

The story of Dan the acid man LSD-ing for fun and profit

casserole

a supplement section
of the gateway

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?

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"Neither rain nor snow
nor sleet nor hail shall keep
Casserole from coming out on
time."

Not even misquotations, or
lack of an editor can stop
it. But thanks to a few de-
voted idiots on the staff, and
to the nice people at Cana-
dian University Press who
keep sending copy (no mat-
ter how bad it is) issue
number three is out.

Our cover takes a rare cul-
tural turn this week, with a
photo of dear Sir Laurence
(of Olivier, not Arabia).

The paper goes culturally
downhill from there on, how-
ever, starting with another
look at drugs, on C-2. This
particular episode in the
drug story concerns Dan the
acid man. If nothing else, it
does suggest new avenues of
summer employment for en-
terprising students.

On C-3 our own fine arts
editor, Terry Donnelly, pre-
sents a strong case for sav-
ing North Garneau from the
clutches of the university.

Vietnam still dominates the
news, so we devoted the cen-
tre fold, C-4 and C-5, to two
aspects of the situation. A
Vietnamese protests the re-
cent elections there, and as-
sociate editor Rich Vivone
protests unfair protestors. If
it sounds confusing, maybe
it wouldn't hurt you to read
it and find out what's going
on. We like to feel we're ap-
preciated.

Venturing still further into
Casserole results in the dis-
covery of the arts pages.
Highlight this week, on C-6,
is a review of Sir Laurence
and a preview of Studio
Theatre.

If any of you have any
questions, opinions or incli-
nation to write doggerel, drop
up to the office. You might
even end up editor.



'HONEST LADY, I'M JUST WORKING MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE'

. . . the contact made, the goodies delivered

Last week in Casserole we
examined LSD and pot. This
week we take another look
at drugs, but from a slight-
ly different angle. This par-
ticular article chronicles one
Toronto student's answer to
the problems of summer em-
ployment and tuition fees.
He pushed LSD. The Var-
sity, via CUP, is the source
of our tale.

TORONTO (CUP) — All
you poor penniless students,
working your way through
university, taking boring sum-
mer jobs and selling your soul
to the government for a stu-
dent loan—take heed.

One University of Toronto
student earned about \$1,150 in
five weeks this summer and
his job was most stimulating
—he imported LSD and sold
it for profit.

With sporadic part-time
work wages he will have
enough to pay for his tuition,
books and living expenses for
the entire 1967-68 academic
term.

In addition he supplied him-
self and close friends with
enough psychedelic chemicals
to blow minds for months.
This is one of the bonuses of
the acid business.

Here are some of the de-
tails of how Dan, the acid
man, (not his real name) made
his fortune:

COPS TABLETS

Early August—Dan hitch-
hikes to the hippies' Mecca,
San Francisco, U.S.A. Dan
"crashed" into hippy homes
in the Haight-Ashbury dis-
trict (crashed means to be in-
vited to live free in hippy
h o m e s). He "copped"
(bought) 140 tablets of acid
for \$250 Canadian.

He returned to Canada and
sold about \$500 worth of
acid. He also gave away a
lot, traded some for grass
(marijuana) and dropped
(used) a lot himself.

"Man, I used to drop two
and three tabs at a time," Dan
said.

Because Dan was "crash-
ing", his living expenses were
nil and the profits of his first
excursion were \$250.

Dan also made a lot of fri-
ends turning people on at cut-
rate prices. But more im-
portant he collected capital
for his second and much big-
ger business deal with the
Haight-Ashbury flower chil-
dren.

COOLS IT

Dan decided to play it cool
in late August and send a
friend down instead of him-
self to make the deal.

Dan's friend Pete, the push-
er, (not his real name) man-
aged to cop 380 tablets of acid
for \$650 Canadian. Pete flew
back and paid another person
\$50 to take the acid across
the border.

Pete's expenses for the ex-
cursion were about \$150 but
that included an ounce of
Acapulco Gold, a very high
grade of marijuana, which he
brought back with him.

Dan smoked some of the
Acapulco Gold and said it was
great.

"That Gold is so beautiful,
so out of sight . . . and there
are no seeds, just leaves and
stems," Dan said.

Dan paid Pete a pound of
grass for his work arranging
the deal.

A TIDY SUM

Dan sold about 340 tabs of
the acid for about \$1,800 and
then add the \$250 he made on
the first shipment—the final
result is approximately \$1,150
profit.

Although the money seems
quick and easy, Dan has gone
out of business.

"You do this sort of thing
so you don't have to conform
to society and be a business-
man. But after all the has-
sles—the contacts, the ap-
pointments, the hours of wait-
ing for a deal to come through
—you soon realize that push-
ing is in the same bag the
businessman is in," Dan said.

Dan, like many pushers, has
had enough of the hassles and
the persistent paranoia that
the narcs (RCMP) are going
to bust you (arrest you) and
put you away for up to seven
years.

Dan is glad it is over and
he can join the ranks of uni-
versity students and surface
at last from the underground.