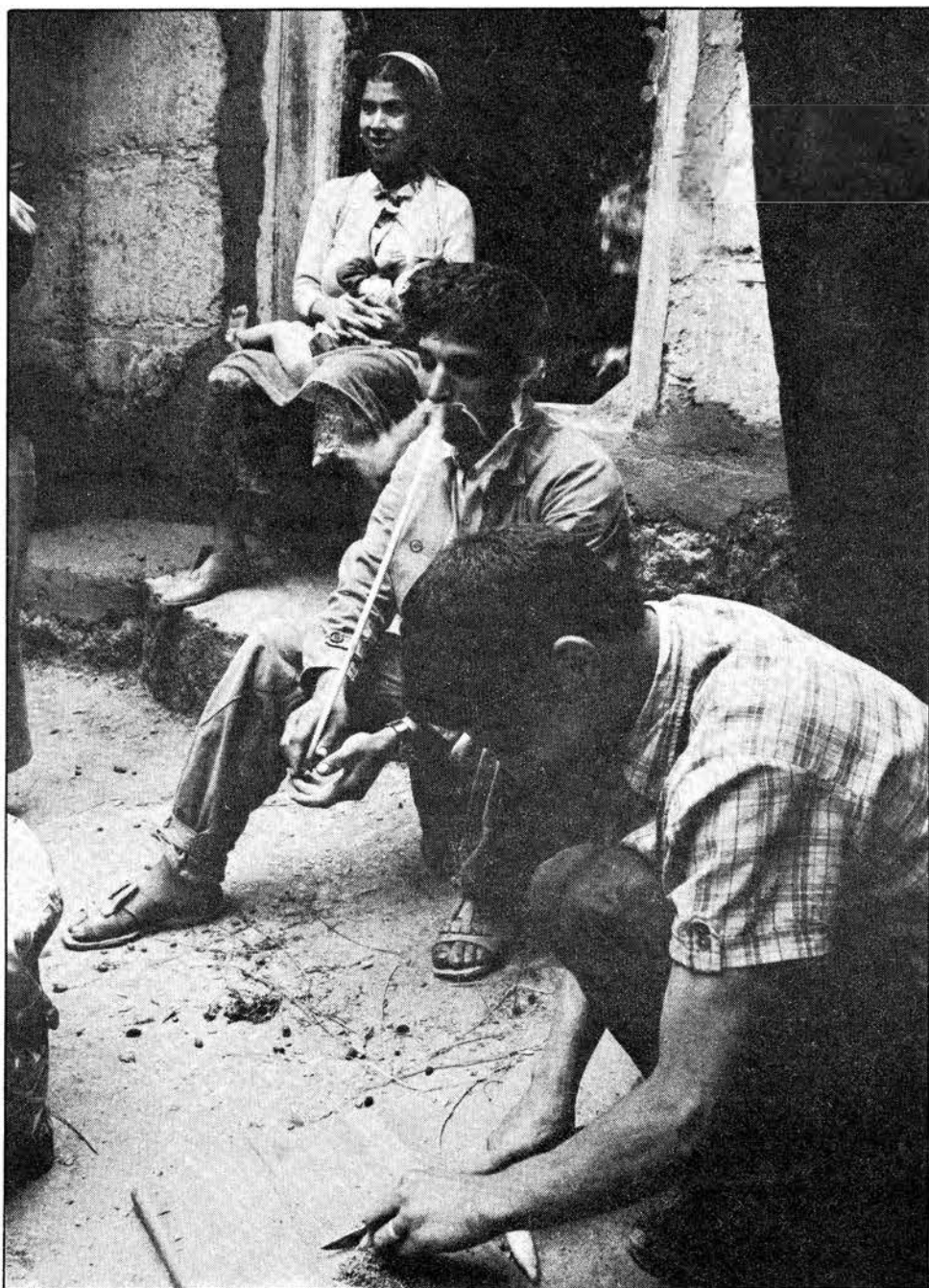
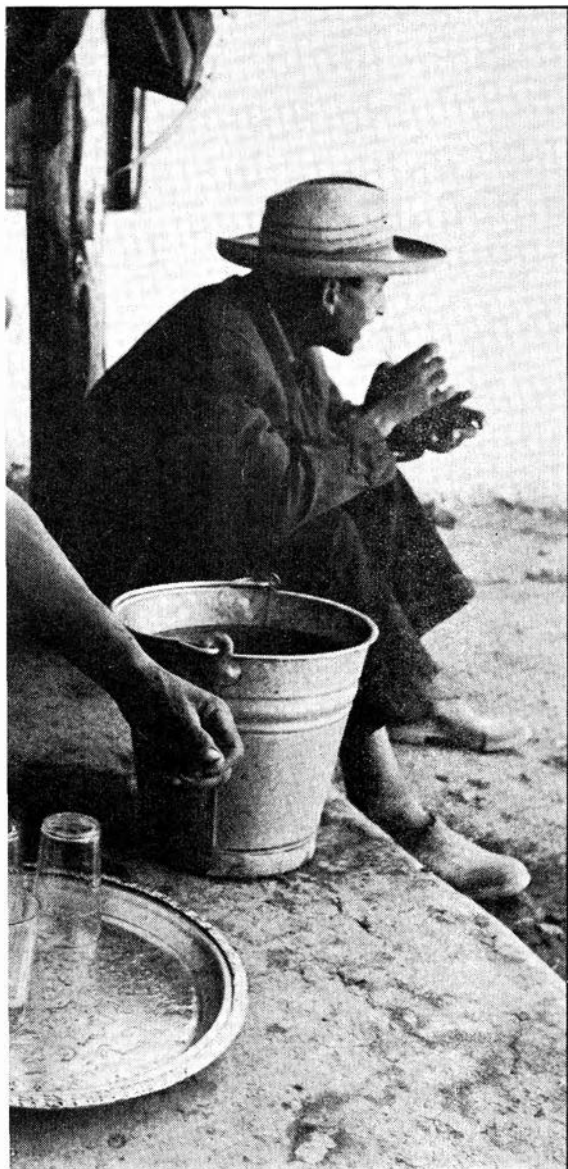
The house is a peaceful sanctuary . . . families, babies, cooking on the earthen courtyard . . . calm open faces . . . where the kif farming generations grow up . . . the laughter of children . . . chickens pecking . . . butter churning . . . gourd sloshing to and fro . . . granny grinning

behind a glass of mint tea.

Mohammed ushers me into the Pasha Suite . . . a dark, cool interior of velvet on mud . . . I fall onto a chaise longue and wait for the eyes to adjust . . . it's a veritable treasure trove of expensive consumer goods in here . . . transistors . . . tape recorders . . . cameras . . . a food mixer . . . movie projector . . . cigarette lighter shaped like the Eiffel Tower . . . cartons of Gauloises . . . a bottle of Glenfiddick . . . there are no wall sockets to plug things in as there is no electricity . . . Mohammed pulls a fist full of hash from a wooden chest and scatters it on a table before me

HAIR ME-UP

PHOTOS SEAN SPRAGUE.



... Mustafa rolled many joints ... I curl up on the chaise longue ... Mohammed flashes me with his colour polaroid and peels off the snap sixty seconds later ... Jimi Hendrix comes out of a cassette machine ... a Turkish water-pipe is brought forth ... the two men gently conspire to remove the front portion of my brain ...

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is easier to get into Ketama than to get out. There are police roadblocks on the way out with customs-style checks, and getting through can be a heavy scene.

SPED

JULIE BURCHILL
AND
TONY PARSONS

WORLD WAR TWO was not fought on patriotism, it was fought on amphetamines. Allied bomber pilots found the central nervous system stimulant just perfect for speeding wide-awake through the night to dodge flak and distribute random carnage while the Axis set themselves up for Kamikaze raids and Panzer annihilations with handfuls of Dexedrine, Benzedrine and methamphetamine, thus dispensing with such mundane matters as food, sleep and fatigue. As one German commentator noted at the time: "Troops who have been given Benzedrine or methamphetamine are very useful in modern battle conditions when used in mass attacks . . ."

So the particle of cannon fodder on either side of the barbed-wire munched his spiked K.P. rations and went over the top feeling invincible, ruthless and charged with manic speedfreak energy — then he got blown to pieces, probably taking it for an extra-strong rush. The Warlords of both sides prayed to their gods to score more speed.

Amphetamines. Pep pills. Dexies. Bennies. Drinamyl. Bombers. Blues. Diet



pills. Purple Hearts. Uppers. Speed by any other name would taste as sweet, and the effect of them all is the frenetic mood activation that made it so popular in

World War Two and won the hearts of everyone from depressed housewives, to twenty-four hour truck-drivers, to students studying for numerous exams. And speed remained top cat with the troops of mohair-clad, gum-chewing Mods fighting leather-clad Rockers during the Bank Holiday beachfights, through to their descendants the Skinheads versus the Greasers unto this very day of King's Road altercations between the safety-pin festooned Punks and the Teddy Boy clans.

The Mod-Skinhead-Punk heritage has much more relevance than merely the use (and frequent, inevitable abuse) of amphetamine. Each cult was/is staunchly working-class and their subsequent financial situation made speed the only accessible drug on the market. But whereas the Rockers/Greasers/Teds came from similar backgrounds, they lacked the obsessive narcissistic tendencies and addiction to clothes of the ever-sharp Mods/Skinheads/Punks which was both a cause and result of speeding intensified by even deeper indulgence. The Rockers/Greasers/Teds were more conservative in their attitude to "Drugs" (Shock Horror Gasp) and were content to further their lust for destruction with mere alcohol. The Mods/Skinheads/Punks had no such inhibitions, and even if they'd been able to afford



WAVE

drugs other than speed, they wouldn't have exercised the option. Speed gave them all they needed.

The manic-aggression for gang-warfare. The longing for meticulous perfection in their sartorial appearance. The ability to stay up the whole weekend, dividing their time between hostilities with the enemy and their mirrors.

No other drug came near to speed. At £40 a gram cocaine was far too expensive and anyhow, a rich man's drug for tightrope walkers who need a safety net. At £35 an ounce dope-smoking was pleasant enough in an innocuous sort of way, but too much of a bland-out for the lifestyle. Smack at £70 a G was a full-time occupation that wouldn't permit either the time nor the inclination to go shopping for clothes. And mind-expanding hallucinogenics were strictly for hippies who wanted to see God as opposed to The Who down The Scene or The Sex Pistols down The 100 Club.

Speed was first introduced in the form

of the Benzedrine inhaler in 1932 and soon became immensely popular with both the medical profession and the public at large. It was prescribed in the inhalers and in pill form for epilepsy, alcoholism, schizophrenia, problem children, neurotic housewives, over-worked businessmen, heart block, migraine, head injuries, nearly every form of drug addiction and much, much more, including nettle rash. Really!

In 1936 amphetamine proved a speedy treatment for manic depressive insanity and it's still a good way to haul yourself up from the asphalt (as opposed to the asylum) pits. And what better place to save your soul than at a New Wave gig, where the 3-D soundtrack leads you on with enticements like:

*"I can't think of a better way
to spend the night/
Than speeding around
underneath the yellow lights!"*

(London's Burning'-The Clash)

Or:

"I got some speed and I'm feeling fine!"

('Go Buddy Go'-The Stranglers)

Or, to sum up existence so succinctly:

*"I'm a lazy sod/I'm a lazy sod/
All I need is a lot of speed/
I'm a lazy sod!"*

('Seventeen'-The Sex Pistols)

But the gross majority of modern heroes just won't put their sulphate where their sinus is.

"It takes me two months to get over a snort!" Joe Strummer once disclosed. Young Paul of The Jam can only stomach speed when it's in pill-popping Mod capsules. While Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers claims "I'm a *naturally* speedy guy!" Only The Pistols prove it; Johnny Rotten leaving court *apres* amphetamine conviction, flashing a V sign in a mohair suit. Peace, maaan. Mother knows best: "It was only speed - it wasn't a *hard* drug," said Johnny's Mum.

But lip service is essential for a ride on this bandwagon, and gaggles of acid casualties now crawl out of the sewer with a



•ROCO•

tube up their nose in search of a second youth and public approval. But the chasm of circumstance, economics and naivete between our generation and theirs is too wide to be bridged by the clarion call: "Wanna line, man?"

And with the price of records as ridiculous as it is, why not add the extra and get a G for nine-fifty? Make the connection and wait for your man; put it up your nose or in your arm and wait for the rush. Let your money meet your mirror. For the retards among you, shooting speed is a glamorous way to become a babbling cabbage and to turn your arms to fetching shades of black and blue. Sniffing it up is far cleaner and you can even do it in public if you look sufficiently blase.

Having cleared their mirrors the speed-freaks embark on the even more serious task of admiring themselves. Many of those who celebrate the Speed Lifestyle — as opposed to those who like a line when someone else is paying — conduct their days around a sequence of looking

glasses. The Renaissance girls ate the fatal, speedy Belladonna because it made their pupils dilate, and the lure of bare-boned empty-eyed beauty is in the faces of James Dean, Pete Townshend, Bob Dylan, Edith Piaf and Jack Kerouac — who wrote "Subterraneans" in three full-mooned nights on Benzedrine.

But that first shot of speed to your central nervous system won't necessarily drive you to write a *meisterwerk*. After the first blood comes the arrogant intolerance, the lust for *lebensraum*, the mercurial efficient energy, and the never-ending nosebleeds.

Not having the time to eat or sleep will send the excess amphetamine to your liver where it may convert into a mild form of mescaline. That's *acid*! Two drugs for the price of one — hallucinations *and* the shivers! All aboard for Funtime.

But, ironically, it was Dylan who best crystallised the debt incurred from long term use of speed during the creative heights that produced his classic "Blonde on Blonde" masterpiece AND his



amphetamine excesses of the same period. "Everybody must give something back for something they get," he howled, as the dreams of a generation believing in peace and love disintegrated in the squalor and chemical nightmare of Haight-Ashbury, where shooting speed and stealing to get cash for the next score had the wilting flower children as close to the gutter and as faraway from universal brotherly love (sic, very sic) as anyone could get.

But financial liability was not the end of it. Long-term speed users develop amphetamine psychosis resulting in acute paranoia blues, suicidal tendencies, delusional thought patterns, manic-depression and other psychiatric disorders, not to mention the ultimate horrorshow of every solipsistic narcissus — physical decay.

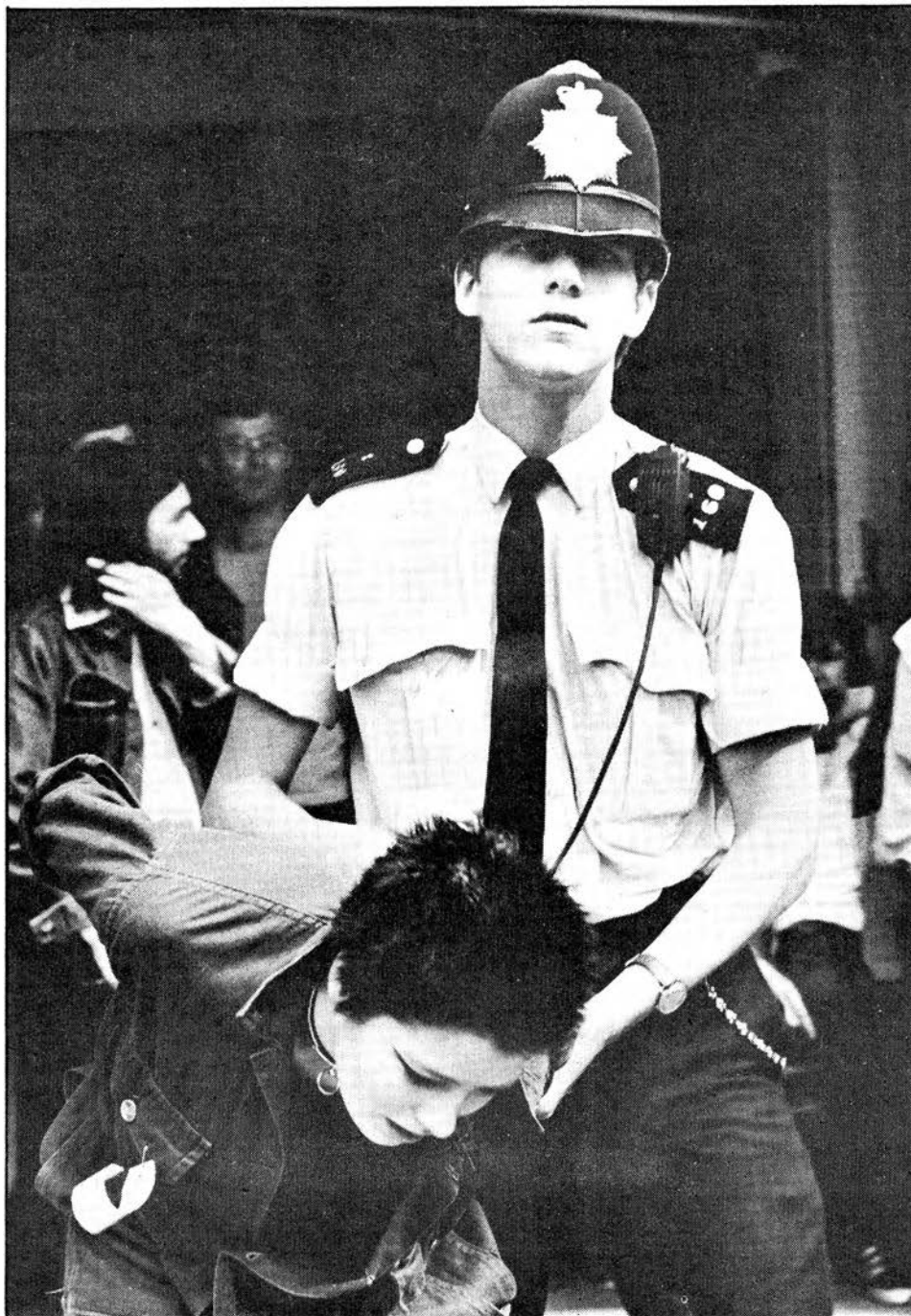
To quote the speed warning included in Australian hippy luminaire Richard Neville's *Playpower* book, his testimony for the "Revolution For Fun" that never happened, "Amphetamines are deadly. If you must, use them to pass exams or meet that deadline. Otherwise don't."

Because the Sixties dream didn't include the violent proles. Because the hippies were middle-class kids who had dropped out (note Neville's reference to *exams* for all those students; most working class kids get out of school at sixteen as soon as the spoked gates are left slightly ajar so they can work as office and factory fodder and, at last, MAKE SOME MONEY) whereas the speeding Mods, Skinheads and Punks simply don't have anything to drop out from.

Their main concern was outrunning the plateau of tolerance speedfreaks soon come to, the level where mass overkill doses must be taken simply to recapture that incomparable exhilaration that you got from your first line or your first popped pill.

Taking speed is literally trading your tomorrow in for the *privilege* of taking your today to the very limit — or beyond — of human possibilities. The more of the forbidden fruit and contraband-chemicals consumed, the more your body and mind will suffer when the party's over.

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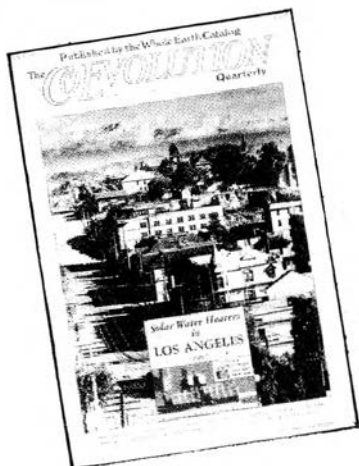
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BOOKS: JUNKY

BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS
■ ■ (PENGUIN) ■ ■

William Seward Burroughs was born in 1914 in St Louis, Missouri, the grandson of the man who didn't invent the adding machine but "the gimmick that made it work". After a comfortable, isolated childhood Burroughs went to Harvard, drifted through Europe in the Thirties where, rumour has it, he married a countess.

On his return to the States he was drafted into the Army but managed to get discharged after cutting off one of his finger joints and getting classified as a schizophrenic and a paranoiac. The notation on his discharge papers read: "This man is never to be recalled or reclassified."

His fortunes at a low ebb, he worked as private detective, barkeep, exterminator and other such lowlife careers before getting hooked on morphine and becoming a writer. He was 35.

Junky was first published in 1953 under the pen name of William Lee. As Ginsberg explains in his excellent introduction to this, the first unexpurgated and complete edition of the book to appear in Britain, at that time the very mention of drugs was enough to have the thought police knocking on your door — let alone trying to get through such an uncompromising work as *Junky*. It appeared in cheap paperback form, back to back with another book on drugs by a Narcotic Agent, and went on to enjoy an underground cult status few books can rival.

Examined under any light *Junky* is an extraordinary book. Written in a hard, lean style, Burroughs leads us through his early career as a drug user, dispassionately observing himself and his surroundings. He makes no moral judgments, preferring instead to factually report his habits and his cures, his crimes and his darkest moments without masking them behind a false screen of romance or emotion. Many may find his struggles and hardships heroic but Burroughs does not encourage this. His motto is: Keep your eyes open.

For these reasons and for the fact that Burroughs is an extremely good writer, *Junky* deserves its reputation as a classic. For the uninitiated there is all manner of information about the use and effects of drugs as well as the complicated social ritual that surrounds them. There is an endless stream of priceless pen portraits of hoodlums and croakers, pushers and

narcs and atmospheric images of the downtowns of New York, New Orleans and Mexico City.

Junky is far more than just a book about drugs, full as it is of quirky and precise thoughts about life. Even the glossary of terms at the back carries a message: 'It should be understood that the meanings of these words are subject to rapid changes, and that a word that has one hip meaning one year may have another the next. The hip sensibility mutates ... A final glossary, therefore, cannot be made of words whose intentions are fugitive.' Burroughs has a way with words.

In an interview with Allen Ginsberg that appeared in the *Berkely Barb* in 1974, the poet says:

"Burroughs wants to discover the source where the original imposition of brainwash comes from. He sees his job as an explorer and inventor of how-to books, how to combat brainwash, how to liberate consciousness from the conditioning imposed on it by the control forces ... Throughout his books there are all these suggestions on how to observe your own speech and behaviour to see who were the people who influenced you and to trace your attitudes, gestures, styles, words and tones of voice to the original people you were imitating ... So Burroughs is saying that for his own role he wants to make 'himself' obsolete."

Junky is an education. Don't miss it. John May.



CANNABIS.

©JOHN MAY
ED BARKER



THE DUMB DOPER. A CAUTIONARY TALE IS TOLD OF THE FEDS IN LEWISBURG - TENNESSEE WHO DISCOVERED A TUB OF DOPE PLANTS JUST OUTSIDE TOWN. NOT HAVING THE MANPOWER TO KEEP A CONSTANT WATCH ON THEM THEY TOOK THE TUB TO THE JAIL HOUSE AND PUT AN AD IN THE LOCAL RAG "HAVE YOU LOST A TUB OF MARIJUANA? IF SO YOU MAY CLAIM IT AT THE LEWISBURG POLICE DEPT. IMAGINE THEIR SURPRISE WHEN 26 YEAR OLD LERDY CHILTON TURNED UP TO CLAIM IT. HE IS NOW OUT ON 250 DOLLARS BAIL.

ONE OUTCOME OF THE HUGE RESEARCH EFFORT INTO MARIJUANA, IS THAT WE NOW KNOW MORE ABOUT IT THAN PENICILLIN

THE REPORT OF THE BRITISH INDIAN HEMP DRUGS COMMISSION, PUBLISHED IN 1893, REVEALED THAT AMONG THE CLASSES OF PEOPLE WHO USE HEMP DRUGS ON OCCASIONS OF "ESPECIALLY SEVERE EXERTION" ARE "GYMNASTS, WRESTLERS, MUSICIANS, PORTERS, DIVERS AND POSTAL RUNNERS."



HOPS BELONG TO THE SAME PLANT FAMILY AS MARIJUANA, EXPERIMENTS HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY DONE TO INTERBREED THE TWO SPECIES BUT WHETHER THE RESULT WAS PSYCHEDELIC BEER IS ANYONE'S GUESS,

THE WEED OF MADNESS: IN THE US IN 1941, WHEN THE ANTI-MARIJUANA CAMPAIGN WAS AT ITS HEIGHT, MAGAZINES OUTDID THEMSELVES ATTEMPTING TO CONVEY THE TRUE HORROR OF THE WEED. ONE REPORT TELLS OF A MARIJUANA 'JAG PARTY' IN GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA. HERE WHITE WOMEN, SOME WITH PAPER BAGS OVER THEIR HEADS TO "INHALE ALL THE SMOKE FROM THE REEFER" DANCED WILDLY WITH BLACK MEN IN ZIPPY SUITS, ONE PHOTO CAPTION READ: "LEAPING HIGH, THESE TWO VIPERS BREAK INTO RHYTHMIC HAND-CLAPPING TO THE TORRID TUNES OF THE AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPH OR JOY-BOX"





TAKEN FROM -
'STRANGE BUT TRUE'
BY JOHN MAY-ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWARD BARKER

BHANG IS NOT JUST ANOTHER COLLOQUIALISM FOR MARIJUANA. IT IS IN FACT A CONCOCTION MADE FROM WATER, MILK, CANNABIS RESIN, CUCUMBER & MELON SEEDS, SUGAR AND BLACK PEPPER.

SHOTGUN: THE HABIT OF PUTTING JOINTS, LIGHTED END FIRST INTO ONE'S MOUTH AND BLOWING SMOKE INTO ANOTHER PERSON'S MOUTH IS KNOWN AS 'A SHOTGUN' AND WAS POPULAR AT THE OLD HIPPIE FESTIVALS. IT SEEMS LIKELY HOWEVER THAT THE PRACTICE STEMS FROM VIETNAM. ONE REPORTER WITNESSED A BUNCH OF GI'S SMOKE DOPE BY TAKING THE BREACH OUT OF A RIFLE NICKNAMED RALPH, PLACING A MARIJUANA PIPE INVERTED IN THE BREACH AND THEN BLOWING THE SMOKE DOWN THE BARREL INTO THE MOUTH OF EACH MAN IN TURN.

"IT'S POSSIBLE THAT MARIJUANA ALLOWS THE BRAIN TO BE FLOODED WITH IRRELEVANT INFORMATION. THE SUBJECT THEN FAILS TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN IMPORTANT AND UNIMPORTANT FACTS" - DR TINKLEBERG.



THE BRAIN DAMAGE RUMOUR: THE THEORY THAT DOPE CAUSES BRAIN DAMAGE FIRST BEGAN FOLLOWING A REPORT BY A.M.G. CAMPBELL WHICH APPEARED IN 'THE LANCET'. CAMPBELL CLAIMED THAT X-RAY STUDIES OF THE BRAINS OF TEN 'HEAVY' SMOKERS SHOWED 'EVIDENCE OF CEREBRAL ATROPHY' OR TO YOU, BRAIN ROT. THESE RESULTS GRABBED A GREAT DEAL OF ATTENTION BUT IT WASN'T UNTILL SOME-TIME LATER THAT CAMPBELL'S RESULTS WERE ANALYSED BY ANOTHER DRUG RESEARCHER. HE DISCOVERED THAT THE TEN HAD ALL USED L.S.D. EIGHT HAD USED AMPHETAMINES, A NUMBER HAD USED SEDATIVES, BARBS AND MORPHINE AND ALL HAD USED ALCOHOL. EVEN MORE INTERESTING WAS THE FACT THAT FOUR HAD SUFFERED SIGNIFICANT HEAD INJURIES IN THE PAST.



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Dear HOME GROWN

If you may permit me, thought you might be interested in a few adventures of two Aussie chicks.

I left Australia last August, unaware at the time of the fantastic advantages my country has. Having lived in Queensland for nine months, the tropical weather produces not only high-class home-grown marijuana (cheap too, at approx £15 an ounce), but also an abundance of magic mushrooms, mainly gold tops and blue meanies. As well as this we have the advantage of a good, easy supply of hash oil from Indonesian countries.

Heading to countries in the Southern Hemisphere, I arrived in Panama to be reunited with my mate Kay who'd left six months earlier and had cruised her way through Acapulco, Mexico and Central America. Cracked open a bottle a Kahlar and sampled my first taste of Panama Red. Aaah—but better things to come. Panama isn't the coolest of places — in both meanings of the word — and neither of us were happy indulging in the dope scene on military bases.

Headed down to Columbia where never before or since have we scored such wonderful dope. A helpful native had gone to his friend's plantation and returned with a brown paper bag brimming with prime tops of Colombian. The poor guy was so apologetic and embarrassed when he asked if we could pay £1.50! What can I tell you about the four weeks spent in Columbia? Beautiful green pastures, mind-blowing mountains, Indian villages and our endless supply of dope. Playing it safe crossing into Ecuador, we had to throw away an ounce of Colombian that we just couldn't finish. Don't worry, we tried.

Breezed through Ecuador quite uneventfully as we were anxious to reach Peru to sample the famous cocaine. A new experience for both of us and what an experience! Congregated in our room in the Hotel Europa, Lima, were our newly acquired friends. Three French guys, an American and a Mexican, all snorting the 2 grams we'd scored off a Swedish freak who'd been in Lima for years pouncing on the unsuspecting tourists that flow through the hotel. The coke was okay but not quite up to expectations. The next morning our Swedish friend and co-freak arrived at six in the morning to find out how we'd liked it. We told him that it could have been better so he generously gave us another couple of tokes of what was obviously the REAL uncut Peruvian. He and his friend then commenced planting coke under the mattresses, in drawers etc. Even in the complete coked-up state we were in, it clicked what was going on. A real set-up! Sell it to the tourists then turn them in to the cops which pays off quite nicely. Freak out! What's happening? Mark, the Yank who was with us, heavyed them out and we then commenced to strip the room of all the incriminating evidence. We collected the coke, which amounted to 2 grams and eager to get rid of it and not having the heart to throw it away, up it went between the three of us.



JUNK MAIL

Man, you've never seen backpacks packed so quickly and three buzzed-out figures ran down the streets to skip town. This little episode as well as the stories of South American jails put us off all the temptations (except of course the coca leaves which we chewed continuously and brewed in our tea) right through the rest of Peru and Bolivia. As speed can be bought over the counter of any chemist in these countries and is quite legal we were content to go with that. After having spent four glorious months high (literally) in the Andes in Indian villages, sleeping in grotty pensions with strawfilled mattresses on wooden beds, next stop was Miami Beach.

This was so many bad trips, plastic people and chemicals, chemicals, chemicals. I won't go into details. Spending Christmas in Arkansas, hillbilly and redneck country, was beautiful. Home-grown dope, not high-quality but

in abundance, was given out so generously. Here in Arkansas we had our first Colombian since Columbia. Crossing through Texas to San Diego and then on to L.A. Here Kay and I experienced the highlight of our American trip, a childhood dream fulfilled — Disneyland. You haven't lived until you've ridden on the "Alice in Wonderland" ride, dropping down the rabbit hole peaking on acid. We had reverted back to the innocence of six year olds, laughing as we ran from one land to the next.

Next stop for me was San Francisco. Kay spent time walking down the streets of light in Las Vegas after blowing joints laced with THC. Working in a town called Santa Rosa sixty miles north of Frisco was incredible. Such a casual, free and easy life with cocaine flowing up the coast of California. Two and a half months slipped away and although I was perfectly content with the life I was leading, my feet were itching. Kay stayed behind in San Francisco and I headed up to Vancouver, Canada.

The dope scene here was much the same as in California and around the same price but an added delight was mushrooms. Although it wasn't the season for them, fortunately my nextdoor neighbour had a good winter supply dried and frozen, so for the first time since leaving home was able to indulge in the most pleasant and natural way to trip. Left Vancouver a month later with my ounce, a lovely going-away present, and crossed the Rockies to reach Montreal. Spent a week lying in the sun in the university grounds, stoned as usual, watching an incredible parade of gorgeous looking French-Canadians passing by. Anxious to hit the Mother Country, as soon as the dope ran out, I flew into London.

What a shock it was when I discovered the price of dope here. No wonder people buy ½ and ¼ ounces instead of a good healthy ounce. Have only been here two months and as yet haven't even sighted grass. Still there's lots of hash and the best black cut with opium ever.

Hope this doesn't sound a worthless account to you as it's been such a full twelve months of different experiences, incredible people and a wide variety of different drugs.

Yours, Wendy.



MORE JUNK MAIL

Dear HOME GROWN Freaks,
In reference to the theme of your correspondence reprinted from *Corrugated Times*, I have a few points to make. 'A Dealer ADDFGB' has his mathematics somewhat confused in his stoned-out brain. If, as he claims, he turns over a quarter of a weight a week and the average deal is $\frac{1}{2}$ oz, then his weekly deals would total eight, not 20. Following this, he writes suddenly about dealing five weights a week, bringing him 20 customers a day tripping through his flat. Just so he can have the pleasure of giving his friends a slightly better deal, yet making the same for himself. What is this man talking about?

Still at least he brings some truths out when he talks about 5 or 10 weight dealers who run the hash-moving business. In general this is, indeed, true.

More screwed up by far is S. Stirer. May I say from personal experience, that dope is not "screwed out of peasants by city hicks" and that the farmers are more likely to wear sunglasses than the smokers who score from them. S. Stirer has obviously never been to the Third World himself to score and move dope. Believe me, it's a tough, dangerous and relatively thankless task that takes the double incentive of financial responsibilities and sheer poverty to want to get you into it. I can also assure Mr Stirer that freaks in Goa who sniff heroin would have to move enormous quantities of hash to pay for that expensive habit.

I think Mr Stirer should stop stirring up trouble and leave the market rates of this Laissez-faire system as they are. Prices find their own level.

Now, just for the information, a kilo of black hash breaks down approximately as follows:

Ounce Dealer	— £400
Importer	— £500
Exporter	— £450
Kilo Dealer	— £25
(at source)	
Wholesaler	— £10
Farmer	— £15

Out of these amounts expenses have to be paid for. The ounce dealer must pay travelling expenses, sample smokes etc. The importer must pay expensive aeroplane fares, packing and moving costs etc. For the ounce dealer a kilo a month is a

lot. For the importer and exporter, 3 kilos in a month is a lot.

The Kilo Dealer at source has travelling and living expenses and a massive sample smokes bill. He may move up to 20 kilos a week to make his money. The wholesaler has low risk and expenses but has to move an awful lot to make his money. The farmer has to make a kilo a day to make his money, a lot of work. Excess cash goes into weapons for defence against government interference in their lives. A remarkably fair system, making hash cheaper in many countries in Europe in spite of the danger to liberty.

Stop complaining folks and realise it's all up to you and me.

Love, Shiva.



Dear "Home Grown" people,
I came across the first issue of your magazine recently whilst at the Release-organised lobby at the House of Commons. I found the prospect of Europe's first Dope magazine both interesting and encouraging, but, perhaps also, simultaneously rather daunting since I had already witnessed the grossly over-commercialised American equivalent "High Times", which had left me decidedly discontented with the seemingly inevitable course that events appeared to be taking. The ultimate projection of such a situation could only be a disastrous debacle of exploitation at the hands of money-grabbing monopolists, of whom there are far too many waiting patiently in the wings for just such an opportunity.

Your magazine was, however, far from being a disappointment; to my mind you seemed to have adopted, from the word go, exactly the right objective viewpoint. I am confident that you will maintain your current stance and will thus establish yourselves as a source of wisdom and guidance, in accordance with the rapidly evolving modern moral standards of the new society.

Yours Hopefully,
Gareth, Maidstone, Kent.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING

Bowie sang about the sailors in Amsterdam and the whores and the booze, we'll sing our praises about the hash in Amsterdam. Needless to say, we were impressed.

Going abroad without your own stash can lead to certain hassles when wanting to score, but in Amsterdam it's a bit like walking into a tobacconist but instead of buying a pack of No. 6 you walk out with some of the best resin available in Europe. Far out! Thus we discovered why freaks have been flooding to these more cultured climes over the last few years.

On arrival in Amsterdam pitch your tent at the youth campsite which is full of tokers who constantly speak of the "Russland" — and then quickly catch a ride into town. On reaching Dam Square, heaven is but a few steps away to the left.

The street is full of cafes, so we selected one at random and walked in. Our eyes were literally ripped from their sockets! Cones were being prepared at the bar, chillums were being passed in all directions, and everyone was stoned! We piled in head first! Most of the cafes have their own resident dealer who'll sell a large variety of hash.

Of the large number of cafes where it's cool to tok and score, the best by far we found was the Russland. (Ask any freak on the campsite for directions). The Russland is tucked away down a pretty nondescript street devoid of people and activity. It has an antique-like facade, and one has to venture inside to savour the instant change of atmosphere. As it was late afternoon when we arrived we ordered a hearty continental breakfast of beer and spacecake. One barely has time to get a pipe together before a chillum and maybe a couple of numbers are passed in your direction and you readily acknowledge.

Sitting in the corner is the man with the brown leather satchel — the resident dealer. The Russland boasts two dealers. One comes in at 12 noon when it opens and stays till 6, when they change shifts and the satchel is passed over to his associate who stays until closing time.

The biggest bonus is that Holland has passed a law distinguishing between hard and soft drugs and between dealing and possession. Possession of up to 30 grams of hash is punishable by confiscation and a small fine — like about £1.50 (150 pence), which is payable there and then at the nearest cop shop. We found no evidence of anyone being hassled. Other drugs are available on the open market, including amphetamine sulphate which carries the same penalties as smack, and psilocybin. Why take the risk? The smokin's good. Score from the cafe dealers — after all, they've got their good name to protect! We were offered a choice of Lebanese, Nepalese, Moroccan, Kashmir, and every Dutchman's favourite, Citral. Whaap!

What are you waiting for? Shift your butts over there. You'll find plenty to do once you've scored!

Pleasant smokin',
Chan and the Man, South Coast.

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report and pictures

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