

FREE JOHN SINCLAIR AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!



JOHN SINCLAIR FREEDOM RALLY



FRIDAY
DEC
10

1971



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SPEAKERS

RENNIE DAVIS · ALLEN GINSBERG · ER · JAMES GROPPY · SHEILA MURPHY LABOR DEFENSE COALITION · JERRY RUBIN · ED SANDERS · BOBBY SEALE BLACK PANTHER PARTY · LENI SINCLAIR RAINBOW PEOPLES PARTY · MARGE TABANKIN NSA · JONNIE LEE TILLMON N.W.R.O.

MUSIC

JOHN LENNON & YOKO ONO & FRIENDS
ARCHIE SHEPP & ROSWELL RUDD with C.J.Q. · PHIL OCHS
UP · COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN · JOY OF COOKING · DAVID PEEL
MCs BOB RUDNICK & ANNE LAVASSEUR
SOUND BY VULCAN

CRISLER ARENA

ANN ARBOR

SPONSORED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE RAINBOW PEOPLE

Gary Coltrane

PROGRAM

published by the
Rainbow People's Party

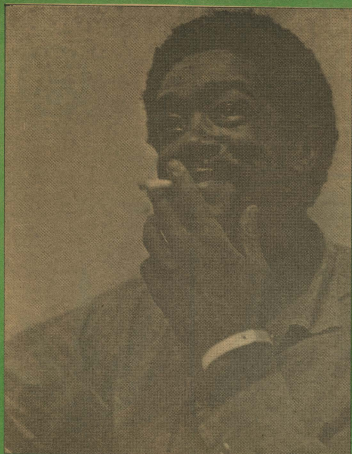


photo by David Freeman

"To unify and organize a conscious and mighty humankind throughout our many communities must be the present objective to end the Attica, the murdered George Jackson, the death row Romaine 'Chit' Fitzgerald, the incarcerated Angela Davis, David Hilliard, and John Sinclair. Survival pending people's revolution encompasses the survival and freedom of the people along with the thousands of inhumanly incarcerated prisoners and political prisoners alike."

All Power to the People
 "Right on Time" with a
 People's Revolutionary
 Intercommunalism
 BOBBY SODER, Chairman
 BPP and co-founder with
 the servant of the people,
 Brother Huey P. Newton



photo by Loni Sinclair

"With such a large percentage of the population trying one or another of the enormous number of drugs now designated as illegal, drug arrests have become a vehicle whereby the authorities are able to incarcerate those who dissent politically. Those found offensive politically may thus be detained under the umbrella of drug control legislation because the real reason for this harassment, their dissent, can not be found illegal. The case of John Sinclair is a dramatic example of political suppression by the selective employment of drug control legislation that could as easily apply to almost anyone of this generation."

-Marge T-bankin

I tried everything I could to be in Ann Arbor tonight, but it is impossible. But I know that so many of John Sinclair's friends will be with you that my absence will be more keenly felt by me than by anyone else. John is in jail for two essential reasons; first of all he is a political person, who calls into question the validity of the super state which seeks to control all of us, and to destroy those it cannot readily dominate. Secondly his harsh sentence dramatizes the absurdity of our marijuana laws which are irrational, unjust, and indefensible. I think it's time for young people to unite to destroy these marijuana laws and the best place to start is with John Sinclair...

-William Kunstler



"Ten years for two joints is too much! December 10 will be our battle cry. Henceforth, the Michigan judge-politician-dinosaur-legislator who can't yell loud and clear "Free John Now" will get the youth vote right in the mouth."

-Rennie Davis

When John was convicted and sentenced to 9½ to 10 years in prison by Judge Robert Colombo in July 1969, it looked pretty dark for a while for the survival of the Rainbows culture in Michigan. But after a long and hard struggle going on 3 years now there is a New Morning dawning. This beautiful gathering tonight in support of John is only the beginning. The Power of the People will set John free eventually, but our struggle will not be over with John's release. To all people sitting locked up in an iron cage somewhere, getting lonely and desperate at times, I want to say: Hold on, Brother-Sister, hold on, it's gonna be alright. We know that nobody is really free until everybody is free.

All Power to the People!
FREE JOHN NOW!
 —Leni Sinclair, Rainbow
 Peoples Party

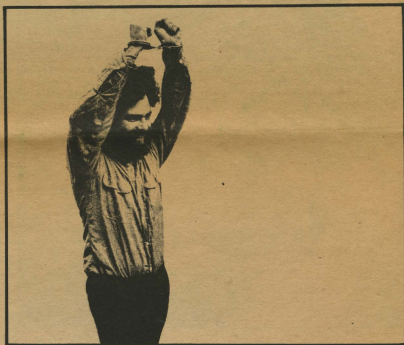
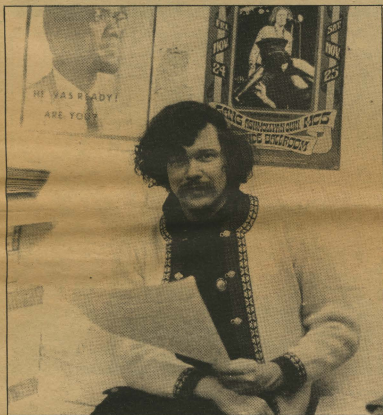
"John Sinclair has been victimized for two & a half years by a system of evil that smokes at Lt. Calley, lets Rockefeller snuff the innocent, worships an interstate concrete night full of beserk robot hamburgers in rot carts, that lets the war lords of the CIA & South Asia smuggle heroin for the grade schoolers of America, that lets General Electric manufacture light bulbs that last about a half hour—a system that has enslaved John Sinclair for possession of a famous head-ache remedy from George Washington's farm."

—Ed Sanders



"This is a night which will go down in history right along with Chicago and Woodstock. Tonight demonstrates the beauty & power of our culture. John Sinclair will become a national household word tomorrow because of this rally—and that publicity will force the judges to free him. Those people who say the revolution is over are saying that people have stopped breathing, hoping & dreaming. Hah!"

—Jerry Rubin



JESSE CRAWFORD



ANNE LAVASSEUR



BOB RUDNICK

photo by David Farnson

photo by Leni Sinclair

KICKIN' OUT THE JAMS:

ARCHIE SHEPP and
ROSWELL RUDD
with the Contemporary Jazz Quintet



Photo by Leon Sinclair



PHIL OCHS



COMMANDER CODY and his Lost Planet Airmen

Photo by Leon Sinclair



JOY OF COOKING



DAVID PEEL



John Lennon and Yoko Ono

If ain't fair John Sinclair
In the stir for breathing air
Won't you care for John Sinclair?
In the stir for breathing air
Let him be, set him free
Let him be like you and me.

(Chorus)

They gave him ten for two!
What else can Judge Colombo do?

We gotta gotta gotta gotta
gotta gotta gotta gotta
gotta gotta gotta gotta
gotta set him free!

If he'd been a soldier man
Shooting gooks in Vietnam
If he was the C. I. A.
Selling dope and making hay
He'd be free, they'd let him be
Breathing air like you and me.

(repeat Chorus)

Was he jailed for what he done?
Or representing everyone
Free John NOW! if we can
From the clutches of the man
Let him free, lift the lid,
Bring him to his wife and kids.

(chorus)

They gave him ten for two!
and they got PUN PLAMONDON too!

We gotta gotta gotta gotta
gotta gotta gotta gotta
gotta gotta gotta gotta
gotta set him free!

F. R. E. E. Freeeeeeee!!!!



by JOHN LENNON
"JOHN SINCLAIR"

JOHN SINCLAIR FREEDOM RALLY MEMORIAL RECORD

Known around Michigan as one of the most dedicated and mightiest rocking bands anywhere, the Up are Scott Baily on drums, Bob and Gary Rasmussen on guitar and bass, Frank Bach lead singer and MC Ann LaVassuer. Their music is here on record as well as on stage—as one side of a specially pressed 45 rpm Memorial Record given away to John's supporters with tonight's program.

The music on the A-side of the record—"Free John Now" (written by the band this spring and recorded just last week at the SRC's Morgan Sound studios)—is, like the rest of what they play, more than just "music." John once called it "the song of our lives." Writing about the band in 1970 he said "this is rock and roll, this is People's music, this is what gives us life and power," it is even more true today. Man-

aged by John's blood brother Dave, the Up have created a real economic base for and have been a part of the collective energy of the Rainbow People's Party and all of the efforts to Free John Sinclair in the last two and a half years since he's been imprisoned.

The Up's "Free John Now" was the inspiration for this record but, of course, it is not the only recent art/work pointing to the crime of John's imprisonment. Aled Ginsberg (who also appears on stage here tonight) contributes, along with Peter Orlowsky, "Prayer for John Sinclair" on side B. Originally written by Ginsberg as a press statement, the chant version of "Prayer" was recorded on a cassette recorder in his apartment in New York City.

—Leni Sinclair

FREE JOHN NOW

All of our people are smokin marijuana
Feelin real good and doin what we wanna
But the cops come and take us to jail
Kangaroo courts ain't givin no bail
Now they've ripped off nearly half a million
They gave John Sinclair
Ten years for two joints
Cut off all of his hair
Time for us to make the people's point
Free John, FREE JOHN NOW! . . .
Think they can take our best men and women
Expectin us to get high and forget em
We can't let them push us around
We gotta be free to get down
We gotta get John Sinclair out of prison
Got to let em know
Pillage of our nation is through
Make them let him go
It's something the power of the people can do . . .
Got to get up and sing
Yes we're gonna have our way
Make our voices ring
Now, now, right now, startin today
Free John, FREE JOHN NOW!

—UP



photo by David Ferguson

UP



TRICK OR TREAT! Year after year literary Persons Ed Sanders Robert Creeley myself Organizations the American Chapter of P. E. N. Club representing 1100 U.S. writers have petitioned the State of Michigan for release of Poet Musician John Sinclair from entrapment by Police Courts Jails 9½—10 year sentence. No Appeal Bail silly maximum Security for 2 joint bust. This Case articulates the bankruptcy of middle class law-and-order Work-within-system Rationalizations of irrational Public Injustice. No Law maker, Judge or Policeman in Michigan Can argue their own Respectability while their State Bureaucracy Conspires to outrage Law and Order by keeping Sinclair in Prison.
—Allen Ginsberg. For the 10th Time. October 30, 1971.

FREE JOHN NOW!



John Sinclair, Rainbow People's Party Chairman, doing his third year in an 8x10 concrete and steel prison cell for possession of 11.5 grams of marijuana.

John Lennon and Yoko and some of their more readily known friends, Phil Ochs, Archie Shepp, internationally respected pioneer of revolutionary new body music from the African root, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen and Joy of Cooking, people's bands from the San Francisco Bay Area Community, David Peel, combination minstrel and people's representative of the Lower East Side in New York City. UP, historically the most socially conscious rock and roll band in the nation, and, accordingly, the hardest rockers now.

Rennie Davis, People's Coalition for Peace and Justice. Allen Ginsberg and Ed

Sanders, inventors of the counter-culture, Marge Tabunkin, president of the National Student Association, Sheila Murphy of the Labor Defense Coalition in Detroit, the most effective example in the country of a people's movement for reconstitution of the penal system. Bobby Seale, Black Panther Party, Jerry Rubin, Jonnie Lee Tillman, National Welfare Rights Organization, Father James Groppi, symbol of conscientious resistance to national aggression. (William Kunstler of the Center for Constitutional Rights, unable to attend, sends love and solidarity on a tape.)

The sponsorship of the Rainbow People's Party, the Human Rights/Radical Independent Party, the University of Michigan Student Government Council, the Black Political Seminar, PCPJ and the Ann Arbor Coalition to End the War. And 15,000 of the people of the State of Michigan.

These are the basic elements, diverse and cutting across racial, political, and cultural lines, of the John Sinclair Freedom Rally. All these voices are raised in one common demand, "Free John Sinclair and all Political Prisoners."

A stranger to these proceedings and to the last five years of political life in America might well ask, "Who is John Sinclair and what is it about him and his situation that has drawn together such wide-ranging forces as these in demand of his freedom? Why is this huge hall full of people who support this demand? What, if I can ask at this point, is the deal?"

In essence, the John Sinclair Freedom Rally is a manifestation of two basic characteristics of human society, (1) the opposition and revulsion of common people, from John Lennon and Yoko Ono to the

last sister or brother sitting up next to the ceiling, to injustice and all forms of governmental brutality, and (2) the tendency of ordinary people everywhere to resist injustice whenever possible. John Sinclair has for over seven years been an active and tremendously energetic community political organizer in Southeast Michigan. Christmas, for John, marks the completion of precisely 29 months of confinement. He has been held at gunpoint in Michigan prisons for nearly two and a half years, the last 14 months in isolated confinement on a 9½ year sentence for possession of two marijuana cigarettes.

This is injustice and state brutality. This is not Michigan striving to protect itself from and rehabilitate its anti-social citizens. This is political imprisonment in the United States, and this event, in Ann Arbor, is a mode of resistance available to all of us.

David Sinclair, RPP



John was first arrested on marijuana charges in October of 1964, before most of us had ever heard of the holy weed. He was the first freck in Detroit's hip community to take a bust for marijuana, and he was warned by the Detroit police to give up his activity in that community or else he'd be sent to prison. Less than a month after that bust John helped bring about the realization of one of his earliest visions by working with 15 other heads, including his partner Leni, to open the Artists' Workshop, an historic self-determination project which spearheaded through the entire course of its development. The Artists' Workshop, primarily through the total dedication and tireless effort of John Sinclair, produced a long series of weekly free concerts and poetry readings, developed a free university for the community, published magazines and books of poetry and other writings by Detroit artists and heads of all kinds, and stood as a beautiful example of self-determination for the alternative culture which was just beginning to emerge in those days out of the fifth and despair of honky America.

In August of 1965 John Sinclair was busted for the second time, and the police made it even clearer this time that they were determined to stop what he was doing. He refused to be intimidated and instead began what has become a 6-year campaign to expose the criminality of the marijuana laws and the snakes who enforce them.

John had been singled out by the police to take the weight for the whole hip community of the time, and although he hated having to divert some of his energies from what he considered his real work—building self-determination for artists and heads into the framework of a creative alternative culture—he refused to give up or even to

back down an inch in the face of the most severe repression people like ourselves had yet faced. On February 24, 1966, John was sentenced to six months in the Detroit House of Correction after his lawyer, had sold him out by refusing to challenge the constitutionality of the marijuana laws. He did the six months and came right back into the community to take up his work

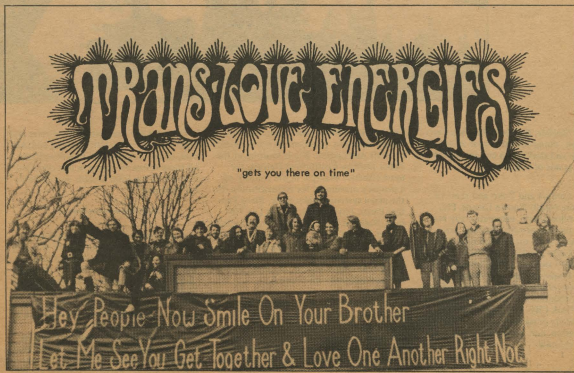
where he'd left off, trying to consolidate and extend the programs and the influence generated by the Workshop.

One of John's qualities which has inspired us most is his ability to understand what's going on among the people and to bring himself and his work into line with what the people are doing. While he was in the House of Correction a big change took

place in Detroit's hip community; thousands of frecked-out kids were rushing out of their parent's suburbs to join the heads and new-beatniks who had cohered around the Artists' Workshop. And while almost everyone else who had been associated with and involved in the Workshop was splitting Detroit for San Francisco or Europe, John and Leni re-committed themselves to staying in Detroit, working to bring the greatly-enlarged hip scene closer together, and pushing the self-determination policies which had given birth and life to the Workshop. John brought rock and roll bands together with the older heads, worked hard to help get the new Grande Ballroom established as a real community center for frecks, started pushing for Legal Self-Defense programs for kids who were getting busted, helped establish a chapter of LEMAR, an organization working for the legalization of marijuana, organized benefits to raise money for community projects and to get bands into playing for the benefit of their own people, and generally served as an energetic partner for the whole emerging youth community. He continually pushed for greater cooperation among frecks and for self-determination and freedom for our people, both in his writings and in his daily practice.

On January 24, 1967, John Sinclair was busted for giving two joints to a female undercover agent and her pigskin partner, Vaughn Kapigian of the Detroit Narcotics Bureau. He had been threatened continually by the police that they would "get him" if he didn't stop what he was doing, and they went so far as to infiltrate the Artists' Workshop and its communal dinners, poetry readings, rock and roll dances, communes and other activities. 56 people were busted January 24th, but John Sinclair is the only victim of the raid to get any time out of it.

After the January 24th roundup the community went into a panic. John was held for a week without bond before the people could get him out, but he immediately drew people back together and almost single-handedly purged the community of its paranoia and fear by the force of his example. Along with Leni, Gary Grimshaw, and a number of other brothers and sisters in the community John organized Trans-Love Energies as an antidote to the poisonous fear and separation which the police were trying to kill out new culture with. Trans-Love was conceived as a huge collective of frecks which could unite the active elements of the community and serve the needs of the people. Rock and roll bands, head shops, artisans and crafts people, light shows, people's newspapers, and other free institutions were brought together under the Trans-Love banner, and it provided a revolutionary direction and example for the growing youth culture in Detroit and Ann Arbor.





MC5 AT THE GRANDE, OCTOBER 1968

In the spring of 1967 John organized the Belle Isle Love-in, the first huge mass gathering of freecs in Michigan. He and Grimshaw founded the Warren-Forrest SUN as a community newspaper, and Trans-Love as a whole operated a free booking agency for people's bands, produced free concerts and benefits, provided free rides for people around town, turned the Artists' Workshop into a 24-hour youth community center and crash pad, opened a free store, printed and distributed marijuana literature, started a legal self-defense program, distributed free food to poor black and white neighborhood people during the Detroit Rebellion, and opened a people's rock and roll center called the Sea which was controlled and operated by freecs from Trans-Love. During the same period John started his court challenge of the constitutionality of the state marijuana laws, which the courts still refuse to respond to.

In the late summer of 1967 John started working intimately with the MC5 and built them into what was then the most powerful people's band in the country during his two-year association with them as their manager. He channeled the band's energies back into the community out of which it came and set a standard for rock and roll bands which is still rarely matched. Under John's leadership and direction the MC5 played more free concerts and benefits than any other band on the planet, and when they started meeting with constantly increasing repression from the police, state and city authorities, and the rock and roll imperialists within the music industry itself, he steadfastly refused to submit to the whims of the police who couldn't stand to see a band which they couldn't control.

In 1968 Trans-Love moved to Ann Arbor with its bands—the MC5 and the Up—and established itself as a force in the emerging Ann Arbor youth community. In the summer of 1968 John Sinclair led the fight for the existence of the free concert program in the parks and took the MC5 into the parks to play every Sunday free for the people. The only exception was August 25, when the 5 were the only band to defy the police-state paranoia and threats in playing for its sisters and brothers in Lincoln Park in Chicago. John and Pun Plamondon also established a Legal Self-Defense program in Ann Arbor, and, in November, formed the White Panther Party as a political arm of Trans-Love Energies.

As Minister of Information and the guiding force within the WPP John further developed the ideology of self-determination for our people and taught us the need to integrate our revolutionary Life Culture with the political struggle for freedom and self-determination for all peoples, particularly the liberation struggle of black people in this country. And he showed us how this could be done by developing the MC5 as an even stronger musical-political force in the youth community, constantly stressing the responsibility of the people's hands to serve the needs of the people who supported them. During his last few months on the street John gave 100% of his time and energy to the party and to the people, working with the band to get the music to the people, leading the political struggle here in Ann Arbor to get the parks for the free concerts in the summer, fighting in the courts to defend himself against mounting charges as the police intensified their efforts to snuff him off the set, working with the people's radio stations in Detroit to get more music to the people, producing the first Rock and Roll Revival at the State Fairgrounds, helping get the Argus started as Ann Arbor's community newspaper, and doing whatever he could to contribute to the growth of our culture and the strength of our people.

JOHN AND CHARLES MOORE OF THE ARTISTS' WORKSHOP



photos: Lenti Sinclair

On July 28, 1969 John was sentenced to 9½ years in prison for possession of 2 marijuana cigarettes by Judge Robert Colombo, after he dismissed the charge of same and possession on the grounds that the evidence, the 2 joints, were obtained thru illegal entrapment. He denied appeal bond, claiming that John was a "threat to the community" and must be kept locked up.

Since then we have filed motions for appeal bond 6 different times in the Court of Appeals, in the Michigan Supreme Court, the Federal District Court in Detroit as well as the 6th Federal District Court in Cincinnati. All motions were denied without ever giving John the right to a hearing. The appeal is now under consideration by the Michigan Supreme Court. We don't know how long it will be before they decide John's fate (and ours) for the next few years to come, but we expect a decision within the next 2 or 3 months, if not sooner.

In the meantime we filed another motion for appeal bond, written by John himself in his cell, with the Federal District Court in Detroit. We don't have much hope for this new motion meeting a different fate from the last 6. But everytime they deny bond on the phony grounds that John has "no meritorious basis for appeal," especially after the Michigan Supreme Court has already ruled that he has enough meritorious grounds for them to hear and rule on the appeal itself, they stand more and more exposed as the hypocrites they are.



TRIBAL STOMP AT THE ANN ARBOR FREE PARK CONCERTS

BOB RASMUSSEN OF THE UP KENNEDY SQUARE, DETROIT, SUMMER OF 1971



photo by David Preston

John spent the first year of his incarceration in Michigan's Siberia, cold Marquette Prison in September of 1970 and has been held in maximum security, or "administrative segregation" as they call it, ever since. That means that he is locked up in his cell most of the day and is not allowed to have any contact with the general prison population. He is accorded this special treatment solely because of his political beliefs. John has filed a civil suit in the Federal District Court in Detroit, charging the Warden and the Corrections Department with violation of his civil rights. This case will come in trial in January or February of 1972 and will expose the inhuman conditions under which more than 3000 brothers live day after day.

It's been a long time and it's not been easy on John or the rest of us. But the outcry for John's freedom is getting too loud for them to ignore for much longer. The organized power of the people will free John, as it will eventually free every brother and sister in prison for acts the aliens in power now define as "crimes."

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
FREE JOHN NOW!

Leni Sinclair
Gary Grimshaw
Pun Plamondon
Gennie Plamondon
Frank Bach
Peggy Taube
David Fenton
David Sinclair
of the Central Committee
Rainbow People's Party



BY JOHN SINCLAIR

It seems strange to still be talking about the marijuana laws after all these years, but I'm still here in the penitentiary and so are thousands of other people doing time for getting high on weed, even though conditions have changed a lot since I was busted the first time in October 1964. At that time not very many people were smoking grass—at least not very many young white people were—and even fewer were getting busted. Those of us who were getting high didn't know anything about "the law" and the way it works, and we got our first taste of repression from the various narcotics bureaus which ferreted us out and dragged us into court to set an example for the rest of our comrades. Fortunately, things didn't turn out quite the way those snakes thought they would, and their whole strategy of repression and terror backfired on them before they even knew what was happening.

The people who smoked weed in those days were mostly neo-beatniks and far-out campus types who holed out around urban universities like Wayne State, listened to weird (jaz) music, wrote poetry, made strange little films, or just hung around on the set digging everything that was going down. A lot of us were already in our twenties and had either graduated or dropped out of college—there were a few totally crazed high school beatniks around too, but they were really weird, especially to the kids they tried to school with. And not even all this tiny group of freaks smoked weed then—it was hard to cop, cost more than it does not (\$10 for a matchbox, \$25 for a lid), and to become a head meant taking a fairly big step outside the spectrum of what was considered "acceptable" at the time. Heads were like a visible elite in both major senses of the term: there weren't very many of us, and we were a lot more like an exclusive conspiracy or clique than a movement, if you can relate

to that.

It wasn't until 1966, when LSD and rock and roll came together in San Francisco and exploded in waves that washed back across the country, that the mass youth movement was born, and by that time I was already doing my first bit for possession of marijuana—six months in the Detroit House of Correction. When "the hippie movement" became "news" for me the first time by virtue of a cover story in the February 14, 1967 issue of *Newsweek*, I had taken my third bust (the one I'm doing 9% to 10 years on now) and marijuana was a public issue of a whole new magnitude. Those of us who had been around for some time were regarded as evil dope fiends responsible for leading thousands of kids away from the straight, narrow path their parents had mapped out for them, and our bust in Detroit was meant to serve as an object lesson in depravity and punishment for everybody who would have followed our example in turning on, tuning in, and dropping out of the insanity that "normal" life in America had become.

This might sound pretty far out now, but that's the way it was—the Detroit Narcotics Bureau swooped down on our whole neighborhood and arrested 56 of us in one night—January 24, 1967—issuing press releases about "campus dope rings" and "marijuana addicts" and that whole paranoid fantasy scene. The headlines in the Detroit Free Press screamed "56 ARRESTED IN LIGHTENING DOPE RAID," and although the largest quantity of "narcotics" captured was one ounce of weed (I had given two joints to an undercover team), the work of the Bureau was done—so they thought. The next morning 43 of the "suspects" were released without being charged, everyone else except my partner Leni and myself copped to prostitution (she had her case thrown out by Judge Crockett), and the whole hip community was

trembling in fear and terror just as the snakes had intended. They had struck fear into the hearts of all the kids in the suburbs who were thinking about trying the evil weed, and now all the straight people in town could relax secure in the knowledge that the problem was under control.

Except it didn't quite work that way, as you can tell by looking around you or even in the mirror, if you know what I mean. Weed was a phenomenon whose time had come, and it didn't have anything to do with individuals or down rings or anything like that at all—people were ready for it, and nothing anybody would try to do could stop it from spreading across America. Right on! I mean it really is a weed, and it grew wild in the super-fertile soil of millions of post-western minds and bodies, lighting up America and smoking out all the people who had been hiding in their schools and bedrooms and apartments waiting for something to happen. This was it! Rock and roll, reefer, and tons of raw energy set free at last! Nothing could stop it, and when all that righteous acid was stirred into the mixture there were thousands of us who felt—despite all the evidence to the contrary—that nobody would even try to stop it. If it was so beautiful, this thing we had, so righteous and so mellow that everyone would join us in our Peace and Love once they got a chance to check it out for themselves.

Sure. It didn't work that way either—what happened was that we tried to spread it, and the police tried to stop it, and although they weren't able to stop the movement of our culture they were able to arrest the movement of a whole lot of individuals, which didn't really stop things down much but rather added a whole new dimension to the scene—those of us who thought we could just drop out and do our own thing found out that the people who run this country couldn't afford to let that happen. They came to where we were trying to live on our own and dragged us back into their madness, throwing a lot of us in to their jails and penitentiaries and teaching the rest of us a few lessons on how far they would go to preserve their control over our lives.

This repression had two unexpected effects, it brought kids to the realization that weed is a political as well as a cultural phenomenon, that the same government which oppresses black people, Asian and African and Latin American people would also oppress us if we refused to go along with their death program, and that "if we wanna get high we're gonna have to fight"; and, it began to undermine the credibility and the almost unquestioned support which had formerly been enjoyed by the police and other state forces among their own people, who found it very hard to understand why the police were spending so much time and energy—and so much of the taxpayer's money—trying to catch young people in possession of two joints of grass or some other ridiculous amount of reefer, and then giving those criminals (who were often their own sons and daughters) mind-blowing prison sentences like 3 or 5 or 7 or 9% to 10 years.

Of course it wasn't just the repression of marijuana smokers which brought about that effect—it was the intersection of that repression with the escalating police violence against antiwar demonstrators and black people, the steadily increasing mass awareness of the criminality of the government's foreign and domestic policies, and the simultaneous heightening of all the blatant contradictions inherent in western society which could no longer be glossed over by television and newspaper reporters and their doubles in the government—but for a whole lot of people both in the youth colony and in the mother country, the marijuana repression was the major politicizing agent in their lives. And because it was such a seemingly trifling matter to begin with, it had an even greater effect than the other, more serious issues—it was just too weird to believe, that the government was reacting so viciously to the spread of this innocuous weed, and it made people really start questioning the sanity of a system which could get so up tight about people getting high. There was simply no rational explanation for the government's position on marijuana, and the harder it tried to rationalize its behavior the crazier it sounded. It's like marijuana burned the mask off the ugly face of Euro-American culture and exposed the naked fear and control it had been hiding behind that facade of reason the myth of the "melting pot".

And once exposed, who would be able to believe it again?

Again, I don't want to claim to much for marijuana, but on the other hand I want to insist that grass and the repression it has drawn from the established state had a much greater political effect than most people realize. If weed really was as innocuous as a lot of people would have you believe that the government certainly wouldn't bother persecuting people the way it has for taking down. Weed is at once the cornerstone (I mean even rock and roll wasn't the force it is now until weed and acid hit the scene) and the symbol of our new culture, and it strikes directly at the roots of western civilization in such a way as to threaten its very survival. The established order somehow understands the power of the righteous weed and has done everything it could to stop reefer from working its magic on us. That its repression campaign hasn't worked is in itself proof of the disruptive power of marijuana, and now that the government sees that the marijuana revolution can't be stopped it's trying to undermine that power by altering its assault and changing the marijuana laws in order to "regain the confidence of young people." But that won't work either—the repressive nature of the capitalist state has already been exposed, and nothing can cover it back up again. History cannot be turned back.

LET IT GROW!

Rainbow Power to the People of the Future
John Sinclair
Chairman
Rainbow People's Party
Jackson Prison, May 1, 1971



EXCERPTS FROM THE PRISON DIARY OF JOHN SINCLAIR

May 1

After 9 months I can write these poems.
It rained all day today,
Mayday,
which speaks for the rest of the year
pretty much. No flowers,
or red flags on the yard
just the wet grey day, and a dude in my block
going crazy in his cell right now,
screaming and cursing in the dark-

May 12

Writing by candlelight again,
listening for the guard to climb the steps
to the first gallery which holds my cell--
then I blow out the light until he's past,
safe for another hour.

May 17

Each day I get farther behind in my work.
So many possibilities, so little time
to work them out. Even my weekends now
shrink smaller & smaller--
and the weekdays, just enough time
to answer letter, read the papers--
bah!

My books scream at me from their shelf,
my typewriter begs me to work it,
my mind is bursting with energy--
9 1/2 to 10 years
will never be enough time!

July 1

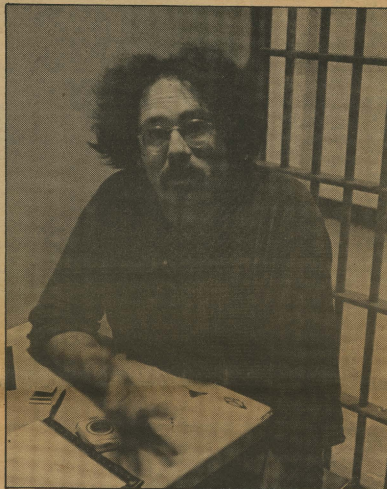
Another month,
a new notebook.
The shakedown squad came by tonight.
Everyone else is out in the yard,
I'm sitting at my desk typing
earphones on, music blasting through my head
and look up surrounded by screws!
Flashes of paranoia and real fear,
but it's just a plain old C block shakedown--
they look through my house--
a new guard getting broke in--
and left without taking a thing.

August 27

The unconscious or not
consciously felt emotional void
after your visit up here--the way it's
straight back into penitentiary life
or non-life when you leave,
almost like I never saw you out there
in the visiting room--the minute you're gone
the whole world you bring with you
disappears too, and I'm back in prison
simply and wholly
until the next time you come

October 1

Long live the People's Republic of China
on this it's 21st anniversary!
Long live the brilliant genius Chairman Mao Tse-tung!
Long live the 800,000,000 brothers and sisters of China!
21 years ago this day marked a turning point
in the history of the West so vast and deep
that still hardly anyone understands it--
No more American West!
No more Asian ripoffs for the capitalist dogs!
No Coca-colas and Chryslers and electric toothbrushes
for the toiling masses of the East!
No Bank Amertkards in Peking!
The dream of the Rockefellerers and Fords
blown to smithereens by the victory of peoples' war!
Right on, people, right on!
Dare to struggle, dare to Win!



November 2

The goon aquad on the rock today
just as I was leaving for my visit--
6 pigs kicked the shit out of a Muslim brother,
gassed him, and filled all of 6 block
with their nasty fumes--
5 brothers taken to the hospital for treatment,
10 or 15 dudes moved from their cells
because the gas was so thick--

The victims:

Andrews 114997-the Muslim brother;
Weed 102343, Davis 125528,
Williams 120911, Page 94943, Gillette
125055, Cross 83042, 124727 Blanding
(whose 4-year-old sister was shot and killed
by National Guard troops in the 1967 uprising),
Taylor 120687, Williams 94669,
Westbrook 91842, Bell 119243, Freeman
125188, 117218 Weatherby, 115893 Bush,
115114 Kelly, 88064 Cummingham,
103816 Exagg,
and the whole motherfucking block!

December 5

Freezing cold in here all day,
& a brother just hung himself in his cell
in the gallery above mine -
quiet is on this gallery like a pall
or a sheet they rapped around the dead prisoner
as they carried him past my cell
on a stretcher just 15 minutes ago -
weirdness & terror in the air,
even the guards are affected.
Some days it's hard to understand
how any of us in here manage to keep ourselves
from hanging it up like that -
this is no place for men to be caged
this is no place for men at all.

LT. CALLEY

CONVICTED BY MILITARY COURT MARTIAL OF MURDERING
109 VIETNAMESE CIVILIANS—

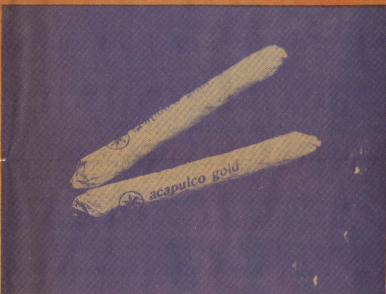
NOW FREE ON APPEAL BOND



JOHN SINCLAIR

CONVICTED BY DETROIT RECORDER'S COURT OF POSSESSION
OF TWO JOINTS OF MARIJUANA—

APPEAL BOND DENIED BY STATE SUPREME COURT



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO JUSTICE IN AMERICA?

If John Sinclair were a thug selling heroin to grade school children & paying bribes to police and public officials he'd be a free man today

If John Sinclair were a pilot for Air America dumping polyethylene bags of opium/heroin in the Gulf of Siam he'd be a free man today

If John Sinclair were shaking down bar owners in Pontiac forcing mafia juke boxes down scared throats he'd be a free man today

If John Sinclair had bayoneted Vietnamese women or smashed off their face-skin with bamboo mallets he'd be a free man today

If John Sinclair had slimed through the system scratching backs & sucking back down further picking up appointments for no thing no where no service like Judge Robert Colombo he'd be a free man today.

Two years after his sentencing

it curses our miserable death-trampled lives that John should still be enslaved in the mind of Stringfellow/Colombo

And that's what it is where John lies buried in boulders & steel.

o subtle currents of power
o rainbow humans roaming like Blake-folk

set him free set a gentle man free.

The only answer is pressure

and a solemn declaration before the boundless universe:

Love & public tranquility & shavers' bliss for those who help him free

& a huge screaming mob outside the homes of every official who keeps John Sinclair in jail.

Ed Sanders
Aug-Sept-Oct
1971

Concessions

We've been putting together benefits and concerts in Detroit and Ann Arbor since 1967. We always try to operate with the assumption that the basis for what we are doing is serving the people, therefore we've tried to criticize ourselves in everything we do so we can correct our mistakes and come up with the right thing. This John Sinclair Freedom Rally is the biggest thing we've ever done and we're really trying to do it right, to think of the most that we can do with it. Usually we think of the concessions, the kind of food that is available, and in the past we have provided alternatives to the usual sugar skunk, alternatives like fresh fruit and cider and nuts and raisins and sesame bars and halvah—but this time, in this the hugest building we could find, the concessions are run strictly by union labor and we have nothing to say about it, and we're sorry about that. But we have tried to provide other stuff.

Drug Help & Free People's Clinic

No one can deny that one of the biggest problems our people face at this point in history is the presence of bogus dope in our communities, and in fact, everywhere we go. We see a clear distinction between sacraments like marijuana and the psychedelics and bogus dope from smack to speed (and all the stuff cut with them) and so many more. Drug related problems are many and need to be dealt with in humane understanding ways. DRUG HELP is offered by our own people in collusion with the FREE PEOPLE'S CLINIC to meet any kind of need that may arise from first aid to freak-outs. We are staffed with doctors, nurses and assorted freaks who love us and want to help. The first aid room is located right around section 41 on the second tier.

Child Care

Kids are an intrinsic part of any people. We love our kids and we know they usually don't want to sit for hours, nor do parents always want to spend their time at an event like this taking care of one kid, so we are providing child care, a place where the little people can get together and be taken care of and have a good time.

PSYCHEDELIC RANGERS



If you need help or information anywhere in Crisler Arena, look for brothers and sisters with the familiar Psychedelic Rangers symbol on their purple T-shirts, pictured above.

WNRZ
102.9 FM
STEREO
ANN ARBOR

Psychedelic Rangers

Anyone who had been to the free summer concerts in Ann Arbor over the past couple years is familiar with the Psychedelic Rangers. We understand the need for a certain number of people to be around inside with the specific job of being there to help with any kind of emergency, information and questions, or bogus situations needing help, particularly in dealing with bogus dope problems. We also need help with traffic and crowd control, trying to keep things organized to the extent that we can do what we wanna with the most ease. The best part about it is that the Ann Arbor

city police have worked with us enough during the summers for there to be some real communication and understanding that we are best capable of dealing with problems that arise ourselves in almost all cases. We hope people can dig this service and cooperate. Perhaps here would be the best place to thank Jerry Kitchen and the Ann Arbor Civil Defense Emergency Group for working with us and for making their walkie-talkie communication system available for our use—they also worked with us all during the summer of '71 at Diana Oughton Memorial Park every Sunday.



PUN AND GENIE PLAMONDON

People's Information Tables

We like the slogan "Educate to Liberate" and dig Huey P. Newton when he said, "People can only act on the information made available to them." We have a number of literature tables situated around the second floor where people can wander and pick up some relevant information.

There will be deputy registrars available for people to register to VOTE—the right to register to vote at public functions like this has quite a history of hassle behind it—please take advantage of the situation and register before the night is over so we can check out this electoral system and see if it works. There will be a table with people to give information about the DRAFT to our brothers who are faced with this very real menace to health and life.

The Ann Arbor based YOUTH LIBERATION will have a table full of all kinds of literature to lead young people towards self-determination in junior high and high school.

Information about WOMEN'S LIBERATION will also be available, staffed by the Women's Movement Office, 1510 Student Activities Building, U of M—we know we are about everyone finding out and reaching our full human potential, but we also know how hard that is with the image programming we are forced to be brought up with.

The BLACK PANTHER PARTY will also have a lot of literature available as will the COMMITTEE TO FREE ANGELA DAVIS—if you want to know what these people are about without relying on what

you read in the straight papers then go by and get some literature from them and find out for your self. We all need to know about and support each other to do what we gotta do.

People will also staff a table with literature about ROBERT WILLIAMS who has been living and teaching for the past year at the U of M in Ann Arbor and is being federally indicted for refusing to testify in front of the House Internal Security Committee—his case history stems from way back in North Carolina many years ago and goes through years of exile in Cuba and China—he was formerly leadership in the Republic of New Africa, check it out.

POLIS LITERATURE AND NEWSREEL will also have a table no doubt jam packed with all kinds of information as will the FREE PEOPLE'S FILM SERIES from Ypsilanti who also have to do with Ypsil's paper the SECOND COMING and a communal home called EARTH HOUSE.

VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR will have a table with information to get out some real facts about real experiences. The young Socialists Alliance will also have a table with information about what they're into.

We've really tried to cover as many details as we could to make this JOHN SINCLAIR FREEDOM RALLY as complete an experience as possible. SELF DETERMINATION AND RAINBOW POWER TO RAINBOW PEOPLE! REVOLUTION IS THE WAY TO LIFE!!!

PUN ON THE VOTE

We all know by now that it is Federal Law that all 18 year olds have the right to vote in all elections, State and Federal. What all of us don't know however, is that all 18 year olds who register to vote have the right to sit on juries in all State and Federal court trials. Jury lists are made up of voters registration lists, so if we want to sit on juries (I think we get paid \$15 a day for sitting on a jury) we got to register to vote.

The power structure, through the mass media, is going to try to hoodwink us, get us all wrapped up and excited about some foggy, old time, drag ass politicians. Old wine in new bottles. They'll parade musky Muskie in front of us, try to get us all trippin' over each other to vote in the national elections.

But that ain't where it's at, national elections ain't. It's very important that we understand that all men and women at the top of the political ladder are in agreement on one particular point, that is, they are each totally dedicated to preserving the present system of control, competition and greed. The top rats are committed to preserving, at all costs, the present distribution of wealth, the existing class divisions. They may disagree on certain tactics or political maneuvers, but they all belong to the same fraternity of mad doctors trying to keep a dying octopus alive.

The Republican Party will put all the weight of our national problems on the stooped shoulders of the Democrats. The Democratic Party will front off the important Republicans. But that stuff is all cold now, it may have worked on our parents, but we're hip to 'em. There is only one party in Babylon, the Property Party. The vampires who own property—land, factories, natural resources, these are the beasts who control the top rat politicians, whether they're Democrats or Republicans, they

are all dedicated to keeping the peoples blood flowing to the vampires. We don't need a war on poverty, we need a war on the rich, Eldridge said. We need an Anti-Property Party.

Now that we have the 18 year old vote the power structure has made it possible for us to choose, every few years, which rats are going to set us up to be victims of the blood sucking vampires. What's the difference between Harry the Rat Truman and Ike Eisenhower, or Barry Asswater and Lynchin' Johnson, or Hubert Minnesota Muskrat Humphrey and Richard the Rat-hearted Nixon? There has been no real difference in the past, and there will be no real difference now.

We shouldn't get tricked into the power structure's game. But what we can do is start taking control of our immediate local communities. That's when we'll be dangerous, when we start choosing our own mayor, city council-men and women. When we get some of our own people on the County Board of Commissioners (the Board of Commissioners control the money of the county), or the Sheriff (he controls the guns of the county), or the Board of Education, then we'll be as dangerous as dynamite. Of course when we start getting some brothers and sisters from the Rainbow Colony on our juries we can start getting some justice in the snake pit court rooms. We have a chance now to start seizing control of the institutions that affect our everyday lives.

We must seize the time and seize this tool and use it to beat those vampires, rats, and pigs to death.

Power to the People—Seize the Time Register to Vote!

—Pun Plamondon
Central Committee
Rainbow People's Party

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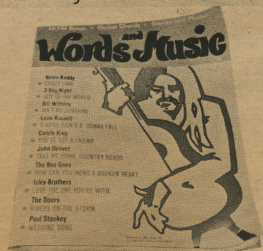
For instance, our first issue which is on sale now, gives you the words and music to top hits by The Doors, The Bee Gees, 3 Dog Night, Isley Brothers, Helen Reddy, Bill Withers, Paul

Stookey, John Denver, Carole King and Leon Russell.

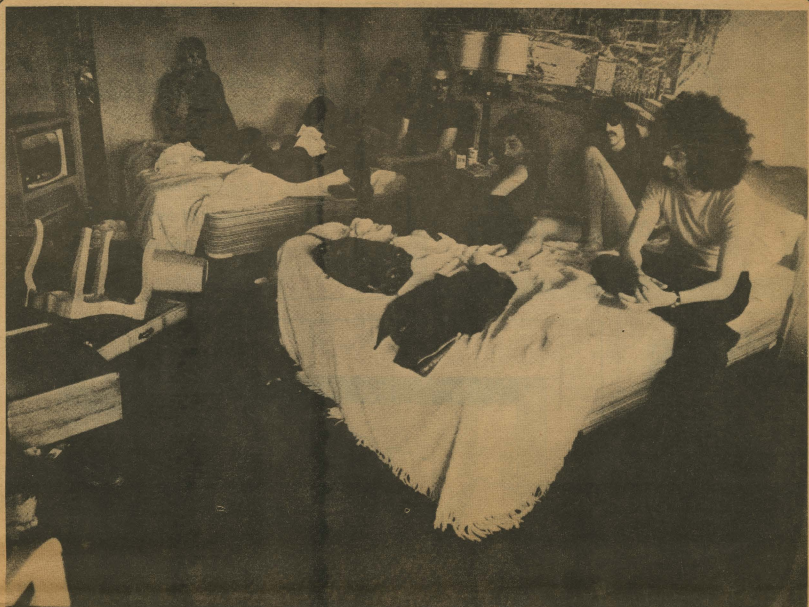
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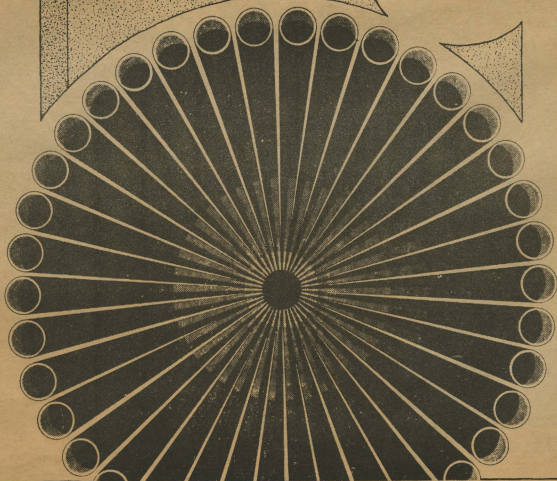
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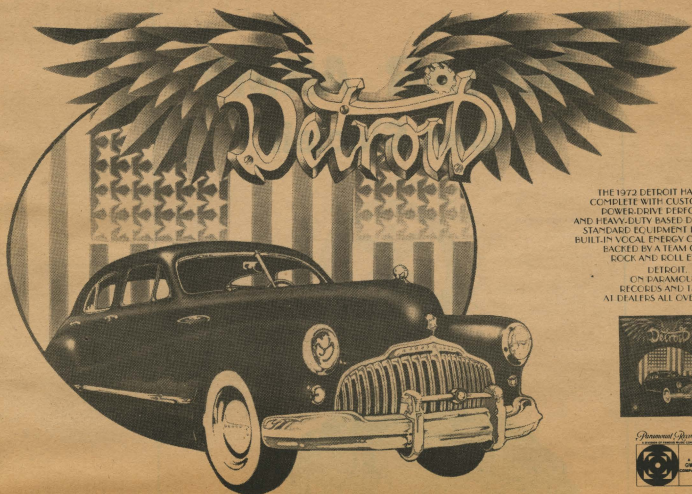
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GUITAR ARMY

John Sinclair



A DOUGLAS BOOK March, 1972

SHOTS



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

Edited by David Fenton and Liberation News Service
A Douglas Book/Distributed by World Publishing
available at Centicore and University Cellar in Ann Arbor

INTRODUCTION BY ERICKA HUGGINS AND BOBBY SEALE



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allow
me to
introduce
myself...
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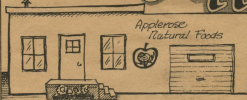
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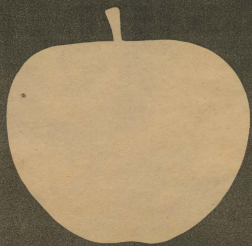


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FREE TALK

FREE



Apple



Sunny Sinclair

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PROGRAM
DECEMBER 10, 1971



Published by the Rainbow People's Party