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A Strange Chemical Darkness

by Limo

Imagine for a moment that it's a sunny Friday afternoon and you've finally arrived at the festival you've been aching for all week. Seas of tents surround the pathways. Music of so many kinds washes over you from all directions. You've come early to get a good campsite, one with morning shade so you can sleep off the nights without cooking yourself in the mornings. A friend far away takes careful notes in that class your conveniently sick for. You've made it. Monday will be a time for sleep and detox, but that's far away. There's much to be done. As night falls over the tents and burning cannabis bright, colored lights shine across the skyline. The music picks up a little and the freaks come out to play. Tie-dye and glow sticks look tame as scantily clad angels walk by on stilts with painted faces and fairy wings. Walking trees give out free hugs while purple three-headed aliens do the hokie pokie through a crowd of drug-addled hippies, students, and veteran bohemians of every conceivable generation. And that pill you took hasn't even kicked in yet! It will soon. The music penetrates your body, charming your pulse into agreement. The music's getting better and you have to dance. You have no other option. It would be a silly and unforgivable misuse of your life not to shake and move and breathe in unison with the mass of human creative energy all around you. You're certainly having fun but early on there's a strange chemical darkness to this high that says it's not what you've bargained for. You don't feel the universal, unconditional love for all living things that you've heard people talk about. And you're certainly not telling your life story to any strangers. You feel only the music, and the need to dance. "Remember to drink water," you think to yourself. "People dance all night, forgetting to drink water, and cook themselves in their own body heat. Don't drink too much water though. People drink too much water and flush their systems out completely and die that way too." Your feet ought to be sore, you've been dancing for hours, but they're not. You're not tired either. Matter of fact you're ecstatic. Every beat of music comes with the anticipation of a child's Christmas present. Nothing seems to be happening fast enough. Your eyes dart around like pin balls. Your fingers wriggle about constantly, grasping for something to fondle. You step away ~~from the crowd of bodies and seething decadence~~ for some fresh air and a place to cool down. Psychologically, you're exhausted. You should be calming down. Ration your energy, don't get burnt out on the first night. You should be going to bed soon, as you won't be able to sleep all day. Matter of fact you'll probably have to wake up shortly after the sunshine reaches your campsite. What was in that pill you took? The guy said it was pure. It is never pure. Well, people sell kits that test the shit for all kinds of chemicals, and if the test gives you a really high purity reading then maybe it's pure. That is, pure in the sense that there's only filler and no other substitutes. But information like that on dancesafe.org reveals the range of things that people press into pills and sell as ecstasy. Often without knowing it, people ingest everything from aspirin to highly illegal synthetic stimulants and dissociative, animal tranquilizers. You remember a segment about America's PCP epidemic in a documentary called Great American Drug War. Police had apprehended a man in who had ran into a restaurant high on PCP, tearing his clothes off and rubbing ice cubes on his skin trying to cool his body temperature. The cops tossed him into a patty wagon as he rambled incoherently about Gods and chickens and other things he got halfway out of his mouth before he changed the subject. "Holy crap!" you think to yourself, "Could I end up like that? No, no, I've got control of myself." But you don't. You're caked in sweat, pacing back and forth thinking out loud. You can't seem to make a decision about what it is you're doing, but you can't seem to sit still long enough to think. "Do I need medical attention?.. No, I'm fine. What would I even say? Hi, I'm really high right now. 'Do you think I'm going to be okay?' No, the medical staff have real problems to deal with. They'd probably laugh me away. "Maybe they wouldn't." Maybe they'd do everything they possibly could for your health and preservation and you'd end up like the "free hugs" guy. Oh, you remember, someone was running around the crowd by the rave scene naked, giving out free hugs, whether people wanted them or not. He ended up getting punched pretty hard in the jaw and spending the night in the medical tent with an IV dripping thorazine into his veins at regular intervals to prevent all the drugs he'd taken from rearranging his psyche too bad. No, you'll be fine. "Walk around," you think out loud, "look for friends." But you can't stop the "GO, GO, GO"! You can't stop twitching and moving around and you find it very difficult to communicate with anyone. You realize a beer could be the worst thing for you right now, but maybe it will at least calm your nerves. No such luck. You can barely feel it. And as soon as it's gone you find

yourself thinking, "Why is there an empty beer in my hand? I must have been looking for something. Keep looking you'll find it!" None of this seems to make any sense. If only you could just go to sleep. You try, multiple times, but each time you're forced from the comfort of your bed by a savage wave of restlessness that sends you wandering around again looking for... "What was I looking for again?" By now you know your feet hurt. But you can't feel the pain. Your eyes are getting sore from overuse. Your hands feel raw and shaken, like you've been riding a dirt bike for seven hours straight. And now it's beginning to feel like someone gave a badger six cups of coffee and locked it inside your ribcage. It's almost like getting stitches after a Novocain injection. It doesn't hurt, but you're sure can feel every scratch and tear of the little bastard trying to claw his way out. "Fuck! How long will this go on for?" It shows the early signs of wearing down as the sun begins to rise. You're lying face down in your tent, with the door open for ventilation, sweating profusely. You can feel the poison saturating your entire body. Your heart beats like a stallion racehorse, and shows no sign of slowing down. But your mind has calmed a little. You're exhausted. You need sleep but the evil cartoons on the walls of your tent keep waking you up. "My God! Is that a face in a rolling mound of toxic waste and hamburger meat? Yes, it has eyes and teeth, and it keeps trying to intimidate me." Then there's a more subtle creature on the other wall. He's two dimensional, and about four inches tall. He's a skinny little dude in a tank top, with a cast around the midsection. His skin is pulled tight on his bony figure to emphasize every bone and tendon that's about to snap from the stress he's under. His fingers curl almost to a fist, like he's forgotten how to make one. A hypodermic needle sticks out of his forearm, like he's forgotten about it. The face is not that of a human, but that of a toxic meth demon with a praying mantis head. The big, black eyes stare at you with an intense loathing you've never seen before, like your very existence is unbearable to him. You get a couple hours of sleep that day. Not enough, but the worst is over. In the mirror you see the look of a crazy person, a weather-torn, drug-addled lunatic you'd be horrified to interact with. It goes away after a couple of days. The twitch stays with you for a few more days, but it fades rather quickly. That toxic saturation lasts a little longer, but the feeling of shame and anger at yourself for not being more responsible is the hardest to get rid of. It fades in time too, and you feel good about yourself again.

Title: ON THE MOVE! MOVE ORGANIZATION STILL STRONG AND INSPIRING US

Subtitle: Deadly System Exposed In All Its Brutality

"MOVE'S WORK IS TO STOP INDUSTRY FROM POISONING THE AIR, THE WATER, THE SOIL, AND TO PUT AN END TO THE ENSLAVEMENT OF LIFE - PEOPLE, ANIMALS, ANY FORM OF LIFE. THE PURPOSE OF JOHN AFRICA'S REVOLUTION IS TO SHOW PEOPLE HOW CORRUPT, ROTTEN, CRIMINALLY ENSLAVING THIS SYSTEM IS, SHOW PEOPLE THROUGH JOHN AFRICA'S TEACHING, THE TRUTH, THAT THIS SYSTEM IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THEIR PROBLEMS (ALCOHOLISM, DRUG ADDICTION, UNEMPLOYMENT, WIFE ABUSE, CHILD PORNOGRAPHY, EVERY PROBLEM IN THE WORLD) AND TO SET THE EXAMPLE OF REVOLUTION FOR PEOPLE TO FOLLOW WHEN THEY REALIZE HOW THEY'VE BEEN OPPRESSED, REPRESSED, DUPED, TRICKED BY THIS SYSTEM, THIS GOVERNMENT AND SEE THE NEED TO RID THEMSELVES OF THIS CANCEROUS SYSTEM AS MOVE DOES!"

-MOVE

May 13 is the memorial of 6 adult MOVE members, 5 MOVE children, and animals cared for by MOVE. It is the anniversary of the SHOOTING ATTACK and BOMBING of the MOVE home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania by the city, police and fire departments- They killed all but two inhabitants in the MOVE home, and burned down 60 other homes in the neighborhood. On Friday, May 16, 2009, there was a rally/protest in Philly in support of MOVE political prisoners and Mumia Abu-Jamal to protest the continuing injustice of the system and the insane and deadly actions of May 13, 1985. Below is a recent communique released by MOVE:

ON THE MOVE! This communique is to update people on the status of parole for The MOVE 9. As of now Eddie and Delbert have been interviewed by the parole board. Eddie has been denied parole and was given a 2 year hit (meaning he won't see the parole board again for 2 years). Delbert has not yet received a decision from the parole board but we have no reason to expect anything different. MOVE women are scheduled to be interviewed by the parole board during the week of May 11th. It is crystal clear that MOVE members are being denied parole solely because officials don't want any more MOVE people on the street and it has nothing to do with them believing that MOVE people are guilty of