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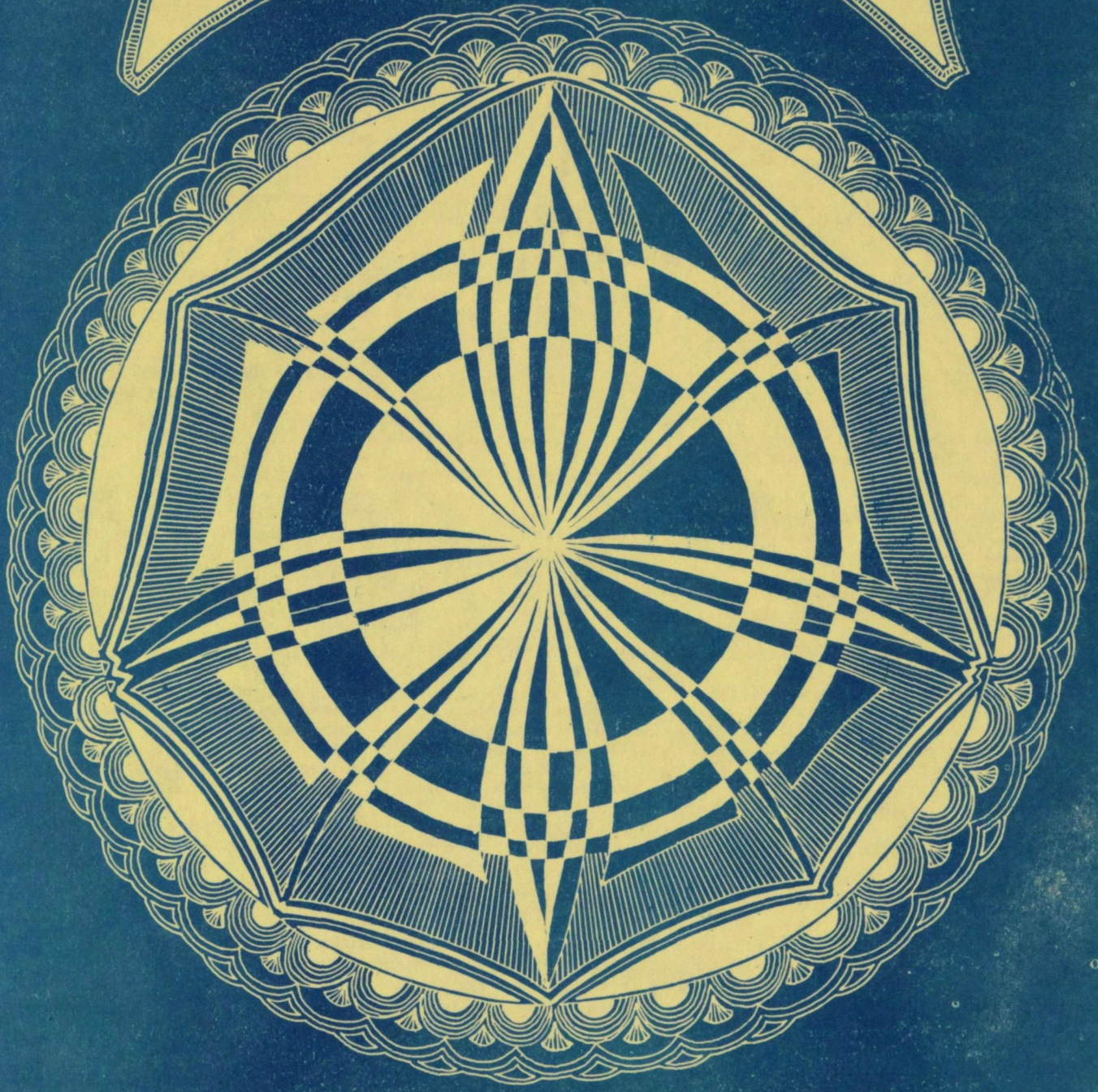
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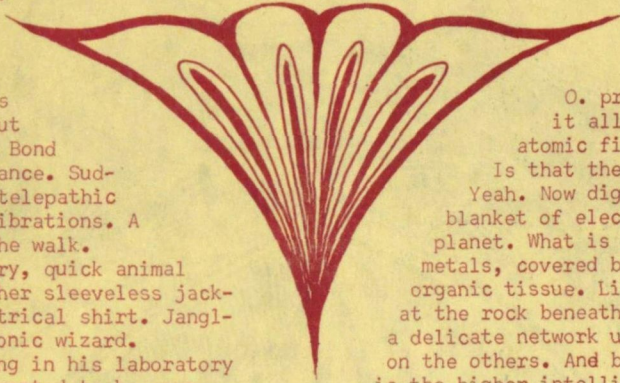
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GOD'S SECRET AGENT

A.O.S. 3

BY
TIMOTHY
LEARY



Rosemary and I had been waiting for him for five hours. He's always and deliberately erratic about appointments. Science fiction James Bond paranoia. Throw off police surveillance. Suddenly I could feel his presence. A telepathic hit. He really does emit powerful vibrations. A Minute later his boots drummed on the walk.

He looked tired, pale but the furry, quick animal tension was still there. Black leather sleeveless jacket. Wide sleeved multi-colored theatrical shirt. Jangling bells. The magician. The electronic wizard.

He had been up several days working in his laboratory and was coming off an acid high. He wanted to be warm.

Rosemary and I built up the fire, lit candles and fell out on a low divan. O. paced the floor in front of us. He's not tall and he likes to stay above his listeners, higher than everyone else, moving while they rest.

He started a three hour rap about energy, electronics, drugs, politics, the nature of God and the place of man in the Divine system. Laughing at his own brilliance, turning himself on, turning us on. Einsteinian physics and Buddhist philosophy translated into the fast, right, straight rhythm of acid rock hip.

The television folk-heroes of today are the merry outlaws of the past. The television Robin Hoods of the future, the folk-heroes of the 21st Century will be the psychedelic drug promoters of the 1960's. A good bet for romantic immortality is God's Secret Agent A.O.S.3--acid-king, LSD millionaire, test-tube Pancho Villa--the best-known of a band of dedicated, starry-eyed chemical crusaders who outwitted the wicked, gun-toting Federals and bravely turned on the land of the young and the free to the electric harmony of the future.

In the daily press the Reagans and Romneys merit the adulatory headlines. The O.'s, if mentioned at all, are denounced as sordid criminals. But the simple truth is that the Reagans and Romneys will soon be forgotten. Can anyone remember which Republicans were struggling for the nomination in 1936?

The mythic folk-heroes of our times will be the psychedelic drug outlaws, the science-fiction Johnny Appleseeds who build secret laboratories, scrounge the basic chemicals, experiment, experiment to develop new ecstasy pills, who test their home-made sacraments on their own bodies and the flesh of

their trusting friends who distribute the precious new waters-of-life through a network of dedicated colleagues, forever underground, hidden, as the mysteries have always been hidden from the hard-eyed agents of Caesar, Pope Paul, Napoleon, Stalin, Johnson and J. Edgar Hoover.

For the last seven years I have watched with admiration these LSD frontiersmen, the Golden Bootleggers, manufacture and pass on the sacraments. Laughing, wild-eyed, visionary alchemists who seek nothing less than the sudden mind-blowing liberation of their fellow man.

First, of course, there was reluctant Albert Hoffman, of Sandoz, the staid involuntary agent mysteriously selected to give LSD to the human race. But this much I have heard. His first LSD trips were deep, revelatory religious experiences. The establishment press tries to tell us that Hoffman's first sessions were accidental and frightening and freaky. The facts are that Hoffman, a spiritual man, grasped immediately the implications of his discovery and initiated a high-level, ethical, gentleman's conspiracy of philosophically-minded scientists to disseminate LSD for the benefit of the human race. His tactical mistake (if, indeed, he made one) was to work through the established profusions, failing to see that a complete revision of social form would necessarily follow the use of his discovery.

intelligent)

O. preaching: Oh man, how beautiful it all fits together. Dig, the first atomic fission occurred in December 1942.

Is that the one in the Chicago squash court? Yeah. Now dig. The Van Allen belt is a thick blanket of electronic activity protecting this planet. What is the earth? A core of molten metals, covered by a thin layer of soft vulnerable organic tissue. Life nibbling away, nibbling away at the rock beneath. All life on this planet is a delicate network unified. Each living form feeding on the others. And being eaten. The Van Allen belt is the higher intelligence protecting earth from lethal solar radiation and its in touch with every form of living intelligence on the earth-vegetable-animal, human.

I laughed. O., you are so orthodox. Our Father who art in Heaven above! I pointed upwards. He really is up there, huh? Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in the Van Allen belt!

O. never listens. O, didn't stop to acknowledge my comment. Somehow he records neurologically what I say and re-programs it and prints it back out to me in endless tapes of electronic poetry but O. never listens.

Now dig, the Supreme intelligence sees that man has rediscovered atomic energy. Wow! We gotta stop those cats before they disrupt the whole living network. The only thing DNA fears is radiation. That's why the Van Allen belt is there.

OK, now get this. Four months after the 1st fission Hoffman accidentally, ha, ha, rediscovers LSD which is now psyche-active. Rediscovered?

Yea, man. Actually Hoffman first synthesized LSD in 1938 but it gave no hit. No turn-on. Now why is it that Hoffman handles LSD in 1938 and nothing happens and then in 1943, three months after atomic energy is released, he puts his finger on lysergic acid and gets flipped out. What happened? Did Hoffman suddenly get careless? Or had LSD suddenly been changed into a psychedelic chemical? Competant chemists just don't change their handling compounds. Hoffman's techniques are standard.

O.'s eyes are dancing and he's laughing and his hands and his body are moving. Now Dig

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10...

Rosemary had made tea and put a red sanctuary light on the gold framed modonna. O. paced in front of us like a newly caged animal. (Rosemary, What kind of animal is O.? Oh, he's furry, warm, nervous, whiskers twitching, ears alert, carnivorous but gentle, like a squirrel, but bigger. Perhaps a badger or a racoon. They are very

JAMIES GURLEY TALKS TO THE SUN

SUN: Let's talk some about the old Detroit, before the days of LSD 25. When did you leave Detroit?

JIM: About 1959.

SUN: What was happening, what was the scene like here?

JIM: It was beatnik, you know, there were just beatniks in those days, I was one I guess.

SUN: I understand you use to live in this neighborhood.

JIM: Yes, I used to live on this street (Alexandrine), in this house or the one next door, I can't remember. Then I spent a lot of time over on John Lodge, in the castle.

SUN: When you left was there any kind of a music scene, were you into it at all?

JIM: No, there wasn't much of a scene, or none that I would want to be into. I was pretty freeky in those days, I listened to a lot of Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, I stoped playing folk music after about six mo. or so, and I never played jazz you dig, 'cause none of the jazz guitarists came on like the horn players. Man the horn players were stone freeks, they were all over the place, blown' man, play for hours, I thought, man that's the way to play music, but the "jazz" guitarists man were going tink, tink, tink, man shit. You know, nobody could get with it till Rock&Roll came along. I was doing shit like that in those days and people were saying "insane, weird" you know.

SUN: Yea, the MC5 have that trouble now, too real or else too loud. Fuck 'Em.

JIM: If people could get hip to the electric thing guitar players could come on like horn players and really play music.

SUN: Is there any more dope?

JIM: There is some in my case there.

SUN: Has any of the group been busted for dope?

JIM: No none of us, we're all pretty straight livers. Clean cut kids. I've been busted here in Detroit, for nothing you know. That's one of the reasons I don't live here, is the cops. They kept me for a couple of days at the 13th precinct, they wouldn't let me call and all that bullshit.

SUN: What do you think about the music scene here, like the MC5?

JIM: They were the only band I really heard and I really dug them. We used to play a lot like that

when we didn't have any vocal, now we have Janis. We'd get up and just freek out for an hour.

SUN: How long has the Holding Company been together, with the personal it has now?

JIM: About a year and a half, we were Big Brother and the Holding Company for about 5 or 6 months before Janis joined the group.

SUN: What's the story on Mainstream Records, they really fucked up your album?

JIM: Yeah, their policy seems to be sign as many groups as they can, but not put out any money. Like they never invested anything in us. They don't do any promotion and they don't pay anyone for signing, but then if your record makes it they got you. Our record got to be no. 60 on Billboard and they sent us the bill for the recording session, \$2,400, man, and they sent us the bill, no royalties or nothing.

SUN: What happened Friday night, you didn't seem to be burnin' as much as you were Sat?

JIM: It was weird, our cords kept fuck'n up, and we had to keep changing cords and every fuck'n solo something would fuck up, and we had to keep fixing shit. We had all our equipment stolen last week in Boston, we played with Blood, Sweat, and Tears and that Friday night all our shit was stolen and then there was just enough shit between the two bands to make it through the night. And then we had two amps apiece and we ended up blowing them all. Here we conly had one amp apiece, usually we have two or three. It's just things like that that fuck ya up.

SUN: How do you like the Grande?

JIM: I love it, it's a great audience, they really dig live music.

PUN: Yeah, Detroit is a very musically turned on city, like a few weeks ago the MC5 played with the Beacon Street Union and the Union came to town with this big promotion package, posters and everyone hoped they would be as good as their PR, and the MC5 blew them off the stage, and the people knew it, it was too bad.

JIM: Yeah, I know what you mean, the atmosphere here there is like it was in San Francisco a year ago. I think it's died down there some, maybe it's because they've been doing it for so long, it's gotten kind of calm out there, they've grown accustomed to that scene. What is happening here is much nicer and much groovier than I thought would be happening.

SUN: What's happening in the future, with records, are you planning to release any soon?

JIM: Yeah, we recorded here, live at the Grande and we'll be recording live the next 4 or 5 weeks, and that

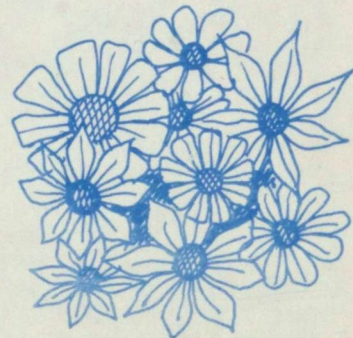


will be on an album. We will be playing in Toledo on March 31st at the University of Ohio.

SUN: Whats happening now in Frisco?

JIM: What happened you know, when all those people came, is well, everyone thought they would split when summer was over ya know, and a lot of them did, but like a month later they came back. It was just like it was in the summer, there was a period of quiet for about a couple of weeks and then all the madness was happening again. Everyone went back to Iowa and Kansas and then everybody remembered why they had left in the first place, and they came back. I understand they've taken over Haight St. and made it into a mall on weekends.

Big Brother and the Holding Company will be back at the Grande sometime this summer we'll sure be watching for them.



THE HEART OF YOUR MIND IS LIGHT

Let me tell you what this means and how to use it. Let it be understood that knowledge without application is not true knowledge. Knowledge (realization/knowing) is practical or else it becomes through misuse or as is more often the case unused a tragic snare. Anything worth knowing is worth using and sooner or later you receive a chance to apply anything you have realized.

Each of us reaches peaks in our own personal development on our journey to perfection. This journey is also known as evolution, the orderly process leading to peace and harmony with the universe. The end of evolution ends in oneness and transcends the thinking processes leaving us absolutely free in the state of pure BEING. BEING. There are many peaks reached in each life but in the entire universe there is nothing that remains static. You can either move forwards or backwards but you cannot remain the same. REMEMBER you as an individual can change the speed at which you are evolving.

What is important is now/ is living/is being open. Open yourself up. I can remember a time not many years ago when all the freaks were in touch with one another. Keeping in touch with smiles when they passed on the street. Everyone's vibrations were more loving. True things aren't the same but this whole underground movement gets farther out of touch with love and consideration each day. We can change that. Unless we all stay hip to smile unless we want to ball someone. The love generation keeps too much love in it's pants and not enough in it's HEART.

Look at yourself with your long hair, your beads, your freaky clothes/as beautiful as those things are they don't make you hip. Hip is of the Heart. It's not the length of your hair it's the depths of your heart...YOUR HEART...

You have so much LOVE and LIGHT in you that you can't even conceive of it. You have the whole MCS in your little finger and that is a lot of energy. You have the SUN in your HEART. Everything exists inside you. GIVE IT UP. TURN IT LOOSE. LET IT OUT. Be the man you can be, be the woman you are.



Live as you were made to live, so simply. You and I create our own problems and we have the capabilities to solve them all. It's absolutely free. The way to solve all our problems is to LOVE/to MEDITATE/and to be OPEN. Don't take my word for it, DO IT.

To open yourself up quit thinking of straight and hip. In their deep insides all beings are equal. Forget all your games, be nice, improve your attitude to all people. Quit lying to yourself and others. Quit thinking of being harmed or of harming others. It takes more guts to walk away than to stay and kick the shit out of someone. You have got to love that cat because he's messed up and he needs your help. Help him in your head by generating good things to him. If enough people think good to him it will eventually sink in. If he can't be a big man you've got to. The rewards are a sweetness in your heart, why don't we sing these words all together, open our hearts and let the music flow. The greatest joys are the simplest things and helping your fellow beings is so very basic, so very beautiful.

Remember how you've closed your mind to the straight world yes you did and so did I. But open your mind back up. Love them because they need your help more than either side realizes. We all need each other. LOVE when you want to hurt. You were born with the will to make your own way. The way to LOVE is to WILL LOVE. The power to will lies dormant in all of us. We can accomplish anything by exercising LOVE and WILL. We can get our love to the people who need it. You can create beauty by becoming the beauty you are. Claim what is yours.

Remember if your heart is closed to others, others hearts will be closed to you. What

does it matter if other beings breath an ill wind towards you? If you do the same back you are not the same as them.

Once Anarchy and I were sitting in the HO-HO INN. Some people we knew came in who were high on acid and though they saw us they chose to ignore us. Ron and I began to talk about acid and openness and how we were closing ourselves off from other people. We made a vow right there to become more open. While we were discussing this a little old colored man walked by (we were sitting in the booth nearest the front door) and he went to the counter for a carry-out. As he walked out he turned to Ron and I and with a wonderful expression on his face he said "I heard what you boys were thinking", then he walked out. Ever since I have placed a great deal of faith in the value of openness. The universe works in surprising ways.

The third way and the way that helps in exercising the other ways is MEDITATION. Not many people know how to meditate. Many people feel

they have not the patience to sit and foolishly waste their precious time, and if they only could be shown how precious their time is. Other people who want to meditate just don't know where to begin. Some simple steps to take are first find a quiet out of the way place where you can go often, away from glaring indoor lights. It's beautiful to meditate in the sunlight. I prefer to sit on the floor with several thick rugs. Be sure to check your posture. The posture of your body effects the posture of your mind, never cross your legs if you find it uncomfortable to assume such a position. It may look nice but you won't get very far when you begin with your legs aching...Now to get down to the mind. Always use the eye mudra. A MUDRA is a position assumed which creates a certain attitude. The eye mudra is assumed by raising your vision to the point between the eyebrows. This mudra helps to increase concentration. You don't need to cross your eyes.

The purpose of meditation is to bring you back into harmony. You eventually learn to still your thinking processes so that you will see beyond duality. When your eye is single your whole body shall be full of light. To meditate you must concentrate on stilling both the body and the thoughts. Later I'll talk about ways to increase your concentration.

SPREAD THE WEALTH OF LOVE

--Jerry Younkins

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ROCK & ROLL CRUSADER

Good music
 Good music good Music--everywhere!
 Detroit is bursting into spring with some of the finest musical vibrations to be felt and heard anywhere. This column had been written two weeks ago but got thrown off track because the printers wouldn't print the FUGGING paper. They don't realize that they can't hold us back any longer, and they better GIVE IT UP NOW or just get left behind in the grave--the old down home Tyrannosaurus of despair.

Coming up at the Grande Ballroom for those of you who dig MUSIC: this week, the incredible FUGS, Sly and the Family Stone, and the MC5, the Rationals and the Thyme, admission 1.50, 7-11 p.m., no age limit whatsoever. The whole age limit thing is not Russ' idea, it's a typically dumb city ordinance that won't let people under 17 dance with those over 17 because they might get fucked or have a good time there. But the Sunday evening happenings at the Grande get around all that anyway. Come on out and come together!

Some of the most beautiful musical nights ever have been on Sundays at the ballroom, starting with a Trans-Love benefit last April that had the whole population of the ballroom up on stage with the MC5 screaming and chanting. This season it's been Canned Heat and the 5 one Sunday, and the Stooges with Blood Sweat & Tears another Sunday, that's really turned the pots on. Last Sunday, the Tribal Stomp, which had the UP smashing the Trans-Love tv set, the MC5, the Odds & Ends and the Stooges again. We spoke of Canned Heat last ish--now it's time for I Iggy Osterberg and the Psychedelic Stooges!

The Stooges are a new Ann Arbor-based band made up of Iggy Osterberg (lead vocal, osterizer, pressure pump, meat chants, and assorted sound assaults), Ron Ashton (guitar), Dave Alexander (bass), and Scott Ashton (drums, oil drums, and other percussion blasts). Their second gig, with the BS&T at the Grande, was such an impressive triumph of modern music that people were sitting there digging them stoned out of their skulls, their mouths open, unbelieving. The Stooges combine

bit
 about the Detroit rock scene as they managed to scare Big Brother somewhat.

the most beautiful stage act I've ever seen

with some really incredible electronic rock & roll meat thump music--their total impact is astounding. I won't try to describe them since you can hear them at the Grande Saturday night with the Fugs. It's always a lot more interesting and a lot more fun to hear a band for yourself--you don't have to take anybody's word for what's happening when you dig it for yourself. Anyway, the Stooges love you, and you'll love them.

The WHO were really out of sight last week. They drew the biggest crowds ever at the ballroom, and did a show that was worth every penny of what people had to pay to hear them. It was the first time in my experience that a major band came to town and DID IT like they were supposed to, and it was as exciting as you can imagine. They do an hour and a half stage show culminating in "My Generation" with Townshend smashing his guitar (he smashed both guitars Friday night, he got so excited), amplifiers going up in smoke, Keith Moon's drums flying all over the stage, and screaming fans jumping for the stage. Their stage presence is total: the Who own the stage when they're on it, and they can't do anything wrong. They don't, either. They play through a string of their hits, commercials they've made, old rock and roll songs (including two things by Eddie Cochran, who they credited as a "major influence" on their music), and everything flows from the minute they come on stage until they smash all their stuff up at the end. And they love every minute of it.

The Who also loved the ballroom and told the kids at the beginning of their act Friday night that they were happy to get a chance to play in a decent setting in Detroit. Their last two appearances here were at the Fifth Dimension in Ann Arbor and at Southfield High School last November, and they also visited this area with the Herman's Hermits show last summer, when they played the Atwood Stadium in Flint with the third billing behind the Hermits and the Blues Magoos (!), so you can really dig what they mean. This time they got the audience that was waiting for them, and everyone came away happy, shaking their heads in disbelief. We'll be looking for you cats again, hear?

Big Brother and the Holding Company were a disappointment to many people here in view of their tremendous P.R. Everyone expected to get their heads blown off but like the Dead when they were here, Big Brother just played good contemporary dance music in the San Francisco tradition, which was a joy indeed once you got over the initial disillusionment. Columbia Records was here recording both Friday and Saturday nights' performances for the band's first Columbia album--they'll record the band's concerts for about a month and then edit the tapes down into an album. Lead vocals and instrumental parts etc. on the album will be live, with back-up vocals and clean up-up work taped in the studio and edited in, according to Big Brother bassist Peter Albin. The band was kind of down Friday night after travelling etc., but smoked Sat. to everyone's delight. As Gurley mentions in his interview in this issue, the band loved Detroit and Grande audience, and were particularly impressed with the performances of the MC5, who shared the bill with them both nights. Friday night the 5 truly kicked out the jams, and they made people think a little

In the recording world, the big news around here is that the MC5's new 45 single, "Looking at You"/"Borderline," will be released Friday the 29th on Jeep Holland's A-Square Records. The recording and package were backed by Russ Gibb and produced by SUN editors John Sinclair (recording & p.r.) and Gary Grimshaw (art direction & design). You will be able to get copies of the record at the Trans-Love Store (2nd & Forest), the Trans-Love store inside the Grande Ballroom, Mixed Media, the Full Circle (Robin Sommers' new store on Cass and Warren), and around town to start with. Listen for the dangerous MC5 on WABX next week! Join the MC5 Social & Athletic Club now! Dig the bands that live in your neighborhood and help them grow.

At last report SRC was recording their album but ended contract negotiations with Capitol Records due to inadequate production allowance and advance bread. Everybody'll get the money when they finally discover Detroit as a rock and roll capitol--and everybody deserves it! Capitol Records paid the Steve Miller Blues Band \$50,000 advance royalties to sign with them, and reportedly have guaranteed Miller \$850,000 over the five-year term of the contract. Capitol also laid \$60,000 on Quicksilver Messenger Service for signing--they need YOU to make the money off of. Now when at last last there's a huge market ket for really GOOD music these fuckers are going to have to GIVE IT UP.

My thanks, and the tribe's collective thanks, to Russ Gibb, financial wizzard and angel, for backing the SUN, the MC5, the Trans-Love tribe, and everything else he helps. We love you Uncle Russ.

PAPER RADIO

FLASH--The big three have merged. SNCC, the Black Panther Party for self-defense, and the Federal Alliance of Free City States have merged and the 3 vowed to take the same position as to the crimes of the United States. The Federal Alliance of Free City States is a group of 30,000 militant Spanish-Americans and Indians in New Mexico. The merger took place at a rally for the defense of Huey Newton who is framed with killing a cop. The Big 3 demand that Newton be set free "the sky's the limit" if he isn't. Stokely Carmichael spoke at the rally and said "I have a plan that will put every Black man in the country to work tomorrow, there is no unemployment in Vietnam!"

FLASH---Stanley Zillfro who was held under \$45,000 bond for sales and possession of grass has been released after his bonds were reduced to \$2,500, it appears that he has a pretty good chance of winning the case, everybody can win, if they fight.

FLASH---Pun and his wife Genie were hassled and threatened last week on Wayne University campus by Detroit police while selling the SUN. Pun and Genie were in front of McKenzie Hall when a police car stopped and an officer demanded a paper. "I told the dude he'd have to pay just like everyone else, it's only a dime." The cops became pissed and made Pun get in the car, he was told that "if you looked like a citizen you would be treated like a citizen." Pun was heard to scream "I don't want to be a citizen, look at me, do I look like I want to be a citizen?" Pun was later released.

FLASH--Trans-Love is interested in farms in the Ann Arbor area, if can hip us to any please do, TLE 499 West Forest, Detroit 48201 or call (313) 833-3166.

FLASH---The Oneida and Stockbridge-Munsee Indians have been awarded \$1,313,472 by the Indian Claims Commission. Their homeland was at one time New York State, in 1822 they were "shipped" to Wisconsin to make room for the white man's afterbirth. Hopefully they will spend the money on bows and arrows to avenge their brothers.

FLASH--An old Navajo woman has won a range war against the federal government. For more than 15 years Jim Joes Daughter, about 60, has refused to budge her roving band of sheep from "public" land, despite threats of trespass prosecution from the Bureau of Land Management, she was rewarded 160 acres. She should get the whole state if she wants it, it's hers.



~ SUNNY IN THE SEA ~



EDITORIAL BLAST

The SUN is a communal effort by the Trans-Love tribe of Detroit and Ann Arbor. It reflects the lives and ways of the people who put it together and carries our spirit. We put out the SUN because we have to--we've all got lots of other things to do but the NEWS has to get out because people NEED TO KNOW. As with everything else we do, the SUN is operated on the barest minimum of money because we don't have any capital and we don't really want any--all we want is enough money to buy the material we need to stay alive and keep working: food, shelter, materials for clothes our women make, dope, records, guitars and amplifiers and saxophones, paper and ink and typewriters and mimeograph machines, etc. We are constantly limited by a lack of money--people see and hear only a small fraction of the creation we are capable of, because it costs so much to make anything!

This issue of the SUN had enough material for 48 pages, and enough imagination and devotion to make every page a total delight, but we are forced to keep it to 16 letter-sized pages because we can't afford to pay for any more. We're lucky to get it printed at all in fact--this issue was ready for the printer, Cy Aaron, refused to print it, and some 7 other printers all turned it down because they can't stand to see the word FUCK in print. The moral heavyweights of our time! After more than a week of looking we found our present printer (whose name we'll leave out so he can do it again), but he couldn't print on newsprint and the cost of a tabloid-sized paper (even just 12 pages) was too much for us to bear so we're here like this, and damned lucky to be here at all.

If anyone reading this knows an intelligent freed printer who would and could print the SUN as a multi-colored tabloid, please get in touch with us at 833-3166 in Detroit, or 761-3223 in Ann Arbor.

We also want to give the paper away freely as soon as we are able to. Starting this issue we are giving it away in the Forest (anyone can pick up copies at the SUN office in the Trans-Love store, 2ndat Forest, anytime) but selling it around Detroit and Ann Arbor because we need those nickels in order to make the printing bill. But when we get enough advertising copy to cover the bills, which should be soon, then we can start giving it away all over, and one of our purposes will've been served. Free means Free Everything, but like your old man would say, we've still gotta pay the bills.

We're also leaving out some of the copy our suburban and high school editors have gathered or written for us, but we'll have that in next issue, God willing. The SUN needs more writers and distributors from Detroit area schools, to turn us on to what's happening in the suburbs and to get the SUN around to kids in different parts of town. So far we haven't had any news of kids getting expelled for dealing the SUN, and if you do, we'll stand behind you with legal help, etc. Besides, if they kick you out of school for something like that, be thankful. Doesn't school suck, anyway? If they throw you out and you don't beg them to come back, they'll be begging you.

Anyway, if you can distribute the SUN wherever you are, please let us know and we'll lay some copies on you to sell or give away. Stop by the SUN office or the Trans-Love Store in the Grande Ballroom on weekends and pick up as many copies as you need. And if something's going on where you are that people should know about bands, dope scenes and busts, authority crackdowns on brilliant students, poetry, artwork, whatever your scene is--write it up and bring it by or mail it to us. This paper is for You.

HOW TO SUBVERT A CULTURE

Here are some short cuts for the do-it-yourselfers'.

First of all recognize no authority, police, parents, teachers, any "respectable person". They are all sick and should be avoided at all possible costs. Dr. Tim Leary says people who are born after 1940 are of a different species than those born before. Don't let a species that will soon become extinct tell you ANYTHING! If you do, you will become extinct with them!

Fuck up the money system as much as you can, every chance you get charge something, burn money, give it away buy guns and poetry books with it, you'll never have to pay it back, it is obsolete now and in a

short time it will be worthless.

Stealing from the rich is a sacred and noble act, steal as much as you can, there will be no such an act as stealing in the New Civilization, it is only in the minds of dying old men who can't get it up. Don't recognize any private property.

Flood the courts with jury trials, if you get arrested for anything demand a jury trial with a state appointed lawyer. If they want to play games, play games so much they can't stand it.

Give everything you have away, share all you have left with everyone, it is the only way you can be really free.

Don't buy or use any worthless products, hair oil, electric can openers make up, bras or any of the other shit they try to sell on TV.

Any money you don't absolutely need to keep you alive at the immediate time should be given away or burned. You can make donations to worthwhile organizations such as SNCC, Panther Party, Trans Love Energies or even some local Rock bands, these can in most cases be deducted from your income tax (if you have any), its better than giving it to the government.

Above all be free, be freeky, blow minds, expand the consciousness of everyone who comes in contact with you, turn everybody on.

DOPE O' SCOPE

SAVE THOSE STEMS

When was the last time you had a really good cup of tea? Well if you should just happen to have a good double handful of marijuana stems you have the main ingredient for the most far-out brew ever concocted. You just take a double handful of pot stems, add a small amount of your favorite tea (for flavor) and boil for one hour in about 1½ qts. of water. Add cream and honey to suit individual taste. Two or three cups of this exotic delight will be enough to produce euphoria mildly reminiscent of LSD. Brownies: Boo brownies can be a real delight if prepared right and pretty hard to swallow if prepared wrong.

The real problem consists in getting the goodies out of the grass so that we don't have to use the actual weed in the brownies. This can be done as follows. Take whatever amount of butter is required in your brownie recipe and two or three ounces of good grass (if you can spare it) and add a pint or so of water. Put the entire contents in a sauce pan and bring to a boil. Continue boiling until water is completely evaporated (this should take more than an hour, if it doesn't, add more water). You will know when all the water is gone as the butter will snap, crackle and pop in the pan. When the evaporation is completed take the buttery grass substance and place it in a cheese cloth, squeeze it through the cloth until only the grass remains. The butter will have a greenish icky look about it but it will also have all the cannabinal (the substance that gets you stoned). Use the treated butter as you would if you were baking brownies in the conventional manner. Eat 'em - you'll love 'em.
Next Ish: GROWNING MUSHROOMS FOR FUN AND PROFIT.

LET'S ALL RETURN TO MOTHER EARTH

Having read numerous articles regarding the planting of seeds I believe the following should prove as effective as any for a good crop. Moisten seeds in water two or three days prior to planting. This will allow the hulls to crack open so that the seeds can take root. Select an area that will be exposed to a great deal of sunlight. Take a pinch of seeds between the thumb and index fingers and push into ground about ½ - 1 inch deep, step off a good 30 inch pace and repeat process until supply runs out. According to Farmers Almanac 1927, 1-1½ pounds of seeds to the acre will yield 300-350 pounds of flower tops. That means that if you choose to smoke the whole plant you should get about one ton to the acre. Another

re-commend-
ed method
is to plant

the seeds in pots and greenhouses; then transplanting the young sprouting plants will ensure their growth outdoors.

One of the advantages of the latter method is that it allows the farmer to plant potted plants in the cold months, transplanting as soon as the ground thaws sufficiently, thus giving the weed a longer growing season. In any case the plants should be allowed to grow as long as possible. For instance, plants planted in early April should not be pulled until late Sept. or October. This ensures a higher quality grass.

MALE & FEMALE

There are many conflicting opinions regarding the male and female plants.

However, it is generally agreed that for a higher grade of marijuana, the male plants should be separated from the female as soon as their sex can be determined. The male can be identified by his larger size and white flowering tops as opposed to the yellow flowers of the female. It is said that both male and female species are smokable but the female in an unpollinated state is by far superior to the male and well worth the extra work and sacrifice.

Curing the plants is done much the same as curing tobacco. The plants should be pulled (not cut) to preserve the plant resin and hung for at least two weeks upside down in a relatively moisture-free environment. It is preferable to maintain a 75-80 degree temperature while curing but not altogether necessary. Sheets or other materials should be placed

underneath the curing plants to catch seeds, pollen and resin that may drip or drop from the plants. (A great deal of hashish

can be gathered this way.) Two weeks should be the minimum curing time. A month or more is considered desirable.

The first 8-10 inches of the plant should be cut away upon completion of the curing process. This is the best quality grass and consists mostly of flower tops. (The higher up on the plant the better the grade of grass.) The rest can be cut and graded as desired. If bricks are wanted the grass can be placed in a cinder block compressor (a little bit of sugared water will help to bind it together and it won't spoil the grass).

PLANT!

Plant those seeds in any case. We owe it to ourselves and our fellow men to give back to mother earth some of that which we have taken from her so that others may partake and enjoy the fruits thereof. Planting seeds is an act of faith in the planet that has given us life and an act of love for the people that dwell on this planet with us.

BEWARE: Again
BEWARE:

Again some of the undesirable elements of the old dope world in its never-ending quest for wealth have been capping up a substance known on the patent drug market as Asthmador. The chief ingredient of Asthmador is Belladonna and if swallowed in large enough quantities can cause heavy sickness and possibly death, both of which are very bad highs. most of this is being passed off as psylocybin, natural mushroom, etc. It is usually capped in OO (double O) caps and the story is that two caps equals one dose. The trip is expensive and in most cases a bummer every time not to mention a potential danger to your physical health. Psylocybin in itself is really great and I personally recommend it to everyone. Swallow it, smoke it, it's beautiful. Just be sure you know your source.

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...IS HERE. Whether we want it or not, whether we know it or not, it's where we are right now. It's the machine world, a place made of iron, steel, formica and smog, held together by epoxy glue, sheet metal screws and the combined efforts of several billion people.

Its creation lies somewhere in the dim past when man first saw himself as a being set apart from the plants and animals around him, when his ever-growing ego told him that he was no longer a part of but something greater than the natural environment. Then the forest no longer clothed, sheltered or protected him and he became aware that he could create his own environment, an artificial, manmade one. His cave, with a fire at its entrance became the first survival machine, designed to protect him from the wind, the rain, the sabre-toothed tiger, the mystery of the universe and finally from direct contact with the land.

Through the centuries since then, each generation has modified, added to and built into this survival machine a little more protection, until now the substitute concrete jungle is more meaningful and real to us than the natural one. The cave with its fire has grown into a gadget-laden fortress with an ICBM at the door. It has grown into a place where work has become more or less routine and meaningless, where the rewards are paper and gadgets, where we labor full time to produce labor-saving devices and satisfaction, where fulfillment comes from the sound of those small bits of paper piling up and up...

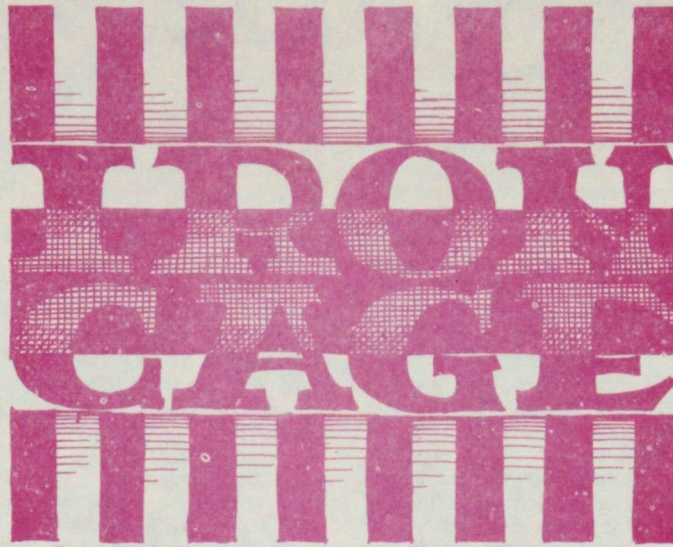
Here in this man-made place we are not allowed to be human, for man is a creative animal and the machine world denies us more and more the right to be creative in our personal lives, demanding that our creativity be directed only to improving the machine. While it supplies us with the tools to explore different ways of life, it demands that we conform to a machine-made world image.

This is a world of the store and the gas station. The store supplies us with the necessities of life and when we are lost, we go to a gas station to find out where we're at and where to go. Tomorrow if the store should close, we would die. We have forgotten how to feed ourselves. We are fast forgetting how to find our own way, and it is making us into cripples.

Occasionally we peer out into the forest and marvel at it, but only for a moment. When night approaches we hurry back to the machine, disappear into its warm stomach where we are slowly being digested.

This thing threatens not only to make us into something that is less than human, but to destroy itself as well. Its technology is being used for producing more bullets than books, more rules than rights, more napalm than poems. More and more it is being used for killing people. Our survival machine is becoming more of a threat to our existence than the natural world was or ever could be.

We dropped out of the natural world a long time ago and created this iron cage. Now we must drop out of the cage. We haven't dropped out by wearing beads, long hair and leather boots. We've still got the fillings in our teeth, the smog in our lungs, the vaccine in our blood



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and the traffic signal in our heads.

We must really drop out. Stop depending totally on the store and the gas station and start depending on ourselves, on what's inside of us, not what's inside a can. We must begin living out of ourselves and not off welfare or government programs or hand-outs or the garbage cans of the machine world.

If we are going to drop out, we must have something to drop into and we have to create it ourselves. This, friends, takes a lot of work and imagination. First to free ourselves from our present dependent state, ween ourselves from this iron breast, and then more work and imagination and involvement to create another environment, both inside ourselves and outside.

We say we want involvement, real involvement. Well, creating this environment demands involvement, deep involvement and commitment. It is the only way it's going to happen. It's not going to happen by itself and no one is going to do it for us.

Now commitment means giving up some freedom and to many of us are afraid of losing this freedom. Frankly, this is bullshit, because this fear will only lead us into the brave new world of 1984. The most uncommitted thing in the world is an amoeba floating in a pool of slime, committed only to the random push and pull of his environment.

But the reward for commitment is involvement and the opportunity to create an environment that satisfies our human needs and also allows us to live like human beings--like what we are--like people.

For me, the beginning of this environment is a return to the land--perhaps a sort of farm--but not the machine kind of farm with a quarter-million dollar implement investment which kills more than it creates-- raising soybeans, subsidies and artificial scarcities and surpluses, but a new kind of place, a doorway into the natural world, a place of beauty that flows into the real environment, is a a function of it, a part of it, a place that is esthetically satisfying enough so that we don't have to take a vacation from it, a place where we can discover what our real needs are and where Madison Avenue - created needs will dis-integrate--a place where we can dis-

cover, where we grow plants, a animals and, most of all, people.

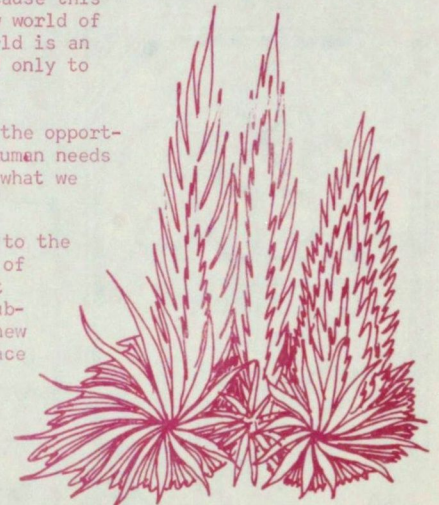
Here for instance, we can become creative in establishing a relationship with the animals that is not the sick situation of immobilization and force-feeding which turns the animal into an extension of the machine or the sicker situation of making them pets, taking away function to make them slaves to us, as perhaps we are becoming to the machine.

Rather, we would have a positive building-growing situation that contains an honest give and take relationship--not only with the physical environment of plants and animals but also with the people, a place that would allow those involved to produce goods and services for each other at something less than the 400%

or more producer-to-consumer mark up. Here we can create products to satisfy a real need rather than an artificial one created by the grey flannel machine. We can redefine the product, the package and the format to both reduce costs and open new areas of awareness and involvement for both the producer and the consumer. Here we can produce a creative leadership situation that leads somewhere as opposed to the static situation that exists, in which one person says do this and this and this, holding a carrot in front of our noses--to motivate us.

We must demand that leadership come from each individual to produce a dynamic situation. The resulting total involvement will produce both great mistakes and great ideas--and lead us not onto the merry-go-round of gadget superseding gadget, planned obsolescence and finally the machine superseding people, but into one where we cooperate to produce a way of life that is an extension of our real needs.

We can become free to be involved--creative and independent in an environment made for people to live in, not a machine for people to die in. Wells



GOD'S SECRET AGENT

A.O.S. 3

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2 —

Now dig. The atomic fission in December 1942 changed the whole system of energy in this solar system. The higher intelligence decides to make a few simple changes in the electronic structure of some atoms and ZAP! we have LSD an incredibly powerful substance that is the exact antidote to atomic energy. People take LSD and FLASH! They get the message and start putting things back in harmony with the Great Design. Stop war. Wear flowers. Conservation. Turning on people to LSD is the precise and only way to keep war from blowing up the whole system.

Hoffman's plan was to persuade square psychiatrists and medical researchers to use LSD. But, of course, it never happens that way. The respectable researchers were afraid. They didn't get the point. So the first far-out, messianic apostle-chemist of the psychedelic age was a rum-drinking, snake-oil-fundamentalist-bible-belt-salesman type named Al Hubbard. Like O., Al Hubbard is a legendary, being the scene operator whose brilliance was deliberately shielded behind a veil of rumor. This much is known. In the 1950's Al Hubbard was turned-on to LSD and not the message at once. He had made money in uranium mining during the forties and saw the connection right away (Do You) Then this incredible shaman playing the role of an uneducated coarse, blustering, Roman Catholic hillbilly boozier proceeded to turn-on several dozen top sophisticated scientists and show them the sacramental meaning of LSD.

When the medical associations complained about non-medics dispensing drugs Al chuckled and bought a doctor's degree from a diploma store in

the south for fifty dollars and as Doctor-Tongue in cheek Hubbard was accepted admiringly by Psychiatrist Osmond, Scientist Hofer, and Aldous Huxly and philosopher Heard and even Sidney Cohen of UCLA. Al Hubbard was the first psychedelic tactician to see that supply-control of the drug would be a key issue in the future so he kept up a mysterious schedule of procurement-distribution flights. East Coast-West Coast-East Europe-West Europe, bargaining, wheedling swapping to build up the first underground supply of the most precious substance the world has ever known. The current retail price of LSD \$20,000 to \$50,000 a gram. A million dollars a an ounce.

Hubbard's plan was to have a chain of medically approved LSD clinics throughout the country. It was a brilliant Utopian American-businessman stroke of genius and would have, among other things, ended the threat of war on this planet but Hubbard failed to realize that spiritual revelations and Buddhist Ecstasies were the last thing that the medical associations and government bureaus were going to approve, and the International Foundation for Advanced Studies, his pilot clinic in Menlo Park California (which turned-on several hundred of the most influential people in the San Francisco Bay Area) was ruthlessly closed by the F.D.A. in spite of its impressive psychiatric and medical credentials. So Al Hubbard dropped out, disappeared and was re-incarnated in the new form of Dr. Spaulding.

It was a grey, cold, winter day in 1962. Dick Alpert and I took the day off from Harvard and flew in Dick's plane to New York. Dick's father was President of the New Haven Railroad and the cop under Grand Central saluted as we got into the huge black Cadillac, with the license plate NHRR, which was equipped with two-way radio and an extra set of wheels to run on tracks.

We headed south to visit a chemical factory. Going through the water-front-mafia section of Jersey City I had to laugh. Two Harvard professors driving in a black limosine thru the dark slum-city to score drugs which would change the world. In the wood-panelled conference room of Sandoz Laboratories the top pharmaceutical executives laughed uneasily. We are a medical drug house. How can we market an ecstasy pill to be used by God-seekers? The Vice-President grinned. Let's say LSD isn't a drug. Let's call it a food and bottle it like coca-cola! The company lawyers reflex frown. As a food it still must be licensed by the F.D.A. and they think medical.

The conference was a failure. They were sympathetic but weren't going to lose their AMA--FDA respectability by releasing LSD to the public. We shook hands and Dick said, "Well gentlemen we'll have to do your marketing for you. We all laughed.

One of the crew-cut executives escorted us down to the car. On the elevator he suddenly pulled a pill bottle out of his pocket and shoved it in my hand. "I've taken LSD. I know what's happening. Here's five grams. Don't say where you got it. Use it wisely."

Watch the SUN for the saga of A.O.S. 3 Gods own secret agent to be continued in next issue.

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Fill their stomachs,
Calm their wills,
Brace their bones
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