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# WARREN-FOREST

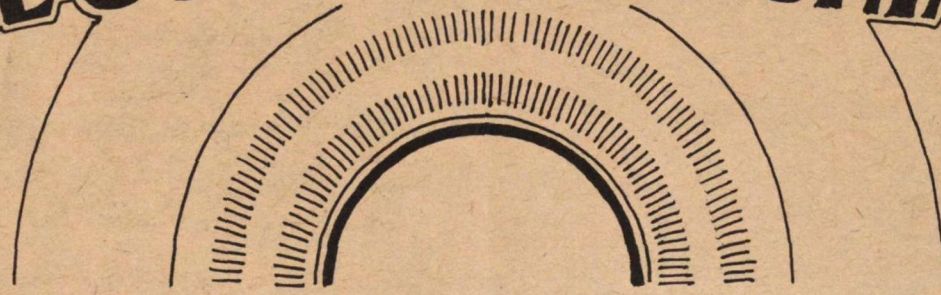
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# SUN





# THE SUN RISES & SHINES



Hi folks, it's good to be back. We've been gone from the newspaper scene for a while, but it's time to DO IT again--spring is coming next month, then the summer, and there's a lot going on in Detroit that you have to know about. We'll try to run it to you as we find it out, so we can all know what's going down.

Unlike most papers, the SUN is the printed organ of a conscious community of artists and lovers who live together, work together, share all things, smoke dope together, dance and fuck together, spread the word together every way we can--through our dress, our freedom of movement, our music and dance, our talk and formal literature, our gestures and printed designs, our economy, our human and social forms, through our every breath on the planet. The work is shared by all, and everyone benefits equally. Trans-Love Energies Unlimited, includes six or eight working communes of freaks of various disciplines: rock and roll bands, designers and color geniuses, poets, dope dealers, madmen, light companies, seamstresses, bead-makers, artisans and craftsmen, candle-dippers, carpenters, merchants, draft-resisters, mindless acid heads, sex fiends and deviates--everything your parents ever warned you about. We live and work in the highest state of consciousness we can attain, and we can't be brought down. "We're doing good work and we can't come down."

The SUN is only one aspect of our "total assault on the culture," and the SUN reflects our daily lives and works, what we see and hear and read and feel. We want to tell you about it just like we run it to each other, so nobody can misunderstand it or misinterpret it. If anything in the paper seems weird or unreal to you, it's not--that's the way we are, and baby, that's reality. You might wish it to be some other way, or want it to be some other way, or think it's some other way: but it ain't, and the best thing you can do is CUT YOUR HEAD OFF, blow your mind, so you can start to FEEL reality as it happens in front of you instead of trying to fix it before it happens. Get rid of all pre-conceptions, and you'll have a lot better time in the world while it's yours. SEE everything for what it IS, not what you "think" it might be--you'll find that it's a lot more interesting being alive than you ever "thought" it could be.

The SUN represents a growing body of people who live together in the city. It doesn't follow any "line" but the line that goes straight from us to you, and we're working to make that line true, not crooked. The SUN brings you the news of our lives, that we are alive and well and that all of us can be well too. We have found that there are three essential human activities of the greatest importance to all persons, and that people are well and healthy in proportion to their involvement in these activities: rock and roll, dope, and fucking in the streets.

Rock and roll music is the great liberating force of our time. Its most beautiful aspect is that it gets to millions of people every day, telling them that they can dance and sing and holler and scream and FEEL GOOD even when they have to listen to all those jive commercials and death news reports all around the music, everything's gonna be all right as soon as EVERYBODY GIVES IT UP! Rock and roll--and we mean John Coltrane and Pharaoh Sanders and Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler and Sun Ra and all those people as much as the Beatles and Jimi and the MC5 and Canned Heat and the Cream and the Grateful Dead and Big Brother and the Holding Co. --rock and roll is the music of RIGHT NOW, every minute, pounding and screaming at your head, twisting inside your belly, pulling you up off your ass to GIVE IT UP and let the energy flow through your cells and into the air so you can be FREE again. Wave your freak flag high! HIGH! YAAAAAAA! STONE FREE--Do what you wanna!

And now, a message from our sponsor... But first, let me take a toke on that joint. Yeah, that sure is good. Good for you, too. Makes you FEEL GOOD. Don't let old people fool you, there's nothing wrong with feeling good, you don't have to sacrifice anything for it, you don't have to hurt anybody, you don't have to feel brought down and nasty all the time just because people tell you that's reality, boy, and you'd better face up to it. GET FUCKED, thousands of freaks scream at them, and mean every word of it. Dope is marijuana, LSD, peyote, mescaline, psilocybin, sacred mushrooms, hashish, DMT, DET, STP, nitrous oxide, amyl nitrate, and other beautiful chemical substances that make you FEEL GOOD without HURTING you. The other kind of dope hurts--heroin, alcohol, morphine, amphetamine crystal, barbiturates, television programming, schools, jails, police, control, power, greed--the people who are addicted to these heavy

narcotics try to tell us that we are the dope fiends. Well, okay, man, but what does that make YOU? You know you're really PEOPLE under all that fear and thought! Come out in the open and smoke some dope. Pass the joint around to your friends. That's it. Now smile. Doesn't make you feel good? Doesn't it make you want to fuck? Well then, go right ahead.

Last but certainly not least is FUCKING IN THE STREETS, "the third pinnacle of success." We believe that fucking, or "sexual intercourse (as if any form of human intercourse, or any form of human activity, wasn't "sexual" to begin with), is the highest and most basic form of human communication. Everything else is about fucking; fucking IS fucking. You can't get closer to another person than inside her, or around him, and even music and dope, heavy as they are, don't get down to the nitty gritty like fucking does. We suggest the three in combination, all the time. Fucking is very valuable--it creates children if you let it, it frees all your body energy by letting it flow freely out of your body into the cosmos, it gives you the grace to move and walk and dance and speak freely when you've given it all up from way back inside you, it keeps you giving it up so you don't have to hold onto it no more, and most of all, it FEELS GOOD! Our position is that all people fuck freely, whenever and wherever they want to--in bed, on the floor, in the chair, on the streets, "back seat boogie for the high school kids" sing the Fugs who brought it all out in the open on stage and on records. Fuck whoever wants to fuck you and everybody else do the same. America's silly "sexual mores" are the end-product of thousands of years of deprivation and sickness, of marriage and companionship based on the ridiculous misconception that one person can belong to another person, that "love" is something that has to do with being "hurt," sacrificing, holding out, "teardrops on your pillow," and all that shit. LOVE IS FOR EVERY ONE! WHO GAVE YOU YOUR BODY? IS IT "YOURS"? GIVE IT UP! NOW!!

We know we're going to get yelled at for saying all this right out in the open like this, but we KNOW it and we have to tell what we know or be as dead to the world as everyone else who's holding it back. This is our responsibility to ourselves and the planet, that we have to TELL THE TRUTH as long as we live and breathe, because when you stop telling the truth you're dead. That's why the so-called American "system" is dead, because it's based on lies and on the practice of lying to people. It doesn't work anymore, you can see that and feel that for yourselves, and somebody's got to say it because it's TRUE. Government officials tell reporters that they're crazy if they expect to get the real story on what's happening in Vietnam and everywhere else, and the reporters kiss their ass and act as their dummies because they don't know any better. We're here to tell you with this newspaper--and this IS the news--that we DO know better and we have to say it. GIVE IT UP! Everything is Everything. Can you dig it? You'd better--it's all true!

STATEMENT OF RESPONSIBILITY: The SUN is a product of the lives of, and a reflection of the lives of a hard core of a community of total freaks. We are not afraid any more! Many of us are fighting gently in the city's courts and on the streets of Detroit to change the laws that supposedly control marijuana and other holy chemicals, that supposedly control and choke off freedom of speech, of religion, of expression in any human form. We love America the country and want to make it free as it was before the white robbers got here and stole it from our heroes the American native red tribes and confederations. We will not be stopped. Since October 6th, 1966, the day the federal government tried to make LSD "illegal," repression and force used against native American freaks has backfired. In January 1967 the Detroit Narcotics Squad tried to break up our community here in the Warren Forest by arresting 56 people and charging 13 of us with sales and/or possession of marijuana. Instead of stomping out the scene, the police action united us and brought us closer together. WE ARE NOT AFRAID! We will warn those who may try to stomp out our newspaper the SUN that we will be free and STAY FREE. This newspaper is fully and equally the responsibility of each one of us. There are no "leaders." Leaders suck. You can't go to Sinclair or Grimshaw or any one of us and talk about individual responsibility for the SUN. WE ARE ALL RESPONSIBLE! We have no "private lives." We are all part of the total universal energy scene and cannot be separated from it! GIVE IT UP! Turn on to yourself! Tune in on the energy flow! Take over your bodies and your lives NOW! The world is yours--BE FREE! FREE! FREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



# DOPE



## ROCK & ROLL CRUSADER

"To protest is to speak out against. To let it be known that you do not like a certain action of another. To protest is an act of intellectual commitment. It is to say 'Sir, I protest' when you are slapped in the face..."

--Julius Lester, LNS

FUCK THE GAMES. No more games, no more hiding the dope in the coffee can, or in the drawer under the underwear. No more putting your dope in your crotch to go over to your girl's house. No more. No more. It's time to bring dope out in the open, no more musty cellars or sacred rooftops. SMOKE DOPE EVERYWHERE. In your car, at the ball game, at parties, dope is harmless, happy, holy weed, treat it as such, smoke it on the street, at the beach, offer the milkman some send some to the prez. Smoke it, give it away, make brownies with it. Make statements to your parents, to the press, to cops, to your teachers, tell your friends. Like the school principal who has been smoking dope for 18 years, make a statement. Tell all who will listen, those who won't listen will soon die, most of them are dead already but they refuse to leave the planet, help them, help them leave the planet. We are free people demand to be treated as such. Demand to smoke dope anytime, anyplace. Dope Is Great, it's fun it's healthy, smoke dope outside, give the smoke to the birds and the squirrels and dogs and to everyone fill the air with the beautiful smoke, until every creature is stoned. Get every creature so stoned they can't stand the plastic shit of American culture, until they can't stand the ugly cities, until Detroit becomes a Great Swamp with people swimming in its pools and children playing on its tiny islands. Get the peoples of the universe so stoned they push the city of New York into the sea, so future generations can swim down and investigate this strange museum where past civilizations lived. And Los Angeles will disintegrate into a plastic desert. Smoke dope NOW so your children can, and your children's children. DEMAND to smoke dope NOW and demand to have the dope laws abolished so that those that fear the law can know the pleasures of grass. Smoke dope, it's your duty to future generations, turn the world on, it's your duty to the universe.

Pun ☿

## 3<sup>RD</sup> PINACLE OF SUCCESS

Fucking in the streets - the third pinnacle of success

As spring draws near all males (or females, depending on personal preference) are awaiting for the return of the young foxy ladies to appear on the neighborhood streets. Beautiful suburban girls mingling with local slum goddesses walking down the streets of Prentis and Forest. Barefooted with bright colored mini skirts flowing lose in the wind. No traces of hampering underwear to hide the swells of a well-rounded buttocks. Underwear sucks! Long flowing hair, glistening against the blossoming sun, without a trace of plastic bleach and dyes. Girls, I would like to eat them all.

If more of the people that lived and worked in our flower community would get out of their heads and ball each other more often, there would be less of an uptight atmosphere. People would think less and do what the universal energy intended them for. Having sex is a beautiful display of energy at its finest. It provides all the flowing emotions meant for mankind. It is not to be looked at as evil, unmythical, or even crude! Chicks run this bullshit about balling which is incredible. They say that you must wait until we're married or until we have formed strong bonds in our relationship. Fuck now, fuck all your groovy friends, do it today. Chicks use their lame excuses to cover their ego hang-ups created by their backward parents who don't even get into high-energy blasts as it is. Even guys who fall in "luv" with a girl don't get down to the nitty-gritty because they respect them too much. Horsecock.

A utopia in my book is listening to Jimi, smoking plenty of dope, and fucking a lovely slum goddess. Fucking in the streets is one of the keys to a bright future. Don't be like the axis and wait until tomorrow. Do it NOW!

Steve the Hawk

Detroit is turning into ROCK CITY before our eyes, and we love it! All over the country groups are being "discovered," and cities like Boston are being hailed as "the new San Francisco," and San Francisco goes on as the new Liverpool, and meanwhile the scene in Detroit just gets scarier and scarier and no one seems to pay it any notice. The kids here are just beginning to find out how heavy the Detroit music scene is, though, as week after week bands come into the Grande from near and far and the kids can hear them and see them in front of everyone, naked on the stage, and find out that the music business is really about MUSIC, after all, and all the fantastic promotion jobs in the world can't cover it up. The Byrds, for example. The Byrds two weeks ago were hopelessly disappointing, and over 1800 kids who had gathered at the Grande on a Sunday afternoon to dig the Byrds were moved almost to silence by their wholly lacklustre performance. The Rationals were really smoking that day, and an electric current seemed to run through the audience when they realized that the famous Byrds were not going to meet the mark that the Rationals had set even in a short 4-song set before them.

The beautiful thing was that the kids who everyone always puts down as "teeny-boppers" or whatever, these kids KNEW that the Byrds weren't doing it, they really wanted to dig the Byrds but couldn't, they weren't misled by everything they'd read and heard about the band and they really KNEW IT when the energy failed to flow. The Beacon Street Union came to town behind a huge promotion campaign by MGM (which should prove to be rather embarrassing in the long run) and had to follow the MC5 on stage at the Grande. It was really sad to watch, and worse to hear. Rumor has it that the Boston band sent word back home that they didn't ever want to follow a band like that on stage for the rest of their tour--and probably, the rest of their lives.

Jimi Hendrix, the hero of all in town it seems starting with this writer, played a horribly mediocre performance before 6000 hungry fans at Masonic Temple last Friday--I won't go into it because all of you were probably there to see and hear it, and like me would rather forget about it and wait for the next time he hits town. People had been waiting six months to get their heads blown off that night by the Experience, but all they got was a tired-out listless Jimi with fucked-up equipment that got there late. The Thyme and the MC5 both sparkled in pitifully-short 15-minute sets, there was a half-hour delay while the Soft Machine and Jimi set up their equipment (Jimi and Noel Redding used 12 Sunn amps between them) which could and should have been filled with music. But too often the Detroit groups are taken for granted while all deference possible is given the visiting "stars". It's really good that the main attractions are given such beautiful treatment while they're guests in our city, but it's sad that the home people are often slighted in the process. I'm sure that everyone will soon realize the strength and power of our own bands and all this will be cleared up when that happens.

Now Canned Heat, on the other hand, came to town with little reputation and just played their asses off. They stayed in town two weeks, returning to the Ballroom for a second (unscheduled) weekend by popular demand as they say. The Heat are the most powerful blues band I've ever heard--they really kicked out the jams, and especially in their last Detroit performance last Sunday night. Unfortunately there was a small audience for the Heat, the MC5, and the Odds&Ends. The 5 did an incredible set, then the Odds&Ends took over and made everyone very happy with a good strong performance, and the Canned Heat got up there and blasted the house down. They played the blues so hard and so strong that people were screaming and jumping out of their seats for them, and when their boogie hand came down nobody could sit still. Whew! They really do it! You won't get it all from their albums but when you see the Bear up there jumping up and down, look out! They ain't lyin', they're sockin' it out.

I forgot one thing: the Soft Machine are out of sight, yes they are. They aren't really a stage band and didn't really get a proper hearing in the monstrous Masonic Auditorium, but their music was very spaced out and very heavy. A three-piece group with organ, bass & drums, the Soft Machine is into a lot of mixed-media art in their

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# IMMENSE FUTURE

PART 1

## BUCKMINSTER FULLER

Reprinted from the San Francisco  
ORACLE (UPS)

**VOICE FROM AUDIENCE:** About universal rebirth how is technology affecting it, how is technology bringing it about?

**FULLER:** There are now on the earth three or four hundred million babies in the wombs of mothers; they are alive. And I think that we will learn within possibly a decade, what up till now man has spoken of as telepathy is the ultrahigh frequency electromagnetic wave propagation in which we use our eyes for beaming mechanisms (beaming and receiving).

We've learned in our technical experiments that the bat is flying absolute radar at 186,000 miles per second. It is bouncing signals off the walls getting information from the walls so that he doesn't hit the ceiling. That a bat with the size brain could do that, makes it clear to me that the human size brain could do this. When you say brain you are really talking about the complexity of technology, that the brain could do the same thing that the bat could do.

### THE WORLD WOMB

**VFA:** Do you think the human brain is doing it all the time?

**FULLER:** I think the brain is using electromagnetic waves all the time. I've talked before, probably over 1000 times to audiences around the world and I am utterly aware of what everybody in that room was thinking. And when I'm doing all the talking I'm really talking for everybody. And I never prepare a lecture and I've learned it is possible of course, to think out loud and if I'm thinking and finding my way along everybody goes along with me. I'm simply making the sounds for all of us. And I've really learned to do this and I find that people can stay with me. Otherwise it would be impossible for people to stay with me 8 or 10 hours which I've found that I've been able to have them do seeing as how it gets awful uncomfortable. And it gets so concentrated that they can do that. So it's the only really good explanation. I'm receiving all the information from others, what their interests are usually steering this way.

I'd like to come back to what my preamble was, that I had 300 to 400 million babies in wombs around the world. They're alive and they have all their equipment. I just, then, have a hypothetical electromagnetic wave communication between these human beings. Any communication they have would be in terms of experience and their experience is entirely inside the womb. They're not getting oxygen directly, they're getting oxygen in their blood from their mothers blood. And they're not using their lungs. They're using only one thing which is touch. A child, a newborn baby, you put your finger in his hand and it closes on your finger adeptly, absolutely amazing. You feel as though you are really communicating with that little thing lying there. He's not using his eyes or ears. When you want to remove your finger he immediately opens it up and accomodates

and when you put it back he closes his hand again. How can it be that this child is born with such beautiful communication? When you think about it, this baby has been in the womb for 9 months and his whole communication has been tactile. So the tactile is already extraordinarily mature. So this is not just a first instinct he's been using it that way for awhile. Later on when it's out of the womb it takes in air and oxygen, the olfactory goes before the other, he smells for milk and smells the flesh. Then after many days he begins to hear; many days after that he begins to see, so this tactile is a beginning where we really start. So it's very very prominent in all our thinking.

But we know that now, atomically in physics, that nothing ever really does touch. I'm touching but I'm really not touching. The atoms get into critical proximity. They get into critical proximity, all kinds of things begin to happen. Could we get to the atoms themselves we find that their components are as immobile as the milky way. So we get to critical proximities, various things happen. There's bounce off, there's re-fractions, smash up, all kinds. What goes on in the end is also electromagnetic even when we get into their proximities and gravitational and reverse radiation and gravity. So a child in the tactile with his mother is electromagnetic, is also very high frequency. These of course, are words for a phenomenon of the extraordinary orderlines in the universe and it doesn't make it prosaic, that you and I have invented the terms like electromagnetic to describe experience. Because there has to be something before the experience, there has to be principles that are operative as we discover it and we just give it those names. It doesn't make it prosaic, or any less marvelous!

I was coming to the point then that we have a whole, 3 to 400 million is a very large population for this country, with 200 million population in America, there is more than the population of all the Americans in the world womb. So there is a whole way of living.

We then, have these large populations of 2 and 3 and 400 million even billions of human beings who are only in a tactile world of electromagnetic communication and talking to each other and so forth. Well then, they emerge into going out of the womb coming into an entirely new world where they're breathing air. This is a very sudden and extraordinary change of experience. I discovered that certain things that happen to individuals happen to groups, this is a group of extraordinary number of cels, fantastic number of atoms.

Our individual brains have a quadrillion times a quadrillion atoms in a fantastic coordination of all of us and I think we are all coming out of the womb of every fundamental ignorance., mental ignorance. We talk in the ways that sound very faith-

ful to our experience and many times very imaginary. Which would indicate that we think that we know quite a lot and are responsible for alot of what's going on.

I do say to you whatever the last meal that you haven't the slightest idea of what you're doing with it. Your not consciously saying to yourself that I have designed and decided now I'm going to have a million hairs and they're going to be such land such a shape and color. We don't do any of this; it is all automated. Man is more than 99.9% automated and he is only a very small fraction conscious. Whereas he tends to be so impressed with consciousness, he tends to suggest that he is really highly responsible for what goes on. I find that he doesn't invent the oxygen, he is really very successful despite his ignorance and his vanity.

I would suggest that all of humanity is about to be born in an entirely new relationship with the universe. Where, having been given intellect, we are going to have to use intellect as we have never used it before. We're going to have an integrity-- a good faith with the truth (whatever the truth may be). We're going to have to really pay attention. We've been allowed up till now to be shortsighted and to compromise and to make quick hard decisions that make it possible for this one to survive versus the other, things like that. We've learned that we can take care of everyone so it isn't the employment of the intellect just to make quick decisions of which one is to live and which one is to die. That's the way it used to be. My father was really carrying a gun at his side, that he would shoot at any minute. And their fathers were carrying rapiers. And if you couldn't afford a rapier you were carrying a bludgeon.

**VFA:** Do you think that the population of the earth is an over population or an over concentration of population?

**FULLER:** Over concentrations. We're anything but overpopulated. I've traveled all around the world a very great deal, I go by air. I would like to point out that our atmosphere as we get into the wind foil, is just as thick as water. Our atmosphere is an ocean, there is an atmospheric ocean. We have been like snails congregating around one or two little places where survival was very probable. On the bottom. We've been barnacles or snails up till now rooting, just beginning to learn that we can take off the bottom and we will begin to be in that ocean. The minute I go up into that air ocean, when I leave the airport, I travel thousands of miles and I don't see another human being.

I find it fantastic how much woods and actual amount of wilderness is everywhere. I have the statistics on it and it is very impressive. At the present moment all of humanity could be brought indoors in great-

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INTERVIEW: CHARLIE BROWN



A taped conversation with Charlie Brown, freak extraordinaire, candidate for California State Legislature, and Boo Hoo of the Berkeley Bag of the Neo American Church. Charlie Brown was in Detroit in early February, with him he brought beautiful weather, beautiful Indian stories and the message of oneness. Half of the conversation was lost due to mechanical fuck-ups.

CHARLIE BROWN: "This peace pipe is about three feet long, the bowl is clay, I made it myself. I use a mixture of Indian wild tobacco, eucalyptus leaves, sweet bay, sage and grass."

PUN: "How do you find this stuff to smoke, how do you know it will get you stoned?"

CB: "I live with the Indians quite a bit and I spend a lot of time in the wilderness, and there are all these things growing that just say 'smoke me'. You know my spiritual guides do an awful lot about getting me stoned. Like there are times when I need to be stoned, you know, to dig something and so they see to it that I get stoned, like if I need to be stoned they see to it that I am in a situation where there are drugs. But like sometimes I need to be stoned, like I've smoked the pipe with all these things in it but no grass, and I really get stoned like as stoned as I get on acid, other times I've smoked the pipe with grass in it and I didn't get near as stoned."

PUN: "Where are you going from here?"

CB: I have a few speaking engagements in Chicago and Kansas City, then back west. I have to speak at the University of Colorado."

PUN: "Where are you coming from?"

CB: "Berkeley. I've been getting the truck ready for this speaking tour, we have a whole planet to turn on, and what I want is for everybody to turn on, so I travel around speaking on campus and doing things like I did at the Grande Ballroom, playing my autoharp and rapping between sets, radio, TV. I'm trying to get some better understanding and communication going. You know the whole scene is spreading like wild-fire over the whole planet. Like dig it, it's the NEW AGE CONSCIOUSNESS, this is the new age that has been prophesied in all the major religions and dig it, it's happening now. There is no power on the planet that can stop it. Our society is fucked up, I mean it's really sick. You've probably read Grapes of Wrath, well all these people went to Oklahoma to get land, their own land, to live on and grow their own food on, and then the bankers came in and drove the people from the land; These are the people who I call the slave makers, the bankers. Man, they drove the people off their land, and dig it, the ghettos are packed with people who should be living on their own land and

growing their own food. The slave makers get the people off the land where they can survive and they get them into the cities where the people are helpless and they can't survive without depending on their SYSTEM, and then you're trapped, you're trapped into car payments and house payments. But like the whole thing is breaking up because people are turning on and what's responsible for this more than anything else is drugs."

PUN: "Right, but straight people don't want to believe that drugs have anything to do with it, like if we go someplace to speak, one of the questions that is always asked is why can't you turn on without drugs? The women will sit there with plastic hair and plastic tits and wierd shit all over their faces and say, 'Well I'm turned on and I didn't have to take LSD.'"

CB: "Right, of course they've been brainwashed and programmed, they think they're alright. Here, I'll show you the Indian Peace Pipe Ceremony. (Pointing pipe to east) To the east wind where the day begins. (Takes toke) (Pointing pipe to the south) To the south wind which brings us warmth. (Takes toke) (pointing pipe to the west) To the west wind where the day ends. (Takes toke) (pointing pipe to the north) To the north wind which brings us all that is cold. (Takes toke) (pointing pipe to earth) To earth mother who takes care of her children. (Takes toke) (pointing pipe to heaven) God father and all you cats out there be sure to get us good and stoned. (Takes toke) .....(pause).....See why they call it a peace pipe? If we could get everybody in the world to sit down and pass the peace pipe around we wouldn't have any more wars. Like lifetimes previous to this I was an Indian, and we can't talk about pushing the white man into the sea, the white man is our brother and what we have to do is turn him on, turn him on or all of us will be destroyed together. And the Indian way will survive all others, and hippies are turning on to the Indian way because it is real and natural. People are sold all those products, and you know people do motivational research on Madison Ave. and they fuck with your mind without your knowledge or permission. So you feel like you need to buy these things because it's what they're putting out over the tube. The slave makers have got to keep the people separate and hung up in possessions, they have to keep them from turning on and from loving each other and they put out all these lies and things to keep the people divided and fighting each other. They have to make them so neurotic they can't fuck and they can't love. Not fucking makes them more neurotic. Read Wilhelm Reich's Sexual Economy, Function of the Orgasm. A mother cat doesn't need Dr. Spock to tell her how to raise her kittens, but like the human animal who is supposed to be most in-

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# DOPE · · SCOPE

It's good to be back under the SUN.

Many groovy things have been happening on the dope scene since the last Dealer's column. To begin with, quite a few of the more exotic hallucinogens have been finding their way around the Big D. Psylocybin and mescaline have been showing up quite a bit, along with a goodly amount of DMT, DET, and hashish.

The quality of the standards has been going up--many bricks of excellent weed and much good clean acid (for a change) can be had at reasonable prices. \$10 a lid (1 oz.) for grass and \$4-5 for good acid seems to be the going rate. \$6-7 for psylocybin and mescaline, \$10-12 for a gram of hash, DMT and DET.

BEWARE: Certain unscrupulous dealers have been cutting psylocybin into half doses (these are usually the same queers who cut acid with meth) and selling that for a total scene. A full dose of psylocybin should be about 50 milligrams (synthetic). There are some doses of the real Mushroom to be had at \$8 a hit--it's a gasser too.

Try smoking the mushroom, it's out of sight!

Beware of the "peace pill" or "LBJ", the latter is as distasteful as the initials suggest. It is reported to contain a quantity of formaldehyde or belladonna, a realbummer.

Also be on the alert for our never-tiring foe, the Nark. The real LBJ has seen to it that Wayne and Washtenaw Counties

both have an overbalance of federal narks. There are so many of them that they're stepping on each other.

Be careful who you sell to, be careful of who you smoke with. One of the favorite tricks of the Nark is to promise clemency to a busted cat in return for setting up more busts. Don't sell to people who have just been busted unless you know them very well. It could mean a bust for YOU.

Some groovy books to read: "The Marijuana Papers," edited by David Solomon of Playboy magazine; "POT: A Handbook of Marijuana," by Ann Arbor head John Rosevear (who will be interviewed for the next SUN!); and "Grass: An Anthology of Indian Hemp," edited by George Andrewes (of "Book of Grass" fame) and Simon Vinkenoog (one of the originators of the Provo movement in Amsterdam).

Some of the recent busts: Chuck Karling, possession, \$2000 bond, and Peter Canfield, possession, \$2000 bond, both popped by local detectives in Ann Arbor; Stanley Zillfro, sales and possession, \$45,000 bond (another charge of draft evasion has been brought on him), busted in the Rosemary Apartments on Prentis--sixteen people at his place were also arrested and charged with "Loitering on premises where narcotics are being sold." This is the first time people have been charged with the misdemeanor, usually they're held

overnight and released without charge the next morning. The police are obviously trying to put everyone up tight and get them to stop smoking dope out of fear. IT WON'T WORK.

The people at the Rosemary all (except for one girl) pleaded "not guilty" and are demanding jury trials on the misdemeanor rap. This will cost the state a lot of bread, especially if the defendants obtain the legal aid of a government agency like Neighborhood Legal Services, and maybe the citizens will see that they are being robbed by stupid police actions. The judge set exorbitant bonds (\$300- and \$500) for misdemeanor trials in an attempt to discourage the free people, but everyone was out by the next afternoon on bond, thanks to Wardford Bonding Agency.

These people need any money you can spare for their defense. A neighborhood bond and defense fund has finally been set up through Trans-Love and LEMAR and you can contribute to it by sending a dollar or two to the Warren-Forest Defense Fund. Make checks out to LEMAR. If you put a few dollars in the fund now they will help you when you're popped or in trouble. Ask the people from the Rosemary what it's like to sit in jail waiting for bond.

People in Ann Arbor be alert for a brown '65 Ford containing two very alert Narks.

This column will bring you news of busts and legal maneuvers as they happen. If you

have news of a bust you were in and want to report it, drop a line with the facts to the old dope dealers at the SUN, 499 West Forest, Detroit 48201, or call 833-3166 and tell us your story or what you're doing. If we can help keep all this shit out in the open the police will have a harder time explaining their actions, and we can put the heat on THEM.

Everything has been pretty hot in the area since Rocky was busted with all those keys at the airport. Dope activity in Detroit was brought to a near standstill for close to a month before the gates burst open around Christmas-time and have stayed open. A lawyer friend of ours speculated that the feds may have cut all traffic for a month so things would dry up, then let the channels start operating so they could watch them better and see just where the dope is going and where it's coming from. They are staking out people's houses and tapping phones all over, but they're fighting a losing battle. THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA MUST HAVE THEIR ENLIGHTENMENT NOW! They can't stop it. Police action has stepped up considerably but more and more dope is coming in, and if you exercise proper caution there should be no hassles. Do your thing, but be cool about it. It ain't hip to get busted. And remember: a pipe of kief in the morning gives a man the strength of 100 camels in the courtyard all day long!

## • DRAFT •

As if to talk about just that, out of context. Or to do that. These old men are the meaning of the draft, they invented it, gave it its foul odor, tired old bullshit faces trying to save their property with no personal risk but words, words, words treated mean and dirty low like toiletpaper or billboard. Old men who don't wanna hear no shit from nobody, we run this here planet, goddammit, you know them from images and words on TV, crooked-ass Johnson asking Americans to pray this Sunday for an end to the riots, peace with those uppity mothafuckers we'll kill 'em. Jungle law, people with so much money and power to ruin people, stomp them out with image, sell them out, beat them bloody with laws for dumb brutal nightsticks, and will sell out anyone who might pin a legal beef on them. Our government, stars we buy their likeness fawn to touch their greedy sleeves. These tired old bullshit faces OWN the fucking draft, can use it like any other commodity, bargain for votes, buy and sell it, live longer and wealthier with your life in their hip pockets. "Martin is stealing your orgones. You gonna stand still for this shit?"

Young men are the slaves, SLAVES, I'm expected to ask you for my own life? Like the talk now that maybe them spades might have to wait a little longer now for "first-class citizenship" (like, Lyndon, First-class, right?). Mothafuckers think they can just burn our buildings do they. No tolerate lawlessness say face on TV...no law can reach that face, do you know that. Now remember, these crooked business men and politicians are Western white men, proud to perpetuate the colonial/greedy murderer consciousness of their real and imaginary ancestors. I mean it's incredible, they're that low and

stupid, and know no other possibility than those empty words they've used since the revolution gave this country to the money-god. And they have run offwith your lives, and think to make you wait for them to shuffle you around and decide how best to use you and bleed you out of a few more years in Washington. On TV they will wonder how could you do it, it's just terrible, gee. Don't buy that shit. The throat that lets out those lies know the knife there, and the hand, whose, and why.

(IMAGO / MUNDI

divided, WORD / EARTH

....or I carry a card that would summon me, through the agency of its true owner, the United States Government, to go waste my life for a mouthing, FREEDOM (see how it works: my wife and I, in our home, smoke dope, talk quietly about our lives, make love, for which some dumb-ass crook with a badge can walk right in and treat us like criminals) FREEDOM: I am expected to defend the foreign business interests of America's filthy money-heads. (Defend Your Local Banker--Fight for the Right To Exploit). Young men are forced to fight for a word, the worst of all words, one that hovers there, pure image, nothing at all to back it up. Murder under banner of WORD....same old Christian bullshit.

The amazing things is, who do these assholes ask me to kill? Who do they want me to exterminate in this latest war for the stupid luxury of rich and murderous Americans? Yellow men, men of the East, Earth/men who have been sub-

(Continued on next page)





KIDS! BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO JOIN THE ALL-NEW MC5 SOCIAL & ATHLETIC CLUB

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REMEMBER! THE MC5 WANTS YOU IN THE BAND! EVERY BODY IS IN THE MC5!

# DRAFT

jected to the most intolerable colonialism for longer than General Motors has had its money, men wh've been fighting, fighting, fighting for their own LAND, goddammit, which these assholes have been trying to steal all along. Poor bastards fighting for the lives they used to think belonged to them, the way life does. Defending the earth they live their tortured lives on.

That's what those dirty thieves are up to, and it's amazing that we allow it. They sit back there and check the business charts and bargain and step on each other a little and decide which furriners to wipe out next. Those tired old bullshit faces INVENT these wars, they own them, and they play them out with (do you believe it?) OUR LIVES. UP YOUR TIRED GREEN ASSHOLES, TIRED OLD BULLSHIT FACES. GO FIGHT YOUR OWN FILTHY WARS, AGAINST ALL THE OLD FILTHY-WAR-INVENTORS OF OTHER NATIONS OF THE EARTH. Us young men got lives and wives and families to make strong enough to resist the bullshit you've made of your lives.

The fact is it is the old men, the men who have been around long enough to have had their minds pretty well fucked around by now, have had for the last 30 years or so to say all those things that weren't true, or were in some way contrived, in order to "project" the right "personality" for the job, any job, the money, power, whatever, the thing they've always had to do, get that image to hover about 6 inches away from them, and let it work its magic, while behind those images, the public's sustenance, thousands of brains

counting their money, or the smiles on the boss's fat face, these men, the old men, the tired old bullshit faces you see in the newspaper, the leaders of all the world's businesses (i.e. steel, banking, politics, advertising, etc.), these are literally the men who invent the wars, set its terms, and supervise its waging--and they use our lives to pay for these wars. We allow ourselves to be used as a commodity with which the world's business leaders defend their vested interests.

I mean if this country would give back all the land it has stolen, not including the physical United States of America, mainland, (the land the white men came and neatly, like, poof, saw as theirs, just gotta wipe out them fucking redskins), and would give back the money it allowed its citizens to steal from peoples native to various exploited countries, and if all its crooked "Allies" would do likewise, maybe our leaders wouldn't have so much to worry about. But they won't do that. They invent wars instead, and beat the shit out of us if we don't go kill people and be killed and have a hard-on in the face of that last bullet, smashing thru our red, white and blue breastbones, to die and love it to protect their stupid luxury.

The only really sensible things to do, and people really do have to take care of their wown business, or they fuck up their own lives (viz. the tired old bullshit faces), is to let them poor critters kill one another if they must. Over their bank accounts and their mines and oil fields of the world's countries. (the dumb asses)

--Dave Sinclair ↗

# PAPER RADIO

FLASH---YIPPIE!YIPPIE! Youth International Party will hold a week long "Freak For Peace" convention in Chicago in late August, at the same time as the National Democratic Convention. Definite bands so far are; Country Joe, The Fugs, Arlo Guthrie, Phil Ochs, the United States of America, Allen Ginsburg, Tim Leary, and the Steve Miller Blues Band. Dylan, the Who, the Cream, the Mothers, and the Doors have all been invited to name a few. Stay tuned to the paper radio for more info.

FLASH---Duly elected Navajo State Representative Jake Chee was recently turned away from the House of Representatives in New Mexico for wearing native Navajo garb. Just because the Sargent-at-arms looks like he's at a funeral, he wants everyone else to too.

FLASH---Billy C and the Sunshine are looking for a drummer (blues) possible record contract immediately call Trans-Love 833-3166

FLASH---The Seminole Indians have beat the government in court, to the tune of 32 million acres of land--nearly the entire state of Florida. Payment for the land will be about \$40 million, that's less than \$1.50 an acre. The indians should just tell everyone to leave, "Get the fuck out, we want our land back!"



# FULLER

(Continued from page 4)

er New York City and you'd have as much room as you'd have in a cocktail party. It wouldn't necessarily be very good living there. We're very tiny and you can get all of us inside there. New York City on that map, when I'm on that altitude, when I'm really at 40,000 altitude, is only three inches.

There is beautiful research that has been done on five scientists that showed-- so clearly great contributors scientifically, looking at their diaries and papers trying to find something common that they said and were thinking. They all make it very very clear that by far the most important single factor in their turning of their discovery to the advantage of man, making it available to them, was their intuition. So they said, intuition was number one. Then number two was the second intuition or what they would do about their intuitive flash. Do you light a cigarette or write something down. What you do in the split second after your first intuition, if you really caught it or didn't catch it, the fish was on the hook were you able to reel it in, and your instincts are purely intuitive about what you did about it. Everyone then documents intuition everyone of them make it very clear in their comments that what they discovered was an orderliness in the universe, the thing that astounds you is the sublimeness of the orderliness that you suddenly discovered as a contrast to the crudeness and awkwardness of what you have been thinking hypothetically by which you're reconnoitered in that position or you suddenly make the strike.

So all the scientists originally, one is operating in one area of the universe and the other, which for the moment temporarily could strike one, as a different area of the universe so remote that we have man developing classifications of biology, mathematics, physics, and chemistry, so forth, where the magnitude of the frequencies are such that you saw no connections between the cell and the molecule and you saw no connections between the molecule and the atom. I remember in 1917, saying, I don't think nature has a department of physics say, and a department of chemistry and a department of mathematics, and has to have a department to have meetings to know what to do when you drop a stone in the water, how to make that beautiful circular wave, I think she has only one department and this compartmentalization is an accident because man, these individuals that made the discoveries happened to be making discoveries so remotely from the others that they didn't see the connections and they took the prominent features.

Suddenly with the more and more powerful instruments, we gradually found these things coming together. Where the world by this time thinks that they have to become specialists to find something out and all of a sudden we find great scientists coming together having to become bio-chemists and had to become--they had to put in hyphens because they didn't do it purposely but they suddenly found themselves adjacent to each other because the instruments were suddenly powerful enough to show the interrelationships.

We're coming to an awareness of an omni-interrelated orderliness of the universe, an a priori set of principles which are utterly regular, purely metaphysical. They are only discoverable by the metaphysical and cannot be found by the physical; physics is a medium of the discovery. We're

discovering a priori intellectual integrity of the universe, the universe is never at a loss as to what to do about this (drops a coin). You and I don't know what happens when I do this, but the universe is never at a loss what to do. That's all understood where we're at. I didn't know about it but it's all understood. So I would say that we're coming out of an era in the womb of man, of total society in a womb condition of being really taken care of. The baby is inside of his mother. Finding itself in the universe where he doesn't have to invent the oxygen or any of the 98 chemical elements; they're just waiting; he doesn't have to invent the mathematical elements by which hair actually grows, beautiful things. But we're gradually beginning to come out of the vanity as we come out of this, out of the womb, sort of a group womb, into the new relationship with the universe, our real guidance is going to be this metaphysical with fantastic respect for that truth itself which you find, and you've got to find. Once you've found the true interrelationships you've got to go with them. You don't assume that man is so smart that he can short-cut and cheat. Which is what we've been able to do up till now.

VFA: You said recently that the earth is a space ship...

FULLER: Well it is a space ship. It's never been anything else. So this shows how ignorant one way you can prove how quickly, how little man knows, is to call anybody's attention when they say, "I wonder what it's like to be in a space ship," when in fact that's all they've ever been in, Everybody's an astronaut. We've been astronauts here with our knowledge for 2 million years without ever knowing we're aboard ship. The ship is all equipped to take care of all those astronauts and we're allowed to be so ignorant that we don't even have to know that this is a ship. We're moving just around the sun at 60,000 miles an hour. One thousand miles each minute as I'm talking. A fantastic speed. As we launch a little space ship, we're launching it off the big space ship and that idea suddenly becomes realizable. And lastly we have to accelerate taking off from our big space ship at 15,000 miles per hour only a quarter speed of our own space ship, you see. This is a good way to really shock yourself into realization how little we really are in tune with what we're finding out.

All you see seems to go up or down. There is no part in the universe that is up or down. What we really mean is in towards the center of various masses and out from them. The words up or down are invented to accommodate the concept of the world as going into the infinite play. With some local mountains and you come outward to the sea, always around the mountains, so that went on into the plane. This is what man saw.

If you're dealing in a plane then all the perpendiculars to the plane are parallel to one another which means that all the ends of these perpendiculars when one set of ends point in one direction we call it up to heaven or down to hell. We suddenly discover that in relation to all experience, all existence, none of the perpendiculars are parallel to one another. So one moment what's up is going to be down. So which star is over head when you say up is going to be in the direction of your feet in a few minutes. You hear the scientists saying to the astronauts on the television program, "Well how are things up there this morning, boys," and the astronauts happen to be in the direction of their feet. So I've found then that the scientists themselves are using the words up and down which will give you all the documentation

you want that we are operating in complete ignorance.

VFA: It's this ignorance that all of us are somehow oppressed by, that the spaceship isn't running right.

FULLER: All I'm trying to discover is the condition of our awareness. We are making discoveries and we do have this extraordinary intellectual faculty which is weightless in metaphysical capability. In the last two years I took off 65 pounds. So I say that wasn't me. I got rid of it and here I am so there was a time when I weighed 7 pounds and there was a time when I weighed only 1 pound and a time when I weighed less than an ounce. I was always me. I don't think the weight counts, it's essentially a way of you and I communicating. I've now processed over 1000 tons of air, water, and food which became temporarily mine and then was cut off so it wasn't ever me. We've discovered that when men die no weight is lost. Whatever we really are, if we are utterly weightless, is metaphysical and is what really counts, because all the sensing mechanisms go away when we die.

We've discovered experimentally and Heisenberg's indeterminism makes it very clear that the act of measuring alters that which is measured. Just to single out this phenomena enough to begin to try and isolate it would be to alter it by doing that. Just the light that comes to bear as you make a microscopic note just the light there changes the temperature and the behavior. You discover then that the act measurement always alters the measured. You find the poets saying earlier that the act of just consideration of history alters history. It really does say, thought itself just simply alters that which you think about.

We've gotten so that you cannot get to any absolute truths. The word truth is simply a direction rather than an attainment. It's not a static. Truth is really then a yielding to the integrity of the intellect not trying to persist in sticking with something familiar just trying to rationalize what you thought was an explanation. I say then that we will think together, an enormous comprehensive spontaneity of society to act in unison. As you see a beautiful flight of birds acting, simply because we will be adhering to the information which is closer to the truth and the truth will be guiding us all the time. The nuances will be much more impressive, much more delicate, much more exciting!

(Continued next ish)

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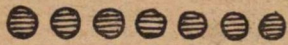
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by Emil Bacilla ~

The trouble is that I'm very biased. I tend to think that what I think is all there is to think, and that everyone thinks the same, no matter how different their thoughts may be. I therefore have a hard time sustaining any firm position in an argumentative situation, making it impossible for me to take any of my statements seriously. Which of course brings us to underground films in Detroit.

As a pessimistic optimist I have to say that things have never looked better for film, or anything else for that matter, in Detroit than now. Music is picking up unbelievably, with name groups of every type and description coming to the Grande, Harbor Lights, Concerts, et al. Films are being shown at WSU with them finally forming a Cinema Guild. The New Cinema.

That's what's really groovy. Marvin Surowitz proving that independent films even have an audience in Detroit. All that's needed is for film people to start coming together and sharing and experimenting. And then watch out. I'm biased. I think film and (sorry folks, I realize that this is against a lot of peoples intellectual tenants) television are where it's at. Music is beautiful. Music is the heart beat. The Universal Human Language. The thing that exists "within and without". But film...wow...film is The Art Form, and television is The Communicator.

Film takes all of the arts...all of them... and combines them into one unified piece of art. Every single one of them: painting, graphics, poetry, physics, mechanics, music, life, people... and television can do even more. (of course it doesn't now...although it does, you know...because it's impossible for so many things to be put into it, yet)...but I digress.

The New Cinema, 13103 Woodrow Wilson (1 block west of the Lodge between Glendale and Davison) shows films Friday and Saturday at 11:00 and 1:00 and on Sunday and Monday at 7:30 and 9:30. You should go there. You should have your friends go there. You should help prove to the world that there is a fantastic untapped market for Independent Films. Support the New Cinema. Support the WSU Cinema Guild. Support anything else that happens. Turn people on. Hip them to what can be done with film. Change Contemporary Community Standards. Make "Flaming Creatures" a Saturday Matinee short, sandwiched in between two Donald Ducks and a Road Runner. You can do it, you know.

The Ann Arbor Film Festival should be happening about the time that this hits the streets. From Wednesday, March 6 to Sunday March 10 they're going to be showing flicks in the Architecture Auditorium at U. of M. at 7:30 and 9:30. Dig it. It's one of the best festivals in the world. It's been going on for six years now. It really shouldn't be missed. After all when something as big as the Ann Arbor Festival is going on 60 miles away, you really haven't got any excuse for not going.

After kind of scanning this column to this point I've decided that if you're still with me, you must be as crazy as I am. Therefore I can stop beating around the bush and come down to brass tacks. Make a film. It's easy. Make it in your head. Get it all together. Make it simple, simple films are always so much better and effective. Sleep on it. Rap on it. Figure it out. Then, and here comes the easy part, get a camera and some film

A Message From the Next President of the United States of America

# THE PEOPLES' REVOLUTION

A few million years ago I was attending Wayne State University seeking a degree in the field of psychology. I laughed at both the stupid people protesting the war in Vietnam and all the "weird" people I saw around the old Artists' Workshop. But that was before I understood why people laugh (because they don't understand something). With that realization came the realization of my own ignorance and the uselessness of school. Schools play the game that they "know" something. But the smart man is the man who knows only that he knows nothing.

Upon dropping out of Wayne State in my second year I began my hassle with Johnson. It began with resisting the draft, led to protesting the war through marches, frustration with their ineffectiveness, interest in the Artists' Workshop's thing and the revolution John Sinclair had started with it, protesting and leafleting with Lemar, more frustration because the greedy men of government wouldn't listen or reply intelligently, and finally to my finding of a purpose for which to live my life.

My prayer to myself has always been "To succeed in a way that will count for all eternity". Of course it's an ego trip, but it's one that uses the satisfaction of others' ego trips to accomplish its end. I want to live for other people in the spirit of the love revolution. Only when others are happy can I be happy. Only when people are no longer dying or hurt by wars, only when the nations' hungry people (and our nation's poor) are no longer hungry. Only when people can live like they wish, and are able to do what they wish to gain happiness as long as they don't hurt others in their search. Only when America's courts become REAL courts instead of mockeries of true justice through prostitution of justice. Only when our school system becomes an instrument for learning instead of an instrument for diplomas. Only when I am President of the United States of America.

I've found that isolated Utopias won't change our national or world society. The only way a system can crumble is from within. And the Underground has begun its attack on American government of greed. It has laid the foundation for the overthrow of government in the United States. For the taking of its control from the men of greed and returning it to the people of this nation. The people only want to live their lives in happiness. The people don't want wars, because it's the people that are going to get killed.

But what the people want and get have been two different things. Yet the people are the majority. So this November the election of the President of the United States will focus on the will and wishes of the people. Not a few people with power or money. But on all people. I want to be President to serve you. To serve all people. Not to kill people or imprison them. Not to steal from their labors not tell them how to live their lives. My trip is being the good guy. The love guy. The President guy.

The peoples' revolution, OUR revolution, is gaining momentum. From the store-front level to the national level. From the ghettos to the main street. The people want their government back. This summer's riots will shake this nation to its very foundation. Word is spreading that: "We want the world, and we want it now." The resistance we will meet seems to say that change is impossible, but we are people. And with people all things are possible. The revolution will reach its peak this year. NOW. I will be President this year because I want only good for people. People want this sort of President. People are good. They want love. I want to give just that. My faith and the revolution's faith is in people. Real people. People who know love. We can't fail. We are people.

Love,  
David

and do it. Don't hassle the technical things. You can get a book from the library. The Detroit Main Library has a fantastic collection of books from England that tell you everything you need to know and more. And the only way you can really find out is to do it. And then, once you've made it: dig it. Show it to your friends. Stash it. Run across it. Dig it again. Notice how bad it is. But notice all of the things it tells you about yourself. Or more specifically, about the you who made the film (after all he doesn't exist any more--you made the film). Next thing you know, you're hooked. And even if you never make another film, except in your head, you'll be able to start to actually dig underground films. You can understand them without having made a film. But there's a whole level, a whole slu of levels, that you are totally unaware of, until you've seen a film you've made six months or so after you've made it. Then you start to realize what the film maker is actually saying. You realize all of the things that exist outside the film,

The things that made the film. For, after all, they are the film.

Yessir folks. Expand your consciousness. Make your hair thicker and your teeth grow back. Leary says it's in acid. Lot of people say it's in grass. The Beatles say it's in the Maharashi. The Maharashi says it's in transcendental Meditation. I say it's in film. Who are you going to believe?? What if we're all right? Where do you think it is? You're right, you know.

If you were totally enthralled as you read this column, I'd like to take this opportunity to turn you back to your environment, while you select something else in this paper to read. If, however, you were just scanning it, this isn't necessary.

(A last minute note--the Studio Theatre, at Livernois near Davison, begins a regular program of underground films on Thursday, March 7 with Andy Warhol's "My Hustler". Call them for exact time.)



# 3 BREATHS

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD  
AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH

the dance of body heat over  
bone muscle & nerve is  
rhythm is Flesh.  
Who does not dance  
is flakes from the earth scalp  
cut flesh roots  
by mad indians who  
tomahawk your skin for trophy grease  
on their empirical phallus.

Gentlemen of the earth  
storm their reality totem.  
Shove their word  
up their ass.

Heat of Flesh  
make your own myth  
dance your own word.  
music of warm skin over  
bone muscle & nerve  
is Light-heat of your own word  
made flesh.

Tom Buri  
Detroit

a vessel of water confined  
by its own wish. power of sail  
arched. a woman's back. the wind torso  
floats as the flow of water goes on. her ship  
under my keel. the froth of white sea, hardness of  
prick beneath the water line. two small ships harbored in  
darkness.

ring of stones.  
a compression into  
the pool, the shape of  
deep stone. the glide of swamp wind--  
mother of wave among dark sharp reeds.

Jerry Younkins

to/night

let the words fall out  
and stick,

like hairs on my shoulder  
are brushed away by  
my hand.

some-, any- or every-  
thing I've given you

today, is nothing aside

what is to come, if  
you will take, or

"let the words fall out  
and stick"

I'm wanting to write for you

and, you I am wanting  
are right

for me

George Tysh  
Paris

## R&R CRUSADER

(Continued from page 2)

native London and takes rock music out in another direction, out past the strict beat of what we know and into their own space and time. Their hour-long set seemed over-long after the short appearances by the MC5 and Thyme, but it was out there all the way. Mark Boyle's Sensual Laboratory, the Machine's light company, got a lot of people excited too.

The Electric Flag, featuring Mike Bloomfield, opened the new Harbor Lights theatre/concert house the same weekend as the Canned Heat and the Byrds, so I never got a chance to hear them. They were greeted with tiny audiences and were disappointed with their trip, rightly so, but they'll be back in town soon and can't be missed. Harbor Lights is a nice place a long way out West Jefferson to Outer Drive in Ecorse, but if the band's right it'd be worth the drive. Check it out for yourself--it's owned by the people from the Living End, a pretty hip little bar that has brought a lot of good music to town over the last few years--one of the very few music houses that's made it. Their thing is mostly folk music but they do have some real winners from time to time--and you have to be 21 years old to get in there! That's weird--21 to hear music?? Well, that's the law....weird, ain't it?

Coming to the Grande starting this weekend is an amazing lineup: Big Brother & the Holding Co, tonight and tomorrow, on their first tour since they got stranded in Chicago two years ago and had to sell themselves to Mainstream records for \$500 to get home. This time they're travelling under Albert Grossman's superb management and with a new recording contract with Columbia that's rumored to've cost the big C \$250,000 to get Mainstream to give it up. Columbia will be recording Big Brother and them at the Grande tonight and tomorrow night and should get a few surprises from the Detroit bands on the bill.

Next week the Electric Prunes (?) on Friday night, and the electrifying WHO on Saturday, with the Soap and the unbelievable Psychedelic Stooges. Russ has been trying to book the Who for months but got outbid by Southfield High School, of all places, on their last trip here. This time all the freaks can hear them and see them. Admission is \$4.50 that night but it'll be worth it. In between Big Brother and the Who, Blood Sweat & Tears comes in for a Sunday evening no age limit deal. This is Al Kooper's new band formed by him & Steve Katz after they left the now-defunct Blues Project. Also with Grossman and also on Columbia, which is a pretty good deal for any band.

Following the WHO will be the Youngbloods, formerly of New York

but San Francisco freaks since last summer. Their last RCA album "Earth Music" is very popular around here. The Rationals and the UP will be there Friday night (March 15), and the James Gang (Cleveland's finest) on Saturday, although without brilliant star guitarist Elliott Schwartz, who had to split Cleveland for parts unknown when the SS (Selective Service) people came after him. What a waste--hope he makes it. He was beautiful last time they were here.

After that, the next weekend the Grande moves to the State Fair Coliseum for a huge concert featuring Eric Burdon & the Animals, the mighty Grateful Dead, and the Aere Apparent, the Animals' touring mates for this trip. The ballroom will close and the whole Grande scene will move out to the Fairgrounds for Friday and Saturday nights (March 22 and 23). Friday night the Apostles and Saturday the new improved Jagged Edge will do it too.

Watch for news of the first TRIBAL STOMP at the Grande March 24th, with the MC5, the UP, the Pink Peach Mob, the Odds&Ends, the Gold, and possibly the Dead back in the Ballroom. Proceeds will go to the Warren-Forest Defense Fund and to the LEMAR lawyers handling John Sinclair's case. Also poetry readings, lights, films, chanting and dancing, all day long. Watch for news.

RECORDING NEWS: The Rationals' latest, "I Need You", an old Chuck Jackson ballad beautifully produced by Jeep Holland and engineer Danny Dallas at United Sound in Detroit, got the Rationals signed by Capitol and on the way to a national hit this time. It hit the Billboard Hot 100 this week and is going up. Now maybe an album soon?... The Amboy Dukes hit the Hot 100 Album charts this week with their Mainstream LP, the first album out of the Detroit scene. They've been touring in Boston and New York and will be through Detroit soon on their way west. Maybe we'll get to hear them again.... The Apostles have their first single out on A-Square and we're waiting for it to hit the air. It was recorded months ago, before their guitarist left the band, but it still sounds good. The Apostles are sounding even better live now--hear them soon.... The MC5 recorded "Looking at You" and "Borderline" with Danny Dallas at United early in January and are waiting now for the pressing. The record was produced by John Sinclair and comes with label and jacket designed by Grimshaw--quite a treat. It'll be on A-Square--watch out for it!... Scot Richard Case, now to be known as SRC, has been taping for Capitol both here and in New York and is busy putting an album together, I wish they'd hurry--I want to get it home and play it every day.... Had more to say but no more time. Turn on your radio to WABX, 99.5 FM, while you're reading this and dig their new sound--The new sound for Detroit. You'll hear hip records all day long. We'll try to have an interview with some of their staff for next issue. Turn it on and keep it on!



# CHARLIE BROWN

(Continued from page 5)

telligent of all the animals doesn't know how to raise their own babies. This shows something about people, like they're so far out of reality that..... like these drugs people take, like acid, and it's a psychic shock, suddenly they are faced with reality... I am prepared to travel anywhere and survive. Everybody should be prepared to leave the cities at 15 minutes notice and live off the land. I have a Tipi made out of nylon, it's 19 feet high, I've been in it in all kinds of weather. One time when the CIA and FBI were following me around making trouble for me the authorities came in 14 miles from the end of the road to tell me I couldn't set up my Tipi in the wilderness."

PUN: "Are you into astrology at all?"

CB: "Yes, you know in Berkeley astrology is common dinner conversation. People are studying it and digging it and now some people are starting to get educated and not just brainwashed. Now people are getting turned on to their bodies and to all J.C. was talking about. Are you a member of the Underground Press?"

PUN: "Sure."

CB: "I'll give you my address, 104 Rainbow Path, box 9051, Berkeley 94719. I'm a priest on the vows of poverty and I've vowed service to others and that's my life work, helping other people, but I don't get paid for it. So like anybody who thinks what I'm doing is worthwhile can contribute by just sending anything they want to the address I just gave you. I have a record album, 'Teton Tea Party with Charle Brown'. Broadside number 305, it's a Folkways album. The liner notes are the best representation of my philosophy I've seen yet. I have an acid test case before the courts in California. Someone had to test the laws about acid use in religious services, and so my spiritual guides saw to it that I was busted. So we put out this press release, it said I smoked grass and use acid and I consider them sacred sacraments, I carry them in a bronze cross around my neck and in a wooden crucifix in my bag. My spiritual guides brought it to pass I was busted Easter Sunday after taking the Easter sacrament of 1500 micrograms of acid. There was some out of sight testimony in my case. The day before my trial I spent running around San Francisco handing out press releases to all the press, and all the press was there when the DA asked me 'Well, how much of these drugs do you use?' and I said different amounts for different occasions. Like the morning before my trial I took 250 mics of acid, 4 peyote buttons and a marijuana brownie. And like the Press picked up on it, and you know there I am on TV stoned out of my head, but I'm not some kind of green monster or anything but I can say like here is a situation that isn't handled the best way possible. It has to be straightened out and what I'm proposing is the most logical solution. That is, legalize acid for religious uses and research uses and those uses only. And like these drugs can be extremely dan-

gerous, but then they can be the biggest spiritual boost known to mankind, used rightly. There are all of these people talking sense about drugs you know. The grass laws are going to be changed in the next session of the Cal legislature. They could abolish all the grass laws today but the public could never accept that. Like my program is to turn on the press so they can work with us."

PUN: "Yeah, the media is going to be their downfall, because like now the people who control the media control people's heads, and they never show them anything new or anything to expand their consciousness, they are trying to keep the people as unconscious as they can, but now the kids are turned on and they listen to the songs and they read the Underground Press papers and they know what's going on, they can see. And the kids can tell true art forms, like they can tell what is real art like between the Monkees and the MC5."

CB: More and more people in the media are turning on and they are starting to experiment and get some art in their work. There is only one way this whole thing could be stopped, and that is if this planet were turned into a bunch of asteroids between Mars and Venus like the planet that used to exist between Jupiter and Mars. Some planets make it and some don't, just like everything else. One thing people have to stop doing is identifying with the body, you are not that body, you are a spirit, energy, you are not your body. That is what Buddha, Jesus and the rest of those cats were telling us. You the spirit are eternal, everlasting. So why soul should you fear death? You get people turned on spiritually and they have no fear of death. Fear of death is one way of making slaves of people. But people are getting turned on to reality now. Who would dream that four of the masters would reincarnate as four funky rock musicians? But 'Seargent Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' is turning on the whole planet of young people. This album is a teaching device. The hippy movement is the most important social movement in this nation's history."

## TOUCH

To touch to touch is all there is, all there ever was. Yet

we are made afraid, distrust what is most to us, spend so much of what could have been

love, constructing an excuse for it, some permissible context, some name, until what is love is

not love is no longer even rememberable, not song, but more like a dove sound, like

that, that pressing of air on the throat. And we are smothered by it, are too much alone. Our song

is skin, we must sing, must touch, it is time.

David Franks

THE WARREN-FOREST SUN--up front newspaper of rock & roll, dope, and fucking in the streets  
AGENTS OF THE SUN--Trans-Love Energies

Gary Grimshaw--artist, layout, and production

John Sinclair--rock & roll editor and Libra figure

Pun--dope editor and interviewer  
Steve "Hawk" Harnadek--fucking in the streets editor

Dave Sinclair--poetry & spurt-scene editor

Barbara & Audrey--circulation, advertising, and dirty work

MC5--musical geniuses

Ron Levine--stone business & notary public

Magdalene Sinclair, Wilson Lindsey, Jerry Bray, Richard Stocker--photographers & hawk-eyes

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Bill Segesta--legal guru and defender of the faithful

Rita, Arlene, Judy, Genie, Cris & Becky--Soul & constant inspiration with a cast of thousands--all of you

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