

SUN BOY



NOVA



LAUREL



TRANS-LOVE ENERGIES

TRANS-LOVE ENERGIES UNLIMITED is a cooperative of artists, musicians, craftsmen, and hippies in general which was formed two months ago to get people together and get them there on time -- wherever they're going!

Generally Trans-Love exists to make things better for people, by putting them in touch with people who can help them and make them happier than they already are. The organization handles bookings for rock&roll bands, light companies, and other performers, distributes books and magazines for the Artists' Workshop Press and other independent publishers, posters handbills and flyers from Warlock Studios, LEMAR literature, and performs a number of other community services on a non-profit, cooperative basis. Included in the organization is Trans-Love Airways, a fleet of cars and buses designed for use by people who need rides around town, to the airport, etc. All Trans-Love community services are meant particularly for those in the hippie community who have no money or visible means of support. Trans-Love believes generally that people should be taken care of by those who have the means to take care of them, and we do our best to help whoever we can when they need help. We have no money and don't really want any for ourselves, but we do need all the help we can get-- donations of money, materials of any kind, cars, typewriters, furniture, clothes, tools, office equipment, and anything else will be gratefully accepted and distributed and put to use by people who can use them.

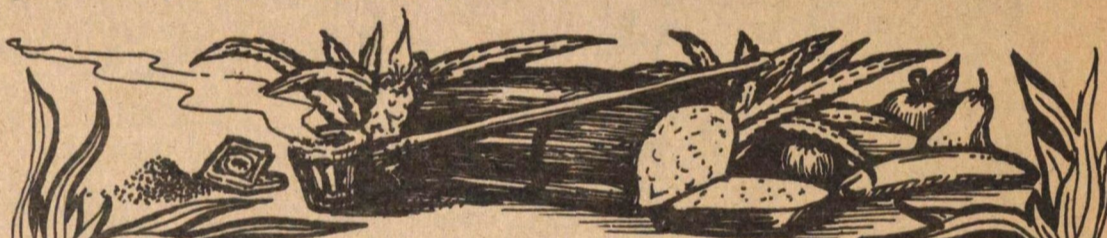
Among the projects planned by Trans-Love are job, housing, and travel information services, which will match people up with jobs, apartments and houses, and transportation when they need it. Also being set up is a psychedelic information and trip center, which will help educate people about marijuana and LSD and give proper guidance to those in the community who want to try acid, have procured their own, but don't know how to go about taking it.

All these services are being coordinated by Trans-Love Energies, and information can be obtained by calling our central number -- 831-6840 in Detroit. The Trans-Love offices are at 4857-63 John Lodge, Detroit 48201, and a Plum Street TLE Station is being planned for the immediate future, which will be located at 937 Plum, 1st floor.

The LOVE-IN today has been organized and publicized by Trans-Love Energies Unlimited, but it is sponsored by you and you alone, as are all TLE functions. You can get news of coming TRANS-LOVE events by reading THE SUN or the FIFTH ESTATE, Detroit's community newspapers, or by calling the TLE office.

Members of Trans-Love Energies include the MC-5, Billy C. and the Sunshine, the Seventh Seal, and the Family Medicine Chest and the Back & Back Boo Funny Music Band (rock), the Detroit Contemporary 5 (jazz), The Magic Veil Light Co., the Artists' Workshop Press, Warlock Studios (posters, handbills, and artwork), Detroit LEMAR (Committee to legalize marijuana), Mixed Media,

the House of Mystique, and the Skin Shop (stores), Cleage Printers, the FIFTH ESTATE and THE SUN (newspapers), and thousands of individual hippies in the Detroit area. Bookings for the bands and light shows, posters and advertising work, small printing jobs and other community services can be arranged by calling Trans-Love at 831-6840 any time.



WELCOME

"is that feeling you have when you finally do reach an awareness, an understanding which you have earned through struggle. It is a feeling of peace. A welcome feeling of peace."

--John Coltrane

WELCOME.

Please come in and have a seat with us. Break bread. Yes. Sit with us, hold the hand of that human being next to you. Yes. You have come a long long way, we can see it in your eyes. And the way you stand, the human grace that marks your movements, Yes. Welcome. We have been waiting for you. It is time you came to us. Yes. It is time for all to come. It is a time now when all can come, to sit with us, to sit with us in peace. You have come through the hardest part, and you know it. Yes. You can feel it. You wear it in your cells. Yes. Please, break bread with us. A little rice. And pass the pipe there to your friend. Yes. And now we will sing, we will sing together, we will sing the song of our lives,

Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

Yes

Yes

YES

Yes

Yes

YES

Yes

yes

yes

Yes

YES

John Sinclair
(last section of MEDITATIONS)



BANANAS

"Wholesome and then-some!"

Eliminate paranoia! Get high legally! Smoke bananas! Thousands of turned-on hippies all over the country are rushing to their neighborhood stores and boosting the economy by snapping up all the bananas in sight!

The craze seems to have started in San Francisco, naturally, and was brought to Detroit by word of mouth over a month ago. The word of any new high spreads rapidly, and at presstime prices in the 3rd Avenue-Forest neighborhood are at 19¢ (George's) and 21¢ a pound (Sharkey's) and rising. Chiquita Banana stickers are turning up everywhere, and the United Fruit moguls are reportedly smoking banana cigars as they count up their profits.

THE SUN first heard the banana gospel from Chuck Keen, a wandering young Ann

Arbor poet, returning home from SF with the Mellow Yellow vision. 500 copies of his poem "Everyone can become stoned" were printed up and distributed in Ann Arbor, and before a week was up even the Detroit Free Press was hooked. Science writer Boyce Rensenberger did a front page feature article on the banana phenomenon in Ann Arbor, and Detroit parents took notice.

Articles in the Village Voice, the LA Free Press and the Berkeley Barb have clarified the issue and made available sure-fire methods of preparing bananas to get the maximum high. From the LA Free Press comes this recipe:

RECIPE FOR ONE POUND OF BANANADINE POWDER:
Get 15 pounds of bananas and scrape off the insides of the peels. This will take one

person per hour to finish. Put peeling in pots, add water and boil for two-three hours--until you get a solid paste.

Spread on cookie sheets and dry in oven for about 15 minutes. Final product is a fine black powder.

A simpler recipe calls for scraping the insides off the peels and drying them in a slow (200°) oven until dry. Then pulverize the scrapings and roll them up in joints or stuff them in a pipe and smoke the result. The high is a rough equivalent of the buzz you get from heavy dark green grass.

Beatniks tryin' to make it rich have formed the Mellow Yellow cooperative in SF and are marketing the yellow paradise in "beautiful psychedelic nickel bags" of 100% pure
(Continued on page 11)

THE CRUSADER



Big news for rock freaks: the first Grateful Dead album is out, from Warner Brothers records, and what is important about the record aside from the music is that the Grateful Dead didn't kiss anybody's ass to get the record made. They just dropped a lot of acid, played a lot of dances at the Avalon and Fillmore and everywhere else around the SF Bay area and waited for the record companies to come around to their terms. Which they did. And the music is not that out-of-sight, either. They just refused to have anything to do with the whole plastic rock&roll scene and ended up beating them at their own game. In the early days of the band Owsley Stanley, the SF LSD king, was the band's manager, and none of them was at all interested in being any kind of rock&roll plastic star. So when they finally signed a contract, they demanded total musical and production control, and they got it.

This is interesting in light of the changes the MC-5 has been going through lately. Their first single, just released, was produced by their so-called manager, and the result was a typical big-beat side that makes them sound like all the other teen bands on the top 31. Why don't they sound like the MC-5 on the record? Because some greed-head decided that he didn't think their real music would sell, and after all, that's what the music's all about to him. It's time for bands to start standing up and refusing to record anything but their best music--then we'll have a real music scene. Otherwise it's just Dick Clark all over again.

And even Dick Clark refused to associate himself with the Andy Warhol faggot legions at the super mod wedding change at the Fairgrounds last fall. That was the only interesting thing that happened there, when Dick Clark--the plastic middle-aged teeny-bopper himself, told the kids that even he wouldn't have anything to do with the campys.

The latest big promotion to rob the kids of their money took place at Cobo Hall last weekend--the Teen Fair, designed to sell all kinds of garbage to the kids who were drawn there by lots of live music. One encouraging sign came when the MC-5 refused to let the Fender and WKNR people turn their equipment down to a volume level of 4. The MC-5, who operate at full electronic power at

THE SUN is a Trans-Love production put together as a community service for the people of Detroit. You are holding it now in your hands -- dig it. If you have any news or any questions, come to THE SUN offices at 4863 John Lodge (at Warren), Detroit 48201. Or call us at 831-6840. We are here to help you. We love you.

EDITORS: Gary Grimshaw & John Sinclair. ADVERTISING & PROMOTION: Bryan Collins, Noel (Skip) Cooper, Norm Weingarden.

CIRCULATION: Don Moye & everyone else. STAFF includes Emil Bacilla, Rob Tyner, Jerry Younkins, Magdalene Sinclair, Michael McClatchey, Jim Semark, & many others. Why don't you join?

all times, just walked off the stand. Blew their minds. The money people aren't used to having some kids tell them what to do, and they'll keep fucking over people as long as the people let them.

A lot of good music is going down at the Grande, but there's still too much plastic for our souls to bear. Down with plastic! Back to bodies and blood and heart! Let the rock "stars" play at the Mump or the Rockwood Inferno, where they belong. When you go to hear a band, make them play. You won't get anything unless you make it happen--unless the musicians are there before you, and then they'll pass it on to you.

We don't know what happened, but the current Southbound Freeway record is not on the Swan label, like the last one, but on an independent label--which looks like a good sign. They seem to do most of their own promotion, and the record seems to be "making it." It's called "psychedelic used car lot blues" and runs down the way the merchants and money-grubbers are gobbling up people's money by dealing all their shit as "psychedelic" and all that. We like it. Those people have to be exposed. Keep tuned to The Crusade. We might not get everything we want all at once, but WE'RE GONNA GET IT!

THE SUN will rise every other week throughout the year. THE SUN will get you there on time. Fly Trans-Love Airways.

Subscribe to THE SUN if you like it. Send \$2.50 for the next so many issues--that'll make sure you get it in the mail for as long as it comes out. We don't have enough money to print as many as we'd like to, so if you subscribe you'll help us make more people happy. Send money to THE SUN

4863 John Lodge
Detroit, Michigan 48201

Community businesses: You should be advertising in THE SUN so people will know where you're at. Rates are cheap: \$1.50 per column inch for display ads, \$65.00 for a full page. Etc. Classified ads or the equivalent: 25¢ a line (approx. 5 words). ALL ADS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE. We need the money to pay the printer. Or you can just give us the money. We need it. This is America. We work for free, but the printer can't. Call us at 831-6840.

MUMPS

A MEMBER OF TRANS-LOVE ENERGIES, DEALER OF T.L.E. PRODUCTS
WARLOCK STUDIOS GRANDE POSTERS, SUN,
ARTISTS' WORKSHOP PRESS BOOKS, LEMAR
LITERATURE, AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.

BEST RECORD STOCK AROUND
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, GRATEFUL DEAD,
LOVE, DONOVAN, SUN RA, CECIL TAYLOR,
COLTRANE, ETC.

209 CASS

871-9236

FLASH

As of presstime three high school underground newspapers are operating, much to the chagrin of the school "authorities." At Cass Tech the Southhampton International Times (SHIT) has recently changed its name to YELLOW, no doubt due to the increasing popularity of bananas. Copies can be got at the Fifth Estate of SUN offices. At Grosse Pointe High, the Kulchur Kult has out three issues of Kulchur and will be sponsoring Kulchural events in the Grosse Pointe area. The first major event, which was to be held in mid-March, was canceled out by the GP War Memorial people due to a call from the GP High principal warning them that a convicted dope fiend (John Sinclair) had been contracted to speak there. The Kulchur Kult will emerge again with a music/poetry happening at the Euphoria Coffee House, Kercheval and Lakepointe, Saturday night (the 8th. of April), at 8:30. And at Mumford the ELEVATOR will start to rise in a week or so, with what its editors feel will be automatic expulsion from school for themselves as a result. Anyone who's ever seen a sanctioned high school newspaper will know why these young people are putting out their mimeographed rags. But the kids are OK. Check these papers out. Start one at your school. High school students who have material and want to start an independent newspaper at their school can contact THE SUN for information, printing, and other hints on independent publishing. We will be happy to help you. The Fifth Estate, in conjunction with THE SUN, has called a conference for underground newspapers, including high school editions, which will take place early in May. Watch for news in the next SUN. The conference will deal primarily with the actual process of printing and distributing underground newspapers of all kinds, and of course will be free to all who want to attend.

FLASH

The genius American pianist-composer CECIL TAYLOR will make his first appearance in Detroit at the Detroit Jazz Conference this weekend. His first appearance will follow the introduction to the conference by Jerome Cavanagh (!) at 1:00 PM SATURDAY APRIL 8, in the Community Arts Auditorium at WSU, where he will perform with his maniac energy quartet featuring Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Alan Silva, bass; and Andrew Cyrille, drums. If you've never heard Cecil Taylor's music before you'd better do it now while you have the chance--he might just leave the planet before you get another chance.

At 1:30 PM SUNDAY APRIL 9 the Quartet will perform again after an introduction by poet A. B. Spellman, whose book, Four Lives in the Bebop Business, including a section on Cecil Taylor, should be read by everyone interested in any way in the music industry. A. B. will speak on the "Roots and Aims of the Current Revolution in Jazz."

The other musical event of interest at the Conference will be a performance by Charles Moore's new Detroit Contemporary 5 at the Sunday night concert, likewise in the community Arts Auditorium, at 8:30 PM. You may have to sit through some terribly unexciting music, but it'll be worth the wait to hear the DC-5.

There may be trouble getting in to the concerts--the Conference was advertised as requiring advance registration, but last-minute at-the-door admissions may be possible. If they don't want to let you in, demand a seat. The music is yours.

FLASH

A 1960 Pontiac is being offered for sale by Joe Mulkey. \$150. Top shape. Call Trans-Love.

FLASH

Billie C. and the Sunshine blues band need work. They have really got it together and want to be heard. They are poor and need money jobs. You can contact them through TLA

FLASH

Looking for cheap used but useable electric bass and amplifier. Call Emil Bacilla at TLA. Any other unused musical instruments can be put to use by our musicians. Also p.a. equipment, a record player or components, and other good things. Call 831-6840.

FLASH

On Tuesday, April 11, the Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam will sponsor a screening of the documentary, SONS AND DAUGHTERS, a ninety-minute feature film about American youth. The two showings will be at 12:30 pm in the Mart Room, WSU, and at 7:30 pm in the Kresge Science Library at WSU. Donation is \$1.00. Also shown will be "Eye Witness of North Vietnam," a film by journalist James Cameron, and other pro-Viet Cong flicks.

FLASH

The first record by the mighty GRATEFUL DEAD of San Francisco has just been released on Warner Brothers records and is available at MIXED MEDIA, 5704 Cass at Palmer in Detroit. Cover by Mouse! Cop yours today!

FLASH

The Seventh Seal, a very forward new energy rock band from Ann Arbor, is also very much in need of money gigs. Its members are very poor and as a result make very beautiful music. Hire them for your dance today! Call Trans-Love right now!

FLASH

Money needed urgently. We will do work for you and take your money honestly, or will happily accept donations no matter your motivations. Trans-Love needs you! You need Trans-Love! Send money!

FLASH

The Sun needs angels, backers, subscribers, people with money to donate to energies who will USE it well. Really. All this stuff doesn't come to you for free, even though you get it that way. We have to pay for it, and we don't have any money. Give it up!

FLASH

The Sun also needs advertising salesmen, typists, distributors, and other helpers. If you want to deal THE SUN in your neighborhood contact us. We'll fix you up. Kids! Make money in your spare time. Etc.

FLASH

A benefit for Senator Roger E. Craig was held at the Grande Ballroom last Sunday, with music donated by the Seventh Seal, Billie C. and the Sunshine, the Back & Back Boo Funny Music Band, the Gang, and the dangerous MC-5. Because nobody told anybody who Roger Craig is or what he does, not many folks showed up. What a drag. Senator Craig has recently introduced legislation in the Michigan Senate calling for the removal of marijuana from the state narcotics statutes. He will hold off on the bill, however, until action is taken on a bill presently under consideration, sponsored by Senator Basil Brown of Detroit, calling for a reduction in minimum sentence for "sale of narcotics" from 20 years to 5 years, which would help a little if you're a criminal. For grass smokers, however, it ain't much of a respite. Senator Craig's bill will be held back possibly for a year and

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DOPE-O-SCOPE

Stop children what's that sound
Everybody look what's goin' down....

The police are getting very scared and are trying to salvage their tenuous position by busting as many young people as they can get away with. Dope-O-Scope will try to keep you informed on the latest bust news around the city and around the world. Stay tuned in....

Bayard Blessing, 21, busted on the humble by a nurse at Receiving Hospital's emergency Room after a city shrink and three cops were called to the boy's parents' home and Bayard agreed to undergo a "half-hour" psychiatric examination. Tiny amount of marijuana allegedly found in Blessing's pocket, and Blessing chained to a cart for four hours before being examined by a "psychiatrist" at Receiving. Arraigned on possession charges Monday, March 13, remanded to Wayne County Jail until March 23 without bond upon father's pleading that no bond be set so the kid wouldn't hurt himself. Held in Wayne County Jail March 13-14-15 and sent to Lafayette Clinic locked 4th floor ward from the 16th to the 23rd. Reexamined March 23, Judge Samuel Olson, and finally released on \$500 personal bond. Pre-trial examination scheduled for May 24. Bayard Blessing now in Lafayette Clinic on a "voluntary commitment" and will possibly stay there until the May 24 court hearing.

Bob Rubian, of the Bulging Eyeballs of Gautama Light Co., seized near the 5th Dimension Club where he was working lights with the New Generation. Rubian and two girls were standing in a gas station area behind the club, accosted by two plainclothesmen in an unmarked car who dismounted and followed the trio around to the front of the club, where Rubian was pushed up against a car and searched. A miniscule amount of grass was allegedly found in Rubian's pocket. Rubian was never arrested that night but taken to the station and questioned by Ann Arbor narcos. Released that night, Rubian was finally arrested the following week and charged with possession, arraigned and presumably released on personal bond. Pre-trial examination was set for April 5. Rubian's attorney is Bill Segesta, who was contacted through the action of Detroit LEMAR. An interesting "legal" point in this case: Michigan's infamous constitution permits illegal search and seizure prior to arrest if the search results in dangerous weapons or narcotics. Under Michigan's nineteenth-century laws marijuana is still being called a narcotic. Too bad Bob doesn't have a few thousand dollars to challenge the constitutionality of the statute, but that's the law in a rich man's land.

Douglas Waddingham, 19, a former student at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan, was finally picked up in New York City on one of the weirdest warrants we've heard about in a long time. Dated November 10, 1966, the warrant was never served on Waddingham while he was in Michigan, and the police claim he was evading them all these months while in fact he had never been notified. The warrant was sworn out by a Waterford Township Police officer who is now no longer on the Waterford Force but works as an Oakland University toy cop. Police and Oakland County officials claim that they have three affidavits signed by former

Oakland students which claim that Waddingham sold them some marijuana. THE SUN has learned at press-time that there may be no physical evidence! Waddingham was seized in New York City and extradited, arraigned on the sales and possession charge and held in the Oakland County Jail in lieu of \$15,000 bond, an insane figure, all on March 29. Pre-trial examination is scheduled for April 5th, when Waddingham, still in jail, will be represented by Bill Segesta, who was contacted through LEMAR. Waddingham obviously needs money and could use anything you can send him, c/o Joseph Brynes, c/o THE SUN.

Dan Moorman and George Van, both students at Grosse Pointe High School, were arrested by Grosse Pointe Park Police in late March and charged with sales and possession of marijuana. Van had been contacted, over a period of a month, by a WSU student working with the Detroit and Grosse Pointe Park narcs, who offered to buy a can of grass for \$50 because he was just starting in the business and said he could get rid of it at Michigan State University. A short-count can of parsley and catnip was dealt him by Moorman and Van. Agent reported that he had had the stuff analyzed at a lab at WSU (which he claimed to have climbed into through an open window) and knew that it wasn't any good, but "I got rid of it anyway and want some real stuff this time." Van apparently pressured Moorman into copping for the cop again and made an alleged sale in front of Hayden's Funeral Parlor, where the agent said he worked. Van and Moorman were picked up the following day on the street in Grosse Pointe, taken to police station and given a real tv-style "3rd degree," promised all sorts of leniency and dismissal of case if they would help police bust the man they bought from. But even these Grosse Pointe kids were hipper than the Lovin' Spoonful and refused to cooperate. They were arraigned and released on personal bond pending examination sometime in the near future. Detroit's sensational "newspapers" picked up on the story, with names, and managed to ruin their effectiveness as possible freelance police agents even before they could give in. An interesting note here too: The student-agent-James Bond-type has been identified as "Mike Ference," 5'11", 150 lbs., short black hair, hornrimmed glasses, a WSU student and driver of a brown and white 59 Ford with a missing front bumper. Watch for him, and all others like him....

A group of Livonia High School students were reported arrested late in March, but THE SUN has been unable to contact them or sources near them for information. If you would like to get your story in Dope-O-Scope or need information on legal possibilities, contact Detroit LEMAR or THE SUN, through Trans-Love Energies, 4857 John Lodge, Detroit 48201.

In the strangest arrest of them all, Ann Schott was arrested at her apartment in the 700 Prentis building the last week of March, by police agents who gained admittance to her place by claiming they were looking for a missing young lady from Livonia. Once inside they began snooping around and spotted what is claimed to be a roach somewhere in the room. Continuing their search, the agents could find nothing and warned Miss Schott that if she didn't turn her stash over they would tear up

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THE NARCOS AND YOU
 or
 EVER NOTICE HOW MANY
 BUSTS WE'VE HAD LATELY?

If said person is a fink, any info he gathers will be HARMLESS, rendered unreliable as he has violated your rights to privacy, etc., in taking advantage of the love and trust offered him....

SO BREATHE, puff, drop, shoot up and/or FREAK FREELY.

LET'S GET BACK TO THE WORTH-WHILE THINGS IN LIFE.....

THE SCENE GROWS adding beautiful life, colors, love, trust and a cute wonderfulness.... pleasure is in the open, but not everyone cares for it.... Hidden cleverly among the light of ecstasy, the joy(s) of HIGH and the turned-on electronic note is your friendly neighborhood FINK (with his special drag blending in) who, by taking advantage of love and trust will turn friendliness into "information leading to criminal prosecution".

WHEN WILL YOU GET BUSTED FOR TRUSTING SOMEONE?

IN THE MEANTIME we grow fearful and paranoid, expecting THE MAN to come out of the walls with the blue fascists, LAW & ORDER, the alcohol and payoff freaks coming to take you away....

DON'T FLIP!!! RELIEF is on the way!! NOW YOU CAN FUCK THE FINK! Follow the simple directions below:

IF YOU THINK you are talking to an informer, force him to lie about his police connections by asking these questions (before a witness):

"Are you a police officer or a police agent?"

"Are you a police informer or informant?"

"Are you a participant observer, seeking to develop information for use in criminal prosecution?"

"Are you an employee, either regular or special, of any government agency conducting an investigation of possible violations of any criminal laws?"

"Have you ever been employed by the government in any of the above capacities?"

GET A DEFINITE NO FOR AN ANSWER.

AFFIDAVIT OF NON-VIOLATION OF PRIVACY

1. I am not a police officer.
2. I am not a police informant.
3. I am not a participant observer seeking to develop information for use in prosecutions of violations of criminal laws.
4. I am not an employee, regular or special, of any governmental agency seeking to develop information for prosecutions of criminal laws.
5. I am not a private investigator seeking to develop information of a confidential nature.
6. I have never been employed or engaged in any of the above positions on a regular or special basis.

I voluntarily sign this affidavit under penalty of perjury.

(date) _____ (signed) _____

(date) _____ (witness) _____

APRIL 14 - FRIDAY

WEEDS

CHANGING
 TIMES

SUN-GUYS

APRIL 15 - SATURDAY

ONE WAY

STREET

ZEPHYRE

GRAND RIVER AT BEVERLY,
 ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF JOY.
 YOU MUST BE 17. ADM. 2.50

GRIMSHAW

The interview with SUN RA, the master musician & prophet, was originally taped & edited by John Juerrilla in December 1966 for place in the lower east side apartment in New York City where Sun Ra and his 10-piece Arkestra live and work communally. Sun Ra's music can be heard on The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra, Volumes I & II (ESP-Disk 1014 & 1017), and on 15 albums on his own label, Saturn.

JS: I guess we can start talking about the planet....

SUN RA: Well, the planet is in such a bad condition that it's inexpressible. It was bad enough, but now it's got worse. They're not sure about their religions, they're not sure about their politics, they're not sure about education and philosophy, they're not sure about anything...so you've got complete confusion.

JS: Utter Chaos....

SUN RA: They had utter chaos, then ultra chaos...it's knocking on everybody's door. In the past things came and knocked on a few people's doors, but this is a different age. It's like the atomic bomb, it knocks on everybody's door. That makes a different story. Everybody's involved.

JS: I don't think everybody's caught up in this chaos, I mean I think we both know people who have got something to offer. Instead of that.

SUN RA: Yeah, they got something to offer, but can they do anything about it? That's the problem. Just to have something to offer isn't enough now. So many men and women have come around with something to offer, and some of them became successful, but that doesn't mean anything. Maybe success meaning that they were recognized by the masses or by the rulers, one or the other, but they really don't have any power to retain any success. They're here today and gone tomorrow. If they would come over into another environment or another planet, they wouldn't be successful. And most of them are caught up in their little bags, in their own little thing, and I call that an eternity--they're over in a cycle, an eternity, a circle...so they stay over in there, because there's comparative safety there--seemingly. And they stay over in there until some unknown force strikes the surface and

snatches them out of there and they disappear--they're not on the planet. So they really didn't make it. Real security means you have protection, I'd say, forever. Even people with guns and all that, like policemen, they don't have any security...something'll snatch them away too. They talk about protecting a state or a government, but they can't even protect themselves. There's something knocking at everybody's door, and it's not to be denied. Governments know it...because people are changing, a lot of people are getting so they just don't care, you know, something is happening but they just don't have any go-it-iveness or initiative. So how are you going to rule if you have people like that? If you got people who don't care? Sp, actually, the rulers on this planet are in trouble. And I sympathize with them. The people are slowing down more and more, and they're changing every day. So it's gotten to that point now...and this is where a lot of musicians don't really see it. They got their new music, and their new thing, and that's nice, that's a thrill, but what's going to happen after the thrill dies down? What good's the music if you don't have people to play it for? When you got people who are hopeless, it's contagious. So many of the musicians are seeking to escape from all that, I can see that, and for a long time the musicians could escape--but now they're faced with something else. They got to change the way they write, they got to change the way they play, and of course it comes down to strict discipline. The people have had freedom, but they really haven't done anything. So I'm not really talking about freedom, I'm not even interested in it, because that doesn't help anybody. The only freedom they'll get is over in a cemetery; then they'll be free. It's a scientific truth: people are only free when they're dead. It's a balanced equation. And they're always talking about peace--they'll get that too, when they're dead. So actually, if I was ruling, I wouldn't let the people talk about freedom, I wouldn't let them fight for it, I wouldn't let them speak of it... I wouldn't let them talk about peace, I wouldn't let them picket for it, I wouldn't let them have anything to do with peace. Because the whole thing is very simple: they're free when they're dead, and they're at rest, and at peace when they're dead. It actually says so: rest in peace. So when the United States be talking about peace, it's talking about death. They mean that kind of peace. And when the people

got a Prince of Peace, the Prince would have to be Death. Of course, this is another kind of mathematics I'm doing...it's something that they can see if they'll just go and look in the cemetery. There's a lot of people out there--it's a city, they got more people out there than they got on the planet walking around. And they are showing you what peace is. Because they at peace--final peace, definite, absolute peace. Nothing disturbs their peace. Now they're free, too--and nothing bothers their freedom. They're free to be dead. I've had a lot of difficulty trying to tell people that they should investigate that peace and that freedom, because what I'm trying to tell them is too incredible to be true. They say that truth is stranger than fiction, but I know one thing--I balance my equations, and I balance them scientifically, and I know that that's the main thing bothering this planet. It's come out in the



open now--the only country that's causing all the wars is the one talking about freedom and peace. They got all that power--the power of peace and freedom...and equality. The only equality they got too, is that all of them die. I notice that all of them don't have the same amount of money, though, or the same amount of opportunity --so it's not really true. I know I never had some opportunities that I should have had--I never had them--probably because I wasn't interested in them. Too limited.

JS: You say you've changed the name of the band from the Myth-Science Arkestra to the Astro-Infinity Arkestra....

SUN RA: Well, actually I didn't change it--that's just one of the dimensions. Because when I play sometimes I use "Myth-Science"--I've got some songs that come under that-- and then I had some under

the Solar Arkestra...and then I got the Astro-Infinity--and all of them mean different things to me.

JS: Other Planes of There....

SUN RA: Yes...all of them are based on these other planes, which is actually...I mean I think people need them now. They should be trying them out, see what'll happen. In fact they're gonna have to--because I might be on Jupiter or Mars by then. Because I'm not stopping my program. Now I got the Solar Arkestra, the Myth-Science, and the Astro-Infinity--and soon I'll have something else. I'm just like a university--I've got my different courses set up--and they deal with things that are going to be beneficial to people. But it's not religious, like some people are saying--I'm not the least bit religious, I'm not interested in that. Because churches don't do anything but bring people...peace. What I'm talking about is discipline --that's what people need. All of them need that. Instead of dissipating their energies and striving for things that will never be, they need to discipline themselves so they can do something beneficial for people. But they keep talking about peace. Like I say, the only time they'll be peaceful is when they're dead--they'll look very peaceful then, and they'll BE very peaceful. Now, my contention is that some people or some intelligence has fixed up words for people, and they got a choice of what they want. There are some words that sound very bad, but they are very good for people. And there are some words that sound very good, but they are very bad. And this is what is really happening on this planet--it's very simple. Some intelligence set up words, and enticed the people to be part of that word. They set up civilizations, churches, educational systems, all based on words. You can see that something is wrong--and if something is wrong, it must be the educational system and what it teaches them to think. It's in the political system, and the religious system, it's even over in the science department so to speak.

JS: What does the music have to do with this, then?

SUN RA: The music...a lot of musicians are ideal, they're in tune with the earth, they're in tune with the people --please the people--they please the people or please the rulers. They're the ones who've got the money. They're playing what the people want, or what they say the people want. But these musicians are

really quite afraid--afraid of stepping beyond tradition, into something that would require new ways of thinking and new ways of action. However, they're not afraid to go out there in space and all, like the astronauts... because it's necessary in these times. And it's necessary for people to keep agitating for peace, and to keep killing each other like they do. That's the main thing about science, that it's set up to find new ways for people to kill each other. And yet I used to think that was so bad...but now, after looking at people, the more I see them I'm not going to condemn them for eliminating each other--not any more I'm not --not when I see what they are. I thought they were very nice and true and spiritual and it hurt me to see them doing what they do. But now it doesn't bother me, because I'm involved with my other planes of discipline. I'm trying to discipline my self --I mean my other self, because I'm not too worried about my self. Because they teach you not to be selfish anyway, not to think about your self. So I think about my other self--that's the self that's never really had a chance. The music that I'm playing, that's my other self playing. And that disturbs some people because they never gave that other self a chance. The natural self. So that's my natural self playing. And it's very serious--a lot of people think they can just come on this planet and do what they want to do, be what they want to be, and there's no repercussions whatsoever. But that's not true. It's not a matter of having no hell--this is hell here--but it's just a matter of, eventually you reap just what you sow. Whether it's good or bad. You set up something, and then it starts to happen. It's like when I started studying, I wanted to find out what was happening on this planet. Then I found out that it's in a worse condition than I ever dreamed of, and I didn't want to have anything to do with it. But since I had set that up as my objective, I can't avoid it.

JS: How did you start studying?

SUN RA: I suppose it started back when I was going to Sunday school...and I just didn't feel like going there. I liked to walk around with my friends in the sun and talk and see each other.

(continued on page 11)

(Editor's note: the following document was brought to THE SUN by one of Detroit's most notorious former amphetamine-heads. With the recent sad influx of what seem to be limitless quantities of amphetamine crystal into the city, and the first use of the drug by many young hippie we are hoping that maybe this testimony will show some of these people where the amphetamine change takes them.)

Who I am is not important. I write because I feel that I have a story to tell which may prove to be of significant value to those who read it and accept it for its true value:

I am one of the few adjusted, rehabilitated, and painfully enlightened ex-addicts of the amphetamine drugs (classified as a "dangerous drug" which, along with the barbiturates, has been the object of federal legislation towards controlling their unauthorized distribution into "black market" channels).

At the age of 17 I joined the ranks of the "off-beat" university area hangers-on who live on and around the campuses of our larger urban universities,

Shortly after my unspoken acceptance as a "hipster" I was introduced to pot (marijuana) on a non-pressure basis. Through cautious and extensive research (I was still a neophyte and therefore skeptical and a bit wary) I learned that this drug was neither harmful nor habit-forming, so I partook freely,

The well-worn concept that the "kick" of pot soon becomes unsatisfactory is a fallacy in my eyes, but due to the fact that marijuana is illegal and dealt with on the same scale (legislatively) as the opiates (or totally addicting drugs), one who uses marijuana cannot help but find himself exposed to underworld users and traffickers in "heavier" drugs.

In my own case, I was introduced to the dexedrine tablet as a "booster" for the pot high, and also billed (as an added attraction) as a "high" which offers unbounding energy, all-powerful all-capable mental attitude, and, to top it all off, the ability to stay awake all night at the parties and jam sessions without having to spend precious change on such frivolities as food and nourishment. At this stage, a five milligram dexedrine tablet taken orally in the evening was sufficient to keep me buzzing and active for the better part of the next twenty-four hours.

Shortly, however, I discovered that in order to obtain the same



results I had enjoyed from one tablet, I now needed to take two or three. About this time I shipped off to a small liberal arts college in mid-state. I commuted to Detroit frequently to replenish my supply of pot and pills.

Less than one semester after my admittance to college I was arrested by state narcotics detectives, jailed and expelled from school. The outcome of the trial left me with a fine, probation, and a psychiatric examination. I returned to the city, held several short-lived jobs, and finally became dissatisfied with my lot. Shortly, I found myself on my way to New York City and the coffee-house district of Greenwich Village,

While singing in a coffee-house I met another singer who was raised in New York and knew the ways of the city. He had a needle and some tiny white crystals which I was told were pure amphetamine and a "real trip" if I dug getting high. "You know those dexies you pop in your mouth once in a while? Well, this is what they're made from and the jolt of this in your mainline would make one hundred dexies seem tame!" "It's wild!"

"Do me up!" was my reply, and before my arm was clean from the blood where the needle had gone in, I was enraptured with such a rush of stimulation that made me decide right then that it was the thing for me.

I brought him to Detroit with me (along with a sustaining supply of the drug).

My life evolved into an insane, frantic twenty-four-hour-a-day existence of drugs, and when I wasn't shooting up I was cleaning my dropper and needle or talking dope to other users or seeking a source of supply so as not to be caught without it.

When employment came I reveled in my victory of getting a six-night a week job worth two hundred dollars a week. However, by this time my habit had grown to astronomic proportions, not primarily from a tolerance to the drug (which grew at a frightening rate) but from an obsession with the needle and the

act of shooting up itself. I had become masochistically obsessed with the act of giving myself an injection. Of my \$200 income per week I spent \$100 to \$150 on drugs,

My weight had dropped from about 200 pounds to 145, and I avoided my family and "straight" friends like the plague.

I wore a beard, sunken cheeks, sunken dilated eyes, and needle marks from biceps to knuckles on both arms. I slept possibly six hours once every 3 or 4 days and can hazily recall periods of time ranging from 5 to 12 days without sleeping a total of 20 minutes during this living-dead period. Sometimes in order to sleep I injected myself with from 3 to 15 grains of sodium secobarbital, a strong sedative which is dangerously addictive.

So, here I was at 145 lbs. and dropping, malnutrition, totally out of contact with reality, psychotically obsessed with my need for amphetamine in order to continue functioning, and in a position where life was nothing but one continuous "high." I was totally irresponsible, irrational, incoherent at times, and was so obviously strung out on drugs that one glance was enough to introduce suspicion in even the most naive mind.

However, this was all below me and passed my consciousness without recognition. I was content.

Presently I became so amphetamine-oriented that I began eating and sleeping regularly while still maintaining the incredible dosage of approximately 1500 milligrams of amphetamine per day.

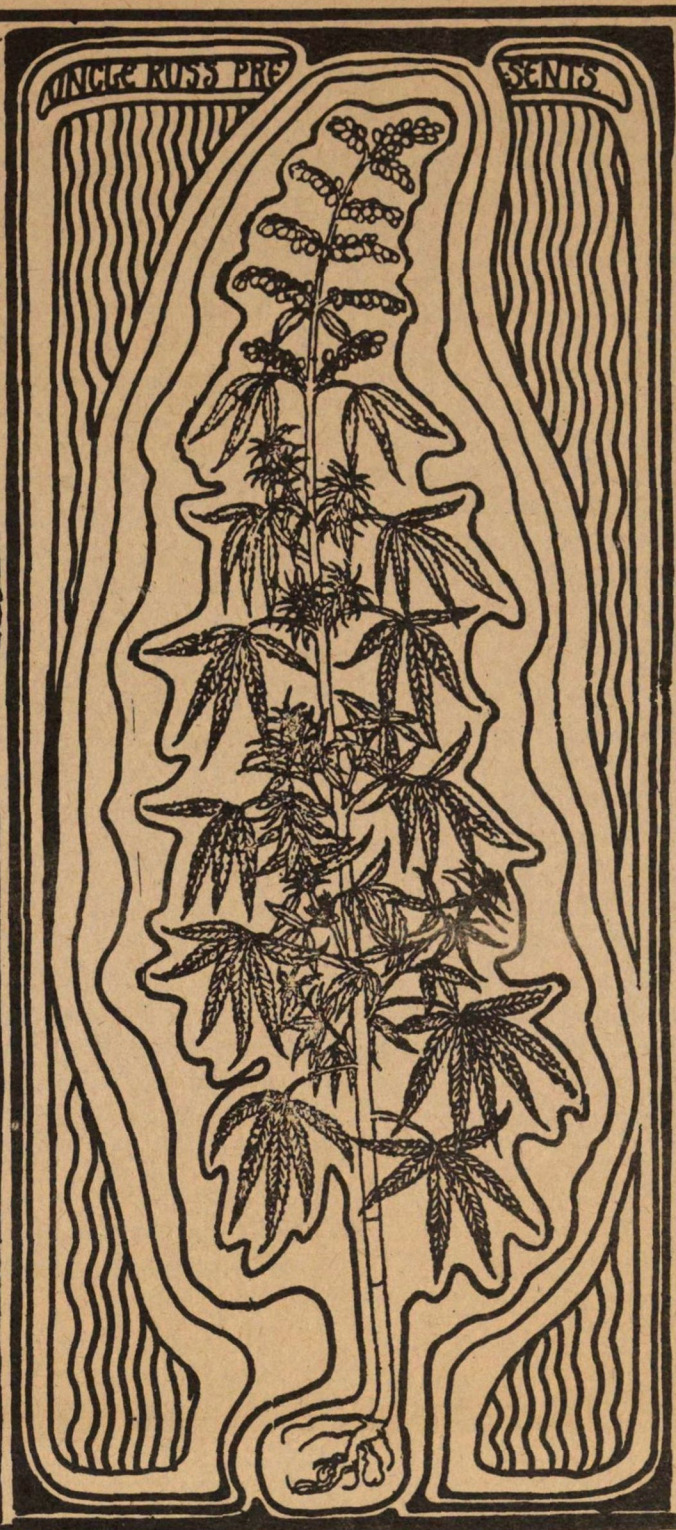
I needed it: I depended on it wholly. Without it I was in a panic until I found some source from which to get it.

I found myself being worshipped and idolized by maverick youths who, just as I, wanted to be exciting, intriguing, accepted members of the "underworld dope society!"

In my stupor I proudly explained the drug world and gave nearly a dozen now-dying addicts their first taste of the macabre world of the mainliner.

What is important is that the young people--too many of them--are turning on to amphetamine without realizing what awaits them. I hope my own case can serve as an example to let them know what they're getting themselves in for when they start playing around with "speed" and its fellow drugs. Not many of us make it back from that nerve-shattered world.

"Signed" D.C."



FLASH

then pushed--hard, we hope. Thanks to Uncle Russ for setting up the benefit and donating the use of the Grande. One major hangup: the Seventh Seal had a bunch of equipment either destroyed or stolen as a result of leaving their equipment overnight in the Grande and leaving before the other bands had left. If any musicians stole a p.a. amp, a bass strap, a set of mallets, and/or a fuzz-tone from the Grande last Saturday night, please give it back to the Seventh Seal. What a drag. And they say consciousness expansion is on the rise.....

FLASH

A number of free tickets to the Grande Ballroom are being made available to indigent hippies through the Trans-Love agency. Apply at TLE offices. Only those with no money need apply. Thanks, Uncle Russ!

FLASH

A new Detroit band, the Back & Back Boo Funny Music Band, is looking for a drummer and a rhythm guitar player. The band has been through five drummers already because their music is too demanding for the run-of-the-mill plastic rock & roll drummer. Anyone who wants to play some music can contact the band through Trans-Love, 831-6840.

FLASH

Trans-Love Airways is looking for more cars and buses to join its fleet. Anyone interested in helping transport people to and fro on a love basis can contact TLA.

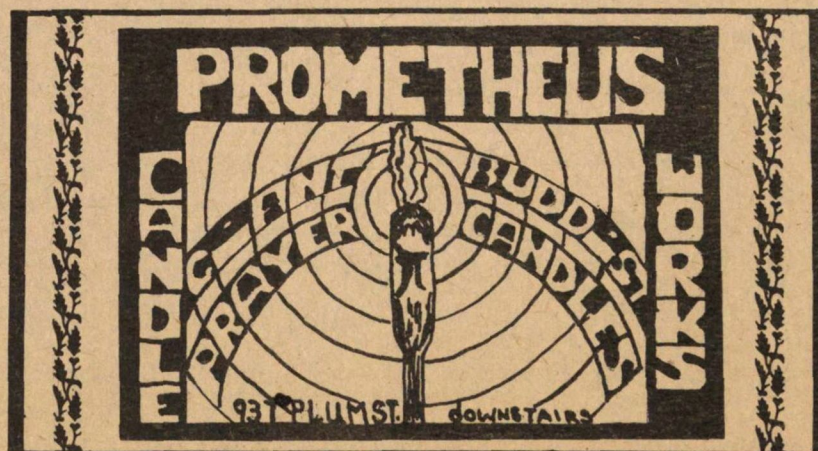
Photography equipment, including an enlarger, needed for TLA darkroom cooperative. If you rich photographers have any usable old equipment laying around in your basements, call us and we'll come and get it.

FLASH

Overhead and slide projectors needed by the Magic Veil Light Co. They don't have any money for equipment but are doing out-of-sight work with lights. If you can help with projectors or money get in touch with Jerry Younkings or Ron Anarchy through TLA.

FLASH

Trans-Love needs a couple desks, rugs, couches and chairs, tables, mimeograph paper and equipment (ink, stencils, etc.), cars, trucks, and and all kinds of other materials. If you have anything you want to get rid of, don't give it to the junkman but call TLA for quick pick-up service.



DOE O SCOTT

her house, Ann, scared out of her wits, then handed the cops some suspected marijuana. She and a companion were taken to 1300 Beaubien and held for over two hours in interrogation before being allowed to call for an attorney. A search by friends turned up friendly Bill Segesta, a fellow-resident of Miss Schott's apartment building, who represented her at her arraignment the following morning, where she was charged with possession of marijuana and released on a personal bond.

While in the interrogation room Miss Schott was questioned repeatedly about her connection with John Sinclair and the Artists' Workshop, asked if she read the Fifth Estate, if she listened to Sinclair, told that Sinclair was responsible for all the marijuana and dope traffic in the WSU area and that marijuana led only to heroin addiction and prostitution. Miss Schott managed somehow to maintain her cool and told the cops that they should be so lucky to have Sinclair running everything--that, in fact, no one listened to him but smoked grass on their own and had for years. She was also questioned about her religious affiliation, sexual practices, and other other seemingly unrelated subjects, which led her friend to ask if they were being arrested for possession of marijuana or for living as they do. Police reacted with their usual chagrin.

Miss Schott's examination was held April 3rd, when she was bound over for trial by Judge Donald S. Leonard, a former Detroit Police Commissioner. Attorney Segesta challenged the method of obtaining the evidence in the case, but the old cop on the bench dismissed Segesta's questions as irrelevant.

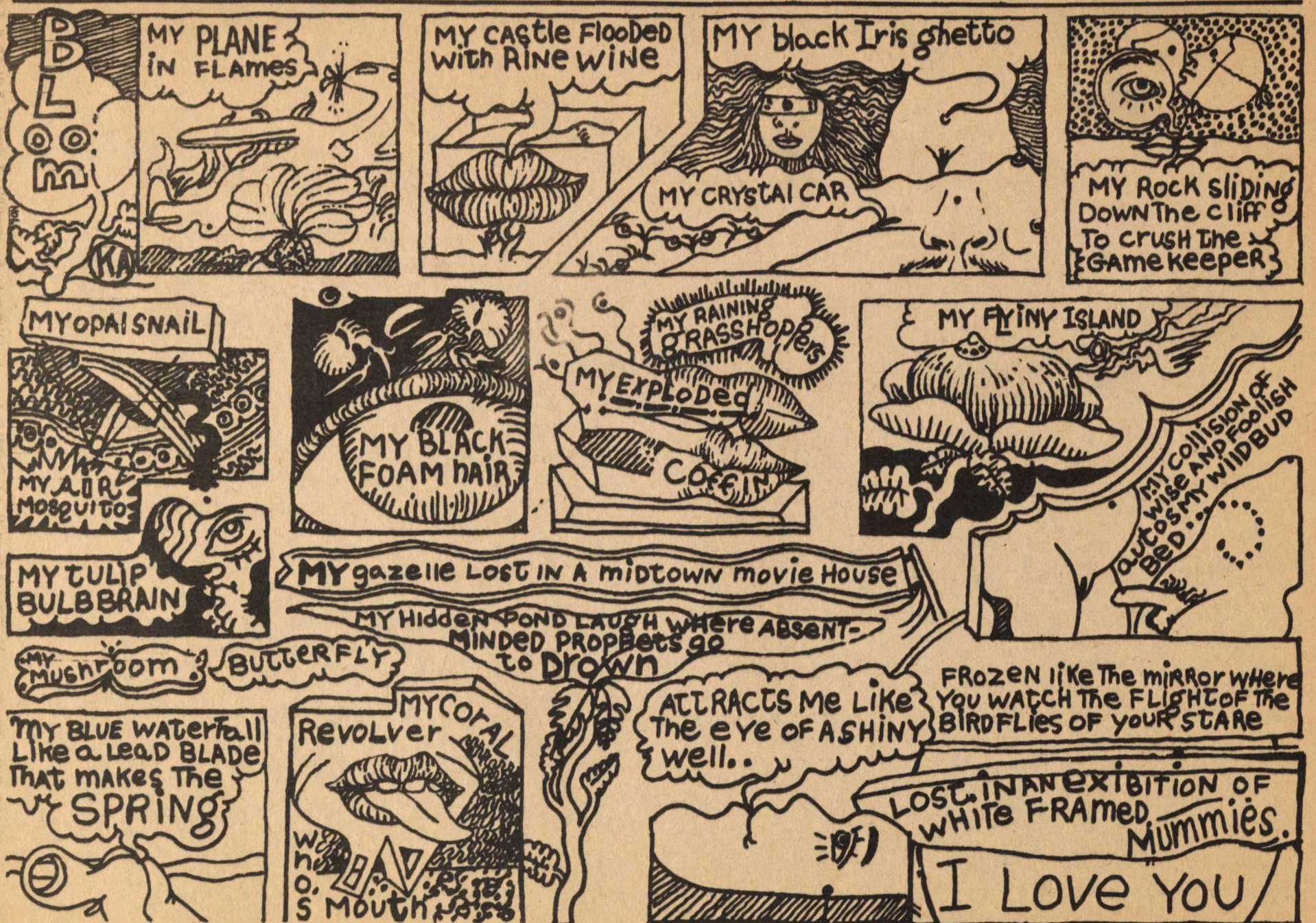
"It don't matter how they got it, and what was she doing with the stuff in the first place," was Leonard's predictable opinion. After a five-minute hassle with the judge, Segesta was able to get Miss Schott's bond continued at \$500 personal, and no trial date was set. The charge, possession of marijuana, carries a sentence of from 1 to 10 years in the state penitentiary.

In other developments, THE SUN learned that Miss Schott's friend, Janice Smith, who was arrested with her the 29th of March, was warned while being questioned by police not to get a lawyer or try to raise bond for Miss Schott. When she refused to promise that, she was locked up again for another three hours. Miss Schott was also told that raids on 700 Prentis and a neighboring building, the Beethoven Apartments, are being planned, so all residents there are duly warned.

San Francisco poet Jim Thurber, arrested for possession of marijuana in Laredo, Texas, has been released from jail on personal bond and is being counseled by a "public defender." Anyone who can contribute to the Jim Thurber Defense Fund will help him get expert legal advice so he won't have to go to prison. Contributions should be sent to Doug Palmer, 2920 Harper, Berkeley, California.

If you know of any recent busts, or information on current cases, and would like to make some particular shitty facts known, call the SUN at 831-6840 or stop at our offices and give us your story. And Narks: Your ain't got much time left--you better bust everybody Now while you still can.

The bust scheduled for the weekend of April 1-2 was just a stupid April Fool's joke it seems. Everybody who was to be busted, or thought they might be cleaned up his home and prepared for the worst, which never came. Too much information leakage from Narco headquarters? Beware, we have our agents working too, you fools!



SUN RA

That's what we'd do--play hookey from Sunday school and walk around in the sun and talk--three or four of us--I felt happy then, being outside of school, because they taught the same thing every year--it was like a commercial thing--never anything else. I never learned anything in school--just repeating words. The people in the school were nice--they were nice people--but there was just something wrong. I kept on feeling that wrongness, and something kept telling me it was wrong. Then I had to really study, read a lot of books. Then I went to college, and that was interesting too, read a lot of books there, but the men who taught me didn't prove anything. The point about it was, if there wasn't a god, then people wouldn't die. I came to that conclusion, that the only reason people died was because there is a god, and the only reason people are suffering is because there is a god. The way I look at it, the way people die proves that something is killing them--something superior to them always wins.

A superior force. So death is a god, if nothing else, and all people are subject to it, so death's their god. They aren't actually subject to the United States or Russia or anything, they're subject to their god--Death. That's very obvious. The point is, having reached that point, what to do about it? If they ever reach that point. Should they be obedient to the god Death or should they be rebels? Because if they're obedient to God and are righteous, then the most appropriate thing to do is to die. Then, when they're dead, they're holy and righteous.

JS: What happens if you rebel?

SUN RA: If you rebel, then you move over into uncharted paths and...and of course they won't like it. What would God look like if his subjects were to rebel? But you don't have nothing to lose--because you don't have anything anyway, really. I don't see anything Death gets people--might send them some flowers, but they can't even smell them. The only thing it offers them is...absolute peace. It's so ridiculous to say that everybody has to die--it's a waste of time--people with magnificent minds, magnificent talents, why can't they keep on and on and on? Because it doesn't even make sense that they shouldn't. That's what I'm talking about in my music--All my music really has happiness over in it...and people can listen to it and get that from it.

(To be concluded in the next SUN)



collage by Jerry Younkens



bananadine powder for \$5.00. Hippies are being put to work scraping bananas and boiling them up and drawing bag designs and shipping the powder all over the country. If you don't want to hassle scraping your own bananas, send \$5.00 to MELLOW YELLOW, 2277 Hayes, San Francisco 94117.

The banana high is perfectly legal. Bananas can be smoked anywhere with no fear of getting busted. They are non-addictive, natural, and harmless. And what's best, they can get you zonked out of your skull. Smoke one today!



SUN RA

THE DIFFERENCES

Sometimes in the amazing ignorance
I hear things and see things
I never knew I saw and heard before
Sometimes in the ignorance
I feel the meaning
Invincible invisible wisdom,
And I commune with intuitive instinct
With the force that made life be
And since it made life be
It is greater than life
And since it let extinction be
It is greater than extinction.
I commune with feelings more than
prayer
For there is nothing else to ask for
That companionship is
And it is superior to any other is.
Sometimes in my amazing ignorance
Others see me only as they care to see
I am to them as they think
According the standard I should not be
And that is the difference between I and them
Because I see them as they are to is
And not the seeming isness of the was.

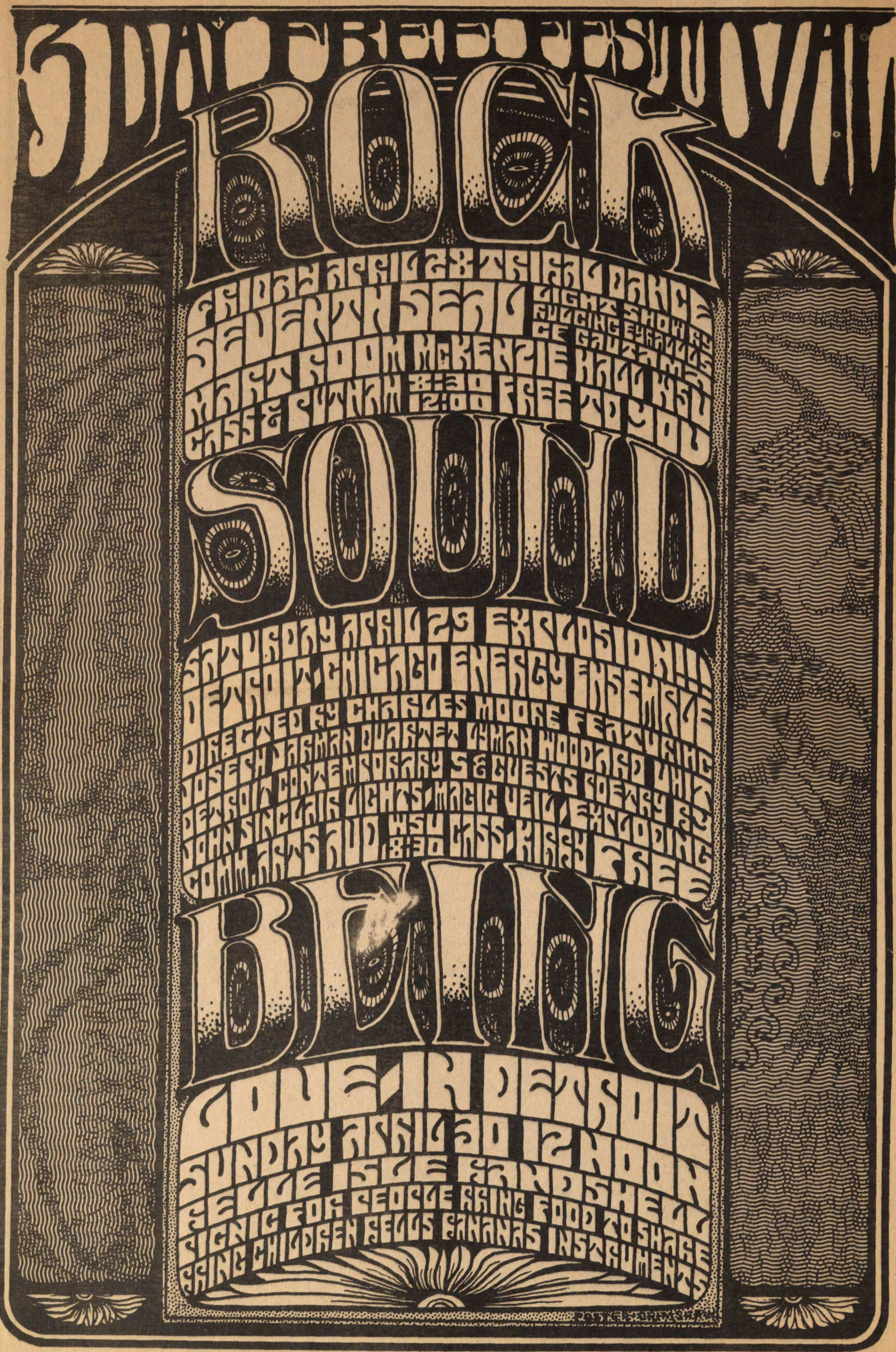
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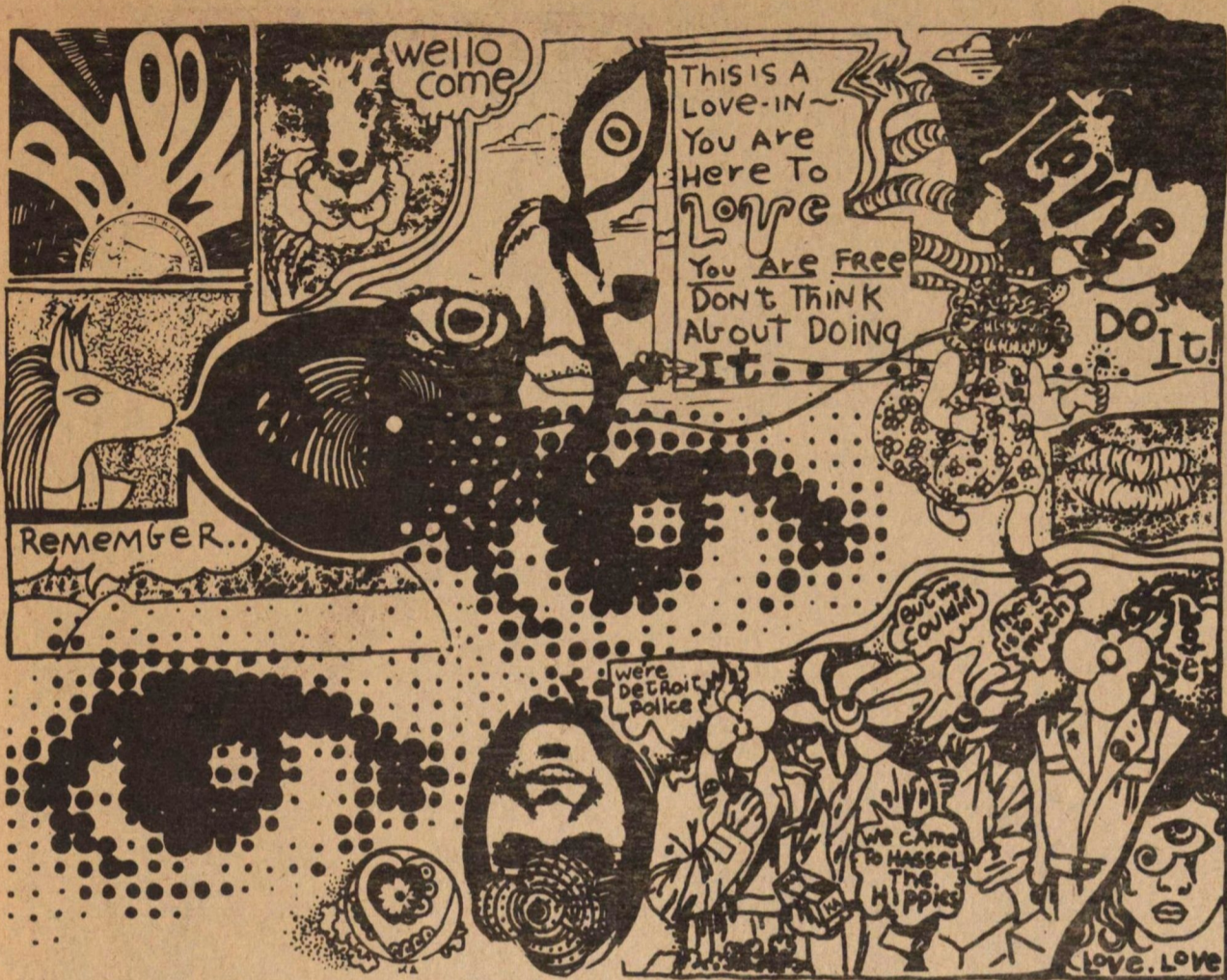
BOOK

SOUND

BEING

CONCRETE

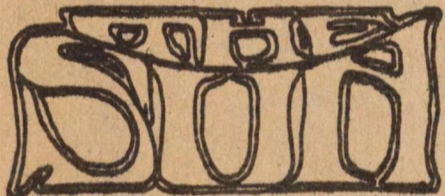




Tomorrow noon, Monday the 1st of May 1967, Detroit LEMAR will sponsor a mass SMOKE-IN TOKE-IN DROP-IN at Grand Circus Park in downtown Detroit, to demonstrate the innocence of the benevolent weed marijuana and to help inform Detroiters of the joys and uses of the gentle herb. LEMAR members and sympathizers will gather at high noon in the downtown park and smoke "legal herbs," including catnip, tobacco, bananadine, and other plants similar to marijuana but without the legal designation as "drugs" or "narcotics."

Marijuana is neither a drug nor a narcotic -- it is an innocent plant the effects of which include mild euphoria, a general feeling of well-being and peace with the universe, and pleasurable bodily sensation. Legal in the U.S. until the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act made possession, sale, and dispensation of any kind punishable by outrageous jail sentences and fines, marijuana has recently been discovered by millions of innocent Americans, including hippies, artists, teen-agers, doctors, lawyers, clandestine police agents who have smoked the weed they've confiscated, and all kinds of other citizens who realize that alcohol means death and disease and consciousness-destruction. Marijuana sets people at peace, opens their minds and shuts their mouths, lets them really HEAR music, SEE colors and flowers and the stars in the heavens, FEEL what flesh and body-love are all about.

Marijuana is non-addictive, non-habit forming, non-harmful in any way. It will soon be made legal, putting thousands of "narcotics agents" out of work and bringing joy and peace to millions more. It's up to you to help change the laws -- Welcome!



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The "Hare Krishna" mantra is a consciousness-expanding chant popular in India and in certain sections of the United States. Its use at public gatherings is widespread, and it serves to give people a common focus for their energies. When you hear the chant today, join in with those around you -- it'll make you feel GOOD! The chant is as follows: the sixteen-word mantz is repeated over and over until everyone's feeling all right. Try it and see!

HARE KRISHNA
HARE KRISHNA
KRISHNA KRISHNA
HARE HARE

HARE RAMA
HARE RAMA
RAMA RAMA
HARE HARE



WORTHY REAPERS



GRIMSHAW

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