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25c

FREE JOHN NOW!

SUN



SUN



SUNNY SINCLAIR

Brothers and Sisters--

I just want to say that I'm really excited about the chance of getting out of this hellhole and back out there on the streets with all of you! It's been a long time coming but it's starting to look like we might make it this time, and I don't have to tell you how much it means to me that everybody's doing everything they can to get me out. I believe to my soul that you can do it, if anybody

can, because the power of the people is the strongest thing there is. I want you to know how much I miss all of you--how much I miss being with you in the parks and on the street, getting down in the sun and the music, getting high and just being together like people are righteously supposed to be. All I can say is I love you and want so bad to be back with you so we can take care of some business together and start building

up our Rainbow Nation like natural freeks. Pun sends his love too--and I know if you can get me out then together we can get our powerful brother back with us too, and then we'll really be able to get down and kick out some killer jams like we used to. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE! RAINBOW POWER TO ALL OF US! The spirit of the people is stronger than these bars on my cell--believe me! I love you--

Love John

A New Way to Smoke It!

Recently some Ann Arborites returned from a trip to Jamaica, land of the super weed. They brought back a new idea for your smoking pleasure, the Jamaican spliff. Great for massive tokedowns, uses up about half a lid of dope. As promised in SUN #3, here's how you do it.

(1) Start with a piece of paper approximately 7x5 inches.



(2) Roll it up in a cone. Start adding dope, holding your finger on the small end. When about halfway full roll it and seal.



(3) Continue adding dope, packing tightly as you go along.



(4) And there you have it, ready to go.



BEWARE UNPURE GRASS

Michael R. Aldrich, Ph. D.

Recent reports to AMORPHIA (selling "Acapulco Gold" papers non-profit for legalization of marijuana), LEMAR INTERNATIONAL, The Marijuana Review, and The Marijuana Research Association indicate that the fall 1970 and early spring 1971 harvests of both Mexican and United States marijuana are being heavily adulterated with weird shit.

A medical-chemical analyst wrote the Marijuana Research Association in January 1971 that the weed in New York was of low quality recently because it was cut with a variety of other plants--hay, leaves, alfalfa, oregano, etc. I thought it was a momentary phenomenon of his being burned until I started picking up on occasional sentences in dope clippings sent to me. For example, sheriff's deputies in Tucson, Arizona in March 1971 reported that some of the \$250,000 worth of pot they had seized was "nothing more than alfalfa, cow manure and chili peppers covered over with some poor-grade marijuana" (and packed into bricks)--and that 150 packages of pot "were infested with bugs and worms" (though the latter might be explained by being stored for so long).

Evidently this type of adulteration has been going on since the Nixon Administration took office: in May 1969, police arrested several dealers in Inverness, California (north of San Francisco) and confiscated what they thought, and the dealers claimed, was \$100,000 worth of hashish. Tests showed that the substance was marijuana mixed with "something like molasses." The dealers later pleaded guilty to selling this as hash.

BEWARE MIDWESTERN GRASS SPRAYED WITH 2, 4-D...

Studies by the National Cancer Institute have shown that defoliant herbicides 2, 4-D and

2, 4, 5-T cause birth defects, malformations, and deaths in experimental animals. Marijuana itself does not cause birth defects or chromosome damage, but does cross the placenta in THC form; and pot sprayed with herbicides, particularly when smoked, could cause foetal or embryo damage in humans.

Last summer an Interdepartmental Task Force began a pilot project of grass eradication by spraying pot crops in 22 counties of 11 Midwestern states--the counties where most pot was grown--with 2, 4-D. Presumably the program is being continued and expanded this spring and summer 1971: the Dept. of Agriculture puts out a nifty pamphlet telling exactly how it's done. Thousands of these pamphlets have gone out to police, county agriculture agents, and farmers: so examine your dope for signs of this poison, such as brown or shrivelled bits of leaf, slightly chemical taste, etc. Expectant mothers especially BEWARE!!

BEWARE MEXICAN GRASS SPRAYED WITH BENZYL BENZOATES...

It is possible that the Federales, with U. S. equipment and money, are also spraying Mexican dope with 2, 4-D: but it is almost sure that they are spraying Acapulco Gold, Michoacan, Sonora, and every other variety of pot in Mexico they can find with the herbicide benzyl diethylaminobenzoate. Although grass sprayed with this benzoate will probably not be killed by it, the compound causes nausea in the smoker after a couple tokes. Several cases of this happening in California have already been reported to LEMAR. The nausea agent can be removed by grinding the contaminated pot as finely as possible and following these

instructions:

Place the powdered grass in a jar and cover it with vinegar or a dilute solution of hydrochloric acid (made by diluting commercial hydrochloric acid to 5% of its original strength) to a depth of about an inch. Cover and shake vigorously for 15 minutes. Strain the contents and discard the liquid. Repeat this procedure once with acid and once with water. The resulting marijuana, after drying on a cookie sheet, should be free of the nausea agent and should retain its stoning properties.

If you notice an unpleasant acid flavor in the decontaminated grass, try putting orange juice or other flavoring agents in the final rinse.

Spraying Mexican pot crops with this nausea-producing drug was a scheme cooked up by Nixon's Interdepartmental Task Force of June 6, 1969, which set forth plans for Operation Intercept. It was first leaked into the national press by Barry Farrell, columnist for Life, during the week of Woodstock. Yet Operation Intercept is not over, though it has changed its name to Co-operation. Instead, it has gone world-wide, through Narcotics Bureau offices and U. S. embassies in every dope capital of the planet.

Keep in mind that official U. S. policy, since the Nixon-Kleindienst-Mitchell kabal took control, is to stamp out marijuana traffic by any means necessary, including spraying dope in any country with these killer poisons. Getting busted at home or abroad is not the only danger of marijuana, as long as these totalitarian ignoramuses retain power. Under these governmental conditions, fakes and birth-defect-agents and vomit lurk in the leaves of the most innocent weed known to humanity.

MARIJUANA COOKIES

- 1/2 cup margarine or butter
- 3/4 cup brown sugar (or honey)
- 1 egg
- 1 cup wholewheat flour
- 4 tbslp. carob powder
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts, or hulled sunflower seeds
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup powdered marijuana

Cream shortening and sugar; add egg. Powder marijuana by sifting it through a strainer, and sift together with the rest of the dry ingredients. Stir in vanilla, nuts, and raisins. Drop by teaspoonfuls on oiled baking sheet. Bake 8 to 10 minutes at 400. Yield: 3 dozen Don't O.D. on these, eat one or two and wait an hour. You'll be blasted!!!

FREE JOHN NOW!

All of our people are smokin marijuana
Feelin real good and doin what we wanna
But the cops come and take us to jail
Kangaroo courts ain't givin no bail
Now they've ripped off nearly half a million
They gave John Sinclair
Ten years for two joints
Cut off all of his hair
Time for us to make the people's point
Free John, FREE JOHN NOW!
Think they can take our best men and women

Expectin us to get high and forget em
We can't let them push us around
We gotta be free to get down
We gotta get John Sinclair out of prison
Got to let em know
Pillage of our nation is through
Make them let him go
It's something the power of the people can do...
Got to get up and sing
Yes we're gonna have our way
Make our voices ring
Now, now, right now, startin today
Free John, FREE JOHN NOW!

--UP

THE IGUANA CLOCK

When the Mexican Indians high in the mountains behind Acapulco want to relax after a hard day's toil in the hemp fields, they sit in their huts around a low circular table. An iguana, captured bare-handed that afternoon, is placed in the center of the table, and enormous cheroots of hemp leaves are rolled.

According to Indian magical belief, 13 is the sacred marijuana number, so 13 religious puffs are supposed to be taken by each person. As the cigars are passed, each person blows his smoke into the mouth of the person next to him. The iguana, attracted by the pungent scent, follows the billowing smoke-path around the table.

If the iguana gets stoned and falls off the table before the full round of 13 puffs has been taken, it is time to stop smoking. If the iguana falls off the table after the 13 puffs have been consumed, it is deemed by the smokers that this year's crop is not very good. If the iguana falls just as the last person takes his thirteenth toke, it is regarded as an Act of God.



MARIJUANA CLOCK

Statement by the Central Committee, Rainbow People's Party

"JOHN IS IN PRISON NOT FOR TWO JOINTS--OR ELSE ALL OF US AND ALMOST ALL OF YOU WOULD BE IN PRISON WITH HIM--BUT BECAUSE OF HIS UNCOMPROMISING DEDICATION TO HIS PEOPLE."

We are dedicating this issue of the SUN and the next two weeks of our lives to our Chairman, John Sinclair, so we can get him out of the penitentiary and back here with us where he belongs. John was ripped off almost two years ago and taken far away from us in an attempt by the State of Michigan to destroy our party and slow down the incredible growth of the self-determination movement in the Michigan youth community in which John Sinclair has played a part for more than six years. We've suffered from his loss, although his letters and writings from prison have helped us and inspired us to carry on our work, but now we have to say that we can't go on like this any longer--**JOHN SINCLAIR MUST BE SET FREE!**

We hope this special issue of the SUN will help people to understand why it is so important for John to come back to his community so he can take up his work again, joining the rest of us in struggling to create real self-determination for our people. We know, and we want you to understand, that John was kidnapped from us by the State and has been held without bond for 22 months so far, because he has been committed to the development of the youth community since 1964 and there was no other way to stop his work than to lock him up for 9 1/2-10 years on the transparent excuse of possession of two joints. John is in prison not for two joints--or else all of us and almost all of you would be in prison with him--but because of his uncompromising dedication to his people and our struggle for self-determination and freedom.

A lot of people wonder why we spend so much time and space talking about John Sinclair--after all, he's just another dude who got busted for weed, and there are a lot of our brothers and sisters in prison who need our help, right? But John isn't just another freck who's doing time for grass--he's a tremendous energy source for the whole community, an incredibly dedicated brother who has shown a lot of us how we can move to free ourselves from the death culture and build a beautiful alternative to it out of the raw materials of us frecky lives. Maybe more than anything else he's taught us that we don't have to let our lives be controlled by the control addicts of Amerika, no matter how much they try to keep us separated and isolated from each other, no matter how hard they try to keep us down, no matter how severely they repress our culture.

John Sinclair was first arrested on marijuana charges in October of 1964, before most of us had ever heard of the holy weed. He was the first freck in Detroit's hip community to take a bust for marijuana, and he was warned by the Detroit police to give up his activity in that community or else he'd be sent to prison. Less than a month after that bust John helped bring about the realization of one of his earliest visions by working with 15 other heads, including his partner Leni, to open the Artists' Workshop, an historic self-determination project which he spearheaded through the entire course of its development. The Artists' Workshop, primarily through the total dedication and tireless effort of John Sinclair, produced a long series of weekly free concerts and poetry readings, developed a free university for the community, published magazines and books of poetry and other writings by Detroit artists and heads of all kinds, and stood as a beautiful example of self-determination for the alternative culture which was just beginning to emerge in those days out of the filth and despair of honky Amerika.

In August of 1965 John Sinclair was busted for the second time, and the police made it even clearer this time that they were determined to stop what he was doing. He refused to be intimidated and instead began what has become a 6-year campaign to expose the criminality of the marijuana laws and the snakes who enforce them. Again, we have to remember that at that time some of us were only twelve and thirteen years old, and many of you were still in grade school!

John had been singled out by the police to take the weight for the whole hip community of the time, and although he hated having to divert some of his energies from what he considered his real work--building self-determination for artists and heads into the framework of a creative alternative culture--he refused to give up or even to back down an inch in the face of the most severe repression people like ourselves had yet faced. On February 24, 1966, John was sentenced to six months in the Detroit House of Correction after his lawyer had sold him out by refusing to challenge the constitutionality of the marijuana laws. He did the six months and came right back into the community to take up his work where he'd left off, trying to consolidate and extend the programs and the influence generated by the Workshop.

One of John's qualities which has inspired us most is his ability to understand what's going on among the people and to bring himself and his work into line with what the people are doing. While he was in the House of Correction a big change took place in Detroit's hip community: thousands of frecked-out kids were rushing out of their parent's suburbs to join the heads and neo-beatniks who had cohered around the core of the Artists' Workshop. And while almost everyone else who had been associated with and involved in the Workshop was splitting Detroit for San Francisco or Europe, John and Leni re-committed themselves to staying in Detroit, working to bring the greatly-enlarged hip scene closer together, and pushing the self-determination policies which had given birth and life to the Workshop. John brought rock and roll bands together with the older heads, worked hard to help get the new Grande Ballroom established as a real community center for freeks, started pushing for Legal Self-Defense programs for kids who were getting busted, helped establish a chapter of LEMAR, an organization working for the legalization of marijuana, organized benefits to raise money for community projects and to get bands into playing for the benefit of their own people, and generally served as an energy source for the whole emerging youth community. He continually pushed for greater cooperation among freeks and for self-determination and freedom for our people, both in his writings and in his daily practice.

On January 24, 1967, John Sinclair was busted for giving two joints to a female undercover agent and her piggish partner, Vaughn Kapigian of the Detroit Narcotics Bureau. He had been threatened continually by the police that they would "get him" if he didn't stop what he was doing, and they went so far as to infiltrate the Artists' Workshop and its communal dinners, poetry readings, rock and roll dances, communes and other activities. 56 people were busted January 24th, but John Sinclair is the only victim of the raid to get any time out of it.

After the January 24th roundup the community went into a panic. John was held for a week without bond before the people could get him out, but he

immediately drew people back together and almost single-handedly purged the community of its paranoia and fear by the force of his example. Along with Leni, Gary Grimshaw, and a number of otherbrothers and sisters in the community John organized Trans-Love Energies as an antidote to the poisonous fear and separation which the police were trying to kill our new culture with. Trans-Love was conceived as a huge collective of freeks which could unite the active elements of the community and serve the needs of the people. Rock and roll bands, head shops, artisans and crafts people, light shows, people's newspapers, and other free institutions were brought together under the Trans-Love banner, and it provided a revolutionary direction and example for the growing youth culture in Detroit and Ann Arbor.

In the spring of 1967 John organized the Belle Isle Love-In, the first huge mass gathering of freeks in Michigan. He and Grimshaw founded the Warren-Forest SUN as a community newspaper, and Trans-Love as a whole operated a free booking agency for people's bands, produced free concerts and benefits, provided free rides for people around town, turned the Artists' Workshop into a 24-hour youth community center and crash pad, opened a free store, printed and distributed marijuana literature, started a legal self-defense program, distributed free food to poor black and white neighborhood people during the Detroit Rebellion, and opened a people's rock and roll center called The See which was controlled and operated by freeks from Trans-Love. During the same period John started his court challenge of the constitutionality of the state marijuana laws, which the courts still refuse to respond to.

In the late summer of 1967 John started working intimately with the MC5 and built them into what was then the most powerful people's band in the country during his two-year association with them as their manager. He channelled the band's energies back into the community out of which it came and set a standard for rock and roll bands which is still rarely matched. Under John's leadership and direction the MC5 played more free concerts and benefits than any other band on the planet, and when they started meeting with constantly increasing repression from the police, state and city authorities, and the rock and roll imperialists within the music industry itself, he steadfastly refused to submit to the whims of the pigs who couldn't stand to see a band which they couldn't control. In this as in everything else John stood firmly with the people and inspired all of us to resist the illegitimate authority of the fascist elements who hate our life culture and everything it stands for. He showed us that we don't have to "stay in our place" and go along with the death program of the honky power structure, that the spirit of the people is stronger than the Man's technology, and most of all, that if all of us come together and struggle for what we have to have we can't be stopped no matter how hard the death merchants try to keep us down.

In 1968 Trans-Love moved to Ann Arbor with its bands--the MC5 and the Up--and established itself as a force in the emerging Ann Arbor youth community. In the summer of 1968 John Sinclair led the fight for the existence of the free concert program in the parks and took the MC5 into the parks to play every Sunday free for the people. The only exception was August 25th, when the 5 were the only band to defy the police-state paranoia and threats in playing for its sisters and brothers in Lincoln Park in Chi-

cago. John and Pun Plamondon also established a Legal Self-Defense program in Ann Arbor and, in November, formed the White Panther Party as a political arm of Trans-Love Energies.

As Minister of Information and the guiding force within the WPP John further developed the ideology of self-determination for our people and taught us the need to integrate our revolutionary Life Culture with the political struggle for freedom and self-determination for all peoples, particularly the liberation struggle of black people in this country. And he showed us how this could be done by developing the MC5 as an even stronger musico-political force in the youth community, constantly stressing the responsibility of the people's bands to serve the needs of the people who support them. During his last few months on the street John gave 100% of his time and energy to the party and to the people, working with the band to get the music to the people, leading the political struggle here in Ann Arbor to get the parks for the free concerts in the summer, fighting in the courts to defend himself against mounting charges as the police intensified their efforts to snuff him off the set, working with the people's radio stations in Detroit to get more music to the people, producing the first Rock and Roll Revival at the State Fairgrounds, helping get the Argus started as Ann Arbor's community newspaper, and doing whatever he could to contribute to the growth of our culture and the strength of our people.

On July 25th, 1969, John was sentenced to 9 1/2 - 10 years in prison for possession of two joints even after the court had ruled that they got their evidence through illegal entrapment back on January 24th, 1967. And although John had made the first uncompromising challenge to the constitutionality of Michigan's dinosaur marijuana laws, vicious dog judge Robert J. Colombo refused even to set an appeal bond in his case, oinking that John Sinclair is a "threat to the community" and must be kept locked up. He has been locked up for over 22 months already, and we can't stand it any more--John must be set free, NOW!! We shouldn't have waited this long to make this simple demand, but we had to give the courts a chance to repudiate their piggish representative Colombo, and they refuse to do so on their own. Now it's up to the people to force them to move by raising our voices and putting our bodies on the line like John always has, so he can be back with us where we all know he belongs.

During the next two weeks the Committee to Free John Sinclair will be sponsoring a series of people's events to raise money for John's defense and to put righteous pressure on the cold, unfeeling court system in this state to grant John an appeal bond. We will also be distributing postcards addressed to Governor Milliken asking that he commute John's sentence in the interest of justice and truth. If we don't get any action now we just won't quit pushing--we can't stop until our brother is back on the streets with the people he loves. He can't stand being without us much longer, and we sure can't stand having him locked up!

FREE JOHN NOW!

Leni Sinclair
Gary Grimshaw
Pun Plamondon
Genie Plamondon
Frank Bach
Peggy Taube
David Fenton
David Sinclair
of the Central Committee
Rainbow People's Party

A TESTIMONIAL

By Dave Marsh

I have to emphasize that this has to be a personal remembrance, both because John Sinclair influenced me so much and because it is SO important to understand the man as a human being, rather than an abstraction.

John is much more than a symbol of the struggle against the insane and repressive marijuana laws of the U. S. and the Chairman of the Rainbow People's Party. First and foremost, he is a human being, and it is body and soul, flesh and blood that sits in that jail cell night after night.

It's important to understand how he's a human being as well, and what his very human contributions and errors in the struggle to build a community among the youth of the midwest have been. Maybe that's where I can help out.

I first got turned on to John when he was a dropped-out neo-beatnik, an emergent hippie--if those words make any sense--a poet and writer and organizer of projects within the Detroit community; with the Artists' Workshop Press, Trans-Love Energies and as a contributor to the Fifth Estate. At about the same time he was editor of the Warren-Forest Sun, organized the Belle Isle Love-In (April 30, 1967) and began to manage the destroyo MC 5.

All of this managed to effectively communicate John's philosophical and cultural precepts which included the high energy musical concept that changed the face of Detroit music for all time. It certainly had a great influence on me, the sense of the music I was turned on to by it and the terms in which I then understood that music and the culture as a whole.

Imagine reading a rock n' roll column, which (besides turning you on to the best jazz and rock music then currently available, live or on disc) communicate the very essence and spirit of community/communal jams! Imagine that that writing further integrated the whole understanding of music as a phenomenon into a world-view, into a vision of the way life IS and the way life COULD BE. That was what those Rock n' Roll Dope columns were like and their effect was nothing short of TREMENDOUS, not only on me but on everyone who read them.

Then there were the events Trans-Love, with John as its most visible member, sponsored, the holy music of Sun Ra, the righteous tribal gathering that was the Love-In, the free poems passed out along the streets of Detroit, the vast amounts of newsprint churned out--killer stuff, mind you, killer--by the Workshop Press.

Lastly, the MC 5--a religious experience every time they took the stage, John as a recognizable force both behind and alongside the musicians themselves (on "Black to Comm" and "Starship" and a couple of other tunes, a musician himself) the Five probably influenced me more than any single thing I've ever experienced. (Except maybe LSD which John had a whole lot to do, literally, with my taking.)

All of this was made more powerful by the fact that John himself was totally accessible, both on a media and personal level. John is an awe-inspiring sight in the flesh, of course--all six-foot four of him seems carved out of solid granite, though his eyes and his laugh belie that stoney exterior.

More than that, though, was the obvious facet of his personality that came out of the same background that my friends and I did--Sinclair is the original Working Class Hero. It was clear that he had made his move to separate from honk culture for the same reasons we had: to escape the desperate insanity of factory life, the crushing boredom of working class two-car wealth, which amounts to the most depraved spiritual poverty and (really) a constant struggle to barely keep those rudiments of material pleasure that a person should have by right in the first place. It was clear that John understood that, implicitly--where he occasionally failed us was in not making it clear that social condition was pretty deceptive, that you could get hung up on it on a whole lot of levels and that the process was NOT easy, in fact it was pretty hard to really become a sustaining citizen of the new culture; John often made it look too obvious and too easy, and it just wasn't.

Now that's not the heaviest criticism you could make of someone--indeed, it's a pretty light one, but we have to understand that to make it clear why a lot of people have occasionally been turned



WAYNE KRAMER AND JOHN SINCLAIR

off to John and his manner of thinking. And of course it's also got to be clear that his approach was sometimes in error, because to create a cult of personality around him would be a mistake of the worst order. He wouldn't want it, I'm sure, and I don't want to be part of propagating it. And it isn't going to get him out of jail.

Allen Ginsberg DID call him "the angel of Detroit" (in 1965!) though. If he isn't a saint, then he is surely a shaman, in some sense a holy man, driven by a holy vision. The way alot of great American Indian leaders (like Cochise or Crazy-horse) were holy men, you know, driven by THEIR vision.

That's one of the best memories of John that I have, how his course has always seemed so clear to him, how he could step into a situation and seemingly immediately analyse it properly and rally people around him to aid in the solution of any problem (almost) that the community faced. I really believe that his first responsibility, as he conceives it, is to the community--and I think, in turn, that one of the first responsibilities that the Detroit/AA community faces is to cut John loose. That charisma, that power of analysis would be a heavy asset to have on our side were it not separated from us by concrete wall and steel bars.

Finally, though, it's integral to any discussion of John to be able to see that He is in jail because the power structure sees him as a villainous hippie-organizer, troublemaker and a lout who is perverting the children of America. Certainly on many levels, they're 100% correct: John's ideals DO turn their children away from the factory death that the structure would impose upon their lives, and hopefully, towards a vision of a future society where that kind of innate repression does not exist. But the really important part is that John is in jail because the state wants to stop the youth culture, because they see him as a symbol of you and I. He is that, of course, but that is less important to us than the fact that he is human--the way that it is less important that Angela Davis, Pun Plamondon, Bobby Seale or Leslie Bacon are revolutionaries than it is that they are first and foremost PEOPLE whose basic human rights are being denied them.

For us, it must always remain secondary that John is such a mover. First and foremost, he is a human being who tried to assert his humanity. By so doing he offended the powers that be to the extent that they totally freaked and crammed him into a jail cell for they hope a decade.

(B) John CAN be set free. He really can be. Evidence of that is amply offered in the case of the Panther 13, who were set free after also spending two years in prison. Of course, the Panthers case was somewhat different--they had'nt

been convicted of anything (John should never have been)--but in a sense neither has John.

He hasn't exhausted all his appeals, for one thing and thus he isn't finally guilty yet. Even in the eyes of their courts. There are still options available and we have to seize them. Only if we do, can he be set free--and there is yet time to seize them and it is our responsibility to do so.

John won't be, in the final analysis, set free if the judges and senators of this state suddenly have a change of heart and decide that he should be set free; they will only have that sudden change of heart if we decide we've had enough, and demand an end to John's imprisonment.

Finally, though, in order to see that we have to see that John's battle is our battle, that he is one of us. I hope I've made it clear how very important he was in creating and establishing as a viable, vital alternative the youth community here and in Detroit. I want John out of jail so bad I can taste it, and I KNOW it can be done.

I also know that, with the aid of John's energy, we can build the kind of powerful and influential youth colony here that we all want to have. And we can do it quicker, and better than we can without him. It was John, more than any other single person, who built up a lot of the elements of that scene--the rock scene, for example, or (as a media figure) getting alot of us into turning on--and that energy, unleashed now, added to the rest of our energy might really represent a turning point in our struggles with the law and order factions of Wayne and Washtenaw Counties.

He's the most powerful dude I ever knew, and I love him mightily. I don't know what else I can add, you know, except that our course should be clear. I know it is for those who knew and loved him when he was on the street, for they haven't forgotten. How could they? And I know it is for those of us who've maintained contact with him while he's been away because we can't forget.

And I know that the younger ones of us, who have only been on the set since John got ripped off it or only have come to the area since then, will see it too, finally, because they have to. We have to free John now, because that would give us so much time for so many more projects and because his incarceration is the states threat to us all. It would cease the energy drain on our people who are involved NOW with libtting him from the belly of honk and it would add so much potential to ALL our lives.

If this ends as a plea, I guess that's all alright right.

After all, what would you do if one of your best friends got sent to jail for ten years on a bum rap?

FREE JOHN NOW!

ROCK & ROLL DOPE

BY FRANK BACH

It was back in the fall of 1966 when Rob Tyner, lead singer for the then "Avant Rock" MC5, and myself got in Rob's beat up old Chevy to "go and check out the freaks" down on Plum Street. Detroit's Plum Street--a gayly painted clump of storefronts that housed head shops, art galleries, a coffeehouse, a small folk/blues/rock and roll club, and stores that sold leather goods and all kinds of wierd clothing--is all closed down nowadays, but five years ago it was a brand new thing. Actually, a whole lot of things were new to me back then because I had just graduated from high school, moved away from my parents' house, and found myself amidst a bunch of new friends (like Tyner was), new ideas, and new things to do. And although none of us understood what it all meant, all of us, and all of this, were the creatures and manifestations of a new Rainbow Culture that was beginning to come to life all over Amerika.

CRAZY MUSIC

The one person who DID understand the importance of what was going down more than anybody else was John Sinclair. He and his partner, Leni, lived out above one of those storefronts on Plum Street five years ago--their crib being right next to the office of what was then Detroit's new underground newspaper, the FIFTH ESTATE. I was writing some music columns for the paper and, when Tyner and I stopped over there for a minute, we bumped into John. He introduced himself, we started rapping and before too long we were in John Sinclair's apartment, smoking some dope.

"Have you heard 'Unit Structures,' the new Cecil Taylor record?" Sinclair said, passing the joint. "It's far out!"

Shit--I didn't even know who Cecil Taylor WAS. I found out in a minute, though, because John gave me a set of earphones and I stuck them on my head and he turned up the volume on the hi-fi full blast and I took another toke and Cecil pounded away on the piano and ... well, I've never been the same since.

PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL

After that Tyner and I called that new music--the music of people like Taylor and Archie Schepp and John

Coltrane and Pharoah Saunders--"crazy music." And in one sense it sure is crazy, but we called it that mostly because we didn't understand it. John did, though. Like I said, he understood a lot of stuff most of us were just getting hip to. And the reason he understood is not because he's some kind of superman or genius or anything wierd like that, but simply because of all of his experience, all the work he's done with the music, with the people in the community, for all of US. And, you dig, without that work NONE of us would really be the same.

And it's because of that work that we all got to set that brother free.

The week after John got out of jail the first time, back in 66 again, he and some friends at the Artists' Workshop organized an event called "The Festival of People." It was held in the tiny Workshop headquarters in the slums along the John Lodge Freeway and from early morning till early the next hundreds of people literally packed in to have people like Joseph Jarman and Charles Moore and Lyman Woodard and MC5 blow their brains out with some of the farthest out music ever played anywhere. It was without a doubt the highest energy thing that's ever happened in Detroit--until the Grande Ballroom opened, that is.

BALLROOM SCENE

With the birth of the ballroom scene in Detroit it became clear to John that the work he was doing in the little community around the Wayne State Campus was work that had to be done for people everywhere--this new lifestyle was spreading faster than anyone had imagined it ever would and its new music was leaping across the airwaves all over Amerika in the form of electric ROCK AND ROLL. In 1967, when John decided to manage the MC5 and the fledgling UP, all his experience and enery began to find their full use.

John broke a lot of the most sacred rules of the established music biz while he was out on the streets managing rock and roll bands, and in the process he carved out a whole new set of relationships between the music and the people who made it on one hand, and the people who made it popular by their listening, and their participation in it, on the other. His formula

borrowed from the new jazz musicians whom he knew held the secret for the future of all new music on the planet. The music had to be so righteous and high energy, John showed us, that it would reach out directly to whoever heard it, so that it would literally touch and feel and move the audience into total involvement in the rock and roll experience. We had to make it loud and clear to all that this was the music of the moment, the here and now where you had no choice but to dance and sing with its beautiful life message of LIBERATION from all the confines and limitations of the world that was dieing its awful death all around us and had to fade into the past with all other dead things.

DANGEROUS PROGRAM

The idea was to make the music totally REAL and HUMAN--a music that destroyed all separations between people, starting with the phony death-culture separation between the "pop-star" musicians and the audiences which sat at their feet. No opportunity to PLAY FOR THE PEOPLE was overlooked--every free concert, every benefit, every place where people waited to hear the music and it was possible to set up the amps and plug in was a place that we had to go to and KICK OUT THE JAMS as best as we possibly could.

All this flew in the face of the accepted policies of one of the honkiest, most uptight music scenes anywhere--a scene where promoters demanded to see hit records first and to hear music never, where creeps like Russ Gibb have called bands to tell them that they'll never get another job again if they continue playing free for the people. And that's what made John's program so effective, AND so dangerous to the five time owners of the biz--his bands cut through the bullshit and went directly to the people. And the people have to have the music, and the more they hear the more they want, and the more you give the people what they want they more they'll have to give back.

So one day in 1968 John fooled the Elektra Records Corporation into recording the MC5 and, with almost no cooperation at all from Elektra, the KICK OUT THE JAMS single exploded

onto the AM and the album began shooting up the pop charts. It was during John's incredibly hectic last days on the street that Elektra found out what they had done, freaked, and fired the Five over an obscenity ruse. When the Five started to lose the direction John had helped them find it was all he could do to negotiate a new contract for them with Atlantic, and by the time he was in jail they had split. But they had proven to all who dared admit it that John Sinclair HAD been right about the music all along.

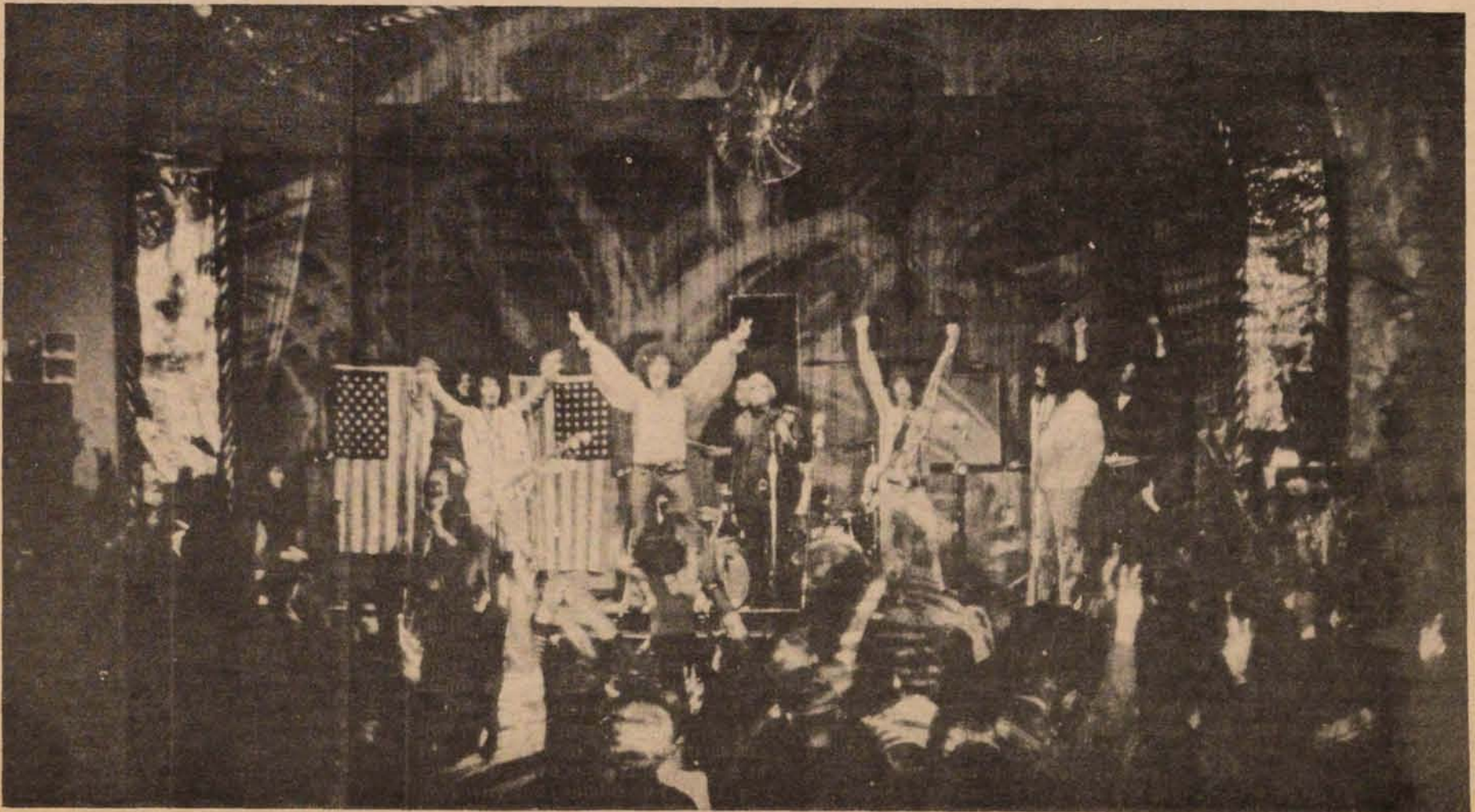
The power structure thought they had put an end to John's work by putting him away, but that's probably one of the worst mistakes they've ever made. In prison John has become even more dangerous to honk than before--studying like a madman, John had turned his amazing energy and experience into finely-tuned dialectical thought. Through his letters and writings John Sinclair has translated the social and political experience of centuries into the rock and roll reality of RIGHT NOW, explaining with an exciting clarity the need for us to criticize, discipline, and above all ORGANIZE ourselves as true people's musicians must, as all servants of the people must, if we are going to make ourselves strong enough to build the beautiful Rainbow Nation of our dreams and visions.

GIVE IT BACK

It's obvious to whoever will check it out that even behind the ugly brick walls and barred doors of Michigan's prison system John still UNDERSTANDS--he knows what we all need, and how we have to go about getting it. And the study and hard work that we have to do together to reach our goals is just what John has been doing all this time, it's what he keeps on doing as best he can in the cage that they're keeping him in now, and it's what he will be more than happy to continue full speed ahead as soon as we can get him back with us.

Since we've known John myself and all of the UP have been proud to make his vision our own and to give the last few years to it, because John has always given as much of himself as he could to us. Now it's 1971 and time that we, ALL OF US, gave John Sinclair his freedom.

FREE JOHN NOW!!!



MC5 JAMMIN' OUT THE KICKS DURING THEIR HAYDAYS AT THE GRANDE BALLROOM

JOHN MUST BE SET FREE

For the past 2 weeks I've been trying to write something about John Sinclair. I write a page or two, then sit back and read it. Damn! It always sounds like I'm writing a eulogy, like I'm writing about someone who died.

But John is not dead, nothing about him is dead. John is in the penitentiary, he is in the penitentiary because of a government conspiracy to keep him off the street and away from the people who need his services.

You might ask, what are these services that John can offer the people, what is it about John that strikes fear in the heart of every snake Judge, vampire business, rat politician and pig cop? How can one man put in motion the entire fascist machinery of the state of Michigan? Of all the people who are released on appeal bond in Michigan, why is John, time after time, denied appeal bond? I mean this shit doesn't just happen, there is a reason for it.

The reason is that John Sinclair is a dangerous cigar chomping psychedelic revolutionary gangster.

In one hand he carries a machine gun that shoots self-determination, self-reliance bullets. In the other he carries a pen that he uses as a sword, to cut away and lay bare the true nature of Babylonian culture, politics and economics. With his pen/sword he exposes the monster that is haunting the people of America, with his self-determination machinegun he shows us how to slay the beast that is oppressing, controlling, exploiting and fucking us over. He shows us the problem and he shows us the solution. The problem is capitalism, a system where a few get rich through the work of many, a system where a few control the lives of many. The solution is self-determination, self-reliance. Self-determination says that all the people have the right to control every aspect of their life, that they have the right to control their own destinies.

The way John explained it to us, the people of Babylon are totally dependant on the "establishment," the "power structure," the "ruling class" for our everyday needs. The control of our lives is completely in the hands of a few madmen. They control our food, we must go to Kroger or A&P, Safeway or Wriggly to get our food. They control our electricity. They control our drinking water. Our transportation. Our education. We are dependant on them for our clothes, for our homes. If we are sick we must go to their doctors and hospitals. They control us and shape our world outlook through TV, radio, newspapers, magazines, and the entire educational system. To hear our music we must buy their records, go to their dances and concerts. In short, a small number of "them" control completely a great number of "us".

John and his partner Leni were the first to show us how our struggle for self-determination affected our everyday lives. We didn't call it a struggle for self-determination in 1967 when we first hooked up with John and Leni, but that's what it was. John and Leni and Gary Grimshaw in particular were involved in creating a situation, in building a community that was totally controlled by the people who lived there, a community where the people controlled every aspect and every institution of the community.



PUN AND JOHN

One aspect of our lives that was most important to us was our music, rock 'n' roll was one thing that we all held in common, it was our common need and our common desire. At that time (summer '67) Russ Gibb had the Grande Ballroom open; John was one of the prime movers in getting the Grande on its feet. As hip as the Grande was it was still an institution that the people did not control, it wasn't long before contradictions arose that pushed us, with John's direction, to open our own place.

You see the Grand was run by Russ, who was incredibly stupid and had no idea of what our culture was about. Still, he meant well. On the other hand there was the "owner", Gabe "bloodsucking" Glantz, whose money addiction was the root of the problem at the Grande.

John knew that if someone would open a place that put the interests of the people first that the people would rally to this place and support it. We had the energy, imagination and woman/man power to run a dance/concert hall, all we needed was a hall. We put the word out, after some hangin' out and alot of talkin' we hooked up with this righteous crook who found us a place on Woodward across from the Medical Arts Building. He fronted us enough bread to cop some paint and some brooms and we went to work. For a month and a half we worked, we scrubbed and painted, we had to pump out six inches of water from in front of the stage, we scrubbed and polished the floors, we fixed wiring and lighting, people from the Warren-Forrest would come and offer their services. One cat was on a electricity trip, he fixed the stage lighting, another brother fixed up some wiring for Jerry Yonkin's light show. One day some sisters showed up and painted one huge wall in a beautiful mural. Gary Grimshaw and Carl Lundgran, two people's artists, did a beautiful mural on the front of the building. The whole community responded and we really fixed the place up. I was a sandal maker on Plum Street, Detroit's hip capitalist center, at the time, so I got all the people's craftsmen and craftswomen to set up displays: leatherworkers, jewelry makers, artists, magic freaks, sword swallowers, fire eaters, freaks of all descriptions responded.

Then, one day in June, the Mystic Knights of the See Lodge Hall were born. Ta da! Ta da Ta da! Opening night! How killer it was! MC5! Seventh Seal! Charles Moore! Brothers and sister from the community served as waiters and waitresses, someone sold tickets, someone was MC. There it was brothers and sisters, some space, some concrete space in the heart of Detroit that was a product of the collective effort of the people, some space

that the people controlled, one step on the road to self-determination.

With the immediate success of the See a massive counter attack was waged by the reactionaries. On opening nite, true to his bloodthirsty nature, Gabe Glantz appeared on the set with a thug and ripped off \$500, you see Gabe "owned" this place too and he was afraid he wouldn't get his fix, I mean rent. Within the next week fire inspectors, water inspectors, wiring inspectors, plumbing inspectors, building inspectors, code inspectors, license inspectors and pigs and running dogs of all kinds showed on the scene to try to close us down. Some up-tight honkies tried to set fire to the building, the whole sickening assault fell on the People's Palace. We managed to keep open for 3 weeks but in the end the Mystic Knights of the See Lodge Hall folded.

What we learned in practical experience and what John taught us far outweighed the negative aspects of having to close. And next time we'll know what to expect and prepare for.

We learned that self-determination is the answer to the problems facing the people, and that self-reliance, the use of our own energy, imagination and collective knowledge is the way that we gain self-determination.

There is much more that I could say about John. He founded, with his partner Leni, the Artists Workshop Press, a self-determination program for writers and artists who published their own work. He founded the Warren-Forrest Sun with Gary Grimshaw, a community paper and comrade to the Fifth Estate. John, Leni and Grimshaw were the original founders of Trans-Love Energies, a collective of communes that were in the service of the people. John was one of the original organizers of the Ann Arbor Free Park Concerts in '66, '67, and '68. Anyone who was around then remembers him well. In the extremely limited form of communications we get from him in prison it's clear that his spirit and love for the people continue to grow and motivate his every move and idea. It's in good time that the people raise our voices now to show that we support John as much as he supports all of us out here. He's an exceptional brother and we need him out here with us to help on our way to self-determination and freedom.

All Power to the People!
Free John Now!

Pun Plamondon, Central Committee,
Rainbow People's Party

BEFORE and AFTER: THE STORY OF LARRY BELCHER

Some 150 sisters and brothers are currently held captive by the State of Michigan in one or another of its prisons for defying the laws against the use and distribution of marijuana. Nowhere is the brutal stupidity and anti-social nature of these laws more manifest than in the case of Larry Belcher, number 103796 at Marquette State Prison.

Larry is in his middle thirties and came up in the Traverse City area. He had a rough boyhood, grew to drink a lot and get in lots of fights (he's real big, over 250 lbs. and very strong, and he damaged a lot of people), and he eventually served several years in Jackson Prison for various beefs, including safecracking, passing stolen checks, and strong-arm robbery. This was in his younger days.

When he was already over 30, Larry got turned on by a friend to some good smoke and, as it developed, to the new life culture that was emerging out of the great Amerikan desert. He repudiated his old aggres-

ive, alcoholic ways, started smoking grass every day, let his hair and beard grow as it may, and eventually moved into a commune. He developed considerable skills as a writer, which he put to community use as the first author of the "Dope O Scope" column in the old Detroit (Warren-Forest) SUN, and he was one of those people who took primary care to see that there is good smoking dope available to the community.

Larry was older than most of the people on the set in Detroit's youth community in the later 1960's, and there was a gentle humor and sort of fatherly benevolence about him that made everyone his friend. Everyone was shocked when they would learn of his earlier history.

Since the fall of 1968, Larry Belcher has been serving a 20-30 year sentence for distributing marijuana. He has been in Jackson Prison and Marquette Prison (where he was transferred for trying to communicate with his old friend John Sinclair), held against his will and at the point of a gun, for over thirty months.

Note: What follows is an excerpted transcript of court proceedings the day John Sinclair was sentenced to 9 1/2 - 10 years in jail for possessing nature's holy weed, by Judge Robert Colombo, July 28, 1969, Detroit.

THE CLERK: File No. A-134588, The People v. John A. Sinclair. You were found guilty by a jury July 25th of Possession of Marijuana. You are here today for sentence.

Do you have anything before the court imposes sentence?

THE DEFENDANT: I haven't had a chance to say anything and so far, I'd like to say a few things for the record. The Court is aware that these charges have been fabricated against me by the Detroit Narcotics Squad. He came to me one day and said a month and three days ago you did this, you gave so and so this, you did that. I had no opportunity to construct a defense. But I know what was going on all along, and it was a conspiracy by these people, Warner Stringfellow, Vahan Kapagian and Joseph Brown and the rest of them to frame me on this case, and to bring me right here, and on two marijuana cigarettes, and say I gave them to them, and then let the rest of you who are in it with them manufacture this whole case and bring me here.

The punishment I have received already in the two and a-half years since this case started is cruel and unusual, if I had committed the crime of possessing two marijuana cigarettes. And everyone who is taking part of this is guilty of violating the United States Constitution and violating my rights and everyone else that's concerned. And to take me and put me in a pig sty like the Wayne County Jail for the week end is a cruel and unusual punishment, to sleep on the floor, to have no sheets, no blankets, pig swill to eat. You see, but you can get away with this and you can continue--I don't know what sentence you are going to give me, it's going to be ridiculous whatever it is. And I am going to continue to fight it. And the people are going to continue to fight it, because this isn't justice. There is nothing just about this, there is nothing just about these courts, nothing just about these vultures over here.

THE COURT: One more word out of the crowd and I will clear the courtroom.

THE DEFENDANT: Right. And that will continue in the tradition that's been established here.

MR. RAVITZ: If you Honor please, Mr. Sinclair is 27 years of age, he is married, he had one child in the audience today, two years of age. A beautiful child, she is there. His wife is pregnant. He's lived in the State of Michigan all his life.

In America, which has never known



The sentencing of John Sinclair

anything but the history of racism and in America which practices those imperialistic and those brutalistic and inhumane wars in Asia and elsewhere around the globe, and in America which sends a man to the moon while millions of its citizens starve, John Sinclair is brought before this Court and he is said to be a criminal. He isn't a criminal, he isn't a criminal at all. The criminals with respect to this law are the doctors, the legislatures, the attorneys who know, who know because they have knowledge that these laws are unconstitutional. That these laws defy all knowledge of science. That this sumptuary legislation, are on the books to go after and to oppress politically unpopular people and groups and minorities.

This very day, twenty-five percent of the future doctors of America who are studying at Wayne State University Medical School have possessed marijuana. Twenty-five percent of future lawyers, indeed future judges, who will be sitting on that bench someday, have possessed and have smoked marijuana.

THE COURT: That's your opinion.

THE DEFENDANT: That's fact.

MR. RAVITZ: My opinion is based on studies. What I really hope the Court recognizes and that other judges and other persons of this society charged with responsibilities come to recognize is that America cannot single out unpopular leaders and go into their arsenal of over-kill, be it through stone or rifles, or highly punitive sentences and think that the problems in this country can never be solved in that fashion. Yet all around this country we see political prosecutions. We see the Tommie Haydens, we see the Huey Newtons, the John Sinclairs singled out, and somewhere in the warped minds of those so-called leaders, they think that they are going to stem the tide of revolution by picking out leaders. Well, they simply not going to do so, because leaders are no longer indispensable in this country. Because there are a great many people who are awake to the crimes and atrocities committed by governments, and because it simply cannot work.

I hope that this Court in particular begins to act by exercising some degree of rational thought process, and

invited to read his poetry at colleges as distant as the University of California, and the Artist's Workshop he created in Detroit was considered by many reputable writers, such as poets Robert Creeley and Allen Ginsberg, one of the most promising centers of poetic-musical experimentation in America. Differing with the present government position, John Sinclair honestly believed that drug use, particularly marijuana, stimulated and heightened his creativity. Thus he came into conflict with the laws of the State of Michigan.

Since John Sinclair was sentenced on July 28th, 1969, there has been considerable debate on the use of marijuana, and a steady trend toward milder punishment for its use, in the legislatures of numerous states, in the federal Congress, and in the courts.

We therefore urge you out of compassion, and in response to our assurance of John Sinclair's high regard and value among his fellow writers, to commute or at least sharply reduce his sentence.

We invite you, as Governor of Michigan, to survey punishments imposed on others for possession of drugs, even so called hard drugs, to see if there is any case of so lengthy a sentence in Michigan's last decade. We have not heard of any cases in the history of

by recognizing the reality of the situation. Thank you.
THE COURT: Well, in this matter here, Mr. Sinclair was arrested in January, 1967, in connection with an offense that took place on December 22, 1966. It is interesting to me that he, and you, assert that he has been violated of his constitutional rights, because all the right's he's entitled to, as any citizen is under the constitution have been asserted in his defense.

Now, Mr. Sinclair is not on trial and never was on trial in this courtroom because of his beliefs. He represents a person who has deliberately flaunted and scoffed at the law. He may think that there is nothing wrong with the use of narcotics. Although an enlightened and intelligent people think to the contrary, and otherwise. And medical studies back them up far more completely than they do the people on his side of the particular question.

The public has recognized that the use of narcotics is dangerous to the people that use it. The public, through its legislature has set penalties for those who violate and traffic in narcotics. Now, this man started in 1964, in which he first came to the attention of this court, and upon the offense of possession of narcotics, on a plea of guilty, was placed upon probation. We have tried to understand John Sinclair, we have tried to reform and rehabilitate John Sinclair.

John Sinclair has been out to show that the law means nothing to him and to his ilk. And that they can violate the law with impunity, and the law can't do anything about it.

Well, the time has come. The day has come. And you may laugh, Mr. Sinclair, but you will have a long time to laugh about it. Because it is the judgment of this Court that you, John Sinclair, stand committed to the State Prison at Southern Michigan, at Jackson, or such other institution as the Michigan Corrections Commission may designate for a minimum term of not less than 9-1/2 nor more than 10 years. The Court makes no recommendation upon the sentence other than the fact that you will be credited for the two days you spent in the County Jail.

Now, as to bond, in view of the fact that Mr. Sinclair shows a propensity and a willingness to further commit the same type of offenses while on bond, and I am citing you to the case of the People v. Vita Giacalone just decided by the Michigan Court of Appeals, this is one instance where there is a likelihood of that type of danger and which the Court of Appeals said that refusal to set bond is a good grounds. And based on that and my belief that he will continue to violate the law, and flaunt the law in relation to narcotics, I deny bond pending appeal.

THE DEFENDANT: You just exposed yourself even more. And people know that. You have somebody 9-1/2 to 10 years.....

Michigan which have resulted in 9 1/2-10 year sentences for possession of any drug, and certainly no one has ever been sentenced to that length of time for possession of two marijuana cigarettes.

At a time when Americans of every political creed are struggling to create a spirit of reunion and communication between all parts of our country, we think this gesture on your part would be greeted with gratitude and the strongest approval by thousands of young people, who now consider John Sinclair a political martyr, imprisoned for his Left Wing beliefs. We do not believe you will allow these beliefs to influence your judgment in this serious matter. But there is one aspect of John Sinclair's case which helps to promote this belief in his martyrdom, among young people. The evidence against him was obtained by a police informer, using the tactics of entrapment. It seems to us that this fact casts a moral cloud over the state's case, making our request for a re-examination and possible commutation of John Sinclair's sentence all the more urgent.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas J. Fleming
Chairman
Writers in Prison
Committee

P.E.N. CLUB SUPPORTS JOHN

The American Center of the P. E. N. Club, a world association of writers with 80 Centers in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the Americas has written a letter to Michigan Governor Milliken urging that he commute John Sinclair's sentence. The P. E. N. center has in the past organized protests over the imprisonment of Soviet authors: Solzhenitsyn, Daniel Sinyavsky and Amalrik, as well as interceded for writers in Greece, Nigeria, Brazil and Taiwan. This is the first time it has been forced to intercede on behalf of an American author. The letter follows:

January 8, 1971

Dear Governor Milliken,

I am writing to you on behalf of a young writer who is currently serving a nine and a half year term in a Michigan prison, for possession of marijuana.

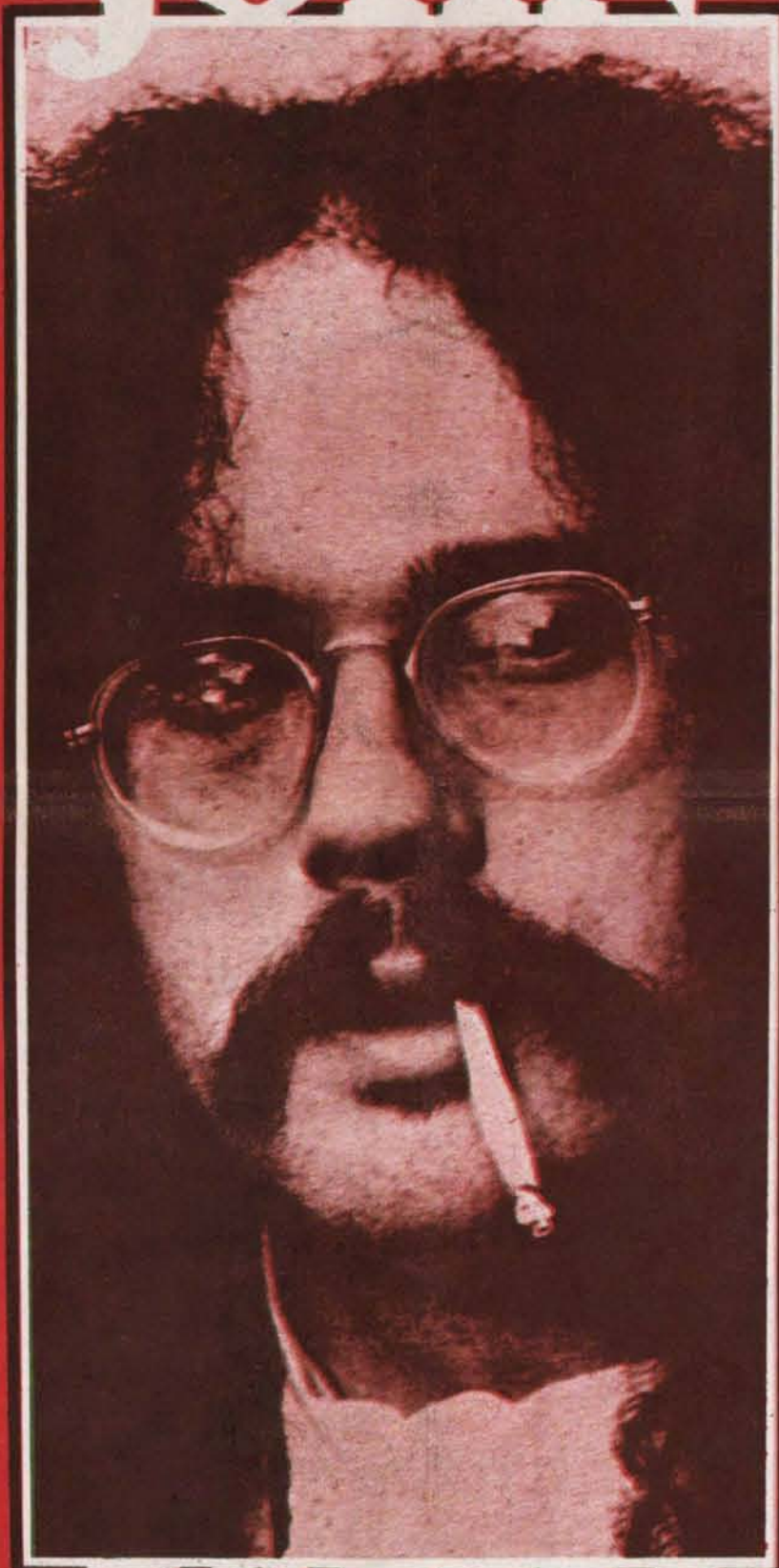
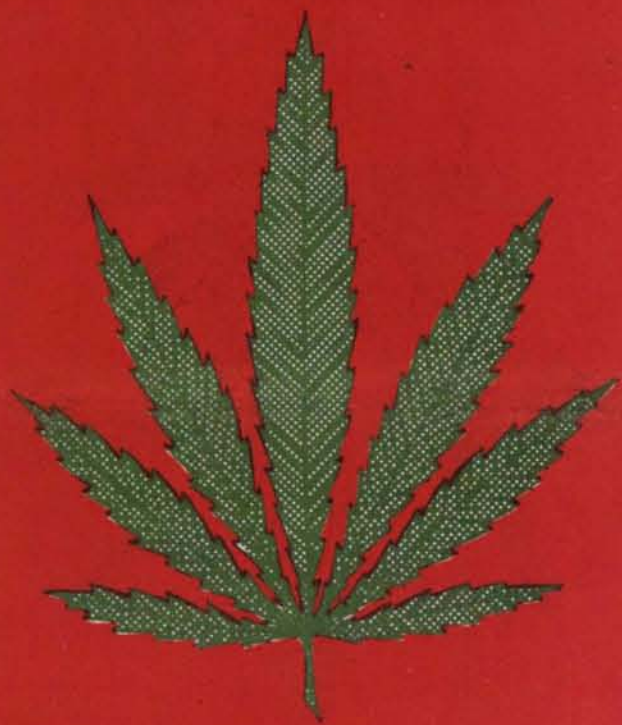
I am Chairman of the Writers in Prison Committee of the American Center of International P. E. N. Slightly over a thousand writers belong to the American chapter. They include some of the most important names in American literature, such as the playwright, Arthur Miller; the historian, James Thomas Flexner and the novelist, John Updike. There are sixty chapters of P. E. N. around the world from South Korea to Yugoslavia. The Writers in Prison Committee plays a vital role in P. E. N.'s primary purpose -- to permit the free expression of literary creativity, and to defend writers who have been imprisoned for their political or literary opinions. Recently we have protested the imprisonment of writers in countries as various as Brazil, Taiwan, Greece and Russia. In politics, P. E. N. is neutral.

John Sinclair is a revolutionary, in his ideology, a member of a considerable group of citizens loosely described as the Left Wing. He is also a poet of talent and sensitivity. He has been

FREE JOHN NOW!

FREE JOHN NOW!

FREE JOHN NOW!



FREE JOHN NOW!

FREE JOHN NOW!

FREE JOHN NOW!

the state vs. john

SHORT HISTORY OF THE "PEOPLE" OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN VS. JOHN SINCLAIR

Oct. 5, 1966, Lt. Warner Stringfellow threatens John: "We'll get you this time."
 Oct. 10, '66, "Poem for Warner Stringfellow" published by Artists' Workshop Press.
 Oct. 18, '66, Undercover narc Vahan Kapigian assigned to John Sinclair; attends poetry reading at WSU. Alias "Louie."
 Oct. 26, '66, Kapigian attends Grande Ballroom; intensive infiltration begins; policewoman Jane Mumford, alias "Pat," joins "Louie."
 Dec. 22, '66, John allegedly gives 2 joints to Jane Mumford.
 All thru January, "Pat" and "Louie" attend LeMar meetings, communal dinners, sweep floors of Artists' Workshop, and try to score some weed from John on at least 3 different occasions.
 Jan. 24, 1967, 56 people arrested in "Lightening Dope Raid," John labled "leader of campus dope ring" and charged with "sale of 11.5 grains of marijuana (2 joints)."
 Jan. 25, John is arraigned, bond set at \$1000. 43 people are released without any charges. Everybody else charged with "sale" copped pleas

and later got probation.
 John's attorneys prepare motion to dismiss the case on constitutional grounds.
 Judge Crockett invokes a three judge panel to hear the motion. Judges are Crockett, Maher, and Robert J. Columbo.
 April 18, '69, this three judge panel denies the motion to dismiss on the grounds that this lower court is not the place to change the marijuana laws.
 John's attorneys Justin Ravitz and Sheldon Otis file an "interlocutory" appeal of this decision in the Court of Appeals.
 Dec. 31, 1968, this appeal is denied. The appeal goes to the Michigan Supreme Court.
 May 22, 1969, the appeal is denied by the Michigan Supreme Court. The case goes back to Detroit's Recorders Court. A trial date is set. Robert J. Columbo is the trial judge.
 June 20, '69, Judge Columbo throws out the charge of "dispensing" or "sale" on the grounds that it was "illegal" entrapment. He retains the charge of "possession" based on the same two joints which he ruled were illegally obtained.
 June 24, '69, trial starts.
 June 26, '69, mistrial declared because the witness for the prosecu-

tion, Vahan Kapigian, made "misleading and prejudicial statements" to the jury.
 July 21, '69, new trial date set; postponed another day because Nixon declared the 21st a national holiday because of the first moonshot.
 July 22, '69, trial starts. Motion asking Judge Columbo to disqualify himself from hearing John's case is denied. Motion challenging the jury selection system whereby people like John Sinclair do not get a "jury of their peers" is denied.
 July 25, '69, Trial ends. Jury deliberates one hour and 15 minutes and finds defendant John Sinclair "guilty as charged." Colombo revokes John's bail and John is held in the Wayne County Jail.
 July 28, '69, Colombo sentences John to 9 1/2 to 10 years. Refuses to set appeal bond on grounds that John "shows a propensity for committing the same type of offense while out on bond."
 July 28, '69, Emergency application for appeal bond filed with the Court of Appeals. This is denied. Emergency application for appeal bond goes to the Michigan Court of Appeals.
 Sept. 9, '69, Michigan Supreme Court denies appeal bond on grounds that John has "shown no meritorious basis for appeal." The decision was

6 to 1, with judge Thomas G. Kavanaugh dissenting. Request for appeal bond goes to the Federal District Court.
 Feb. 4, 1970, appeal is filed in Court of Appeals.
 April 2, 1970, Judge Fred W. Kaess in the U.S. District Court in Detroit denies appeal bond on the grounds that he has no jurisdiction over appeal bond in state cases. Case goes to the 6th District Court in Cincinnati, where it is denied some time later.
 Feb. 16, 1971, Appeal is denied on the grounds that under the existing laws the sentence does not constitute "cruel and unusual punishment," since it is still within the statutory maximum for possession which is 1 to 10 years in Michigan. Judge Bronson issues a strongly worded concurring opinion, urging the state legislature to change the marijuana laws.
 March 5, '71, Attorney Chuck Ravitz files an application for Rehearing with the Court of Appeals. No decision has been made on this so far.
 New application for appeal bond will be filed in the Michigan Supreme Court June 4, 1971.

FREE JOHN SINCLAIR NOW!!!!!!!!!!!!

an appeal to reason

THE FOLLOWING IS THE TEXT OF AN AD THAT THE COMMITTEE TO FREE JOHN SINCLAIR IS PLANNING TO PLACE IN THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

AN APPEAL TO REASON:

"No one should go to prison unless it's absolutely necessary. It should be the last resort. And to send this kind of person to prison is a kind of mockery. It's often just a method of putting them away. In other words, you shouldn't use a law as a subterfuge and as a means to get somebody locked up, and I think this is what's happening..."
 --Gus Harrison, Director of Corrections, Michigan Corrections Department, March 28, 1971.

"Marijuana is not a narcotic, and it is not rational for the law so to classify it. (This) causes many innocent people to be labeled criminals."
 --Michigan Public Health Association, May 20, 1971.

"The hypocrisy of our present law, which falsely classified marijuana as a narcotic, affects the credibility of our entire drug abuse program."
 --Governor William G. Milliken, March 4, 1971.

"Michigan law prohibiting the possession of marijuana violates equal protection guarantees of federal and state constitutions because marijuana is classified in this statute as a "narcotic drug" and treated like heroin and other hard drugs to which it bears no rational resemblance."
 --Brief for Defendant-Appellant JOHN SINCLAIR, in *State of Michigan v. John A. Sinclair*.

"Now, as to bond, in view of the fact that Mr. Sinclair shows a propensity and a willingness to further commit the same type of offenses while on bond, and I am citing you the cause of *People v. Vito Giacalone* just decided by the Michigan Court of Appeals, this is one instance where there is a likelihood of that type of danger and which

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THE POEM FOR WARNER STRINGFELLOW



Detective Lieutenant,
 Detroit Narcotics Squad,
 who has been single-handedly responsible
 for busting me on two separate occasions
 for possessing and selling marijuana
 and who stumbled into my new apartment last night
 by accident
 over a year since the last time he saw me
 & two years to the day after he first busted me --
 Warner you are living in another century, this new one started
 while you were running around in circles
 chasing dangerous criminals
 to keep the city safe from marijuana
 & people like me -- "I know what you are,"
 you told me last night, "and when I get you again
 you ain't gettin off so easy . I'll
 DROWN you
 you worthless prick" you said

But it won't be so easy "next time," Warner,
 if there is a next time,
 because this whole new thing is getting
 so far out of your clutches
 you don't even know what it is --
 except you can sense it
 with what senses you have left, you know somehow
 that things ain't what they used to be, that this world
 is changing so fast
 you haven't even got a place in it no more

Your old-time power & control have no place in this world,
 Warner, & as long as you keep trying to hang onto them
 you'll just get farther & farther behind
 until you die, Warner, until you're dead.

Not too long ago, Warner,
 I would have given anything
 just to get my hands around your neck
 and choke you to death

But that time is past, there's no need of it, you'll die anyway
 any thing will, when it stops growing
 & there's no more need for it
 in the world --

There's no need for you now, Warner, tho it may take 20 years
 before you or the people you have made it your life to lie to
 find out your uselessness & criminality --

You can't make me a criminal, Warner,
 you should know that by now, & your prisons & courts
 don't scare me any more, I know what you are
 & I don't hate you any more, I won't let you trap me
 in that tiny little bag of yours, I won't respond
 the way you have to have me respond
 because it's too late for that now, Warner,
 it's just too damn late for those games,
 the whole fucking UNIVERSE
 is right there in front of our eyes
 & it's all I can do
 to stay open to it now
 while it's still "my" time

Even the 6 months you got me in your prison, Warner,
 only made me stronger & less afraid
 of the puny fear traps
 that are your only tool -- what're you gonna do,
 Lieutenant Stringfellow,
 when you have to try to arrest
 all the people younger than I am
 who smoke marijuana every day
 & don't even care about you at all, when you come to bust them
 all they'll do is laugh in your face, you're so funny, you come on
 like someone on your tv set, all that 1930's shit,
 or 1950's, the century changed
 at 1960, you're as out-of-date
 as the House Un-American Activities Committee
 who tried to scare the young cats in 1966
 & these cats showed up wearing Revolutionary War costumes
 laughing at you --
 it's 19sixty-six, Warner,

there is no thing to fear
 except your jails, & they'll fall soon
 they're fallen now, they don't mean anything any more

& even if you kill us all off that's no big thing Warner,
 we just get born again
 more & more aware of what's really happening in the universe
 but it's too late to kill us all, you missed your chance
 in 1959, before the whole thing really started
 you've been playing that funny shit for 2000 years
 & all you've got is a gun & a badge & a house in a nice neighborhood
 & a car & a tv set

& you can't even talk to your own kids
 they just don't wanna hear it, you send them to psychiatrists
 & they go over to somebody's house & smoke reefer
 listen to the FUGS & John Coltrane & Sun Ra
 & don't even think about you until they have to go home

& what a drag that is, Warner, going home to their atrophied
 parents

who are dying in their living room chairs
 watching BATMAN on tv
 & dancing the frug with Jackie Kennedy in their dreams

What kind of life have you got, Warner,
 when you have to sit & think about me
 for over two years, and I'm 25 now, what're you gonna do
 with all these fucking kids
 who are crazier than I am
 & don't care what you do, you ain't nothin to them, & in
 four years Warner, half the U.S. population
 will be under twenty-five years of age

You're HOOKED, Warner Stringfellow, you're strung out
 you've shot so much of that dope in your head
 that shit Harry Anslinger & Hoover sold you
 but all it is is JUNK, Warner,
 & you can't keep selling people junk forever
 they get hip to you, they don't want any more of it
 they've had enough, they want something REAL, Warner,
 & you just ain't got it to give to them

They don't care about titles no more, Warner, a lieutenant
 ain't nothin but a cop, & a cop ain't shit
 They wanna see who WARNER STRINGFELLOW is,
 & what he does with himself, that badge & title
 ain't gonna fool nobody no more
 not like it has, they'll do like I do &
 call you by your given name, that's all
 any man needs, you won't get me Warner, even
 if you lock me up again, because you're the one who's trapped
 in all that Aristotelian bullshit, the world is
 not black & white, it's
 all colors Warner, all you need to do
 is open your God-given eyes and see it

& I hope you do,
 you're a man too,
 all of us are,
 and every man is made to be free

I love you like I do any natural-born man
 but you got to BE a man, Warner, not a cop

you got to open yourself up or be
 shut off completely
 as you are now
 from the world of human beings --

Come on out of that jail, Warner,
 let your criminals go, you've just trapped them
 in your silly bag, & there's no need for those games,
 we're all lovely & free Warner,
 we're all human beings, & nothing you can do
 can ever change the universe --

I get up to change the record, Eric Dolphy
 OUT TO LUNCH, it's 7 in the morning & the world
 changes too, it moves farther
 away from where you are, my wife turns over in bed
 she's probably dreaming about you -- you put her in jail too,
 Warner, but only overnight, & you took her man away
 for six whole months -- we celebrated our 1st anniversary
 while I was in your jail, & it only made us stronger
 & more together than before -- you see
 how puny your bullshit punishments are. And now
 we'll bring our own baby into the world
 & see what it can do for you, even tho you want to
 wipe out its father
 even before it's born

& my wife feels sorry for you, Warner
 just to show you what you're up against with us,
 she really won't play your silly hate games --
 that poor man, she says, he must spend all his time
 thinking of how he'll get us -- doesn't he have
 anything better to do with his life ?

And what can you do with her, Warner,
 shoot her? Or lock her up? The problem is
 what're you gonna do with your self, Warner Stringfellow?
 Let me leave you with that. What will you be in five years,
 Warner, an Inspector? Like poor stupid Jimmy Fike
 at the House of Correction? Why don't you
 quit playing games, Warner, & grow up to
 be a MAN like the rest of us

(This is the story you wanted me to write
 about you, Warner, the one you
 asked me about again last night,
 & it's the best I can do --

I hope you can hear it

Love all ways

John Sinclair
 Detroit
 October 6th, 1966

for Charles' birthday

It seems strange to still be talking about the marijuana laws after all these years, but I'm still here in the penitentiary and so are thousands of other people doing time for getting high on weed, even though conditions have changed a lot since I was busted the first time in October 1964. At that time not very many people were smoking grass--at least not very many young white people were--and even fewer were getting busted. Those of us who were getting high didn't know anything about "the law" and the way it works, and we got our first taste of repression from the various narcotics bureaus which ferreted us out and dragged us into court to set an example for the rest of our comrades. Fortunately, things didn't turn out quite the way those snakes thought they would, and their whole strategy of repression and terror backfired on them before they even knew what was happening.

DIFFERENT

Since a lot of people who are reading this right now were only 7 or 8 or 10 or 12 years old back in 1964 it might be worthwhile to talk about what things were like back then so you can get an idea of what all of us have gone through to get where we are today. See, things were really different in those days--there was no mass youth movement, no anti-war movement, no rock and roll culture, no mass marijuana use, and acid was just starting to slip onto the scene. A tiny minority of white college students was involved in the "civil rights" movement, spending their summer vacations as "freedom riders" in the south, working in voter registration drives so "negroes" could get the right to vote for people like Lyndon Johnson, who was considered a "peace candidate" in those days. The Just-us Department was looked upon as the champion of "civil rights," and the same marshalls who were gagging and beating Bobby Seale in the Chicago Conspiracy trial were being sent into the south to protect the "civil rights" workers from the mad dogs and amerikans who ran the racist system down there.

HEADS

The people who smoked weed in those days were mostly neo-beatniks and far-out campus types who holed out around urban universities like Wayne State, listened to weird (jazz) music, wrote poetry, made strange little films, or just hung around on the set digging everything that was going down. A lot of us were already in our twenties and had either graduated or dropped out of college--there were a few totally crazed high school beatniks around too, but they were really weird, especially to the kids they went to school with. And not even all this tiny group of freeks smoked weed then--it was hard to cop, cost more than it does now (\$10 for a matchbox, \$25 a lid), and to become a head meant taking a fairly big step outside the spectrum of what was considered "acceptable" at the time. Heads were like a visible elite in both major senses of the term: there weren't very many of us, and we were a lot more like an exclusive conspiracy or clique than a movement, if you can relate to that.

HIPPIES

It wasn't until 1966, when LSD and rock and roll came together in San Francisco and exploded in waves that washed back across the country, that the mass youth movement was born, and by that time I was already doing my first bit for possession of marijuana--six months in the Detroit House of Correction. When the "hippie movement" became "news" for the first time by virtue of a cover story in the February 14, 1967 issue of Newsweek, I had taken my third bust (the one I'm doing 9 1/2 to 10 years on now) and marijuana was a public issue of a whole new magnitude. Those of us who had been around for some time were regarded as evil dope fiends responsible for leading thousands of kids away from the straight and narrow path their parents had mapped out for them, and our bust in Detroit was meant to serve as an object lesson in depravity and punishment for everybody who would have followed our example in turning on, tuning in, and

dropping out of the insanity that "normal" life in Amerika had become.

NARCS

This might sound pretty far out now, but that's the way it was--the Detroit Narcotics Bureau swooped down on our whole neighborhood and arrested 56 of us in one night--January 24, 1967--issuing press releases about "campus dope rings" and "marijuana addicts" and that whole paranoid fantasy scene. The headlines in the Detroit Free Press screamed "56 ARRESTED IN LIGHTENING DOPE RAID," and although the largest quantity of "narcotics" captured was one ounce of weed (I had given two joints to an undercover team), the work of the Bureau was done--or so they thought. The next morning 43 of the "suspects" were released without being charged, everyone else except my partner Leni and myself copped to probation (she had her case thrown out by Judge Crockett), and the whole hip community was trembling in fear and terror just as the snakes had intended. They had struck fear into the hearts of all the kids in the suburbs who were thinking about trying the evil weed, and

er added a whole new dimension to the scene--those of us who thought we could just drop out and do our own thing found out that the people who run this country couldn't afford to let that happen. They came to where we were trying to live on our own and dragged us back into their madness, throwing a lot of us into their jails and penitentiaries and teaching the rest of us a few lessons on how far they would go to preserve their control over our lives.

FIGHT

This repression had two unexpected effects: it brought kids to the realization that weed is a political as well as a cultural phenomenon, that the same government which oppresses black people, Asian and African and Latin American people would also oppress us if we refused to go along with their death program, and that "if we wanna get high we're gonna have to fight"; and, it began to undermine the credibility and the almost unquestioned support which had formerly been enjoyed by the police and other state forces among their own people, who found it very hard to understand why the police were spending so

burned the mask off the ugly face of Euro-American culture and exposed the naked fear and control it had been hiding behind that facade of reason and the myth of the "melting pot." And once exposed, who would be able to believe it again?

Again, I don't want to claim too much for marijuana, but on the other hand I want to insist that grass and the repression it has drawn from the established state have had a much greater political effect than most people realize. If weed really was as innocuous as a lot of people would have you believe than the government certainly wouldn't bother persecuting people the way it has for toking down. Weed is at once the cornerstone (I mean even rock and roll wasn't the force it is now until weed and acid hit the scene) and the symbol of our new culture, and it strikes directly at the roots of western civilization in such a way as to threaten its very survival. But that's something I'll have to talk about later. All I can say right now is that the established order somehow understands the power of the righteous weed and has done everything it could to stop reefer

DRAGON TEETH



A column by John Sinclair, Chairman, Rainbow People's Party

now all the straight people in town could relax secure in the knowledge that the problem was under control.

PEACE AND LOVE

Except it didn't quite work that way, as you can tell by looking around you or even in the mirror, if you know what I mean. Weed was a phenomenon whose time had come, and it didn't have anything to do with individuals or dope rings or anything like that at all--people were ready for it, and nothing anybody would try to do could stop it from spreading across Amerika. Right on! I mean it really is a weed, and it grew wild in the super-fertile soil of millions of post-western minds and bodies, lighting up Amerika and smoking out all the people who had been hiding in their schools and bedrooms and apartments waiting for something to happen. This was it! Rock and roll, reefer, and tons of raw energy set free at last! Nothing could stop it, and when all that righteous acid was stirred into the mixture there were thousands of us who felt--despite all the evidence to the contrary--that nobody would even try to stop it. It was so beautiful, this thing we had, so righteous and so mellow that everyone would join us in our celebration of Life and Energy and Peace and Love once they got a chance to check it out for themselves.

LESSONS

Sure. It didn't work that way either--what happened was that we tried to spread it, and the police tried to stop it, and although they weren't able to stop the movement of our culture they were able to arrest the movement of a whole lot of individuals, which didn't really slow things down much but rath-

er much time and energy--and so much of the taxpayer's money--trying to catch young people in possession of two joints of grass or some other ridiculous amount of reefer, and then giving those criminals (who were often their own sons and daughters) mindblowing prison sentences like 3 or 5 or 7 or 9 1/2 to 10 years.

GOVERNMENT CRIMINALITY

Of course it wasn't just the repression of marijuana smokers which brought about that effect--it was the intersection of that repression with the escalating police violence against anti-war demonstrators and black people, the steadily increasing mass awareness of the criminality of the government's foreign and domestic policies, and the simultaneous heightening of all the blatant contradictions inherent in western society which could no longer be glossed over by television and newspaper reporters and their doubles in the government--but for a whole lot of people both in the youth colony and in the mother country the marijuana repression was the major politicizing agent in their lives. And because it was such a seemingly trifling matter to begin with, it had an even greater effect than the other, more serious issues--it was just too weird to believe, that the government was reacting so viciously to the spread of this innocuous weed, and it made people really start questioning the sanity of a system which could get so up tight about people getting high. There was simply no rational explanation for the government's position on marijuana, and the harder it tried to rationalize its behavior the crazier it sounded. It's like marijuana

from working its magic on us. That its repression campaign hasn't worked is in itself proof of the disruptive power of marijuana, and now that the government sees that the marijuana revolution can't be stopped it's trying to undermine that power by altering its assault and changing the marijuana laws in order to "regain the confidence of young people." But that won't work either--the repressive nature of the capitalist state has already been exposed, and nothing can cover it back up again.

So where does this put us now? I'm still in the penitentiary with almost two years behind me, the governor is calling for the removal of marijuana from the narcotics lists and a reduction in penalties from 10 years to 90 days, Ann Arbor and other cities have already made this move, and straight newspapers like the Detroit Free Press are editorializing in favor of legalized marijuana, a proposal they told us was utterly absurd when we offered it as a solution five years ago. Millions of people are beginning to realize that we aren't as crazy as we were supposed to be, and they're starting to listen to us when we try to tell them about this system of treachery and greed which is being perpetrated in their name by the control addicts who run this country. That's certainly a step in the right direction--maybe it we could sit down with these people over a few joints we would really get somewhere!

LET IT GROW!

FREE THE MARIJUANA 250,000! AMNESTY!!

John Sinclair

Chairman

Rainbow People's Party

Jackson Prison, May 1, 1971



RACISM AND IMPERIALISM IN THE FORMATION OF U. S. ANTI-MARIJUANA POLICY

"The youth of the country is too fine to be narcotics minded."
--Harry Anslinger, 1938

Illegalization of marijuana was born in imperialism, nurtured in racism, and sealed in deliberate deceit. To this day the anti-marijuana laws remain on the books because of purposeful mystification of the public, kept ignorant by greedy doctors, chickenshit politicians, and self-serving, fascist police: the Narx.

Illegalization of marijuana came about because of who was using it. Marijuana was illegalized by the white power structure because it was used primarily by ghetto blacks, chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and powerless poor whites.

MENACE

The Reefer Menace had by the 1920's thoroughly conquered the South and was beginning to move north--like jazz, up the river from New Orleans. New Orleans took the U. S. lead, banning pot by city ordinance in 1923 after a racist hysterical press crusade, and Louisiana was the first state to pass a pot prohibition law in 1927. Texas and Colorado, where pot was used mostly by chicanos and blacks, followed suit in 1929. The movement north was in part responsible for the creation of the Federal Narcotics Bureau in 1930, when only sixteen states had laws banning marijuana, laws which were rarely enforced except against ethnic minorities. Jazz musicians, travelling around the country in buses, provided an early underground distribution network quite similar to ours today; friends turning on friends and listening to music from stoned jazz, blues, and swing artists. Since jazz, flappers, free sex, booze, and reeferers were all considered "im noral," the prohibitionist movement quickly centered around the issue of marijuana. It was a blatant attempt to suppress the flowering of the first truly great Black Culture in Amerika--the Jazz Age.

CIVILIZATION

Harry J. Anslinger, a bullet-brained hog taken out of his T-man booze control job by Washington politicians after the repeal of alcohol prohibition in 1933, was the first of the Narx. As head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in the Thirties he spearheaded state and nationally coordinated pot campaigns directed against lower class non-whites. With his help, Illinois and New York prohibited grass in the early part of the decade, because it was used mostly by blacks, and a sprinkling of white "swing" musicians.

Racism permeated the entire campaign. Although the Federal Bureau did not couch its arguments in overtly racist terms, they happily encouraged racist state governments to move against ghetto dwellers. Even the medical profession joined in. Two sentences from the 1931 New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal illustrate the theme: "The debasing and baneful influence of hashish and opium is not restricted to individuals but has manifested itself in nations and races as well. The dominant race and most enlightened countries are alcoholic, whilst the races and nations addicted to hemp and opium, some of which once attained to heights of culture and civilization, have deteriorated both mentally and physically."

A more explicit statement of racist trash could not be found; this kind of stuff was supported by wealthy elitist organizations such as the American Medical Association, and used by Anslinger and the Narx in their campaigns.

Thus Mississippi outlawed pot after "the introduction of the practice by Mexican labor imported to work on a railroad construction job." The St. Louis Star-Times in Missouri conducted a sensational crusade against (black) smokers and sellers which resulted in "more efficient legislation" in 1935. In Tennessee, the Chattanooga News made a similar drive, and in that State the first sentence under the federal Marihuana Tax Act of 1937 was imposed. Even in northerly Pennsylvania in 1934, seventy-one "addicts and peddlers" of marijuana were arrested, and Yawger in 1938 reported that these were mostly black: "A considerable number of the colored inmates of the Eastern State Penitentiary were thoroughly familiar with reefer smoking." David Solomon, editor of The Marihuana Papers, has commented: "By 1937, largely as a result of almost eight years of persistent efforts

by the Bureau, almost every state legislature had been pressured into adopting a standard bill making marihuana illegal..."

COLORED POT

As a national and international figure, Anslinger had to be more sophisticated than the overtly racist southern Narx. He therefore superficially centered the anti-marijuana campaign not against races, but against criminal activities falsely associated with marijuana. The method was simple: everybody knew that pot was used mostly by "colored" people, so he didn't have to mention it. Pot was found mostly in ghettos, where the highest crime rates were also found. Therefore every time a non-white was busted for a crime, Narx investigated to see if the slightest trace of pot could be associated with it; and these cases were used to fabricate the theory that marijuana "causes" crime.

The Narx simply manufactured an image associating the crimes among "colored" people in the ghettos with marijuana. The white racist power structure in the Thirties thus played on the fears of the white racist middle class and the redneck state legislatures with great success; this is the primary reason the national and state anti-marijuana laws were passed. Even after the 1937 Marihuana Tax Act went into effect, it was applied primarily against blacks, chicanos, and Puerto Ricans. A



marijuana or marihuana (mä rē hwä'nä) *n.* A weed or herb, growing in many parts of North America; the dried leaves of the plant, which have narcotic qualities when smoked in cigarettes: often called *the assassin of youth.*

March 1938 issue of The New Yorker says by then there were hundreds of "tea pads" in Harlem--"many more of them than there were speakeasies during prohibition." Who was turning on? Them "coloreds." Them "niggers." Them "spicks."

The medical profession continued to support this racism. When the LaGuardia Report was released in 1944, the A. M. A. immediately issued a statement condemning the Report as "unscientific"--despite its being the most scientific document about marijuana compiled since the Indian Hemp Commission in 1894. The A. M. A. and F. B. N. proffered, instead, a racist study of "marihuana addicts" in the Army which attempted to attribute "overtly hostile, provocative, and intransigent attitude toward authority" among "colored" soldiers to marijuana.

VIPERS

Throughout the Forties, when marijuana "addicts" were called "Vipers," racism was an ever-present, though sometimes not explicit, part of the anti-marijuana drive continued by the Bureau and aided by popular sexualization magazines. An article in a 1941 Shock magazine, for instance, exposes "America's Most Dangerous Drug" by having a reporter attend a "marihuana jag" party in--of all places--Grand Forks, North Dakota. White women--depicted as sluts, their skirts hiked up, their blouses open, some with bags over their heads to "inhale all the smoke from the reefer"--are shown dancing and carrying on with black

slickers in wide-lapel flashy suits: "Dazed by the drug's fumes, the smokers rise and try an attempt at dancing, eyes half closed in their dream world, their leaden feet shuffling aimlessly." Another caption reads "Leaping High: These two vipers break into rhythmic hand-clapping to the torrid tunes of the automatic phonograph or Joy-box. The rest will soon join in."

Such articles--most often written with the help of the Bureau--offering ridiculous caricatures of turning on, were not the exception but the rule. "Addicts" with crazed looks in their eyes rolled on the floor or squatted stolidly in zoot-suit catatonic trances. A movie poster shows a dude shooting a girl up with a syringe over the title "MARIHUANA: Weed with Roots in Hell." The junk-peddler image of a slicker in white shoes on the high school corner trying to get kids "hooked" on "funny cigarettes," which first gained national circulation in the Rowell brothers' book On the Trail of Marihuana: The Weed of Madness

HIGHER PENALTIES

In 1950, Congressman Hale Boggs of New Orleans began a successful campaign, lauded by Anslinger, to increase pot penalties and establish minimum mandatory 2-to-20 year terms. The Boggs Amendment became the basis for greatly increased penalties in various state laws, starting again in the South, and in further Federal legislation in 1956. The highest penalties meted out for pot offenses occur in Texas and the Deep South, again directed mostly at blacks and chicanos.

Although the Marijuana Tax Act was originally intended to apply only to sellers, rather than users, the first person arrested under the first person arrested under the national laws for illegal possession was P. Lopez in 1953, who was sent to the West Virginia penitentiary for 20 years. The Federal Bureau's list of crimes committed by pot-heads, published in 1965, reads like a who's who of non-whites: Henriquez, Lopez, Black Ora, Perez, Gonzales, Gutierrez, Mendez, Jones (black), Mines (black), Ramirez, Rios, Morable, Navarro, etc etc etc. And the states follow the Federal lead, often with even more racist vengeance. Most of the real atrocities in the recent Marijuana War are non-white: here are some important examples.

PRISONERS OF WAR

LEE OTIS JOHNSON, former Field Secretary for SNCC in Houston, sentenced August 1968 to 30 years for allegedly giving one joint to an undercover Nark at a party; LEE LOPEZ ALMANDAREZ, also of Houston, life sentence for possession of 42 kilos; Richard Dorsey, black shoeshine stand operator in Dallas, given 50 years in 1967 for selling a \$5 matchbox to a Nark; SAMUEL WILLIAMS, black, sentenced in Seattle to 20 years for sale of a \$1 joint to a 16-year-old. The list could go on.

Racism against nonwhites in Amerika is now being applied against white longhairs, radical activists, and pot smokers--the new revolutionary class of "voluntary niggers." A Playboy magazine poll in September 1970 showed that, indeed, frequent pot users are the most revolutionary college students: 39% of frequent users said the U. S. needs a violent revolution (rather than "working within the system is effective"), as compared to a mere 9% of non-users and 22% of all users. Thus the pot laws have become the handiest weapon used by the government against white political activists and freeks. This will increase under the new Nixon dope laws, which will allow more selective enforcement, discrimination and penalization than the old laws--meaning judges can let sons and daughters of wealthy celebrities or politicians off with probation, while throwing the book at poor people and revolutionaries.

JOHN SINCLAIR being given 9 1/2 to 10 years for possession of 2 joints, primarily because he is the energetic leader of the Rainbow People's Party, is the most outstanding example of this new quasi-racism. John was also for many years head of Michigan LEMAR, fighting vigorously for pot legalization. Consequently he was framed three times on bogus pot charges instigated by Narx. The vendetta against John was a deliberate attempt by the Detroit, Ann Arbor, Michigan--and, I suspect, Federal--authorities to wipe this brilliant youth leader off the set. Before his incarceration, after all, he was having more visible effect on hundreds of thousands of Amerikan youth than any establish-

(cont. on p. 14)

THE CHRIST OF MARIJUANA

BY ED SANDERS

It makes one weep that a man like John Sinclair is imprisoned when criminals like Kenneth Conboy, the board of directors of Minneapolis Honeywell (the fragmentation bomb company) and Melvin Laird are allowed to roam about destroying the noble spirit of humanity.

John Sinclair was sentenced to 10 years in the Southern Michigan Prison for passing out, free, two joints to a bearded undercover agent who with a policewoman posing as his wife, was running a psychedelic candle shop in the Detroit poetry-rock-publishing community. 10 years for 2 cigarettes of marijuana, the benevolent herb of Ra. 10 years! One ought to be given AWARDS for turning on a cop. Instead he may be forced to tithe one-seventh of his allotted earthly time for dispensing 2 items of pleasure!

On Friday, August 1, a Michigan court of appeals refused to grant an appeal bond so that Sinclair might be free to join his expectant wife and baby while the case is considered in the various appeal courts. Perhaps Sinclair will find some justice in the U. S. Supreme Court but that might not occur until 1971. John Sinclair must be freed! On Monday, August 4, John's lawyers, Charles Ravitz and Sheldon Otis, will have carried the hearing to the Michigan Supreme Court in a further attempt to get bond set. Should bond not be granted on the state level, then the lawyers will carry the hassle into the federal courts. In the meantime one of the most benevolent leaders of our era will be locked up away from his beloved music and poetry, surrounded by beastish guards and godless walls of metal.

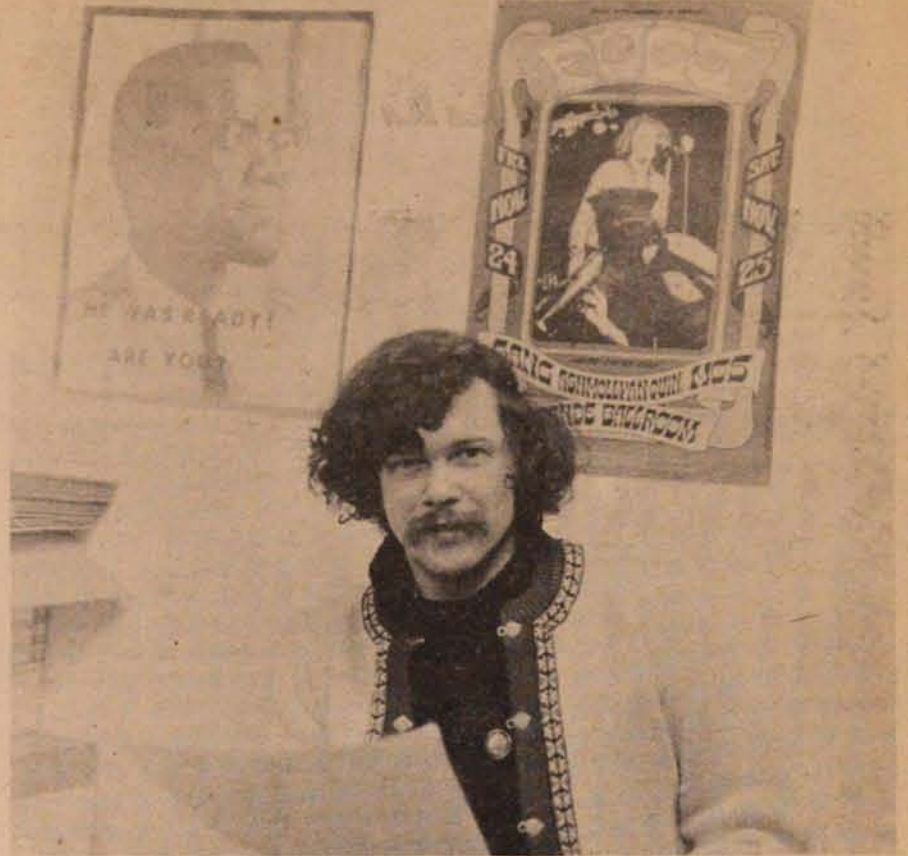
Is John Sinclair a Sauceroid? Who is this ravaging beast of porn-smut that the police and courts are so anxious to remove from the civilization for 10 years? John Sinclair is a successful leader and that is what it's really all about. Since 1964 he has labored with brilliance and legendary energy to create an integrated community of artists, first in Detroit with the Artist-Writers Workshop and then

in Ann Arbor where he set up the famous Trans-Love Energies community. His success has been amazing. John has that rarest quality among leaders, the ability to inspire love, energy and self-confidence in fellow creators so that as the Trans-Love community grew, the energy was directed toward art and stability.

His printing presses have produced over the years books and magazines of brilliant quality in the fields of poetry and music criticism. Wherever he has lived, he has done much to establish communal housing for artists and musicians. Countless are the myriads of leaflets and broadsides spewed out by Sinclair in order to instruct, foment thrill and win the favor of the young who were just learning the true nature of western civilization. So, Sinclair's open loving community of houses and storefronts became a magnetic mecca attracting hundreds of strong dedicated radical creators. This pissed off the authorities. Here was a long-haired maniac telling the truth to the young with well reasoned fervor and total devotion. This man had to be stomped off the set. John Sinclair was the Jesus Christ of Marijuana. Only this time there are many of us ready to die defending our self-created culture within the rotting fabric of America. Our religion is pure. Our hearts are fierce. The message is this: sharing porn-mammals will conquer the Aeon.

During the past months John has been most active in managing the MC5 a rock group that has rocketed forward with John into national prominence under the aegis of social change, rock-lust and Ra music. Also during this period he was co-founder of the White Panther Party and has been serving as Minister of Information. Now, let us blend in the fact that for three years he has been active in LEMAR, the organization to legalize marijuana.

People like "Judge" Robert Colombo, who sentenced Sinclair to the 10 year term, would probably like to murder him because they are angered



UNCLE ED

at what they consider to be John's real crime: standing up tall in the hail of paralyzed rat vomit and napalm that is the psyche of America and declaring himself to be a man freed from the repressive fascistic marijuana legislations.

What can we do. A difficult question. First, you can write to Governor William Millikin, State Capitol Building, Lansing, Michigan, 48904, and urge him to commute John Sinclair's sentence. Remember to make your letter calm enough to be read and forceful but not threatening. We must exhaust certain legal avenues before we may have to Jesse James him out of the slams.

Money, as always is crucial at this point, to keep the campaign going and provide the necessary materials. People can help by organizing concerts, film showings, poetry readings, dinners, pot sales, etc. in their own areas to raise the incredible sums needed to spew something into the Supreme Court avenue, and pay for the bond--if we win it. Send you lifesaving contributions to:

John Sinclair Freedom Fund
715 E. Grand Blvd.
Detroit, Michigan 48207

We will try to free John Sinclair on bail and attempt to reason with the media, Senators, liberals, legislators, etc. to secure some trace of justice. If we fail, we shall be forced to mount a campaign to alter, if necessary, the nature of the government of the state of Michigan to free one of the most important men of our time. We will mount a campaign of 10's of 1,000's of the pot smokers of America to spill thru creep jails of the heartland. We shall not be stopped!! Every set of lungs filled with the benevolent smoke of God is locked up with John Sinclair this very moment as he sits reft of his godly lion mane of hair, his books of poetry and the sweet comfort of feminine conjunction alone and forlorn in a castle of satan. In the name of Jesus, Buddha, Thoth, Jehovah, Aphrodite, Poesy, Justice, Peace and Communality, we shall bring our brother forth in to the light of freedom!!! Freedom!! Freedom Colombo! Freedom, Michigan! We have the God-Breath.

--editors note: This article originally appeared in the East Village Other, soon after John was sentenced in 1969.

MARIJUANA REPRESSION

(continued from page 13)

ment politicians in Michigan and perhaps in the United States. But as such, he became the prime target of this concerted attack by the capitalist power structure to remove him forcibly from public consciousness. Though they have jailed him, they have not succeeded in removing him from our hearts--quite the reverse: WE WILL FREE JOHN SINCLAIR, and all political prisoners!

Other examples of neo-racist prejudice against whites selected at random from the youth colony: HOWARD NEU INGRAM, serving 5-to-life in various California prisons including San Quentin, for selling a small amount of grass to a friend; when the L. A. judge heard Howard's impassioned plea for legalization at the trial, he handed out that atrocity sentence to the young longhair. LARRY BELCHER, "Dope-O-Scope" columnist for the old Warren Forest SUN in Detroit, given 30 years for "sale" of twigs and cleanings by a judge in Traverse City, Michigan, after a sweep of bogus set-ups that later included PUN PLAMONDON, currently facing pot charges as well as the C. I. A. bombing-conspiracy charges; JAMES JOHNSON, an 18-year-old hippie in May, 1969, when he got 20 years for possession in rural Prince George County, Virginia, after being set up by the local sheriff to buy \$200 worth of grass for the Narx; KERRIGAN GREY, 22 in 1965 when he was handed 2 concurrent 20 year terms in Walla Walla prison, Washington, for sale to a Nark. Again, the list goes on and on.

FIGHTING COMMUNISM

Ironically, most of the young people busted for pot are inter-nationalist, with a much wider view

of the world as a planetary unit than that shared by their elders and the Narx. This is doubly true of political activists who have been busted for pot, such as Abbie Hoffman, Eldridge Cleaver, Jerry Rubin, Lee Otis Johnson, and John Sinclair. The Narx, along with the FBI, CIA, and local pigs, are one of the largest groups of Amerika-firsters in the country; they are firm believers in Imperialism, which these days is called "fighting communism." Amerikan imperialist interest in Asia began because of dope--the opium trade to China--and our imperialist intentions in Indochina to this day are significantly concerned with smuggling opium out of Laos to finance the clandestine Meo army of the C. I. A. as well as to provide invisible income for the Nationalist Chinese budget. Yet Harry Anslinger, from the McCarthy era until he was replaced at the Bureau in 1962 by Henry Giordano, maintained that this opium was smuggled by the "Red Chinese" despite repeated denials from the World Health Organization and United Nations fact-finding teams in Asia. The past and present narcotics policy of the U. S. is inextricably bound up with our imperialism, our "fighting Communism" in Indochina, China, the Middle East, France, and even Cuba. The heavy sentences and persistent harassment-busts meted out to youth leaders (who are considered "Commies" by the Narx) are the result of this historic link. And the cover-up by Nixon, Mitchell, Ingersoll, and other top Narx today, of our C. I. A. complicity in the opium trade, is part of the reason John Sinclair sits in jail on bogus pot charges and suffers trial on the even more irrational charges of conspiring to bomb a C. I. A. building in Ann Arbor which he didn't even know existed.

Of course the Nixon anti-marijuana campaign, more sophisticated though no less evil in intent than Anslinger's, creates an excellent market for heroin and speed among young people who have any difficulty getting grass; and the narco-bureau arguments against pot, backed up by fascist elite doctors of the A. M. A., are discovered to be patently

absurd by every young pot smoker, which leads them to believe that they can experiment with smack, speed, and downers with no more injurious result. Just as the Narx and Army officials have created thousands of young Amerikan junkies in Saigon who experimented with junk because they knew the Narx lied about pot, so the internal Narx have created thousands of new teenage addicts by cutting off pot supplies, lying about grass, and covertly helping the worldwide opium-heroin trade.

Racism still comes into the picture. While the Government drafts large numbers of ethnic minorities to go kill "Gooks" in Asia, it allows the Mafia to flood black ghettos with high-quality heroin every time there appears the possibility of insurrection. Which Mafia? At present the top-echelon heroin dealers in the United States are the Cuban Mafia in New York and Miami, many of them former Batista army and police officers associated with the old New York 1950's Mafia set-up in Havana. And who backs up their plot to re-invade Castro's Cuba? The C. I. A. --again. Thus we kill, jail, and send to Vietnam thousands of youth--black, white, all colors--and selectively enforce the pot laws hardest against revolutionaries, while covertly supporting the world heroin trade in the name of "fighting Communism."

It is entirely a matter of white, capitalist genocide against non-whites and white freeks of the youth colony. Marijuana prohibition began as a direct result of racism and imperialism and it is kept on the books today by the wealthy, politically dictatorial commanders of the business and military elite, through the present Nixon administration and the trained death-squads of secret-police Narx. Marijuana will not be free until the racist, imperialist policies of the Narx are overthrown.

by Michael R. Aldrich, PhD., Head of LEMAR INTERNATIONAL. This is excerpted from FREE MARIJUANA! a book in search of a publisher. Copyright (c) Michael R. Aldrich 1971. May be used by UPS papers.

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Bright yellow T-Shirts with FREE JOHN NOW! silkscreened in red towering over a green marijuana leaf. State size as either small, medium or large **\$2.50**

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TOTAL AMMOUNT INCLOSED _____

and how many you'd like of each

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and send it all to: The Rainbow People's Party
1520 Hill Street
Ann Arbor, Michigan (48104)

BUTTON _____

T-SHIRT (state size) _____

We'll get them to you as fast as we can folk's, so don't get uptight if they take at least 2 weeks to arrive.

BUMPER STICKER _____

amorphia

Young people in America suffer from imperialism; youth is a colony. Corporations, almost entirely headed by the Euro-American ruling class, rip off the music, clothes, and products of the Rainbow People's culture, and sell them back to us (!) at huge profits. Almost all of the work we can do goes to produce cheap and often valueless consumer goods--all in an effort to increase the imperialist's hoard. And we're forced to serve in the mother country's armies, in order to quell the just uprisings of people around the world.

The only way out from under is to organize our people for self-determination, just as the other domestic U.S colonies are doing, and, working with them, create the cosmic Rainbow Nation that exists now only in our visions. We must create People's Bands, Ballrooms, presses, hospitals, schools--every institution that we need we must control, until eventually the people control everything and the reactionaries are kicked off the set forever.

One of the most fantastic examples of self-determination programs is AMORPHIA, the Cannabis Co-op, started recently in California. Just think about the possibilities as you read this...

At least 20 million marijuana smokers, of whom over 100,000 were arrested last year, have as yet been unrepresented by any effective national organization advancing their interests.

AMORPHIA, the Cannabis Co-operative, has invented a unique non-profit funding mechanism to coordinate a massive national campaign for legalization of marijuana through the sale of "Acapulco Gold" cigarette papers.

In addition to regular papers (Rice, Maiz, and Licorice), AMORPHIA is

introducing America's first Cannabis Papers, made with pure hemp fiber--legal because non-psychoactive.

Tax statistics show that last year heads used over 150 million packs of papers (enough for 10 billion fat joints), spending at least \$20 million to roll weed. For each 10% share of that market, "Acapulco Gold" papers will generate well over half a million dollars non-profit towards legalization.

Reasons for repeal of the anti-marijuana laws have been cogently articulated by a variety of experts, and AMORPHIA'S immediate task is to communicate these reasons to the 75% of the electorate now opposed to legalization. Proceeds from "Acapulco Gold" papers will support (a) a massive all-out media campaign for repeal to counter the effects of over 30 years of government lies, misinformation and emotionalism; (b) news and information services; (c) research experiments, surveys, and conferences; (d) assistance to significant court cases; and (e) cooperation with other groups working for repeal of marijuana prohibition.

If AMORPHIA can garner even one-sixth of the legal marijuana market, we will gross \$500 million a year, provide jobs for tens of thousands of people, pour at least \$10 million non-profits a year into peaceful social change, and serve as a model for experimenting with new systems of productive organization, utilization of resources, and distribution of power.

After legalization, the marijuana industry will probably total about \$3 billion a year. We think it is absurd to work toward repeal and then passively allow a complete takeover by establishment interests when there are obviously more interesting possible uses of the money.

After legalization, AMORPHIA (which has the earliest trademark application on the name "Acapulco Gold") will engage in the production and sale of marijuana as a non-profit foundation, devoting all proceeds to experimental communities, social action, alternate culture projects, and consciousness research. Apportionment of funds thus generated will be controlled by the people (anyone wishing to be a member) on a one person, one vote basis through a monthly magazine polling system.

We are issuing ACAPULCO GOLD Rolling Papers, even though Mr. Rizla and Zig-Zag are fine dudes. But

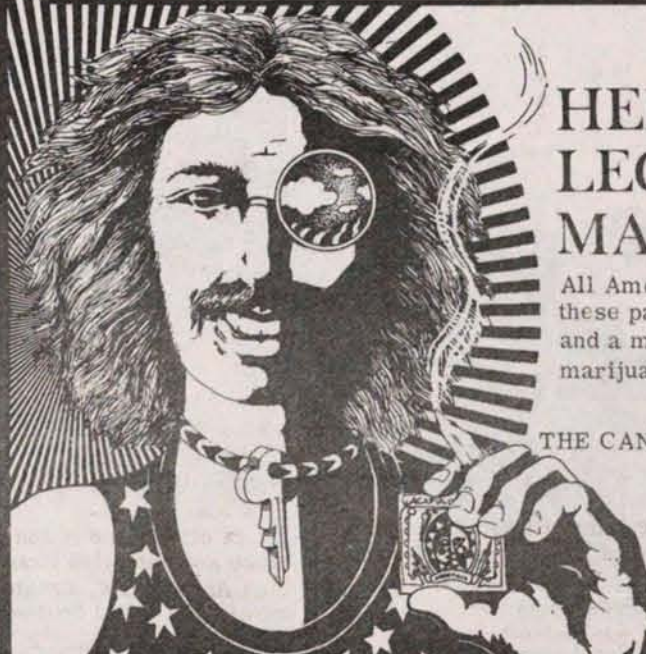
people are getting busted while using their products, and to our knowledge, they're not doing anything about it. We plan to. The time is right for an all out campaign to end marijuana prohibition. The success of the Cannabis Co-operative is entirely dependent on whether you will choose one product instead of another because you understand what's happening with you money. It's up to you.

Blair Newman
Michael Aldrich, P. H. D.
Frank Richards

note: papers available at Little Things in Ann Arbor

ACAPULCO GOLD

ROLLING PAPER



HELP LEGALIZE MARIJUANA!

All Amorphia's profits from these papers go to legal efforts and a media campaign to repeal marijuana prohibition.

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THE CANNABIS CO-OPERATIVE
A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

Write for details:
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Mill Valley, Cal
94941

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Freedom Fund