

Heads Together Weed and
the Underground Press Syndicate
1965–73

“Pot was to become a significant part of the impending youth revolution, corresponding to the black flag of anarchy in the way that it rallied the troops. Even if it began as an act of defiance, it soon became the one thing shared by all sectors of the anti-establishment throughout the Western world. There wasn’t any underground newspaper that I visited—Zurich, Rome, Amsterdam, London, Paris, to name but a few where I wasn’t invited to share a friendly joint, just as we had shared pictures and stories... It was impossible to overestimate how important pot had been as a unifying banner and rallying point.”

John Wilcock in *Manhattan Memories*
co-ordinator, Underground Press Syndicate
editor, *Other Scenes*

Edition Patrick Frey

and early seventies, the use of illegal psychedelic drugs was an act not only of social rebellion but of political rebellion, since the state forbade it. It was a line drawn in the dirt by parents and police that millions of young people stepped across in defiance of frequently severe consequences." David Dogget, founder of *Kudzu*, remembered.²⁴

As pot now fast-tracks toward full legalization and a new social acceptability in the U.S. and Europe, its once incendiary status as a symbol of defiance is brought into odd relief. The emergent corporate market is less concerned with the bodies incurred or still incarcerated by the drug war, preferring to sanitize pot as an apolitical, wellness commodity.

Pot's profiteers today do not reflect the Black and Latino populations strategically criminalized for pot well before hippies were targeted, and long after. Legalization has only highlighted the inequity. In 2017, 81% of weed business owners in the U.S. were white, 5.7% were Hispanic, 4.3% were Black, and 2.4% were Asian.²⁵ In contrast to some states' efforts to offer preferential licenses to those formerly incarcerated for weed-convictions, in other states if you have a record, you can't join the industry at all.

As much as the UPS fought for pot, it also predicted this tepid outcome. "Normalization is a major form of social control," Jock Young wrote presciently in London's *Oz* in 1972. "It involves the swallowing up of deviant forms and practices and incorporation of them in a fashion that is supportive of the status quo and a rejection of anything that posed as a challenge to the system. Drugs contain within them

no essence, their effects are the reflection of the culture which imbibes them. The endpoint will be the commodity marihuana, in packets of machine rolled joints... Suitably diluted to be little more than a tranquilizer."²⁶

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The UPS was an antidote to the regular press, which at the time were regurgitating government positions on Vietnam, and ignoring the concerns of marginalized communities at home. Art Kunkin's the *Los Angeles Free Press* (or *The Freep*) was one of the UPS pioneers, launched in 1964, its attitude implied in Kunkin's characterization of it as "a reader-written paper." The *Freep's* profile rose with its coverage of the Watts riots - it was the only local paper blaming racist cops for the unrest, and the only one whose journalists got beat-up by cops while reporting it.

The innovation of the UPS was that each was locally oriented, but operated under an agreement of non-proprietary content, granting free reprint rights to anything that appeared in any other member paper. The imperative was to spread the word and bolster the movement.

The same articles, essays, poems, and photography appeared in multiple papers across the globe, and so did the illustrations. A wonky maximalism pervaded the page, gaps crammed with "spot illustrations" that thread through columns - a consistent motif being pot. Joints and the seven-pointed leaf served as section

Page from Helsinki, Finland's *Tahti*, 1972

24. Wachsberger, *Insider Histories of the Vietnam Era Underground Press*, Part 2, 144.
25. *Marijuana Business Daily*, September 11, 2017.
26. *Oz Magazine*, November 1972.

Sri Ram kertoo tajunnasta:

Sen tapaisten emotioiden ilmoittamat ajatukset kuin kunnianhimo, pyyde, kauna, ovat todella unittien ajatuksia, jolloin ihminen ei näe niiden järjettömyyttä. Ajattelussamme on paljon automaattista, mekaanista ajattelua. Kun toiminta on mekaanista, tietoisuus osaksi nukkuu. Kaikki toistuva, rytmäinen toiminta pyrkii synnyttämään tajuttomuuden unellaan tilan. Moniin asioihin nähden olemme nukussa, vaikka olemmekin hereillä. Siinä tietoisuuden osassa, jossa emme ole täysin valvella, meillä on valvemia, joista olemme ajatuksia, jotka eivät ole aitoja. Silten ihmisen on mahdollista toimia ikäänkuin unessa. Olemme hyvin toimivia mentaalisesti, mutta juuri tämä toiminta tuudittaa meidät uneen, salaa meiltä tajuisuuden laajuman kentän, sen tajuisuuden koko alueen, josta toiminta voisi lähteä. Jokainen olemme niin kietoutuneet omiin harrastuksiimme, työhömmä, huvitteluumme tai johonkin muuhun, ettemme ole tietoisia laajemmista ja syvemmistä, tekemä olevista tarkoituspärisistä.

Valitka elämä ja tajunta ovat olemukseltaan samaa, on olemassa tärkeä ero niiden välillä, kuten veden ja ilman välillä.

Molemmat ovat plastista ja herkkää. Elämä soveltaa itsellään ruumiiseen, kuten vesi soveltaa itsellään joen uomaan, mutta kadottaa vspautensa niin tehdessään. Tajunta on

Meisää tajunta käyttää ruumista ja alvoja pohjana, mutta voi ottaa itselleen minkä muodon tahansa. Elämän on kuljettava yhdessä aineen kanssa, mutta tajunta, olemalla sisäisesti vapaa, voi olla aineen alainen, ts. sidottuna aineeseen tai sitä vapaa. Vaikka tajunta on itsessään vailla mitään muotoa, on se olemukseltaan aineen kaltaista, mikäli se on sidottu johonkin substanssiin, jota voidaan muokata ulkoisilla vaikutteilla ja silloin tajunta ei ole hereillä. Meidän kaikkiin voidaan vaikuttaa sillä tavoin. Lapset tulee jonkin -ismin tai ajatussuunnan kannattaja niiden vaikutusten mukaan, joiden alaisiksi hän on joutunut tai antautunut. Ihminen on siinä määrin



Afganistan on perustuslaillinen kuningaskunta. Siellä vallitsee vielä entisaikojen feodaalinen henki, sillä suurmaanomistajat pitävät tukevasti taloudellisen vallan kavasta kiinni.

Köyhät maanviljelijät hoitavat maanomistajan maata ja saavat vain pienen osan sadosta itselleen. Täälläkin pätee siis kapitalismin laki: köyhät köyhtyvät ja rikkaat

tietämättömyyden tilassa kuin hän sailli itsensä involoitua reaktioiden mekanismeissa.

Todellinen vapaus on astumista ulos tuosta mekaanisista, automaattisista, joka pohjautuu ajatusten ja tunteiden prosessiin, reagoivaan suhtautumiseemme niin asioihin kuin ihmisiinkin nähden. Tämä automaattisempi on toimintana unen kaltaisessa tilassa.

Aimo Palomäki jatkaa: Mutta astuminen ulos tuosta mekaanisesta elämäntavasta ei tapahdu itsestään. Se on jokaisen itse tehtävä. On kysymys tajuisesta ponnistelusta - ponnistelusta tajuisuuden suuntaan, mikä jokaisen on itse suoritettava. Biologinen elämä ja sen energiat huolehtivat vain lajin säilymisestä ja kehittämisestä mutta ihmisellä on mahdollisuus paljon enemmän - tajuisuuden heräämiseen, tajuisiksi tulemiseen. Mutta heräämisen ensimmäisenä ehtona on nähdä oma tilansa ja tajuta tajuisuutensa unenkaltainen tila.

Heidät pestataan työhön kiremmäksi ajaksi, ja kun sato on korjattu, he lähtevät vaeltamaan uusia kyliä kohti.

Afganistan, kuten lähinaapurinsakin, on eräs maapallon köyhimpiä maita. Näillä seuduilla on yhden henkilön vuositulo keskimäärin 300 markkaa. Matkailija voi tulla toimeen uskottoman vähällä rahamäärällä, mikä on eräänä syynä tihentävään turistivirtaan. »Escape Routes» on annettu nimeksi tielle, joka Istanbulista lähtee kulkemaan kohti Kathmandua. Kabul on Escape Route'n tärkeä keidas, jossa muutama vuosi sitten pidettiin hillittömät happeningia, kunnes kuninkaallinen poliisi alkoi rajoittaa instant-sadhujen sisäänvirtaamista.

Sama on tapahtunut Nepalissa, jonka maine halpana kaikkeuden valtakuntana on vertaansa vailla. Freak-porukat asustavat sulassa sovussa miestiskelijöiden ja tutkimusmatkai-

it

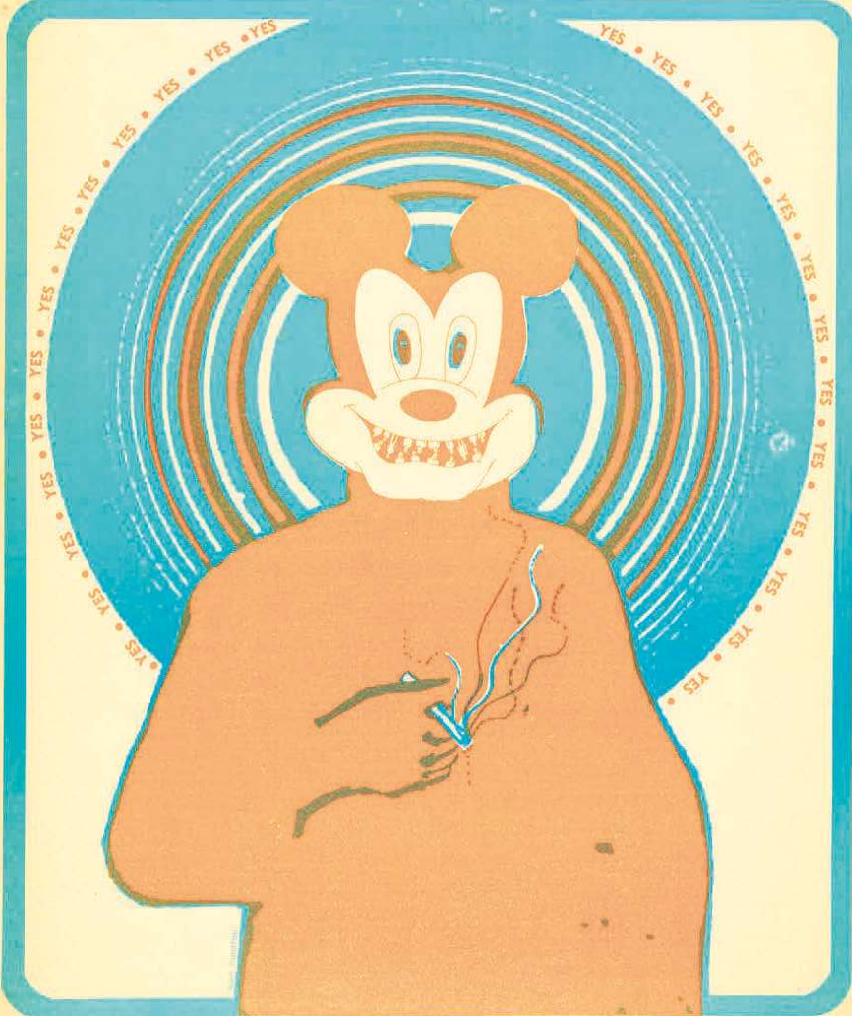
The International Times



No. 27

ISSUE 178

MARCH 6/91 1968



This is IT (formerly International Times) issue no. 143, 2nd December - 16th December 1972. Price 15p. If you refuse to buy after reading this far, we shall seek you out and Destroy. Such is the price of Enlightenment.



The Royal Family in Bed

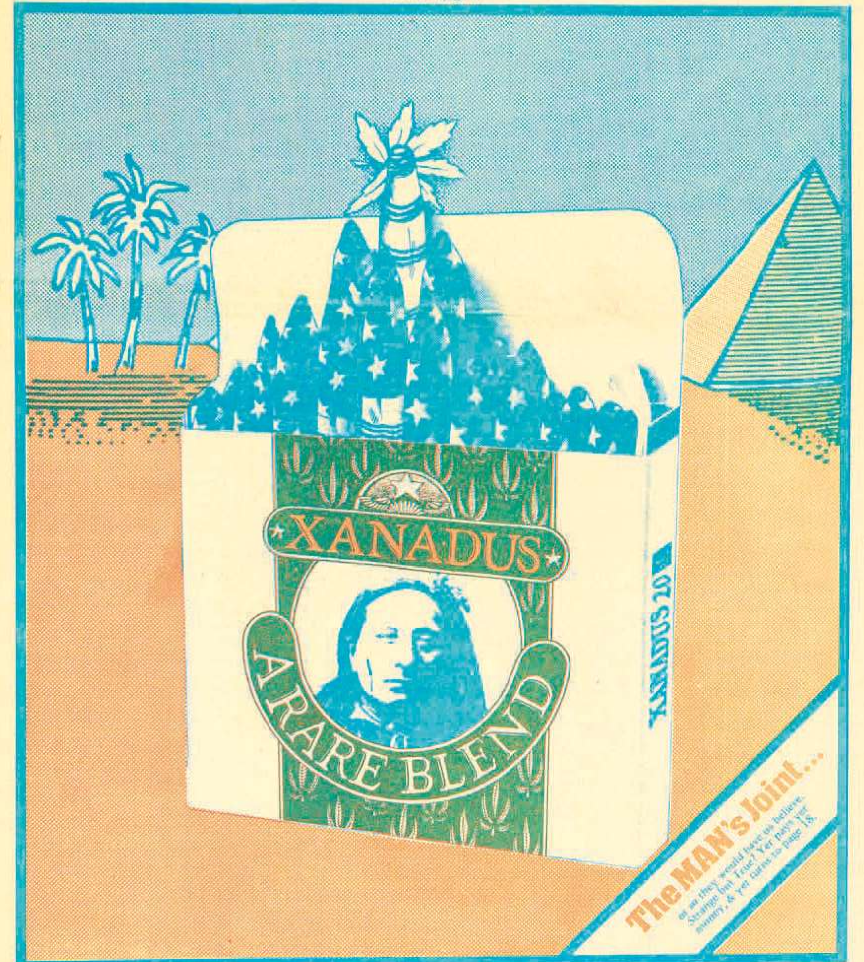
Illustrated. Vicious exposes and hair-raising put-downs. Page 10.

Letter from Hitler

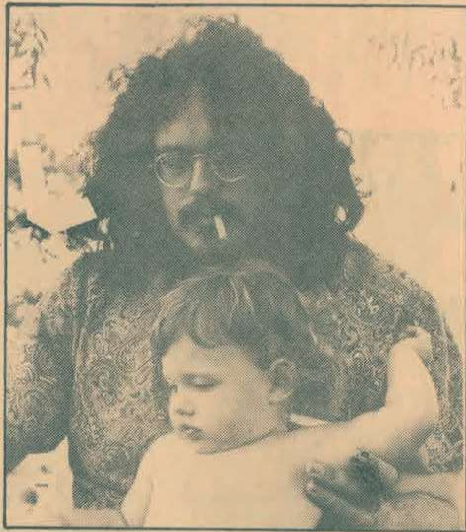
...very short, at the bottom of page 3. We have to sell this thing somehow.

The Nixon Rubin Partyline

Yippies! Let's have a Party. And they did. With Jonathan Green scribbling notes in a corner ... page 6.



FREE JOHN NOW!



MONEY IS NEEDED!

Money is urgently needed in the effort to free John Sinclair, to help with the tremendous legal costs and the political campaign. Make contributions out to the John Sinclair Freedom Fund, 715 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Michigan 48207.

WRITE THE GOVERNOR!

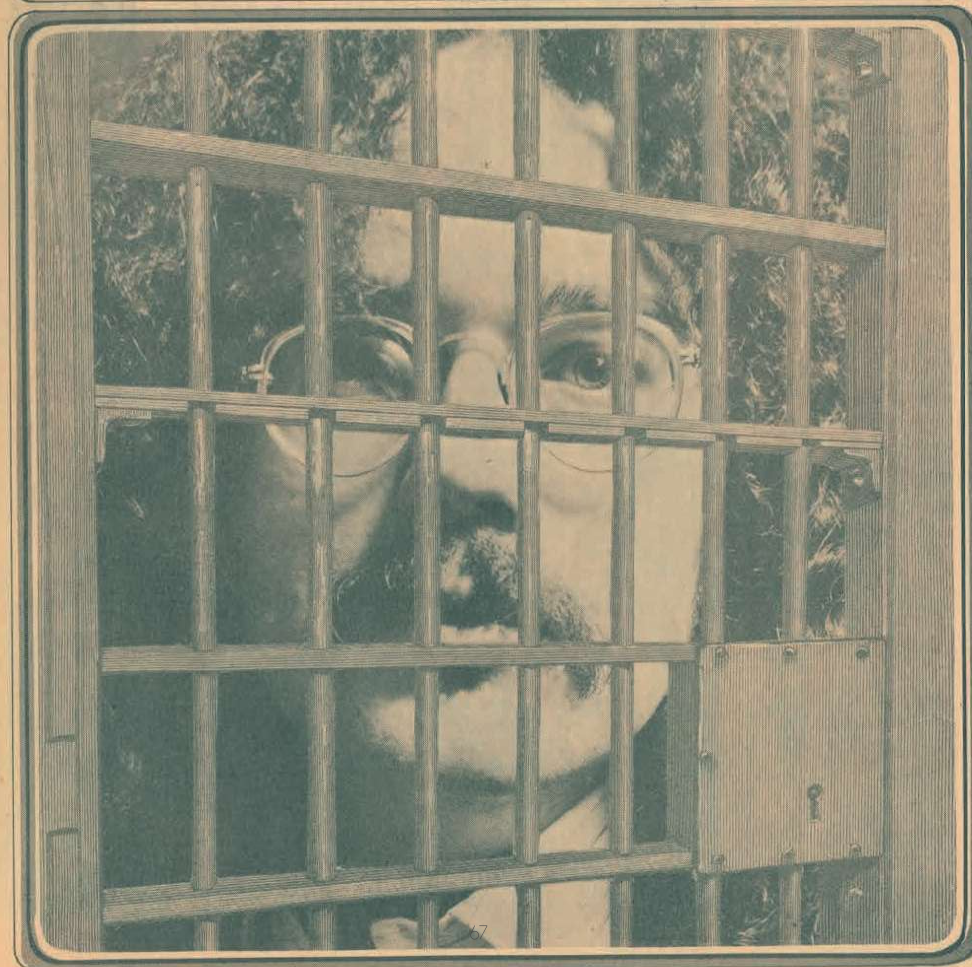
The Committee to Free John Sinclair urges people across the country to write Governor Milliken of Michigan and urge him to commute John's sentence, especially considering the Governor's proposed 90-day maximum penalty for weed use.

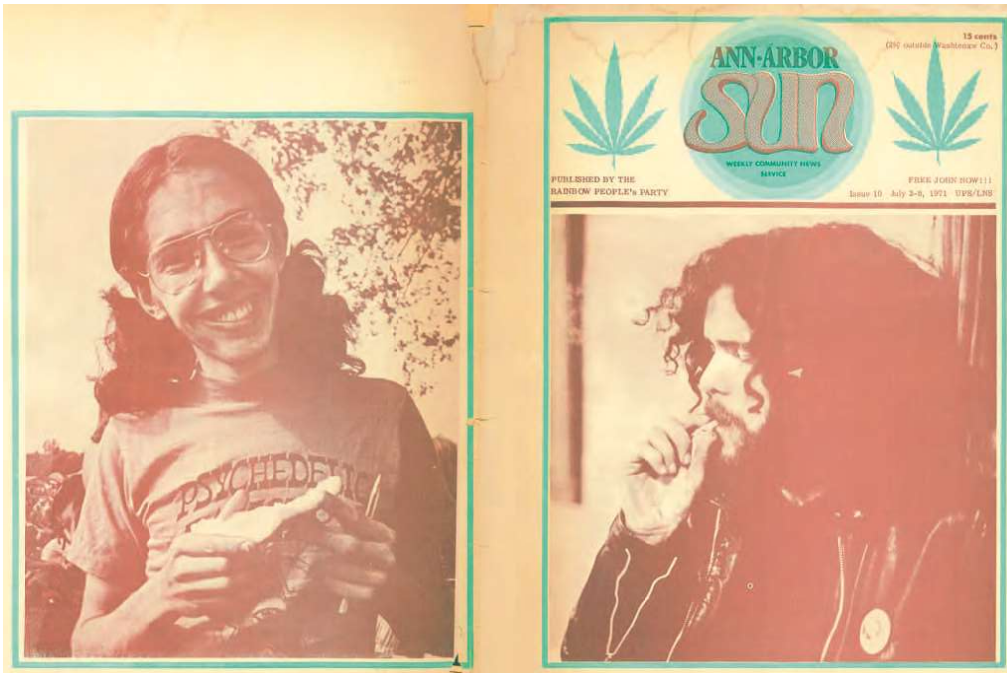
RADIO SPECIAL TAPE AVAILABLE

A 40 minute radio special on John's case is available from the Rainbow People's Party, 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. Tape available at reasonable rates for college and commercial stations.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT
TO THE ANN ARBOR SUN

PUBLISHED BY THE
RAINBOW PEOPLE'S PARTY





BERNADETTE DEVLIN-TATE MURDER

THE east village OTHER

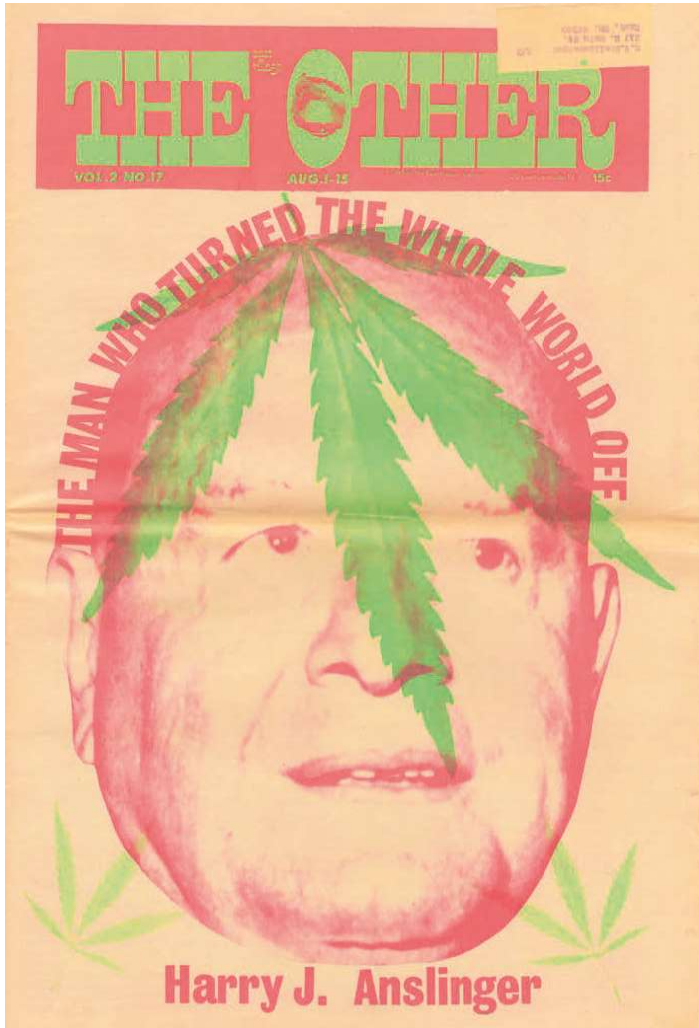
NATIONAL 25¢

VOL. 4, NO. 39

SEPTEMBER 3, 1969.

SCENES FROM THE REVOLUTION: THE LEGENDARY DOPE FAMINE OF '69







Vol. 3 No. 85

GEORGIA STRAIGHT



Nov. 28-Dec. 3, 1969

CAUTION: MARIJUANA MAY



BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

INCREASE
YOUR B
POWER
50-7

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"You Shall Know the Truth, and the Truth Shall Make You Free"

by Kenneth Fox

Cannabis + Public Health

The following is a letter sent to President Nixon by 96 members and employees of the United States Public Health Service, including 38 physicians, 58 administrators and other professionals:

Many spurious claims and charges have been made by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. All of these allegations have been disproved by research.

As physicians, commissioned officers and employees of the U.S. Public Health Service, we wish to make known our views concerning marijuana.

Marijuana does not alter basic personality.

Marijuana is not causally related to crimes of violence.

Marijuana does not lead to increased sexual activity.

Marijuana does not lead to the use of other drugs.

As some 20,000,000 U.S. citizens have used and have firsthand knowledge of its effects, the continual misrepresentation by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs tends to make young people lose confidence in authority figures in general and the Government in particular. It also leads young people to doubt information concerning truly dangerous drugs, such as amphetamines, nicotine, barbiturates, and alcohol.

With this country ranking 26th in the world in its infant-mortality rate, ninth in maternal mortality, FIRST in deaths due to coronary-artery disease, the V.D. rate climbing, millions of its citizens malnourished and other millions having only poor access to health care, there are many more urgent health problems than marijuana smoking. These priorities demand all the resources we can give them to increase the general health level of the people of the United States. Money now spent on preventing Cannabis usage should be directed toward these important problems.

We also urge laboratory and clinical studies on the efficacy of this drug. If its use as a tranquilizer, sleeping pill and muscle relaxant are confirmed and no new side effects are found, it would be much safer than present medications. FURTHERMORE, A SEARCH OF MEDICAL LITERATURE REVEALS THAT IT MAY HAVE USES AS AN ANALGESIC, APPETITE STIMULANT, ANTI-EPILEPTIC, ANTI-SPASMODIC, ANTI-DEPRESSANT, ANTI-ASTHMATIC, ANTI-TUSSIVE, ANTI-BIOTIC, CHILDBIRTH ANESTHETIC AND WITHDRAWAL AGENT FOR OPIATE AND ALCOHOL ADDICTIONS.

We urge you to take a reasonable, responsible approach to Cannabis; an approach that will conserve our most precious natural resource - people.

(Signed by 96 persons)
S.F., Calif.

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Death Penalty Voted For Pot

by Don Jackson

BAKERSFIELD, Calif. - The Bakersfield City Council voted a death sentence for a second conviction for selling marijuana or illegal drugs. The action is not expected to have any direct legal effect, since felony legislation has been pre-empted by the state.

Councilman Robert Whitmore, who introduced the legislation, said, "Unless severe measures are taken an entire generation will be destroyed by dope." Whitmore acknowledged the unenforceability of the ordinance but said, "It has the value of notifying the legislature of the city's strong feelings about dope."

Mayor Hart said the ordinance would stiffen the attitude of the courts. Councilman Heisey, who earlier this month presented a bill to banish bizarre personages from the city, said, "These dopers need to be put away for good. Let's put a little fear into these people."

Bakersfield has long had the reputation for giving the most severe marijuana penalties in the u.s. Some people feel that the city council action is an effort to regain the city's reputation, which is tarnished by the 35 year sentence for marijuana possession recently handed out in Tuxkoge, Okla.

The measure passed by a six to one vote. The one dissenting councilman said he agreed with the proposal in principle, but feared that juries may acquit dopers because of the severity of the penalty.

Even the ultra-conservative Bakersfield Californian was surprised by the action. The Californian commented in its editorial, "It is shocking indeed when supposedly responsible public officials advocate putting hundreds of thousands of citizens to death. If we are to believe the experts on the extent of marijuana use, it must be concluded that literally hundreds of thousands of people are involved in California in selling pot."

Kenneth Fox and Don Jackson, Northwest Passage, Vol 14, No 1, October, 1970

A PARABLE: or, How Much Nixon Knows About Dope

Then there was the LEMAR spy who planted a reefer on Nixon's desk in the White House. The spy waited outside Der Presidente's office for two hours. Finally a terrified screech was heard! Nixon burst out of the office screaming, "HELP! HELP! THERE'S A ROOFER ON MY DESK!"

(Thank to NYC friends)

NIXON'S "REDUCED PENALTIES" ARE FAKE!

More people, not fewer, will get jail sentences for pot. More people will be tried in Federal courts which are already jammed. More people will get criminal records. More peoples' homes will be broken into NO-KNOCK. More people will be pressured by police into becoming informers, and more people will be "set up" by police. And "preventive detention" will become the norm for oppressed minorities, blacks, chicanos, and hippie-hippie radicals. There will be more, not less, discrimination and tragedy written into law.

Besides, the proposed penalty structures still allow very long jail sentences for PASSING A JOINT - again, at "judge's discretion."

NIXON'S REDUCED PENALTIES ARE A FAKE!

("And soon there will be revolution.")

And don't forget -
THE CONSPIRACY
28 East Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill. 60604

from Rubin's DO IT!

Eldridge Cleaver had been sentenced to jail at birth by White Amerika. His first prison sentence was for possession of what he calls a "bag full of love" (marijuana), but his crime was his black skin.

Now he sat in jail and read about the children of his white jailers spitting in the face of their arrogant fathers! The oppressors' children joining the oppressed!

FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!

The No-knock laws will be passed
The Preventive Detention laws will be passed

There are presently between 200,000 and 250,000 people in jail for pot alone
All prisoners in the present racist fascist "discretionary" court system are political prisoners

YOU ARE NEXT

Nixon - Mitchell & Co. plan to jail us all, on any charge possible, in the next two years

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Five years later, Eldridge Cleaver became candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party for President of the United States.

Eldridge's vision was coming true: young whites rejecting white society. "White" was a state of mind. Hippies were seeking a new identity.

Young whites were blowing middle-class Amerika out of their minds and bodies with drugs, sex, music, freedom, living on the streets. They were filling the jails. They were

THE "NEW NIXON" DRUG CONTROL BILL IS MORE, NOT LESS, FASCISM

Wednesday, January 28, 1970: the U. S. Senate unanimously (82-0) passed a bill which will, when passed by House:

1. Authorize Federal agents (or any agents accompanied by a Fed) to break into any home without notice, if THEY believe those inside would destroy drugs if warned by a knock;
2. Set up a 2-year marijuana study commission responsible FIRST to the Attorney General, then to HEW Secretary;
3. Allow LIFE IMPRISONMENT, \$100,000 fine penalties for marijuana "professional" dealers or smugglers;
4. Allow FIVE YEARS, \$15,000 (first offense), TEN YEARS, \$30,000 punishment of anyone who sold ONE joint of marijuana "for profit" (5 cents);
5. Allow punishment of TEN YEARS, \$15,000 (any offense) for anyone who sold on joint to anyone under 18;
6. Classify marijuana with dangerous barbiturates, amphetamines, and hallucinogens;
7. Allow punishment of ONE YEAR, \$5000 fine, for anyone who GAVE ONE JOINT AWAY FREE;
8. Allow punishment of ONE YEAR, \$5000, or both (first offense), with probation at judge's discretion; and TWO YEARS, \$10,000, or both (subsequent offenses) FOR SIMPLE POSSESSION OF ANY TRACE OF GRASS!

Lee Otis Raps From Prison

Chicago 8 On Trial

Interview with Lee Otis Johnson, Space City News, Vol 1, No 5, August, 1969

Lee Otis Johnson is a political prisoner. Johnson has been held at the Harris County Rehabilitation Center in Humble since his conviction in August 1968 of a narcotics charge. (For background, see SCN #2, June 19, 1969).

Brother Lee Otis Johnson is a former SNCC organizer at TSU who became a target of the Houston police and its "Political Intelligence Division" in May of 1967, when the "TSU riot" occurred. They couldn't associate him with this incident because they had thrown him in jail earlier in the week for his role in demonstrations at a local high school. In following months he was indicted five times on trumped-up charges. All indictments were dismissed for lack of evidence.

On April 17, 1968, a secret indictment was filed, charging Johnson with passing a marijuana joint to a cop (a Texas law) six weeks previous. His trial was held August 26, 1968. He was convicted on the sale of marijuana charge; no verdict at all was issued on the charge of "possession."

The jury deliberated 20 minutes to decide: guilty. The same jury took 10 minutes to return a sentence of 30 years in the penitentiary. Judge Odum had refused a request to examine the jurors to determine their prejudice against Lee Otis, and he also refused a change of venue requested by Johnson's attorneys.

The case is now being appealed, but it will be at least two years before he will be released through ordinary legal procedures. A public hearing on the case will be held in Austin at the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals on Wednesday, October 15, at 1 a.m. (The hearing lasts for about two hours, so be on time. Location: the Texas Supreme Court Building, near the Capitol). Anyone who needs transportation to and from Austin call 560-6257.

Last week Space City News went out to the Rehabilitation Center to rap with brother Lee Otis. Strangely enough, no questions were asked us, and we were allowed to tape the following interview. For further information, and to donate money to Lee Otis' defense, contact the Lee Otis Johnson Defense Committee, Box 6524, Houston, 77005. FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!

DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A POLITICAL PRISONER?

Yes, I do, definitely. There is no legal reason for me to be in jail, actually I shouldn't even be sentenced. How can a man be guilty of selling something that he didn't possess. Since they found me innocent of the possession charge, what could I have sold? I didn't take no time for the jury to come down with 30 years, man.

They're showing people that by keeping me here, that this is what happens to people who disagree with the system. "If you don't want this to happen to you, you better be cool."

GIVE US SOME BACKGROUND ON THE POLICE AGENT TO WHOM YOU ALLEGEDLY PASSED THE JOINT.

Yeah, I knew he was a police officer. It happened like, I met him one day, the next day we had a demonstration over at KYOK radio station -- we felt that they were exploiting the black community by not putting any political education into their programs. This agent showed up, I asked him how we happened to bump into him two days in a row like that, then we went to his car. Well, there were plenty of cops there writing parking tickets on all the cars except his. So I became leery of him then.

Later on, I talked pretty bad about the mayor out at Emancipation Park, so this same guy pointed at me as he left and said, "That was the last straw." Well, two days later I was arrested.

I've been trying to urge my defense that they should do everything to get bond set in my case. There is a state law that says bond is mandatorily denied in cases over 15 years, but I feel it's an unjust law that should be tested. Because it means anytime they feel like getting somebody out of the way they can put a trumped-up charge on him, throw him in jail for 15 or 20 years, and say, "All right, we through with you until the courts reverse it." So I feel like Carol Vance (District Attorney) has accomplished what he was out to do, which was to get me off

the streets for a while.

They planned it so nice, you got to give them credit. They had the trial planned for the ninth of September, then they re-set it for August 26, the start of the Democratic Convention in Chicago. Kunstler (William Kunstler, now defense attorney for H. Rap Brown and Jerry Rubin) was one of the attorneys working with me, and at that time he was handling the Panther 25 case, so that he had to drop my case. So they rushed me into the court-room, we didn't have any witnesses, and they convicted me on the lying testimony of one Black undercover agent.

DO YOU SEE A PATTERN OF THE KIND OF REPRESSION BEING USED AGAINST ALL POLITICAL "TROUBLE-MAKERS"?

I think there's a concerted effort across the country to squash all militant activities. I was looking at this conspiracy trial in Chicago -- this is what they're using to get the brothers away, conspiracy to blow up this, conspiracy to blow up that. Like the Panther 21 in New York City, the case of Reies Tijerina in New Mexico, the case they threw against Mark Rudd when he came to Houston last spring.

Rudd had an incident out here, he tried to visit me and they asked him, "Who do you want to see?" He answers, "Brother Lee Otis Johnson." "Who're you?" He said, "I'm his brother." The guy said, "Naw, you're not his brother -- he's a nigger." You know how Mark must've reacted to that. So the captain ran him off.

DO YOU STILL FEEL STRONG SOLIDARITY WITH MOVEMENT STRUGGLES EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ISOLATED HERE?

Like I'm under the pressure for 30 years... it makes me look at every little something that comes up, that I probably wouldn't notice if I was out, like before when I'd be so into doing

continued on 4

The trial of eight movement activists accused of conspiracy to incite riot at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago last year continues in Daley City amid mass protest and repeated violations of legal justice.

The Conspiracy Eight trial, presided over by Judge Julius Hoffman, 73, has already produced a bizarre series of events, since it opened Sept. 23:

- * Bench warrants were issued for the arrest of four of the Conspiracy's original legal team when the lawyers failed to appear in court Sept. 24;
- * Two of the attorneys under arrest, charged with contempt of court, issued a nationwide call for a demonstration by lawyers in Chicago on Sept. 29;
- * Some 120 lawyers flew overnight to Chicago to form a committee to protest the injudicious judgments of the senile jurist, Hoffman, nicknamed Magoo, because of his striking resemblance to that myopic cartoon character.
- * Outside the Federal Building, where the trial is taking place, thousands of demonstrators massed Sept. 24 to protest the trial, and later scuffled with police.

The Conspiracy Eight are: Rennie

Davis, 29, project director for the National Mobilization Committee's demonstrations last summer; Dave Dellinger, 33, chairman of the New Mobilization and editor of Liberation Magazine; Bobby Seale, 35, national chairman of the Black Panther Party; Tom Hayden, 29, a founder of SDS and the co-project director with Davis for the convention demonstrations; John Froines, 30, a school teacher who served on the Mobilization's demonstration staff; Abbie Hoffman, 31, organizer for the Yippies, which co-sponsored the Chicago demonstration action; Jerry Rubin, 31, also a Yippie organizer; Lee Weiner, 30, a member of the Mobilization staff last summer.

The Eight were indicted by a Grand Jury, March 20. They could receive a maximum 10 years in jail and a \$20,000 fine for their roles in the confrontation that took place last summer in Chicago. They are the first group of people to be tried under the 1968 Civil Rights Act anti-riot provision, which makes it a federal crime to cross state lines to provoke a riot.

Judge Hoffman so far seems to have chosen Bobby Seale and the Black

Panther party as two of his primary targets for extrajudicial slander during the trial.

Seale has repeatedly attempted to get a postponement of the grounds that his attorney, Charles Garry, is undergoing a gall bladder operation and will be delayed in coming to Chicago to defend his client. Hoffman has insisted that other members of the Conspiracy's legal team can defend Seale. Both Seale and the other attorneys have refused to accept this judgment. Consequently, the recalcitrant lawyers were arrested for contempt.

Seale angrily told Hoffman, "If my constitutional rights are consistently denied as the black man's rights have been denied in the south, then the

defendants said they suspect the threat is the work of the FBI, and Seale affirmed:

"We in the Black Panther Party, who are dedicated to the human rights and freedoms of our people and other

Judge is a blatant racist."

Hoffman on Sept. 30 ordered the jury to hide away in a hotel for the duration of the trial in response to prosecution contentions that several of the jurors had received notes signed by the "Black Panthers" which read "We are watching."

Seale issued a handwritten statement that denied any Panther harassment of the jury and described the slander as "the most low-lived racist and fascist attack upon the... defendants."

(Continued next page)

Lee Otis...

continued from 3

something in the community that I couldn't see what was happening in Austin or Killeen or New York.

Is here I get a wider scope on things, you know, I see the demonstrations in New York City about the schools and community control, then I see in South Carolina where the hospital workers were on strike, I see Chicago, I see the construction workers up north fighting for their rights. There's a trend of things being done all over the nation, and you see all these violent reactions. The Establishment's cracking down.

WHAT KIND OF APPEAL ARE YOUR LAWYERS TAKING?

I'm trying to get them to push for getting bond set. This is the essence of my conviction. It wasn't 30 years, that was the case if I got 30 years, the Judge would give me two years and been satisfied just to get me off the streets. What he wanted to say was "We can shut you up whenever we get ready."

The longer I stay in jail, the more people are going to say, "Well, I've tried, we've done everything we could." Like the immediate brothers in the organization (TSL Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee), they just cut off, they're not doing nothing. I think that bond issue should still be pushed and that stay of majority we'd filed right now, for all my federal bonds now, but no, they want it wait until the last minute.

HOW IS YOUR MORALE NOW, AFTER BEING IN HERE OVER A YEAR?

The situation is, I'm still the same, I'm still

Lee Otis, I still got plenty of fight and punishment in me that ain't been broke. 30 years you know, the way I look at it now, I was in jail before I come here. The only difference with being in here is that it deprives me of being with people of my own choosing. Like if I was out there, I'd probably be in jail with you guys.

HAS THE TIME YOU'VE DONE HERE GIVEN YOU ANY BETTER IDEA OF WHAT HAS TO BE DONE?

I thought before that my case was just a Southern situation because my scope wasn't broad enough to see what was going on all around me. I think to see what was going on I've got a broader outlook on what I have to do. Like I know next time I can't just get up in the park and call the mayor a functionary related to you know. Instead I got to put him in a position where I won't have to say nothing about him.

In other words, I'll be more active instead of talking -- I think we been talking too long, we got to start doing things. What's happening to the organization, they're all arguing about the method and doing nothing meaningful toward the objective. Follow your conscience, if you feel like it's right, do it.

I feel like we should step up our activities. They've stepped up their oppressive hand, we should take five steps to every one step that they take, and realize that they're in the minority and we're in the majority, and they know it. The

Dick and the Boys have been learning about politics in Amerika and finally it's all beginning to sink in. It has penetrated their thick skulls that the Amerikan people will pretty much do as they please and to hell with the laws. The capitalist pigs selling legal dope (ups, downs, booze and other killer items) and polluting our air with more killer stuff and spraying our food with still more killer chemicals have known this for years and have virtually enjoyed carte blanche to poison us all with no regard for LIFE; just bread, baby, just bread. But now, the realities of dope consumption have reached the White House and it's every man for himself.

Last July, Dick's Attorney General puppet John Mitchell sent a bill to Congress asking stiff 2 to 10 year penalties for possession of grass, acid and smack. These three drugs were to make up the top category for punishment of "drug abuse".

Ups and downs, which are both legally and illegally consumed and which closely resemble the Amerikan Way of Life, were to be in the lowest level of punishment for "abuse."

But, somebody talked some sense into the Feds. Dr. Roger Egeberg, chief pill peddler for the administration, said the proposed law was stupid, far exceeding the crime it was supposed to punish. That, of course, was just a cover-up for the real reason Nixon has now decided to make dope holders subject only to misdemeanor charges. Nixon, Mitchell and influential congressmen were told that if the original bill became law that tens of millions of Amerikans would be potential felons and that any eagerness on the part of enforcement pigs to apply the law would turn these millions into at the very least paranoid freaks and more probably stone (and stoned) enemies of the system, outlaws more than willing to overthrow the powers that be by any means possible. They would be effectively removed from the "mainstream" of Amerikan life, swelling welfare rolls, prisons and the rnkas of the revolutionaries. They were told that if they winked at dope use, they could continue to run the country and fuck over the people as usual. Why just look at the Woodstock Music Festival, 400,000 heads stoned out of their

minds not giving a shit what went down as long as nobody took away their dope. The revolutionaries

just couldn't get their thing off the ground there so why not go along?

Agreeing that this form of logic made sense, they spread the word around that "if all you corrupt bastards (various congressmen, business types, and other pigs sucking bread and power out of the system) want to hold on to your thing, you better go along."

Operation intercept was just another ploy to make the folks back home think they were concerned about dope. It had almost no effect on dope coming in from Mexico, which travels easily across the border via border guard payoffs for quantity.

Even more, with rising dope prices, every mother's-son-head is beginning to cop quantity so he can deal some off to pay for his own consumption. This has vastly increased grass use throughout the suburbs and college towns. Now, the kids are dealers instead of just users, selling off ounces to pay for their

kilos. Ahh, Capitalism.

It's extremely doubtful Mexico will crack down on the Mary Jane growers. This would only result in extreme deprivation for many Mexican villages. Besides, the corruptibility of the Federales is well known. It is to be expected that the Mexican Feds will make a show of burning down a few fields and making some busts, but that's about all.

A few weeks ago, Senator Javits of NY suggested in Congress that the US send helicopters, spray planes and technical assistance to Mexico under a lend-lease program to wipe out the dope. Guess they don't want to waste all that equipment once it comes back from napalming the Vietnamese. Also, Interpol passed a resolution at its recent meeting of pig representatives from 105 nations that a worldwide crackdown on dope be initiated.

It now appears that efforts to tighten up supplies of dope along with somewhat more lenient penalties for possession will cause many heads to seriously get into growing their own. Already, major home-grown crops have just been harvested now that the frost is here by

those who had the foresight to plant last Spring. Last week, Vermont fuzz reported that the crop was so heavy and so dispersed up there that they could not possibly find and destroy more than a small portion of it. Heads are picking up on growing methods and Sylvania is enjoying a boom on its Gro-Lux lamps for indoor growing. The underground press is filled with instruction of starting seedlings, proper fertilizers, transplanting, and the like. And, surprisingly enough, much of the home-grown is pretty good shit. You won't get high on two tokes but a skinny joint will usually get one person off, and it's free.

By next summer, the heads will be doing their part in keeping Amerika green and before you know it the weed will be everywhere. Within two years, with seeds acclimated to northern climates and growing techniques improved through experience, good home grown dope should be so plentiful that "everybody will get stoned" and your friendly neighborhood dealer will be standing in the unemployment lines or hustling like the rest of us. Right on, vother!

The Great Grass Famine

by **ABBIE HOFFMAN**

There's so much shit up here, no wonder there ain't none anyplace else.

Ann Fetteman
Underground writer,
WOODSTOCK NATION

This is probably the first time this story has ever been told—pieces have been told but not this much. In the kind of work I do, I meet a lot of big dope dealers. Like I mean big ones. They get their kicks out of the Yippies as much as do the heads of the Rock Empire. They also help about as much. Once in a while they'll give a little free dope like on the "Valentine's Day Marijuana Massacre, which cannot even be discussed, but they'll never give anything big and they'll never give any money—not one thin dime. The relationship has always been a strange one. They are after all capitalists, but then, too, they are outlaws. For the most part, they love pig nation in the way the Mafia does but, like the Mafia, they probably have a better picture of the corruptness of the institutions that rule the society.⁴ It takes a crook to know a crook and the dope dealers are well-qualified social critics. Their information should always be given a certain amount of respect. Because of that attitude, I've been able to meet some very heavy dealers, like the guy who produced most of the STP in the world and has a network of ten laboratories. Or the cat who got caught with sixty-seven million dollars worth of acid and beat the rap which is always the case with the big guys. I ain't met Owsley but I've met the guy who turned on Leary and the guy who turned on everyone for free in Chicago. The wisest of them all is my buddy who we'll call "Frankie." Frankie has been dealing for six years without a bust. When I first met him he was pushing the stuff out of a hot-dog push cart on St. Mark's Place. Frankie was the only guy to ever burn me on a dope deal. He used to scoot around the Lower East Side, wheelin and dealin with a nervous little gesture that I never saw anybody else

master. Frankie was the only guy that could look over both shoulders at the same time.

Today Frankie is real big-time. He arranges the biggest deals in the East. When he was called to see Tommie Ryan, Mafia boss of the bosses, Tommie flicked Frankie's long hair with the back of his hand. "What's dis for, keed?" "Oh, it's good for business," replied Frankie, without batting an eye. If the Mafia wanted to fuck with Frankie they could wipe him out but for now anyway it was hands off. Frankie was part of a syndicate or brotherhood, one of the seven or eight top ones that controlled the grass market. From about 1964 to 1967 when grass really started to take off, most of the dealing was individual hustling and some Mafia stuff. About two years ago certain dealers who had been gettin pretty good at it started banding together in mutual protective societies. It was time for big mergers just like down on Wall Street. California had about the biggest, but New York was plenty big. Big pot deals were made that involved tons of grass and hundreds of thousands of dollars. Slowly a GRASS EMPIRE began to emerge that had control of the market. Cornering the market meant sewing up the huge pot fields in Mexico cause Mexico was where most of the grass comes from. Mexico was where the government and the customs inspectors were all bought off. Mexico was just across the border.

In the spring of '68 the government began to poke its nose around the pot fields along the western coast of Mexico. Down around Acapulco and Mazatlan on the Gulf of California where the big maestro (pot plantation owner) action was all going to the syndicates. Seems they wanted to try and sabotage a few deals and burn a few fields to cool out the border shipments. The Mexican government, too, put pressure on the plantations because the Olympics were coming in and Mexico wanted the world to dig its tequila, not its Acapulco Gold. It was nothing real

heavy though the price of a key in one-thousand-ton lots went from fifty to seventy-five dollars and drove the street price in the U.S. from one hundred to two hundred dollars per single key.[†] When Nixon came to town wating the law and odor banner, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics were one of the first agencies to interest him. He announced in his very first speech, his inaugural address if I remember right, that he was adding three hundred new narks to the team. That would now make about one narck for every twenty thousand heads, so a policy of simply busting cats on the corner was not the only thing that had to be done. The Narcotics Bureau ran down to Nixon and Attorney General Mitchell, who just gotta be allergic to grass, the BIG PLAN. That plan, which was already proving somewhat effective, was to nip pot in the bud. It was back to Mexico in the spring, with a lot more bread (ten to twenty million dollars), a lot more deals with the Mexican government, and a lot more chemical defoliants.

Not even the rich syndicates could outbid Uncle Sam, especially when he was drunk with imperialist determination. The maestros didn't give a shit and laid huge fields of pot on Uncle Sam, the way Senator Eastland laid on nonexistent fields of cotton. Agents shelled out the bread and proceeded to wipe out almost the entire crop. The syndicates had some stored on this side of the border, usually in heavy barrels buried in the ground, but it was nothing much at all. The price rose higher and higher. By August keys were bringing \$125 on the wholesale market in one-thousand-ton lots and a lot of hassle because the whole border operation was demanding bigger and bigger rake-offs. In New York City a key was going for as high as six-fifty and the price was expected to hit a thousand dollars by the end of this year.

Grass wasn't the only dope in trouble. Hashish started to fill the vacuum left by the grass famine but the narcks, finding it impossible to do

business in the Middle East, tightened up customs inspections and began to use more foreign informers. Big hash busts, especially in the East, were becoming the order of the day. Large mescaline shipments were also being intercepted.

What the government was doing was to drive organic dope off the market! Ritalin, LSD, THC, DMT, synthetic mescaline, amphetamines, anything that could be made into a pill, anything that was synthetic was in for good. There was plenty of it and plenty more to come. It was less bulky than the organics. Many were quasi-legal and they could be manufactured inside the borders or smuggled in without much hassle. The government would find it harder to build up pressure against the synthetics seeing as how about two out of five Americans were going up or coming down with some kind of pill every day. The profits were mighty good on the pills and besides with the speed (amphetamines) family the users often got addicted, making more permanent customers. So what if the pills produced more aggressive, violent, self-destructive behavior! So what if pills got you hooked! It was the most amazing development in the dope culture since the emergence of LSD! We were turning into a nation of Speed Freaks and Nixon, the used-car dealer from Whittier, California, was becoming the biggest pill pusher of them all!!!

[†]When I speak of dope I don't speak of heroin and other hard drugs. Given this exception the Mafia is almost totally absent from the dope world. Their interests lie in other areas and other dealers have filled the vacuum.

A key means kilo or 2.2 pounds, about the size and shape of a brick when compressed. The U.S. prices quoted vary from region to region and fluctuate with the season, supply, and the amount of local heat.

Abbie Hoffman, Other Scenes, Vol 3, No 14, 1969

Anonymous, East Village Other, Vol 5, No 26, 1970

SYMBOLS	
DL	Day Letter
NL	Night Letter
LT	International Letter Telegram

INTERGALACTIC UNION

DOPOGRAM

MAY 25 1970

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS

THE FIRST DUTY OF A REVOLUTIONIST IS NOT TO GET CAUGHT - ABBIE HOFFMAN. LAST WEEK THEY CAUGHT REVOLUTIONIST ANDREA ROSENBERG, 20 YEAR-OLD STUDENT. SUPPOSEDLY \$100,000 WORTH OF DRUGS - LSD, Mescaline, HASHISH AND MARIJUANA WERE STORED AT HER APARTMENT AT 772 WEST END AVENUE. \$25,000 WORTH OF BAIL WAS POSTED BY HER FATHER AND AN AUNT OF HERS. BARRY FRANKLIN, 21, A COLUMBIA SENIOR, IDENTIFIED BY THE POLICE AS MISS ROSENBERG'S CUSTOMER, ALSO POSTED \$25,000 BAIL. HAROLD PRESSANO, A RESIDENT STUDENT AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, WHO SHARED MISS ROSENBERG'S APARTMENT, WAS UNABLE TO POST BAIL AND WENT TO JAIL.

FINE IF YOUR DAD HAS BREAD. OTHERWISE YOU HAVE TO JOIN THE OTHER 350,000 BROTHERS AND SISTERS DOING TIME IN JAIL FOR DOPE. AS THE END OF 1-1970 FOR THE OLD GENERATION, JAILS MIGHT HOLD HALF A MILLION SMOKERS. HOW MANY PRISONS HAVE TO BE BUILT TO HOUSE ONLY DOPE PRISONERS IN LET'S SAY 1972 OR 1975? SOME NUMBERS. AT PRESENT THERE ARE THREE BILLION HUMAN BEINGS. IN THE YEAR 2008, THE POPULATION WILL HAVE DOUBLED. OUT OF THE PRESENT THREE BILLION, HALF WILL BE DEAD. SO IN TWO THOUSAND AND EIGHT, 4.5 BILLION OR 75% OF MANKIND WILL BE UNDER 38. DO THE TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT AGING ALCOHOLS AND ALL THE CORRUPT GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD REALLY BELIEVE THEY CAN TELL ANYBODY NOT TO SMOKE MARIJUANA OR WHATEVER? THE U.S.A. HAS TWENTY MILLION TURNED-ON PEOPLE. THREE-HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE-FIFTY PERCENT MORE THAN THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THIS COUNTRY SMOKE MARIJUANA AND HASHISH. WE ARE A MAJORITY, BUT STILL A SILENT ONE.

LAST SUNDAY A BENEFIT WAS GIVEN FOR JOHN SINCLAIR. FINANCIAL LOSS. HOW MANY HAVE BEEN ARRANGED FOR HIM ALREADY? ON MAY 11TH, A BENEFIT PARTY FOR TIM LEARY MADE VERY LITTLE MONEY. FUCK BENEFITS. WHAT IS THE GOVERNMENT DOING WITH BAIL MONEY? IT FINANCES THE POLICE, IT BUILDS PRISONS TO HOLD US, IT PAYS FOR THE WAR. FUCK THE MONEY, WE WANT TO ABOLISH MONEY, WE DON'T NEED MONEY, WE NEED TOGETHERNESS. IF ANDREA ROSENBERG WOULD HAVE MADE USE OF HER RIGHT OF ONE PHONE CALL, AND WOULD HAVE CALLED A REVOLUTIONARY FRIEND, WHO WOULD HAVE INFORMED TEN OTHER FRIENDS, AND EACH OF THEM CALLED TEN OTHER PEOPLE, WITHIN THE HOUR, HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF HEADS COULD HAVE STORMED THE APARTMENT OF MISS ROSENBERG. AND THOSE DOZEN NARCOS WOULD HAVE SHIT IN THEIR PANTS. WE HAVE TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN VIOLENCE TOWARDS OBJECTS, AND VIOLENCE TOWARDS PEOPLE. WHERE ARE THE THOUSAND STUDENTS - DIRECT OR INDIRECT CUSTOMERS OF ANDREA ROSENBERG? WHY DON'T THEY PICKET THE POLICE STATION? SOME MORE NUMBERS. RAMSEY CLARK, FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL FOR LBJ, GAVE THE INFORMATION THAT EVERYBODY IN THE COUNTRY BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 21 OUTNUMBER THE ENTIRE U.S. ARMY TEN TIMES. TWENTY-PERCENT OF THOSE ARE BLACK. IN OTHER WORDS, THERE ARE TWICE AS MANY BLACKS, KIDS BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 21, THEN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. THE GOVERNMENT IS QUITE RIGHT TO SHIT IN THEIR PANTS.

JULY 4TH, INDEPENDENCE DAY, IS OUR CHANCE TO FREAK THEM OUT. LET US ALL GO TO WASHINGTON, D.C. WITH AS MUCH GRASS AS POSSIBLE. MAKE THEM LOOK RIDICULOUS. NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT ALL THE MARIJUANA SEEDS YOU HAVE SAVED FOR THE PAST MONTH. PLANT THEM IN EVERY PARK AND ALL THE TREES IN THE STREET, ON THE ROOFS. LET THE COPS BUST PLANTS. CAN YOU SEE THE PIGS CARRYING MARIJUANA PLANTS TO THEIR OFFICERS?

DO IT. DON'T GET CAUGHT. OM
DOPE NEWS: GRASS SHORTAGE. ACAPUACO GOLD, \$250. GREEN FROM SOUTH AND MEXICO, \$210 A POUND. NO HASH. SUNSHINE, 50 CENTS. Mescaline, \$1.50.

DOPE NEWS FROM THE BRONX, TWO WEEKS THEY WERE DEALING BROWN DOTS FOR FOUR TO FIVE DOLLARS A PIECE. TURN ON WITH SUNSHINE

oral histories
memories of the ups
as told to david jacob kramer

john sinclair
ishmael reed
marjorie heins
mariann wizard-vasquez
abe peck

john sinclair

John Sinclair was editor of the Ann Arbor Sun, writer for the Ann Arbor Argus and Fifth Estate, Minister of Information of The White Panther Party, and a poet. Sinclair founded the Detroit Artists Workshop in 1964, which produced the papers Guerrilla and Sun, many poetry anthologies, and a literary magazine, Work. He was also the manager of the Detroit band, The MC5. An undercover agent befriended him for six months before arresting him when he handed her two joints. He was sentenced to nine and a half to 10 years. He served 29 months before the case was overturned for entrapment, following a global "Free John!" campaign in the UPS and fundraiser events.

I wrote for the *Fifth Estate* which was one of the first five [members of the UPS]. But I'd write for whoever would have me. I wanted to be a writer. It was exhilarating to see [weed] in print because it wasn't supposed to be talked about. Only "dope finds" used marijuana.

We were putting out these crazy publications and you'd have a hole, so you popped something about weed in because it popped into your mind at that moment. It was on your mind because it was right next to your typewriter. It was the greatest thing in life and supposed to be ugly. It was beautiful. It opened the door for us to see how bullshit the view was of the squares. They didn't have any idea what was happening. They thought it was narcotics!

We had something to say and nowhere to say it. That's why we started them. And it was anathema to all the people who had the publication-control in their hands. We had a huge literary underground at the time going into the 60s. Hundreds of poetry publications - people who wanted to see their poems published and the poems of their friends. What we did with the underground press was take it to daily life issues and the political issues: No war. Drugs, and all these things that we were being persecuted for. We were trying to defend ourselves.

You learned that you could do it yourself. And you didn't have to pay somebody. You could do it on the mimeograph machine. You took the stencil, ran the machine, and you put them together. That's what we did. Offis t was a couple years later.

You had all these places where you wouldn't have any idea that people were doing anything. Then you'd find that there were people just like you. Exhilarating! The great thing about the underground press was if you wrote something for the *Fifth Estate* in Detroit, *The Great Speckled Bird* in Atlanta could pick it up and run it for nothing. And one of the deals of the underground press was if you were a member, you had to send every other member a copy of your paper every time it came out. It was fuckin' brilliant, man. While you were handing in your story in your town, you read all these other ones while you were sitting around. It was the greatest period of life, that period in the 60s. It was fucking thrilling. Every day was thrilling.

We felt we were right. We were on the right track. We were beginning to understand these hidden realities and a like-minded audience. All these people around you, and everybody was coming to this on their own. And if you wanted to say something about it, it was in the underground paper. We thought it up and then we did it. Everybody into anything interesting smoked weed. It was the latest thing. It was what was happening. It was hot. It was incredibly new.

We all lived together. So you could do this shit anytime and nobody would call the police.

That's what was at the bottom of all this: weed was very much a tremendous unifier. Unprecedented. Eventually you smoke enough weed and say, I don't want to join the army. It'll change everything. Shit hit the fan then. Our resistance got so large, they had to do something. They were our enemy. They dogged every aspect of creative life. We were all smoking weed, so we were in their sights. They were getting paid to disrupt our lives and put us in jail. I did two prison terms! There was a lot of paranoia. We were terrified

It was hard to infiltrate a real hippie commune like ours because you'd have to fuck everybody. They infiltrated our Sunday afternoon free meals. There'd be twenty people and you'd eat and laugh and get high. Read some poetry. Play some music. You'd bring a potluck. This [undercover] policewoman, she asked for a joint and I gave her two because it was Christmas. It's not funny! We weren't friends but they came to our events.

I faced twenty years, for two and half years while I was on bond, because I'd given them away.¹ They changed it the day before trial because they knew they couldn't win on that, it was too far out.

The Black Panthers started policing the police. Go out at two o'clock in the morning. They see the police, and they pull over, get out of the car with a shot-gun and a copy of the Constitution. And they say, what are you doing to this guy? That's why we thought they were so great. Fuck these people. We got a shotgun too! They had their own paper. They controlled their own imagery. They were our heroes. They were not afraid! They had a great ideology. They knew it was about overthrowing the ruling class. When we started the White Panther Party, they thought we were nuts. As in, we didn't have a sense of reality. We said drugs were revolutionary. They said, Jesus, we get high, but it's nothing revolutionary. For white people, this is their learning point: marijuana. Now the police are after you. An official white person was still the ugliest, most boring motherfucker on the planet, and they were vicious. But the racial issue [today] just gets worse.

War was knocking on everybody's door with the draft. When people wanted to have demonstrations, they were afraid. They were trembling all the time. [Eventually] we wanted to change the imagery, to be loving and harmless [and became the Rainbow People's Party]. We were going too far. We were trying to train with guns. But we weren't going to shoot nobody.

You were a criminal because you were a drug user. Going to jail was part of the job description. Ho Cho Minh went to jail. V. I. Lenin went to jail. Sonny Rollins. Charlie Parker. When the FBI convinced the record companies to stop buying ads, that was the killing blow [to the UPS]. Nixon defined us as the most dangerous of all people because we were invested in destroying American civilization. That was the basis of our world.

The movement ended eventually. We ended the war. Then what did [the hippies] do? They went back to college. They had babies and moved to the suburbs so that their babies wouldn't go to school with Black people. White people with privilege. Might smoke dope after work. They became a different type of person. They weren't hippies anymore. You can't go anywhere and find out anything about hippies because they erased us completely. Tell me one movie or television program that gives you a realistic picture. There isn't one. It's all horseshit.

I was one of four people in the United States that wrote about avant-garde jazz. Everyone else hated it. They called Coltrane and Eric Dolphy anti-jazz. They were doing things human beings have never done before. [John] Coltrane was my idol. He was God to me. What was *Rolling Stone*? They were like *TIME* [magazine]. One of the worst papers of all time. Yann Wenner was one of the biggest creeps of our entire culture. *High Times* was strictly for suburban pot smokers.

[Weed] was the basis of our life. It's what made us what we were. We were quite proud of it. The State and the people that put us all in prison, now they're getting rich off this, the rotten motherfuckers. They're out of their minds with greed. Better to get your weed from the guy down the street who'd bring it over to your house then go to a dispensary and pay an inflated price because the State is getting paid from each dispensary. They're grubbing as fiercely as they can now for the money. They could be selling rubbers, or any goddamn thing. Opening your mind? They don't want to talk about that.

ishmael reed

Ishmael Reed co-founded The East Village Other in 1965. He has published over 30 books, including fiction, poetry, essays, plays, and lyrics for Allen Toussaint, Taj Mahal, Carla Bley, Billy Bang, Albert Ayler, Bobby Womack, and many others. Reed's books of poetry include Conjure (1972), a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize and nominated for the National Book Award, and New and Collected Poems 1964-2007, named one of the best books of poetry of the year by the New York Times. Reed's many novels include Mumbo Jumbo (1972), The Terrible Twos (1982), Juice! (2011), Conjugating Hindi (2018), and The Terrible Fours (2021).

Walter [Bowart] was working as a bartender at “Stanley’s” [bar on the corner of Avenue B and 12th Street], a place where a lot of artists and writers and actors gathered. And just a lot of talented people. We talked a lot. We exchanged references and books.

I didn't know that Walter had a background in journalism. And he was a collagist. That's very important. My early work was based on collages. And so that was the approach to the newspaper. It was treated as a place where we could put collages. I suggested the name: *The East Village Other*. It came from Jung's Introduction to *Paradise Lost*.

Allen Katzman was a poet. He used to come to my apartment every day on Second Avenue. We'd hang out a lot. I said, well, why don't you go over and help Walter on this paper? So what you had were fictio writers and poets writing journalism. They give credit to Tom Wolfe for the “New Journalism” movement, but new journalism started with the underground press. But he got the “uptown” publicity. You could tell from my stuff! I was transitioning from writing poetry to prose. Pretty bad - I'd really forgotten how to write prose. And I had to write a lot of prose for the community newspaper, which led right into my novel, *The Freelance Pallbearers*, which was influenced by everything around me: the collagists, painters, and musicians. I could not write a conventional novel with that kind of pressure. That was how *The East Village Other* began.

Walter wanted to call it *The Joint*. And that was ridiculous. You know, smoking weed? I mean, the name has to give it some depth. And it was very political to begin with. [Allen] Ginsberg came on to *The Other* late and that was his crusade - to legalize marijuana. That was his shtick. That, and Buddhism. It was a radical newspaper until Walter linked up with Timothy Leary. That's when problems began. It became more established. More uptown.

The war on drugs by the Ninth Precinct was really hostile toward the counterculture. There was a lot of corruption. Stanley [Tolken] and other entrepreneurs were paying bribes to the police. I saw a cop come out of Mickey Ruskin's, The Annex once. I said, wow, they're really taking bribes from some low places. A commission had decided that police corruption was widespread at that time in 1965. The cop heard me and arrested me. He took me to the Ninth Precinct and tried to find some marijuana on me. He started hitting me. I spent the night in jail. He came to my cell and said if I pled guilty, I'd only have to spend a week on Rikers Island. I said fuck that, I'm getting a lawyer, [but] I defended myself in court. I pointed out that the cop had struck me, and the audience of Puerto Ricans and Blacks started cheering and egging me on. So the judge

pronounced me guilty of disorderly conduct. And then he left the courtroom without delivering a sentence. My lawyer named Green said he'd never seen anything like that.

This was the kind of oppression that the Ninth Precinct put on all of us. They thought if you were an interracial couple, the woman was probably a prostitute. These cops were all over us because they hated the counterculture and the Black movement and I was connected to both. The Woodstock [festival] program cites me as one of three writers favored by the counterculture and I was contributing to Black radical magazines like *Umbra* and *Liberator*.

If you're talking about using weed to clamp down on the counterculture, it was a class thing. Working-class white hippie kids and Blacks got busted, but they wouldn't bust rich people. When Abbie Hoffman said that Captain Fink of the Ninth Precinct and he were friends, I said, man, that's the difference between the white left and the Black left. They were kicking our ass over there. Beating the shit out of us Black people. One police commissioner tried to explain the behavior of the force at the time. He said that his men came from "authoritarian backgrounds."

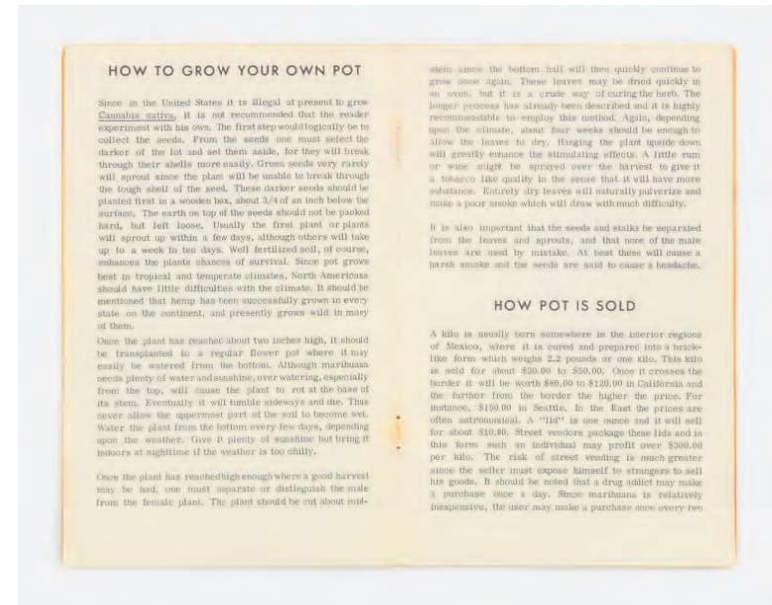
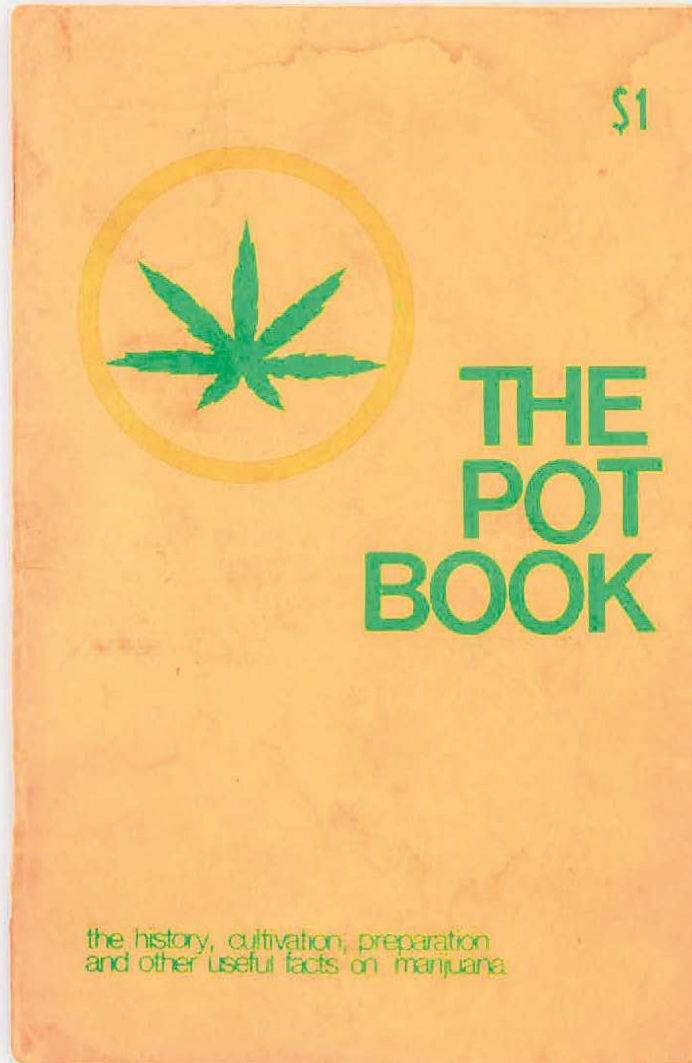
They did try to bust me throughout the 60s. I was kind of savvy to what was going on. For example, I was invited to Boulder University of Colorado by Pulitzer Prize-winner Yusef Komunyakaa. There were these clean-cut guys who tried to pose as countercultural people. For some reason, people arranged for me to stay at their house that night after the reading. They had a bag of marijuana that they wanted me to take as a gift. I said, nah, I'm not taking it. Then when I got to the Boulder airport, people took me into a room and started searching me. All they found were my notes and some pens. I was writing a review of *The Greatest* by Richard Durham for *The New York Times*. The book was about Muhammad Ali.

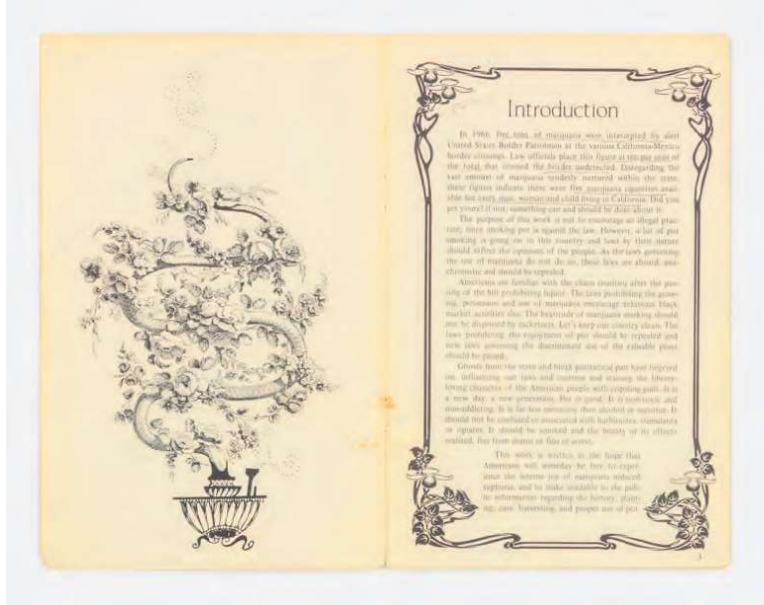
Chuck Barris was producing The Gong Show in 1969. He flew me to Los Angeles and put me up in the Beverly Hills Hotel. We were supposed to have a meeting about *Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down* becoming a movie. He told me to meet him at Bill Cosby's club. He sent his secretary. We waited and waited. I looked around and there he was all along - he and an associate were glaring at me. Not once was the movie discussed. He wrote a book later confessing that he was a CIA assassin. They had FBI agents writing Black poetry. Publishing Black poetry magazines. Incredible.

I saw people who were professionals, like lawyers and accountants and rich people doing weed and other drugs in New York. The police just

concentrated on Black and counterculture people. You had the police doing weed! When I was in Buffalo, I remember guys saying you'd get arrested if your weed wasn't good enough.

Weed doesn't agree with me, though. I get a little paranoid. So I cut that stuff out decades ago. I read somewhere that Black people are already high.





Introduction

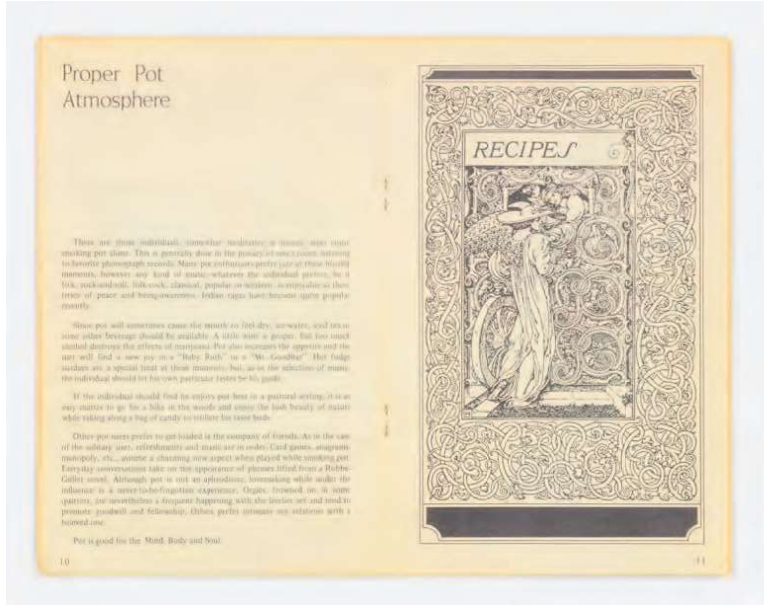
In 1916, 100 tons of marijuana were imported by alien United States Border Patrolmen at the various California-Mexico border crossings. Law officials place the figure at 100,000,000 of the total, one thousand the figure understood, disregarding the vast amount of marijuana "illegally" smuggled within the state. These figures indicate there were five marijuana cigarettes available for every man, woman and child living in California. (Do you get your? If not, something can and should be done about it.)

The purpose of this work is not to encourage an illegal practice, since smoking pot is against the law. However, it is of pot smoking is going on in this country and back by their action should reflect the opinion of the people. As the law governing the use of marijuana does not do so, these laws are should automatic and should be repealed.

Americans are familiar with the claim resulting after the passing of the bill prohibiting liquor. The law prohibiting the possession, purchase and use of marijuana encourage technical black market activities also. The beverage of marijuana smoking should not be disrupted by prohibition. Let's keep our country clean. The laws prohibiting the enjoyment of pot should be repealed and new laws governing the domestic use of the valuable plant should be passed.

Growers have to stress and think potential pot have enjoyed in, influencing our laws and increase and raising the liberating character of the American spirit with enjoying pot. It is a new day, a new generation, this is good. It is patriotic and unadmitted. It is for law purposes that should be repealed. It should not be confused or associated with substance, substance or opiate. It should be accepted and the beauty of its effects instead, for from shame or fear of crime.

This work is written in the hope that Americans will someday be free to enjoy just the better pot of marijuana without expense and to make available to the public information regarding the history, plant, its use, harvesting, and proper use of pot.



Proper Pot Atmosphere

There are three individuals, somewhat mediocre, in those who enjoy smoking pot alone. This is generally those in the process of seeking to increase their photographic records. Many pot enthusiasts prefer to enjoy their moments, however, any kind of music, whatever the individual prefers, be it folk, rockabilly, folk-rock, classical, popular or western, is appropriate to those times of peace and tranquillity. Indian songs have become quite popular recently.

Since pot will sometimes cause the mouth to feel dry, no water, and tea or some other beverage should be available. A little wine is proper, but too much should destroy the effects of marijuana. Pot also increases the appetite and the user will find a new pot in a "Baby Ruth" or a "Mr. Goodbar". (The Judge neither are a special treat of these moments, but, as in the selection of music, the individual should be his own particular taste be his guide.)

If the individual should find he enjoys pot best in a pastoral setting, it is an easy matter to go for a hike in the woods and enjoy the lush beauty of nature while taking along a bag of candy to utilize his spare time.

Other pot users prefer to get loaded in the company of friends. As in the case of the solitary user, refreshments and music are in order. Card games, arguments, monopoly, etc., assume a different new aspect when played while smoking pot. Every day conversation take on the appearance of games filled from a Rubik's-Globe novel. Although pot is not an aphrodisiac, loosening while under the influence is a sure-to-be-forgotten experience. Orgies, brewed in, in some quarters, are sometimes a frequent happening with the device set and used to promote goodwill and fellowship. Other pot smokers are satisfied with a brewed one.

Pot is good for the Mind, Body and Soul.



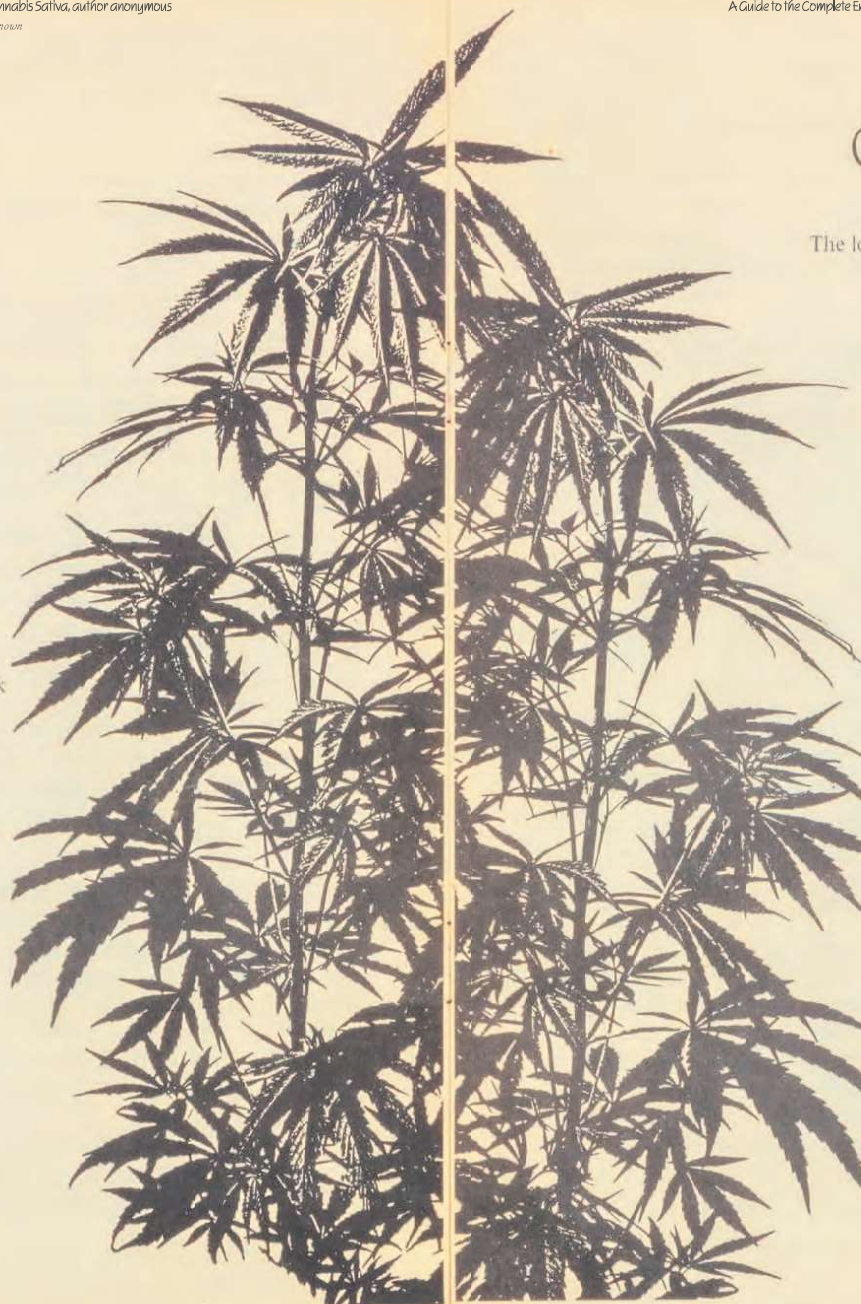
Growing Pot

Marijuana is a hardy plant that will grow just about anywhere, providing a minimum amount of sunshine and rain are present. Thousands of acres of bottom land along the Mississippi and Missouri valleys are covered with healthy marijuana. The plant grows from a seed to full maturity in 10-15 weeks. You should soak the seeds overnight, then plant in moist, loose soil, 3/4 of an inch deep, an inch apart.

A gardener's flatbox is ideal, and can be secured from any nursery for about 20 cents.

A little Black Magic Fertilizer works wonders if kneaded into the soil evenly before planting.

In 7-10 days the shoots will break the surface. In 1-3 weeks the plants should reach 6-10 inches, and they are then ready to transplant. Towards maturity (the plant grows anywhere from three to six feet high, and even higher on some happy occasions) the female plants will blossom forth with beautiful flowers. The male plant, useless for smoking, can be discarded at this point.



Harvesting and Curing Your Crop

Curing can be done quickly or slowly. The long process brings superior results, but to test the quality of your crop immediately, the quick process is used.

Cut off a small bunch of leaves and place them in an oven at the lowest possible temperature for 20-30 minutes until they will crumble in your fingers.

The long process involves allowing the leaves, which have been separated from the stalk, to dry naturally, requiring three to four additional weeks.

Then take a moderate mesh strainer, place a bowl beneath it and gently rub your pot against the strainer, crushing the leaves.

They will crumble and fall through in small particles.

Occasionally bounce the contents slightly to free the pores, repeating the process until you are left with only seeds and stems.

The stems should be discarded as they are very harsh on the throat if smoked. Save the seeds for your next crop.

For an unusually pleasant and mellow flavor, a small amount of wine can be added to the finished product.

Place the pot in a small bottle and add a tablespoon of your favorite burgundy or white wine.

Cover, and within a few hours, the wine will spread throughout your pot, making it slightly moist and facilitating rolling.

the only reason weed isn't decriminalized is because private prisons make a fortune off sending Black and Brown folks to jail for it. There's literally no other reason.

@jd_occasionally

May 20 2021

Smokin weed in the south annoying as shit, I still gotta hide that shit from police lmao that shit annoying as hell

@Mayberrykush

August 2 2022

Want to know why Amerikkans don't give a f about Brittney Griner? 30% of the jail population is still weed. 95% of those inmates are black. The so called legal weed industry is up to 6 billion. They typing those kkkomments while smoking a bowl.

@KuntaFlySnooka

August 4 2022

When all politicians say that "legalizing" weed is to destroy the black market industry that tells you all you need to know. They're building a business for someone else, not for the people who built that industry, not for the generational farmers growing it for decades and not for the users and patients that fought and won the right for everyone else to make money on legal weed

@CannaWorld4

July 27 2022

The Hmong who went back did so because they were already losing everything and wanted to protect what they could. Many have criticized them as weed farmers, as if that makes them less human. This isn't about weed, all the weed is burned and gone now.

It's about, how, Hmong in the county only made up 2% of cannabis farming in the area but were the ones affected by the water cutoffs. This is a systemic attempt at erasing Asian land ownership and prosperity.

@zzsleeps

July 18 2021

haha 420 blaze it, smoke weed everyday snoop dogg gif haha, FREE THOSE IN JAIL FOR MARIJUANA RELATED OFFENSES AND CRITICALLY CONSIDER THE INEQUITY BRED INTO THE WAY WE IMPLEMENT DRUG LAWS, get married so ya have your anniversary on 4/20/69 haha

@Tarunitar

April 20 2019

Minorities, especially Blacks and Latinos, have borne the brunt of the racist war on drugs with mass incarceration. Now that the weed is being legalized these are the groups that should now benefit from the billions that are on offer, any other outcome is an extension of the war.

@bungohead

January 16 2022

Killer Mike not smoking weed bc it comes from "northern CA and its grown by white ppl" is the funniest shit ever

@MsReyda

January 23 2019

30+ y/o white dudes who work in the weed industry and call themselves "cannabis entrepreneurs" have the exact same energy and look as weirdo crypto bros

@bertoligy

June 10 2022

When you don't have the money, but you still gotta find a way to put money on your 20 year-old friends books because he's in jail over a year for weed, in a state where weed is legal. These are the things holding Black men back we don't talk about. You lose years of your life.

@realonlybooks

March 10 2022

when the weed industry inevitably monopolizes we're gonna call it big weed

@dawgalova

June 19 2022



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Uden • P268 – (Top) Space City! 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Dedicated to my pot head dad, Peg

**Endless thanks to the individuals
who made this project happen:**

Stephanie Rebonati

Harsh Patel

Katja Bruhin

Patrick Frey

acknowledgements

**Gratitude for the support
of these kind people:**

Hayley Magnus

Anja Schwanhäuser

Tania Prill

Laura Grimshaw

Leni Sinclair

Ross Simonini

Sean Howe

Nathan Besser

Jay Babcock

Julian Lucas

Ezra Sarajinsky

Jordan Bass

Heads Together: Weed and the Underground Press
Syndicate, 1965-1973
Edition Patrick Frey
ISBN 978-3-907236-54-3
First edition of 6000 copies
@headstogetherbook

Compiled and edited by David Jacob Kramer

Design:
Grupo 438

Essays:
Rembert Browne
Melania Gazzotti

Introduction, oral histories, and explanatory texts:
David Jacob Kramer

Editorial coordinating:
Stephanie Rebonati

Image post production:
Ian Lewandowski

Photography of grower's guides & rolling papers:
Joshua White Studio

Proofreading & editing in English:
Lakeisha Bell Cadogan

Proofreading in Italian:
Isabella Amico di Meane

English translation of "High Art":
Nuala Motel-Casey

Printing & binding:
DZA Druckerei zu Altenburg GmbH

© 2023 photographs: David Fenton, Leni Sinclair,
Bettman / Contributor
© 2023 writing: The Authors
© 2023 for this edition: Edition Patrick Frey

Edition Patrick Frey
Limmatstrasse 268, CH-8005 Zürich
www.editionpatrickfrey.com
mail@editionpatrickfrey.ch

Distribution
Switzerland:
AVA Verlagsauslieferung, CH – Affoltern am Albis
ava.ch

Germany, Austria:
GVA Gemeinsame Verlagsauslieferung, D – Göttingen
gva-verlage.de

France, Luxembourg, Belgium:
Les presses du réel, F – Dijon
lespressesdureel.com

United Kingdom:
Antenne Books, GB – London
antennebooks.com

United States:
ARTBOOK / D.A.P., USA – New York
artbook.com

Japan:
twelvebooks, JP – Tokyo
twelve-books.com

Australia, New Zealand:
Perimeter Distribution, AU – Melbourne
perimeterdistribution.com

Rest of the world:
Edition Patrick Frey, CH – Zürich
editionpatrickfrey.com

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Material for this book was generously provided by:
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The collection of Jan-Frederik Bandel
The collection of Jürgen Schröder
and Materialien zur Analyse von Opposition (MAO)
The collection of Michael and Michelle Aldrich
The collection of Jesse Pearson
The collection of Roger Steffens
The collection of Chris Veltri / Groove Merchant
The collection of Ariel Stark-Benz
Independent Voices, JSTOR

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