

## **Sunking – “The Legendary Dope Famine of ‘69” – Vol. III No. 6 pg. 12, December 12, 1969**

Times are getting hard in Muncie, my friends, and winter approacheth. For some strange reason the heat is on and the dope is gone. It seems a little ridiculous for us to assume that the shortage of dope came first. Even the Muncie Pig isn't naive enough to try to bust for dope when there just ain't any. Granted, the local Gestapo's naiveté has been the reason why many of us aren't in about our second year of a 1 to 10, but this time he had more to go on than just suspicion. Look closely friends at your actions in the past few weeks. Think of the people you've talked to, the people you've dealt with and where you've done this dealing and talking. Could it be possible that you have been a little loose in discussing your practices with dope? Could you have let out your source of supply to the Pig? If that is the case, then you have only yourself to blame for the fact that you may not be stoned right now.

I know for a fact that two of the biggest and most reputable dealers in our culture have gone completely out of business. This is causing a deficit in our dope supply that will not be quickly replenished. These people have shut down because of the heat. Both say that they no longer feel very responsible to a culture which does not appreciate their services enough to try its best to keep the Pig off the backs of the people who reliably supply their need.

Telling everyone you know that you have some good dope, where you got it, and what you paid for it may sound like you're helping your dealer's circulation to you, but if your dealer knew you aided him in this manner, you would be soon looking for a new dealer. Remember, as much as we hate to admit it, dope is still illegal. The way to get it legalized is not by talking about who does dope and where they get it. The way to win out over this unjust law is to educate people by turning them on. This is hard to do when you can't even get enough dope to meet your own needs. You are just as responsible for keeping the dope supply high as is the individual you buy from.

It has been said before that we have indeed been fortunate here in Muncie in both the quantity and quality of the dope which we have, for a fair price, been able to acquire. Now, through sheer neglect and too many loose mouths, we are approaching a period where dope will probably reach an all-time low in this area. It is distressing to think that the good thing we had going for us has been blown by our over enthusiasm. Now the word on everyone lips will not be "Boy \_\_\_ is sure handling good shit and we ever get blown away on it last night..." but instead "If we don't come across something good pretty soon, I may go back to Romilar." Those old cough syrup, banana peel, catnip high are a pretty grim comparison to what we have grown used to.

It should have also been brought to everyone's attention by now that there is an element of pure filth among us. Here I refer to those lowly individuals who, through cunning and fear, have become enough a part of our culture to receive friendship and trust is in turn being turned into an information network that leads straight to the Pig. These people are worse than the Pig. At least the Pig carries a badge, gun, and short hair that identifies him. These people live in hypocrisy. They live and look as if they were a part of the love generation. The only love they give is the love of knowing they have fucked over one of our brothers by setting him up or turning his name over to the Fascist Police for the purposes of harassment and possible arrest.

Watch out for these people. They are indeed all around us. We don't know for sure who all of these people are, but we are finding out fast as we can. The worst way to find out is at the expense of one of our brothers or sisters. Again, be extremely careful whom you discuss your dope with. The best policy may be not to discuss it at all. And for God's sake, don't discuss dope in the Tally. This is a known feeding ground for these slimy vultures on the misery of others.

Now is the time to buckle up another notch and work on our inadequate system of spreading the word about our dope. We will all be short on supply for a while, but we can all hope that when the good weed again sees fit to come to our community that we will be able to handle our good fortune and keep it coming our way. As much as I hate to refer back to the old war time security slogan of "Loose lips, sink ships," I can only feel that it adequately applies to the loss that we are all presently suffering due to the disregard of others. Think about it earnestly and maybe we won't have another winter here that looks as bleak as this one is starting to look.