

## 3.2 WALL READING TEXTS

Before we were married, he had tried crack (cocaine) and became hooked (addicted) instantly. He said it was the most intense euphoria he'd ever felt. And now, so easily, he was hopelessly addicted.

He would be absent each fortnight, that is to say after every pay-day. And, the money never made it home any more. We were living on my unemployment benefit.

### LOVE CRACK KILLED

There were nights when I lay in bed, hearing the door open and close every 20 minutes as he went out to buy another hit. The sound of him flickering the lighter became familiar, the last sound I would hear as I fell asleep, alone.

He started to steal from me. I would hide things and he would find and take them. Nothing was sacred.

A year after, he was back on my balcony, but this time he couldn't get in. He pushed the locked door until it shattered. Bleeding, standing in a pile of glass, he had only one concern: money. „Please, just give me five pounds and I'll leave," he said. "Please, I need it." He was crying.

I picked up his address book, absent-mindedly, and something fell out. It was a tiny plastic bag, filled with white granulates. I had no idea those crystals would become more attractive to André than any woman I have been worried about. Within a few months, my gorgeous young husband would have spiralled down into the world of drug addiction.

Then, André stared stealing from strangers and going in and out of jail.

He became constantly paranoid, always looking out of the window, convinced that someone was after him.

I had a screwdriver in my hand. We fought like two men. Even though André had lost so much weight, he still had the strength of a crackhead. I kicked and punched. He wrestled the screwdriver from me and stood there holding it. I ran to his grandmother's with a bloody lip.

## 3.2 WALL READING TEXTS (CONT.)

### FAMILY TROUBLES

#### PARENTS' DILEMMAS

Having celebrated drug use as adolescents, the Woodstock generation now has teenager children of its own. And some of the parents are getting pretty, uh, uptight about it. In a recent survey of parents with teenage kids, 75 percent said they “would be upset if my child even tried marijuana, “ and 77 percent said “parents should forbid their kids to use drugs at any time”. For a generation that believes they fought against anti-drug hypocrisy, this can be a source of real parental anxiety. How much should you tell your kids about your own past? When? How can you just say no, when you spent your salad days just saying yes? In short, how does the drug generation now talk to its children about drugs?

Adapted from: Newsweek,  
19<sup>th</sup> February, 1996.

#### LOSING A SON

The call came at 5 a.m. on March 7<sup>th</sup>, just as Tom and Karen Schlendorf were getting up for work in suburban Long Island. The local police department was on the line, and an officer said he'd be right over because he had something to tell them. “For two or three minutes I didn't think anything of it,” Karen recalls. “Then my blood just went cold as ice and I said, ‘Oh, my God, I hope it's not Pete.’” The Schlendorfs had spoken a few days earlier with their 20-year-old son, a junior studying history and theatre at the University of Albany. He was in Panama City, Fla., enjoying spring break with several buddies. Now, as Karen feared, her life was changing. “I'm sorry to have to tell you this,” the officer said after greeting them at the door. “Your son is dead.”

If the fact of his death was hard to accept, so was the cause. From talking to her son's friends, Karen has learnt that on March 6<sup>th</sup> they used a legal herbal food supplement, Ultimate Xphoria. The package suggested a dose of four tablets, but most of them followed a store clerk's advice and took 12 to 15. Pete took just eight, but they hit him hard. Complaining of tingling sensations and a headache, he decided to stay behind at the hotel while his pals went out for the evening. They found him dead on the floor when they returned.

Adapted from: Newsweek,

### 3.2 WALL READING TEXTS (CONT.)

#### FILM AND ART: PLEASURE, PAIN, DEATH

<p>“People think it’s all about misery and desperation and death and all that s____, which is not to be ignored. But what they forget is the pleasure of it. Otherwise we wouldn’t do it.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Renton in Trainspotting</p>	<p>Suffering the terrible pains of heroin withdrawal, Mark Renton, the central character in Irvine Welsh’s novel, “Trainspotting”, takes stock of his circumstances. His bones ache, his skin feels like it’s full of pins. He is terribly sick, his bloody tongue is nearly bit through. He’s haunted by nightmares of little Dawn, a neglected baby who died in the shooting gallery while he and his friends shot up. He’s afraid to know his HIV status.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Newsweek, 15<sup>th</sup> July 1996</p>
<p>Freddy spent the months before he died with a girl dancer over in an apartment near St. Mark’s Church, taking more and more amphetamine. He began staying inside, never going out. He never smiled anymore. He withdrew from the whole apartment into one single room, and then from the room to the end of the hall, and then from the end of the hall into a walk-in-closet – he’d stay in there for days at a time in his mess of textiles and beads and records.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Andy Warhol and Pat Hackett: Popism, the Warhol 60’s</p>	

## 3.2 WALL READING TEXTS (CONT.)

I need a fix 'cause I'm going down  
 Mother Superior jump the gun  
 Happiness is a warm gun  
 When I hold you in my arms  
 And I feel my finger on your trigger  
 I know no one can do me no harm  
 Because happiness is a warm gun.  
 Yes it is.

Beatles: Happiness is a warm gun

Heroin  
 Gonna be the death of me  
 Heroin  
 It's my wife and it's my life  
 Because mainline to my veins leads to  
 a centre in my head  
 And then I'm better off than dead

Lou Reed: Heroin

### POP STARS ON USE

“If you're going to get into junk (heroin), it stands to reason you should ... for a start, in guys particularly, it takes the place of everything. You don't need a chick (girl), you don't need music, you don't need nothing. It doesn't get you anywhere. It's not called junk for nothing.”

Keith Richards, Rolling Stones

„I had a more-than-platonic relationship with drugs. Actually, I was zonked out of my mind most of the time. You can do good things with drugs, but then comes the long decline. I was skeletal. I was destroying my body.”

David Bowie