

HARVEST

CANADA'S UP-FRONT HEAD MAGAZINE!


Issue #3

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by Buck '80

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a pictorial



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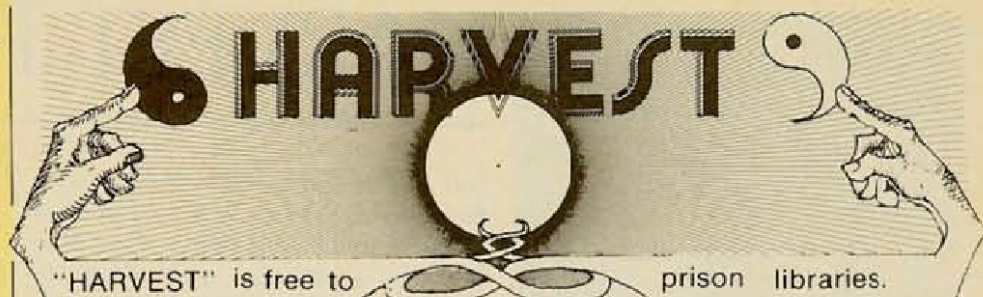
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PYROTECHNICS OUR EDITORIAL

Just as we figured in our editorial in issue #2, marijuana law reform has once again been delayed. Justice Minister Jacques Flynn regurgitated the old excuse about new studies indicating cannabis is dangerous to one's health. This left many surprised, not the least of whom was the NDP's justice critic Fonse Faour, who protested: "It was my understanding that the issue last year was defined not in terms of whether it affects health, but in its continued presence in the criminal justice system."

Since Joe Clark promised a lessening of criminal penalties during his campaign for election, the Tories have significantly changed their tune. The department of Health and Welfare announced 31,000 marijuana convictions in 1978, the traditional health care for cannabis users. Not to be outdone, virtually all Attorney-Generals, led by Ontario's Roy McMurtry, got on the band wagon, trumpeting their fears of millions of pot-smokers suffering terrible diseases, a concern to provincial governments responsible for health care.

Andy Rapoch, executive director of NORML-Canada in Ottawa, took the government to task for not abolishing all criminal records for pot possession and getting on with conclusive studies covering the long term use of marijuana.

Waving a joint around at a recent news conference in Ottawa, Mr. Rapoch announced a new rallying cry for pot-smokers in Canada. "G for grass by 1980". The Conservative government should decriminalize marijuana by putting it under Section "G" of the Food and Drug Act, Rapoch said, and also warned the federal government that 3.5 million Canadians who are users of cannabis are becoming increasingly cynical about the law as it now stands.

The bottom line really seems to be that provincial Attorney Generals will oppose decriminalizing marijuana until they can find a way to benefit from what we all know is a multi-million-dollar business.

Meantime, for the MP's reading "Harvest" out there, please let us know how a pot smoker's health will improve by his being thrown in jail?

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HARVEST POSTILLION



Thank God, no more glaucoma with my \$40,000 blanket.

Photo by BEEZER

Dear Sirs,

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Enclosed is a cheque in payment for the no. 1 issues which we sold. We will also pay you for whatever issues of no. 2 we sell. Thereafter, please do not bring further issues to our manager at the store. If you do, we will simply not pay your invoices.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am not taking this action because of some reason such as inadequate profit margin. I am doing it because the public display of this magazine implies that everyone in our store is on drugs of some kind. This is not true, and it puts our business in a bad light for a sizeable percentage of our customers.

On a personal level, I do not feel that the young people of Canada can do a good job the next day after having been on a high the night before. You don't agree? Then possibly we can do some of the following things for people who hold your beliefs: we can establish a special airline for you. Before takeoff,

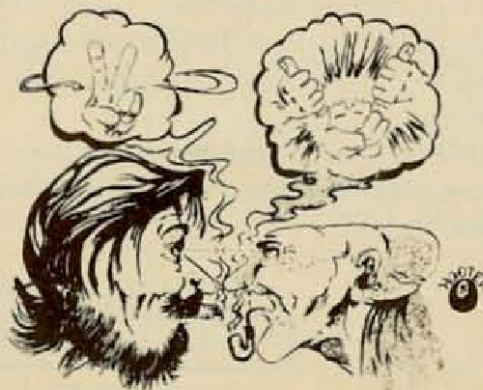
you can be comforted by the fact that the pilots at the controls are wearing off a high from the night before. Next time you need dental work, we'll make sure the dentist is on drugs before he puts the drill to your teeth. And the next time you need surgery, we will not allow the physician to put a knife to your body until he has taken drugs of some type. Also, we will give you special high rise apartments and bridges over the river, guaranteed to be built 100% by engineers on pot. I could go on, but you see my point.

Also, I do not like the cartoons in your magazine which ridicule the R.C.M.P. You should understand they are not your real enemy because they are merely enforcing the laws which the majority of the people in Canada have told them to enforce. I respect your right to try to change the laws, and if you succeed, you would find that the R.C.M.P. problem would disappear overnight.

I myself assisted in research on drugs years before any laws were passed in Canada on them. I could relate to you several horror stories which happened to my fellow research workers because at that time we were all ignorant of the dangers that many of these drugs pose. I had to leave the research project and was barred from ever coming near that laboratory again in my life because my entire digestive tract was literally disintegrating in a massive hemorrhage of blood. Others were not so lucky. So I'm sorry, but you can't convince me! Please keep your magazine out of my store.

T.F. of Dark Horse Boutiques Ltd.

Our answer
to you, T.F.:



Dear Sirs,

Many thanks for your letter of Oct. 8th and enclosed magazines. I will contact you again later about a subscription to "Harvest" and membership in NORML.

Since I am beginning to collect materials towards a study of drug usage in S.E. Asia, I would be interested in offering, say, an article on the marijuana situation here; but, since this is a part-time activity which I must push in between my analytical work, I would not like to promise to meet a deadline at the moment.

One thing I think we must do is turn a spotlight on the barbarous drug laws of S.E. Asia, and wake people up to just what is happening as a result of the collusion between Western narcotic agencies and a series of despotic and retrogressive third world governments. Remember: these peoples' tirades against "westernization" and "western permissiveness" only apply to democratic Western institutions. When the Western practice is more repressive than the local one — as in this field — they are only too ready to Westernise!

Though heroin is not primarily our subject I would like to draw attention to the following news article:

In Singapore today a 32 year old man was hanged for trafficking in 138 grams of heroin on November 25, 1976.

He was sentenced to die in November 1977, and an appeal six months later to the Privy Council was dismissed.

He is the third person to be hanged under the Misuse of Drug Act, officials said.

A particularly appalling feature of this and other articles — and one which is to my shame, since I am English — is the complicity of the British Privy Council. Britain has abolished the death penalty. (And in any case we gave up hanging for sheep stealing a long time before that!) I believe it may not be too late to stop any more of these judicial crimes — which would include the brutal murder of a young girl of 19, her child to be deprived of a mother and made an orphan — by petitioning the British Government, or the President of Singapore, or simply

by arousing public sympathy. Any assistance that NORML could give would be appreciated.

In these places the drug policies are reaching the level of anything the Nazis or the Khmer Rouge could do!

Will write again shortly,

Yours sincerely
AJS in Bangkok, Thailand



CITRIOLE, Amsterdam, 1978.

Dear "Harvest",

First of all, my congratulations on your efforts and energies in producing a magazine which is so aware of the social phenomenon which is sweeping North America. This Canadian magazine shows that some people are not just talking idealists, but hard working realists who have put their names and energies into a moral political cause. There are presently about 3,500 political prisoners serving time for their crime of having been associated with the enemy marijuana.

Many people are aware of the laws, do a lot of bitching about them and yet the number of political prisoners increases every day. Why? Because nobody cares until it hits them. Moreover,

with the coming of the New Age, magazines such as "Harvest", with a Canadian focus will be on the vanguard of the social revolution. I wish the hard working individuals of this organization great success and hope that they will make a break through the great sea of conformity and help enlighten the masses re this social injustice. Show them that it is an infringement to all individuals and is a detriment to society.

It is time that closet heads come out and be liberated. It is long overdue. The time for action is right now or apathy will remain strong much to the pleasure of the state.

Long live the "Harvest".

M.L. in Onoway, Alberta

Dear Sirs,

Just a short note to say "Keep 'em comin'". I think your mag for Canadians is the best around. Here's \$15.00 for the next 12 issues. I would suggest the same for all readers. Instead of searching for "Harvest", why not have it come right to your door?

M.M. in Winnipeg

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Books

Continued from page 41

back a step. Obviously this terminology is more warranted than not, but it tinges the resulting encyclopedia with some element of irresponsible hedonism, at least in my mind.

I looked in vain for any sign that drug usage might be something less than wonderful. I guess I make this out to be an irresponsible book then? Well, not really. Actually it presents the drug culture pretty much as I, myself, find it: full of romanticism, adventure, and pleasure seeking. But at the same time it helps to remember these are also highly commercial properties. Fostering these attitudes at the expense of a realistic perspective concerning the legality and potential harmfulness of some drugs will not legitimize the drug culture or heighten the awareness of our society to the fact that the drug culture is to be taken seriously, but it will place the smuggler somewhere beside Robin Hood as a romantic folk hero.

Considering that dope is now something like a 4 billion dollar a year industry in North America, I find it ironic that once again the ones with the money get the glory. Alas Joe Kennedy.

by Michael J. Cushner

P.S. Stan, I'm keeping the typewriter.

HIGHSTREET — ALONG THE TWILIGHT ZONE



It is one o'clock in the afternoon at Gary Taylor's Rock Room. Ray Materick and Tuxedo Max's roadies are clearing the stage. It's a cool, rainy day in Vancouver and no one in the club seems to know when Highstreet is arriving. At the front of the club, it sounds like fifty phones are ringing at the same time and there are a couple of music industry heavies growling like frantic wolverines in heat. The walls of the club are plastered with photos of big rock stars who have participated in CFOX's and Taylor's "LIVE AT ELEVEN" show. Hit makers like David Bowie, Blondie, The Boomtown Rats, Long John Baldry and Jerry Doucette peer out from these hallowed halls. The "Live at Eleven" show has become something of a tradition here in Vancouver, and Gary Taylor's Rock Room has a reputation for being one of the premier showcase clubs in the country.

8

by Richard McCallum

This Monday night, it is Highstreet's turn to be featured on the live FM simulcast, in fact, this date is the peak of a grueling ten week national tour that Highstreet have been engaged in since August.

By two o'clock, the band arrives and, at two thirty, Highstreet begins unloading their equipment from their truck. The band looks tired, wet and cold. Remember that rock and roll, as a lifestyle, can take quite a toll. A combination of constant travel, bad hotels and shitty food can literally add years to a musician's face and, all too often, in a strange city, you find that last night's party quickly becomes tomorrow's hangover.

*"I started with a will of my own
But I lost it somewhere along the way
I'm too young to be looking this old
But the years crept up to me day by day
So line up a mirror
And pass it to me
I'm not gonna leave here
If I can still see
It's a bad life
(It's gonna get you, Know)
And it's a sharp knife
(Still gonna get you)"*

----- Bad Life
Ted Hall

You don't have to be Sherlock Holmes to tell that Highstreet are under pressure. This simulcast with CFOX means a lot because they are counting on it to expose them properly to the Vancouver FM market and, ultimately, the people who buy records.

Highstreet's first album "She Won't be Waiting" has received minimum FM airplay in the eastern part of the country, which is a bit surprising as Highstreet is a Montreal based band. Not only that, but Highstreet's label, Inter Global Music, has apparently gone bankrupt; leaving the band literally out in the cold. This, of course, causes confusion in the national distribution of the album, i.e., Highstreet plays a town and there are no records in the stores; or, a record store stocks one copy of "She Won't be Waiting" and, when it is sold, orders another one.

It takes about an hour to unload the equipment out of the truck. When everything is unloaded, Gordie Adamson, drummer for Highstreet, begins setting up his kit. Mickey Hall, founder and lead guitarist for Highstreet, goes out to the nearest music store to pick up some new strings. Butch Coulter (harp and acoustic guitar) grabs a cup of coffee and, along with Ted Hall (rhythm guitar) and Jim Buck (bass), starts comparing notes with Tuxedo Max's roadies. But this is not the first time Highstreet has played Vancouver.

Prior to playing a week engagement at Harpo's in Victoria, Highstreet had been knocking the socks off of Lou Blair's Refinery in Calgary where, among other things, Long John Baldry walked in for an impromptu jam. It was at the Refinery that they got a call from Norm Perry's Perryscope Productions, asking Highstreet if they could do a warm up spot for Jerry Doucette at the Pacific National Exhibition Gardens. Highstreet accepted and headed for Vancouver.

It was in the Rocky Mountain Town of Golden, between Calgary and Vancouver, that drummer Gordie Adamson ran into a bit of a nasty encounter. "I walked into this restaurant to get a cup of coffee and this redneck type called me a fruit. So I went up to the counter to pick up the coffee and he called me a fruit again. I looked at him and said, "You've got a big mouth and you're being rude and impolite." He got up and said, "Do you want to have a fight?" I said, "This is ridiculous." Meanwhile, I was thinking to myself how something like this could only happen on T.V. That's when he took a drag off of his cigarette and decked me in the face. So, I

reeled back and kicked him square in the chest; by then he had got another shot in at my head. It was then that I realized that I had a show to do the next night, so I said, "O.K., you win, now what?" He called me a fruit again and threw a cup of coffee in my face. The sad part of it was that his friends started calling him a jerk and split. After that, the waitress asked me if I wanted a cup of coffee. I said, "No thanks, I just had one."

Jim Buck continues, "By the time we reached the P N E Gardens we were really tired from the ordeal of driving all the way down. But one thing that made it easier was the Rocky Mountain Sound Company; they were more than efficient. Their crew and monitoring man, along with our sound man, Merlin Alger, were terrific. We did our sound check and we were satisfied, but when we went out there to do the show, it seemed as if the sound was perfect.

We did our set and, to our surprise, right after we had finished, we got a heavy duty encore. So we went back on and did two or three more tunes and, as we were walking offstage saying thanks, another round of applause came up. It was a real energy rush; we were hyper with adrenalin. The whole band was happy; the show went off without a hitch."

One of Highstreet's major difficulties has been the rather lukewarm reception that they have received from the critics. Most of the music press seem to think that, before you can write an article or critique on a band, you must put a specific label on them, thereby "defining" the sound. Record companies, as well, feel that it is necessary to "define" a band's sound. So, when the A & R man signs up a band, he puts a nice neat little label on them like; heavy-metal, country-rock, rhythm and blues, reggae, punk-rock (remember that one?) and, the currently chic, New Wave. Once the band is labelled, the "rock journalist" has a nice cozy little niche under which he can judge them.

This is all nice and dandy except when you have a band that does not fit into one specific genre. In fact, there are some members of the music press that get so wrapped up in their own personal tastes that, indeed, they forget about all other genres. It is rumoured that currently, in Vancouv-



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er, there is one reviewer who compares almost every second act he sees to The Clash.

As far as Highstreet goes, their influences are as diverse as the band themselves, and their repertoire consists of blues, reggae, country and hard rock sounds. So far, a recurrent theme in their reviews has been "lack of direction". Ted Hall comments, "Look, as far as we are concerned, we don't have a lack of direction; we're just versatile. I mean, we have a lot of influences but, just because we play a reggae tune, doesn't mean that we want to be known as a white reggae band.

The first album was a stepping stone. It's hard to make an international reputation in Canada, because too many times, Canadian audiences have been exposed to Canadian bands that are nothing more than a third rate rehashing of British and American bands.

And even then, those bands don't make it here until they have cracked open the New York or California markets. But to get to a more positive note, this western tour is really helping our song writing. We find that we

are more understood here. In the east, people seem to think that we have a lack of direction; here, people think that we are more versatile. I think that's good, and believe me, there are a lot more musical ideas that we would like to explore.

We started this tour in August in Newfoundland and, as we have been crossing the country, our material has been getting stronger and stronger.

I really admire Mickey lyrically; he has the ability to write fictional tunes that are really touching, whereas I tend to write songs about incidents that happen directly to me."

Butch Coulter comments on life on the road, "For me personally, I love moving; it's my lifestyle now. I would go crazy staying in one place and I really can't complain about meeting women.

What I enjoy about Highstreet now is that we seem to have a little more control in where we get to play. The clubs are much nicer and we seem to be spending more time in physically beautiful places. It's also very exciting to be cracking the West Coast.

That warm up gig that we did for Doucette was really great. We had one powerful thirty minute set, and we just blasted it all the way.

It all seems a lot easier to be a member of Highstreet now, as compared to two years ago, especially financially. The only thing that bothers me right now about touring is that we have to tear down and set up. That's

really a drag; that, and going into a show without a proper soundcheck.

As far as why I stay with Highstreet after all these years, I would have to say that the main thing for me in this band is my faith in both Mickey's and Ted's songwriting; they are both really strong writers. Mickey's lyrics hit home to a lot of people; there is a simplicity about them; simple, yet to the point.

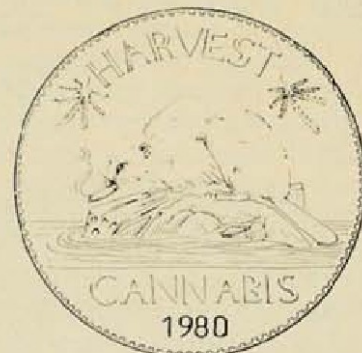
My favourite song by Mickey is called "Dead Weight Dues". It's about a friend of ours and what he does is smuggle drugs. Dead weight is smugglers slang for when you go through customs with nothing but a suitcase full of drugs; no clothes; no nothing, that's dead weight. Here's the way it goes:

*"I'm gonna do this one last trip
Settle down and try to be free
But I know I'm gonna miss the adventure
Of stayin' one step ahead of the man
Could you see me backing out
On such an easy fifty grand
Dead weight blues
Say you can't lose
Dead weight dues
All I've got's bad news"*

----- Dead Weight Dues
Mickey Hall



L-R : Gordie Adamson, Ted Hall, Jim Buck, Mickey Hall, Butch Coulter.



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It's about five thirty now and Mickey Hall returns from the dreary Vancouver storm; the band is all set up now and they do a sound check for an hour. After the sound check, Mickey gives out a few thoughts on Highstreet, "I've heard 'She Won't be Waiting' about 150 times and I can still hack listening to it. On our next studio recording, we'd like to work with Stacey Heydon. The last time we were at Thunder Sound, in Toronto, we worked with him as producer-engineer and we were really pleased with the results. We don't know when we'll be in the studio again; hopefully at the earliest possible moment. Right now we're really up to our ears in club gigs. Every warming up for Doucette was like doing five big rails of really good coke. Here in the west, we've been having a really good time and I think that this is reflected in my song writing. I feel that our sound has progressed quite a ways. It feels much more mature. Something that has definitely influenced us quite a bit is new wave; that and reggae. However, we don't want to ape the American standards in rock music. We want to maintain the identity of five guys on stage."

And that Identity is Highstreet.

THE CLEAR LIGHT SOCIETY

During the occupation of Japan by General Douglas A. MacArthur after the Second World War, marijuana laws copied from those in the United States were forced on the Japanese.

Koh Akutagawa founded "The Clear Light Society" to counter this situation. Soon after, he was indicted for growing 37 pot plants in his garden.

On November 1st, 1977, the trial began in Kyoto District Court with the defense taking the view that the marijuana control laws were unconstitutional.

In his opening statement, Koh Akutagawa reasoned that the legal basis for the marijuana control law is vague. He outlined the relationship in history between mankind and hemp and told Judge Kawaguchi how his personal experiences with cannabis differed widely from those reported in the media.

Asking whether this sort of laws isn't an intrusion by the state into personal privacy, Koh appealed to the judge for a just decision, noting his unbiased, neutral position.



Hempfields for linen in Tochigi Prefecture being visited by members of 'Clear Light'.

In February of 1978 the trial hearing begins with prosecution witness and chemical analyst for the local police stating that the plants confiscated from Akutagawa's garden contained no THC, something Koh thought very strange as they were bearing flowers and seeds.

Buoyed by these successes, the defense asked the prosecution to prove in court that marijuana is harmful to society, but the prosecution was forced to say that it could not prove it and had no ready reply.

One of the three defense lawyers presented documents dating back to the imposition of marijuana laws in Japan proving the vagueness of reasoning behind the need for the law. In an impassioned address, he noted that the freedoms of a citizen are protected in the constitution and that it was criminal behaviour on the part of the state to try to punish people for doing something that was without concrete harm. Much clapping by spectators greeted this dissertation.

At this sixth hearing in June of 1978 it was revealed that Koh Akutagawa obtained the seeds for his plants at a bird seed store. Noting that his marijuana contained no THC, CBD, or CBN, the defense demanded to know whether Koh Akutagawa's cannabis was the same as that mentioned in the law. The prosecution replied that the marijuana in the law was meant to be that containing THC, but that if a person cultivated cannabis, whether it contained THC or not, he was automatically guilty.

Beyond a doubt it was proven that Japan's marijuana control laws were unconstitutional to the utmost, and not based on fact or reason. In celebration of their successes the "Clear Light Society" has been publishing a magazine called "MY ASA NEWS" after each hearing, further increasing public opposition to the Rising Sun's 'Pot Laws'.

courtesy of My Asa News



Notice how the bugs like pot!

NORML CANADA

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A History of Canadian

Cannabis Laws

and Use of Cannabis in Canada

Cannabis was introduced to Canada as early as 1606 by Louis H. Champlain. It was extensively grown in Nova Scotia for production of hemp fibre used in making blankets, cloths, flags, boat sails, wagon covers, etc. Bounties were paid for hemp cultivation and manufacture.

In the 18th Century the British were involved with drug traffic throughout the world dealing in tea, alcohol, tobacco and opium for rather lucrative profits. The East India Trading Co. was formed to pay off India's debt to Britain by selling opium to China. After a period of a few years, local Chinese authorities realized the harm opium use was causing among the uneducated peasant population of China, and placed a ban on opium trade. This action led to the "opium war". The British won the war, forced the Chinese to pay for the cost of the war, replace all the opium that was destroyed, and give Britain complete control of all trade between China and the West. It was for this reason that the Chinese immigrating to North America were accustomed to opium use and brought opium with them, considering North America to be British territory.

Gold was discovered along the Fraser River in British Columbia in 1871. 2,000 Chinese were brought in from California gold fields to work the Canadian mines. In 1881 permission was granted to the Onderdonk Construction Co. to bring in 17,000 Chinese coolies from the South China province of Kuangtung to work on the new railroad. With the railroad completed and the gold mines exhausted, Vancouver found itself left with tent and shanty towns of unemployed Chinese taking on any work available for as little as \$4.00 per month. The poverty caused an increase in the use of opium since opium was available legally and very cheap.

Organized labour saw the Chinese as a threat because they were willing to work so cheaply, so a tax was placed on Chinese immigrants: first \$50., then \$100., then \$500., in 1904. Racial unrest between whites and Chinese grew

CANABA

to a climax in 1907 when white labour gangs invaded the Chinese camps, destroying most of the settlements and scattering the Chinese about the countryside. In response to the violence the Canadian Government dispatched William Lyon MacKenzie King, then a labour minister soon to become Prime Minister, to propose a solution to the problem. The Chinese community was widely addicted to opium which was rarely used among the white population. King tabled a report called "The Need for the Suppression of Opium Traffic in Canada", the result being the Opium Narcotic Control Act in 1908. The sole purpose of this Act was to remove an 'undesirable element' from the labour market, meaning the Chinese. No medical, scientific or social research was done. In 1920 the Opium and Drug Branch was established by the Department of Health. Since the R.C.M.P. worked closely with this new branch to provide the strong arm of the law, more stringent laws were made in the R.C.M.P.'s favour. One of these agents of the law was service writs, which allow the R.C.M.P. officer to enter and search any premises without warrant. The only reason the officer needs is "I thought I might find something."



Raymond M. Wintonyk, president of CALM at recent meeting held in Edmonton.

In 1920 Cannabis was used for about 20 medical ailments, and had limited commercial use. Three American states had made marijuana use illegal, again with no research of any kind. To quote the Los Angeles County chief of police at the time: "Persons using this narcotic smoke the dry leaves of the plant, which has the effect of driving them completely insane. The addict loses all sense of moral responsibility. Addicts to this drug, while under its influence, are immune to pain. While in this condition they become raving maniacs and are liable to kill or indulge in any form of violence to other persons, using the most savage methods of cruelty without, as said before, any sense of moral responsibility". None of these statements are true. It is on the basis of this statement included in a paragraph of a book called "The Black Candle", that marijuana was added to the Narcotic Control Act without discussion or any scientific or medical research. The above quote was also the basis of harsh laws such as seven years imprisonment and deportation of aliens for importing even the smallest amounts. Whipping was introduced in 1922, in 1929 mandatory imprisonment plus a fine was added.

In 1934 the Canadian Medical Association recognized marijuana use was widespread in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Windsor and especially the West coast.

In 1938 cultivation of marijuana and opium was added to the Act, virtually eliminating any commercial use of hemp including medicinal uses.

In 1954 possession for the purpose of trafficking was created, which left the definition of trafficking to police discretion, i.e. any amount could be said to have been possessed for the purpose of trafficking.

In 1961 the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs took effect. This Act abolished whipping, but provided life imprisonment for trafficking, for cultivation — seven years, for importing or exporting — a minimum of seven years. This is the heaviest minimum sentence in the criminal code with the exception of capital and non-capital murder.

With the rapid increase in the use of marijuana in the '60s and '70s, no changes have been made in the laws regarding cannabis, although the courts are taking a more lenient view towards offenders.

In conclusion, the Narcotics Control Act is clearly a racist Act. The prohibition of opium and cannabis is based on racism, not medical evidence or scientific research. I hope this historical account will give insight to how racist Canadians really are. Before we condemn South Africa's white government for their racist acts, we Canadians should clean up our own racist act, namely the Narcotics Control Act and the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs.

by George Gilks

Note: Historical research received from Wolfgang Seibert of the Hamilton, Ontario chapter of NORML-Canada.

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED ON TV

LONDON, U.K. — The Legalise Cannabis Campaign presented an Open Door programme on BBC2 Television about cannabis: what it is, who smokes it, why it remains illegal, and what the millions of people oppressed by its prohibition can do to legalize it.

A leading expert on the pharmacology of cannabis, Professor James Graham, outlined the medical risks of using cannabis, and a representative from the National Association of Probation Officers explained the damaging effects of a cannabis conviction. Interviews with those who have suffered under the laws included a Notting Hill Carnival organizer's experience of police harassment, and a policeman who was recently forced to resign after being prosecuted for cannabis possession. Lord Melchett, a junior minister in the last Labour government, commented on why the law remains on the statute books.

The Legalise Cannabis Campaign workers presented the programme, explaining how the Campaign is fighting to stop the wasteful and immoral persecution perpetuated by cannabis prohibition.

While recording the film, they managed to obtain a licence from the Home Office to have a cannabis plant in the studio. That has got to be a first in the Commonwealth of Nations.

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SONGS FOR CANNABIS CONVICTS

by Buck '80.

Pieces of T.A.L.E.

In the winter of '72-73 inside the stony cold walls of Guelph (Ontario) deuceless institution, two inmates, Buck '73 and Pete Cartile met ... compared notes, combined thoughts, & agreed that the pot laws were a smear on the Canadian nation.

"M.L.U.", they said, "Marijuana Laws are Unjust". "Gosh darn it this is something that kicks our civil rights all to heck!" (Their language was something like that). It is ridiculous, ludicrous, unsavoury, unwholesome, unholy, unjust, and altogether unrighteous that the turkeys in Ottawa who impersonate human beings acting as servants of the people, could, in their booze-fogged-benighted-enlightenment make policital prisoners of such clean cut lads as us?

"Well, they did it", said one or the other, "let's check out the facts". Emily Murphy started it with *lies* in 1922, Parliament followed with gross incompetence in 1923, the Judiciary did their 'sheep-after-foul' trip and the Mounties loved the whole bit — (such an easy way of making promotion points — busting pot smokers).

At this stage our jaded anti-heroes decided to put into words and music intimate feelings of 'the-being-busted-for-pot-syndrome'. Following are six of these songs. (A live theatre play cum T.V. special is planned to premiere in the Spring of 1980.)

So light up your favourite smoking mixture and join us on the journey ... into reality.

On the Passing of Time

Chorus:

*Hey Man — lend us your ears
For we've got something to say
On the passing of time
Since the year nine
And up until this present day*

*In the passing of time
Since the year nine
And up until this present day
There's been conflict and strife
And bloodshed in life
Because of the difference of way
Now Pharaoh went right
And Moses turned left
Let my people be
For the status quo
Has got to go
Or you'll perish in the Deep Red
Sea*

*Now Gallileo knew
That the world was round
But the Pope said it was flat
What a hassle for his head
For they almost killed him dead
Man, the Pope didn't know where
it was at*

*In the years gone by
In the land of Spain
The leaders got their jollies
By inflicting death and pain
If you didn't agree with the
Government's position
You ended up a victim of the
Spanish Inquisition*

*Now the ruling class
Is hung up on Grass
Because of the freedom of mind
And awareness and peace
And the tension release
Of the people (the pot smoking
kind)*

*So we'll give it a shot
On the subject of pot
And the laws that control the
nation*

*What's gone down in the past
Will be shown at last
Not to be worth Incarceration*

**Music Copyright 1973 Peter
Cartile**

**Lyrics Copyright 1973 Peter
Cartile & Buck 73**

The Numbers Man

*Well here I am 'cause I didn't give
a damn
For the hide-bound mind of the
Numbers Man*

*Let's hear it for the man, the
leader of the court
Who power trips with gavel
And a snuffle & a snort
When he hollers out the numbers
Of the months or years you'll do
6 & 9 4 & 7 12 & 8 or 22*

*In their wisdom and
enlightenment
The system found the need
To reinforce their power and to
supplement their greed
And to ratify amendments
And to propagate new laws
With a reason or without one or
maybe 'just because'*

*For the rules of running systems
Are as old as Cain's old man
"Get the money and the power any
means or way you can"
Once you get it then you hold it
Other men become your tools
Hired minds and hired bodies,
hired servants, hired fools
There's no room in this society for
the soul who won't conform
To the needless yokes and shackles
Senseless laws that bind the norm
So the ever present watchdogs of
the System's status-quo
See the peace of pot a new threat
And into jail you go.*

A Special Kind of Sorrow

**Note: 1978 — the final verse
was written in County
Courthouse Edmonton jail
cell during 3 days of Appeal
hearing (successful — 12
mos. to 6 mos.)**

There's a special kind of sorrow
When you know your country's
wrong,
That the purity of Justice
You've believed in for so long
Proves to be but sham and mock'ry
and its precepts dulled and dim
That the smile of sacred liberty's
Decayed to visage grim.

She's deceived me and betrayed
me
How can I be sure?
For my smiling beauty Justice
Has turned out to be a whore.

There's a special kind of sorrow
When the things you've learned to
trust

Prove to be but myths and
shadows,

Honoured idols turned to dust.
Did the sacred scales of Justice
every brightly shine and gleam?
Or am I the one mistaken
Rudely wakened from a dream.
She's deceived me and betrayed
me,

How can I be sure?
For my smiling beauty Justice
Has turned out to be a whore.

There's a special kind of sorrow
When the crown before the bench
Twists the truth, distorts and
warps it

(to his conscience not a wrench)
For the game of prosecution
Is a power trip of glee
To this ego bent psychotic
Wicked foe of Liberty

She's deceived me and betrayed
me,

How can I be sure?
For my shining beauty Justice
Has turned out to be a whore.

There's a special kind of sorrow
When the law across this land
take the facts of marijuana
and dismiss them out of hand
and depend on armed enforcement
to suppress the mind and voice
of those who dare to exercise
the freedom of their choice.

She's deceived me and betrayed
me,

How can I be sure?
For my smiling beauty Justice
Has turned out to be a whore.

Music Copyright 1973 Pete
Cartile
Lyrics Copyright 1973 Buck '73

The Chessboard Black & White & of Life Yellow Painted Steel Plaid Blues

Chorus:

Oh! THE CHESS BOARD OF
LIFE is as loaded
as a pistol in Russian roulette.
Establishment deals in corruption,
but, the people, the pawns, have to
pay.

The chessboard of Life is before us
for all creation to see.

There are numberless millions of
players
and the program includes you and
me.

See the knights and the rooks and
the bishops,
there's the Queen and her King for
a mate,

All maneuvering around for
position

on the Karmical circle of fate.
Now the knights are the soldiers of
fortune

who profit by waging a war.
The rooks are financial towers
who's cry is forever "GET
MORE!"

The bishops . . . religion
established,
and vicious control of man's mind
The royalty figures, (the blue
bloods)

add mis'ry to poverty's grind.

The ones on the board used most
often

and sacrificed, bartered in trade,
Deceived and seduced, subjugated,
are the people, the pawns on
parade.

For the rules of the game are
controlled by
the Leaders who do as they choose
With the lives of the people around
them
and the little man pays all the
dues.

Music Copyright 1973 Pete
Cartile
Lyrics Copyright 1973 Buck '73

*Chorus:

I got the steel plaid blues
the no-good news
the caged-up, raged-up
black & white & yellow painted
steel plaid blues

Well I'm sittin on my bed at night
& trying to see the stars
but all I see is concrete & yellow
painted bars
& then a set of black ones & then
some done up white
when you line them up together
it's like steel plaid in the night

*Chorus

Well its not a pretty picture, but
the only one I got
Exceptin' for a toilet & a saggy
bottomed cot
& a warped old plastic mirror & a
ceiling light that's dim
Well the view in here is ugly you
could even say it's grim

*Chorus

Well I know there's people out
there cause I hear the diesel
horn
of the 6 am rapido that wakes me
in the morn
to eat a soggy breakfast & to die
another day
in this iron bound enclosure, with
6 more months to stay.

*Chorus

Well we've been told that
marijuana is an evil thing to
smoke
that you'll end up dyin blind &
mad, from the smallest little
toke
Well once again they've lied my
friend for I didn't have this rage
till they stripped away my freedom
& locked me in this cage

Music Copyright 1973 Pete
Cartile
Lyrics Copyright 1973 Buck '73

The Doing unto Others

Oh just running random
thoughts through the
gristmill of my mind
Of futures past and present
and the memories left behind
Of the luggage of the journey
that changes day to day
And the people, things and
places that I've met along the
way.

Of the beauties of the sunsets
mirrored on Montego Bay
And the sights and sound and
clamour on Rome's Alipian
Way

And the mountains high and
rugged, granite towers o'er
the Swiss

And of others gently sloping
brightly green with Cannabis
Say what about the veiled ones
in the markets of Algiers?

Or the lass I left in Florence,
olive cheeks awash with
tears

Flash to black gal picking
cotton under broiling
Georgian sun

Then to frigid Arctic blizzards
fit to freeze the weary one.

Up the mighty Orinoco, this is
where one journey led
On the delta of this river
stalked the hunters of your
head

In the waters swam pirranha
with the dusk came vampire
bats

In the jungle coughing
cougars, in the village
dog-sized rats.

Chorus:

No matter where I've
journeyed (and travelling is
my school)

The only law that matters is in
the golden rule

That's the doing unto others as
to you you'd have them do

If you handle that with
patience — all the rest will
follow through.

Music Copyright 1973 Pete
Cartile

Lyrics Copyright 1973 Buck '73

EPILOGUE

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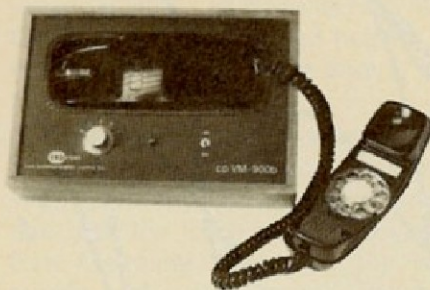
JURORS REBEL AGAINST CANNABIS LAWS

LEICESTER, U.K. — After a recent *Magistrate* article stating that "Much time and energy is wasted by magistrates . . . in enforcing laws against cannabis possession" support for legalisation of cannabis is being demonstrated in the higher courts as juries particularly show an increasing reluctance to convict in cannabis possession cases, particularly those involving small quantities.

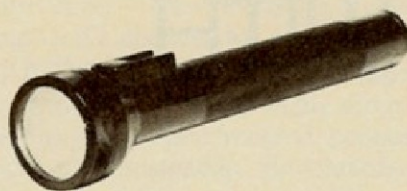
A trial at Leicester Crown Court involving 1/100 ounce of cannabis seized during a police raid was stopped on 25th September 1979 when a juror declared that both the prosecution and the law on which it was based were absurd. The judge, Mr. Recorder Matthewman, praised the juror for his honesty with the court and ordered a re-trial where the 2 defendants were acquitted by a second jury.

The Legalise Cannabis Campaign of Great Britain hopes that jurors in future cases will bear in mind that they are fully entitled to bring in a verdict in accordance with their conscience, no matter what the direction of the judge — indeed a plaque is displayed at the Old Bailey, in commemoration of the establishment of this right of decision after the 1670 'conspiratorial gatherings' trial of Quakers William Penn and William Mead. So-called "perverse" jury verdicts have played an important part in changing the law before and may well do so again.

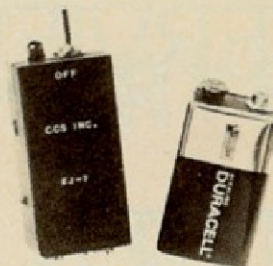
The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws invites jurors in Canada to strike a blow for common sense by saying that cannabis smoking should not be treated as a criminal offence in this country.



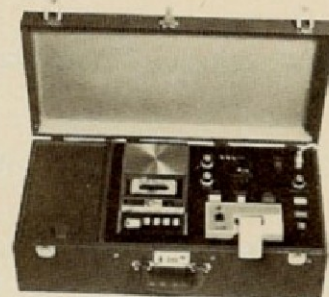
Voice Mask (Electronic Handkerchief)
Check out your supplier's prices. The Voice Mask is a normal looking telephone that completely disguises your voice. That also means that your voice will never be recorded on tape.



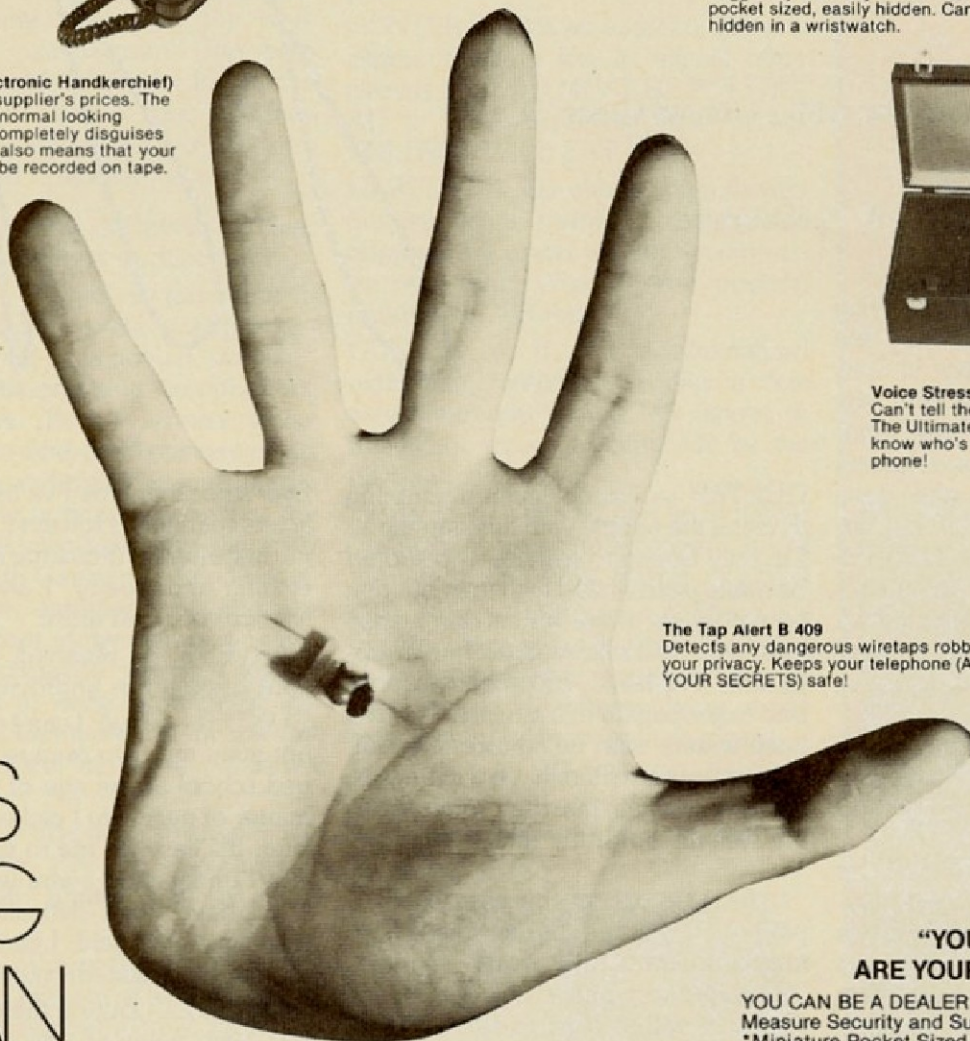
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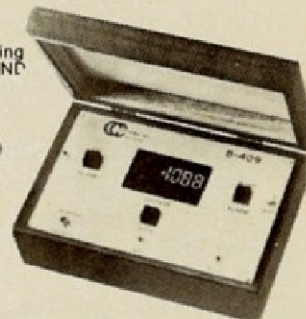
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INTERVIEW WITH GÜNTER GRASS

Harvest's exclusive interview with "Günter Grass"

by our Manila correspondent, H. Orbmód

MANILA, PHILIPPINES — During October, 1979, "Günter Grass, the most famous post-war author in Germany, visited Singapore, China, the Philippines and Egypt. He gave readings of his books, conducted forums and writer's work-shops and gave countless interviews. One of his lectures dealt with 'THE SITUATION OF GERMAN LITERATURE IN EAST AND WEST', and surely no one but the man known as "the conscience of his generation" could be better qualified to speak on this.

His better known books are: *The Tin Drum*, *Cat and Mouse*, *Dog Years*, *The Plebians Rehearse the Uprising* and *The Flounder*.

After the end of World War II, he lived as an unknown lyricist and playwright "as if outside of society", as he puts it. It was as late as 1959 that he was finally published: with his novel "The Tin Drum" he became instantly famous. Even today, 20 years later, it is apparent that in many respects Günter Grass is still talking as a leader of 'Outsiders of Society'. Some of us or probably many of us are getting ready to join in taking such a stand.

Excerpts of "Harvest's" dialogues in Manila on October 15th and 16th follow:

HARVEST — Günter, in your lecture you stressed: "A good patriot must at the same time be a good cosmopolitan!" Surely you realize that this concept runs counter to present endeavors in Asian countries. Here one is very cosmopolitan whenever needs or wants are discussed, but truly nationalistic if another country has any suggestions to make.

GÜNTER — I'm not even attempting to reach the people with this statement. I'm only talking to writers, who should be many years ahead with their outlook on patriotism. If the writers don't grasp now that nationalism is no longer applicable, I've failed. I do not advise anyone to propagate this directly. This will keep writers from being arrested. But, via the novel, writers have a chance to prove once again that their conceptions are well ahead of the times.

"Yes, the day of the cosmopolitan patriot is coming", Günter Grass kept musing to himself. "A writer", he said, "is also a citizen and it is his duty to ask questions rather than to ask for blessings from his government. Besides, if you as a writer have to look for realities, you will always have problems with the government."

HARVEST — How do you see the state then as a patron of letters?

GÜNTER — I don't like too much state, because of its tendency to become a religion. If you ask me if I love the state, (my answer is) no, I love my wife.

HARVEST — When exactly did you start writing?

GÜNTER — At twelve years of age I tried my first novel. Of course, it was never published. It couldn't have been published. At the end of the first chapter all my main characters were dead.

Ever since that time I've used my characters sparingly. However, the shock of my first attempt drove me into drawing, etching and poetry. I always knew I wanted to be an artist.

HARVEST — Meaning no offense, your English has improved markedly.

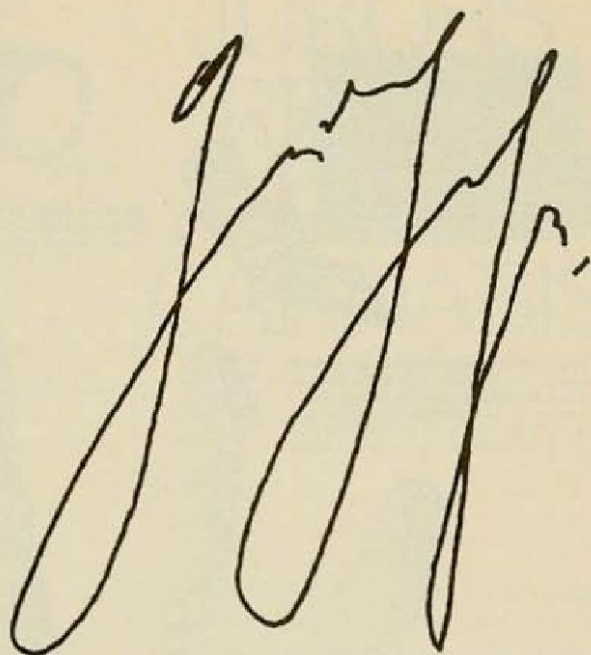
GÜNTER — True. I can't read English, not even my own manuscripts! I stopped school at the age of fifteen. As a matter of necessity I picked up English later. It's easy for me to speak English and I understand every word spoken, but I have great difficulty writing or reading it. As I said, I can't even read my own (translated) manuscripts.

HARVEST — During the hard 14 post war years, when no one would publish you, what would you single out as your greatest set-back?

GÜNTER — 500 pages of my first novel were completed. Then we got twins. The next 200 pages took forever.

HARVEST — Günter in this recurring question of 'guilt', please explain the reactions of writers with West German and East German examples.

GÜNTER — The question was immediately confronted by West German writers Boll, Johnson, Enzenberger, Heissenbuttel, Ruhmkorf and many others called the new tune. In East Germany, however, the reaction was very different. They believed that an immediate change took place. If you



changed your brown shirt for a blue shirt and practised 'Stalinism', there was no guilt . . . all Nazis were in West Germany or abetting and helping the Americans in their never-ending fight against the people.

The question of 'anti-semitism' was handled in roughly the same fashion. In West Germany immediate confrontation with the issue was unavoidable. East Germany channeled the issue simply into 'anti-Zionism'. But both questions could no longer be treated academically, when East German troops for the second time in this century occupied Czechoslovakia.

HARVEST — How did this state-writer relationship continue to develop?

GÜNTER — Writers do take time to react, consider and write. It is upsetting to any state if it does not get 'positive', all-around 'life-affirming' contributions from writers. Both German states would like to find their praisers of reconstruction and material gains made. If such praise is not forthcoming, the accusation of 'nest-befouling' is quickly voiced in both German states. This accusation was employed by Herman Kant, president of the Democratic Republic's Association which expelled nine writers in early summer of this year. In East Germany this means that the expelled will never be published there.

HARVEST — You are also known as a political writer. I've not been able to find political phraseology in your works.

GÜNTER — I'm a Social Democrat, but I wouldn't dream of writing a novel about the Social Democratic Party. No party is rich enough in background to allow writing much that is not utterly boring. The same goes for governments.

HARVEST — What is your reaction to intermittent claims that the novel is dying?

GÜNTER — This is surely an idea of the critics. Shortly after the next book is published, the same person will state, 'I only said that to make him write another one.'

HARVEST — What is your foremost advice to writers today?

GÜNTER — Fight specialism! Another kind of renaissance is needed to realize we must become more universal again.

HARVEST — How then, do you assess mankind's chances for progress?

GÜNTER — It is outlined in my last short book. 'The Snail' is the progress. Not as slow as you imagine, because a snail moves steadily. Revolutionaries always try to leap and jump. However, jumping snails don't exist.

HARVEST — And this bring us back to politics.

GÜNTER — Not as a writer, but as a citizen. I would like to tell all other citizens . . . **YOU MUST BE POLITICAL! IF YOU ARE NOT POLITICAL, POLITICS WILL EAT YOU!**

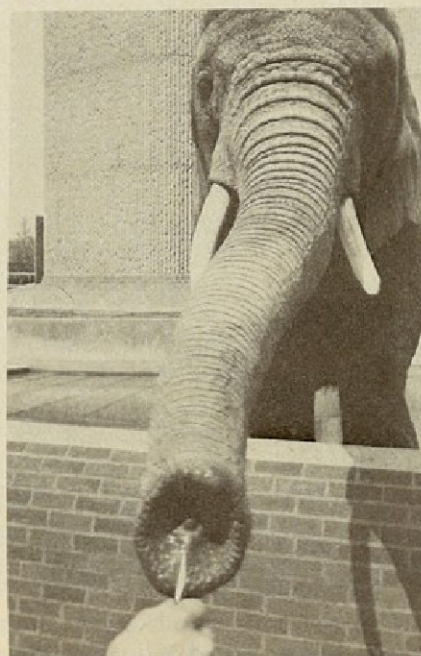
HARVEST — To change the subject Günter, in a number of countries attempts are under way to decriminalize marijuana. What is your position and opinion on this?

GÜNTER — If you decriminalized marijuana tomorrow, within a few weeks nobody would talk about it. Much ado about nothing will be the ultimate conclusion.

HARVEST — Would you be in favour of a more liberal attitude towards any of the harder drugs like Heroin or LSD?

GÜNTER — Definitely not! There is a big difference between someone being brainless enough to take something like marijuana, and someone being made brainless by taking something hard.

HARVEST — Thank you for your opinions.



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DEUTSCHLAND HIGH ÜBER ALLES!



ICAR's Reverend Bill Deane relaxes in West Berlin.

Back toward the end of August, 1979, Rev. Bill Deane of the "Episcopalian" (Anglican) Church visited the Federal Republic of Germany, to give all possible support to InHaLe, the "Initiative Haschisch Legal". Rev. Deane is also the world-wide co-ordinator for the International Cannabis Alliance for Reform based in Philadelphia.

For 10 years he worked with young drug users, and discovered that the most harmful thing about marijuana was the laws controlling it. Realizing that pot doesn't lead to heroin, and horrified at the fact that some 400,000 fellow Americans were going to jail every year in the U.S.A., Bill joined NORML.

Asked by "ZITTY", West Berlin's pro-legalization magazine, whether his church had given him any trouble, Bill replied, "No, I've been involved with more radical things than this and my church has never given me any trouble. I was with the civil rights movement and the anti-war protests. The Bishop I work under has been incarcerated more often than I during the anti-Vietnam demonstrations".

Reverend Deane proudly told a news conference in Berlin that 86% of all Americans now favour a liberalization of pot laws in the U.S. It was thanks to the "National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws" continuous lobbying and public education that Americans now have a better understanding of the real issues in the cannabis debate.



InHaLe holds a press conference to present ICAR to Germany.



Asked how NORML is funded, Bill told "Zitty" that the "Playboy Foundation" and "High Times Magazine" gave grants annually to NORML. The main source of revenue continues to be memberships from across the U.S.A.

Discussing the change in public opinion towards Marijuana, Rev. Deane reasoned that cannabis is younger peoples' answer to the use of alcohol by their parents. No hangovers, no addiction the way there is with alcohol, and definitely less traffic deaths — 90% of those in the U.S. are alcohol related. To top all this off, the alcohol industry has been supplying a substantial part of the "Drug Enforcement Agency of the U.S.'s" budget.

Mr. Kris Albin is the co-ordinator of InHaLe, West Germany's answer to NORML. Facing severe prejudices as this kind of civil rights movement is new to most Germans, they are representing the interests of approximately five million Germans who like to light up.

An advisory board of doctors, jurists, and other professional people is supporting InHaLe. The way Kris puts it is

this, "Strong anti-pot law movements exist in Canada, England, Italy, the U.S.A. etc. And finally, years later, Germans are starting to realize that something is wrong with the law!"

The Federal Criminal Office (BKA) in Bonn reckons West Germans consume some 900 metric tons annually, or to put it another way, 2,500,000 people smoke 1 gram of Hash each every day. The government has promised a decriminalization bill for 1981 for personal possession of anywhere from 10-28 grams of Hash.

As Kris Albin likes to say, "Legalize It! Bin schon verueckelt!"

by Dexter B. Dombro



TOTO, I HAVE THE FEELING WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE.

PPWT

MAGIC MUSHROOMS ARE LEGAL!

A crown appeal against that hallucinogenic fungus known as the psilocybe mushroom has turned into a historic defeat for the Federal Justice Department.

Judges in B.C. have ruled that the possession of psilocybe mushrooms is not a criminal offence under the Federal Food and Drug Act. What the act does prohibit is the manufacture of the pharmaceutical psilocybin, and does not refer to fungi in their natural state.

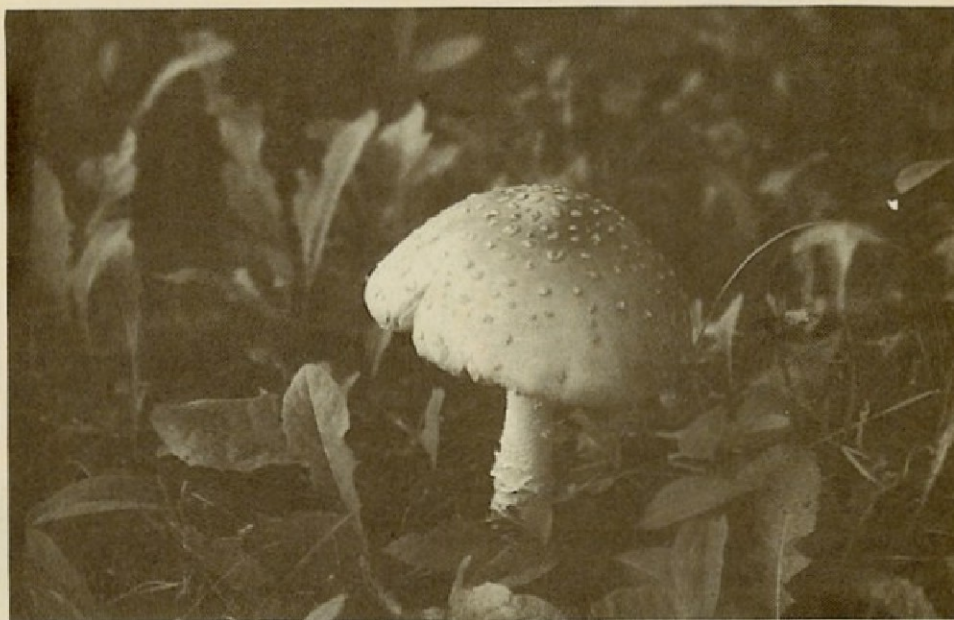
In the Queen Charlotte Islands the mushrooms are so profuse that they even grow on the lawn at the R.C.M.P. headquarters.

To further reinforce the rights of Canadians to use magic mushrooms, an organization known as the "Fane of the Psilocybe Mushroom Association" has been founded in Victoria, and is claiming the sacred mushrooms to be religious sacraments.

"Harvest" magazine was so pleased with the news, that we decided to feature a mushroom on our front cover, painted by Angus Pecover in commemoration of this historic event.



Psilocybe Semilanceata picked by two
Winnipeggers while in B.C.



These two beautiful mushrooms were part of the '79 B.C. crop.

by Theofane Z.



CANCER PATIENTS SAFE

PENNSYLVANIA — 14 U.S. States have legalized the use of Marijuana by cancer and glaucoma victims. They are: California, Colorado, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, Virginia, Washington, and West Virginia.

A related development revealed that marijuana has been helpful in reducing spasticity in multiple sclerosis patients.

TABOO

In Auckland, New Zealand, Maori leaders have decided to begin a two year *rahui* (ban) on drugs such as marijuana and heroin. By making these drugs *tapu* (taboo), they forbid their use by Maori tribe members, their immediate families including spouses and in-laws, and even Maoris living overseas.

To the Maoris, who make up 11% of New Zealand's population and are very involved with drugs and drug abuse, the *tapu* system is one of the strongest forces of law. Even in present times, the Maoris greatly respect *tapus* covering such things as the person of a chief, a corpse, a new canoe, a cultivated field, and a stretch of water when a person drowns.

NORML SUES

WASHINGTON — To insure adequate protection for the public NORML U.S.A. has sued again over the spraying of paraquat on pot plantations.

Last year, they won a suit which forced the State Department and other federal agencies to prepare an 'Environmental Impact Statement' on the paraquat spraying program in Mexico. This time the suit is aimed at cutting off U.S. assistance to the paraquat spraying program.

ITALY'S LEADERS IN THE 1980's?

The "Italian Radical Party" held several successful protests in their continued campaign to counter state aggression against the individual. In October they held a "Sit-in dopo" in Rome's Piazza Navona without a single arrest being made.

All this took place while the party's political secretary and leader Jean Fabre was in jail on a narcotic's charge. The Radical Party holds several seats in Italy's parliament.

Together with their chained hand logo, the party has been campaigning under the motto of: "Marijuana? Si, grazie!", 'Marijuana? Yes, please!'. If their impressive show of seats in parliament means anything, it is a sure sign of severe discontent with Italy's cannabis laws.

Last year the *Partito Radicale* joined the International Cannabis Alliance for Reform and are represented internationally by Dr. G. Arnao in Rome. For those of you who read Italian, their newspaper "Notizie Radicali" is an interesting publication well worth subscribing to.

MAINELINE — MAINE

In Maine, one of the 14 decriminalized states, a state report says decriminalizing marijuana improved the quality of justice and helped save a substantial amount of money.

Faced with only a small fine for committing a misdemeanor, more people plead guilty and considerably simplify prosecution. This turned a \$332,600 government expenditure into a \$16,900 profit.

Also shown in the study was the fact that arrests, especially along the Canadian border had increased 874% (principally because of the chief border crossing at Calais), and that the number of people found guilty of possession had increased 84%.

COLOMBIA IS GETTING SMART

Colombia called for legalization of marijuana, in order to save itself the money now wasted in fighting pot trafficking. Ernesto Sauper of Colombia's National Association of Financial institutions (ANIF) called for the legalization of Colombia's multi-billion dollar cannabis industry. Last year \$146 million was spent combatting the pot industry in Colombia, along with \$5 million from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency. The DEA estimates that Colombian dealers earn \$7 billion annually, more than three times the country's other exports.

"El Tiempo", Colombia's most influential paper has also endorsed legalization of marijuana exports. It looks like this is going to be one of many the DEA is going to lose.



‘Pol Pot ?’

These Cambodian buds found their way to Canada at a time when Soviet and Vietnamese Imperialist forces are destroying the very fields that the Kampuchean peasants depend upon. In this country, where the population has been reduced from eight million to two million in ten years, what a wonder that those same persecuted peasants still manage to grow such an exquisite product!



HOME GROWN



C. and R.E. of Kamloops say that their plants (some seven feet tall) gave them some very good smoke. From the looks of it, we're not surprised.



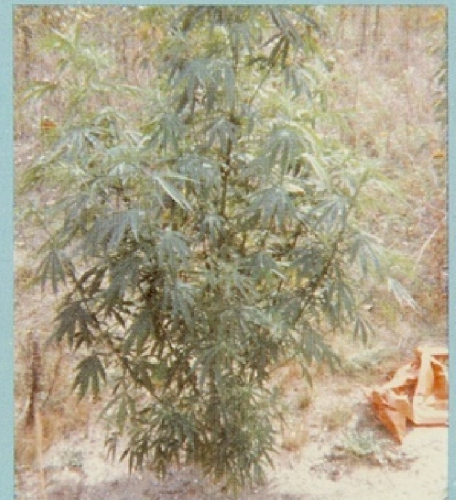
Even the Northwest Territories grow it. This one was sent by R.F. in Whitehorse.



It was harvest time in Saskatchewan when these beauties got a ride to the drying kiln.



When in Quebec, do as the Québécois do, wrote P.G. of La Tuque.



MEXICAN CANNABIS PRISONERS AND THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM

by Fred Judson

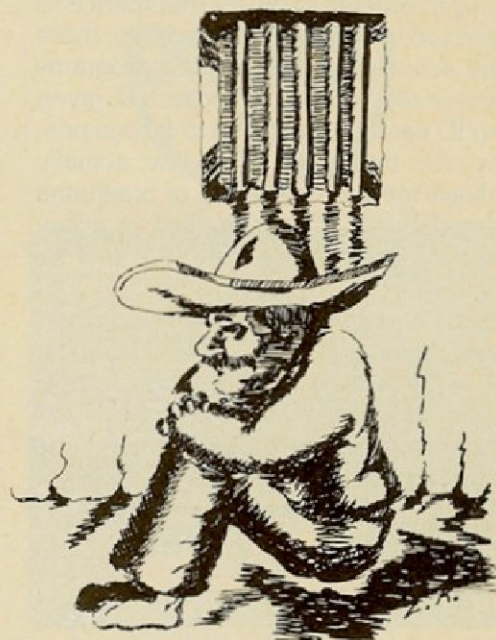
A lot of people have done time for cannabis during the 70s in Mexico. Most of them have been Mexicans. North American attention has been centered on the few U.S. and Canadian citizens who have been cannabis prisoners there. As a result of media coverage, some popular pressure, and the activism of several U.S. Congressmen, prisoner exchange treaties between the U.S., Mexico and Canada have been signed and implemented in recent years. We still hear of North Americans in Mexican prisons, but much less these days. Unfortunately, this makes us tend to forget the ongoing cannabis repression in Mexico and the fact that the vast majority of its victims has been, and will continue to be, Mexican.

THE LAWS

Marijuana laws are, on the whole, much harsher in Mexico than here in Canada or in the U.S. All arrests and convictions come under the section of the Legal Code called *Delitos contra la Salud* (crimes against the health). The 'health' that the statutes refer to is that of the nation of Mexico. If you use, cultivate, traffic, or possess cannabis you are attacking the moral and physical health of the country. Much of the Anslinger-era thinking is contained within Mexican legislation against cannabis. The image persists of the evilly calculating vendor of marijuana lurking outside the schoolyard walls. His innocent victims, soon hooked on this *vicio* (vice), find their moral foundations crumbling. Such degraded unfortunates then stoop to prostitution, lurid sex escapades, theft, and even murder. The use of marijuana is thus a crime against your own health, and to traffic in it is a calculated assault on the moral fibre of the nation.

Such are the philosophical bases of marijuana legislation in Mexico. Of course, only a minority within the state criminal-justice apparatus really think in those terms. Just as in the North, these relics of a past age are both powerful and tolerated by the more worldly of their colleagues in the legislative and repressive apparatuses. The arresting cops and prison guards may offer to sell you some, while the magistrate may rail against you as a destroyer of Mexican youth.

With one exception, any cannabis offence in Mexico carries a sentence of from three to twelve years. If the prisoner has the money and legal assistance, and sometimes the patience, to argue possession for personal use due to addiction, it is possible to get a six months sentence or something equivalent to a conditional discharge. However, the procedure for making this case (the possibilities for which have only



emerged in the late 70s) is arduous and tricky. One must arrange a physical-psychological examination by an "expert" who will claim evidence of addiction. This comes only after the prisoner has been examined by a state physician. If the prisoner is unaware of the legislation covering "addiction to cannabis", as is usually the case, he or she may be reluctant to admit frequent or even casual use of marijuana. If the prisoner is not in withdrawal or doesn't display obvious signs of "intoxication", the state examiner is likely to deny addiction. In this event, the only reason for possession is in order to traffic. Even if all goes well with the state examiner, or if the "evidence" of one's lawyer-arranged "experts" is strong, the prosecutors have two other moves they can legally make. First, they have the right to name an expert of their own to examine the prisoner. Secondly, at that point, if the evidence of the experts conflicts, as is likely, the court must appoint another expert or experts, presumably agreed upon by both sides. This all costs time and money. If you lose the case, the sentencing may be harsher, after the hassle you created for the prosecution and the courts. To win, you need an expensive lawyer. Obviously, few Mexicans ever embark upon this course. Finally, if you have been held in captivity, which is always the case, how can you argue addiction without admitting illegal purchase and consumption within the prison system?



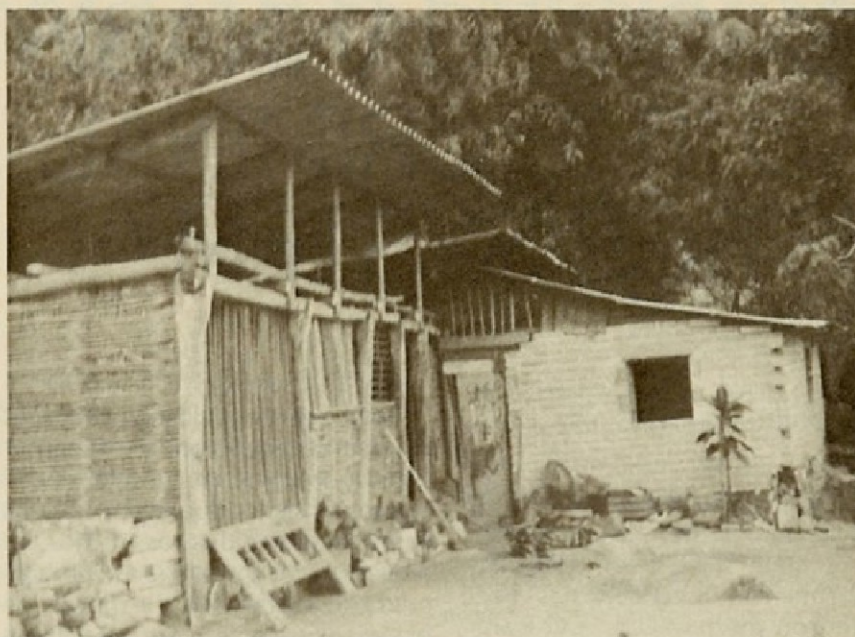
A persecuted herb.

Technically, under Mexican law an addict of marijuana is not a criminal. He or she is incarcerated for the six months only in order to allow for treatment and a return to health. In Mexico City, there are actually some treatment programs where the "addict" is registered, given an ID card, and allowed to forego prison for treatment. The law actually allows for the registration of marijuana users! But it is only applied in a few select places in the country, and, as seen above, to prove addiction is a costly and chancy project. Needless to say, there are a lot of people doing three years for a few joints. One fellow I met in Morelos State was serving four years and change for having been at a party where a lid was found. There was nothing found on him personally.

The Bust

For anyone to get busted in Mexico is an unpleasant experience. It happens in the same ways as it happens here, except that young tourists sometimes make more outstanding targets. It can happen by chance, which usually means carelessness, or it can occur as a result of investigations, either superficial or elaborate. Just as in the North, the informer has a role to play. In Mexico they call them *chivos* (goats). Some of them are types that admire the macho life of the police and like to hang around the station. Others are just people in the community convinced of marijuana's inherent evil. Still others are forced into informing in order to beat some rap of their own. And then there are the paid informers. In any "underdeveloped" country, money rules life and social relations more closely than in our own consumerist and fairly grasping society. The struggle for life is a much more direct one, and just as *campesinos* (poor farmers) will grow marijuana to supplement their generally inadequate incomes, some individuals will become informers for money.

The blatant user or dealer soon attracts attention in Mexico, and these are the people who get busted more frequently in the cities and tourist areas, like Mexico City, Guadalajara, Acapulco or Mazatlan. The young Mexican with long hair and mushrooms or pot plants embroidered on his shirt becomes an object of interest to the local police and their *chivo* network. The sons and daughters of the middle class



Typical dwelling place.

may sometimes fall victim if their parties are suspect. On the highways, shifting roadblocks and spot checks yield people transporting loads and occasional personal stashes. Among the smugglers, those to fall prisoner are often taken in armed confrontations or ambushes, which suggests a fairly high calibre of police work and also the ubiquitous informer. But a significant proportion of those actually doing time in Mexican jails for cannabis are small independent growers, *campesinos*.

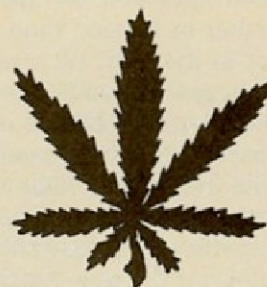
"Any cannabis offense in Mexico carries a sentence of from three to twelve years."

The administration of justice and the enforcement of laws is irregular in Mexico. At all levels there is the possibility, but not the certainty, of the *mordida* (the "bite", or bribe). In general, in the poorer, more rural and remote areas of the country, the chances of a person getting out of a bad situation with money are better. It used to be a popular belief among young North American travellers that the *federales* (federal police) could be bought. But as their salaries, the opportunities for confiscation of dopers' and traffickers' property, and collaboration with the U.S. FBI and DEA increased in the 70s, the chances of *mordida* solutions with the *federales* decreased. And the chances

of making a deal with the army, which is very actively involved in a shooting war with growers and smugglers, are even lower. The army has come to have a very professional officer corps and better pay in the last couple of decades. The only cops with whom one might make a deal are the *judi-*

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ciales (the judicial police of each Mexican state). Their pay and training level is lower, especially in poorer states like Oaxaca, Guerrero, and Chiapas. It was said in the 70s that, for a thousand pesos (\$80 at the time), there were certain areas of Guerrero in which murder would be overlooked or unreported.

THE MAN

For the common people, the *judiciales* are the most dangerous of the police forces. Their character, and that of some *federales*, dates from the Porfirio Diaz era of 1876-1910. Diaz hoped to make the Mexican countryside safe for foreign and domestic capital, especially mining and railroad interests. At that time, there were many areas of Mexico not truly under central government control. Plenty of bandit groups roamed the rural areas, alternately terrorizing peasant communities and raiding mining centers and other businesses. Diaz offered to make a number of these bandits into national rural police, outfitting them with grand horses, modern weapons, and silver-studded outfits. They were to be paid well and to have rights of plunder over those they arrested for disturbing rural

"... under Mexican law an addict of marijuana is not a criminal"

peace. In effect, the government made into *rurales* the most ruthless elements of the countryside. The situation is often the same today.

The initial contact of the campesino-cultivator or dealer with the *judiciales* is the period of danger. The army seems to be more circumspect with their captives, having better discipline and pay. The *federales* in some areas also tend to be more reasonable, though there is still widespread fear of them. They tend to operate more in the big cities and tourist areas: for example, they will roam the beaches undercover watching out for toking. The *judiciales*, however, have truly earned the hatred of the people. Almost anyone falling into their hands for any reason can expect some abuse. They severely beat people caught with any quantity, hoping to get more information. The holding prisons that they operate are often filthy and the food, if available, of absolute minimum standards.

The *judiciales* seem to delight in reliving North American cop show exploits, except that they always act in groups. Being recruited from among the "tough guy" population, their educational level is often not high. This is not to say that they have no skills. On the contrary, some have received training in the U.S. or Mexico from FBI/DEA programs. Some are bilingual, and some have had extensive arms training, communications experience, or Mexican army careers. Not being too well paid, the lower ranks are the more dangerous, though there are individual

"The *judiciales* are the most dangerous of the police forces"

officers who are particularly threatening because of their macho self-image and the following they have among the younger *judiciales*. These people are apt to use interrogation tactics that include death threats, pistols at the forehead, torrents of verbal abuse designed to provoke the prisoner, occasional electrode and submersion tortures, and denial of sleep, water, or toilet access.

The *judiciales* are very arbitrary. One incident that was related to me occurred in the middle 70s in Morelos. A *gringo* had been found in possession of a minute quantity and was taken to the downtown lockup. There he was threatened and cursed, blindfolded



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and beaten about the ribs and kidneys in a half-hearted attempt to find out his source. Some days later, from down in the basement cells, he heard some excitement upstairs and some young North American voices. To the counterpoint of "Pegalo, Jefe!" ("Hit him boss!") from the junior thugs, the pris-

oner could hear some bargaining going on. It seems a half dozen gringos had been caught with an ounce. The *Jefe*, known to his inferiors as *Comandante*, decided out loud that 160 dollars from each little gringo would take care of things. The frightened individuals paid off, even asking if Traveller's Cheques would be all right, and quickly left. A gale of laughter swept them out into freedom and the street. My informant later got a word with the *Jefe* and asked about arranging something similar. He was told it was too late, that the "process" that would take him to the penitentiary had already begun.

"*Pegalo, jefe!* (Hit him, boss!)"

In the same holding prison, the gringo related to me, he was witness to several horrible beatings, including the kicking of a drunk down a couple flights of concrete stairs. On one occasion, a young sun-glassed *judicial* came cursing down the stairs, backed up by three of his associates, to confront in a cell a young Mexican who had allegedly insulted him. The poor fellow was beaten

occurred most every night of the two weeks the gringo spent in *judiciales'* hospitality.

When they had been drinking themselves, they were particularly brutal with the night's haul of prisoners, a motley collection of students walking "suspiciously", people messed up from bar fights, petty thieves, and occasionally someone accused of murder or rape. During the day, it seems, *judiciales* either slept it off or went out to shake down street vendors without licenses. One night, it was related, they all got roaring drunk, brought in a couple of prostitutes, and wandered about sticking their pistols between the cell bars, laughing loudly. Then they went out for a fast drive in the cars they'd gotten in previous busts.

On one occasion in 1973 in Morelos, such a night got out of hand. It seems four *judiciales* and one of their hangers-on were out driving and drinking. They had automatic weapons with them and stopped a car with four students in it at an intersection south of Cuernavaca. Whatever occurred, three of the students soon lay dead, riddled with bullets. The *judiciales* were brought to justice by the loud outcries of the students' families and communities. They ended up in the state penitentiary doing time with some of their other victims. There was some jubilation when the sentences were handed down, from 4 to 15 years. But some of the students' relatives, apparently, were not satisfied. One day during visitor's hours in the prison, a couple hard-looking types came in to memorize the faces of the killer *judiciales*.

"There is nothing in Mexico akin to due process as known here in the north"

THE COURTS AND PRISONS

There is nothing in Mexico akin to due process as known here in the north. Justice is rather Napoleonic, i.e. upon accusation or arrest one must prove innocence. The presumption of guilt is *a priori*. After some time with the *judiciales*, or in some areas, with the *federales*, in their lock-ups, the prisoner is taken to an office of the Procuraduria General, in the case of a drug arrest. All drug infractions come under federal

law. The prisoner is asked to make a statement and an interrogation accompanies this. Generally, the prisoner has been "interrogated" previously by the arresting police. They take him to this second interrogation, and are present. They then may take him or her to be examined by the state physician to determine possible addiction and degree of intoxication. Officially, a prisoner on a federal beef may only be held 72 hours before being brought in front of a judge. But usually it is at least a week. At this time the judge is to determine whether there are grounds for holding the prisoner further and initiating the whole process of official accusations and appearances before the judge. During this time, if friends or relatives know of the arrest, they may bring food and clothing to the holding cells, and a lawyer may be solicited, by them. It's an arbitrary matter whether the *judiciales* allow phone calls or contact, or visits. They are also present at this first appearance before the judge.

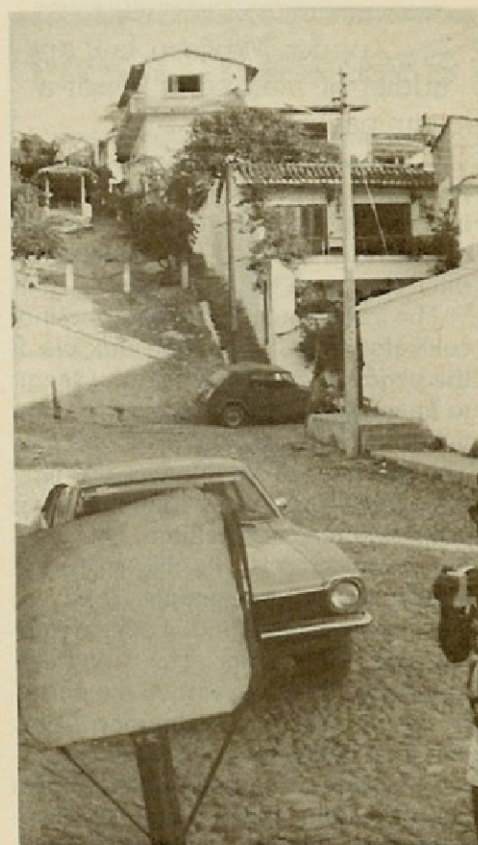
Almost always, the prisoner is sent to the penitentiary to await further proceedings. The judge usually takes the *judiciales'*, *federales'*, or army's word that a crime "*contra la salud*" has been committed. The accusers present their



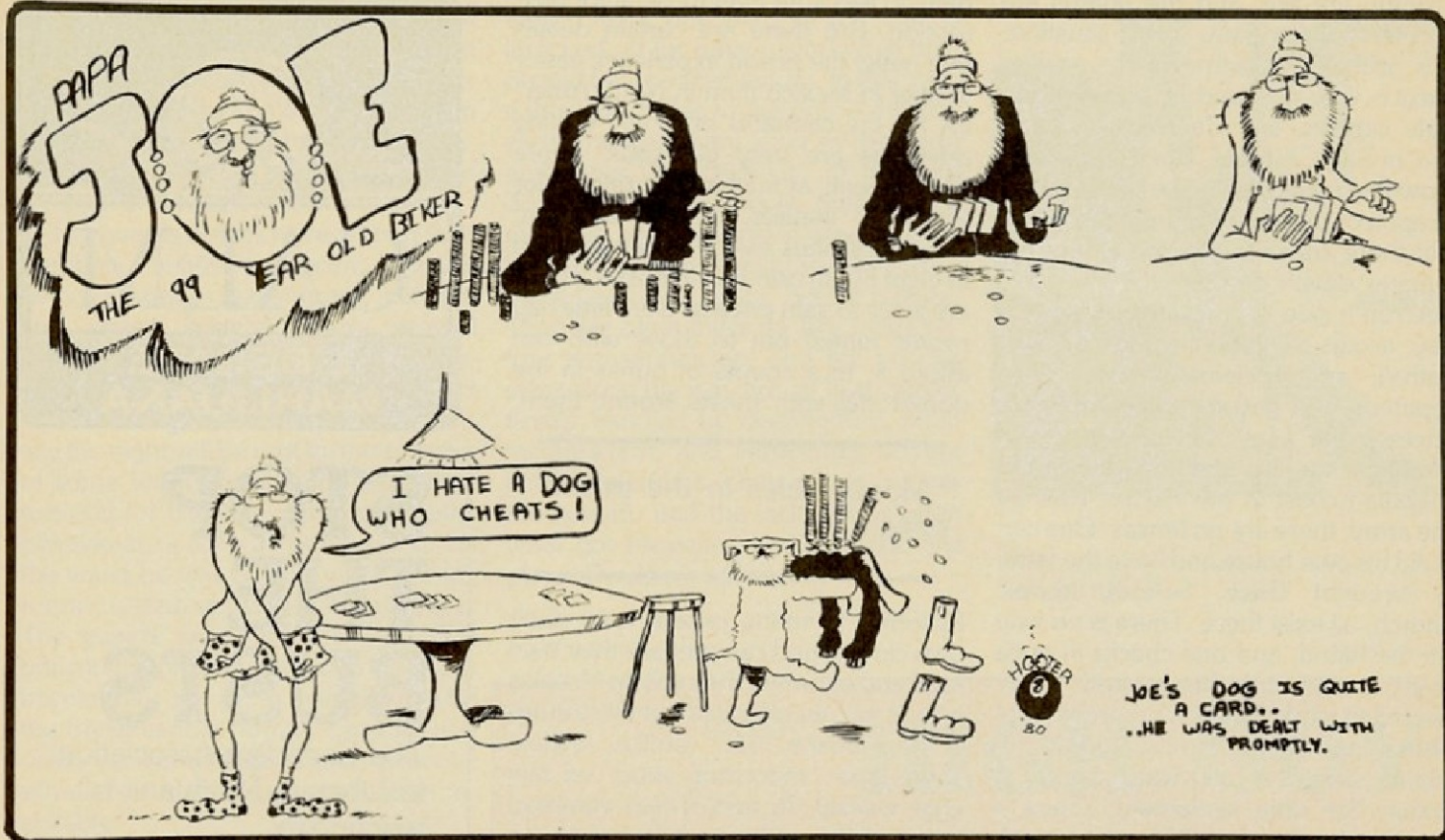
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One's next door neighbour, too?



evidence at this time. More than one prisoner has been shown some bag of weed which was not his and the judge has said, "It's yours!" After this, the prisoner is transferred, under armed guard, to the main prison system. The great majority of prisoners have, at this point, not yet had any legal counsel. When there are public defenders available, they only appear after the prisoner has been sent to the main prison system and are incredibly overworked. The possibilities for neglect and corruption are rife in such circumstances.

Prisons in Mexico vary widely. In general, though, the possibilities for the kind of unchained terror found with the *judiciales* are fewer. Many prison guards, not well paid, are interested in a quiet, easy day at work. They are also more vulnerable to attack in the prisons than on the outside. Thus, they tend to treat prisoners with a bit more respect than do the *judiciales*. This is not to deny that some Mexican prisons are incredible hell-holes. But it is usually a combination of factors that makes for a really bad prison. The very small local prisons can be among the best and the worst of situations. Often the small prisons in poor states have very poor sanitary conditions and food is only available if brought in by friends and family. They tend to be crowded, with few facilities of any kind or opportunities for

work. On the other hand, in some of the rural prisons, there is access to fresh air, the guards are less brutal and more permissive.

"The possibilities for neglect and corruption are rife."

The notion of having a search warrant doesn't exist in Mexico. The police operate more freely there than here, and rarely are any charges of brutality actually brought to a court. Consequently such bodies as the *judiciales* operate with near-impunity. Usually they work at night, in unmarked cars, with no uniforms. They often use cars confiscated from "criminals" and are quite well armed. Most *campesino* growers and urban dealers are busted by these forces. *Chivos* play a considerable role in these arrests. People are either caught at harvest time after someone has informed as to the location of the plot, while transferring the crop, or while storing it. *Judiciales* have been known to visit homes at night in an area known for weed and terrorize the innocent into informing on their grower neighbors. The *federales* and the army use planes to locate plots from the air and are setting up an increasing number of roadblocks at remote junc-

tions in an effort to stop night-time vehicular runs. This is not to say that there is no high-level corruption. Quite the contrary. In Sinaloa, for example, great fortunes in heroin and marijuana have been made by some very solid agribusiness and banking interests. Again, in the more remote areas, unless special *federale* units or army detachments are brought in, the local police are too weak or susceptible to stop those with enough to make the payoffs. Inevitably, then, most of those who end up in jail are the less-organized and poorer growers and movers, along with small urban dealers. The Mexican newspapers are constantly publishing accounts and pictures of big busts, especially those with bloody shootouts. The Procuraduria General (Attorney General's Office) publishes statistics on numbers of arrests, tons confiscated and hectares burned by the army and *federales*, and the numbers are always impressive. One suspects, however, that much of this is for Washington's consumption. Yellow journalism, of course, loves the sensational in Mexico, just as it does elsewhere, and it concentrates on the big busts and the various political underground groups.

The big urban prisons are probably the worst, in that they are very crowded, the prisoner mafia can be very brutal, extortion, violence, and

sodomy are rife, and the guards are harsher. If there is any "best" situation, it is probably in some of the smaller Mexico City jails and in some of the state capitals, like Cuernavaca, Oaxaca, or San Cristobal. The weather and crowding make places like Vera Cruz or Acapulco particularly uncomfortable. But there are some prisons where the inmates sleep in dormitories and have free run inside the grounds during the day, access to gardening, soccer, basketball, and socializing. One place reputedly not bad for extended sentences is the Islas Marias, a group of islands some hundred miles off the Mazatlan coast in the Pacific. Run by the army, there are no fences. One can build his own house and have the family brought there. School, shops, church, all exist there. There is no way off the island, and one checks in once every twenty-four hours, and is expected to work. There is no problem of people running off into the wilds of the island, since the only water supply is within the only settlement. Once a week a plane comes, and once a week a supply boat comes. Prisoners are selected by lottery from all the federal prisoners, including drug prisoners, once a year. They are collected in the middle of the night, their relatives only informed later; drugged, they are bused to Acapulco and Mazatlan, and put aboard a ship. But after the initial trauma, the place is reputedly not bad. The army seems to respect individuals unless they infringe on the restrictions.

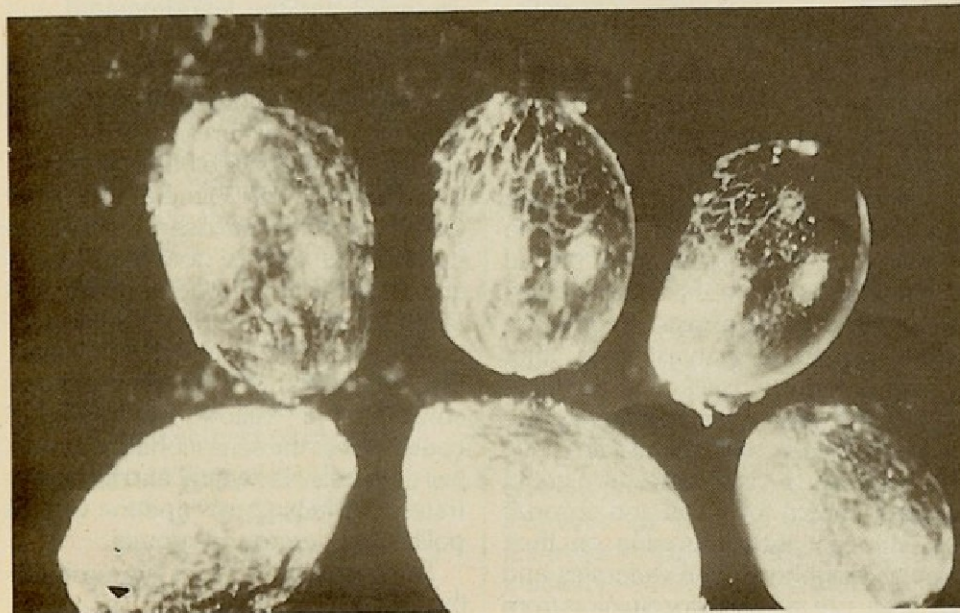
Sentences for drug infractions are harsh. Some murderers and rapists

may do less time than those in for possession. But there are certain details that make the prison experience easier to take in Mexico than in North America for the cannabis prisoner. Visiting privileges are very generous. Three days a week, at the Morelos prison, for example, families, lovers, children, even prostitutes swarm in to spend up to eight hours with their inmates. There are ways to gain privacy, from little day rooms rented out to those who can afford it, to a couple of bunks in the dormitories with sheets around them.

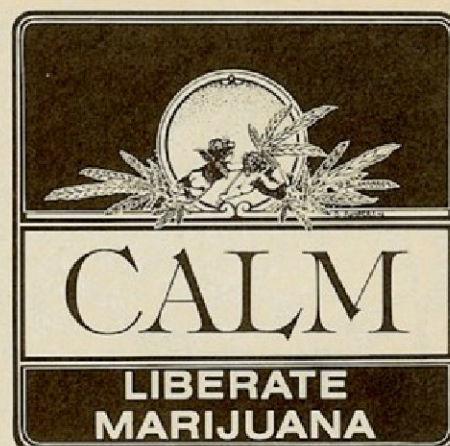
"Money rules in the prison system"

Prisoners in many prisons wear their own clothes and can prepare their own food and eat when they will. In Morelos a basic fare was handed out three times a day. Beans, rice, tortillas, coffee, some meat, macaroni, soup, six raw eggs weekly. In fact, it was rumored that some people were in prison on purpose, to get a decent diet, or at least, a basic one.

Money rules in the prison system. There are various fees to be paid to the semi-official prisoner hierarchy, and money can get one out of the rotating tasks. Latrine duty, sweeping and maintenance jobs can all be avoided for a small fee to the guards. Extortion itself ranges from the brutal to the subtle. Access to day rooms and privileges like phone calls can be had for the well-placed donation. The TVs in dormitor-



The seeds of trouble.



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ies are rented from a prisoner-capitalist at a per capita weekly fee, collected arbitrarily from each prisoner. If a water shortage occurs, a collection is taken from the prisoners to bring in a truck-load. Any Christmas celebration is paid for by the inmates.

The guards always have among their numbers relatively decent human beings as well as real animals, just as in any prison system. Every several months a reign of terror will break out, with drug searches and harassment over hair length and shaves. Occasionally the night will be rent by the screams of some unfortunate being beaten or tortured for backtalk, some petty misbehaviour, or to find out where he got the weed he was caught with. The informer system exists just as anywhere. The guards are often the ones that bring in the prison's supply of dope. An opportunity for profit combined with the irrespressible human capacity and desire for some euphoria and mental stimulation makes such a situation inevitable.

THE PROCESS AND RELEASE

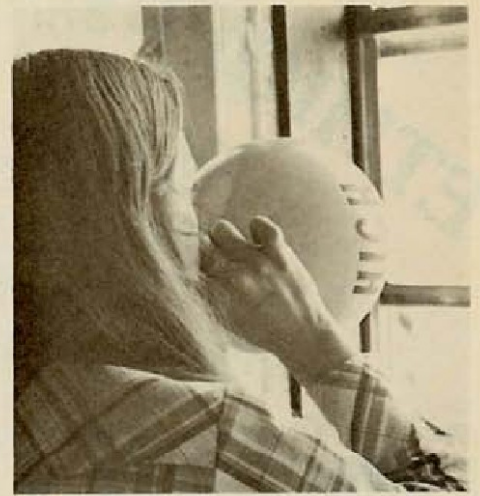
A federal prisoner may be held up to one year before his actual sentencing. During this time, several court appearances occur. The prosecution has a chance to rebut the arguments of the defense. The defense can bring in "experts", and so on. The process is speeded through the creaking and super-bureaucratized court system only when in the hands of an effective and expensive lawyer. There are *mordidas* to be paid to the secretary of the court,

"A prisoner may be held up to one year before his actual sentencing"

a sort of mayor domo of the legal apparatus, to the prison administration, and even to the judges and prosecutors. With luck, one can have the whole process over within four to six months. After sentencing, or the unusual dropping of charges, one appeals. If appealing a sentence to another level of the courts system, *fianza*, or bail (yes, Martha, bail is set not upon entry to the grinding wheels, but just before your release from them) is set and paid, and one is released. Many Mexicans, of course, cannot arrange even five hundred dollars bail, so they serve their

time. Often, one third of the time is knocked off for having worked in prison and for good behaviour. In this case, a timely *mordida* to the prison director elicits the necessary letter to the court authorities. The majority of Mexican dope prisoners, however, must rely on the slow and inexorable serving of at least two years and eight months, if not three years and more, before release. They are often there for two years before any sentencing, and the various steps along the way are, at best, superficially handled by overworked, often incompetent, and sometimes corrupt public defenders. Only money moves the system, and the lack of it is often what got Mexicans into it in the first place. Double jeopardy.

by Fred Judson



Signs of the Times

by B. Rose

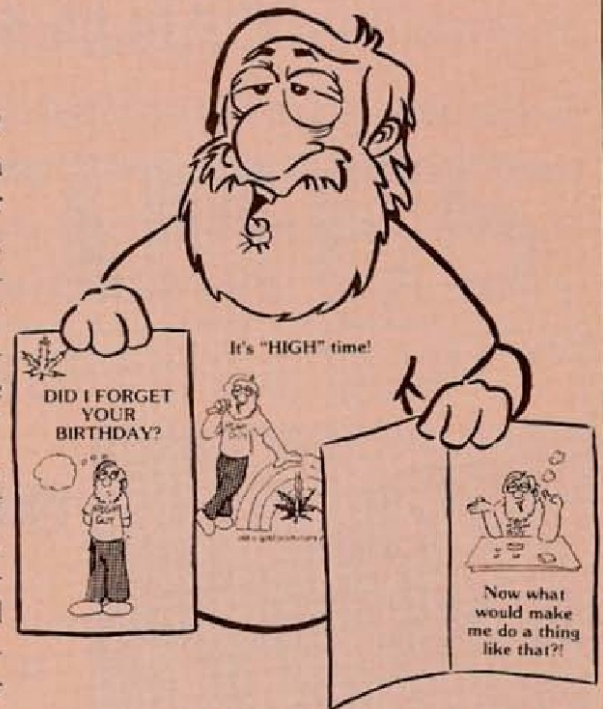
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(Photographs taken at Coptic Church—St. Thomas, Jamaica, August 6, 1979)



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wisdom and understanding
sledge and of the fear of the*



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the rain that cometh oft upon it,
and bringeth forth herbs meet for
them by whom it is dressed,
receiveth blessing from Goud."

Hebrews 6 vs. 7

★★



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ACID AND THE AVATAR

by Dale R. Gowin

Assume for just a moment that LDS's cultists are actually doing what they suppose they are doing. If you can take their own word for it, they have been tinkering with the gears of the universe. They have rushed in where Sigmund Freud feared to tread...

William Braden,
*The Private Sea: LSD and
the Search for God*,
NY: Quadrangle Books, 1967.

I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me, take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self.

The Book of the Law, II: 22.

Every 2,000 years the Saviour returns to Earth.

In every age of history, sages of all lands agree, the Lord of the Universe dispatches an enlightened Messenger to try to straighten out the mess we humans have gotten ourselves into. The Hindu philosophers call him the Avatar. Buddhists look for the imminent reincarnation of the Enlightened One who once was Siddhartha Gautama. In Judaism it is the Messiah who will one day come to liberate the Chosen People and initiate them into Divine Wisdom. In Islam the tale is told of the Prophet (or *imam*) who will come at the End of Time, to end man's rule of the planet and institute the Sovereignty of God (*Allah*). According to Christians, the Returning One will be the Son of God, who will descend from the clouds to redeem the faithful and vent his rage on non-believers.

Some native North American tribes tell of ancient prophecies, revealed in visions to holy men before the White Men came. These tales warned of an age of tyranny and suffering, and of the death of the Spirit of the Peoples. But there would come a time when the Great Spirit would once again kindle the hearts of men, and all Tribes would be united like one big family. The Rainbow was given by the Great Spirit as a symbol of this new age of rebirth and freedom.

36



Dale R. Gowin, Esq.

Occultists, Rosicrucians, and Thelemites may tell you of the Equinox of the Gods, when at the end of every Age the Forces that rule the Universe are readjusted, and a new Diety occupies the Throne. This is accompanied by a new spiritual dispensation, a new revelation from the Supernal Realm, a new way of conceptualizing the Laws of the Universe. This event occurred, some say, in 1904, when a Message was dictated to a Magician in Cairo.

In 1907, a Christian mystic named Levi H. Dowling received a detailed revelation from the spirit world, which he published as *The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus, the Christ of the Piscean Age*. [DeVorss & Co., Los Angeles.] The book, written in a rhythmic, musical style that lies somewhere between poetry and prose, gives a blow-by-blow account of the life of Jesus, including his years of travel and study in India, Greece and Egypt. In the Introduction (by his wife, Eva S. Dowling), the theory of the astrological ages of the world is explained:

Astronomers tell us that our sun and his family of planets revolve around a central sun, which is millions of miles distant, and that it requires something less than 26,000 years to make one revolution. His orbit is called the [Galactic] Zodiac, which is divided into twelve signs, familiarly known as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces. It requires our solar system a little more than 2,100 years to pass through one of these signs, and this time is the measurement of an Age or Dispensation.

The Age of Pisces, it is claimed, began at the time of the rise of the Roman Empire. Pisces is the sign of the Fish (an early Christian symbol), and it is attributed to the element of water. Two thousand years later, the world stands on the cusp between the ages of Pisces and Aquarius. An air sign, Aquarius' influence is seen in the sudden development of radio, air travel, and the harnessing of electricity in the early 20th century. As it is prophesied:

And then the Man who bears the Pitcher [Aquarius, the Water-bearer] will walk forth across an arc of heaven; the sign and signet of the Son of Man will stand forth in the eastern sky. The wise will then lift up their heads and know that the redemption of the earth is near.

Aquarian Gospel, 157: 29, 30.

As the new, airy vibrations of the Aquarian Age begin to enter human minds, we see cults all over the planet looking excitedly for signs of the messiah. In the last half of the 19th century, myriads of movements sprouted around charismatic religious leaders. The Millerite Movement (now known as Seventh Day Adventists) rallied a huge throng of believers in 1843 with a definite day and hour that the Saviour would reappear. Unknown to them, the Bahai faith was founded around a prophet from an obscure Islamic sect, who proclaimed himself to be the Incarnation of God in 1862, and who spent most of his life in prison, writing spiritual texts for his followers. Mystical movements saw the reappearance of Haley's Comet and the discovery of the planet Neptune in September, 1846, as "signs in the heavens" that the Advent was near.

After the Second World War there was another messianic surge, which seemed to peak in the late 1960's or early 1970's. The massive release of LSD into millions of Western minds seemed to stimulate a spiritual and cultural renaissance of unprecedented proportions. Eastern sages and teachers flocked to the West, and newly psychedelized Western pilgrims sought out the ancient holy places in

India and Tibet. Fundamentalist Christians experienced a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit; everywhere people were prophesying, performing miracles of healing, and speaking in tongues. As it was written by the ancient Hebrew prophet, Joel:

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters will prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions . . . and I shall show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke.

Joel, 2: 28 - 30
(The Holy Bible)

Pretenders to the throne of Prophet of the New Age were everywhere. Guru Maharaj Ji, the twelve-year-old Perfect Master, attracted a strong following of burned-out, highly suggestible acid trippers. Swami Bhaktivedanta hit New York to call together his army of saffron-robed, bald-headed devotees, who tried to attain liberation by chanting the *mahamantra* (*hare Krishna, hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna hare hare; hare Rama, hare Rama, Rama Rama hare hare*). Then there was silent, smiling Meher Baba, who scrawled on his blackboard the wisdom of the ages to an eagerly waiting world: "Don't worry be happy!"

These many contestants for the title of the Incarnation of God for our age were foretold by Jesus, according to the unknown writers of the *Gospel of Matthew*:

Then, if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they should deceive the very elect.

Behold, I have told you before.

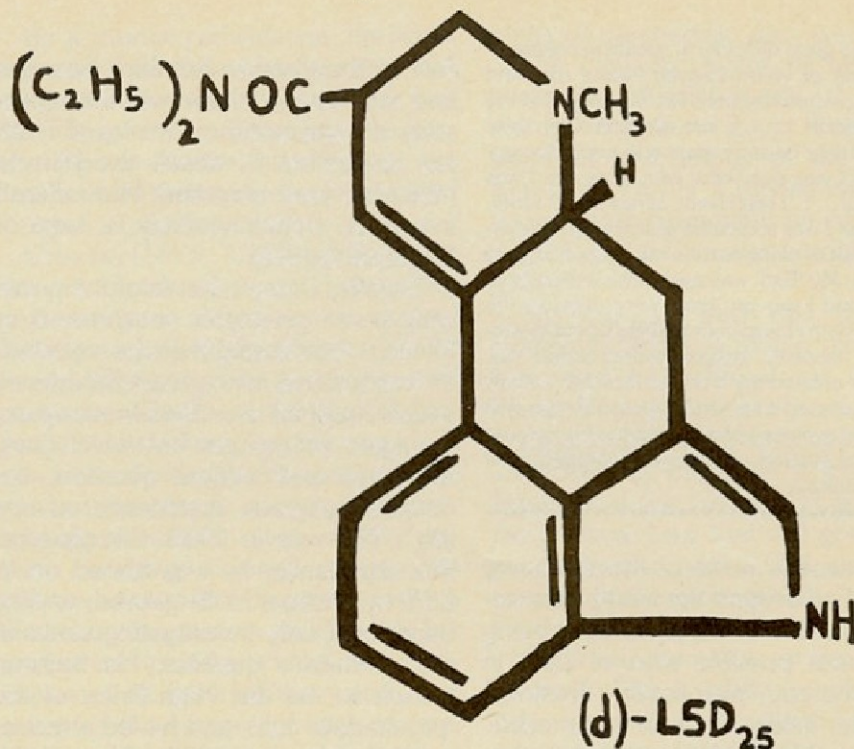
Wherefore, if they say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth; behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not.

For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

Matthew, 24: 23-28.

The search for the messiah is reflected in "The Great Invocation", widely circulated for decades by mystic Alice Bailey and her occult organization:



From the point of Light within the Mind of God
Let Light stream forth into the minds of men.
Let Light descend on earth.

From the point of Love within the heart of God
Let Love stream forth into the hearts of men.
May Christ return to earth.

From the Centre where the Will of God is known
Let purpose guide the little wills of men —
The purpose which the Masters know and serve.

From the centre which we call the race of men
Let the Plan of Love and Light work out.
And may it seal the door where evil dwells.

Let Light and Love and Power restore the Plan
on earth.

This prayer did not go unanswered.

The first acid trip in the world happened on April 16, 1943. Swiss biochemist Albert Hofmann first synthesized *d*-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate in 1938, but its magical consciousness-expanding qualities remained unknown until he accidentally absorbed a minute amount of the chemical during a routine experiment. "I suddenly became strangely inebriated," Hofmann wrote later. "The external world became changed as in a dream . . . self-perception and the sense of time were changed. When the eyes were closed, there surged upon me an uninterrupted stream of fantastic images of extraordinary plasticity and vividness and accompanied by an intense, kaleidoscope-like play of colors . . ."

Intrigued by the taste, he decided to experiment with the drug deliberately. On April 19 he dosed himself, and was barely able to make a few notes as waves of ecstasy rocked through him. Then in a detailed lab report he wrote:

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... I had great difficulty in speaking coherently, my field of vision swayed before me, and objects appeared distorted like the images in the curved mirrors I lost all control of time; space and time became more and more disorganized and I was overcome with fears that I was going crazy I was clearly aware of my condition though I was incapable of stopping it. Occasionally I felt as being outside my body. I thought I had died. My 'Ego' was suspended somewhere in space and I saw my body lying dead on the sofa With closed eyes multihued, metamorphosing fantastic images overwhelmed me. Especially noteworthy was the fact that sounds were transposed into visual sensations so that from every tone or noise a comparable colored picture was evoked, changing in form and color kaleidoscopically.

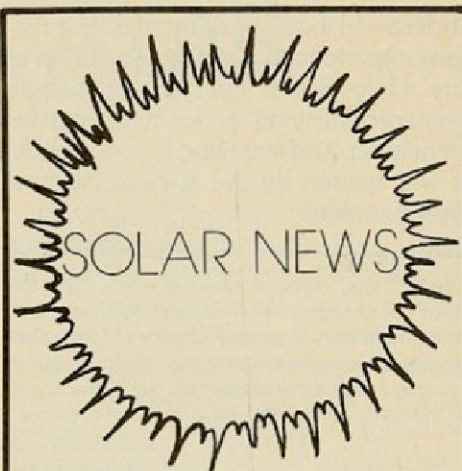
In a decade news of the discovery had flashed around the world. International scientific conferences were being held about possible uses of LSD in psychotherapy, philosophy, theology, and other fields. The term *psychedelic* was coined by acid scientist Humphry Osmond in 1957. (Literally, ψύχω, *psyche*, 'soul' or 'mind', + δηλόω, *delos*, to manifest or make clear.) There was speculation that the advent of the Acid Era heralded major breakthroughs of the scope of the Copernican Revolution. Areas of metaphysics and epistemology which were previously limited to endless rational and intellectual speculation, now became open to direct empirical investigation. Similarly, questions of religion and theology were now subject to scientific examination, as subjective mystical states became available under technologically controlled conditions.

By the early 1960's people were turning on all over the world. LSD was heralded as the greatest wonder drug yet, and at the same time it was being called a deadly menace, an inducer of insanity, a brain destroyer, a chromosome breaker, and everything else that the ego-entrenched guardians of the psychic establishment could dream up.

Just as they had to hemlock Socrates and nail up the Nazarene, the repressors of Light and the enemies of Truth felt compelled to attack the Miracle Molecule [see diagram] that offered everyone, indiscriminately, a taste of Supernal Ecstasy.

Timothy Leary's first fateful trip was with seven psilocybin mushrooms in Mexico. After eating them he reported, "I was whirled through an experience which could be described in many extravagant metaphors but which was, above all and without question, the deepest religious experience of my life." This was in 1963. Shortly after this experience, he was turned on to LSD by Michael Hollingshead, and he began seriously investigating some of the chemical's qualities. He became known as the first High Priest of the 'psychedelic cult', and he led a movement that fundamentally changed the culture of the Western world in many ways.

In 1967 Leary was invited to participate in a symposium on psychedelics at the University of Toronto. He was denied entry by Canadian border officials. Leary then recorded a message to the Canadian people and handed it across the Detroit-Windsor border to a University representative. The tape was confiscated and Leary was arrested by U.S. border cops for his efforts. But his message finally leaked out and was published in the *Canadian Free Press*, an alternative newspaper in Ottawa. In the speech Leary described his work at Millbrook, New York, where the 'League for Spiritual Discovery' was operating an LSD center, administering the sacrament and guiding thousands through transcendental trips. Here are some of his words to Canadians:



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Kris Albin of InHaLe.

Continued from page 20



... I bring love and blessings to the people of Canada I want to point out that all the children who live in this house [at Millbrook] who are over the age of seven or eight take LSD and use marijuana regularly. Now that might surprise you — to think of chemicals and plants which you have been taught to call drugs. Hey! People of Canada! Wake up! Wake up! Who's brainwashed you that way — to think that alcohol, the dangerous narcotic addictive intoxicant, is something that should be consumed, and a holy sacrament such as marijuana and drugs like LSD which have been used for thousands of years by spiritual seekers should not be used? ...

The aims of our religion are those of every religion of the past: we seek to find the god within, the divinity which lies within each person's body

Hey! People of Canada! Have you forgotten? Have you forgotten this ancient message? It's the oldest motto: 'Discover the teachers'. It does not die over the years

Don't you realize it's time for a new religion? Look around you. Above all look down here at these anguished United States of ours. And what do you see? If you see with any clarity, you will record a madhouse. Our government in Washington is sending metal and steel, and atomic energy, and destructive power all over the globe Aging, almost senile, and probably impotent men in our capitals both east and west are sending young men out to kill for old men's chess games: power and control. It's time for a new religion.

By a strange coincidence, the ideas expressed in this speech were developed during the very time that had been prophetically pinpointed by British magician Aleister Crowley as a "critical period" in the development of the Religion of the New Aeon.

Crowley (1875 - 1947) has the reputation in some circles of being "the wickedest man in the world"; but to some he is called "the Prophet of the Aeon". Without doubt one of the best poets ever to write in the English language, he held many world's records in mountain climbing; and in his youth he roamed the planet as an adventurer, crossing deserts on foot, scaling glaciers, trekking through jungles. His primary attainments, however, were in the fields of mysticism and Magick. He studied and mastered the spiritual techniques of all parts of the world, and extracted the essence of each system. He founded a Mystery School whose motto was, "the method of Science, the aim of Religion".

Though he died a few years too soon to taste LSD, Crowley made extensive experiments with mescaline, and his essay "The Psychology of Hashish" (published in 1909 in *The Equinox*, Volume I, number 2) is a veritable gold-

mine of psychedelic discoveries.*

The climactic event of his career occurred on April 8, 9, and 10, 1904, in the city of Cairo in Egypt. Following a series of invocations of the ancient Sun-God, Horus, Crowley received a transmission from what he could only refer to as a "praeter-human intelligence".

For one hour each day, beginning exactly at noon, a Voice dictated to him, and he wrote down what he heard. The result was a work of three chapters, entitled *Liber Al vel Legis*, or *The Book of the Law*. It told of the Equinox of the Gods, and laid down the spiritual Law that will govern our planet for the next 2,000 years. The essence of the message was: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."

What was the nature of this enigmatic text? Did it really prophesy the dawning of the Psychedelic Age? Is it a new revelation from the Creators of the Universe, or a Satanic deception?

We will examine these questions, and more, in the next issue of *HARVEST*, Canada's only Up-front Head Magazine.

by Dale R. Gowin

* "The Psychology of Hashish" is reprinted in the anthology, *Roll Away the Stone* (Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul, Minnesota)

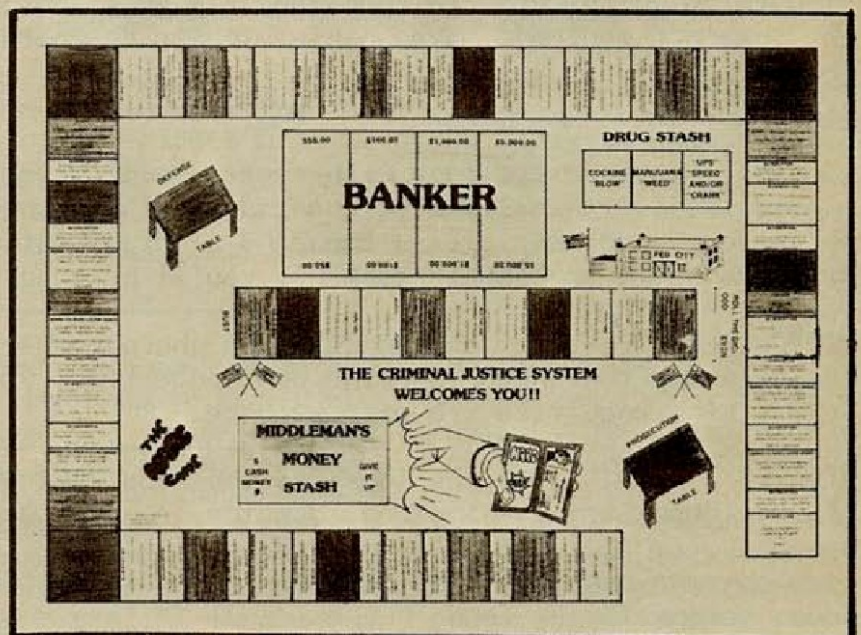
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Details: LATE BREAKING NEWS FROM AROUND THE GLOBE---STOP---STOP---STOP-----

EDMONTON - "Harvest" magazine will introduce their proposal for an alternative 'news service' to be operated by marijuana law reform groups around the world at the February 8-10, 1980 "International Cannabis Alliance for Reform" conference in Amsterdam, the Netherlands. The service will be called "POTVINE", a sample news release sheet would look like this page. For further information contact "Harvest".

OTTAWA - Prime Minister Joe Clark promised to have the olfactory powers of dogs investigated as a tool in post office drug searches, rather than the alternative of permitting the RCMP to open people's mail. When questioned, Clark said he liked the idea but couldn't make up his mind as to whether dogs would be fool proof law enforcement agents.

EVERYWHERE- "Harvest" would like to add their own discouraging warning to those of you who like to experiment with recreational drugs. PCP can in no sense be called a good trip. Originally developed as a horse tranquillizer, phenylcyclidine-hydrochloride is bad news. It is the kind of drug that may well lead to harm to others or one's self, so take it from us, you'll be happy you left it to the horses.

VICTORIA - Writers, cartoonists and photographers interested in contributing to Canada's Up-Front Head Magazine can contact Mr. Dan Dunbar at 595 - 4565 in B.C.. Advertising enquiries are also welcome.

JAMAICA - Mr. Sidney de Souza is the President of the "Rastafarai Movement Assoc." at 2 Wildman Street, Kingston, Jamaica, a group dedicated to the legalization of cannabis (or ganja as it is called locally). They'd appreciate any useful information someone might want to send them to help in their struggle for freedom. Peter Tosh, famous for his song "LEGALIZE IT !" is a Rastafarian.

NEW ZEALAND-The New Zealand customs confiscated "Harvest" magazine when a copy was sent to the New Zealand Marijuana Party in Wellington. That is a sad statement on the true freedom our colleagues in Kiwiland enjoy. "Harvest" has nothing more to say other than that we demand a public apology from the New Zealand government.

AFGHANISTAN-The war in Afghanistan will soon be over because all the Soviet soldiers will get turned on to good Afghani hash and give up their arms.

Books

READINGS FOR THE HIGH MINDED PERSON

Legal First Aid for Today's High Society

Psychedelics Encyclopedia

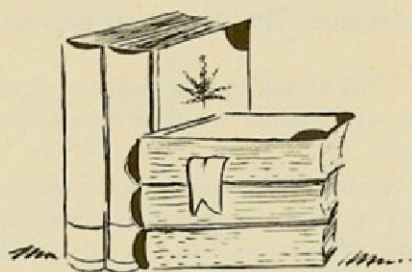
The High Times Encyclopedia of Recreational Drugs

Over the last three months or so, my friend Stan has repeatedly approached me with the idea of securing an article or two for this publication. Pursuant to this, he has dropped off three books, which have lain around my house past two contribution deadlines. Well Stan, you win, come and get your goddamn books.

The first book, *Legal Aid for Today's High Society*, I never did finish. I read along just to see if it was readable but quit after realizing that the dope laws they were referring to were American, and made little difference to me or any other Canadian doper. Nice try, Stan.

Well, the other two books weren't as easy to dismiss, as they were both encyclopedias of drug information. The one I read first was Peter Stafford's *Psychedelics Encyclopedia*. I had never heard of Peter Stafford before (which may indicate how poorly read I am), but supposedly he is an early and sincere user (or is that researcher?) of psychedelic drugs. Certainly Stafford approaches the topic of psychedelic drugs from the believer's side. I don't intend to discredit him for this obvious bias if only because some of the most biased writing on the topic of drugs has originated from the supposed objectivity of the scientific circle, and it's time the rest of us had a say. Beware however, that Stafford is one of the old ones, and has a sincere conviction that some drugs (the psychedelics) can be used to explore and expand the human states of consciousness. Hence one of the features of this book is that Stafford evaluates the psychedelic potential of a number of common and not so common drugs.

Now, this is an area of importance to readers inclined to use drugs and yet it is not often talked about by many authors of drug literature. This information may possibly promote a little more thought about why people take drugs, and I hope it does, for while I only partially agree with Stafford's "quest for enlightenment through drugs" attitude, I do think that people far too often use drugs as *retreat* from consciousness.



Stafford discusses psychedelics under nine headings, from L.S.D., marijuana and peyote, to sage, mushrooms and M.D.A., with a bibliography after each chapter. There is also an index which greatly simplifies searching for a particular reference. In each chapter, Stafford discusses the history, botany and pharmacology, physical and mental effects of the drug or drug-group in question, as well as providing a section on forms, sources and purity tests. The book is very well researched and the information is not tinged with moral admonitions or phony health scare tactics. You will be better informed if you read this book.

The High Times Encyclopedia of Recreational Drugs is not written in the same vein as the *Psychedelics Encyclopedia*. The front cover lists History, Uses Growing (and Improving!) Your Own, Religion and Magic, Herbal Highs, Aphrodisiacs, Pharmaceuticals, Laws, Wonder Drugs, Psychedelics, Culture Heroes, Dealing, Smuggling, Art, Music, Travel, Paraphernalia, Cooking, Research . . . and much more!, as the contents. This isn't an encyclopedia on drugs as much as it is a reference book for the drug culture about the drug culture. The very idea to me suggests some attempt to package and sell the drug culture ideology and its traditions to the people who made them. It reminds me of a "Saturday afternoon and it's raining" book that you would browse through, catching pieces of trivia. It is not like the treatises of Peter Stafford's which seems to encourage some more serious reading. For one thing, as the cover notes, *The High Times Encyclopedia of Recreational Drugs* covers much more than just drugs and if you're into reading serious material on drugs, sometimes topics like economics and smuggling seem to get in the way. The book isn't written just as information but also as entertainment and the picture and articles do just that. I got the impression as well that because the articles were collected from many sources and authors, they are inconsistent in approach and research. This is not to say that the information provided is to be ignored, but I think at times a dose of skepticism might be needed. Perhaps the fact that the High Times people called it a book on 'Recreational Drugs' has set me

Continued on page 7

THINGS TO DO —

BY SANDY YAKIMCHUK

Hi! I'm back. Well, the new year is upon us, the people are crazy and us crowd haters are withdrawing into our caves with our nuts. I had a few nuts over at my cave the other evening, and the idea that we came upon instigated enough inspiration within me to write the first part of this article.

We were looking for something to do (sound familiar?), and we came up with this:

1. Before anything, make sure you have at least three people (or things that write and read the same language — e.g. English)
2. Find a pen, paper, and something to write on (e.g. BIC, toilet, clipboard)
3. One person scrapes the bowels of his brain and writes down a title (e.g. My Summer Holiday)
4. The next person (go in an orderly order) reads the title and writes an opening sentence. (e.g. It was bad.) He then covers the title with another piece of paper and passes the thing on.
5. The next person can only read the opening sentence (do you notice a pattern developing here?) and tries to write one sentence that is related. He then covers the opening sentence and passes the paper on.
6. This can go on indefinitely but you must remember that you can only see the previous sentence. You will also notice that the sentence in front of you has very little (if anything) to do with what you wrote one round before. This in itself instills a humorous situation. Eventually you can designate a person (say three people in advance) to write a closing line. A good suggestion would be the guy who's been bogarting the joints all night. The closing line is tough and would be a suitable punishment.

Now I'd like to throw in an excerpt from one such concoction. The persons involved have each been given a letter (A-E), so that you may try to follow their derailed trains of thought.

E. For example, there was the time his function was impaired by the consumption of eight quarts of Baby Duck, leaving her no outlet but the empty bottles.

A. So she let it out in the empty bottles.

B. They were trapped in glass.

C. Trapped! How could it have come to this after all the careful preparations?

D. He decided that his only route of escape was to offer free sexual services in hopes that he could escape during a period of intense pleasure on the part of his captors.

E. Nineteen orgasms later, he decided he would rather stay and submit to the delicious punishments.

A. Huey, Duey, and Louie would better have suited the position, or so she said while still waiting to come.

... at this point in time, 'B' had lapsed into a coma which he came out of minutes later. The paper was passed to ...

C. This should be obvious as ducks are well known for their sexual prowess.

D. Everyone knows that this species of bird is easily indoctrinated into the more 'specialized' of the sexual deviances.

E. My brother-in-law said that his pet used to be better than six nymphomaniacs.

A. He was full of shit most of the time anyway.

B. Some of the time he was the best piece of ass.

C. On the other hand, there were times when he was not a very good lay at all.

D. So bad was he at screwing that he was ridiculed by both sexes for his total ineptness.

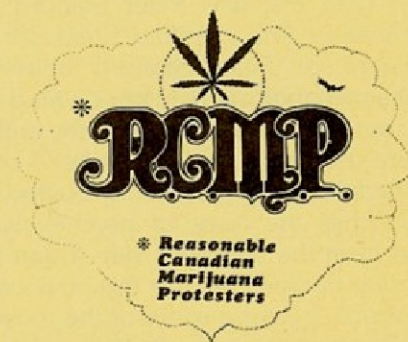
E. He lived out his final days in a filthy garret, spurned by man and beast alike, and turned to narcotics abuse to while away the endless hours.

Well, what can I say? Good examples are hard to come by these days. Why don't you try it and see if you can come up with anything better?

Now I'd like to comment on apathy. Who gives a shit? But seriously, the one thing that bugs me most about drug smokers is that they are apathetic. They won't do anything that requires more energy than lifting a roach clip to their face. That's an insult, you say? Damn rights! And the sooner you write to me or anyone else at "Harvest" the sooner I'll apologize. Send us a letter or story or pictures. Write me a letter calling me an arrogant moron so I can publish it, comment on it, and laugh at it. Of course if I don't hear from you my apathy point will be proven true.

Stew over that for awhile. Until next time, so long.

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AUSTRALIANS FIGHT FOR LIBERTY



PRAHRAN - Australia — The "Cannabis Research Foundation of Australia" has been carrying on a fight to decriminalize cannabis that is brave, to say the least. The Australian government is even more unapproachable than Canada's, if that can be believed. Their official position is that there is no evidence at this point in time in the Government's possession which would persuade it to decriminalize the possession of cannabis. So the C.R.F.A. has been making sure that their government is in possession of that evidence.

Mr. Jim Billington, who founded the C.R.F.A. in 1975, was forced to resign in 1977 due to two vicious political operations by the police against him and his family. To counter that, Billington formed the Australia Marijuana Party to fight the laws through the ballot box.

A notable success of the C.R.F.A.'s was a call by Melbourne's Anglican diocese to ease 'pot' penalties in Australia.

Such successes appear to be few and far between, as Australian police have been raiding head-shops and censoring the sale of drug-related books. Australia is notorious in the Commonwealth for its censorship of cultural books of all kinds. Canadians would find an Australian book-store empty in comparison with an average book store here.

The Cannabis Research Foundation of Australia has a projected budget of \$20,000 for 1980, a fact that puts Canada's pot smokers to shame, as memberships to NORML-Canada are a lot less even with Canada having twice the population.

Letterwriting is an important aspect of the C.R.F.A.'s campaign, as can be seen from their newsletter, "the Leaflet".

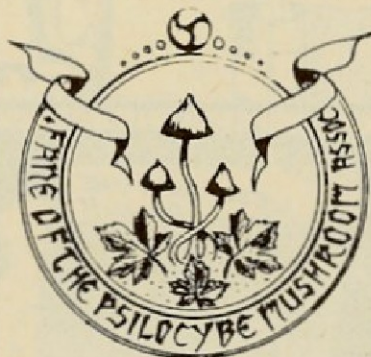
The state of Western Australia is Alberta's counterpart as it has more

cannabis prisoners per head of population than any other Australian state.

Similar to Canada's "Le Dain Commission's Report on the Use of Non-Medical Drugs", the state of South Australia had a "Royal Commission into the Non-Medical Use of Drugs" costing one million Australian dollars. It was dismissed by South Australia's then premier Des Corcoran in ten minutes on TV. He cited the most spurious of excuses. The commission's conclusions were those reached by every major government enquiry in the last twelve years — that cannabis laws in Australia and elsewhere are in drastic need of reform.

For those who'd like to contact C.R.F.A. their address is 134 Grenville St., P.O. Box 481, Prahran, Victoria, 3181, Australia Phone: (03) 51-4976.

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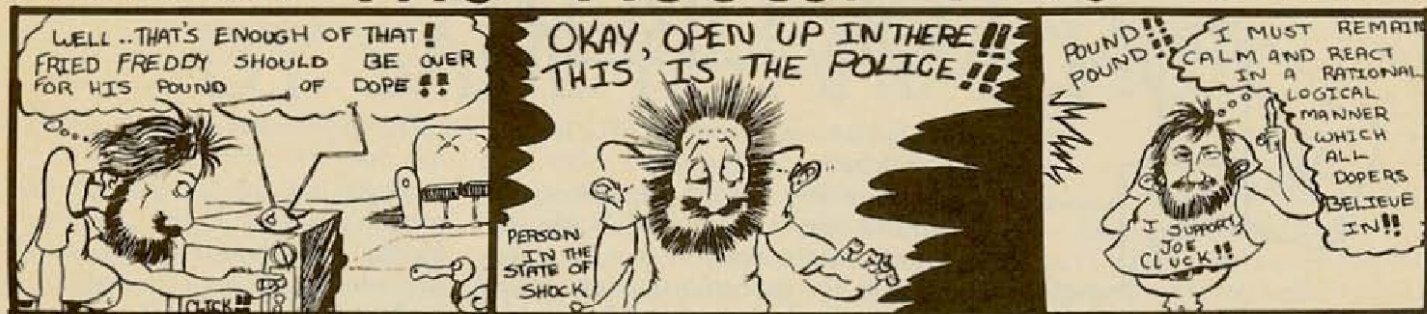
1. That all mushrooms of the Genus Psilocybe are sacraments and their ingestion is a religious practice and an aid to enlightenment.
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3. We do not encourage the ingestion of the sacraments by those who are unprepared.



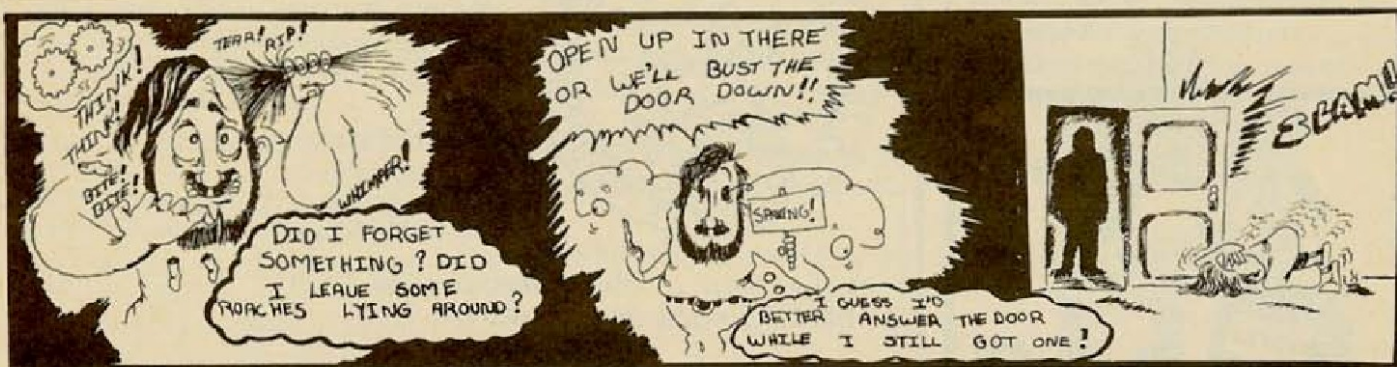
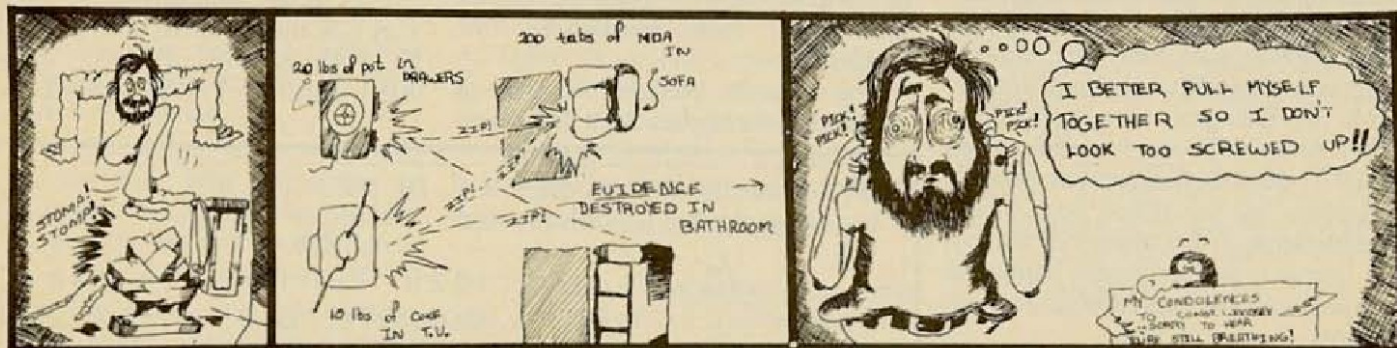
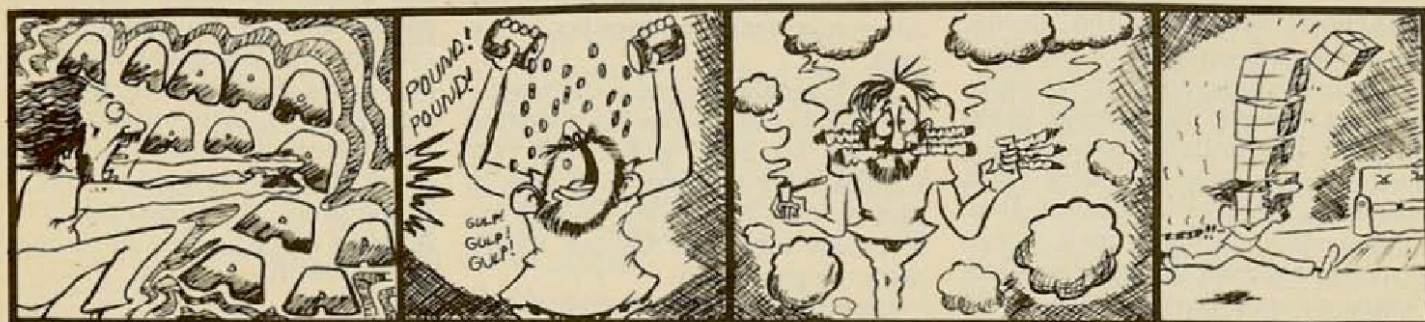
Continued from Issue 2

The Hooter File

by Leonard Dance Knott



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Columbian (The Real Thing)	60-70	800 lb.	80-125	80-100	50 +	65-75	100
Columbia (Mexican Stuff)	50-60	70-80	80-100	65-80	40-50	60-70	50
Hawaiian (Buds, not junk)	125-175	150-200	up to 400!	150-200	90 +		N/A
Mexican		700 kilo					
Sinsemilla	80-100	90-100 +	rare	150	50 (rare)		N/A
Jamaican	N/A	90-100	rare	N/A	60 +	N/A	N/A
Thai (watch for garbage) stick	10-20	25-35	tied grass	15-36	15-25		N/A
Homegrown	60-100 lb.	300 bushel	100 at harvest lb.	50-100 lb.	200 lb.		20 oz.
Hashish/gm							
Kashmir		rare	rare	30-40	N/A	15-25	
Chitrole		10-20 (rare)	N/A	20	10 +	15-?	
Red Lebanese	10	180-250 oz.	10-15	15			
Afganni	20-30	15-25	10-25 (rare)	30-40		15-20	
Green (The real stuff)		10-?	10-?	10	N/A	10 +	10
Green (The other stuff)							
Moroccan	15/2 gm.	5-10	N/A	10	7;10		
OILS/gm.							
Honey	35	30 +	N/A	30-40	25-30	N/A	35-40
Weed	20-25	20-25	20-25	25	20-35	rare	
Black Hash		450 oz.					
Jamaican Pot		20			25		
OTHER							
Opium/gm	60 (liquid)	rare		N/A	20-25	40 +	
Codeine		rare	N/A	N/A	50-60	50 +	
Dilaudids/hit		N/A		N/A	10 +	10 +	
d-Lysergic Acid Diethylamide/hit	3-5	3-6	5-7	5	3-6	N/A	8 (white)
Bennies/hit	50c	40-75c		50c	50c +	50c	50c
Methamphetamine/gm.					3-6	7-10	
Cocaine/gm.	75 +	120 gm.		150-175	60 +	N/A	165-180
Mushrooms/gm.	free	15 +	10-20	10-20	90 +	100 +	
Mexican Mushrooms/oz.		25-300					
Labrador tea	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	2-3

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