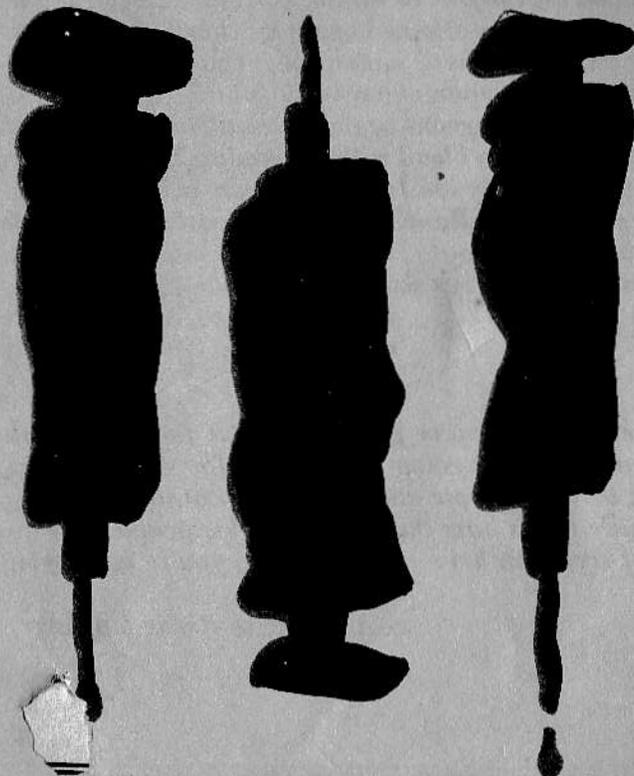


the opium trail



**HEROIN and
IMPERIALISM**

es, under its ecstatic influence, one is made oblivious to ugly
s. But there is a trick, a cruel monstrous trick, a deadly flim-
waiting its naive, youthful victim, for as the illusionary beauty
heroin-induced high begins to vanish, correspondingly, the tem-
immunity from reality attained under its chemical trance van-
The reality that the pathetic victim sought so desperately to
once again descends upon and re-engulfs him. The rancid stench
e-soaked tenement dungeons begins to assail his nostrils. Those
ries of anguish seem to blend with the wailing sirens of pig-police
de hears them now, very loud and very clear—in stereophonic
And that garbage that flows over onto the streets from uncol-
trash cans is felt underfoot . . . Whatever he must do for a "shot"
do, he must do, for he is a slave to the plague.

—Michael Tabor, ex-junkie, now a
member of the Black Panther Party

When you're a junkie you've got to look out for yourself and only
elf, cause no one else is going to look out for you. So you are
ntly trying to fuck people and people are constantly trying to
ou. In a way that's how the system works; people fuck over each
Instead of trying to help your neighbor, you're just trying to
yourself.

—A junkie in *Rising Up Angry*

Sandra Tekin

S.Kline

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HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

THE GREAT MEDICAL WONDER.

There is no Sore it will Not Heal, No Pain it will not Subdue.



HAMLIN'S COUGH BALSAM

PLEASANT TO TAKE

MAGICAL IN ITS EFFECTS.

ADDICTION IN AMERICA

ADDICTION TO OPIUM and its derivatives has been an American problem for nearly as long as our nation has existed. In the nineteenth century, before their addictive power was recognized, narcotics—usually morphine—were frequently prescribed by doctors as pain-relievers. Patent medicines, sold everywhere off peddlers' wagons and over pharmacy counters, often had a narcotic content of 5 to 10 per cent. Through such wonder-working remedies as Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Dr. Cole's Catarrh Cure, and Perkins' Diarrhea Mixture, enormous amounts of opium, morphine, codeine and other drugs were spooned into children as well as adults. With the development of the hypodermic needle in the 1840's, addiction rates soared.

During the Civil War morphine was freely applied as a battlefield pain-killer. By the end of the war more than 45,000 veterans were suffering from "soldiers' sickness", as addiction was called. Estimates of addiction ran as high as 4 per cent of the population—a rate that would give us more than 8 million junkies in today's population!

Origin of Heroin

It was not until the 1890's that doctors and authorities clearly recognized the dangers of narcotics addiction. Then withdrawal clinics began to spring up all over the country. Articles and books exposing the horrors of addiction rolled off the presses. In 1898 medical scientists came up with what they thought to be a non-addictive cure: *heroin*. Derived from morphine, heroin quickly replaced the other opiates in most cough medicines and tonics. The addictive

nature of the new drug was not noticed in scientific circles until 1910, when tens of thousands of people had already been consuming it freely for years!

OPIUM CONSUMPTION IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA

The consumption of opiates increased enormously, far outdistancing the growth of population, during the last half of the nineteenth century. Since there was relatively little illicit traffic, the following figures on the importation of opiates give a fairly accurate picture of the enormous increase in consumption of this drug during the last four decades of the last century:

Decades	Opium (in pounds)	Opium Alkaloids (in ounces)
1860-69	110,305	588
1870-79	192,602	2,296
1880-89	328,392	20,212
1890-99	513,070	20,193

The Harrison Narcotics Act, passed in Washington in 1914, drove the narcotics trade underground. The law was designed to bring addiction under control by strictly limiting and taxing the production and distribution of drugs. Unfortunately, Congress dropped from the bill all provisions for the treatment of addicts. Hundreds of thousands of people—most of them ordinary citizens with jobs, families and no criminal records—faced the prospect of enormously painful and usually ineffective “cold-turkey” withdrawals. At first doctors, hospitals, and clinics tried to ease the problem by prescribing drugs in decreasing doses, making gradual withdrawal possible. But the Federal government and the courts chose to interpret the Narcotics Act in the strictest possible way.



G-Men Raid Clinics

Government agents began raiding clinics and shutting them down. Thirty thousand doctors were prosecuted and 3,300 actually jailed for continuing to prescribe narcotics for their addicted patients. The few doctors and public officials who demanded a more humane policy were ignored. By 1924 nearly all the clinics were closed, and scarcely any doctors were still willing to risk disgrace and prosecution for prescribing narcotics.

Thanks to the federal government, addicts were left with nowhere to turn but to the newly-flourishing illegal market in drugs. With millions of Americans desperate for a fix and willing pay almost anything to avoid the suffering of withdrawal, underworld syndicates quickly moved in to meet the demand. As prices soared, addicts were forced to turn to crime to support their habits—women often took up prostitution, men stealing. The drug traffic thrived especially in the new



ghettoes of northern cities. The police, who at least made pushing difficult in most white areas, blinked at the drug traffic when its victims were black.

Keeping It Under the Rug

The Harrison Act certainly did not eliminate addiction, but it succeed in pushing the problem out of the sight of politicians and most of the public. Addiction ceased to be regarded as a major public issue. But the problem continued to fester. Heroin spread through the ghettoes, especially after World War II. The new immigrants from Puerto Rico joined black people as the special victims of the heroin plague. And the underworld continued to make enormous profits off of the trade.

In the late 1950's and the 1960's, junk spread again into the white population. Young white people whose schools were like jails, who couldn't find decent jobs, who were hassled constantly by cops, teachers and parents, turned to dope for the same basic reason black people did, to escape from the frustrations of daily life. By the late 1960's the chickens were really coming home to roost. The rich and powerful men who had cheerfully tolerated smack in the ghetto found

their own sons and daughters shooting up. And off in Indochina the army that was supposed to be defending their empire ended up strung out, too.

Law Enforcement?

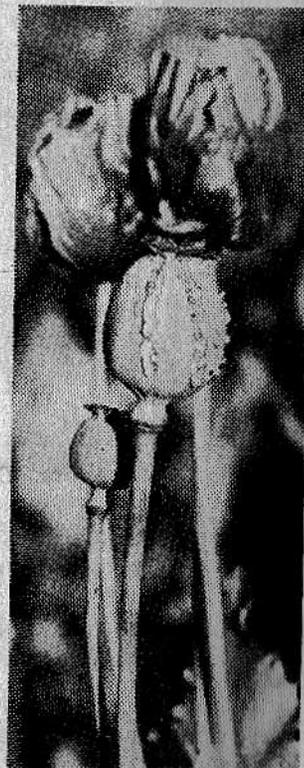
THE SPREAD of heroin into upper-middle class white neighborhoods has as everyone knows produced a tremendous outcry. The newspapers are again full of horrifying junk stories. President Nixon has launched another war, he says, this one on drug addiction. Every day brings new raids and seizures of smuggled smack. Posters and radio spots everywhere warn young people to stay off drugs. And in Vietnam the military announces some new anti-drug program nearly every day.

But the heroin plague continues to spread, with smack flowing in the ghetto and moving rapidly across white neighborhoods. And by now more than one GI in ten in Vietnam is addicted. Why no progress?

Part of the answer is that the heroin traffic would be difficult to stop no matter how hard the government tried.

The Opium Poppy

The white poppy that is the source of opium is grown in many parts of the world. When there is a crackdown in one area, importers simply find new producers. In the 1950's when the poppy was eliminated from Iran (until then one of the main sources of supply), production in Turkey, Afghanistan and Pakistan increased to take up the slack. Now that the heat is increasing on the



Michel Renard/Micro-Pix, Inc.

An oriental poppy, whose green pods are tapped for a milky fluid which, after drying, is pure opium.

y-Marseilles-New York route, more and more of the smack sold on the streets here—perhaps as much as 25 per cent—is coming from Southeast Asia.

Refining opium down to heroin requires only simple equipment and basic training in chemistry. Heroin itself is usually so highly concentrated that it is easy to smuggle in huge quantities. Federal narcotics officials admit that they are still catching only a small percentage of the heroin being imported (*New York Times*, July 13, 1971). Profits are so enormous that, no matter how great the risks, there are always people willing to take their chances at setting up networks of supply and distribution.

What Effort?

Yet if the authorities were indeed making the all-out efforts to stop the heroin traffic that they claim they are, they would at least be making life much harder for the big operators who are making their money off of junk, and they could probably slow down its spread. In fact, however, most official effort is half-hearted. Internationally, the U.S. government hesitates to put too much pressure on foreign governments to cut off the drug traffic. The reason is fundamental. Most of the opium-producing countries, the U.S. depends on the corrupt generals and businessmen who profit from the opium trade. The U.S. can't afford to throw these regimes out or offend them too much because they are all that prevents popular revolution and movements from taking power and kicking out American businesses and military bases. The CIA, instead of tracking down and dismantling up the international heroin network, spends most of its time pouring tax dollars propping up these right-wing governments.

Stepped-up enforcement campaigns in South Vietnam have received even more publicity than those at home. But after more than a year and months of official effort the only result seems to be that more of the heroin traffic has shifted from civilian to military flights. Wherever a GI goes in South Vietnam, according to reporters on the scene, heroin is still offered almost constantly. The price is the best measure of a drug's availability and the price of heroin has not gone up much since the so-called "crackdown" began.

Here at home, the Narcotics Bureau is the smallest of all the federal law enforcement agencies, with only 2 per cent of federal law enforcement personnel, and they waste half of their time worrying about drugs and acid. You might expect our super-cops, the FBI, to help

out by concentrating their energies on busting heroin suppliers. But in their eyes, drugs seem to be only a minor problem. When the Citizens' Commission to Investigate the FBI liberated the files from the Bureau's Media, Pa. office, they found that *only 1 per cent of the FBI's caseload there concerned crime!* More than half of the documents dealt with draft resistance, AWOL GI's, and above all the surveillance and infiltration of the peace movement, the black liberation movement, and other progressive political groups. It seems that J. Edgar Hoover would rather have his men listening to speeches at Earth Day rallies than have them putting away the men behind the heroin trade.

Local Police

On the local level, cops—even narcs—are notoriously ineffective at getting to heroin suppliers. Part of the problem is legal and procedural. Possession of narcotics is just as much a crime as is supplying, and in most cities narcotics agents are rewarded on the basis of the number of arrests they make. Any cop can pick up hundreds of junkies nodding on the street in the time it would take to track down one big behind-the-scenes supplier. Recently, liberal politicians and newspapers have been calling on "law-enforcement officials" to concentrate on getting the pushers. But this isn't much better: most pushers are just junkies trying to support their habits without stealing. The real villains are the businessmen and mobsters who rake off the



profits without even touching the dope. Until the cops dare to go after them, they'll never have a chance of stopping smack.

Corruption

Corruption is an even bigger problem. Every experienced big-city junkie is full of stories of cops on the take. Many narcs are known to be pushers on the side. Vinnie Teresa, the ex-Mafioso who's been testifying before Congress, revealed that the mob regularly buys off local police officials, judges, and politicians. The profits from heroin are so huge that big dealers can easily afford substantial investments to protect themselves.

The men who run this country might once have tried to plead ignorance about the extent of the heroin trade, but not now—not after all the publicity of the last few years. Yet, although law enforcement efforts might be tightening somewhat, there's been no real change. The scag continues to flow, and there's no sign of the kind of crash program to stop heroin that they made to build the A-bomb or send men to the moon or keep the NLF out of Saigon. Why not?

Profits From Heroin

Profit is a big part of the answer. Heroin, in fact, may be the most profitable business in America today. A kilo of opium (2.2 lbs.) costing \$6,000 from an importer can turn a profit of \$200,000 to \$300,000 on the street in a week. *Business Week* conservatively estimates that the world opium market is worth a cool \$3 billion. At a time when the President is forced to take desperate measures to stimulate a stagnant American economy, heroin is the fastest-growing high-profit market available.

That's what makes it so hard to wipe out the heroin traffic—too many people up and down the line have too big a stake in maintaining the business. Opium merchants in the Far East, bribe-taking cops in Harlem, and the dope financiers who control the international trade—they all use their influence to make sure the pressure doesn't get too heavy. In a society like ours, where profits come before people, *it's damn near impossible to stop a product that makes as much money for as many people as heroin does.* If the junkies suffer, that's their tough luck.

But profits aren't the whole answer. Even if they couldn't make a penny off of it, the people in power would still have a lot to gain from scag. Heroin is an escape. For black people in crowded tene-

ments, for white kids on the street corner, for GIs forced to fight against the people of Indochina, it's an escape from the oppressive existence this society offers. Heroin makes people forget about the miserable realities of their lives and the rich and powerful who live in luxury off of their suffering. When you're spending half your time in a euphoric nod and the rest in a desperate search for your next fix, where will you get the time to fight and help make this a decent society for everyone?

Escape From Reality

Such is the role heroin has always played in the ghetto, where conditions are worst and people are angriest. Now that white kids are starting to fight back too, smack is pouring in and getting them strung out. And in Vietnam, smack may be the only thing preventing full-scale mutiny in an army that's sick of fighting the bosses' war. When it comes right down to it, Washington and Wall Street know they'd have a lot more angry people on their hands if they couldn't rely on smack to cool things out.

That's not to say that the rich have to run around drugging the rest of us against our will. As long as people are as frustrated and miserable as so many are in this society, they'll look for a way to escape. If it isn't junk it'll be something else. The only long-term solution is to build a new society, a society that people won't need to escape from.



DRUGGING THE GHETTO: THE NEW SLAVERY

Recently in the Black colony of Harlem a 12-year-old Black boy was murdered by an overdose of heroin. Less than two weeks later a 15-year-old Black girl met the same tragic fate. During the year 1969 in New York City alone there were over 900 deaths resulting from drug addiction. Of these, 210 were youths ranging in age from 12 to 19. Of the over 900 dead, the overwhelming majority were Black and Puerto Rican.

—Michael Tabor

DURING THE FIRST SEVEN months of 1970 in Harlem alone, heroin fatalities rose to 700. They continue to rise today. But suddenly in 1970 America experienced a “drug crisis.” For thirty years while drugs killed thousands of poor people in black and brown communities, white America turned away in silence and contempt. *White American society only woke up to the “drug problem” when it began to strike at the middle class itself.* There is indeed a heroin problem among young whites. But the drug problem in the ghetto is overwhelmingly greater. Growing numbers of white addicts lead haunted outlaw lives, forced into crime to cop the next bag, *but the entire ghetto is consumed by addiction. The community itself is strangled.*

A follower of Malcolm X described how the multi-million dollar heroin traffic destroyed his people: “The black community suffers the loss of its youth through physical and mental deterioration as a result of drug addiction. The black community loses financially because the only way for the junkie to exist is by stealing. The only one he steals from is the black community because he is not allowed

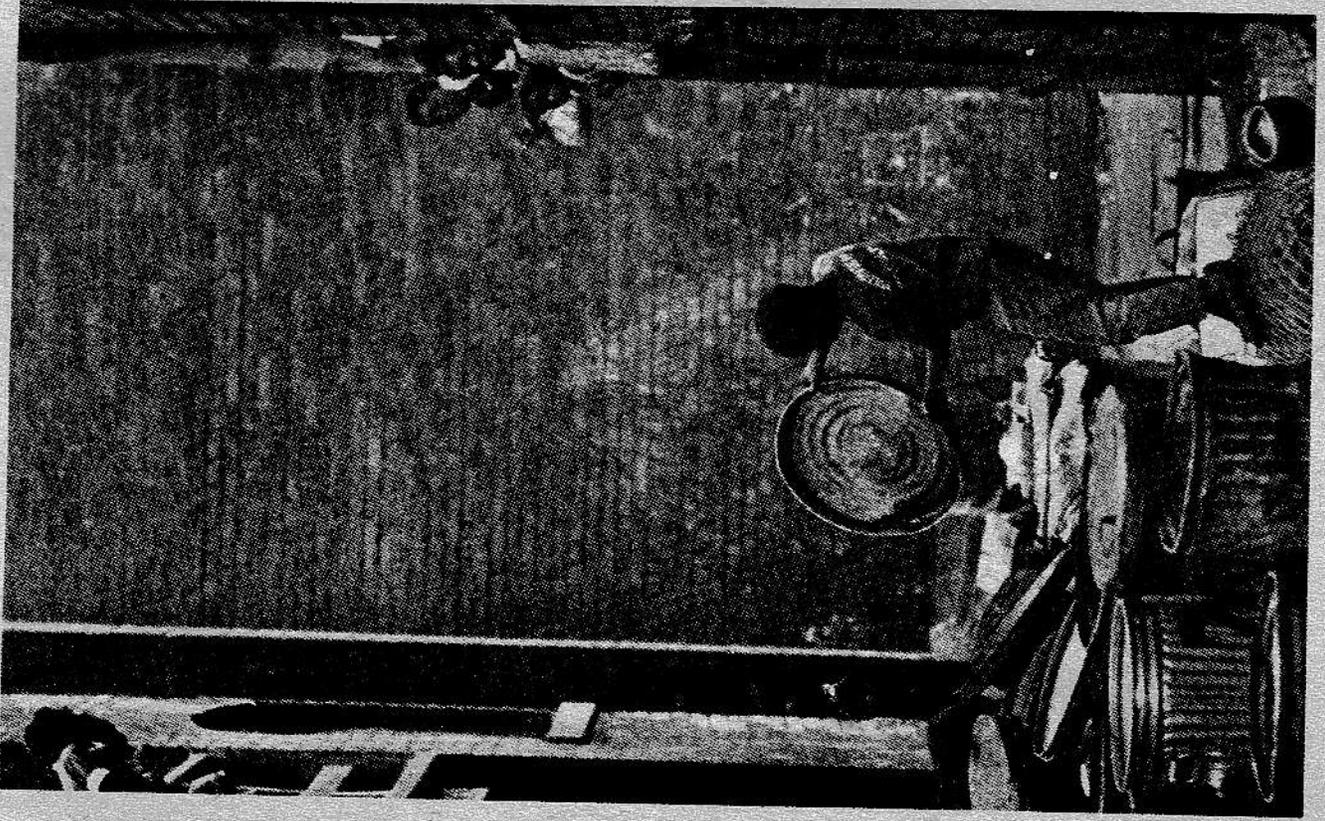


to exist in the white community . . . The white community benefits from drug traffic because all proceeds from any financial transaction end up in the white economy (no black economy exists) and drug traffic is a very lucrative business.”

Route Out of Poverty?

For some young blacks, pushing seems like the only route out of poverty—easy work, high profits, lots of glamor, and free dope. But most of them quickly discover that such independence is only an illusion. In reality, they remain at the mercy of the big operators and the police. The profits flow out of the ghetto to pay the white suppliers and the junkie vendors quickly shoot up their own earnings. While the Mafia has been able to use the profits it makes in criminal activities to invest in so-called “legitimate business”, black operators have been unable to accumulate enough capital to break the grip of white businessmen over their communities.

But the costs of addiction in the ghetto aren't merely economic. The worst of it—and the reason the white power structure has allowed the heroin business to thrive in the ghetto—is that smack turns its slaves into almost helpless vegetables. It makes isolated outlaws of those who might otherwise lead the attack against injustice in American society. As one addict recently wrote: “When you're a junkie you've got to look out for yourself and only yourself, cause no one else is going to look out for you. So you are constantly trying to fuck people and people are constantly trying to fuck you. In a way that's how the system works, people fuck over each other. Instead





of trying to help your neighbor, you're just trying to help yourself."

"Everything Ceases to Matter . . ."

Religion, promising pie in the sky after this life, once provided for millions the illusion of escape from the despair of poverty. Now heroin provides a similar escape. As Michael Tabor said:

The plague, poisonous, lethal white powdery substance, sold by depraved, money-crazed beasts to Black youths who are desperately seeking a kick, a high, a means, anything that will help to make them oblivious to the squalor, to the abject poverty, disease and degradation that engulfs them in their daily existence.

Initially the plague does just that. Under its sinister influence, the ghetto prison is transformed into a virtual Black Valhalla. One becomes impervious to the rancid stench of urine-soaked tenement dungeons, unaffected by the piercing cries of anguish of Black folks driven to the brink of insanity by a sadistic social system. Unaffected by the deafening wail of pig-police car sirens as they tear through the streets of the Black Hell en route to answer a 1013 call from some other pig-police who is in a state of well-deserved distress. Unaffected by the trash cans whose decayed disease-carrying garbage has overflowed to fill the ghetto streets . . . Everything ceases to matter except heroin, the plague . . ."

Faced with the daily horrors of slum life many young people turn on to scag, directing their anger and frustrations against themselves rather than outward against their oppressors. Opium is a form of genocide in which the victim pays to be killed.



JUDY AND MARK : WHITE KIDS AND JUNK

JUDY:

I THINK A GIRL'S problems are always different from a guy's. Girls are brought up differently. They are taught to be ashamed of almost everything they do.

I remember when I first made it with my boy friend. I felt terrible. I didn't want anyone to know. It was the most secret part of my life. I was torn because to feel part of the group I had to have a boy friend. But everything that went on with us had to be kept secret.

I had to be dishonest to survive. I made my mother spend a lot of money on clothes. Everything had to be perfect on the outside. Inside I felt terrible. I was also scared and ashamed. That's what I liked about drugs. They made me feel like there was nothing wrong. Just like the other kids. By the time I was sixteen I was doing a lot of speed and LSD. A year later I started doing heroin.

I was lucky that I didn't have to be a prostitute or anything like that. Mostly I let people use my apartment to get off. In return they would give me some drugs. Most girls are controlled by their addict boy friends. They either become prostitutes or are used to cash bad checks. The boy friend usually keeps most of the money.

No one can keep their respect living that way. Not knowing who you are going to wake up next to or anything. Everyone lying and stealing. One of my best freinds even died in my apartment and I was too stoned to realize it.

You feel so bad that your appearance goes way down. All you care about is getting high. Controlled and manipulated not only by junk but by physically stronger male junkies, you feel completely rotten. That was my life for two years.

MARK:

I TOLD my father what I thought of him. I told him he didn't have any emotions. That I regarded him as a complete failure as a person. I was 21 and till now he had never given me anything. I even told my mother she should leave him. I feel bad about all that now.

He really can't help being who he is. He was just brought up with American values. A very achievement-oriented person who is uncomfortable with his feelings. He's an emotional cripple. I know he would rather see people get destroyed than property. Anyway I still was wrong to have said all those things. I was doing a lot of speed and acid at the time.

I first took speed as an experiment. I had dropped out of college and was feeling really alienated from myself and other people. I was into reading a lot of philosophy and psychology. I was trying to get my bearings straight. Everything was very strange to me. I couldn't figure what made people tick. I questioned everything.

Euphoric Feeling

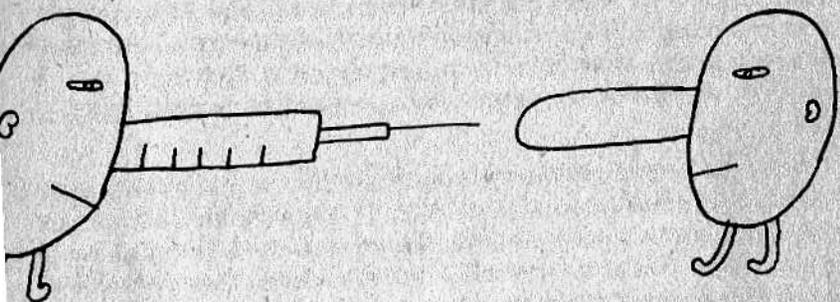
My friend at work gave me a pill. It immediately got me out of my depression. It gave me a feeling of power. I felt nothing could hurt me. It was a euphoric kind of feeling. Your mind was racing, nothing could get in your way. After feeling powerless for so long it really felt good.

Taking speed is a typically American way of coping with life. The advertising on TV tells you to take a sleeping pill if you're feeling pain, or something else if you're a little overweight. Coping with the existing situation is what is important. There is no discussion on changing or disciplining one's life.

It was not long after my introduction to speed that I first took acid. I really liked it for it gave me a feeling of freedom and release. Between working all day and tripping all night I was getting emotionally exhausted. I started doing speed and acid runs. That is when you shoot speed until you crash and then you do some more. You do this for days on end before you crash. I was also shooting a lot of acid. Sometimes I would not be able to stop tripping. I would see people with twisted expressions on their faces and defensive types of egos. I saw them as hassled and ugly mutations that couldn't accept other people or themselves.

I also started a little smack also. There was a dealing scene on Beacon Hill (Boston) at the time. I liked the comfort of smack. I wanted a womb to crawl back into. I was not addicted, just rolling around.

One day I was really low on money. I had been driving a taxi and on. I felt I just could not cope. I took some acid and walked to the bathroom. The light was streaming into the room. I started to take my clothes off. I was really grubby and had been doing that for about a week. I weighed under 120 pounds. I could feel my ribs all the way up. The skin on my face looked so tight



against my skull that it was translucent. Even though I was not dead I was really dead. The way the light came through the window put a halo around my head. I saw then so clearly the direction my life was taking. I was obsessed with self-destruction.

After this things got worse. I felt claustrophobic on subways. People's faces would melt and take on evil, petty, uptight hassled expressions. I would pick out some young successful-looking guy in a business suit. And I would get it in my head that he was going to kill me. It must have been obvious to the other people. I could sit there with my hands clenched and my forearms pressed against my knees waiting for him to come over and kill me.

I found my mind playing with every situation I was in. I could not cope with people at all. I really needed to be with people away from drugs. However, I was totally uncomfortable with myself. I simply was not functioning. My tripping never stopped. It just went on and on.

Getting Into Smack

Finally my friend gave me some smack. It was the first comfort I had felt in days. I decided to get into it on a maintenance level. To do that I had to deal so I set up some connections. I did junk for a year. I would have done it for more if I had not been caught. It was a vacation from myself and everything around me.

I think a lot of middle-class kids get into junk for similar reasons, like too much speed and acid. But kids from rich and poor backgrounds have many of the same reasons for using junk. They feel there is no direction for them to go. There is no possibility of anything in their lives so they get into junk. Heroin becomes a firmly entrenched strategy for coping with things.

During the year I was a junkie I dealt in bundles of heroin. We would get the bundle from our contact in Roxbury. I would then have enough money to live and support my habit. At the time I was caught I was doing six bags a day just to stay straight. Anything above that was to get high.

One night I was in the bathroom getting off. I heard a banging at the door. Then some mod looking guys came in the bathroom. I thought they were my roommate's friends. It turned out to be the Boston Vice and Narcotics Squad. They had been tipped off by a customer who had been caught stealing.

I spent three days in jail. I never want to feel like that again. Finally I got myself together to notify a bondsman. I also called my parents. They were pretty upset about the whole thing. The judge sent me to McLean's Hospital. I stayed there for 14 months. I was classified as an "undifferentiated schizophrenic." It was the best thing for me. Most people could not do it as it costs \$90 a day. My parents paid \$60,000 in all.

I have a job now at Boston University. I still see a psychiatrist three times a week. I am slowly trying to get myself together again.

I really have hope for this country. I think that the values have to change before a problem like junk can be solved. I know a lot of people who want different things from life now. They don't want the rat race and the man in the grey flannel suit kind of thing. I think people are in the process of finding out what they want. As they change, the country has to change.

THE NEW ACTION ARMY

RECENT REPORTS of tens of thousands of GI's strung out on heroin, and the havoc created by their return brought the heroin problem to the attention of millions of Americans. For many Vets, however, addiction did not begin in Vietnam. As one soldier told a Senate special subcommittee on alcoholism and narcotics:

Joe: . . . I was back on the street hustling again, stealing money, stealing everything.

I told my family that I would go into the Army when I turned 17 years old.

I came into the Army. I thought they would catch me when I was inducted, but they didn't.

Senator Hughes: Can you tell me how you got by when you were inducted, when you were a confirmed heroin addict? What happened at your physical examination?

Joe: They had a real hard time getting blood out of me then they took the blood. They kept switching doctors.

Senator Hughes: Didn't they see the needle marks?

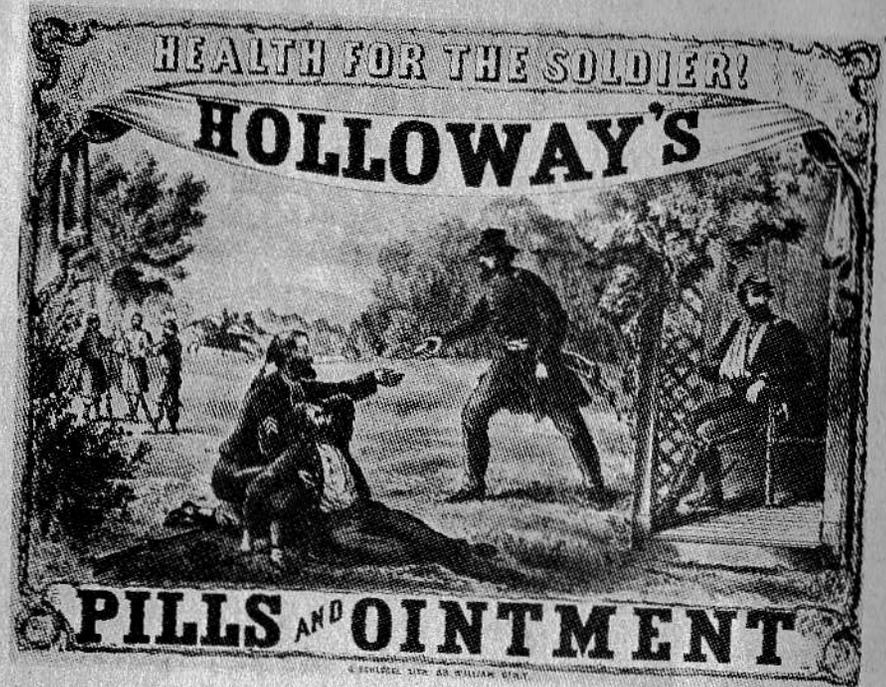
Joe: No sir. No scars.

Senator Hughes: Could you see them?

Joe: I could see them, sir, but they weren't real dark. It was more or less like a shadow. My veins weren't very good to start off with, anyway.

Senator Hughes: Were you shooting up every day at that point?

Joe: Yes.



Senator Hughes: Excuse my interruptions. I am just trying to determine how you got in the Army, a confirmed heroin addict, by induction, if you know. I know it happens repeatedly, but I just wanted you to describe your own case.

Joe: I got in the Army, sir, and I went to basic training. After around three weeks of basic I met a contact, a first lieutenant, and I copped some heroin from him.

Senator Hughes: You did what?

Joe: Copped some heroin, bought some heroin.

Senator Hughes: From the lieutenant?

Joe: Yes, sir . . . I shot heroin around ten times in basic training. I couldn't do it every day because if I did I would never have made it through basic training.

The reason I came in the Army was to get away from it, to try to find something I was interested in. But it didn't work out that way.

Heroin in AIT

I went to Advanced Infantry Training. I was going home on weekends and bringing back stuff to shoot. I started ripping things off and stealing things, and fencing them where I was taking AIT.

So after AIT I came down to Fort Bragg. I wasn't really sick. I was just mentally sick there for a while. I just had the urge to shoot drugs so bad, like life was coming down on me.

They knew I was taking drugs. They kept on bothering me about it. So I went AWOL.

When I returned my commander reduced me in rank and put me on restriction for four days.

After 36 days I went AWOL again. I was kind of mad about what happened the first time. I was back out on the street shooting dope and I got to where I didn't care about what happened to me when I was AWOL. My life was disastrous.

Senator Hughes: Did you stay in the Fayetteville area?

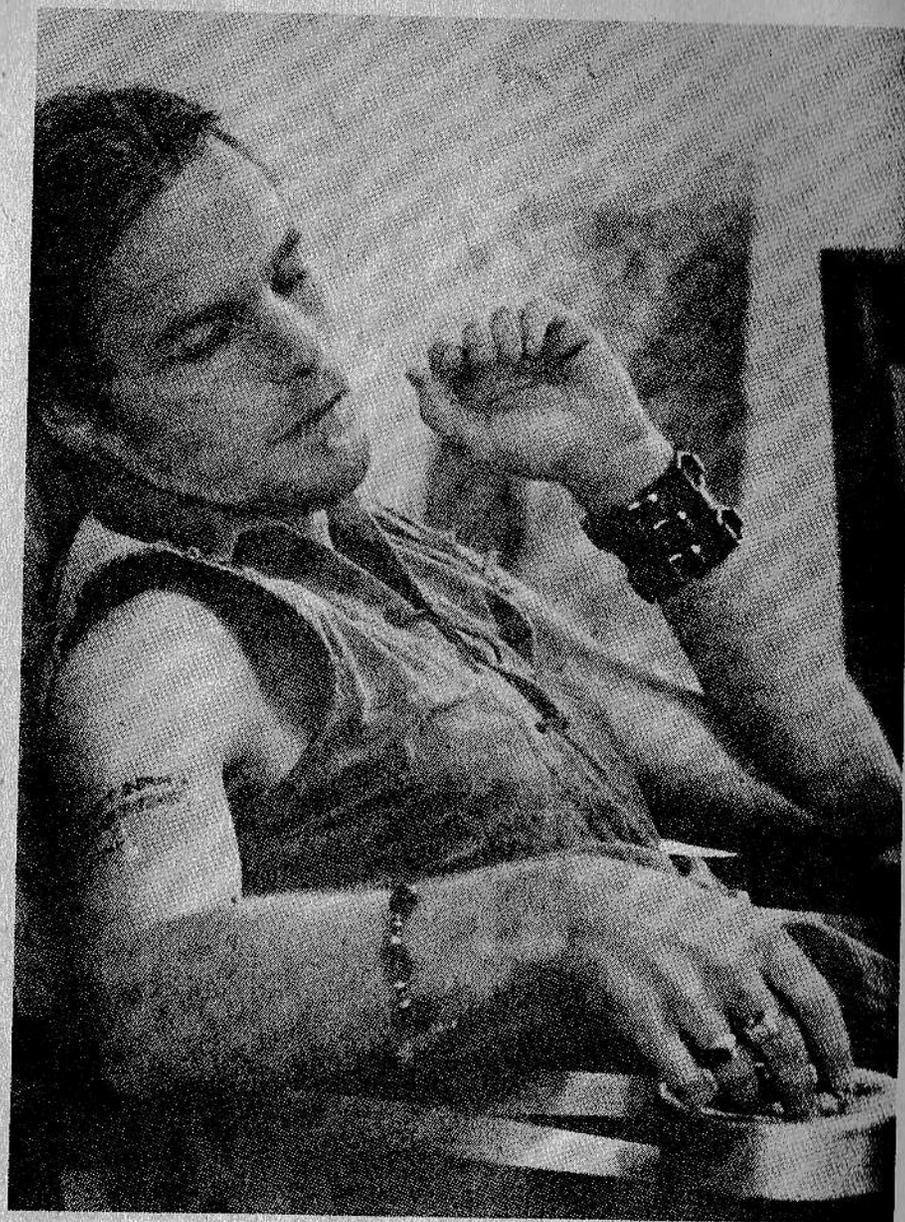
Joe: I was in Fayetteville for a while, a few days, and then I went up north. I just kept on shooting drugs. I was arrested. My family called the police and had me arrested.

They took me down to the station and I told them I was a drug addict, that I wanted to be discharged from the military service. They called Fort Bragg. Somehow, and I don't know how it happened, somebody must have impersonated my commander and said I was on leave, Mr. Chairman.

I got out of jail. They knew I was a drug addict but they let me go. They took me down to a pool hall. The police took me right down to the pool hall . . .

Hepatitis at Fort Dix

Fort Dix, New Jersey, the Army's largest training base for enlisted men in the Northeast, currently contains 27,000 men, only 10 per cent of whom are Vietnam veterans. As of July 21, 1971 there had already been 56 cases this year of serum hepatitis contracted from the use of dirty hypodermics, compared with 35 in all of last year, and none in 1968. This is at a hospital 80 per cent of whose patients are recruits.



One addict undergoing therapy at Fort Dix (who said he too had joined the Army with the hope of ending his heroin addiction) reported the widespread availability of scag on base: "But then these guys in the barracks started talking to me and asking me if I wanted to buy some heroin, and pretty soon I was hooked again." Revealing knowledge of five men in his training company who were selling drugs, he continued, "There's dope all over this place. It's no different than the streets of this country."

War in Vietnam

While more and more GI's enter the Army as junkies, it's in Vietnam that addiction has reached the epidemic level. It is difficult for Americans stateside to grasp the degree of demoralization of the U.S. Army in Indochina. GI's have seen through their indoctrination and now they know they're not in Vietnam to defend their own freedom or anyone else's. They're no longer willing to join in the destruction of Indochina to help Nixon save face or to keep Saigon safe for American businessmen. They know that the policy that keeps them there has been overwhelmingly repudiated by the people back home. They're frustrated and angry at all the petty rules and regulations the lifers still try to impose on them. They don't do much fighting anymore, but in a country where nearly everyone wants them out, they can never quite relax. Who wants to die in a war that makes no sense?

In every war the officers try to channel the tension of living in the front zone into the "fighting spirit", into hatred for the enemy. But the GI's in Vietnam have had enough of that. They need something else to make life and the risk of death bearable. Some of them turn to organizing against the men and the system who keep them there. But protesting seems easier. Junk is dirt cheap, and the supply is abundant. Opium, morphine, and heroin of nearly 100 per cent purity are available around every U.S. base. And at least until recently—if not today—the brass have looked the other way, because whatever else crack does, it keeps the men quiet.

Extent of Vietnam Addiction

The extent of heroin addiction among GI's in Vietnam remains a matter of some controversy. A house investigation team led by Representatives Murphy (Ill.) and Steele (Conn.) cited official addiction estimates of 10 to 15 per cent. The Nixon administration quickly sought to calm public fears of massive addiction. Dr. Jerome Jaffe,



's chief drug advisor, re-
l after a hasty tour of Asia
only 4.5 per cent (only!) of
00 men who were tested were
med heroin users. But sub-
nt reports have exploded
s claims. Experts noted that
l not include soldiers who
een arrested, granted amnes-
those who temporarily
ed taking heroin a few days
to leaving Vietnam. In the
half of this year alone, nearly
00 have been arrested or have
d themselves in for treatment
r the so-called "amnesty" pro-
. Moreover, Jaffe himself was
forced to admit that for those
the rank of sergeant the
es ran "over 10 per cent"—
far over he neglected to say.

Rehabilitation" of Veterans

Whatever the actual magni-
of heroin addiction among
nam GI's, public scandal has
y forced the government to
some action. The House of
esentatives recently voted to
nd the Veterans' Administra-
s drug rehabilitation program, expected to cost \$89.3 million for
ext five years. A series of highly publicized busts, each "the most
acular of all time," have been staged in an effort to prove that the
military and the governments in Saigon and Laos are doing some-
y about the problem (although the only real result has been to pro-
further evidence that officials of these puppet regimes are deeply in-
ved in the trade).

Now tens of thousands of young draftees are coming home strung
Accustomed to cheap and pure Vietnamese heroin, they've devel-
d habits that cost a fortune to maintain at the prices American sup-
s charge for their watered-down dope. Their chances of finding a



decent job are slim: unemployment among Vietnam vets is running
over 10 per cent. (For vets under 24 year old, it's 14.6 per cent;
among all black vets it averages 15.1 per cent; and among black vets
under 24 the rate reaches almost 21 per cent.) The VA's counselling
and rehabilitation programs are still ridiculously inadequate. In the
midst of all the fanfare accompanying Nixon's campaign against drugs,
these young men are being left to rot, with little care and virtually
no hope.

Inside a VA Hospital

THE VETERAN'S Hospital is a large white building in a decay-
ing neighborhood of Boston. Its shiny exterior contrasts sharply with
the buildings around it. Inside is the security of an ordered world.
The revolving glass doors and the long halls fit into a sterile and effi-
cient pattern. On the twelfth floor, however, the scene is different.
There what is termed "group therapy" is being tried on confused and
bewildered young men.

Larry calls this therapy his "hope." After a long history of
addiction, both before induction and in the Army itself, he is trying
to come to terms with his life. He has been clean for four days. His
slight figure is testimony to the toll heroin has taken on his physique.

"I started using grass at Revere High School. It felt good and
I would often get high with the other guys. We popped a lot of pills
too, just for kicks. Then the older guys started coming around. They
were doing smack. A bunch of us started doing it also. We would
go to this station to get off. The attendant would blink the lights
if the cops were coming. I would sometimes get off in my bathroom
also.

"I started just doing one or two bags a day. I would hustle at
night and go to school the next day. I was doing good in school and
was on the track team. Soon after I got kicked off the team and my
grades went way down. It was difficult hustling and going to school.

"I was sent to a trade school. There was a lot of smack there
and I soon made contacts. I was up to five or six bags a day. We
would steal tape recorders out of cars and sell them to a guy in Bos-
ton. I would steal anything. I remember one time looking in a car
and seeing a complete wet suit. Oh boy, I thought, this will bring
in the dough. I opened the car and put it on. There I was walking

ight down Commonwealth Avenue with this wet suit, tanks, flippers
nd all on. A cop car spotted me and I just dropped everything and
an.

“Most of the time I didn’t have to be too careful of the cops.
hey didn’t mind as long as things weren’t too obvious. Once I was
opped in Roxbury with my works and everything. I just gave the
op ten dollars and went around the corner and got another bag for
ne same amount.

“They finally did get me in a bathroom. I was just getting off.
had enough wits to flush my works down the toilet. However, my
eedle was still in my arm. Really stupid. I got out on bail and
ecided to go into the Army. It was that or jail. I withdrew at basic
aining. They just thought I had a bad cold. It was pretty bad.

ent to Korea

“I wanted to go overseas cause I had heard about all the dope
nd everything. They sent me to Korea. Boy, when I stepped off
e plane I couldn’t believe it. I thought we were at peace in Korea.
ell, there was guns and bombers, the whole works. It was unbeliev-
le. My sarge told us if we got sent to the DMZ we’d see action.
was really pissed. Some peace.

“The government just sends the poor kids over there. It’s like
ittler killing the Jews. They just want to get rid of us. No one
red about the heroin when it was in the ghetto. Now when the
h white kids are taking it everyone’s worried. It’s always like that.
was really mad at being so near action.

“For a while we were in the South. I got some junk on my
st trip to a village. The moment I walked in some little kid comes
nning up and says, ‘Want to buy my sister, some dirty pictures?’
aid, ‘I want some . . .’, I made a motion with my hand. The
tle kid’s eyes lit up and said, ‘Wait here.’ He was back in ten min-
es with a small package and syringe. It was pure black opium. It
is terrific.

“I made a deal where I would go to the village and meet this kid.
would bring me the opium. You know they really hate us over
ere. We just use their women and screw up the place. Even with
s kid you could just see it in his eyes. I don’t blame them.

“We finally got our orders to go to the DMZ. I took enough
ff for a while. My medic gave me sterile water so I wouldn’t get



hepatitis. Over there everyone's doing drugs. You can buy grass everywhere. The MP's don't bother you. Even my sarge smoked a bowl with us. He told us the young officers did a lot of drugs but the old-timers were all juicers. You have to be high in the Army.

"I only saw one bit of action on the DMZ. We were running a patrol behind the lines. We were also carrying automatic weapons. It's against the Geneva rules, but we always carried them. We were sleeping and these four North Korean agents started sneaking up on us. I saw them and tried to wake my stupid sarge. He finally gets up and yells, 'Alert!' I wasn't going to do any talking and opened fire. I think I wounded one of them. But one of my buddies got it. I really freaked—bad they sent me back stateside after a couple of days. It couldn't be better with me. I'd had it with killing.

Everything the Same

"Here, though, everything is the same. I couldn't take it and started hustling and doing smack again. I tried a methadone clinic, but that was bad. Those methadone maintenance guys are just government puppets. The government says to go here and they go. It says go there and they have to go. That's just what the government wants, puppets it can control.

"Now I'm doing this therapy. It helps a little. I'm in a group with non-drug addicts. It's okay, cause I have basically the same problems as them. I mean, smack is just another way of coping with the same things. I hope this helps."



CHINA : FOREIGN MUD

The collective white man had acted like a devil in virtually every contact he had with the world's collective non-white man. The blood forebearers of this same white man raped China at a time when China was trusting and helpless. Those original white "Christian traders" sent into China millions of pounds of opium. By 1839 so many of the Chinese were addicts that China's desperate government destroyed 20,000 chests of opium. The first Opium War was promptly declared by the white man. Imagine! Declare war upon someone who objects to being narcotized!

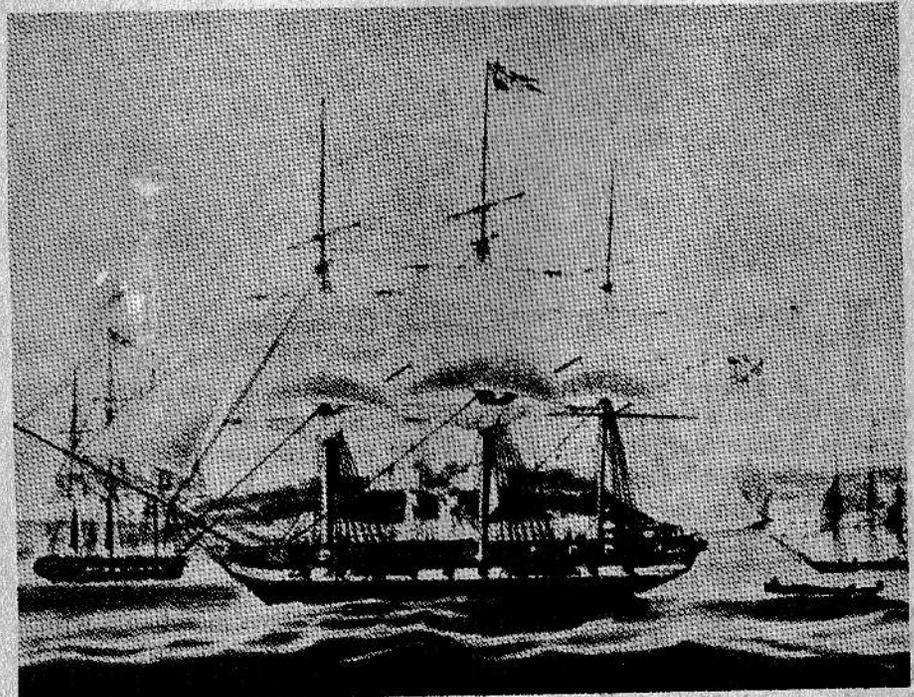
—Malcolm X

EVER SINCE THE SEVENTEENTH century, when white men began to colonize Asia, opium along with guns and religion has been a major weapon. For several centuries had been known to Asian peoples. But the addiction of millions of Asians was brought about by the Western powers as they built the great colonial empires. Opium was the key which unlocked the door, the *only* import that brought British and American colossal profits in China and other parts of Asia. As early as 1729 Chinese laws prohibited the sale and smoking of opium. In the face of these legal barriers Western merchants with the cooperation of their governments turned to *piracy* in order to sell opium in China. By the mid-nineteenth century the global trade in opium probably represented the largest commerce of the time in the world. It is not too much to say that Britain's domination of world commerce in the nineteenth century was substantially

based on "foreign mud," as the Chinese called opium. Opium lay at the heart of the vast financial empire of the British East India Company and provided a major source of revenue for the administration of Britain's Indian colony. As one nineteenth century pamphleteer observed, "From the opium trade the Honourable Company have derived for years an immense revenue and through them the British Government and nation have also reaped an incalculable amount of political and financial advantage. The turn of the balance of trade between Great Britain and China in favour of the former . . . benefits the nation to an extent of 6 million pounds yearly without impoverishing India."

Opium Crisis

By the 1830's China faced an economic and moral crisis. Illegal opium imports growing from 5,000 chests in 1820 to 40,000 in 1839 shook the Chinese fiscal system to its roots. While foreigners pocketed profits of more than \$1,000 a chest, China faced a huge outflow



THE FALCON, FLAGSHIP OF JARDINE AND MATHESON'S OPIUM-CLIPPER FLEET

of silver to pay for the drug. The opium traffic posed a direct challenge to the Chinese state: the continued influx of the poisonous drug showed that the state was unable to protect its people against the foreigners; and the loss of silver placed heavy economic burdens on Chinese peasants. The result was the opium crisis of 1839 in which China's Commissioner Lin seized and burned 20,000 chests of British and American opium at Canton. The British government, the defender of civilization and legitimate commerce, swiftly shattered this presumptuous challenge to its authority. The Opium War in which the British virtually destroyed the Chinese fleet began a new era of gunboat diplomacy. For the next century foreign soldiers and merchants held a whip over China. The immediate outcome of the war was Chinese payment of \$6 million for the burned opium and acceptance of humiliating British terms, including the opening of the Chinese ports to opium and other imports.



THE OPIUM WAR

Taiping Rebellion

The Chinese government by now was completely incapable of protecting China from the foreign invaders. Ten years later, a men-
g peasant rebellion broke out in South China. The Taiping rebels
ed to deal with foreigners except on terms of strict equality.
are all brothers under God," they told the British minister.)
e Taiping-administered areas the peasants reduced or abolished

rents and women were liberated from footbinding and other oppressive evils. *Opium was strictly outlawed.* The leader of the Taipings preached to his followers, "The opium pipe is like a rifle pointed at your head. It can only maim or kill you." The Taipings had the only effective anti-opium stance in China until the establishment of the People's Republic. But after 15 years of bloody fighting the Taiping Rebellion was suppressed with the help of the British and Americans.

Throughout the nineteenth century the opium traffic overshadowed all other trade with China. It produced millions of addicts, further weakened the Chinese state, and created a class of merchants who thrived on the illegal traffic and were tied dollar and soul to foreign interests. From 1842 to 1884 China imported an estimated 233,000 tons of opium. By 1906 the Shanghai Opium Commissioner estimated that 13 million Chinese were smoking opium.

American Opium Merchants

British merchants enjoyed the lion's share of the drug traffic. But American businessmen also had a finger in the pie. In the early nineteenth century, American clippers ran Turkish and Persian opium to China. So heavy was the U.S. involvement in this traffic that the Chinese Commissioner at Canton believed Turkey was an American colony. Opium was central to the rapid development of the American economy and the earliest stages of U.S. expansion into Asia. By 1839, on the eve of the Opium War, an American firm (Russell & Company) ranked as the third largest agency for Indian opium in China. Major New England family fortunes were built on opium. One such family, the Delanos, later helped lift Franklin Delano Roosevelt to the Presidency. Money made in the opium trade even helped to finance the railroads that opened the American west.

As America's share in the Chinese opium trade declined in the 1840's, John Murray Forbes, a partner in Russell & Co., pulled out his his capital from China to invest in U.S. railroads. Even Howqua, the richest of the Chinese go-betweens in the opium trade, invested half a million dollars in the new lines, thus further draining China of capital.

Merchants were not the only foreigners involved in the opium traffic. A number of missionaries also got in on the act. The Reverend Charles Gutzlaff served as a translator for Jardine-Matheson Company during a six-month voyage which firmly established its dominance

in the trade during the early 1830's. Nowhere in the good reverend's voluminous works about his gospel mission to China does the word or hint of opium appear to cast a profane shadow on the sacred.

Missionary "Altruism"

Other glowing examples of missionary altruism may be cited. Dr. William Gould, a medical missionary, was astonished at the speed with which his 50,000 morphine tablets sold, and duty-free morphine, known to Chinese Christians as "Jesus opium", became a major import in the late nineteenth century. Missionaries were criticized for the hypocrisy of preaching the holy gospel while their countrymen went about drugging China, and some Christian "converts" took advantage of foreign protection to ply the drug trade. Eventually many missionaries became active partisans of the anti-opium movement when criticism of the traffic threatened their ability to win converts. Their pious preaching against drugs soothed the consciences of foreigners who were not involved in the trade, but at no time did it deter merchants whose profits depended on it. Not, that is, until foreign opium was forced out of the market by competition from home-grown Chinese varieties. By the 1920's China produced an estimated 90 per cent of the world's production of 14,000 tons.

Opium had done its work well. By the early twentieth century foreign merchants had used money made in the opium trade to seize control of other key sectors of the Chinese economy.



OPIMUM-SMOKING EQUIPMENT

Japanese in Manchuria

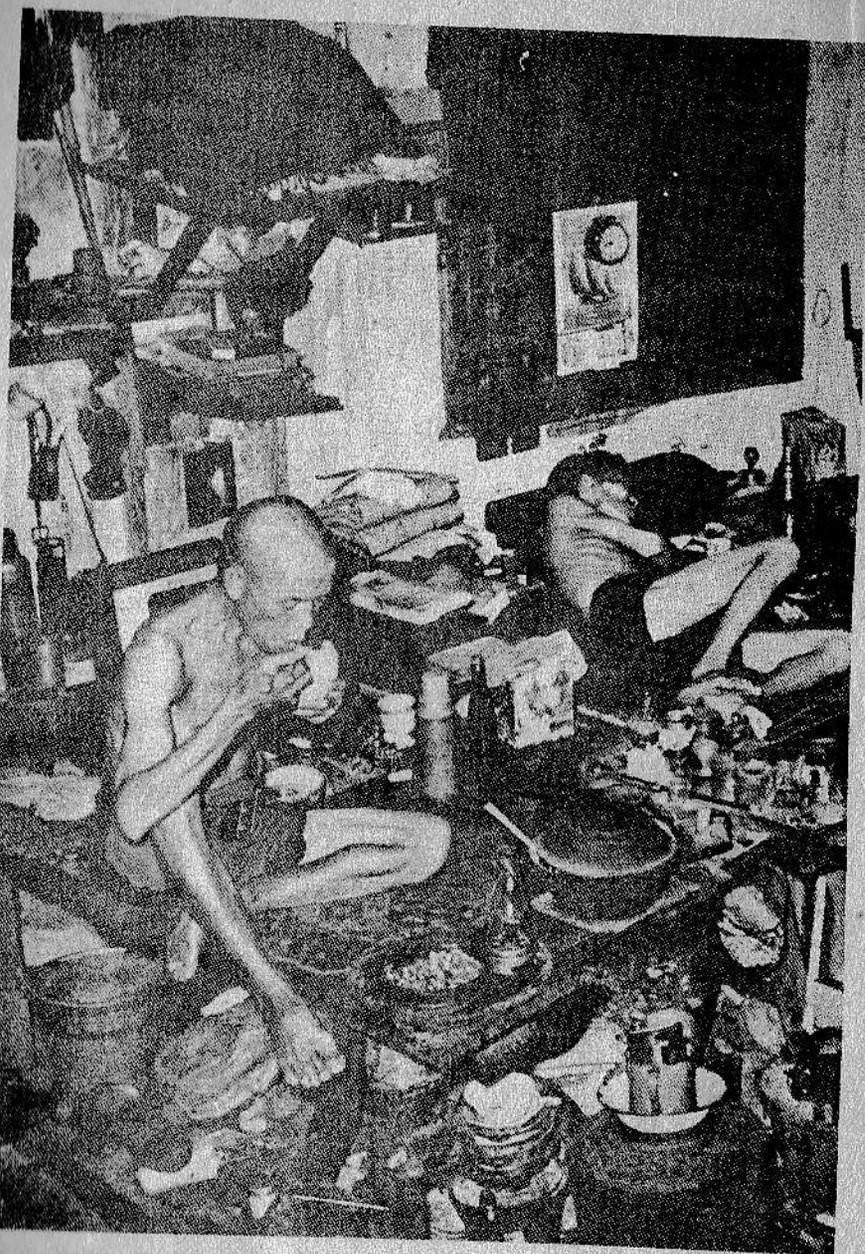
Even the small victories China had won in forcing foreign powers out of the opium trade were quickly undermined. For Japanese invaders in Manchuria and North China again seized control of the opium market. As early as 1919 the "secret" Japanese opium monopoly in Manchuria provided substantial government revenues which by 1939 had risen to over \$90 million a year. One Japanese gave the following account of the opium traffic in Manchuria in the 1920's:

In Dairen, on the piers and at the railway station, were groups of coolies. The first thing that the tourist entering Manchuria saw were their half-naked figures, black with filth. I visited Hekizanso, the coolie dormitory complex. It was shocking. Here opium facilities were openly established. Opium at this time was a monopoly for the Kwantung Civil Government and the system was said to be designed for protection against poison. At Hekizanso it was briskly marketed. I was unable to understand it: wasn't this too frankly colonialist? In later years while traveling in the interior of China this feeling deepened as I came to learn the details of how Japanese, utilizing extraterritoriality, went outside the treaty ports as morphine peddlers, spreading its poison.

And the fall of Shanghai in 1940 gave to Japanese forces seeking to conquer all China \$72 million in opium revenues. Japan's "Opium Suppression Bureau" licensed smokers, dens and stores on the pretext of effecting a "cure" for growing millions of addict, in the process raking in enormous profits.

Opium Wiped Out in People's Republic

After 1949, when the Chinese once and for all threw out the foreigners, they also developed effective methods to eliminate the ravages of opium. China is not only the land to suffer most deeply at the hands of the drug. It is also the only society which has effectively eliminated a major opium problem. Elimination of the opium traffic and addiction was brought about totally, rapidly and humanely in the People's Republic of China. Contrary to conventional wisdom in the U.S., the Chinese recognized that society, not individual sickness or aberration, lay at the root of the problem. Therefore, drastic social changes, as well as changes in the attitudes and life situations of individuals, were essential. The new government which valued people above profits eliminated entirely the involvement of the foreign powers



OPIUM DEN IN PRE-REVOLUTIONARY CHINA

and Chinese profiteers. Swift and uncompromising crackdowns destroyed the entire corrupt network of traders and pushers.

Addicts Not Criminals

More significantly, the Chinese provided new opportunities for addicts to rehabilitate themselves. Addicts were not seen as personally guilty or deranged. They were not viewed as criminals but rather as the victims of the corrupt old society. What counted was helping them understand that they were victims of the old order and that extraordinary opportunities awaited them and all oppressed people in a new society which they would help to shape. Free drugs were provided for registered addicts in programs of rapidly phased withdrawal. This was accompanied by intensive education and discussion



"PEOPLE'S COMMUNES" BEGAN ON AN EXPERIMENTAL BASIS IN 1958. YAM SORTING ON THE FUA SHEN COMMUNE NEAR CANTON IS TYPICAL OF THAT LIFE.

about their personal problems and how they related to the old society and the new. Victims of addiction then received education and job opportunities. They were not treated to sermons about their personal

lures and then sent back to the filth, degradation and despair of
etto life where opium provided the only relief. Moral rearmament,
ristian or any other kind, which leaves untouched the social roots
oppression is a cruel mockery of a cure, as millions of addicts in
s country have learned. Nor were Chinese addicts permanently
ed on some miracle drug offering the prospect of lifetime addiction
the methadone advocates now suggest. Chinese society was trans-
med to its very roots. Meaningful, non-exploitative work and
mmunal relations among equals were open to men and women who
re prepared to break with the old order. By the mid-1950's China's
lions of addicts had been successfully re-integrated into a dynamic,
veloping and hopeful society.

SOUTHEAST ASIA : THE OPIUM TRAIL

WE'VE JUST SEEN THE PLAGUE in action. But where does all the junk come from? And who carves up the incredible profits of \$200,000 per kilo (2.2 lbs.) between the grower and the addict on the street? As we all know, heroin is made from opium. And most of the world's illegal opium—1,000 tons of it a year—comes from Southeast Asia, though U.S. officials insist that our staunch NATO ally and anti-Soviet buffer, Turkey, still supplies the opium behind 80 per cent of the heroin entering our country. But the same officials admit that the heroin traffic from Asia has jumped tremendously in the past year. And as GI's come home under "Vietnamization," they are bringing their heroin habits home with them.

Not only is Southeast Asia the world's largest supplier of opium, but its share of the world market is growing. The world heroin market has always been very flexible; as old sources have dried up or been suppressed, new ones have been found and exploited. With production in the Middle East on the decline, and the growing heroin market provided by a quarter of a million GI's still left in Vietnam, it looks like Southeast Asia is where it's at for heroin's future.

"Fertile Triangle"

Opium poppies are grown by the tribal minority groups who inhabit the mountainous area called the "fertile triangle", the remote border region where the northern boundaries of Laos, Burma and Thailand intersect (*see map*). There tribesmen smoke some opium themselves and sell the rest to the first group of profiteer middlemen: itinerant ethnic Chinese smugglers. But the growers, who know opium only as a pleasant high, have no idea that their only cash crop becomes



—just a few hundred miles away—the stock-in-trade of racketeers (both private and official) and the basis of human misery from Saigon to the U.S.

After the roving smugglers buy raw opium, their mule and pony caravans soon move across the turf of military gangs who extort tribute or protection money as a guarantee of safe passage. The biggest of these armed gangs haunting the opium trail out of Burma and northern Thailand are so-called “remnants” of Chiang Kai-shek’s Kuomintang armies that were chased out of South China and into Burma by the Chinese revolutionaries in 1949. Since then they have survived by moving opium and forcing independent opium traders to pay protection money—and by receiving regular supplies and troop replenishments from Taiwan. Operating in three groups in northern Thailand, after being kicked out of Burma in 1961, these gangs dominate “more than 80 per cent of the traffic from the [Burmese] Shan State as a result of their control of a strip roughly 75 miles long in the extreme north of Thailand along the Burmese border” (CIA sources cited in the *New York Times*, August 11, 1971). One group, the “First Independent Unit”, has run two games at once, making intelligence forays into China’s Yunnan province and collecting opium on the way back!

Dividing the Rake-off

Besides the Chinese Nationalist bands, a few other official bodies get a rake-off at this stage: the separatist Shan States Army of Burma, the Burmese self-defense forces or K.K.Y., and the Thai Border Patrol Police. But the Kuomintang “irregulars” are the most powerful and best organized of the bunch. Needless to say, these rival gangsters occasionally get into squabbles, as in July 1967 when the big-time independent Shan operator Chang Chi-foo tried to slip past the Kuomintang without paying the routine \$80,000 protection money. But they cut him off near Ban Houei Sai in Laos, and the two gangs started shooting it out. When Laotian General Ouane Rattikone, then commander of northwestern Laos and long reputed to be the country’s opium king, heard about the fire-fight on his turf, he yanked his forces out of the Plain of Jars (where he was supposed to be battling the Pathet Lao) and hurried them to Ban Houei Sai. General Ouane’s airplanes (U.S.-supplied T-28’s) bombed and strafed both Chang Chi-foo and the Kuomintang, killing about 300 on both sides and ripping off a half a ton of opium for the general!

In Thailand, local opium and opium fed in from Laos is transported along the excellent U.S.-built Thai road system to Bangkok,



"POP" BUELL, CHIEF CIA OPERATIVE IN LAOS, HOLDS A CLUSTER OF OPIUM POPPIES.



"MR. POP" FONDLING A MEO VILLAGER'S CHILD. THE MEOS MAKE JEWELRY OUT OF THE GOLD AND SILVER THEY GET FOR THEIR OPIUM.

ere some is processed and consumed and some smuggled off to ng Kong and Macao. But Laos remains the biggest opium and oin chute of all—and the most treacherous. Here the third and st important group of middlemen comes into the picture: the otian generals, whose power and armies are wholly dependent on American government. They protect the traffic for a price and ve heroin themselves. They have captured this leg of the opium heroin trade as a direct consequence of America's air war against Pathet Lao and the rural people of Laos. For the air war has tered the countryside so badly that traditional land and river opium um routes are no longer safe. Word has it that even Corsican iosi, once the key middlemen in Laos just as they are in Mar- es, have been pushed from the driver's seat because it is too hot. heir place have jumped the Laotian militarists. As U.S. bombing cratered the Laotian countryside into a moon surface, airplanes e taken over the main burden of opium and heroin transport. es of the Royal Lao Air Force move heroin from collection points Ban Houei Sai in the far northwest to "forwarding centers" in s and Thailand like Vientiane, the capital of Laos, Luang Prabang, Udon Thani, the major U.S. air base in northern Thailand. Planes pick up Meo opium at the "secret" base of the CIA's Clandestine y at Long Cheng, 80 miles northeast of Vientiane. By the time rug has reached the Udon Thani runways, it is already in the of white heroin. Big cities in Laos and Thailand, like Luang ung, Vientiane, and Bangkok, have served as the central markets, r processing centers, and final transshipment points of opium d for Saigon and Hong Kong. But now, as GI's have turned on ack, Lao generals are processing opium into heroin closer and e to the point of production. The CIA has reported that seven heroin plants were recently built along the northern border with and.

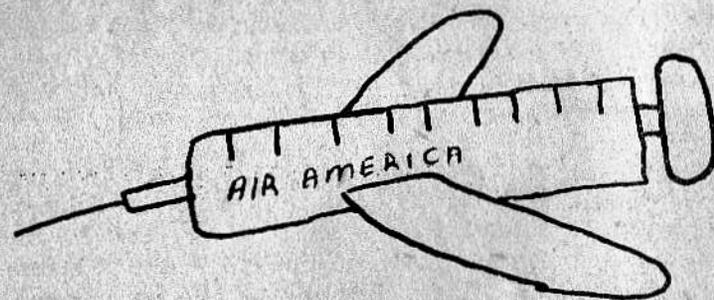
the Vital Link

Since government airplanes are the vital link in the chain from st Laotian collection points to the key relay stations and pro- g plants (and even American and Lao officials admit this much), xt big question is: Who flies the heroin to Vietnam? Officials at most all flights to Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport take off Bangkok or Vientiane, and that airlines making the trip are Air m, Royal Air Lao, Lao Airlines, Thai International, and Air e. These flights alone, in addition to military runs, would pro- opportunity enough for independent smugglers, especially given

the easily greased palms of the Saigon police. But there are other airlines that fly in Laos, and from Laos to Vietnam: *Air America* and *Air Continental*.

Air America

With 11,000 employees and a fleet of 200 aircraft, Air America is one of the world's largest airlines. Most of Air America's contracts are with the CIA for its Asian missions. Those missions are revealed in the Pentagon papers to range from air supply sorties for CIA mercenaries to secret air support stints for the CIA's subversion of unwanted neutralist governments. And Air Continental gets an even greater percentage of its contracts from the CIA, while its pilots are notorious soldiers-of-fortune who provide a willing and able pool of opium errand boys for hire.



Both airlines are widely known to fly opium. Until recently, however, there has been no proof of official CIA collaboration in the traffic. But now a former Green Beret has publically testified that he worked for the CIA buying opium from Meo tribesmen and loading it aboard Air America planes (see inset on following page).

American Technology

The opium trade is another example of the almost universally destructive effects of American technology on Southeast Asia. The old opium trade moved slowly by caravan down from the hills and then by riverboat, winding its way down the Mekong Valley through Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. The trade was dangerous and the opium might pass through many middlemen before reaching its desti-

HOW THE CIA BUYS OPIUM

A former Green Beret, Sgt. Paul Withers, 24, testified at the Winter Soldier Hearings in Boston on October 9, 1971. He spoke of his role in the Indochina war as a Special Forces agent in Laos. Paul was awarded nine Purple Hearts, the Distinguished Service Cross, and Silver and Bronze Stars during his tour of duty.

After completing basic training at Fort Dix in the fall of 1965, he was sent to Nha Trang, South Vietnam. Although he was ostensibly stationed there, he was placed on "loan" to the CIA in January 1966 and sent to Pak Seng, Laos. Before going there he and his companions were stripped of their uniforms and all American credentials. They were issued Czechoslovakian guns and Korean uniforms. Paul even signed blank sheets of paper at the bottom and the CIA later typed out letters and sent them to his parents and wife. All this was done to hide the fact that there were American troops operating in Laos.



PAUL WITHERS

The mission in Laos was to make friends with the Meo people and organize and train them to fight the Pathet Lao. One of the main tasks was to buy up the entire local crop of opium. About twice a week an Air America plane would arrive with sup-

plies and kilo bags of gold dust. Paul gave the gold to the Meo in return for their bags of opium which were loaded on the plane. Each bag was marked with the symbol of the tribe. There was no mistaking the bags since the symbols were quite complicated.

The "... CIA has for some time been this Bureau's strongest partner in identifying foreign sources and routes of illegal trade in narcotics. Liason between our two agencies is close and constant in matters of mutual interest. Much of the progress we are now making in identifying overseas narcotics traffic can, in fact, be attributed to CIA cooperation."

—John E. Gingersoll
Director, Bureau of
Narcotics and Dangerous
Drugs

nation, thus increasing risk and reducing profit. Now, American-supplied planes fly opium and heroin directly between major collection, processing, and relay points, bypassing the old networks. This has helped consolidate the trade, reduce the risk, and increase the profits, giving the Southeast Asian opium business a big boost.

Saigon Middlemen

The last big middlemen on the heroin trail are our anti-communist clients of the Saigon regime. True, opium has been a core item in Vietnamese politics since the days of the French colonial opium monopoly in Indochina—which, by the way, coughed up 20 to 50 per cent of the colony's revenues between 1898 and 1920. But the importance of opium has grown over the past two decades since the French puppet emperor Bao Dai sold control of the Saigon Police over to the Binh Xuyen gangster sect for a sum of \$1.2 million in 1953. Running the casinos and warehouses of Saigon and extorting the Chinese merchants of Cholon, the Binh Xuyen held the reins of the city's opium traffic until the fledgling U.S.-propped dictatorship of Ngo Dinh Diem smashed the sect in a bloody coup in 1955. With the Ngo family in the saddle, opium traffic came under their control, mainly in the hands of secret police chief Ngo Dinh Nhu and his wife, the famous Madame Nhu. It was under the Ngo family's personal dictatorship that the ambitious Air Force officer, Nguyen Cao Ky, became a wheel in the trade by using his airplanes (assigned to commando-terrorist air-drops over North Vietnam) for smuggling opium from Laos. Now Vice President, Marshal Ky has been implicated in the Vietnamese branch of the opium circuit, as has General Dzu, commander of Region II. But the major paid protector of the heroin trade seems to be Premier Tran Thien Khiem. Khiem appointed a brother to the post of Chief of the National Customs In-

igation Division at Tan Son Nhut Airport (the funnel for opium
ing in from Laos) and another brother, Director of the Saigon
. Premier Khiem also controls the National Police and is related
narrriage to Saigon's Police Chief. In short, the Premier's family
ls guard over the check-points on the Vietnam heroin trail lead-
nto the GI mainline.

Government Involvement

From the Kuomintang bandit gangs in northern Thailand to the
generals and the Saigon ruling clique, there is one horribly clear
consistent pattern: *the U.S. government firmly supports the
people who bring heroin to the GI's in Vietnam.* By turning
eyes away from the obvious official corruption, American author-
have effectively used opium profits to reward Asian elites for
support of U.S. goals in Southeast Asia. Opium bricks are being
d into gold bricks by the millions and deposited in Swiss banks
ure the comfortable retirement of Vietnamese, Thai, and Lao
als if their regimes fall. Our government not only supplies arms
d to the middlemen and protectors of the heroin trade, but it
plies a captive body of consumers—over 200,000 GI's in Viet-
The bankrupt imperial policies of counterrevolution abroad and
gn neglect" of domestic social evils promote heroin addiction
rsening the despair and alienation on which heroin feeds. It
that anything goes if it is in the "national interest" as defined
handful of corporate and moneyed elites who run the U.S.
ment.

THE BIGGEST PUSHERS IN THE WORLD?

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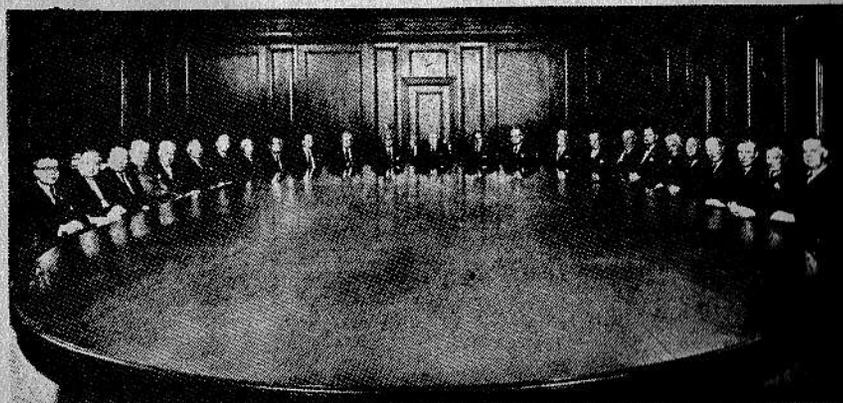
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KICKING IT : NETHADONE, THERAPY, & REVOLUTION

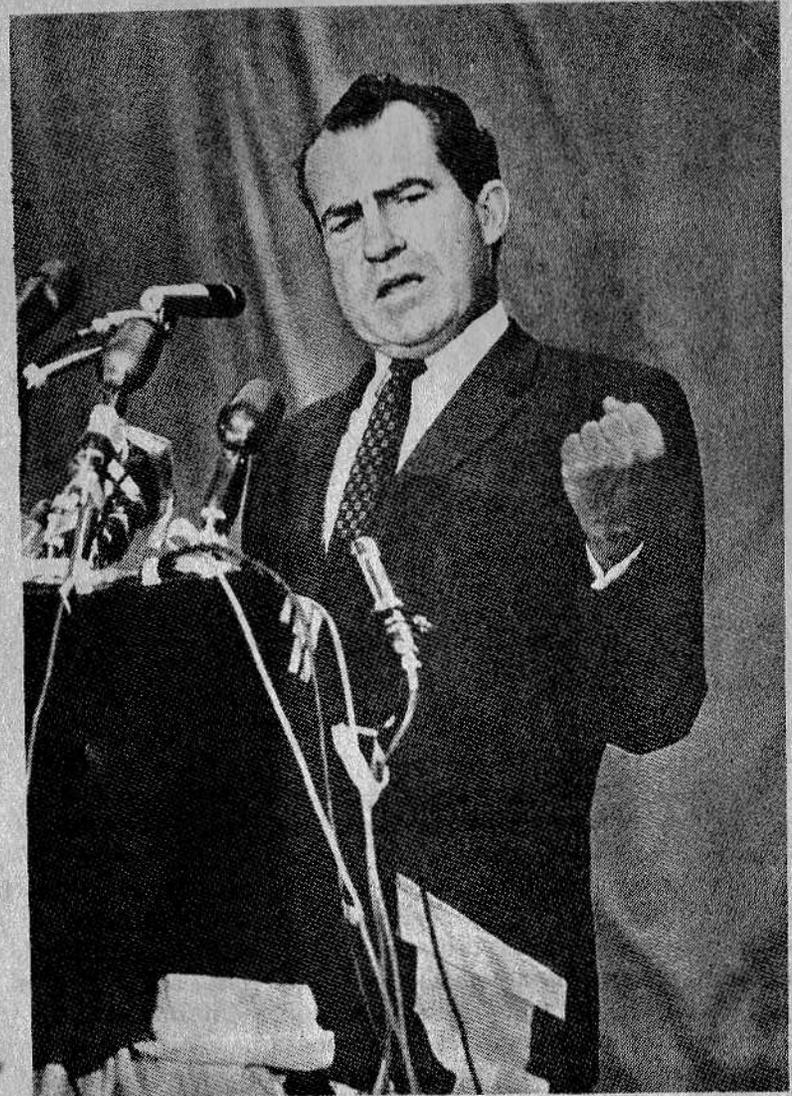
EARLY LAST SUMMER twenty-one sailors and marines stationed in San Diego went off to an old ranch house in the California mountains to spend a weekend listening to rap and rapping with twelve officers and seven chaplains who accompanied them. They were junkies, and they were the first to participate in a new program called CREDO (Chaplains Relevance Emerging Drug Order).

As the "drug order" emerges, Navy chaplains aren't the only ones rushing in to get a piece of the action. All over the country halfway-houses and counseling centers are springing up. Local governments, big hospitals, churches, settlement houses—nearly everyone seems to be moving in on the drug scene.

Drug Industry

As pollution control, drug prevention has become a growth industry. The same big businesses and institutions which contributed to the problem in the first place now race to control new avenues of profit in the field of prevention. Their "cures," however, never touch the heart of the problem, for they are themselves part of it. Drug companies turn out new miracle drugs to "substitute" for and cure the addict in habit; police who stood idly by while racketeers preyed on the streets now use the drug panic to demand police reinforcements; medical empires which could have cared less about helping poor people solve their addiction problem call for more research and drug prevention centers.

Now President Nixon, announcing that drug addiction has reached the dimensions of a national emergency, has asked Congress for \$155 million to support rehabilitation projects. Where is the money going? What are these programs all about?



One Treatment

Most of the new government money will be used to expand what is known as "methadone maintenance" programs. Supporters of this view hold that addiction is primarily a physical problem, a sickness that needs to be treated medically. Once someone is hooked on heroin (the reasons this happened are not inquired into), the chemical composition of the body's cells is changed, they argue. A permanent physiological need is created that can only be satisfied by a fix, of heroin or some substitute drug like methadone.

Methadone was invented by the Germans during World War II. They called it Adolfeine, in honor of Hitler.) Its effects are almost identical to those of heroin: both get you high, both tend to require ever-increasing doses, and both produce extremely painful symptoms in withdrawal. . . . In fact, the biggest difference between the two is that methadone is legal.

Many hospitals and clinics use small doses of methadone to ease withdrawal from heroin. Nearly everyone agrees that treatment, known as "methadone withdrawal" or "methadone detoxification", can be very helpful to junkies trying to kick their habit. The controversy comes over methadone "maintenance" programs that provide daily doses of methadone, presumably for the rest of the addict's life. Defenders of methadone maintenance point out that a program of complete withdrawal has never worked very well, and that methadone addicts don't have to steal to support their habit and that doses can be regulated so that the patient won't overdose or get sick. They hope that by providing methadone they can help addicts to function normally, at home, school, or work.

The Evidence Skimpy

Methadone programs have gotten lots of publicity, but the scientific evidence backing up their claims of success is pretty skimpy. The latest study (reported in *Biomedical News*, July, 1971) showed that after fourteen months of methadone maintenance 37 percent of patients studied were using heroin again, and of the other 63 percent, 25 percent was using speed and another 38 percent was using barbiturates. Even for people who are "clean" on methadone, it's proven hard to return to the real world: in New York City, for instance, the three largest hospitals have a firm policy of refusing to hire methadone patients. The problem isn't just that methadone doesn't keep junkies clean. For one thing, what little research has been done on its

long-term effects has produced some frightening results: one study suggests that methadone may be dangerous to blood marrow, causing severe pain in bones if used too long. Yet methadone is being distributed all over the country, to tens of thousands of black and brown people, GI's and working-class kids. One scientist doing research on methadone recalls that heroin was first introduced as a cure for morphine addiction, before doctors realized how dangerous the new drug was. The way methadone is being used today, he said, is "so similar it sends shivers up my back."

Still Strung Out

Methadone maintenance substitutes a legal drug for an illegal one, but it still leaves the patient strung out, still unable to function without a chemical prop and sluggish with one. And once you're on methadone maintenance you're on it for life (unless of course you go back to junk). With heroin spreading and methadone following, we seem to be on the verge of a "brave new world" where millions of people live out their lives on government-supplied drugs. Instead of dealing with the real problems that push people to drugs, methadone maintenance merely tries to return them to "normal"; that is, to keep them quiet and under control.

And in the process it gives the government an incredible degree of power over the addict's life. Patients who have to report to a clinic once or twice a day can't go very far away, and they can't very well afford to disobey any orders from their official suppliers. Clinics always reserve the right to screen applicants for methadone and reject those they don't wish to maintain; in New York some clinics have refused to help addicts who wear black liberation pins to the clinic. Puerto Rican and black people are realizing that methadone is another weapon of the white power structure to pacify their communities. As methadone programs move to white neighborhoods as well, white people are starting to have the same fears. Larry, the vet who told his story in a previous section, came back from the Army to find most of his old friends on methadone maintenance. "Puppets," he called them, "puppets—that's all they are. Go here on Monday, there on Tuesday, whatever the government says, they have to do."

Law and Order

Methadone maintenance, for all its disadvantages, may be the only humane solution now available for a few hard-core addicts. But

ould only be used as a last resort, after all else has failed. Unfortunately, that's not what's happening: many clinics only provide maintenance, not even giving the addict a chance to with-

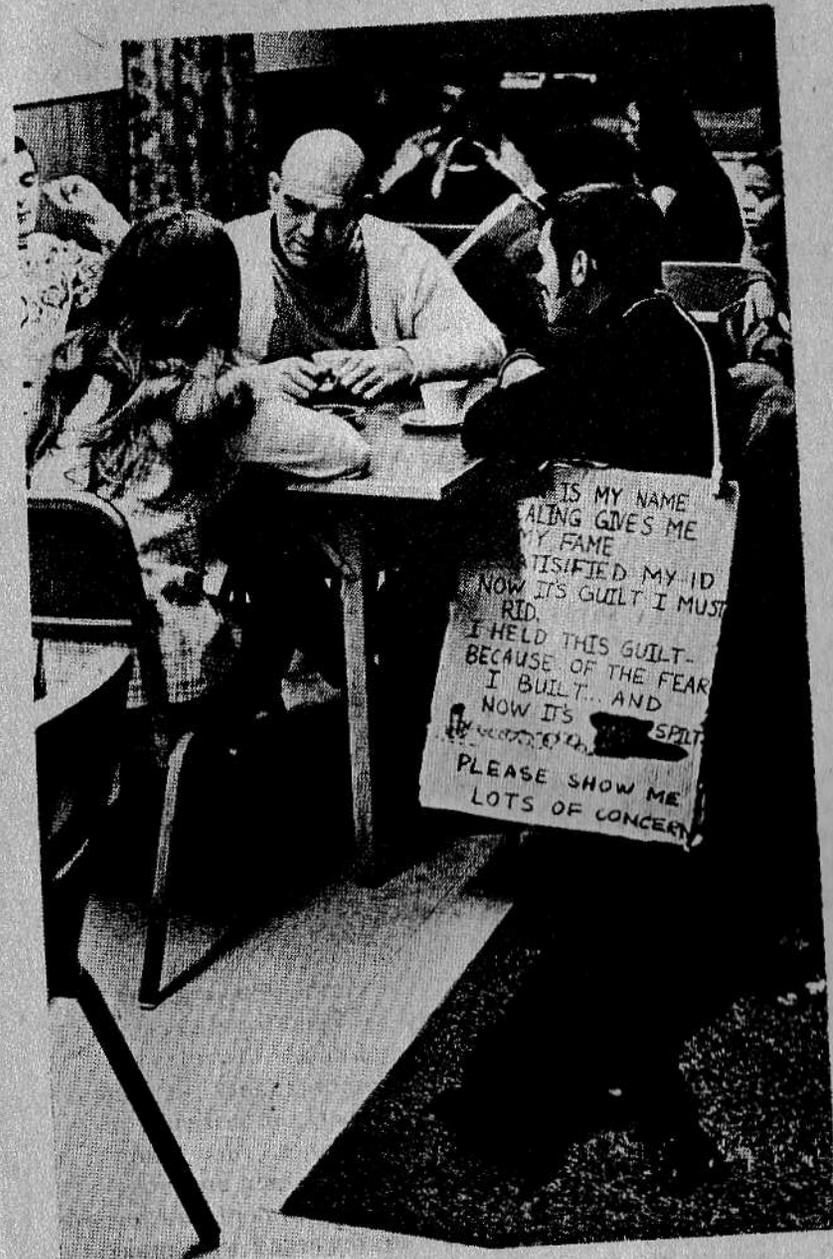
The Federal government is spending a fortune to open new maintenance centers all over the country. It may be a dead end for junkies, but that doesn't bother Nixon and his friends. As long as it'll produce a little of their kind of law and order (where everyone else shuts up and they run the country), they're for it.

A doctor who heads one of the better withdrawal clinics in the area summed it up this way: "The question is, does one want to create this type of society—a society where people come once or twice a day or whatever to drink their Tang spiked with methadone, waiting in long lines like robots, dependent not only on the medicine, but dependent and subservient to the government policy and program that is supplying the prop?"

"Therapeutic Community"

NEXT TO methadone maintenance, the most widely discussed technique is the "therapeutic community", the live-in rehabilitation center. Such communities also assume that addiction is an individual problem; like methadone programs they put the emphasis not on the conditions that encourage addiction, but on the weaknesses of the individual addict. But they consider the psychological aspects of addiction much more fundamental than the physical ones. They too want to return their patients to "normal", but by transforming their personalities.

In the therapeutic communities the patients live together in large communal houses, under the supervision of a director and a staff of trained aides (most of them ex-junkies). The residents live under a set of rules that rigidly enforce the standards of behavior that people in a normal society are told to live by. In most communities the rules say no drugs, no alcohol, no physical violence, no homosexuality (in some no heterosexual relationships are allowed either), no criticism of the program, and no deviation from traditional sex-roles. Men take responsibility and do the physical work; women obey the men and serve them by cooking and sewing. A strict system of punishment and rewards enforces the rules. Addicts who are "good" are rewarded with praise from the staff, privileges like free time and the use of a car, and responsibility over other patients; those who behave "negatively" are punished



"DISCIPLINE"—A SHAVED HEAD AND A SIGN

loss of position and sometimes by having their heads shaved.

Encounter Groups

The key to the whole process is supposed to be the encounter group. In these sessions a dozen or so addicts assemble to discuss their experiences and feelings, usually under the leadership of ex-addict staff members. In each meeting one individual is singled out and the rest of the group to question, bait, and criticize. These "verbal fights" go on anywhere from three to 36 hours, with the staff encouraging addicts to be as honest as possible and as violent (verbally) as they feel. The goal is to expose the addicts' personality—to shatter their fears, the illusions, the defense mechanisms, the techniques of manipulating others and fooling oneself that are part of everyone's psychological make-up. Ideally, the self-awareness this process develops will make it possible for the addict to cope with life without drugs.

Different communities work in different ways, and every junkie responds differently. Some of the programs rely so heavily on rules and regulations and punishments and rewards that the residents come to need them; as soon as they go back on the street, where there is no such discipline, they go back to smack. If they do stay straight, it is often because their community experience has trained them to accept the same kind of arbitrary authority and cultural strait jacket that society asks them and all of us to tolerate.

Sometimes it works better than that. The rules and punishments, strict as they are, may help the ex-junkies to recover some order and stability in their lives. Good encounter groups can help participants understand how smack serves as an escape from the real problems and restore their confidence in themselves and in their ability to function in society.

"Community" to . . . ?

Even when it works, more often than not it doesn't last. Back on the street, in the middle of a hostile and competitive society, the ex-addict loses the security and support that the good community program provided. For black and Puerto Rican kids, it's back to the ghetto, where there are still no jobs, still no decent housing, still enough despair to drive all but the most determined, and still smack on every corner. For white kids too it's getting to be pretty much the same story. They may have a better chance at a job, but it's likely to be so boring and unfulfilling that they'd rather go back to drugs.



AN ENCOUNTER GROUP

Enormous Expense

In any case, therapeutic communities can only handle a tiny percentage of the addicts who want treatment. The whole procedure takes years, and the expense is enormous (Synanon, the pioneer therapeutic community, demands \$1000 in cash from each new resident, thus automatically excluding nearly all black and Puerto Rican junkies and most whites too.) Besides most of these programs will only take the junkies they believe will fit in. Before they are admitted, applicants are carefully tested and interviewed, their clothing is judged for neatness, and they are made to take part in a trial encounter group. After all that anyone the staff doesn't like is excluded.

Some new programs are borrowing from the therapeutic community techniques without accepting them completely. For instance, many methadone withdrawal clinics, such as those now being opened by the VA, combine medical care with optional "rap groups" (less intensive versions of the encounter group) under the leadership of ex-junkies. At their best, these programs can provide a friendly environment in which addicts can share their feelings, recover their confidence, and learn that their problems are not unique.

Such clinics, if combined with good rap groups and necessary services like job-training and placement, are probably the best hope among the official programs. But their effectiveness has not been proven either. Like every other program, they turn their graduates back out into the street to face the same society from which they needed to escape into drugs originally. So far, experience has shown that only a small percentage of rehabilitated addicts can resist these pressures for long. In any case, such decent facilities are few and far between. The VA, for instance, has only 19, serving a maximum of 3800 patients a year. More are opening, but with most federal

oney going into methadone maintenance, things aren't likely to get any much better soon.

Rehabilitation Picture Bleak

All in all, the rehabilitation picture is bleak. Drug treatment programs are turning into the biggest hustle since the war on poverty, and they generally seem to produce just about as little. As we saw in the section on addiction in the ghetto, only a handful of people have ever been cured of their habits, despite all the money and publicity some of the programs have received. One New York State Narcotics official whose agency provides some "care" for about 11,000 addicts to the tune of \$50 million a year said there have been "a couple hundred cures." And New York City's Addiction Services Agency, with a \$29 million budget in 1970, claimed 79 "cures." They treated 2500 addicts between 1967 and 1970. Phoenix House, the largest of the therapeutic communities in the U.S., has enrolled over 3000 addicts since it opened in 1967, but fewer than 200 have usually graduated successfully. In New York City, which boasts the nation's most intensive treatment programs, it has been estimated that fewer than 3 per cent of those addicted were receiving any care at

Political Groups Fighting Drugs

The only rehabilitation efforts that seem to have much hope of success are those that try to fight addiction by involving the addict in struggling to change the society that produced the plague. Political groups in the ghetto have found that fighting scag has to be one of their highest priorities if they are to have any chance of winning their liberation. The *Black Muslims* have probably the largest and most active withdrawal program in the country. Community-controlled clinics in black ghettos, like The Community Thing in Harlem, have tried to offer black pride and commitment to the struggle for freedom alternatives to drugs.

On the other hand, some programs set up to deal simply with addicts have found themselves moving against the social roots of addiction. Daytop House, one of the big therapeutic communities in New York City, was most successful when it began to encourage its residents to become politically active. When the white businessmen and professionals who sat on the board of trustees fired the director and staff members and insisted that Daytop return to the traditional ward-looking model for the therapeutic community, many of the

residents returned to the street and to junk.

The Best Form of Therapy

Politically-oriented programs like these don't deny that the individual junkie needs to change. But they understand that the best context for these personal changes, as well as the best hope for a long-range solution to the whole problem, is a mass movement fighting against racism and poverty. After all, many of the psychological problems that hang up junkies (and a lot of other people, too) come down to self-hatred. We're all told from age one that any of us can succeed if we try hard enough. The other side of that is if you don't succeed, it's your own fault; if you're trapped, if you're poor, if you can't get a job, it's because you're a piece of shit. Once you get on that kind of self-hate trip, *self-destruction* is the next step, and that's what junk is all about.

The movement, on the other hand, tries to show people how the cards are stacked against most of us from the beginning. If people are miserable, it's not because of their failings, but because a few people are getting rich off of their misery. By providing an alternative explanation and another focus for anger, as well as collective support and some sense of direction, the movement can be the best form of therapy.

More important than helping current addicts, the movement points toward a solution that can save others from the plague in the future. Eliminating poverty and racism, slums and disease, sexism and exploitation, unemployment and alienation would remove the conditions that encourage addiction in the first place. Junk won't disappear from this society until these conditions are dealt with by the people they harm. That will take time, and meanwhile the powerful men who profit from the status quo will seek to bring repression down on every program and movement that threatens them.

China was able to solve its opium problem by starting to build a new society. A revolution for life in this country will hardly be the same as China's. But no matter how long it takes, and how hard it seems, fighting for a better life is the only hope there is.

FURTHER READING

The Addict, a collection of articles edited by Dan Wakefield, lacks an overall analysis but includes interesting material on many aspects of the problem. (This book, like all others mentioned below, is available in paperback.) The Health Policy Advisory Committee devoted its June 1970 *Bulletin* to the history of addiction in this country and to a powerful critique of contemporary treatment efforts. (Health-PAC, 17 Murray St., N.Y.C. 10007).

The Autobiography of Malcolm X remains the best description of ghetto life and the conditions that push people toward drugs—and toward politics. Michael Tabor's *Capitalism + Dope = Genocide* is an eloquent attack on junk from the point of view of a black revolutionary ex-junkie. The article has been published in pamphlet form by the Black Panther Party.

Rosemary Diabolo tells her brother's case history in "Story of a Working-Class Addict" in the *Liberated Guardian*. Her analysis is basically similar to that presented in this pamphlet, with special emphasis on the limitations of treatment programs.

Jeremy Farner and Ralph Jefferteller have edited a collection of extended interviews with junkies from New York City under the title *Addicts in the Street*. As for junk among GI's and vets, the newspapers and magazines carry some new expose nearly every week. Erwin Knoll, "Our Junkies in Vietnam", *The Progressive*, July 1971, summarizes the report of Congressmen Murphy and Steele.

Maurice Collis' *Foreign Mud* is the most readable of many available accounts of the Opium Wars in China. For a broad overview of the politics of heroin in Southeast Asia, see Frank Browning and Banning Garrett, "The New Opium War", *Ramparts*, May 1971. Henry Kamm, "Asians Doubt That U.S. Can Halt Heroin Flow", *New York Times*, August 11, 1971, documents the failure of efforts to stop the heroin traffic in Southeast Asia. The U.S. government view of "The World Opium Situation" is in the *Congressional Record* (Senate), June 9, 1971, S8686-S8693. *Laos: War and Revolution*, edited by Nina S. Adams and Alfred W. McCoy, includes two relevant essays: Peter Dale Scott, "Air America: Flying the U.S. into Laos", and David Feingold, "Opium and Politics in Laos."

A team of British cameramen have made a documentary movie tracing the flow of opium from the Shan States in Burma to Bangkok and thence to Hong Kong. The movie illuminates the culture of the mountain tribes and the workings of the opium network, although it overlooks the role of the Americans. Unfortunately, the movie, called *The Opium Trail*, is not readily available. Harvard's Ethno-Botany Department (Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138) owns a copy and sometimes rents it out.