



Graass doesn't grow on trees so the foil in the pipe is to make sure all the pot is burnt. Besides, if you filled the whole pipe and got busted with that much, they would charge you with trafficking. The notes are there to separate the smoke from the fire and the man from the boys, but not always the latter.

## pot - everyone should try it

by William Kendall

As with most phenomena, it is extremely difficult to achieve a meaningful degree of communication and understanding between those who have experienced something and those who have not — for to experience is to know and appreciate. Such is the case between the ever-increasing societal sub-culture that uses the cannabis plant — marijuana and hashish — and those who condemn and persecute its use through ignorance and fear. Perhaps the greatest reason for this situation is the erroneous connection of cannabis with the sinister realm of narcotics by the misinformed when generically it is not a narcotic in any sense of the word.

To use cannabis is to enter into a state of temporary bliss which is neither an escape from reality nor a psychologically dangerous delusion: it is in effect an experience when the bodily senses are liberated from their established existence and when many socially inhibiting factors are released — all producing an extremely congenial social atmosphere. For some, cannabis becomes a medium of serious intellectual and sometimes introspective thought by providing a new direction or a different angle of attack. For the main part the use of cannabis is a very enjoyable mental and physical exercise — one that everyone should experience.

Yet, in spite of all the medical evidence that clearly states that the consumption of cannabis is no more, if not less, harmful than alcohol and/or cigarette consumption, its use is persecuted to the utmost degree of enforcement and punishment. The heavy punishment for this 'criminal offence' and the reality of deferential treatment within the Toronto area — the severity of punishment varies inversely to the degree of affluence in the offender's family — are indeed indicative of some chronic maladies that exist in our society.

Far too many teenagers now have a very bleak future and the potential of more entering into this category is only too real. Their crime is that they have chosen a means of enjoyment that harms neither themselves nor anyone else, but because of society's ignorance and inflexibility they are severely punished.

Society's rationale appears to be:

It is recognized that alcohol and cigarettes are in some ways

detrimental to one's health, but they existed before any remedial measures could be effected and thus any law would be unreasonable and almost unenforceable if their use were completely banned — Prohibition in the United States is an excellent example of this theory. However in the case of cannabis we are in a position to effect remedial measures — the criminal law — and limit its use to an undesirable minority of society.

This rationale is nothing but a grand delusion, for cannabis is here to stay, law or no law — its rapid increase in popularity over the past five years should be sufficient proof of this fact — for the use of cannabis now and will always be an acceptable social practice.

The blunt flouting of the criminal law on such a universal scale is creating a dangerous set of attitudes within our society — the axiom: if a law does not apply to me in a manner that I see to be just and relevant to my situation, I will both ignore and defy it. (This can be done on either the conscious or unconscious levels). Such an attitude over a wide spectrum of society could create an extremely harmful precedent, the ramifications of which lie in the future.

The solution to the 'marijuana question' is essentially a two phase solution in the opinion of this writer. The first and perhaps most important phase is to remove cannabis immediately from the Criminal Code and to make it a Regulatory Offence, similar to the sale of bad meat or careless driving; it would be hoped that any such offence would be 'retroactive' in nature in order that all cannabis convictions be brought under the one law.

Some proponents of such legislation want it to be limited to "Possession" of cannabis and not for trafficking; this is a very hypocritical approach since for one to be in possession there must be a supply.

The second phase can be more gradual since it requires the acceptance of cannabis on the same social and legal levels as alcohol by the entire society. To achieve such an end will entail both international and national difficulties, but with a sufficient articulation for such legislation, it can become a reality.

## it's time to stop this open crime

by Ron Haggart

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

I did something then I'd never done to a guest before. I asked him to leave. It was a foolish and snobbish thing to do, as I suppose I realized from the start. I know perfectly well that the RCMP drug squad will not come shouldering their way through my nice, middle-class door, as they do in the rooming houses further to the south in the central city.

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

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

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

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

executives or businessmen.

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

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

But the focus of law enforcement, as is so often the case, rests mainly upon one group, the alienated high school dropout. In this group is to be found the funny clothes, the wild hair, the erratic and visible behavior. There is a high degree of community acceptance when law enforcement is directed toward this group; they have inherited the community distaste which an earlier generation visited upon the Beanery Boys and zoot-suiters.

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

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

A good start would be to outfit the agents in expensive Edwardian suits and send

them to painting and sculpture exhibitions at the better galleries. They could pose as artists or collectors. They won't find any marijuana actually on the premises — it's seldom found in the Yorkville restaurants either — but if they do their job well, they will soon be invited to the parties of other artists and collectors, where marijuana will be openly passed around and smoked.

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

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

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

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

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## marijuana and lsd: no-no's and goodies

by Dr. N. Agnew (Psych. Services)

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

My first comment is this, don't hold your breath waiting for the experts to tell you the truth about drugs. Good drug research takes a long, long time. For example, mobs of people have been smoking tobacco for centuries and yet, only after millions had been spent on research did the experts agree that smoking is rather a deadly diversion.

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

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

The worst that can happen from puffing pot is that you go to jail, but on the other hand pot may expand your mind. The worst that can happen from sipping Acid is a permanent freak-out, but on the other hand, Acid may transform a fool's mouth into a

poet's horn . . . That the problem, you're never sure what will happen.

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

And that's another thing — you take sex. There's something that should be pretty straightforward, but even sex is a mixed blessing. There are exceptions, of course — one student claims that the girls he knows are good to talk to after as well as before. But for most Don Juans the lament is, "Boy, the ones I know are dumb, dumb, dumb. Thank God television and curfews." Strange, a lot of girls say . . .

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

In this regard a former colleague who has taken LSD several hundred times, and who has worked closely with a variety of users, claims "There is as much chance of turning a hollow man into a creative one (or an amateur into a pro) with Acid as there is of miraculously transforming, with Acid or pot, a gawky girl into a prima ballerina. People who are interesting, to themselves and others, will continue to be interesting; people who are boring, to themselves and others, will continue to be boring, with or

without drugs."

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

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

Increasingly, the evidence I see concerning drug effects on mind expansion and creativity support my colleague's view — no magic transformations — but some people have good times, some people have bad times, and some people have both. Some inno-

cents, along with some pros, will suffer severe legal penalties. For others, curiosity and circumstance will combine and they will experiment undetected. A few will freak out for some terrible hours, a few will drift in a warm ecstasy, most will experience less extreme positive and negative reactions, and for all of them the trip will become a brief episode in their college days. But some will become regular users, either as a relaxing and pleasant diversion from an active and productive life, or, as a periodic oasis in a gritty, dull existence. Of course, both groups run the increased risk of legal detection, and of becoming hooked on drugs.

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

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