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1968



10¢ (15¢ beyond Detroit)





By this time (1962) we had set up a loose but effective distribution system for free LSD. A University psychologist in the mid-west, a God-intoxicated businessman in Atlanta. A few God-loving ministers and rabbis. David Soloman, at that time editor of the jazz magazine Metronome. Allen Ginsberg giving psychedelics to people they knew were ready for the trip. A responsible network of friends.

Everytime our supplies would run low a new shaman-chemist would appear. Like Bernie and Barnie, the flipped out desert holymen, who had been taking the peyote trip with the indians for years and were writing crazy brilliant illiterate books on telepathy and accelerated learning through LSD. Bernie claimed to have mastered the German language in two acid sessions. They had learned how to make LSD which they distributed in rubber-stopped bottles, a strange brown elixir with curious seaweed strands. They sold the sacrament at bargain rates to dozens of famous people in California. Before they were treacherously betrayed to the feds. They didn't get along well with their attorneys and built their case around an insane plot to get the judge and jury to taste their brew which would have revolutionized jurisprudence forever. But the judge recoiled and gave them nineteen years sentences which they jumped. God be with you beloved guides wherever you are.

Sometime later (the exact date must be kept vague) I was lecturing in a college town. A note to my hotel. Please call a Dr. Spaulding. Urgent. Had to see me after the lecture.

He was a distinguished looking man in his fifties. One of the ten leading chemists in the country. Big-boned, handsome, jolly, athlete-scholar type.

He drove his car with strange jungle caution, checking the rear-view mirror, doubling around blocks. He drove to the middle of a deserted super-market parking lot and stopped the car. Cloak and dagger. He came to the point. He had taken LSD several times. He knew what it would do. He also knew that the government was alarmed. A lot of high level people had turned on and knew that LSD was a religious experience. But they were worried. Big power struggle over control of drugs in Washington. The narcotics bureau of the Treasury Department wanted to keep all drugs illegal, to step up law enforcement, add thousands of T-men, G-men, and other narks to the payroll. On the other hand the medics and scientists in the government wanted the FDA to handle all drugs including heroin, pot, LSD. Make it a medical matter. Would I make a deal? Would I tell the FDA all I knew about the black market and smash the underground distribution of LSD? If I cooperated I'd be guaranteed research approval to use LSD. We have to help the FDA get control of the drugs. Then marijuana and LSD would be legal for licensed use. But we had to keep the kids from getting LSD or the hard-line-cop faction in Washington would get the anti-LSD legislation they wanted. If I didn't cooperate I'd be busted.

I looked at him and laughed. Not a chance. This is a country of free citizens. LSD and marijuana are none of the government's business to give or take away. If it's a choice between becoming a government informer or getting busted I'll go to jail.

Dr. Spaulding laughed knowing. O.K. I had to make the offer but I knew you wouldn't scare. But you should know that a big government crackdown is coming. All the sources of LSD will be sealed off. You better stock up. How much do you have on hand now?

Not much. A few thousand doses.

How much LSD can you use? I looked at him in surprise. He starts out like a fed and now he's offering me acid. He saw my look and started to explain. A few of us saw this coming several years ago. We started stockpiling the raw lysergic acid base. We have the largest supply of LSD in the world. More than Sandoz's department. We want to give it away to responsible people who won't profit by it, and who can get it out to the people. O.K. how much can you distribute in a year?

The scene was surrealistic. This famous, eminently respectable professor offering to set us up with unlimited supply of acid. It was hard to keep from laughing. I asked him one question. Why? Oh, you know why, Tim. Can you see any hope for this homicidal, neurologically crippled species other than a mass religious ecstatic convulsion? O.K. How much do you want?

We can get rid of two hundred

grams in a year. That's two million doses.

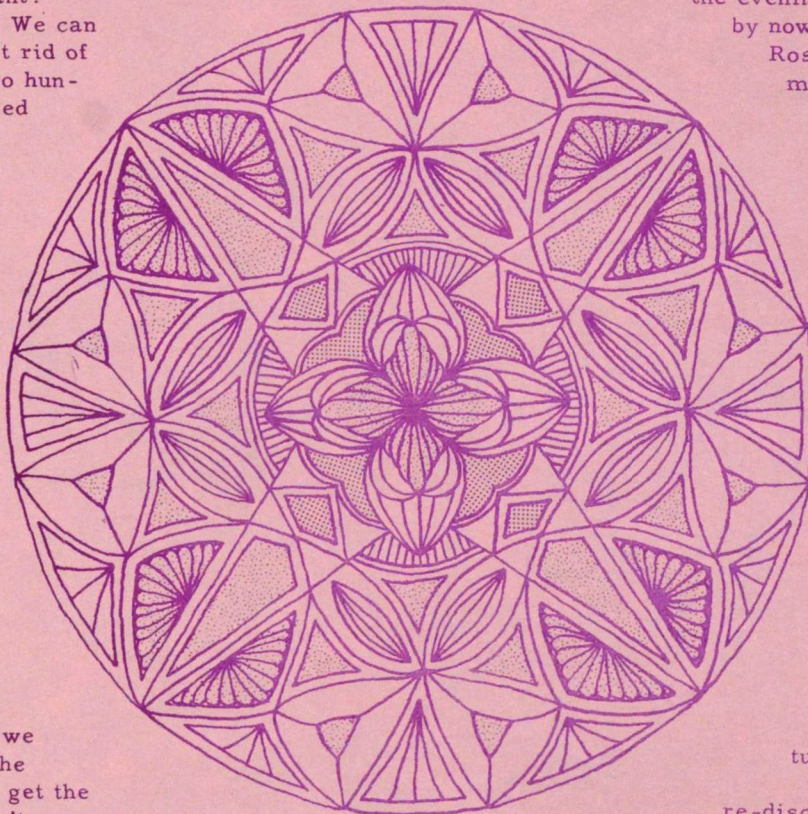
Dr. Spaulding nodded. Fine. You'll receive a four year supply--1000 grams in the next few weeks. Each package will contain a hundred grams of LSD powder. Get scales to put it in doses. Keep it sterile. Alcohol or even vodka. Dilute it down if you can't get a pill machine and put it on sugar cubes.

He started the car and drove back to my hotel. How many people are you distributing to this way? Not many, he answered. In chemistry, every process has to develop at its own natural tempo. We have enough LSD stored up now to keep every living American turned on for several years.

That was the only time I met Dr. Spaulding. A week later the acid began arriving at Milbrook--in brown manila envelopes and hollowed out books mailed from different cities throughout the country. In hardly any time at all we have given away ten million doses.

\* \* \* \*

It was ten in the evening by now. Rosemary



# PART 2 GOD'S SECRET AGENT A.O.S.3

and I were starved. O. was still too high to be hungry but he was responding telepathically to our stomach pangs. Organic matter nibbling the granite, galaxies feeding each other.

O., do us a favor and don't mention eating, O.K.? We haven't had supper yet.

O. was spinning us along an epic-poem trip through the levels of creation. He can really tell it. I've studied with the wisest sages of our times--Huxley, Heard, Lama Govinda, Sri Krishna Prem, Alan Watts and I have to say that A.O.S.3, college flunk out, who never wrote anything better (or worse) than a few rubber checks, has the best up-to-date perspective of the Divine Design.

To begin with he begins where they all begin at the beginning. He had taken the full LSD trip, hurled down through his cellular reincarnations, disintegrated beyond life into pulsing electron grids, whirled down beyond atomic form to that unitary center that is one, pure, radiant humming vibration. Yin. Yin. Yin. Yang. Yang. Yang.

O.'s face was glowing and he was screaming that full throated God-cry that was torn from the lungs of Moses and shrieked by San Juan de la Cruz and which Rosemary and I heard most recently just after our sunrise wedding on the desert mountain top near Joshua Tree bellowed by the bone-tissue blood trumpet of Ted Marckland--the eternal, unmistakable cry of the man who has heard God's voice and shouted back in joyous, insane acceptance. If you've ever opened your ears to any one who has surrendered wide-eyed to the sound of God you know what I mean.

O. shook his head and laughed. I can't say it in words. God, man, I've got to learn a musical instrument so I can really say what it sounds like.

Yes, O. carries the official stamp on his skin's passport that he has been where all the great mystics have been--that point where you see it all and hear it all and know it all belongs together. But how can you describe an electronic rhythm of which 5 billion years of our planetary evolution is just one beat? O. is in the same position of every returned visionary--grabbing at ineffective words. But check O.'s prophetic credentials. High native intelligence coupled with a photographic memory. Solid grasp of electronics. Absorbed biological texts. Knows computer theory. Has hung out with the world's top orientologists and Hindu scholars. Has lived with and designed amplifiers for the farthest out rock band. As a sniffing, alert, inquisitive mammal of the 20th century he has poked his quivering whiskered nose into all the dialects and systems by which man attempts to explain and divine.

\* \* \* \*

Throughout history the alchemist has always been a magical awesome figure. The potion. The elixir. The secret formulary. Experimental metaphysics. Those old alchemists weren't really trying to transmute lead to gold. That is just what they told the federal agents. They were actually looking for the philosopher's stone, the waters of life. The herb, root, vine, seed, fruit, powder that would turn on, tune-in and drop-out.

And every generation or so someone would re-discover the key. And the key is always chemical.

Consciousness is a chemical process. Learning, sensing, remembering, forgetting are alterations in a bio-chemical book. Life is chemical. Matter is chemical.

\* \* \* \*

O.'s bells jingling as he gesticulates. Everything is hooked together with electrons. And if you study how electrons work you learn how everything is hooked up. You are close to God. Chemistry is applied theology.

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# ROAD TO MADNESS

## A DECONDITIONING WILLIAM BURROUGHS

The drug problem is camouflage like all problems wouldn't be there if things had been handled right in the beginning considering a model drug problem in the United States where the addict is a criminal by legal definition and the proliferation of state laws making it a felony illegally to sell possess or be addicted to opiates, marijuana, barbituates, benzidrene, LSD, and new drugs are constantly added to the list. A continual outcry in the press creates interest & curiosity people wanting to try these drugs so more users more outcry more laws more young people in jail. Until even senators ask themselves plaintively "Do we really want to put a good percentage of our young people in jail?" "Is this our only answer to the narcotics problem?"

The American Narcotics Department says frankly yes the drug user is a criminal and should be treated as such jail best Rx for addicts expert says the laws must reflect society's disapproval of the addict possessing a reefer cigarette in the state of Texas you will see 15 years of society's disapproval reflected from decent church going eyes. Any serious attempt to actually enforce this welter of state and federal laws would entail a computerized invasion of privacy a total police terror a police machine that would pull the entire population into its orbit of violators, police, custody, courts, defense, probation, and parole. Just tell the machine to enforce all laws by whatever means & the machine will sweep us to the disaster of a computerized police state.

You see how this drug virus spreads in America and from there to England? LSD means pounds to the sensational press and I may say in passing there is a type of writing that does cause people to commit crimes and that is writing done in the world press... boy in Arizona reads all about it maniac sex killer slays eight women in Chicago nurse's home... that boy got five women before the fuzz nailed him and told police he got the idea from reading about that maniac killer in Chicago and he wanted people to notice him & wanted his picture in the papers. Why do not children attack the passerby with cutlasses or force Uncle Rab to walk the plank from his Ozark house boat? Because they know "Treasure Island" is make believe. But something in the papers that really happened "jeez he had nerve that guy musta took nerve to walk in cool like that making sure each one was dead I got nerve too plenty of it..."

Now the press gives LSD the build-up it's new it's exciting anybody who is anybody in literature & the arts has logged a trip & jolly dull reading too the pop stars are using it it's dangerous it's glamorous it's the thing to do so all the young people hear about it & want to try it that's what youth wants is adventure remember the needle beer in Sid's speakeasy over on Olive St. drunk before you put the glass down well a few illegal beers in Sid's speak was an adventure for Eddie & Bill back in the 1920's only the cop's didn't put us in jail just told us to go home those dear dead days now we have a drug problem after shoving a sugar cube in every open mouth the press is now screaming to stamp out this evil jumped from a sixth floor window hacked his mother-in-law to death more laws more criminals more young people in jail more pot dogs sniffing through flats & country houses nuzzling young people in coffee bars now we have a "drug problem" that is to say the problem of a number of drugs now in common use varying considerably in destructive action. Pep pills & all the variation of the benzidrine formulae present no valid excuse for continued existence. After an overdose of these drugs the user undergoes excruciating depressions, when high "meth heads" may become compulsive talkers who stalk the street in search of victims when experienced friends have bolted their doors. His mouth



William S. Burroughs

is dry his hair is mussed his eyes are wild he's gotta talk to somebody. The whole spectrum of benzidrine intoxication is deplorable. Since these drugs have slight medical indication that could not be covered by a safer stimulant like caffeine why not close the whole ugly scene once & for all by stopping the manufacture of benzidrine or any other variation of the formula?

Cannibis is certainly the safest of the hallucinogenic drugs in common use large numbers of people in African & Near Eastern countries smoking it all their lives without apparent ill effects. As to its legalization in Western countries I do not have an opinion. If English doctors are empowered to prescribe heroin & cocaine it seems reasonable that they should also be empowered to prescribe cannibis.

The stronger hallucinogenic drugs: LSD, mescaline, psilocybin, dim-N, bannisteria caapi do present more serious dangers than their evangelical partisans would care to admit. States of panic are not infrequent & death has resulted from a safe dose of LSD. Recollect when I was traveling in the Putumayo town of macoa laid up there a week with fever stumbled on the story man down from Cali if my memory serves serious young student believed in telepathy read Lorca wanted to experience the "soul vine" bannisteria caapi the Indians thereabouts call it "yage" so the brujo brewed up his brujo dose he took himself man & boy 40 years & passed it to the unfortunate traveler: one scream of hideous pain he rushed out into the jungle. They found him a little clearing he was clearing with his convulsions. No charges were brought against the brujo city feller go what he asked for. This sugary evil old man lived on to poison me some years later. However, mindful of the fate of my predecessor, I had provided myself with six nembatal capsules and 20 codeine tablets a piece of foresight to which I may well owe my life. Even so I lay on the ground outside the brujo's hut for hours paralyzed in a hermetic vice of pain & fear. A high tolerance is aquired with use & the brujo's daily dose to get his power up could readily be lethal to a novice. Setting aside the factor of tolerance there is a considerable variation in reaction to these drugs from one individual to another a safe dose for one tripper could be dangerous to another. The prolonged use of LSD may give rise in some cases to a crazed unwholesome benevolence the old tripster smiling into your face sees all your



Robert Indiana USA 666 Oil on canvas 1964

thoughts loving & accepting you inside out: Admittedly these drugs can be dangerous & they can give rise to deplorable states of mind. To bring use of these drugs into perspective I would suggest that academies be established where young people will learn to get really high... high as the Zen master is high when his arrow hits a target in the dark... high as the Karate master is high when he smashes a brick with his fist... high... weightless... in space. This is the space age. Time to look beyond this cop rotten planet. Time to look beyond this animal body. Remember anything that can be done chemically can be done in other ways. You don't need drugs to get high but drugs do serve as a useful shortcut at certain stages of the training. The students would receive a basic course consisting of training in the non-chemical disciplines of Yoga, Karate, prolonged sense withdrawal, stroboscopic lights, the constant use of tape recorders to break down verbal association lines. Techniques now being used for control of thought could be used instead for liberation. With computerized tape recorders & sensitive throat microphones we could attain insight into the nature of human speech & turn the word into a useful tool instead of an instrument of control in hands of a misinforming press. Verbal techniques are now being used to achieve more reliable computer processed techniques in the direction of opinion control & manipulation the "propaganda war" it's called. The CIA does not give away money for nothing. It gives away money for opinion control in certain directions. Opinion control is a technical operation extending over a period of years. First a population segment--segment "preparation" is conditioned to react to words rather than word referents. Count Korzybski who formulated General Semantics used to begin a lecture by pointing to a chair and saying "Whatever that is it is not a chair."

That is the object chair is not the verbal or written label "chair". He considered the confusion between label & object the "is of identity" he called it, to be a basic flaw in Western thought this flaw is cultivated by the practitioners of opinion control. You will notice in the subsidized periodicals a curious prose without image. If I say the word "chair" you see a chair. If I say "the concomittance of societal somnolence with the ambivalent smugness of unavowed totalitarianism" you see nothing. This is pure word conditioning the reader to react to words. "Preparations" so conditioned will then react predictably to words. The conditioned preparation is quite impervious to facts.

The aim of academy training is precisely decontrol of opinion the students being conditioned to look at the facts before formulating any verbal patterns. The initial training in non-chemical methods of expanding awareness would last

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### PONTIAC'S SPEECH TO THE WHITE MAN

Out of the blue sky, out of the waters, out of the woods, of the deer, the beaver the bush the bird flies, out of my people the blood, out of so many moons in this place a man cannot count them, out of grace with the Great Spirit who gave us this land, you seek to push us.

(At night, in my dreams, already I smell you, I smell your railroads, your sawmills, my mother's hair burning in the forest, I smell these things in my dreams, I see that Chrysler plant you intend over the graves of my people. You cannot fool me! I am the land you seek, I am the supple bowing of the branches, I am the leaves, waving a warning to my young men, I have the strength of all the roots in the forest under me, the fox and the bear and the hawk and the badger have given me their skills, all things and creatures in the forest have given me what is theirs

for I have given them my spirit, I have, since the Great Spirit first placed us here, I have trod with respect and care over my mother's flesh, over this land.

All this! All this! All this! you will have to push out, you white men, you weak pale-faced rum drinking cowards, you who have not been able to manage your own affairs in your own land, you who come now to desecrate mine. Ahhh, this is your last chance, you bastards, get the fuck out NOW, or forever be food for the wrath of the forest people.

(I know, in my dreams, I know your perverse power, your guns and your driven multitudes of paid and punished warriors, and I know, in my dreams, against you my branches may break, my leaves may be burned, my fur singed and bleeding in the bitter cold of your ways, and my heart bleeds, my roots squirm and heave with these apprehensions,

but I hear, in my dreams I hear over the clamor of your Fords, over the cries of your powdery women in your department stores, over the shriek of the mutilated forest itself, I hear

another tongue, my tongue in another's mouth, in my dreams I hear the triumph of my forest speech in another time, and it says, it screams with a vengeance

UP AGAINST THE WALL. MOTHERFUCKERS!

Dave Sinclair  
1968, in Detroit,  
land of the Ottawas and  
Wyandots

from Language

The metallurgical analysis of the stone that was my heart shows an alarming percentage of silicon.

Silicon, as George would be the first to tell you, is not a metal. It is present in glass, glue and since glue is made from horses--living substance.

I love you. But as the iron clangs, the glass, the glue, the living substance (which, God knows, has been to as many glue factories as it can remember) muffles what the rest of the heart says.

I see you cowering in the corner and the metal in my heart bangs. Too personal The glass and glue in my heart reply. And they are living substance.

You cannot bake glass in a pie or fry glue in an omelette

"If I speak in the tongue of men and angels. . ."

The sounding brass of my heart says "Love."

Jack Spicer

THE SONG OF THE GREAT REVOLUTION  
O  
IT MUST BE SUNG FROM MYRIAD MOUTHS  
UNTIL THE EARS OF THE DEAF  
ARE FORCED OPEN  
AND THE EYES OF THE BLIND  
AGAIN PERFORM MIRACLES

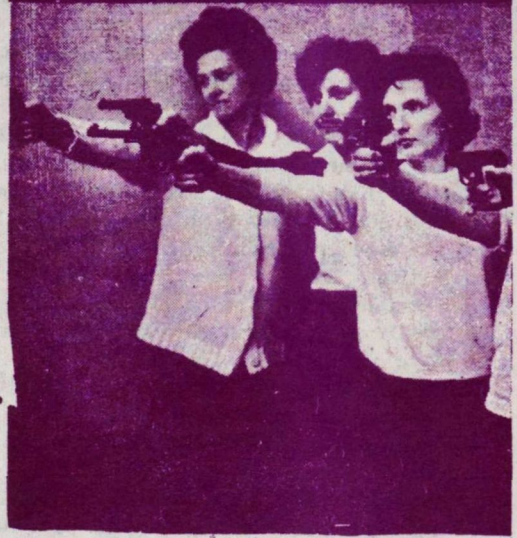
Money. Is of no value. The Super-Market could send home 1/2 of their employees, just put food on their shelves, the shoppers come & take them home, no need for checkers.

everybody should just do everything. no such artificial distinctions between "work" and "recreation". week & week end.

We can see through their cellophane bag.

they tried to break the world open into lids.

we said: no baby, break open the whole key.



WHEN

you walking 'round out there  
sure as i know some men die on crosses  
come clean,  
come if you can clean  
i do know what it means it means  
walking 'round out there under sun or weather  
there you are,  
change, if you can, you must  
i'll direct (otherwise)  
rays at you, my will  
at you it is that simple  
you simply  
have to change your life you have to see  
beauty of blood clothing you moving  
with the planetary beat  
insisting,  
the tune the beat that all  
if it would be true  
moves to some loved one then the next  
making the time hearing the earth shifts  
there is,  
you could we would all  
live in a song of our making.

Max Finstein  
Glorietta, New Mexico



# DOPE-O-SCOPE

RESURRECTION OF FREE

YIPPIE!

As a rule we usually include one or two "Bewares" in each of these columns. As the nefarious activities in the dope culture seem to be on the upswing we thought it best to dedicate the goodly portion of this article to several of the mishaps that can befall the tripster.

On the busting scene it should be noted that police activity is really getting into high gear. Prez is pissed about the scene in Wayne & Washtenaw counties in particular. He's so hacked off about what he calls a wide spread drug abuse situation that he has commissioned over 40 federal narcs to investigate the scene in these two counties. Plus he has created a new department called the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control. Rumor has it that they are not officially narcotics agents. Supposedly they are in some way in cahoots with the Bureau of Food & Drug Administration and rumor further has it that they are pretty cool dudes not into busting people but rather trying to get to the roots of the Drug situation. Any body who works for the Prez can't be trusted as far as we can see. Some of the recent police activity includes a lot of illegal search and seizure, planting dope on private property and busting the occupants and as always, infiltration and informants.

One of the most common occurrences is dealers being busted for selling to a narc. You wonder how anyone could be so stupid as to sell to a narc. The real reason usually comes from someone that you thought was a friend or at least a trusted individual. What usually happens is this, the narc busts some dude with a small quantity of weed or something else illegal. They get him to the station and start to work on him usually in pairs. One cop tells him all about what he's been busted for, he lets him think that they really have him up tight what you call your iron tight case with irrefutable evidence. This cop is usually mean, ornery and damned disagreeable. Any way, he works on the busted cat for a while until the victim begins to show signs of concern. Then our hero takes over. A real nice guy he is. He's the one who's there because it's his job. He doesn't like to see anybody busted for a silly thing like smoking pot but-- it is the law and what can he do. He lets you know that it really isn't you that he wants but the big man who makes all the gravy from the sale of dope. He usually hands you a cigarette or some coffee and expresses his concern for your well being. He lets you know that this guy probably doesn't give a damn about you at all and that you're going to wind up taking the rap for him if you don't play it smart. The mean cop will now and then put in his two cents to keep you jangled but soon the hero starts to let you know that he can make certain recommendations to the judge providing of course that you are willing to be cooperative. Co-operation usually means that you will have to sign a full statement attesting to your guilt plus the source of your supply. The next step (if you want a good recommendation) is to make a few purchases for the police. Of course they will supply you with the money. Each new purchase will be more than the preceding one. Finally you are asked to make an introduction. The introduction means that you will be introducing a cop infiltrator to a dealer for the purpose of purchasing a large quantity of dope. The rest is kind of obvious. One day you're setting on your ranch and up walks a good customer with a new face. The new face is a real swell guy that your customer has known for years. You may even smoke a little weed together just to increase your confidence. If you fall for it you wind up like your friend was probably a few days earlier. Sitting in the cop shop listening to a nice cop and a shitty cop telling you not to be a chump, don't fake the rap for somebody else. It works! It's happening every day now. So anyway here are a few do's and don'ts. Don't sell to anyone who has been busted recently unless you know the individual very well. Don't sell in the presence of any people that you have not known for quite a while. If you are busted give only your name rank and serial number. All other questions should not be answered unless your lawyer is present. If busted ask for a lawyer immediately. Don't sign anything but a traffic ticket. Do not consent to any search. Do not resist too strenuously if a search is made though. Demand to see any warrant that would

allow a search to be made. If it appears that a search is being made illegally make sure that you get the name and badge numbers of the officers making the search. Demand to know if you are being arrested and for what charge before answering any questions, then give only your name and address until you have consulted your attorney. Burning people for their money seems to be the fad among the greed freaks in the dope business these days. There are a couple of ways to do this. One is to ask that money be fronted to purchase the dope, when the money is fronted the dealer just disappears with it. The other is a little more involved. A buyer usually gets wind of a real super bargain on some real high grade stuff. He may even get a sample of same. With the hopes of making the score of the year he throws caution to the winds and proceeds to meet the dealer or dealers in some secluded rendezvous where he meets with a variety of instruments of mayhem and is usually required to part with money or life the former being the better choice in most cases. The solution to these problems are simple. Don't go to strange places with strangers. Make sure you know who you're dealing with and where you're dealing. Sample anything you buy and count all of your purchases.

Another very popular burn technique is dealing phoney drugs. I'm sure that most everyone who has been into the dope scene for any length of time knows what its like to get acid laced with speed. A number of new items have been making the scene, for instance we have the case of Asthmador being sold in double 0 (00) caps as psilocybin. Then there was the freak who recently sold a lot of chloroform and called it liquid DMT. Chloroform gives a person a tremendous head rush much like amyl nitrate only much more intense. The effects last about 2 minutes and pass away completely. Not as groovy as good old DMT. Chloroform will not hurt you in small doses if inhaled from a piece of cloth but were not certain what happens when it is used extensively. The chief ingredient of Asthmador is Belladonna, a real bummer every time. It causes nausea and sometimes pain and even death if taken in large enough doses. Often times it will effect the vision and cause head aches for days after it is taken. Stay away from this junk its bad news.

Alot of busts have gone down since last ish and we'll be filling you in as soon as we get the details on them. In the meantime remember that, "A pipe of kief in the morning will give you strength enough to hump a hundred camels

## DEALERS HOLD CONVENTION

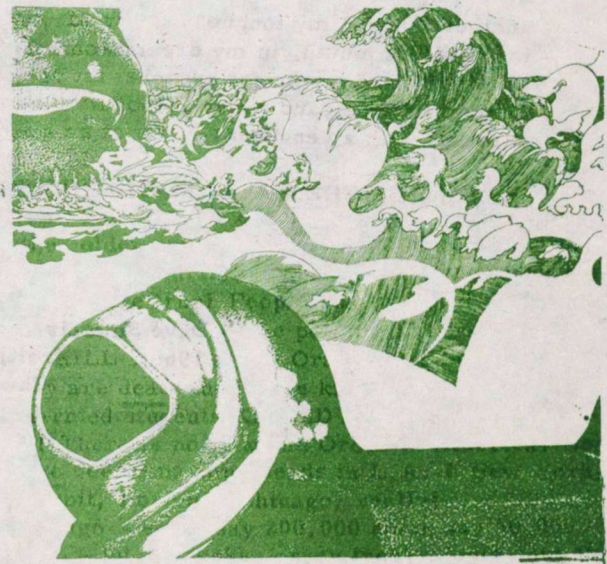
(NOW) The first Midwestern Dope Dealers Convention (FMDDC) was held in Dearborn, Mich. March 25-28. Delegates included over 350 dealers from as far west as Tokin, Iowa & as far East as Podunk, Penn. The convention was picketed by an anti-marijuana group called No Hope (NH). Psychedelic Rangers kept order and the convention carried on without incident. According to informed sources, the main topic of discussion before the convention was the forming of a co-op scientist guild to supply the psychedelic community with dope, also on the agenda was the problem of greed freak dealers, the entire membership agreed to work diligently to push dope prices down. Emmet Grogen, dynamic dope tycoon from the Warren Forest was elected chairman and will be midwestern delegate to the National Dealers Conference to be held in New Orleans Sept. 7-12. Grogen in his acceptance speech urged that dealers work together to bring prices down so dope will not be out of reach for even the lowest income families. "We have a responsibility to the community in which we deal, and the community should always be our first responsibility." Grogen said. When asked, how long before grass would be free? Grogen replied, "I don't want to set a definite time, or date, but by next fall we hope to have enough local growers to cut the price by 75%."



All right, now dig this! Yippie Festival - last week in August in Chicago. Yippie! say it, sounds good, makes you want to yell and scream, makes you want to fuck! If you live in the Warren Forest, Lower East Side or any of the urban areas you know this shit already, but since the Yippie Festival is going to be made up mostly of suburban innocents they should have at least some idea as to what the upholders of justice are capable of.

**THERE IS NO LAW & ORDER IN AMERICA!!** Don't kid yourself & don't let your parents or other older people shit you, the police are your enemy! The articles you read in the underground papers are true! People really do get the shit beat out of them by the police. The police really did KILL 3 students in Orangeburg So. Carolina, they are dead, they were killed by the police, 3 unarmed students KILLED and 50 others wounded! There is no Law and Order in America! Cops have been smashing heads in L.A. & New York, Detroit, Boston & Chicago, really!

Chicago-- some say 200,000 some say 50,000 that's a lot of freaks, crazy freaks, nuts, out of our heads, crazy freaks, capable of anything! Capable of anything and demanding everything! Everything, freedom, pure unadulterated freedom, freedom of thought, word & action, rock'n' roll, dope, & fucking in the streets, a convention and these things will be the platform. But, the old power culture, dying culture, will be having its death convention, power convention. Legalized thugs will overflow the city, thugs with rifles & bayonets & helmets & uniforms, thugs thousands of thugs armed and capable of anything, we can look to Viet Nam & Detroit & Orangeburg and LA & see what they are capable of. The "public servants" are not the upholders of justice they are armed madmen willing to carry out the wishes & whims of other madmen who are to be having their death convention. Be wise to the forces that will move against you so you can move around them and above them. Be Aware of the energy you have and what you can do in Chicago and what will have to be done to rid our selves of these forces that will move against us. Yippie! See you in Chicago unless our Black Brothers step up their urban renewal program, and wipe the place out good.





# PAPER RADIO

FLASH- Sunday afternoon Food- Freek-Fun orgys will be happening in Ann Arbor's West Park soon, watch the Paper Radio.

FLASH- Ottawa & Chippewa Indians will receive \$932,000 from the Federal Government. This payment involves 1,140,740 acres, that's less than \$1.25 an acre. The two tribes are native Michigan Indians, their lands once reached from Chicago to the northern tip of Michigan along the coast of Lake Michigan. But the chickens are coming home to roost and all the money in the world could not make pure the land that the white man raped, what will make it pure is the sacred wrath of the colored man, brown, black, red, and yellow these men will purge the land and make it pure with the fire of truth. (whew!)

FLASH- Busts in the Warren Forest have reached to record numbers in the last 3 weeks, not since the great rape of Detroit in Jan. of '67 has there been so much Narc. activity. The police are using any means they can find to bust people fake warrants, no warrants, threatening people at gun point even planting dope in people's houses has been reported. Be Alert.

FLASH- The Good Freek, Charlie Brown (inter view Sun #5) has been busted in Salt Lake City, for possession of a joint (roach). The cops have cut his hair and beard in violation to his religious vows.

FLASH- Jerry Rubin, yippie, told Phil Ochs, folksinger, "yippies and Black Power are the only things left to believe in in America. Yippie."

FLASH- On April 13, 3 girls were stoped in front of the Castle on John Lodge by 3 Detroit Police officers driving a white '67 Plymouth License number X6478. The cop who got out of the car was Drunk on his ass! After pulling in front of the girls car like Brodrick Crawford one cop jumped out with a rifle and shoved it in the drivers face, by this time a crowd had gathered but anyone who would venture to ask what was wrong was threatened with the rifle and made to stand on the sidewalk. Finally he asked the girls where he could get a drink, the cop wanted a drink so bad he left without killing anybody. They call us dope fiends, yet they threaten peoples lives when they get drunk, and they do it in the name of law and order, Drunk Cops, Killer Law & Drunk Order, Cops with guns, Drunk, Killers, Cops Drunk with guns, Drunk. Need we say more.

## FATHERS & SONS

'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the lord thy god hath given thee. (Fifth Commandment, Holy Bilbe, King James.)

Bradley Unruh, son of California assembly speaker Jesse Unruh, one of the most powerful and ambitious men in California politics, was arrested last week on two felony charges for possession and transporting of marijuana.

Bill Yorty, son of the notorious racist mayor of Los Angeles, Sam Yorty, has joined the Peace and Freedom Party.

The son of former baseball star Jackie Robinson, a business executive, is now New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller's pet Tom.

But Christian Hayden, son of actor Sterling Hayden, himself firmly anti-war, burned his induction papers this week in L.A.

Amen.



# ROCK & ROLL CRUSADER

and the Psychedelic Stooges for a managerial contract. No telling what will come of it. It's good that all this shit is being set up now so every body'll be ready to do business with the record companies when they finally "discover" Detroit as a major rock and roll center next month. They can't overlook it much longer, folks--just hold on and pretty soon you'll get to know how just hold on and pretty soon you'll get to know how good the Detroit bands are because you'll be able to read about them in the magazines. It's too bad you can't dig them for what they are NOW when they really need your support, but people in Detroit have always been to hip to dig what was going on under their noses. Meanwhile they fell for all the p. r. bullshit about bands from anywhere but Detroit.

I was talking with Bob Hankins of Mainstream Records not long ago (he also manages the Amboy Dukes) about putting together a Detroit rock package to take around the country. Just a pipe dream, obviously, but think about what would happen to people's heads in other cities if they could dig a show with the Dukes, the Rationals, SRC and The MC5! I'd back that show anywhere if I had any bread. You could also take the UP, the Stooges, the Jagged Edge, Pink Peach Mob, the Odds and Ends and a number of other groups just about anywhere and blow people's minds very easily, especially since they now think Detroit is only the home base for the Motown operation. They are in for a few surprises soon!

Ron Miller and Arthur Fletcher of the Pig Fuckers are back in town and have regrouped, using Donald Moyer on drums and Bill Hagans on tenor saxophone. The former PF's, with Steve Elliott on drums and Bobby Sklar on piano got rave reviews in Montreal last fall and have lately been out west, starving and woodshedding. Their first Detroit appearance in some months, and the first with the new band, came last Friday in a concert at WSU with the MC5 and the Stooges, and you can hear them again Thursday, April 25th at Upper Deroy Auditorium on the WSU campus with the MC5, the Stooges and the Up. The Pigfuckers are one of the first of an inevitable new wave of bands with roots in the rock scene but their ears and nerves tuned to the music of Sun Ra, Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders et al. Better hear them NOW!

Changes and shake-ups within the scene: the big news is that the Rationals, one of Detroit's biggest groups, have left manager Jeep Holland and A<sup>2</sup> Productions, which was built around the Rationals, and have contracted Grande Ballroom manager Larry Feldmann as their new personal representative. Feldmann's affiliation is with Trans-Love Productions and with Russ Gibb Productions, the two of which are closely allied. He is also involved as one of the three people behind the UP, the other two being John & Dave Sinclair. Final details of the split are being worked out now and for those who know, Larry Feldmann is now the big man to see about the Rats.

Another A<sup>2</sup> group, the Apostles, have finally split up for good, with organist Andy going to the Amboy Dukes and drummer Louis to New York City for either a visit or a lifetime. Jim the bass player says he hopes to get another group together, to play the music before any other consideration. Their former equipment road manager Gary meanwhile was busted last weekend in Ann Arbor for grass, although details aren't available at press-time.

A third Jeep Holland group, the Thyme, have undergone a major personnel change and have a new lead singer/rhythm guitarist. Jeep's fourth group, the Children, seem to be fairly stable and are improving rapidly. Holland should now have more time to devote to his remaining bands and things should be better all around. Incidentally, for those with short memories, the famous SRC (Scot Richard Case) used to be Jeep's too, until his former partner, Pete Andrews, became their full-time manager last summer.

The Grande's Russ Gibb, who already owns the MC5, has been negotiating with the Jagged Edge



## JUNIOR HIGH & HIS SIDERICK JUDY HOLIDAY

R. CRUMB





# NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Have you seen Bonnie and Clyde?

Rap Brown says violence is as American as cherry pie. (cherrie, not apple).

Bonnie strokes the dark smooth metal of Clyde's revolver & innocently intones, "Geeeee."

A looter grabs a case of Strohs, sprints out of the store, is shot down & dies with a surprised expression on his face.

A meat cleaver slams deep into the grocery store counter, narrowl missing Clyde's wrist. "I was only trying to get us some food," he says to Bonnie in bewilderment. "I didn't mean nobody no harm."

Sixteen hoods & four G-men get machine gunned on "The Untouchables" & everybody gets bored & after a while the show goes off the air.

A clumsy Viet Cong in black pajamas is shot from a tree & tears make dirty tracks down a little peasant girl's face.

Buck Barrow writhes in the bloody pain of his death agony & Blanche shrieks & wails in her own red blindness.

Two cop cars hound Bonnie & Clyde over sunny hill & dale, guns blazing to a bluegrass background, & everybody laughs.

Rap Brown says, "Get whitey", & tells the white reporters to either pay the meeting dues or get out & everybody stamps & whistles.

The TV station signs off with the Star Spangled Banner as a backup for marching armies, screaming jets & blazing battleships, all superimposed on our waving flag. The late-night viewers are proud & silent.

An American soldier lies in a Vietnam hospital, his bleeding neck red-dening the bedsheets. "Where were you injured?" asks avisiting politician, George Romney. It is explained that he had been shot down on a helicopter rescue mission. "Good for you," says the presidential hopeful, "Good for ou."

Bonnie & Clyde were lovers.

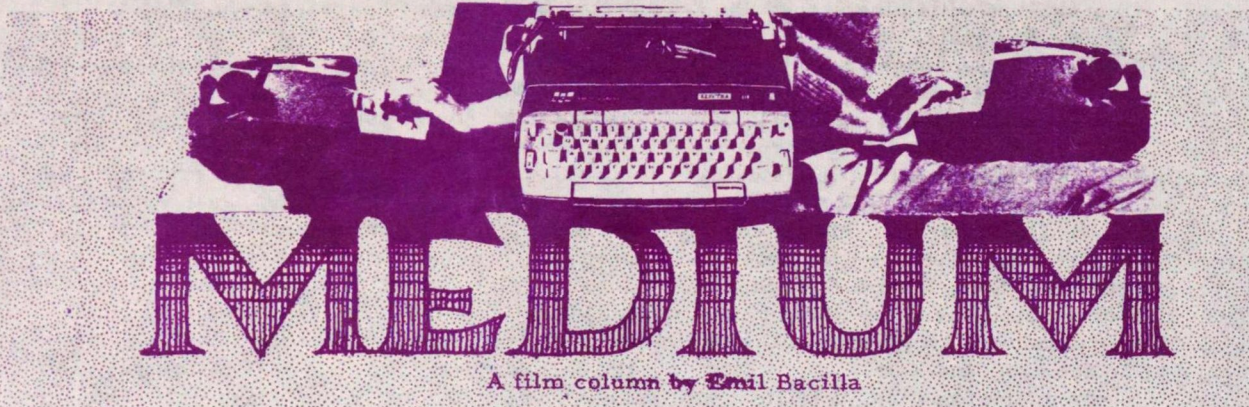
"Do you have a girlfriend?" Romne asks a Marine whose right leg had been amputated. "Yes," the bedridden soldier replies without expression.

A radio newscast: "Two US planes were downed yesterday while six new Cong MIG-21's were smashed earthward by US Phantom jets armed with infra-red homing Sidewinder missiles."

"There I was starin' in the face of death," stammered the burglarized band teller, pointing to a Bonnie & Clyde bullet hole in the wall. Flash bulbs pop for the morning paper.

"It's the ballot or the bullet," says Malcom X. "If we don't get our way with the ballot, we'll get it with the bullet."

On the average Saturday night maybe fifty bad guys & ten or so innocent bystanders die on the tube before the typical viewer goes to his well-deserved rest. This doesn't include those on the 11:00 newscast who die (cont. on page 10)



A film column by Emil Bacilla

This should really be a bizarre column, folks. So Hold onto your hats. Here we go.....

Media are such a groove. Personally, I'm hung up in film and the electronic media, or more generally the mass media (newspapers, magazines, films, television, phonograph records, et. al). But all media are so fucking out of sight (I feel like I should be using more effective superlatives...a lot of my friends tend to parody groooooovey, but it is a nice term...and it does reach a wide audience). Let's face it, folks. THE MASS MEDIA ARE GROOVY. All media are groovy. Everything is media. Ergo...

Media are mind manifesting (psychedelic, if you prefer) mass transportation and mass communication. Henry Ford's Model T blew a lot of minds. It made it possible for Everyman to have access to efficient, immediate transportation at all times. Films and television are so much more effective than books or written communications. They are more psychedelic. They can physically transport your head somewhere else. Dig all of the old hollywood buffs. Dig what television tells you about movies in the thirties...how it helped carry a whole generation through a depression...because it provided an effective inexpensive "escape".

Sure I smoke grass, man. Didn't you go to the movies when you were a kid?

A film like BONNIE AND CLYDE hips a fantastically large mass audience to the bank robber point of view...sure they loved James Cagney...but they always wanted Pat O'Brien to win in the end. The good old Irish cop telling the younger kids in the neighborhood that "Yup, it was true. He went to the chair screaming and hollerin'." And as the kids walk off with their hero tarnished we know that deep in his heart, that friendly Irish

cop just knows that the reason Rocky fought on the way to the chair was not because he cracked, but because he didn't want those verysame kids to end up like he did.

In BONNIE AND CLYDE, the only person who could possibly sympathize with the Texas Ranger was someone with a Bull Conner personality. The people's image of law and order has been tarnished.

Nothing had more effect on people's image of the War in Vietnam than Huntley and Brinkley. Day in Day out. Week after week. Month after month. Year after year, those same films of cats in helicopters in the jungle. Except that they weren't the same films. And those cats in the helicopters was the kid down the street who came hone in a box. And there just wasn't any sign of Wallace Berry or William Bendix. Besides, the Dodgers moved to another city. I mean what is there left to believe in?

Media is so incredible. Like Marshall McLuhan keeps saying: "We shape our tools and hereafter our tools shape us."

What becomes so incredible is that when you get into a media thing (and that is only one perspective) you start to see that everything is a medium and that everything has it's own personal effect. But I won't bother with that, now.

Well, I told you it would be a strange column. But what do you expect with somebody writing a column about film...Oh Really?...in a visually conceived newspaper that advocates fucking in the streets?

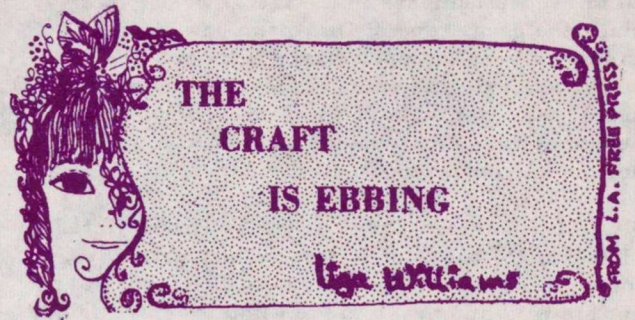
You know, it's such a beautiful spring day... and I'm kind of stoned...that all this talk about the streets doesn't sound too awfully bad. Now if you'll excuse me...

to socksoup drinkers or corpsesuckers, so I am hard put to understand the citizens groups to protect our youth who want to keep sex off the newstands.

Unfortunately there weren't any garter magazines around when I was a kid so I never knew the pleasure of black underwear, and now, years later, I just don't have the figure for it. But the other day I was reading Dr. Eichenlaub's Guide to Married Sexual Pleasure or Married Love or Heightened Physical Awareness or whatever coy title the book has, and I came across an item which he specifies for "celebrations". It has to do with cramming a fist full of ice cubes on your husband's balls at the moment of orgasm, I wonder what K and E, those fairytale heroes of my youth would have thought of that? Good try Eichenlaub, but you don't get the running for the Org because you couch (if I may be forgiven for the pun) your smut in medical terms, and the whole point of Org is to bring sex out in the open where it belongs. (See recent Love-ins and decrees (reactionary) about young women having to wear panties.)

The Beard doesn't make it either, because for all the four letter words and the quasi-cunnilingus at the end (and this time no pun is intended) there is nothing to tickle your fancy (euphemism). Candy Barr is ok, but the print I saw was drab, or maybe the people were drab, grey ghosts fornicating without desire, sort of mechanical, I thought, though a step in the right direction. What we at Org want to see is sex presented sexily, rutting with style, beautiful people fucking

(Continued on page 11)



Let's hear it for portography (a deep throaty sigh will do) because what has more socially redeeming value than a good come anyway? Why all this rushing to court to defend sexual art on its social or artistic merits? Can't we defend it on the grounds of pleasure, for art gives pleasure, and pleasure is redeeming, and usually social. Why not art whose highest achievement is to make you wet your pants? I hereby announce the Org awards, a rubber coated phallus erectus to be given yearly for the most exciting work of sexual art in the opinion of a panel of judges made up of lay men (and women). The first annual Org awards, which will be carried on closed circuit television, will be held in the Twin Pines Motel, Rosehip, Nevada, sometime in the Spring.

I can remember reading Kraft-Ebbing when I was in high school. My friend Barbara's mother had a copy and we would go over to her house after school and fortified with a package of Hydrox cookies and glasses of milk sit down to read it aloud to each other. We took turns, reading about such things as the Hungarian soldier who got his rocks off by drinking the water he had used to boil his fellow soldier's socks (which he surreptitiously collected at night from steel lockers). K and E had a lot of goodies, they had real necrophiliacs who kept their beloveds in dirt pits under the floor boards until suitably ripe, folks that like to drink piss (including a French fellow who placed bread in urinals, retrieving it later--deliciously soaked), and a multitude of other whole-hearted and imaginative sexual endeavors. It made us realize the variety and scope of pleasures open to us (apart from Hydrox cookies and glasses of milk). It didn't, however, turn us in-



Joe Brown and Gilbert Selton in the Austin (Texas) RAG



# PROPERTY IS THEFT

In 1848 marx sd Property is Theft. & he was right. In 1941 patchen sd Property is Murder. & he was right too. This year mrs johnson tells her daughter Property is the Basis of western civilization--she is also right.

In "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" \$105,000 in gold dust for which a number of men have killed & died is blown back to the mountain in a windstorm. & undoubtedly breathed in by the survivors riding to find it. Causing cancer &/or enlightenment.

This week we will have our first serious acidhead candidate for president, rfk. Bad acid. you say. Big deal.

Henry ford, building factories that made possible electronic ameoba america sd History is Bunk. But the world is actually simultaneous & multidimensional, time is the hangup. Time is money. Everything goes on changing & repeating infinitely in all possible variations. People want something to happen & so they invent death & pres-

idential elections. They would like an asteroid to smash the whole show, preferably not right next door.

All deaths & changes are revolving in each of us. Judas is the only possible messiah. Every time you breathe he collects his pay & goes on killing himself. He & jesus were trying to produce a chicago-in-august scene. But after those 3 days that shook the world all they had was another revolution.

Revolution is the turning of a wheel. The last sultan of turkey forbade the importation of a certain machine because he was told it produced 700 revolutions per minute. But they happened anyway. Our job is to move beyond work, the wheel and Force Equals Mass Times Acceleration which always return us thru abstract changes to the same place. To the same labyrinth. That is history. When do you move beyond it. Where do you come in. --from the grass profit review, Berkeley, California.

**We must act together in the world revolution: each of us, whatever he may be, under whatever circumstances, with whatever men and with whatever facilities may exist, not with vain dreams.**

**Ernst Fischer**

# GHETTO BLACKS DROP OUT-SPLIT CITY FOR FARM

Members of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) in Brooklyn are preparing to abandon the city. Disillusioned by bitter fights with the city administration, the police, & the anti-poverty program, school teachers & moderate Negro leaders, the activists have decided to head for a simpler rural life.

"We will buy our land, settle & till the soil," said Robert Carson, 32, director of Brooklyn CORE. "We want to get away from the ghettos & their calculated exploitation that leaves our people drunkards, narcotic addicts & prostitutes."

"We've rethought our position. We've looked at people in history who have attained freedom. Always they have had land. We haven't had this opportunity. The government never made good on its promise of 40 acres & a mule to every freed slave after the Civil War. We've made a down payment on a hundred acres down South, & we hope to

settle on it by Spring of 1968."

As to response, Mr. Carson said, "We think it is great. To our last direct mailing, we had 13,000 replies. People want to go with us, & people want to help by contributing money & goods.

I asked him, "Is yours a counter-program to black power & a militant black revolution?"

"No," he said. "In the past we have been dike-savers, when we should have allowed the dike to overflow. People in this country seem to understand only violence. But we in CORE are interested in survival. We have agreed on a change--we will return to the position of our forefathers. We will go back to the land. We don't care to make any money. We only care to survive. Instead of wandering around hopelessly in Northern ghettos fighting the landlords & the power structure we will till the soil from sunup to sundown."

## POTHEADS BUST D.A.

Dep. Dist. Atty. Boyd E. Hornor of Santa Barbara, Calif., has resigned his office, charging that too much of his time was wasted prosecuting marijuana cases.

For the first time in the Santa Barbara records, Hornor said, marijuana complaints exceed either burglaries or auto thefts. The District Attorney's office has brought more felony marijuana cases to trial in the local Superior Court in recent months, than "virtually all other felony cases combined," he added. Almost every deputy district attorney in Santa Barbara has a marijuana case or two, he declared.

While the law enforcement must be beefed up materially if marijuana is really a threat to society's health and safety, studies show that the drug is not a serious danger and, therefore, the laws should be changed, Hornor asserted.

If marijuana is not the danger it is made out to be, the Santa Barbara law enforcement officer contended, the district attorney's resources could be better put to use in other fields such as the "growing area of consumer fraud."

## YOU ARE MASTER OF YOUR TV & RADIO

The radio and television are mechanical devices equipped with knobs, not brains. There need be no finger pointing at them. The pointing should be done at the people who own them. The knobs of radios and televisions turn two ways, on and off. Eighty percent of the time the home would be blessed with the knobs turned off.

But does that mean that all the good should also be turned off? Why do we use our hands and not our heads? Will you let a little box of metal and wood rule your life? Have you not attitudes and control to guide you in your standards? --Hilly Wells in the Mennonite Community



DPA-BO DUR-KHROD BDAG-PO YAB-YUM, Fresco in the monastery of Dungkar. From F. Maraini, Tibet secret, Paris (B. Arthaud) 1952, pl. 5. Reprinted from Tibet's Terrifying Deities, by F. Sierksma, Vol. 1 of Art In Its Context, Studies in Ethno-Aesthetics, edited by Adrian A. Gerbrands, published by Mouton & Co., The Hague, Paris.

### DOCUMENT

EACH NIGHT BRINGS OUT ITS BROWN WOMEN MEDITATING ON SPIKED HEELS. (SOUNDS SHARP AS SNIPER FIRE, DISTINCT, FROM THE ROOF, ON THE STREET BLACK SHAPES OF EVENING & DESIRE ROTATE & DRIFT SOFTLY THROUGH THE WARM AIR & NEON SUCCULENCE. WE COULD MAKE IT SO GOOD THE BLOOD WOULD FLOW FROM OUR EYES & OUR EARS. NAKED WOMEN BROUGHT TO ME CHAINED, MY FINGERS SHINE IN HER HAIR. (I NEED THIS DESIRE). TAMBOURINES, RADIOS, SIDEWALK LOVER, THE SCREAM AMPLIFIED BEYOND LONELINESS AS IF THE LOSS OF LOVE IS A BEAUTIFUL HIGH.

Brad Jones  
Detroit



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# GOD'S SECRET AGENT

(Continued from page 2)

The alchemist-shaman-wizard-medicine man is always a fringe figure. Never part of the conventional social structure. It has to be. In order to listen to the shuttling, whispering ancient language of energy (long faint sighs across the millennia) you have to shut out the noise of the market place. You flip yourself out deliberately. Voluntary holy alienation. You can't serve God and Caesar. You just can't.

That's why the wizards who have guided and inspired human destiny by means of revelatory vision have always been socially suspect. Always outside the law. Holy outlaws. Reckless courageous outlaws. Folklore has it that forty-three federal agents were assigned to O.'s case before he was arrested on the day before Christmas, 1967. They have to stop this wildman with jingling bells or he'll turn on the whole world. O's Christmas acid could have stopped the war.

Messianic certainty. O. is the most moralistic person I have ever met. Everything is labeled, good or bad. Every human activity is either right or wrong. He is, in short, a nagging, preaching, intolerable puritan. Right to O. is what is natural, healthy, harmonious. Right gets you high. Wrong brings you down.

Meat is good. Man is a carnivorous animal, but eat your meat rare.

Vegetables are bad. They are for smoking, not eating. God (or the DNA code) designed ruminants and cud-chewers to eat leaves. And man to eat their flesh.

Psychedelic drugs are good.

Alcohol is bad. Unhealthy, dulling, damaging to the brain. A down trip. O. explains this in ominous chemical warnings. I always feel guilty drinking a beer in front of him.

Showers are good. Clean.

Baths are bad. You soak in your own dirt & Your soft pores sponge up foul debris, in a lukewarm liquid ideal nutrient for germs.

Rock and roll is good.

Science fiction is bad. Screws up your head. Takes you on weird trips.

Long hair is good. Sign of a free man.

Short hair is bad. Mark of a prisoner, a cop, or a wage slave.

Smoking is bad.

Marijuana is good.

Sex is good.

Sexual abstinence is insane.

\* \* \* \* \*

O. is now sitting against the wall talking quietly. The red glow flickers on his round glasses. He is a mad saint.

At the higher levels of energy, beyond even the electronic, there is no form. Form is pure energy limiting itself. Form is error.

On one trip they (I'll refer to "they" for lack of a better term), the higher intelligence, beckoned me to leave the living form and to merge with the eternal formless which is all form and I was tempted. Eternal ecstasy. But I declined regretfully. I wanted to stay in this form for a while longer.

Why?

Oh, to make love. Balling is such a friendly tender human thing to do.

How about eating, O.?

Oh yes, that's tender too.

O.K. Lets go to a restaurant.

\* \* \* \* \*

O. is a highly conscious man. He is aware at all times of who he is and what's what. Aware of his mythic role. Aware of his past incarnations. Aware of his animal heritage which he wears, preeningly and naturally like a pure forest creature. His sense of smell. O. carefully selects and blends perfumes for himself and his friends. Your nose always recognizes O. Oh, some sandalwood, a dash of musk, a touch of lotus, a taste of civet.

\* \* \* \* \*

I talked to him once on the phone after a session. He was in his customary state of intense excitement. Listen, man, I saw clearly my mystic karmic assignment. I am merlin. I'm a mischievous alchemist. A playful redeemer. My essence name is A.O.S.3.

\* \* \* \* \*

Like any successful wizard A.O.S.3 is a good scientist. Radar-sensitive in his observations. Exacting, meticulous, pedantic about his procedures. He has grandiose delusions about the quality of his acid. "Listen, man, LSD is a delicate, fragile molecule. It responds to the vibrations of the chemist.

He judges acid and other psychedelics with the fussy, patronizing skill of a Bordeaux wine-taster. He is less than kind to upstart rival alchemists. But no jeweler, gold-smith, painter, sculptor was ever more scrupulous about aesthetic perfections than A.O.S.3

And like any good journeyman messiah his sociological and political perceptions are arrow straight. As do all turned-on persons, O. agonizes over the pollution of air and water, the rape of the soil, man's vengeful destruction of the living fabric. He, as well as anyone, sees the mechanization. The robotization;

Metal is good. It performs its own technical function. Metal has individuality, soul.

Plastics are evil. Plastic copies the form of plant, mineral, metal, flesh but has no soul.

O.'s life is a fierce protest against the sickness of our times which inverts man and nature into frozen brittle plastic. Only a turned-on chemist can appreciate the horror, the ultimate blasphemous horror of plastic.

O. is unique. He is himself. His life is a creative struggle for individuality. He longs for a social group, a linkage of minds modeled after the harmonious collaboration of cells and organs of the body. He wants to be the brains of a social love body. The ancient utopian hunger. Only a turned-on chemist can appreciate God's protein plan for society.

A.O.S.3 is that rare species. A realized, living, breathing, smelling, balling, laughing, working, scolding man. A ridiculous conceited fool, God's fool, dreaming of ways to make us all happy, to turn us all on, to love us and be loved.

(If you missed the first part which appeared in issue #6 and you gotta have it, send a quarter in coin or stamps to the SUN, 499 W. Forest, Detroit 48201 and we'll send it to you.)

# BURROUGHS

(Continued from page 4)

at least two years. During this period the student would be requested to refrain from all drugs including alcohol since bodily health is essential to minimize mental disturbance. After basic training the student would be prepared for drug trips to reach areas difficult to explore by other means in the present state of our knowledge. The program proposed is essentially a disintoxication from inner fear & inner control a liberation of thought & energy to prepare a new generation for the adventures of space. With such possibilities open to them I doubt if many young people would want the destructive drugs. Remember junk keeps you right here in junky flesh on this earth where Boot's is open all night. You can't make space in an aqualung of junk. The problem of those already addicted remains. Addicts need medical treatment not jail & not prayers. I have spoken frequently of the apomorphine treatment as the quickest & most efficacious method of treating addicts. Variations & synthesis of the apo-morphine formula might well yield a miracle drug for disintoxication. The drug lomotil which greatly reduces the needs for opiates but is in itself not addicting, might prove useful. With experimentation a painless cure would certainly emerge. What makes the cure stick is when the cured addict finds something better to do & realizes he could not do it on junk. Academies of the type described would give young people something better to do incidentally reducing the drug problem to unimportance.

LOCAL #5 A.F.M. PRESENTS  
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# NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

(Continued from p.8)

in Vietnam & on the streets.

The negro wants his manhood, to be able to provide for his family & protect his wife, to be called "Mister" instead of "boy".

The American soldier puts his manhood on the line to try to preserve America's so-delicate sense of masculinity.

Clyde couldn't make love to Bonnie until she "told his story" in poetry for America to immortalize. Then he could put away his guns, his pseudo-masculinity, & stop playing a boy's game.

"The problem," says Norman O. Brown, "is not to abolish war but to fight the real war, the war inside ones self for which the outer war is the fake cowardly substitute."

Clyde was...

"War," he says, "is what happens to the weak, the impotent; so that they might at least be touched with the lowest form of violence."

They took Bonnie and...

"Peace lies in finding the true fire," he says, "of which the fires of war are a Satanic parody."

Bonnie & Clyde were...

"Love is all fire, love is violence, learn to love the fire. The truth revealed to the warrior; that this world always was & is & shall be ever-living fire. Revealed to the lover too; every lover is a warrior; love is all fire."

Bonnie & Clyde, white-clad lovers at last, were machine gunned to death, their new-found bodies splotched and floating, hundreds of lead intruders coursing through their precious guilty flesh. It wasn't boring. It wasn't funny. It wasn't really exciting, although hearts hammer & faces flush. This time, it wasn't about bad guys & good guys, winners & losers. It was the perfect ending to an American dream.

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# DAVID CROSBY

(CONTINUED)

younger than me! SHE WAS TURNED ON. The sun came up in the morning and it got her high, made her happy, made her blood flow, made her tingle, be happy! The fresh orange, when it came over her tongue, grooved her right out. The smell of coffee got her stoned. She was a groove....

There's a million roads up the mountain and they all expand your consciousness. Everybody can have their own. And drugs won't do it by themselves, man. YOU MUST WANT TO EXPAND YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS. THAT'S THE REAL EXPANDER...THE WANTING TO...AND BEING UNAFRAID TO...ya gotta dig change. As a matter of fact, CHANGE IS WHAT'S HAPPENING!

# LIZA WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 8)

beautifully, novels without a lot of historical trappings(usually inaccurate) which you have to speedread until you come to the pages that sock it to you, and I know that most people agree, because if you will go to any library and look at the pages, and analyze which are the dirtiest (not in content but in thumb marks) you will see that we all want to be titillated.

I look forward to the day when there will be a section in every bookshop marked Prurient Interest with quotes on the book jackets like "Made me reach climax"-Wilhelm Reich, "Came all over myself"-Lawrence Lipton, and so on. Meanwhile I guess we have to settle for translations from the French, non-abridged, including every word of the original, kindly issued for our pleasure by those progressive worthies at Grove Press.



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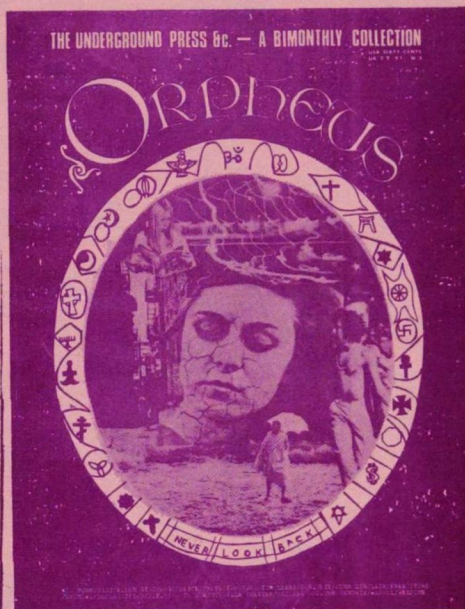
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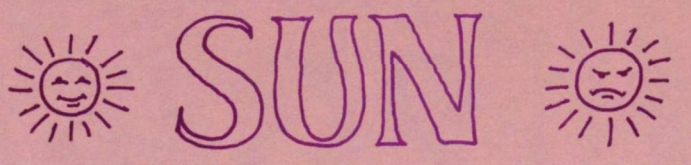
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