

EUROPE'S FIRST DOPE MAGAZINE

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

Home Grown

VOL.1 NO.1 45p
ADULTS ONLY

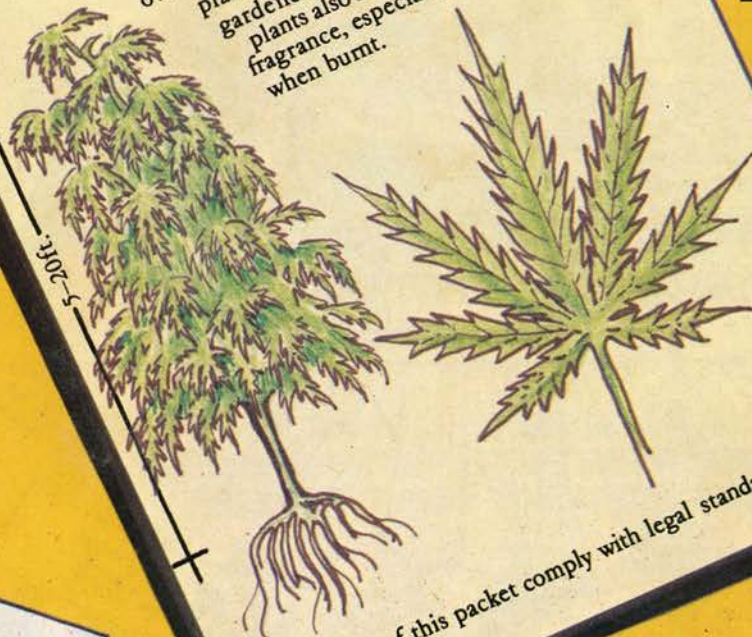
**L.S.D. and the
Mind Alchemyst**

**The Ganja
of Love**

**Tim Leary's
Declaration**

Tokers Marijuana Annual Mixed

Marijuana is constantly in demand for smoking in pipes and reefers and for eating in cakes or on its own. It is easy to see why cannabis plants are such favourites with many gardeners. These useful and attractive plants also have a delightful fragrance, especially when burnt.

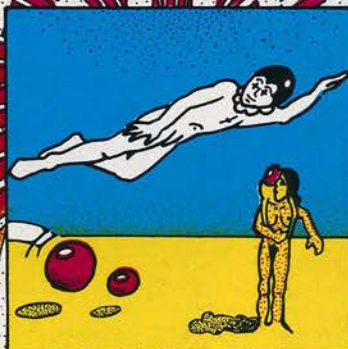
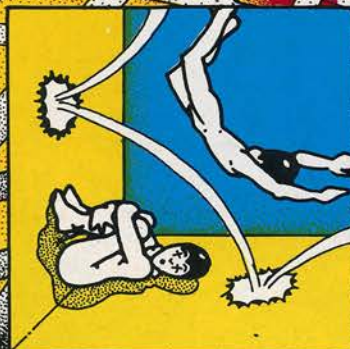
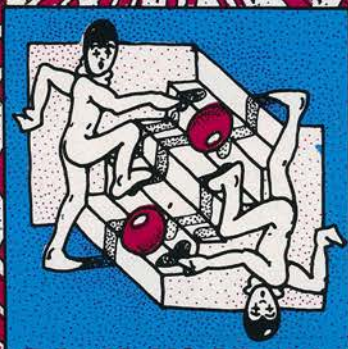
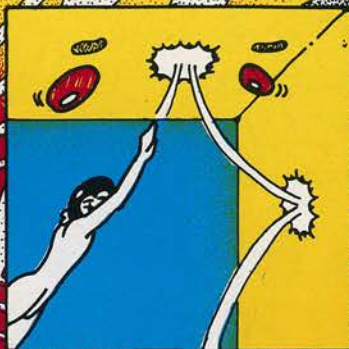
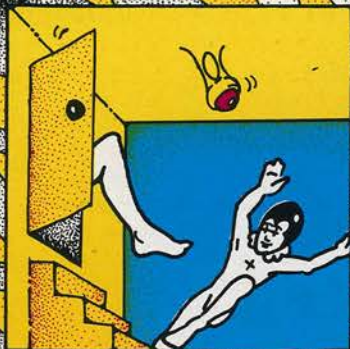


The contents of this packet comply with legal standards and are of standard grade.

Plus Dope News and Views

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שֶׁנֶּחֱמָה לָנוּ



וְכִנְיָהוּ לְכִנְיָהוּ

שֶׁנֶּחֱמָה לָנוּ



EDITORIAL

Ten Years On

High,

Welcome to Home Grown, Europe's first dope magazine. In this premiere issue we present the most authoritative writers on dope-oriented subjects and an array of fine graphic art.

Times have changed and a decade has passed since those halcyon days of 1967 which saw the dawning of the alternative culture with its many new art forms and life-style. Getting high and tripping were the new experience in the psychedelic age. Like all cultural, social, political and spiritual movements, many transformations have since taken place.

The flower children of that summer of love have grown up and most of the culture they spawned has been assimilated into the wider society. Dope, which was once something that only the hippies took, is now widely accepted and used. Public opinion is now moving towards a more tolerant attitude to cannabis smoking, and in America the moves towards decriminalisation have been gathering pace and legalisation is no more a mere pipe dream. It remains for this country to stop treating the smoking of cannabis in the privacy of one's home, as a criminal and illegal act. Sadly, ten years on, young people are still being searched in the streets and homes are still being raided, although with less zeal than before.

This is the year of Home Grown. The year when cannabis seeds were cleared in a court, while the debate is being waged around whether the leaf of the plant is part of the flowering tops. Still, the laws governing the smoking and cultivation of cannabis are immoral in principle and unworkable in practice.

Home Grown will aim at presenting an enlightened and informative, as well as entertaining, attitude to dope and related subjects — views and approaches not expressed by the popular press and other media. We hope to keep you informed on current events, tell you hair-raising stories and enable you to feast your eyes on high quality and beautiful artwork. In future issues we hope to bring you features on a wider range of subjects including music and books, health and travel, fashion and fun.

We'd like to thank all the contributors who showed so much enthusiasm for this premiere issue and hope that you the readers will contribute also by sending us letters of praise, criticism and general interest to other readers.

Into the New Age . . .

Lee Harris

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Publishers: Graham Andrews
Lee Harris

Editor: Lee Harris

Art Co-ordination & Design: Hamish

Contributing Editors: Michael Hollinshead (features)
Mal Burns (information)

Typesetting: Geoff Marsh

Contributing Artists: Hamish, Chris Morton, Bryan Talbot,
Robin P. Richards, Edward Barker,
El Hortelano, Mike J. Weller,
Nick Kavanagh, Antonio Ghura.

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Home Grown is not advocating the use of any illegal substances. All contents are of a topical nature and we consider the magazine as an open forum for discussion.

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Tel.: 01-229 9000.

The CANNABIS campaign

1 ELGIN AVENUE, LONDON W9 3PR.

RELEASE

There is no medical or moral justification for the prohibition of Cannabis. The law is selectively enforced and used as an instrument of social control to harass young, unconventional and black people. At least four million people in the United Kingdom have tried Cannabis and 75,000 of them have recieved criminal convictions. Release is calling for the legalisation of Cannabis with provision for home cultivation and checks on commercialisation and advertising.

Help us put an end to this ill conceived and repressive law.

Support Release and support the legalisation campaign.

CARO

Cannabis Action Reform Organisation

CARO, the Cannabis Action and Reform Organisation, was founded by Release and affiliates in 1973. Having evolved as a separate entity, CARO welcomes Release's renewed involvement in the campaign. CARO in particular, exists to:

Campaign by legal means for the abolition of all criminal penalties relating to the possession and use of Cannabis.

To establish channels for the eventual distribution, subject to the appropriate controls.

To provide accessible information on Cannabis and related issues.

We urge you to support the campaign for decriminalisation by sending contributions and buying the merchandise detailed below.

You can support Release's and CARO's campaign efforts by sending off for the merchandise below...

Books

Brief Legal History of Marijuana @ 30p

Cannabis Law Reform - An International Progress Reort @ 40p

A Review of Govt Reports & Commissions of Inquiry on Cannabis @ 30p

Diving Off the Deep End (sentancing policies) @ 30p

Leaflets

Send an SAE for CARO's list of leaflets about Cannabis.

JIMMY THE JOINT
Design available on
badges @ 25p and
T-Shirts @ £ 2.40
incl. postage.
(Release)



LIBERATE CANNABIS NOW
T-Shirts designed by
artist Bryan Talbot in
Small and Medium sizes,
@ £ 2.40 each plus p&p.
(CARO)

Please make cheques and postal orders payable to...
"Cannabis Action Reform Organisation"
or "Release" as appropriate. Orders to both can be mixed if necessary.



CANNABIS AND THE LAW

First the good news – cannabis leaves are legal! Now the bad news – cannabis leaves are illegal!

On January 14th, the Court of Appeal ruled in the case of Kevin Goodchild that in order to convict someone of possessing marijuana it must be proved that the material was part of the flowering or fruiting tops of a cannabis plant and not just leaves and stalks. In February, the Court of Appeal ruled in the case of Alistair Mitchell that cannabis seeds, as well as leaves and stalks, are legal. In both cases the prosecution are intending to appeal against the decisions to the House of Lords. However, as a result of the panic produced in the Home Office by the first judgment, the Director of Public Prosecutions got permission from the Appeal Court on February 3rd to prosecute Mr Goodchild again. This time the charge was not to be "possession of cannabis" but "possession of a cannabinol derivative". Unlike Class B cannabis charges, cannabinol derivatives come under Class A of the Misuse of Drugs Act which classifies the drug alongside heroin, for example, and makes the offence liable to a sentence of up to seven years. On March 3rd, the DPP got his way in the first stage to block the legal loophole opened by the Court of Appeal. Judge E. B. McLellan sitting at Portsmouth Crown Court ruled that Mr Goodchild, by being in possession of cannabinol derivatives (principally THC, described by Mr Michael de Navarro for the DPP as "the narcotic which 'turns you on'"). The same prosecutors who had argued in the Court of Appeal that the Parliamentary draftsmen had intended to include the whole of the cannabis plant by the use of the statutory expression "fruiting or flowering tops" now shamefacedly argued in Portsmouth Crown Court that those same draftsmen had really intended to provide a 'catch all' charge of cannabinol derivatives should anything not be prohibited elsewhere. The DPP accepted that cannabis leaves were 'less powerful' than other forms of

cannabis, so how can it possibly have been intended to put them in a different class attracting *higher* penalties? Secondly there was no evidence of how much THC Mr Goodchild was in possession of, although it was again accepted by the DPP that the THC in the leaves was frequently minute.

The trial judge claimed that he was only "giving effect to the plain meaning of words in the statute" but the effects of the decision are retrogressive, repressive and absurd. Although this decision is not binding on other courts until the Court of Appeal have ruled on the question again (no date at time of writing) it sets cannabis laws back to days way before the Wootton Report and is a green light to forces all over the country to bring this kind of charge. With a threat of Class A prosecution hanging over someone's head, there will be a pressure on defendants to plead guilty instead to Class B charges and no doubt this lever will be fully exploited. How can anyone be properly convicted of possessing a drug and punished when even the quantity of that drug is unknown?

Much attention is now being focussed on pressurising parliament to reconsider the whole cannabis issue. The Criminal Law Bill, currently in the Lords, contains several alterations to penalties under the 1971 Misuse of Drugs Act. These apply to simple possession offences on summary conviction, involving Class A and Class B drugs, and come under the guise of bringing fines into line with inflation. It is proposed that maximum Class B penalties would become 3 months imprisonment and/or £500 fine, instead of 6 months and/or £400. Maximum Class A penalties would become 6 months and/or £1,000 instead of 12 months and/or £400. These proposals may encourage magistrates to fine more heavily, thereby increasing the numbers imprisoned for non-payment of fines.

Two law reform groups, Release and CARO, are pressing for amendments which would remove prison penalties for

simple possession and cultivation of cannabis. These amendments were first moved on February 10th by Lord Gifford. They drew support from all speakers except, of course, Lord Harris for the Home Office. Support came from Lord Avebury, Lord Platt (former chairman of the G.M.C.), Lord Gordon-Walker, Lady McLeod (a conservative magistrate) and most importantly from Baroness Wootton. Reference was made throughout the debate to the changing climate of international opinion on cannabis, and the minor seriousness of cannabis offences. The amendments will be re-introduced at the next stage of the Bill. *Home Grown* will keep you informed.

It is possible that meanwhile the government will attempt to have cannabis moved into the Class C category of the Misuse of Drugs Act, in an effort to stop the amendments. The new reform impetus, spear-headed by Release and CARO, has many plans. Outside parliament, they will be keeping the press informed on relevant issues, co-ordinating the efforts of individuals and local action groups, and trying to raise enough funds to sponsor a national opinion poll. Both organisations can be contacted at 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9.



TONY READ – CANNABIS CRUSADER

Returning home after two years in an Algerian jail, Tony Read discovered to his surprise that it was still possible to go to prison for smoking cannabis in England. Tony decided to adopt a Johnny Appleseed role, gloss it up with a bit of hustle, and see what he could do.

Since then, Tony has been running around blowing joints where he pleases and doing his best to get busted. He's been done twice (on two consecutive Fridays outside the Houses of Parliament) and says he'd like to go before a jury on his right to partake. "I'm doing this for three reasons," he says, "First, I'm against the cannabis laws in this country and would like to bring some attention to their absurdity. Secondly, I want to know why the Foreign Office doesn't take steps to ensure that British prisoners in foreign countries get the basics they need for survival. The Dutch and Danish government provide financial assistance for their people. Thirdly, I'm broke and homeless. Maybe if I help people, they'll help me."





PCP COMING

PCP is a dangerous animal tranquillizer which has surfaced on the American black market frequently over the years—usually in rip-offs, alleged to be THC or LSD. Drug and crisis centres have estimated that the chemical has five to 20 times the potential of LSD for causing extremely unpleasant reactions. Reports have indicated that this substance has recently emerged in Britain, again on the black market, both as a poor excuse for other chemicals and as a 'new' drug in itself.



HOME OFFICE PLANS TO DOUBLE NUMBER OF CONTROLLED DRUGS

The Home Secretary has been presented with a final draft list of at least one hundred additions to the drugs controlled under the 1971 Misuse of Drugs Act. These include MDPA, currently being tested in the U.S. for relief of the symptoms of Parkinson's Disease and L-DOPA, used widely to control it.

Most of the drugs, however, have known hallucinogenic properties. They include all those derivatives of phenethylamine, amphetamine and tryptamine that are known to have, or could have, such effects. Mescaline and STP, which fall into the first two groups, are already controlled by the Act, as are psilocybin, DMT and DET, all derivatives of tryptamine. In all three groups, however, there are many other analogs that are known to be hallucinogenic and the Home Office believes these ought to be controlled.

In a departure from previous policy the Home Office proposes what is termed blanket cover, i.e. proscribing drugs under the Act by means of generic classification rather than specific named chemicals. The terms of the new additions are so wide-ranging that they include chemicals which on the basis of their structure alone *might* qualify them as possessing hallucinogenic properties should they be clinically tested.

Although the Home Office is taking this action to prevent these chemicals finding their way onto the illicit drug market, apart from the hallucinogens already controlled only two others have been seen on the black market in any quantity, PMA and MDA, both amphetamine derivatives.

NICOTINE-FLAVOURED CHEWING GUM

To coincide with our government's new campaign to discourage smokers of tobacco, comes the news that within the year, the Department of Health may be making available a special tobacco-flavoured chewing gum. Initial access will probably be via prescription for those who wish to give up the habit of smoking. The gum provides the flavour of nicotine, but modified by a more palatable flavour. Surprisingly, the actual nicotine content of the gum is between two to four times that of the average cigarette, but since the dangers of smoking relate mainly to the accumulation of tar in the lungs, it is held that the gum provides the principle addictive elements without the hazards.

TOBACCO EXTENDERS

One of America's largest cigarette manufacturers, the Reynolds Tobacco Company, has been granted patents for a variety of new smoking compositions. Dubbed as "tobacco extenders", the new compositions include cereal grains. Several sources near to the company report that this is a disguised move towards the production of marijuana cigarettes.

ALCOHOL

In 1975 national spending on alcohol and tobacco was £7,643m. — over 8% of the gross national product. In 1974 12,500 alcoholics were admitted to mental hospitals.

A working party of the National Council of Alcoholism has reported that there might be as many as 500,000 alcoholics in Britain. Occupations most at risk include company directors, judges and lawyers.



THC AIDS ASTHMA SUFFERING

THC has been shown to be effective as a breathing aid for those suffering from chronic asthma or bronchitis. Aerosolised delta 9 THC was administered to asthmatics by Dr. Louis Vachon at the Boston University School of Medicine. He recorded a 44% increase in airflow in his patients.

WHY COCA WORKS

Inca nobles kept the leaves of coca — source of cocaine — as a privileged pleasure; now the poorest Indians of the Andes use them. They claim coca gives extra warmth and energy and relieves hunger and fatigue. Researchers suspected coca drugged the peasants into carelessness, but now tests show leaves do not produce a simple 'high'. It seems they are a valuable aid to a low protein, high carbohydrate diet. Coca leaves keep up blood glucose levels and slow down the break-up of blood sugar.

POLICE RETURN LEAVES

On February 21st, Metropolitan police from Earlsfield police station in South London made legal history by handing back to Chris Chrysostomou a plastic bag containing a quarter ounce of home grown grass: leaf to be precise. Earlier that day Chris had appeared at South West London Magistrates Court to face a charge of being in possession of cannabis but charges had been dropped.

Chris's success contrasts sharply with the fate of others. In January the DPP intervened to stop Notting Hill police returning leaf to an American against whom charges had been dropped, whilst in other cases Class A charges are being brought.



DRUG SMUGGLING FIGURES

Between March 31st 1975 and March 31st 1976, Customs and Excise authorities made 1,434 seizures arising from attempts to smuggle controlled drugs into Britain. The drugs were estimated (by Customs and Excise) to be worth £5,250,000 on the black market.

THC BLOOD TEST

A blood test for marijuana sensitive to cannabinoid levels of less than one part per billion has been devised by Dr. Joe Vinson, Assistant Professor of Chemistry at the University of Scranton, Pennsylvania. The test must, however, be made within two or three hours of consumption as the THC levels in the blood drop very fast. The procedure involves treating a blood sample with a series of compounds that cause THC to fluoresce. It cannot yet show the exact amount of THC present, but Vinson is confident that the problem will soon be solved.

A STIFF DOSE

Amyl nitrite, often prescribed for the relief of angina (pain due to impaired blood supply to the heart muscle), has found a new use. In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (October 1976), a New Jersey doctor asks: "Some patients, typically young adults with no signs of cardiovascular disease, have asked me about the safety of amyl nitrite inhalation during sexual intercourse to augment penile erection and intensity of orgasm. Can this cause adverse effects?"

Dr. Donal Lauria warns that amyl nitrite can lead to giddiness, nausea, loss of consciousness and, rarely, "even death". Headache is a frequent side effect. He concludes: "The use of amyl nitrite is, then, like so many drugs used for hedonistic purposes, safe and pleasurable for most, unpleasant for some, and dangerous for a few."



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STONE FREE

An international drug smuggling ring calling themselves "Just For The High" have announced that they will soon be importing high quality hashish at a price which will only include expenses, a modest amount of smoke for their own consumption and a small sur-charge which will help towards the financing of "Evolutionary Action".

In a short 'press release' (postmarked Peking) they declare their aim is to rid the European scene of "Rip offs, petty hustlers and money heads by swamping the market with some of the best draw you've ever blessed your mind with".

Because of a smuggling breakthrough which allows them to regularly import huge quantities at no risk they hope to have a virtual monopoly within a relatively short time.

Distribution will be organised according to a pyramid system based on ideology. We are not sure that we can believe their claim that prices will be no more than £15 an ounce including a 10% "action" levy, however the sample they enclosed was of the highest quality.

They say they will not be dealing in anything but hash and grass, "to provide an alternative to the poisons spread about by capitalistic Mind Fuckers legal and illegal".

Besides their motto "Just For The High" they have another slogan "Use It But Don't Abuse It ... Which Applies To Everything".

(From Corrugated Times, local newspaper of the Ladbroke Archipelago)

A LETTER!

Dear Corrugated Dope-Fiends,
I did so enjoy reading the article on dope in your last issue. Written by a romantic optimist I presume?? As a small time street dealer I think that perhaps I ought to bring you all back to earth with a few facts about dope and prices.

Dope is an illegal substance in the weird position of having an enormous potential market and yet being so bulky to transport that there is not enough profit to satisfy 'organised crime' — which is why Da Boyz Ltd stick to Coke and Smack (small, easily smuggled, vast profits).

The Big Boys did try, towards the end of the sixties, to get into dope in a big way but they soon realised that there just wasn't the money to justify the risks involved.

So we are back to the good old days of the 5 and 10 weight smuggler with the occasional containerload sneaking through to flood the market.

Now, our optimistic friend wants to bring the price down to £15 per ounce. Hah, hah. In that stoned mind there exists not a thought of safety.

It's like this — I turn over perhaps a quarter weight a week, hoping to clear a gross profit (excluding travel etc) of approx. £30. Let me be generous and assume that the average deal sold by me is ½oz. That is 20 deals per week. Now, being a friendly soul and mindful of the fact that I am dealing mostly to friends, I try to bring down the price by buying five weights and still only taking my £30.

Now we have 5 times 32 ½oz transactions per week — a total of 160. Now, I don't know what your friend would think of more than 20 people per day tripping through his/her flat but I can assure you that both on safety and on privacy grounds I can do without it.

Most people deal as a sideline not as their main ambition in life. It isn't a career with an index-linked pension, it gets horribly boring after a while — talking, thinking, living dope 24 hours a day. That is why the present system has evolved. One person brings in 5 weights, sells that in weights and that is then broken down into half and quarter weights to be dealt out in ¼, ½ and ounces.

Each of the people in these steps is making somewhere between £30 and £60 per week. Very, very few are making any more. The mean, burn you for sixpence dealers are into Charlie and Smack — where the real money is. Thankfully, we've managed to get dope back into the extended friendship networks — and to be honest I think that the slight increase in the price is worth it.

Added to this rather simplistic mechanistic analysis of the price of dope are two other factors often forgotten. The farmers who grow and process the stuff now have a pretty good idea of the price we will pay and they have raised their prices accordingly, and secondly since the collapse of the pound these crafty little peasants have demanded payment in US dollars — international financial speculation fucking up yet one more facet of our lives!!!!

One day, when it's all been legalised, there will be little corner dope shops — rather like all those old-fashioned tobacconists. Until then, stay high, stay active and have a ball.

Yours in stoned euphoria,
A Dealer ADDFGB

BUT ... Corrugated Times' regular dope correspondent, in his follow-up article on the expose, has different ideas ...

SMOK'EN BAD KARMA

There's whole families been shot up so disillusioned London freaks can get stoned while they watch *All You Need Is Love*. Brother Eldridge once asked: "You want to be part of the solution or part of the problem?", it was a fashionable thing to say then, not many could give a shit now. They even say thanks after paying £30-£40 an ounce for dope screwed out of peasants by city hicks wearing sunglasses whose cost alone would pay for a week's food. FUCK £30-£40 an ounce so some disgusting freak business person can spend the summer in Goa sniffing heroin. It's not the growers who get the extra profits, it's the land owner politicians who run the scene on a protection racket basis in league with the European dealers who are no different to their compatriots who have less fashionable methods of gross exploitation: Arms Dealers, Bankers ... Oil ... polluting factories to enslave the population ... dope instead of food. Dope for guns so that fascist Christians can murder fascist Palestinians, paid for by pacifists who eat brown rice because they don't want to hurt animals (brown rice imported from countries with a food shortage). Assholes blowing joints at cocktail parties thinking they're cool, it's all about as much a solution as eating Wimpys when you're hungry.

Last year was the year of the Home Grown. A lot of people blew the connoisseur's myth that it had to come across the sea before it got you stoned. You will find it difficult to buy the seeds in a pet shop now (tho' it still can be done). But once you have them it's very easy, simply get it together by May, then stick your fingers about ½ an inch into the ground and pop one of the babies in, and it will grow and grow and grow ... Space out about a foot and a half between each row, or wait for seedlings and transplant. There is a small industry in freaky books that tell you all about infra-red rays, sun lamps, germinating in cotton wool and such like, and it's all useful knowledge, especially if you're growing indoors. (Compendium in Camden has them). But for the summer harvest nature does the job for free. One plant can supply up to a couple of pounds of smokeable weed, if you resist the temptation to cut it early. The rip-offs will probably be selling it as Jamaican, but last year a few honest spirits were selling it at £5 an ounce, and most growers would not stoop so low as to sell it at all, for what honest soul would sell that which is given free?

P.S. Are people fighting for legalization so they can buy it from some shop or so they can smoke it?

S. Stirer (Free Worker)



TIME RELEASE HEROIN DETOXIFICATION CAPSULES DEVELOPED

A method of releasing controlled amounts of substances antagonistic to narcotics into the blood stream has been developed. Naltrexone, a compound that prevents the user from feeling any effects from heroin, is placed in microcapsules the size of grains of fine sand, given a polymer coating, then either injected or placed in capsules and swallowed. A continuous supply of naltrexone is released and can last up to two months. The method, developed at the University of St. Louis, has, so far, only been used on primates.

BRAIN OPIATES AND ACUPUNCTURE

Research into the workings of acupuncture appears to be converging with recent discoveries about natural opiates in the brain. The pituitary gland and mid-brain have been found to contain concentrations of endogenous morphine-like compounds called endorphins. Work being done at the neurobiology laboratory at the University of Toronto supports the hypothesis that the profound analgesic effects of acupuncture, which enable patients to remain fully conscious even during major surgery, are linked with the release of these natural brain opiates. This might also explain the reported success of acupuncture in relieving physical withdrawal from heroin.

BIRMINGHAM

Dr. John Owens, who pioneered Britain's biggest drug addiction unit at All Saints' Hospital, Birmingham, was fined £850 in December 1976 at Birmingham Crown Court. He admitted a number of charges involving prescriptions for controlled drugs, including Dexadrine which he used himself. He was described in Court as "a fool, not a knave".

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

The 17th Congress of the Italian Partito Radicale, who gained 400,000 votes and four deputies in the last election, has approved a motion with regard to drug policy. Having weighed scientific and social evidence, they have determined that the cannabis laws are outdated and on the basis of the evaluations of the situation have recommended complete legalisation of production and distribution — particularly in that it would have the following advantages:

- Complete detachment of the heroin market from the cannabis market and therefore halting the expansion of the heroin market through the network of cannabis distribution.
- Control over cost and quality of cannabis in general use.
- Elimination of an enormous waste of energy by narcotic law enforcement squads, who being freed from the task of repressing consumers, producers and petty traders of cannabis, will be able to concentrate on controlling the heroin market.

The recommendation of legalisation of production and distribution, provides for state control and age restriction — through a system 'analogous to the one that rules alcohol distribution in the Scandinavian countries'.

FRANCE

French police claim to have smashed Nice's distribution network for "brown sugar", a crude form of heroin, with the arrests last January of 111 people.

EGYPT

Egyptian police confiscated 3.5 tons of Lebanese hash after an eight-hour gun battle with nine smugglers near El Alemein, the site of the famous World War Two battle. The hash had come to El Alemein via Cyprus and was bound for Europe.

GREECE

In Greece, where passing a joint to someone under 18 years old is a crime punishable with life imprisonment and a £160,000 fine, and simple possession brings stiff fines and between five and 20 years

imprisonment. A 44 year old Cretan has just been sentenced to 18 years imprisonment for having approx. 250 cannabis plants growing in a deserted field. Of the 470 people currently in Greek jails on drug offences 310 are foreign.

In January, Greek coast guards intercepted a Cypriot registered ship carrying ten tons of hash, after an exchange of gun fire. Three Greek Cypriots and two Turks were arrested. The hash was destined for the Netherlands.

NIDA ON HEROIN

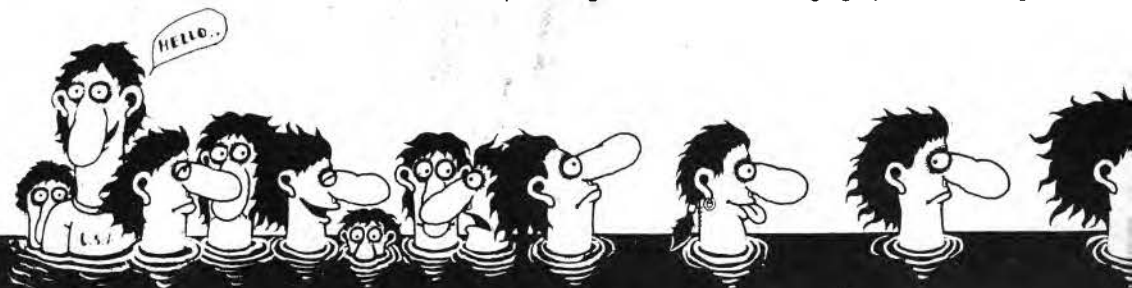
The myth that heroin addiction leads to crime was exploded recently by the U.S. National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA). The 23-member panel on drug abuse and criminal behaviour, chaired by Dr Robert Shaw, reported that 30%-50% of habit-supporting income comes from heroin dealing, while the rest is earned in ordinary employment.

The long-held assumption that reducing heroin supply helps force heroin users into treatment programmes was also found to be false. Most addicts voluntarily cut down or kick the habit. Others replace it with downers, methadone, or during dry times, alcohol.

FLASHES 'N' RUSHES

Although *Home Grown* is Britain's first dope-orientated magazine, many other magazines have preceeded it in the States. Most of these can be found in Britain at specialist shops such as Compendium and Dark They Were & Golden Eyed in London. The obvious one is *High Times* and their trade magazine, *Dealer*. The newspaper companion, *National Weed*, ran for a few issues but was merged into the *High Times* news sections. New mags modelled on *High Times* include the excellent *Rush* and the slightly poorer *Flash*, and *Head*. The original *Marijuana Monthly* has undergone a revamping and the first glossy edition (Vol. 2, No. 1) is available. From Arizona's Do It Now Foundation comes the rather technical but impressive *Drug Survival News*, now distributed in this country on a small scale, along with their latest booklet, *Weird Organic & Hard To Find Drugs*. Look for them.

On a footnote, those who like underground comix and high graphix will delight



in the forthcoming *Heavy Metal*. From the publishers of America's *National Lampoon*, this is the English-language version of the French *Metal Hurlant* — a visual treat which has jumped from being a cheap fanzine to a lavish monthly in the short space of two years. Other visual treats published in Britain (as opposed to the new batches of US undergrounds) include *Brainstorm Comix* and their special *Mixed Bunch* issue, *Moon Comix* and *Strange Visions*.

ACID BUSTS

In the biggest operation of its kind ever mounted in the UK, 800 police from 16 regional squads raided about 60 addresses in England, Scotland and Wales and arrested over 120 people in connection with the alleged manufacture, supply and export of LSD.

Judging by the strong arm tactics employed in the raids the high security surrounding the 30 or so people who are still being held, this has been a police muscle flexing operation the likes of which have never been seen before.

The targets of the raids were mainly of the 'educated hippy-type' as one Sunday newspaper put it. The holding charges range from simple possession of cannabis to the broad and all pervasive charge of conspiracy to contravene the Misuse of Drugs Act.

Amongst the most disturbing aspects of the affair is the claim made by the police that some lines of investigation have been pursued since 1969 from which time certain individuals have been under surveillance, and the fact that a number of so-called undercover agents (*agents provocateurs*?) have been in operation for the last 12 months.

It looks like those held in custody will be sweating it out for at least eight months, perhaps even a year, before the trials begin. In the meantime connections are being made with scenes in Holland, France and the USA.

The idea of a secret acid network appears to have caught the imagination of police and press alike. What lays behind it all was perhaps revealed by Detective-Superintendent Dennis Greenslade, 'mastermind of raids', who claimed the operation was "successful beyond my wildest dreams . . . This could pave the way to a national police force."

PSYCHEDELIC DENTIST SHOW

Any fearless freaks out there with rotting teeth might find a new impetus for visiting the dentist before long. In Middlesbrough, Dr Alex McMaster has taken psychedelic phenomena out of the proverbial basket and is currently putting it to work for reducing pain. Not that McMaster is going to slip you a tab of acid before your visit to his dentist's chair.

McMaster has his patients slip on a pair of goggles which are hooked up to an electric current. When the apparatus is switched on, thousands of tiny, coloured lights suddenly appear on the goggles in the same manner as a rush of LSD and provide a simulated trip. "Within seconds," states McMaster, "the patient loses the ability to feel almost any pain."

The secret of the idea's success is that the electric current stimulates the brain to produce alpha waves — the waves which

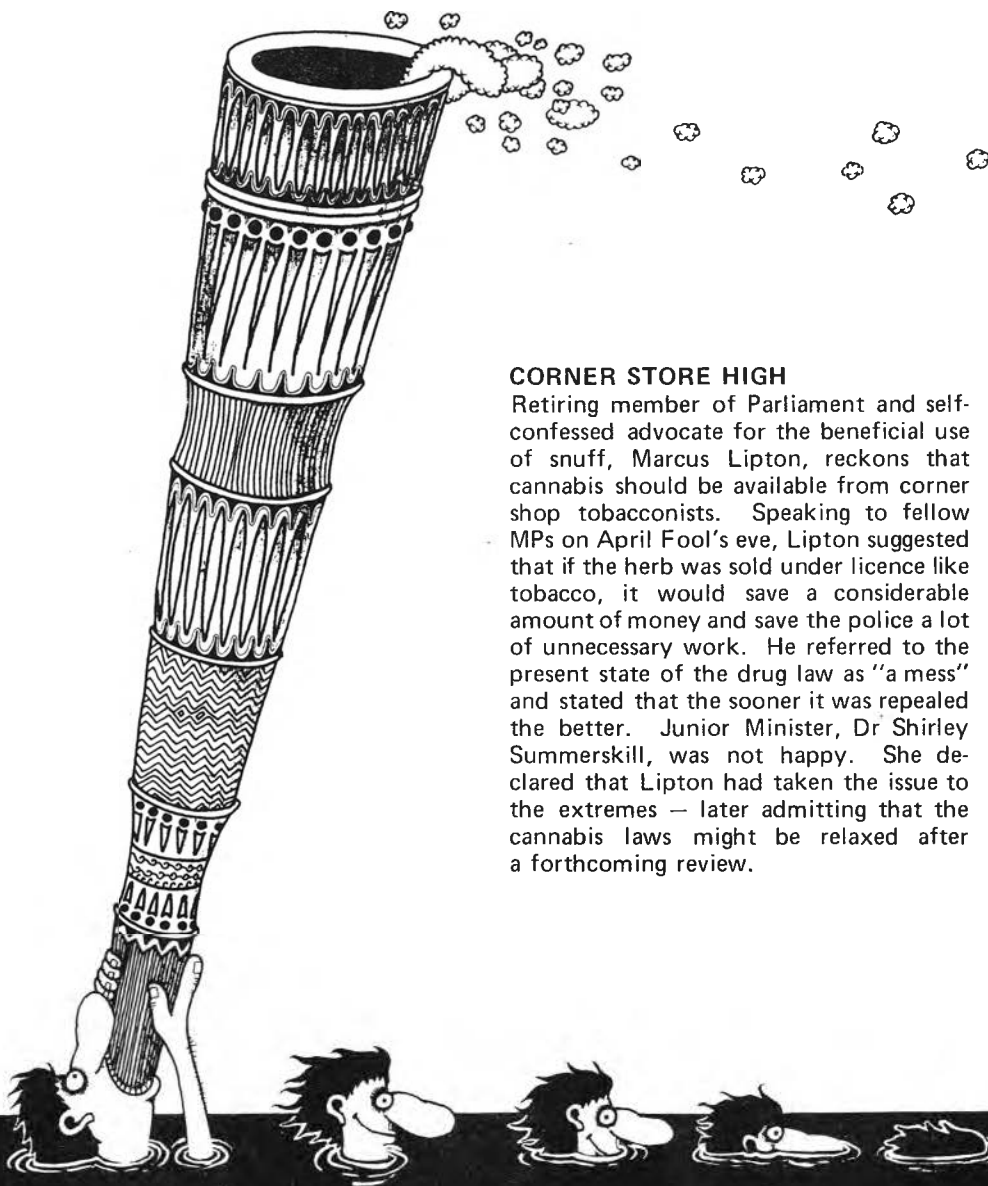
produce relaxation and often sleep into the body. Since the withdrawal of cocaine and the introduction of Novacaine, visits to the dentist have become rather mundane. Maybe new, if slightly different, thrills wait in store.

ATOM HERB MOTHER

One of the more novel, although unsuccessful, efforts in cannabis smuggling in recent months was the instance where four smugglers imported 500lbs of weed into Britain from Pakistan. The contact at the other end packed the goods in the cork tops of some highly radioactive nuclear waste drums belonging to the company for which he worked. None of this particular batch ended up on the market but one wonders if the method of import had been used before and whether there might not be side effects not usually attributed to the popular herb.

CORNER STORE HIGH

Retiring member of Parliament and self-confessed advocate for the beneficial use of snuff, Marcus Lipton, reckons that cannabis should be available from corner shop tobacconists. Speaking to fellow MPs on April Fool's eve, Lipton suggested that if the herb was sold under licence like tobacco, it would save a considerable amount of money and save the police a lot of unnecessary work. He referred to the present state of the drug law as "a mess" and stated that the sooner it was repealed the better. Junior Minister, Dr Shirley Summerskill, was not happy. She declared that Lipton had taken the issue to the extremes — later admitting that the cannabis laws might be relaxed after a forthcoming review.



Morera
el hortelano

KEEPING THE LID ON POT

BY STEVE ABRAMS

The Americans have in the past decade spent more than \$20,000,000 on cannabis research. If cannabis has not emerged from this work with a clean bill of health, that is largely because it is not possible to prove a negative. Overall, the American results are consistent with the view that cannabis is a valuable recreational drug whose long term consumption in moderate doses has no significant harmful effects. Moreover, cannabis and cannabis derivatives are now recognised as having important medical applications. All of this is not to deny that cannabis—like anything else—is subject to abuse. But the Americans have quite rightly come to recognise that the burden of proof should rest with those who advocate prohibition, and the Carter administration has therefore moved to accelerate the process of decriminalisation, as have several other governments.

The sensational publicity which continues to appear in the press concerning the alleged dangers of cannabis usually derives from biased and inaccurate accounts of new research studies, often prior to publication. Allegations of this kind cannot be properly assessed. Conclusions can only be drawn when the published work is subjected to critical scrutiny, particularly in regard to the basic criterion of independent replication of experimental results. From this standpoint wild reports that cannabis is a cause of brain damage, cancer, monstrous births, moral degeneracy, heroin addiction or whatever can be firmly rejected. The standard source for disinterested critical reviews of cannabis research is the annual report to Congress on *Marihuana and Health* which appears under the aegis of the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

The title of the American reports has been adapted for a British account of cannabis research, *Cannabis and Health*, published last year by the Academic Press at £14.50. This volume is being promoted as an authoritative statement of British opinion on the subject. I must stress the word *opinion*. Research into cannabis, and particularly into cannabis smoking, has been and continues to be suppressed in this country. The contributors to *Cannabis and Health* can do little more than re-hash the findings of foreign investigators, though Dick Joyce has some interesting things to say about the design of experiments. Two of the authors, Professor Paton of Oxford and Dr. Edwards of the Maudsley, have been particularly notorious for their roles in suppressing research and promulgating information which is highly misleading and sometimes overtly dishonest. I would not go so far as to say that the book is a propaganda exercise because cannabis does not emerge too

badly from it. But it is little more than a money spinner guaranteed to turn a profit through sales at a high price to technical libraries.

The forces which have in the past combined to stifle cannabis research and to promote hysterical anti-cannabis propaganda include sections of the tobacco, alcohol and pharmaceutical industries under the leadership of the British-American Tobacco Company. Obviously the press is dependent on the revenues from cigarettes and alcohol advertising. The Government stands accused of openly sanctioning the murder of more than a thousand people each week from the residual effects of poisoned cigarettes in return for a weekly payoff of more than £34,000,000 in taxation. (£1.79 billion p.a.). That same government claims the moral right to send people to prison for years for smoking the mild and gentle weed which never killed anybody.

Following that splendid patriotic venture of the opium wars, when the British government compelled the Chinese to become a nation of opium addicts, the British East India Company had the grand idea around 1890 of prohibiting the use of cannabis in India and licensing the sale of highly taxed alcohol. However, an official expert investigating commission then produced an exhaustive 7 volume report which concluded that cannabis was relatively harmless and need not be prohibited. This report was conveniently ignored when cannabis was first prohibited in Britain in 1928. At that time the use of cannabis was virtually unknown in this country, but it was felt that we should set an example to the niggers and thereby lure them onto our canonical poisons.

In the following decades some chemical research of importance was carried out by Lord Todd at Cambridge, but the clinical picture and the social use of cannabis were subjects not deemed worthy of attention until the early 1960s when white cannabis offenders first outnumbered blacks. Some modest proposals were then made for cannabis law reform (e.g., in *The Lancet*, 9 November 1963). However, attempts to set up research projects on cannabis smoking were then quashed by a remarkable legislative manoeuvre. In 1965 the Dangerous Drugs Act was modified to allow the police to charge the owners of private clubs with permitting the use of their premises for the purpose of cannabis smoking. The police immediately succeeded in applying this provision to the tenants of private dwellings. Then the Home Office took a further step and ruled that the prohibition placed on the use of premises for the purpose of cannabis smoking was *absolute*. No exceptions could be allowed, not even for research performed under licence. Thus the law now actually included a term which made it impossible to gather information which

might challenge its *premise*. This did a great deal to bring the law into contempt and to encourage illegal experimentation.

I was myself able to circumvent this prohibition for a time because of two loopholes in the Dangerous Drugs Act, as Don Aitken has lately done with cannabis leaf. The prohibition on the use of premises for the purpose of smoking did not apply to cannabis tinctures and extracts, which were subject to a slightly different control regime from cannabis and cannabis resin and, again, the chemical structure of THC, the active principle of cannabis, was unknown at the time the Act was last revised. I was able to find a botanical firm willing to import extract of cannabis and my collaborators and I were also able to synthesise THC in our laboratory. Our work was inadequately financed and attacked in the gutter press until, in 1970, Callaghan introduced legislation which put an end to the availability of extract of cannabis and brought THC under the same legal control as heroin.

As a necessary sop, Callaghan's act, which finally came into force in 1973, allowed for the possibility of research into cannabis smoking under licence. Of course the Home Office has been extremely reluctant to issue licences, with one significant exception. The police wanted the Home Office forensic scientists to develop a urine test for cannabis, and work on this was started with alacrity. Nothing else of any significance has been done or published.

Research and information concerning the working of the law has also been suppressed. Save in the Wootton Report, official statistics published by the Home Office have been limited to stating the total numbers of males and females convicted of each category of offence, together with the highest and lowest fine and the longest and shortest prison sentence. Some rather more detailed but still hopelessly inadequate statistics have been privately available to research workers, but their publication has been prevented by the Official Secrets Act. Thus at one point nearly half of those arrested were being imprisoned and no one knew it. Some material, however, has been released to David Hawkes for his contribution to *Cannabis and Health*. This material bespeaks the incompetence of the Home Office statistical section, and Hawkes' interpretation of it is altogether too complacent.

Finally, I should like to remark that The Advisory Committee has been a statutory body since 1971 and has since functioned as the servant of vested interests and stifled discussion. The Committee has the right to initiate proposals, but it has sat back and done nothing. Nor has it published anything at all. Lady Wootton is thus to some extent discredited.

THE WAY OF LOVE

*Come! Come! Oh Brothers,
All who want to smoke
The Ganja of Love!
You will get well stoned;
Your homes will be pushed aside.
Come, take shelter in Dharma.*

*With the sharp edge
Of Discerning Emotion,
Chop up the Ganja
Which has been rubbed
With honeyed water,
On a rose-wood board;
Cut your passions with love!*

*Fill up the Chillum carefully,
Lest the Ganja spills over;
Do not make it without care;
Take heed of this advice.*

*Having wrung dry the Safi-cloth,
Place it as a filter
Underneath the Chillum.
Offer the first puff
As an invocation to the Guru;
Then smoke the Ganja of Love!*

*Says Dina Panchanan,
'Can one who smokes the Ganja of Love,
Really get stoned on anything else?'*

This is a Baul song. The Bauls are wandering minstrels who roam the plains, mountains, forests and towns of Bengal in India. They are the mystic bards who have charmed and inspired millions of people for centuries. Garbed in rags of many colours and carrying a one-stringed lute, a pair of cymbals and with bells round the ankles, the Baul moves from village to village singing. The songs are about the Love dalliance of the cosmic lovers, in praise of the divine, the futility of worldly games, the metaphysical evolution of the Spirit and of the blissful state of ecstatic union. They are commonly known of as the 'mad ones'. 'Straight' society sees them as stoned vagabonds who indulge in excess immorality. The Bauls call themselves 'mad ones' because they are madly in bliss with the super-sensuous Lover.

The Way Of The Madman by Bharkar Bhattacharya & Nik Douglas. Soon to be published in this country by Empty Eye.



BRYAN TALBOT '77

Democracy Declaration

When, in the course of organic evolution, it becomes obvious that a mutational process is inevitably dissolving the physical and neurological bonds which connect the members of one generation to the past and inevitably directing them to assume among the species of earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent concern for the harmony of species requires that the causes of the mutation should be declared.

We hold these truths to be self-evident that all species are created by God different but equal, that they are endowed, each one, with certain unalienable rights, that among them are freedom to live, freedom to grow, and freedom to pursue happiness in their own style.

That to protect these God-given rights social structures naturally emerge basing their authority on the principles of the love of God and respect for all forms of life.

That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty, and harmony, it is the organic duty of the young members of that species to mutate, to drop out, to initiate a new social structure laying its foundation on such principles and organising its power in such form as seems most likely to protect the safety, happiness, and harmony of all sentient beings.

Genetic wisdom, indeed, suggests that social structures long established should not be discarded for frivolous and transient causes. The ecstasy of mutation is equally balanced by the pain. Accordingly, all experience shows that members of a species are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, rather than to right themselves by discarding the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, all pursuing invariably the same destructive goals, threatens the very fabric of organic life and the serene harmony upon the planet, it is the right, it is the organic duty, to drop out of such morbid covenants and to evolve new, loving social structures.

Such has been the patient sufferance of the freedom-loving people of this earth; and such is now the necessity which constrains us to form new systems of government.

The history of the white, menopausal mendacious men now ruling the planet earth is a history of repeated violation of the harmonious laws of nature, all having the direct object of establishing a tyranny of the materialistic, the aging over the gentle, the peace-loving, the young. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

They have maintained a continuous war against other species of life: enslaving and destroying at

whim fowl, fish, and animals, and spreading a lethal carpet of concrete and metal over the soft body of earth.

They have maintained a continual state of war among themselves and against the coloured races, the freedom-loving, the gentle, and the young. Genocide is their custom.

They have instituted artificial scarcities denying peaceful folk the natural inheritance of earth's abundance and God's endowment.

They have glorified material values and degraded the spiritual.

They have claimed private, personal ownership of God's earth, driving, by force of arms, the gentle from their passage on the land.

In their greed they have erected artificial immigration and customs barriers preventing the free movement of people across the land.

In their lust for power they have set up systems of compulsory education to control the minds of the young and to destroy the wisdom and innocence of playful children.

In their lust for power they have controlled all means of communication to prevent the free flow of ideas and to block loving exchanges among the gentle.

In their fear they have instituted great armies of secret police to spy upon the privacy of the people.

In their anger they have coerced the peaceful young, against their

Leap's of Evolution

will, to join their armies and to wage murderous wars against the young and gentle of other countries.

In their greed they have made the buying and selling of weapons the basis of their economies.

For their own profit they have polluted the air, the rivers, the seas.

In their impotence they have glorified murder, violence and unnatural sex in their mass media.

In their aging greed they have set up an economic system which favours impotent age over the living young.

They have in every way attempted to impose a robot uniformity and to crush variety, individuality, and independence of thought.

In their greed they have instituted a political system which guarantees rule by the aging, and forces youth to choose between plastic conformity or despairing alienation.

They have invaded the privacy of the young, the coloured, the dissident, by illegal search, unwarranted arrest, and contemptuous harassment.

They have sown distrust by enlisting an army of informers.

In their greed they sponsor the consumption of deathly tars and sugars and initiated draconian punishments for the possession of life-giving alkaloids and acids.

They never admit a mistake. They unceasingly trumpet the virtue

of greed and war. In their advertising and in their manipulation of information they make a fetish of blatant falsity and pious self-enhancement. Their obvious errors only stimulate them to greater error and noisier self-approval.

In their greyness they force the gentle to wear uniforms and to look the same.

They are bores.

They have taken leave of their senses and become prudish machines.

They have no sense of humour.

They hate beauty.

They hate sex.

They hate creativity.

They hate life.

We have warned them from time to time of their inequities and blindness. We have used every available appeal to their withered sense of justice and righteousness. We have tried to make them laugh. We have prophesied in detail the terror they are creating. But they have been deaf to the weeping of the poor, the anguish of the coloured, the rocking mockery of the young, the warning of the poets. Worshiping only force and money they listen only to force and money. But we shall no longer talk in these grim tongues.

We must, therefore, acquiesce to genetic necessity, detach ourselves from their uncaring madness, and hold them, as we hold the rest of

God's creatures, in harmony, life-brothers: in their excess, menaces to life.

We, therefore, God-loving, peace-loving, life-loving, fun-loving men and women, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the Name and by the Authority of all sentient beings who seek to gently evolve on this planet, solemnly publish and declare that we are free and independent and that we are absolved from all Allegiance to the United States government and all governments controlled by the menopausal, and that grouping ourselves into tribes of like-minded fellows, we claim full power to live and move peaceably on the land, obtain sustenance with our own hands and minds in the style which seems sacred and holy to us, and to do all Acts and Things which independent free men and women may of right do without infringing on the same rights of other species and groups to do their own thing.

And for the support of this Declaration of Evolution with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, and serene confidence of the approval of generations to come, in whose name we speak, do we now mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honour.



L.S.D. AND THE MIND ALCHEMIST

BY MICHAEL HOLLINGSHEAD, DESIGN BY HAMISH.

There was a time in the late fifties and early sixties when dope was something that the 'beats' and 'spades' took. 'Taking acid' had not become the popular pastime of a turned-on youth, for they didn't exist.

It was in this rather drab and dreary period, which suffered from the after-effects of the Cold War, that L.S.D. first emerged on the social scene in America. Such writers as Aldous Huxley and Gerald Heard had used it with quite astonishing results, for in those days it was legal, though not easily available.

In 1960 a young Englishman, Michael Hollingshead, who happened to be living and working in New York at the time, telephoned Huxley at his home in Los Angeles to inquire about obtaining some mescaline. During the conversation, Huxley mentioned L.S.D. and a caution: "It is much more potent than mescaline." Huxley's information included the name of Dr. Albert Hoffman, the Swiss biochemist working at the Sandoz Pharmaceutical Laboratories in Basel, who discovered L.S.D. 25 — by chance — in 1943.

Michael simply asked an English doctor friend to write the order on a New York hospital letterhead, saying he needed the ergot-derivative as a 'control-drug' for a series of bone marrow experiments.

A LOVIN' SPOONFUL

A small package from Switzerland arrived in his mail one morning containing one gram of Dr. Hoffman's acid and a bill for 285 dollars. It was in a small dark jar marked "Lot no. H-00047" and looked a bit like malted milk powder. Michael poured some distilled water in a bowl, then dissolved the acid into it, adding icing sugar into the mixture to make a thick paste. He then transferred his 'divine confection' spoon by spoon into a large mayonnaise jar. By some alchemic process the stuff measured exactly 5,000 spoonfuls. Like all good chefs, he'd tasted the preparation with his fingers and absorbed about the equivalent of five

heavy doses before he had finished. What followed, lasting perhaps some 15 hours, was an experience that would change Michael's life, and that of countless others with far-reaching effect.

After that first 'trip', Michael once more phoned Huxley to discuss his visionary experience. Huxley called him back a few days later and suggested that he contact a Dr. Timothy Leary, a Harvard professor, who had recently presented a paper on induced visionary experience. "If there is any one single investigator in America worth seeing, it is Dr. Leary," said Huxley.

In September 1961, Michael met, and subsequently moved into the home of Timothy Leary in Boston. He had been living there a couple of weeks when Maynard Ferguson, a jazz musician and a close friend of Leary's, arrived with his wife, Flo. At that time Leary didn't smoke marijuana as it was illegal, and took nothing stronger than a few micrograms of psilocybin, and wine and whisky, which he believed were "indispensable luxuries". When Ferguson heard that Michael had some acid, he suggested they all have a session together. Leary excused himself, as he had papers to mark, but said they could take it if they so wished. Michael, Maynard and Flo took a spoonful each and settled down by the log fire. After about thirty minutes, Flo sat up suddenly, and with a huge smile on her face, waved at Leary: "You gotta try this Tim, baby. It's f-a-n-t-a-s-t-i-c."

Leary later wrote in his book *High Priest* about that experience: "It has been five years since that first L.S.D. trip with Michael Hollingshead. I have never forgotten it. Nor has it been possible for me to return to the life I had been leading before the session. I have never recovered from the shattering ontological confrontation, I have never been able to take myself, my mind and the social world around me seriously. Since that time five years ago, I have been acutely aware of the fact that I perceive everything within the world around me as a

creation of my own consciousness."

Since then, Michael has turned-on and guided many a great man through their first trip. In his book *The Man Who Turned On The World*, published by Blond & Briggs, 1973, he gives a lucid and well-written account of his part in the early days of the psychedelic era, both in this country and America.

It is now over fifteen years since those embryonic sessions that helped change the life-style of a whole generation. HOME GROWN asked Michael Hollingshead, who lives in London, to give us some of his thoughts on acid as he views it today.

There are things of which it has been said the truly wise never try to conceptualise. Is L.S.D. one of them?

I think one can talk about L.S.D. in a non-psychological way, because it is something anyone can experience. Anyone, provided he has his heart and head in the right place, has the right to take L.S.D. as much or as little as he wants. It is Man's Fifth Freedom — the freedom to 'turn on' his own nervous system and on his own terms. Alas, it is a freedom that is severely curtailed at this time in our history. On the other hand, L.S.D. is something at which, as at holy springs, one does not drink habitually nor lightly.

Is it dangerous?

L.S.D. is a dangerous three-letter word. Say it to the average lawyer, churchman, clubman, and it will produce serious side-effects — they grow red in the face, shake, get high blood pressure, become incoherent. The stuff itself isn't dangerous. Nobody has ever died of it, if that is what you mean. One of the riddles of L.S.D. is that the user never has to increase the dose. There is no slavery to L.S.D. — it is, on the contrary, a liberation. There are those who would have you believe that L.S.D. is an escape from life and that it takes away one's sense of values. But if L.S.D. takes away the old life and the old scale of values

from under our feet it sets up another for us, superior and more delicate.

The L.S.D.-user has a third-eye view of himself. One of the interesting things about getting 'high' via L.S.D. — getting in touch with your own inner processes, if you like — is that it gives you, albeit only for a 6–8 hour stretch at a time — a chance to see for yourself the many different motives which seem to underly all one does, thinks, feels. This is seeing yourself a little more consciously than before; the psychedelic experience is not so much a kind of *being* as a kind of *knowing*. And the memory lingers. This is why people who have taken L.S.D. often change in quite dramatic ways. They have discovered a new kind of truth about themselves, if by truth we mean to 'come to', to awake to an inner self who is palpably more real. It is one thing to live out your simple life or death as a programmed robot, which one does as the result of a most profound ignorance about the nature of man and his potential. But when one is in possession of all the facts, the 'nothing-but-the-truth' knowledge about oneself, it is impossible to live the shuttered life of the closed mind and eye.

There is really nothing arbitrary in suggesting that people extend themselves a little via a psychedelic experience. It is the last chance we shall have in life. It helps us feel the tender, know the irrational, feel the invisible and so forth. On the other hand, it takes a lot of L.S.D. to gain even a tiny bit of consciousness.

In what way do people change after an acid session?

They become aware of this tension between, on the one hand, the flowing process and, on the other, the fixed structure. Leary has written at length about expansion-contraction, that which gets you high and that which brings you down, and suggested that human life is better suited to getting high. I think that the human mind, like human history, is made for change, is part of the natural flowing process of the universe. And if contracted by societal 'man-made' systems we will lose whatever capacity it is in the human mind for growth, creativity and ultimately of course, happiness.

The real gulf today in our thinking is not, as C.P. Snow spoke about in the fifties, between science and art, but between those who are 'high' and those who are 'down'. When one can see through or beyond the imprinted symbols of a received culture it is to perceive a world in which there has been a fundamental change in men's minds. I remain convinced, despite my failures, that L.S.D. can be good and that it is entirely up to the individual to make it well disposed. We must first learn to handle it. Man's need to get in touch with the source of his being is something some of us feel is infinitely desirable — and knowable. It is also a certain disposition to act, to act in some primordial and metaphysical way, form an alliance of the mind with the soul, a disposition each time we take

L.S.D. L.S.D. is the need to emerge from oneself — with flying colours.

Can you tell us something about the Harvard Psychedelic Project which you participated in, between 1960–63? How do you think L.S.D. affected the lives of those who took part in those early sessions? Was the d-LSD-25 that you were using then different in any way from today's 'street acid'?

It was an officially-sponsored research project by Harvard University, run under the aegis of the Social Relations Department, and headed by Timothy Leary. Our thesis — subsequently proved — was that L.S.D. and similar agents such as mescaline and psilocybin, may at times produce rapid personality changes of a long-lasting nature in normal people even when no psychotherapy is intended. We ran about 3,000 sessions for graduates and faculty, and about another 1,000 for artists, musicians, writers, poets, actors; and for prisoners in a maximum security prison at Concord, Massachusetts. And the great majority of these, something like 96%, reported major life changes of a positive kind. As for members of the research team, they were all third-year graduate students in Behaviourism, that is, with the exception of Leary, Richard Alpert and myself. We were faculty. On average, I think, each member of the project took L.S.D. in excess of one hundred times, some of us about three hundred times.

It is difficult to say why there should be so many beneficial claims for L.S.D. Some people have likened the L.S.D.-induced rapid personality change to the naturally occurring mystical or religious conversation experiences described by such thinkers as William James, Gerald Heard and Aldous Huxley. There is certainly a lot of evidence around to observe a positive correlation between people who have L.S.D.-mystical experiences and those claiming lasting benefits. People at Harvard were reporting for instance, that the L.S.D. experience gave them better understanding of themselves and others, and a high proportion claimed improved personal relationships, more tolerance of others and their viewpoints, and changes of values in several areas. They claimed they were less dogmatic in their thinking and beliefs, that the L.S.D. experience had made them more 'flexible'.

We found at Harvard that most of the bizarre, psychotic-like behaviours, and so forth, stressed by the media can be eliminated or greatly minimised by replacing the cold, impersonal 'clinical' approach with a supportive, 'natural' and protective environment. We also found that the attitude and the beliefs of the person giving the L.S.D. is almost as important as the state of mind of the person taking it. These are conditions not normally to be found in clinics; hence the number of reports of 'bad' sessions conducted in such places, for which the public turns for information about the subject. I don't think that it is possible

to conceptualise the mode of action in terms of existing psychological theory. Religious metaphors are much closer as descriptions of what happens during an L.S.D. session.

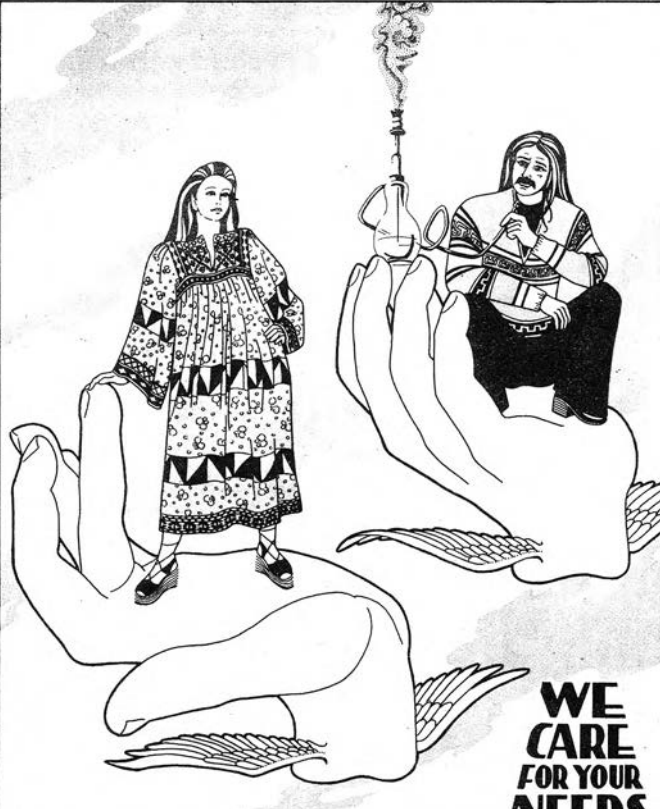
But it is a fact of life at this present time that the phenomenon L.S.D. is beset with considerable resistance not encountered since the days of the Red Star Chamber. L.S.D. is the new heresy, it seems. People go to prison for it — so much for our Western ideas of personal freedom. The fact is that L.S.D. is completely outside our current cultural concepts. Thus, to a person who has not thoroughly experienced the effects of L.S.D. on himself, the literature is understandably confusing and contradictory.

As for what has happened to the other members of the Harvard Psychedelic Project, I can report that they are all alive and healthy and very much involved in the 'flowing processes'. Dr. Timothy Leary is out of jail and working on his Starseed project; Dr. Richard Alpert has become a Hindu monk, changed his name to Baba Ram Dass, and heads the Hanuman Foundation in New York; Dr. Ralph Metzner lives in California and also heads a foundation concerned with various forms of psychic healing; Dr. Gunther Weil, who edited *The Psychedelic Reader*, helps to run the American Gurdjieff group; Dr. Al Cohen heads the American Mehar Baba group; Dr. George Litwin heads up the Crossett Hill Learning Community in Vermont; Dr. Richard Katz has recently published a book, *Preludes to Growth: An Experiential Approach* and is now living with the Zu/wasi tribe in the Kalahari; Dr. David Kolb is lecturing and writing at M.I.T.; Dr. Rolf Von Eckartsberg runs the 'Open Door' group in Philadelphia; and I am being interviewed by 'Home Grown'!

As for your last question, about the L.S.D. we were using. Yes, I believe there is an important, if little understood, difference between what we used at Harvard and what is available on the streets, as it were. d-LSD-25, to give it its full title, is a *semi*-synthetic substance, that is, it requires ergot for its synthesis. Now large amounts of clandestine ergot are simply not available, so underground manufacturers have had to use a synthetic ergot such as ergotomine to produce the synthesis. And the subjective effects are really very different from those reported at Harvard. The street stuff may even be harmful on account of impurities. It is a difficult situation and I don't know what one can do about it. It seems unlikely, given the climate of the world at the moment, that any government would release a new batch of ergot-based acid for non-clinical purposes. Though, paradoxically, the government that did would force everyone to get smarter. But, like everything else I've said, it is my own private opinion.

Should one take acid?

As the old alchemists said, "You need a bit of light to find the light," and that pretty well sums up *why* acid.



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WHAT A WHIZZ!

I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA!

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TERRIFIC!

HEY!

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HALLO!

HEY! LET'S PUBLISH IT OURSELVES!

I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO TRY FOR A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT

SUCH ARE THE WAYS OF CAPITALISM

EDITOR

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THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ANARCHY

NEW LEFT REVIEW

PSYCHEDELIC PAINTINGS

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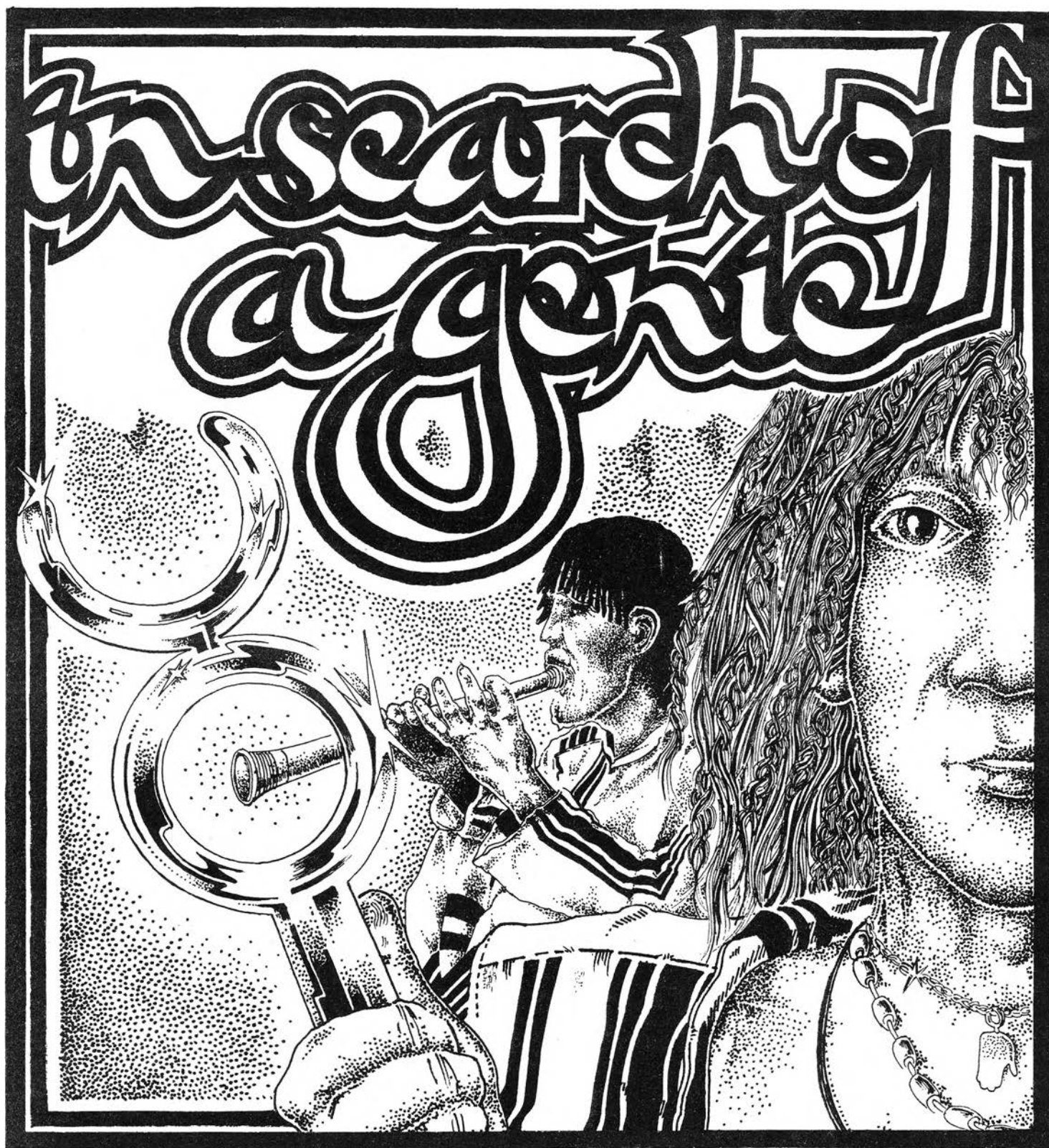
WHIPPING MAIDS

CREDITORS, PRINTERS, UNPAID CONTRIBUTORS, VICTIMS OF MISREPRESENTATION ETC, ETC.

GET IN THE QUEUE!

SOMEONE SAID I'D SCORE HERE

MIKE J. WELLER '77



BY MIM SCALA, ILLUSTRATION BY ROBIN P. RICHARDS.

In the summer of 1966 Brian Jones came to visit me in my London apartment. He had brought with him a box full of tapes filled with a magic music. He had just returned to England from one of his mysterious trips to Morocco, where, among other things, he had met a hip Moroccan, called Hamri. Hamri had turned Brian on to the strange musical happenings of Joujuka. Brian had stayed in Joujuka

to witness the annual Pan Festival, a fertility right performed by the master musicians of one of the mystical sects of the Rif Mountains. For the uninitiated, the witnessing of this spectacle can be a terrifying experience. Brian naturally enough thrived on it, to the extent that he arranged to record most of the music. We played the tapes while Brian gave me a psychedelic account of what went down. A thousand tripped out people being chased around a starlit village by a mani-

festation of Pan. I could see them whirling through clouds of kif smoke, driven on by their beliefs and the unceasing wail of very heavy music. He went on to tell me that he believed other sects of mystical musicians existed in the Rif and Atlas Mountains, with masters who use their music as a catalyst in reaching other states of consciousness — sort of Moroccan Don Juan. They would, of course, be hard to find, particularly for a couple of non Moslem infidels. We

made a pact to search for the men, who were the masters of the Genie. In the meantime, we both had our work to do. Brian was still a busy Stone, and I ran a personal management company, committed to promoting a bag full of show business careers.

I had become slightly disillusioned by certain aspects of the movie industry and I did the classical split — leaving England, and wandering off to find a place to write a book that I had buzzing around in my head. Eventually I found myself living in Morocco. My search for the musicians had begun. In July 1969 I received the, not entirely unexpected, news that Brian wasn't going to make it. He had played his final gig. I changed my address almost every day for the next two years, living in a funky old Land Rover that had become my home. I leisurely explored Morocco, making acquaintances in hundreds of villages from Tangiers to the Sahara outposts of Risani. In order to support my travels, I began trading in fine North African jewellery and rugs. Through these dealings, I met many people from ordinary village life. It was through these people, that I began to be introduced to the real Moslem world: its philosophy, its teachers and its music. Naturally, I heard music everywhere I went — ninety per cent of the population can play some sort of instrument. In this way, my education slowly progressed.

Towards the end of 1972, I loaned my Land Rover to a friend and flew off to Sri Lanka, in order to finish a book. Eight months later, with a head full of wonderful trips, I made my way back to the Sahara. I went to Mauritania to pick up the vehicle. My friend had left it there for me. I did a bit of work on it, then drove it out into the desert to meet the total eclipse. On the 23rd of June 1973, I found myself alone on a planet of golden sand. A black hole appeared in the sky, the planet went dark. As the sun re-appeared, it brought with it the wind, which played the pipes of Pan to which I danced. As I drove away from the eclipse, I had this overwhelming urge that I should go to Tangiers, the place where my journey had begun. I drove six hundred miles from Mauritania to Tan Tan, practically non-stop, flashing through the Spanish Sahara choosing the route that follows the coast. I drove for days with the wild, roaring Atlantic on my left and the vast expanse of the Sahara on my right. I was really tripping out. I slowed down a bit on reaching Morocco — there were lots of friends to visit on my steady journey North. I enjoyed being genuinely welcomed back into the world of people. To

some of my friends in the smaller villages of the Atlas, I was the only real proof of an outside world. Some of them had never left the confines of their villages or passed the boundaries of their fields. Eventually I drove on to Tangiers, where, for the first time for months, I became aware of how strange I looked. The washed-out blue robe that I was wearing was pretty done-in. My hair was a mass of braids, courtesy of the three mischievous Sahara sisters of a jeweller friend. The Land Rover had taken on a magical look, covered in sand and filled with rugs and pieces of ethnic treasure. I decided to clean up a bit before attempting to check into a hotel. I drove out to the beach at Cap Spartell, parked on the cliffs and did a couple of hours of ritual surfing in the nice waves until the sun had set. I had left my robe on the sand, weighted down by a highly polished metal staff, given to me by an alchemist in Sri Lanka, which I used as a form of meditation. It was a beautifully balanced piece of steel, made in the shape of the mercury wand, and could be twisted by one's fingers in such a way that the circle and semi-circle set at the top of the staff would spin round and round like a top, its polished surface picked up any available light source reflecting it as bright sparks. As the instrument revolved, the sparks of light would begin to dance, drawing a three dimensional mandala in mid-air. It was on this mandala that I would meditate. Putting on my robe, I sat for a few minutes, letting the wand spin through my fingers — the Moon and Venus throwing the light from which the Mandala slowly began to take form. This mandala had become my own personal key to a separate reality. I allowed myself to enter and found myself sitting face to face with a man who also wore a blue robe. He was playing a Gimbri and wore a black cowrie studded hat. The wand was spinning in my hands to the rhythm of his music. We were in a large tent, several men were dancing — they also wore the black hats with what looked like Rastafarian dread locks, flying about their shoulders, as they danced. As each dancer reached the state, where the soul temporarily leaves the body, a new dancer would immediately replace him. The sounds of the Gimbri began to multiply. At one point I could distinctly hear seven different instruments emitting from the one musician, each one a perfect compliment to the others. The music was like an audio metamorphosis. The musician took it through subtle changes, each time he changed the rhythm, the colour in my mandala would change. He was taking me through the spectrum

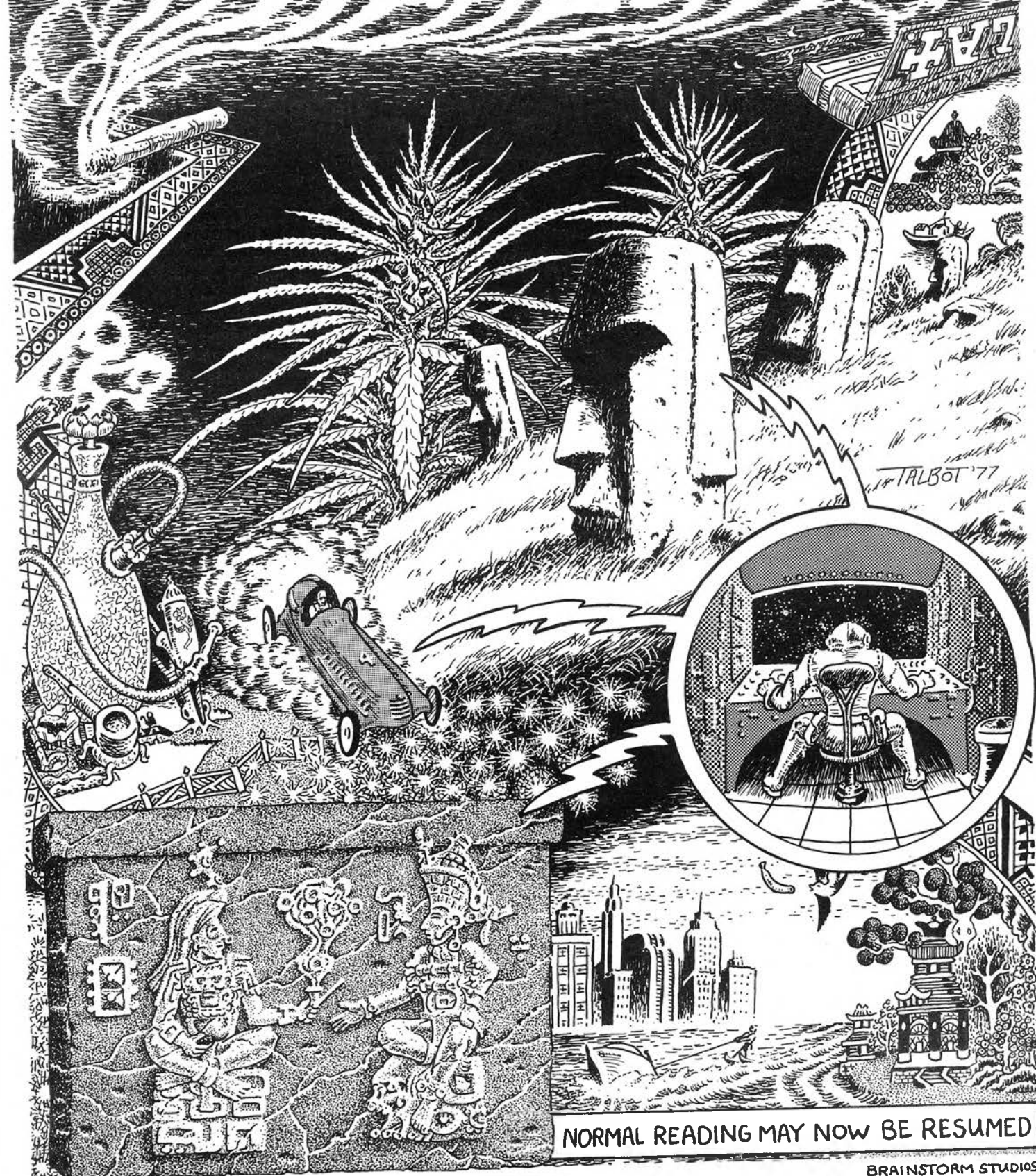
of light. Finally the staff fell from my hand, as I was launched into yet another reality.

When I came to, I found myself lying on a very soft hand woven blanket. There were several other sleeping people, including children, a few women moved about. The tent flaps were open on all sides, the sun was shining, the musician was preparing tea, he smiled as he offered me a glass. A young man was cutting kif on a wooden board, he stopped work to offer me a sibsi. The wand was lying on a pretty little rug with the instruments. As I began to pull all of my faculties together and look about me, I realised that I recognised most of the people, in fact I had known many of them for some time, even the musician. The trouble was that I knew him as the craftsman who had painted the beautiful designs of the door of my house when I had first come to Tangiers. I began to think that, if all this was a dream, it was a pretty solid one. I remembered coming out of the sea and starting my meditation, I even remembered the moment that I allowed myself to slide in to the mandala — but how did I get in to this tent? I walked out on to the beach, the sun had just risen, there was my old Land Rover parked up on the cliff top some five or six hundred yards away from the little cove, where the tent was pitched. I walked along the virgin morning sand and found that I was following a solitary line of familiar foot prints, that led me to the spot where I had walked out of the sea, just after a magical sunset, some time in the past.

During the years that have passed since that first magical meeting, I have visited the Ganoua many times, making many recordings of their music. I now have tapes which vary from quiet little after dinner recitals, to full blown Ganoua ceremonies. Among the musicians to have heard them was Rebop Qwakubaa, a master percussionist, best known for his playing as a member of the group Traffic. Rebop started to play drums as a child in his native Ghana. He now plays all over the world, rated as one of the heaviest percussionist on the rock and roll circuit. I was asked by Rebop's manager if it would be possible for me to arrange a meeting between Rebop and the Ganoua. They met in November 1976 in a rambling old palace in Tangiers. We recorded this meeting, or should I say confrontation. The results were so exciting that a record, of parts of these recordings, is to be released by Island this year. The album TRANCE is the music of a separate reality. I hope to see you there.

THERE WILL NOW BE A SHORT

INTERLUDE



NORMAL READING MAY NOW BE RESUMED

TIME OUT OF MIND

BY PETER SIMESTER

Is it possible to divine the future?

"To know the future, study the past."
— Confucius

"Give me one point in the Universe,
and I'll show you the rest."
— Galileo

Life in all forms on Earth, and the motions of all physical bodies in our solar system, our galaxy, and our whole Universe, can be said to take place in periods of time we call cycles. Each separate physical mass, animate or inanimate, has its own pattern or cycle of time.

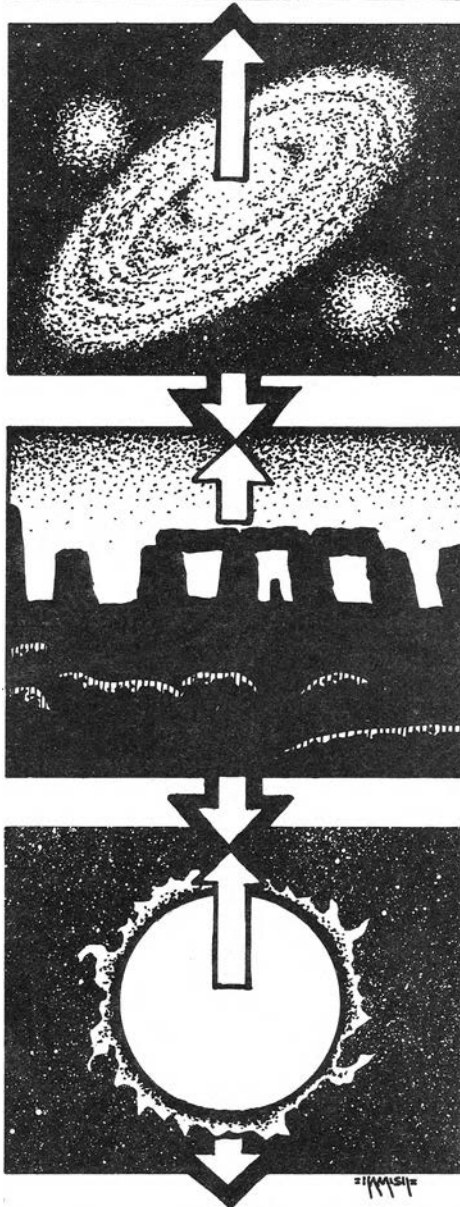
In these cycles the entity completes its own pattern of motion. Through 6,000 years we have patiently observed the cycles of time that comprise the Earth's whole time. The day: one turn on its axis. The year: one orbit of the Sun, measured by maximum and minimum distance from the Sun. And the seasons: created by an angular tilt of the Earth's axis.

Although the variation of distance in our year and angle of tilt take place in 365¼ days, they peak at different moments in their cycles. The Earth is closest to the Sun on 3rd of January, and furthest away on July 4th. The maximum tilt or declination South is on December 22nd; the maximum North, June 23rd. The two equal points, when the Sun balances perfectly on our equator, occur around March 22nd and September 23rd.

In the scale of our Solar system, the Earth is a tiny planet with an enormous Sun, six bigger brothers and sisters, three smaller ones, and a Moon of its own. The Year of the Sun takes 25,800 years. Our movements of angle and distance move within this period.

In 4040 B.C. the moment of the Earth's closest position to the Sun in our year, and the moment of the Autumn Equinox, happened at the same time and moment. In 1142 when Eleanor of Aquitaine commissioned the translations and re-

One can stare directly into the Eye of our Galaxy, Sagitta 'A', without the Sun's impediment on 21st of June at 1 A.M. BST. Look Southwards and up into the Milky Way. It's at 270° R.A.



writings of the Holy Grail legends, the moment of Winter Solstice and Perihelion (the Earth's closest position to the Sun) were aligned.

There are at least twelve major changes in angle and distance that have effect on the motivations and actions of our lives. When peak moments in different cycles coincide these moments, according to the Magii, were considered divine and awesome. Our whole science of time was probably brought about

to divine auspicious and malefic moments.

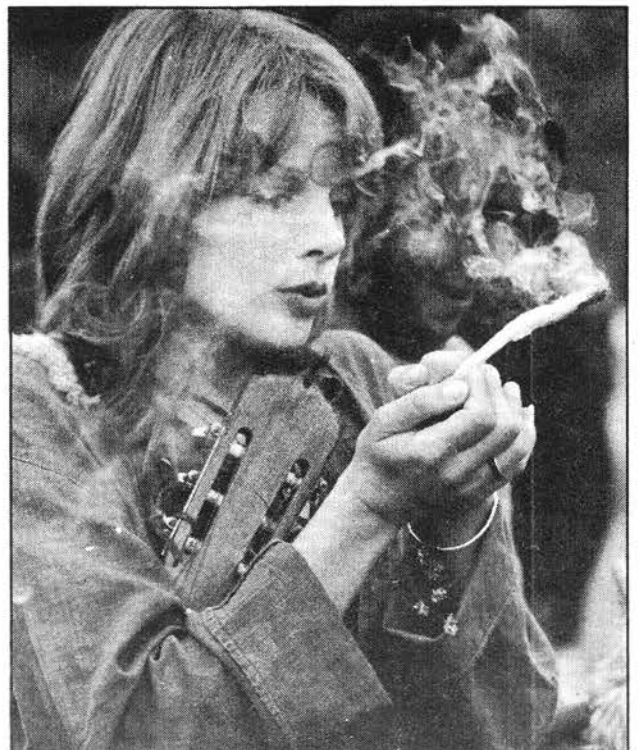
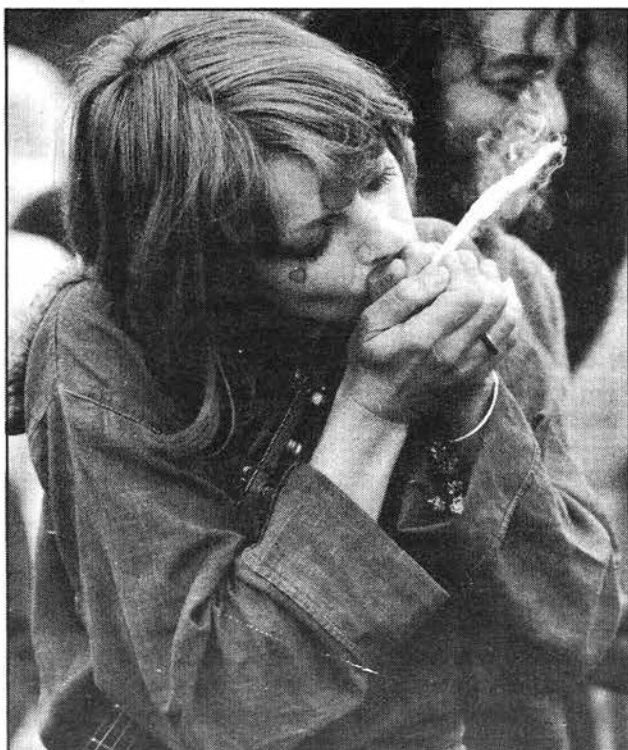
To divine the future of your own life, you must study your past, then more closely the Now. It is helpful to split things up and study parts to get a deeper picture of the whole. At the moment of birth each of nine different planets in our system are at different points in the sky. Each one has completed its individual motion since your birth. Each planet has completed its cycle at some varying time for us all. By studying your past in the planets' framework of motion, the key to your contact with Universal Time is revealed.

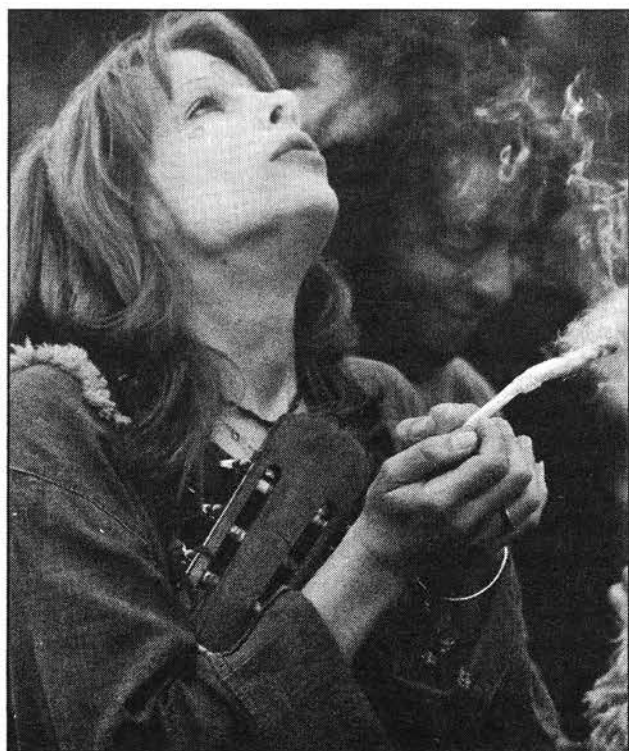
Religions all function from rituals done in accord with their cultural notion of time. The thirteen days which separate the two peaks of our year, Perihelion and Winter Solstice, were considered the dark days by the Mayans. Rest, sobriety, no work and solitude were the order of the day.

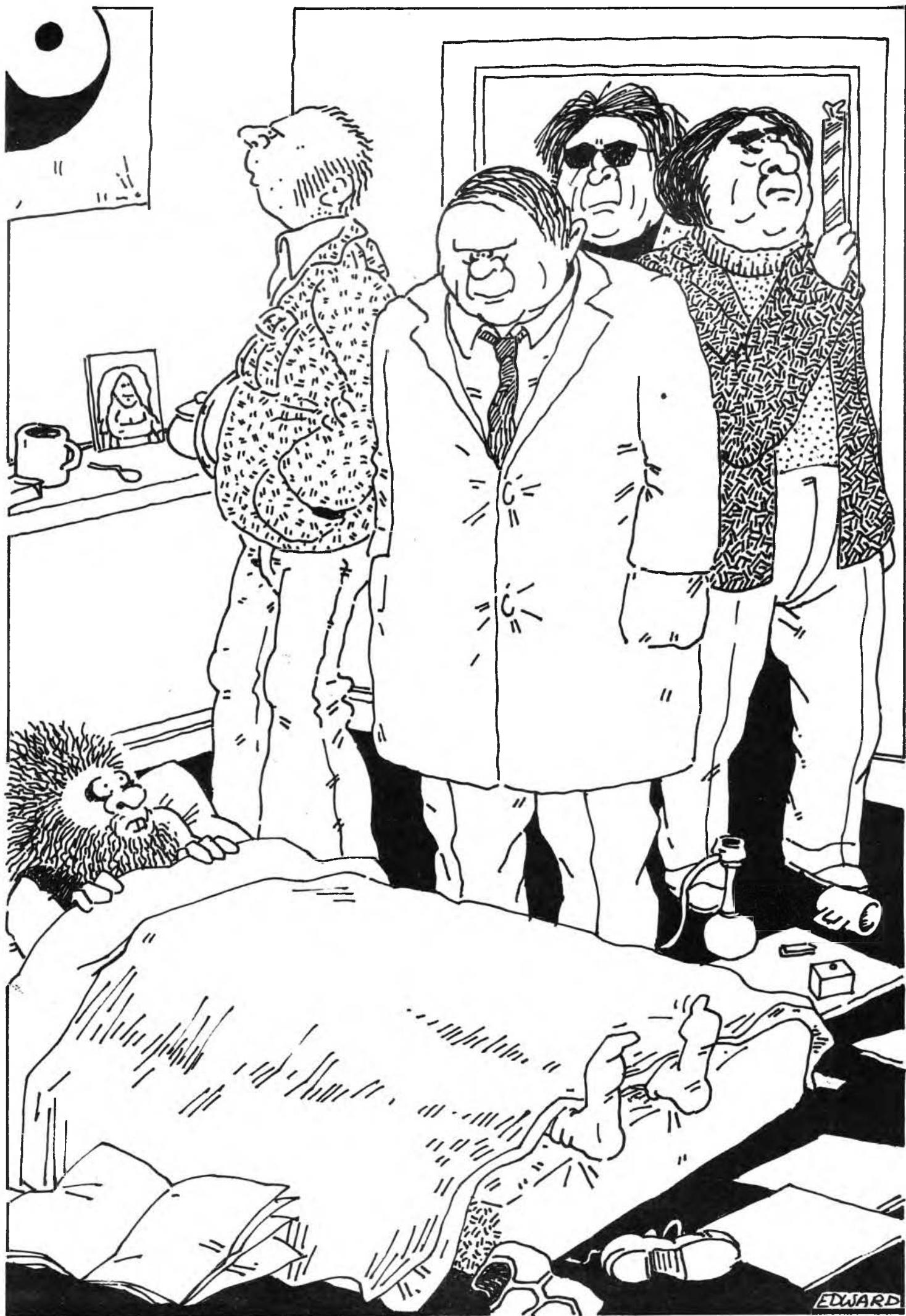
The centre of our galaxy is a point designated by a radio source, called SAGGITA "A". Our Sun revolves around this point every 230,000 years. This point is to be found projected directly beyond the position of our Sun on the day of our Earth's Winter Solstice.

This cosmic alignment of the very centre of our galaxy, our Sun and the maximum Southly declination of the Sun, occur within eight hours of the Winter Solstice, and will do so for about 36 years. This is of profound significance and means far more than the Age of Aquarius, for those who want to understand LIFE NOW.

The Astrological Book of Time is compiled each year as an aid for anyone who would like to study themselves, or pig-iron, for that matter, within the framework of times that make up our Earth's time. It is available to Home Grown readers, price £1.50 plus 35p p&p., from Life Rhythms, 35 Piccadilly, London W.1.







BUSTED

BY MERVYN HARRIS, DESIGN BY EDWARD.

"Wake up. Wake up."

The voices filtered through to my subconscious from far off, like echoes in the caverns of my mind, until suddenly they were next to me. I opened my eyes and struggled to raise myself on one elbow out of the cobwebs of sleep.

Beside my bed knelt a slim man and behind him stood a big, burly man. The man who was kneeling, stretched out a hand and sifted through the grass on the table.

"We're police," he said.

Still a little drowsy, I stared at them with a blank and uncomprehending expression, trying to fathom out what was happening. I saw the man sift through the grass on the bedside table and wondered whether some of Jake's friends were playing a joke on us. I listened to find out whether anybody was in Jake's room. Sunlight pierced through the window above my bed, shedding light, but not much warmth.

"He's still drugged out," the burly man said.

This stirred me into action. I flung aside the blankets, saying: "I'm getting up."

The burly cop went out of the room. While I was putting on my trousers, the other one potted about the room and asked: "Have you got any more stuff hidden over here?"

"No." I felt calm and fully alert. From the door of my room I could see into Jake's room. The sideboard cupboard had been moved away from the wall and everything that had been inside was sprawled on the floor. A man on his knees was rolling up the carpet. Kevin was leaning against the far wall, puffing a cigarette.

Stepping into the corridor, I had a clearer view of things. The flat was choking with policemen. There must have been at least eight of them, all in plain clothes. The full meaning of the fuzz scurrying about, searching and looking under the beds and in cupboards, dawned on me like a thud in the chest, momentarily taking my breath away. The flat was being raided.

Jake came out of the other room. His face looked strained. "He

is not involved in this," Jake said of me to the burly cop who was standing with his hands in his pockets, his ruffled shirt masking a growing paunch.

"We found some stuff in his room," he said.

"We gave him that for his own use," Jake said. "He wasn't in on the deal."

I now knew that they had found the stuff. We had been busted. Now that the lid had been blown off, I felt some of the tension ooze out of me. There was nothing further to do or plan, but to play along with events as they unfolded.

"Mind if I make some coffee?" I asked one of the cops.

"Sure," he said. "Go ahead." Seeing that Jake was co-operating with them and none of us was offering any resistance, the fuzz had themselves turned friendly. They went about their tasks, but there was no overt hostility. Nevertheless, a policeman followed me into the kitchen while I put on the kettle and watched me as I made three cups of coffee. He also followed me into the toilet when I went to have a piss.

"Too many of you to make coffee for everyone," I said, handing Jake and Kevin a cup each.

Kevin was looking downcast and sullen. We were now all in Jake's room and a policeman came and took our names, writing them down in a notebook. It was only after I had drunk some of the coffee that I felt a queasy feeling. After the first couple of puffs on a cigarette, my throat was parched. I noticed that it was just after 6.30. They must have started on the raid at the crack of dawn.

It was only a little while later, when we were leaving the flat, that I was struck by the full implications of what was happening. As we went down the stairs to the street, a policeman walked on each side of me and one of them put his hand on me. It was an uncomfortable feeling which brought home to me the fact that I was being arrested for a criminal offence. Although I still hardly knew anyone in the neighbourhood, I was glad that it was early morning and few people were up and about. A man walking

on the other side of the pavement took little notice as the police van was opened and we were trundled into the back. Two of the policemen got into the back with us.

On the way to the police station, Jake and Kevin exchanged a joke and some remarks with the fuzz, but I did not follow what they were saying. A cold sweat had broken out on my forehead and I could feel that my shirt was sticking to my back. We could not see outside and the van seemed to twist and turn innumerable times. After what seemed a long ride, it jerked to a halt.

The back door was opened and we stepped out into the yard of a police station. A hand was again touching my arm as we went into the station. Do they think I am going to run off, I found myself thinking.

We were led through a passage and into a large room. There were some policemen in uniform and a few other people, probably also brought in that morning. They had a listless, blank look on them. I saw that just being on the wrong side of the police benches gave one a shabby, decrepit look. I instinctively straightened my shoulders, but found them sagging shortly afterwards. A sergeant behind a desk took some details from each of us. A short biography. Date of birth, education, jobs. I found myself slowly reeling out the schools and universities I had been to and the degrees I had obtained. Then we were ushered into a cell on the side of the room.

It was the first time we had all been together on our own that morning. Jake let out a groan and Kevin slumped onto a chair. I reached for my cigarettes, but the packet was empty. We had been smoking almost non-stop without noticing. Kevin handed me a cigarette.

"I can sure do with a joint right now," he said.

I smiled wanly. "What happens now?"

Speaking in muted whispers, we exchanged information. It turned out that both Jake and Kevin had a previous conviction for being in possession of cannabis as well as

Kevin having a conviction for attempting to steal goods from persons unknown, this so-called offence dating back to the time he had hung around Piccadilly Circus.

I felt a pang of regret that my clean record would vanish. As if to rub this dismal prospect into my flesh, the door of the cell opened and we were each taken out to have our fingerprints taken. I was now a marked man with my imprint in the police files. Disconsolate and depressed, I was accompanied back to the cell.

Jake and Kevin were discussing who we should get to stand bail for us. My mind raced through a few alternatives, but each was swiftly rejected. My sister would be too alarmed and even panic-stricken were she to suddenly receive a call that I had been arrested. My previous acquaintances were all so conventional that I found the thought of approaching them distasteful. My comrades in the socialist movement would be appalled at the decadent level to which I had sunk. Betraying the revolution. I could telephone Karin, but that would me under obligation and renew a bond I wanted to dissolve. Fortunately, in the course of the next couple of hours this was all arranged.

Jeremy, a friend of Jake's who lived in the ground floor flat, had seen us go out of the building and realised what was happening. He had alerted another friend and found out to which police station we had been taken. With his help, it was sorted out who would stand bail for each of us and surety of a few hundred pounds. It took a little arranging as some of the friends already had convictions and therefore could not stand bail.

We were let out the cell and stood hanging around a desk while all these arrangements and formalities were carried out. A young cop, who had participated in the raid and who had later taken down particulars of my curriculum vitae, came up to me. He circled slowly round the desk on which I was leaning, scratched and faced me with a quizzical expression as if he were trying to formulate his thoughts.

"Tell me," he said, "why do you think this country's going to the dogs?" Before I could even consider a reply, he continued: "I mean just look at the economy, strikes, inflation, violence." He waved his hand as if to encompass many other woes.

I looked at him and wondered whether, like Queen Victoria, he

wanted the whole truth in one word. "It all depends on the way you look at things," I ventured to say.

"The old standards are crumbling. Not," he hastened to add, "that that is necessarily a bad thing. The right kind of new ideas can do the country a lot of good. But some of the things happening here ..." He left off as if it was not necessary for him to enunciate the things that were happening.

I was getting a little irritated by the implications of what he was saying. It was not really my opinion he was interested in, but was indirectly accusing me and my attitudes of having something to do with the decline of the country. However, I did not want to get involved in a discussion with him, especially at this venue, and so just muttered vaguely.

"If you don't like something, it's no good destroying it unless you have something constructive to put in its place," he was saying.

We had been at the police station for more than two hours and Detective Haynes, the big, burly cop, seemed as keen as us to get out. He had become quite genial, joking with Jake and Kevin. He had a successful morning's work behind him and could go home and enjoy the weekend. I could not bring myself to participate in his good humour and was glad when the formalities were completed and we could leave the station. We were remanded on bail to appear in court on the following Monday.

Outside the station, we chatted for a few minutes with those who had come to stand bail for us. We were going to have coffee at a local cafe, but as it was Saturday and Portobello Road would soon be crammed with people, we decided to go back to the flat instead. On the way back in Jeremy's car, Jake told us how he had been woken up by a knock on the door early that morning.

"Usually I ask who it is before opening the door. Still being half asleep, I opened the door slightly and saw this chap outside. 'We're police,' he said. 'Open up. We've got a warrant'. For an instant I didn't know what to do. Then I opened the door to let them in. I couldn't very well have slammed it shut in their face."

"If you could have shouted or signalled to me in some way," Kevin said, "I might have had time to get rid of the stuff. Throw it out of the window or something..."

"And you think they would have waited patiently outside the door," Jake said irritably. "It's easy to talk about it afterwards."

"One of the fuzz kicked the mattress and says, 'O.K., get up mate'. I nearly grabbed his foot," Kevin remarked angrily.

"Let me finish," Jake insisted. "Well, when they came in, I just showed them where the stuff was. It was better than having them tear up the place. Besides, I think they quite liked us for our attitudes and I don't think they'll put the squeeze on us."

Jeremy brought up some cannabis to roll a joint. I made coffee while Jake got a few things ready for the stall. We were also able to have a joint of grass, for as one of the fuzz remarked as we were all leaving the flat that morning, "We've left you some crumbs for you to have a smoke when you get back." We were all still a bit on edge, sometimes all talking at once, filling in the gaps of each other's stories and incidents that had occurred. It was a way of letting off steam and a way of easing the tension.

"Did you find out how come they raided your pad?" asked John who, having heard of the raid, had just come in.

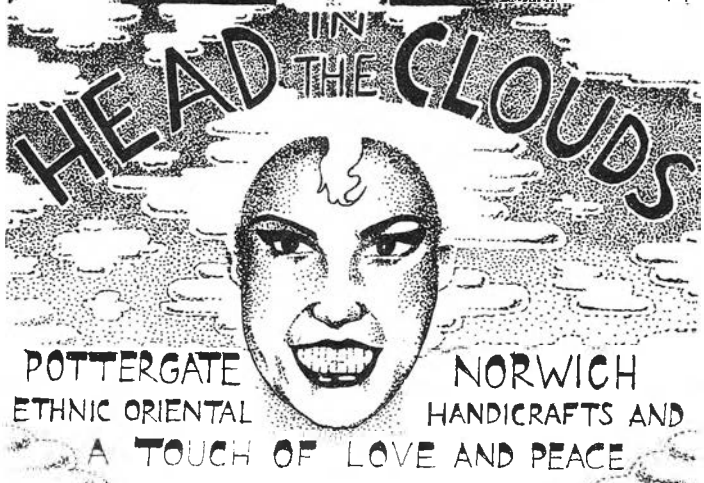
"Detective Haynes told me," said Jake. "It seems the pad used to belong to a dealer. They were keeping a watch on it and were just on a routine raid."

News of the raid was quickly circulating among friends and acquaintances. The telephone was ringing and some people were coming round to hear for themselves and reminisce about their experiences when being busted. It seemed that most people who smoked pot in the area had had an experience of being raided, a brush with the fuzz or even a conviction or spell behind bars.

During the course of the rest of the morning and at lunch-time when Kevin and I went to have a drink at the pub, a constant flow of people came up to ask about the raid. I often felt as if I was being congratulated on some achievement. This did not exactly please me as I did not think the morning's events warranted any special praise. It was as if I had suffered a wound in battle and was beginning to think of the repercussions. To those who came up to me, it seemed more like an initiation I had passed. Despite my relatively short hair and straight appearance, I was now accepted as one of them.



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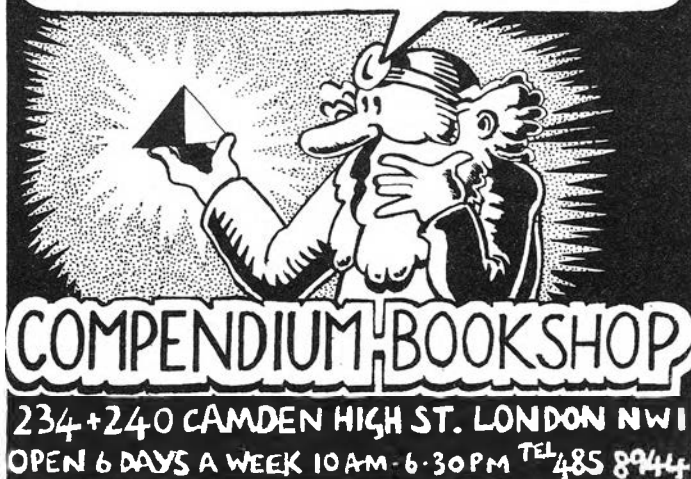


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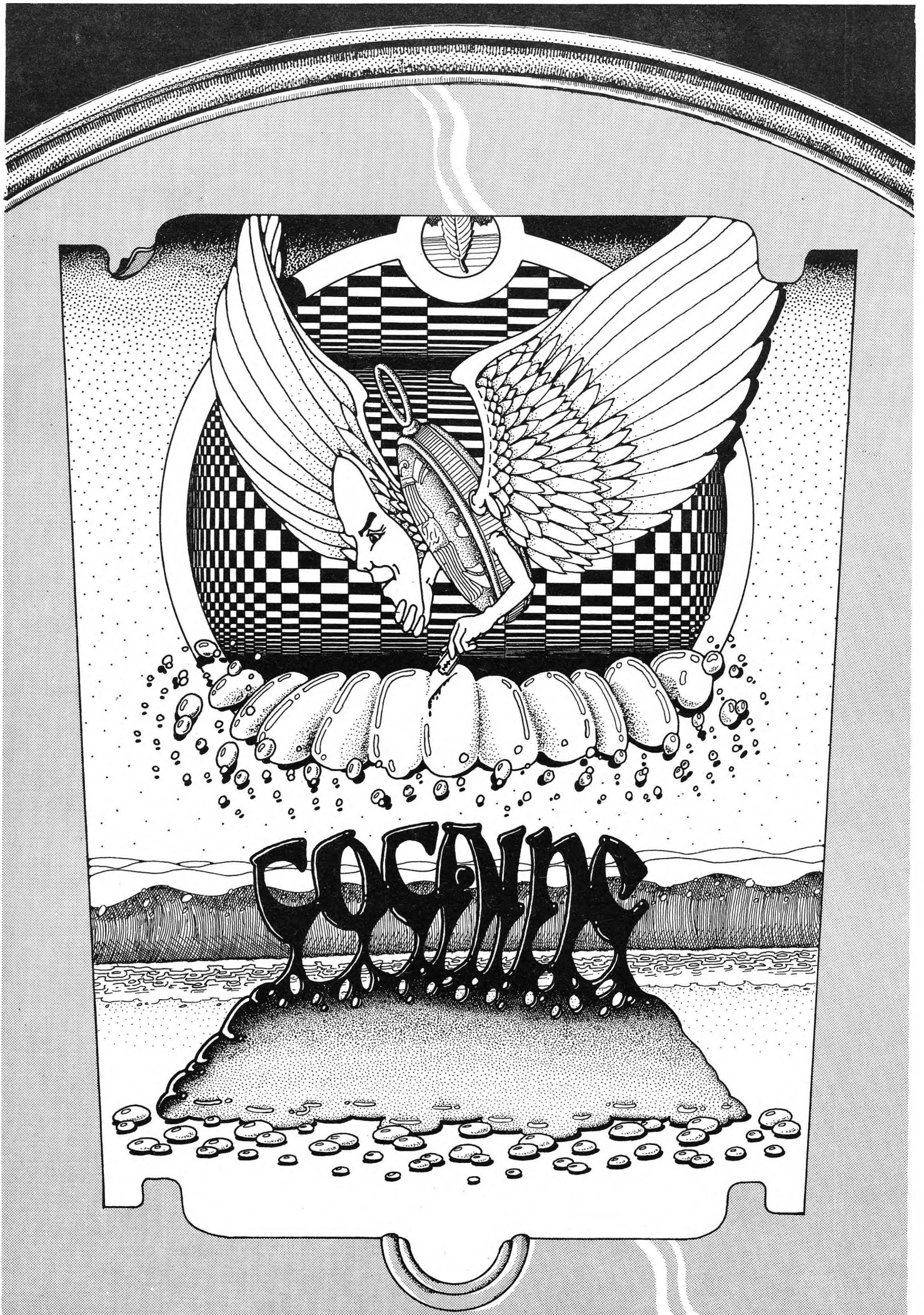
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Since the publication of "The Coca Leaf and Cocaine Papers", (edited by George Andrews and David Solomon, Harcourt Brace Janovitch, £4.25), some interesting developments have taken place.

Dr. Andrew Weil, who contributed an important chapter to the book, finally won a long battle with Federal drug authorities, and was issued a permit allowing him to import coca leaf into the United States to prescribe to his patients. This was the first such permit to be issued to an American doctor in about fifty years. When Dr. Weil flew to Peru, the Peruvian government welcomed him as an honoured guest. He was taken on a tour of the different growing regions, accompanied by local experts with whom he had informal conversations, so that he could select the most appropriate type of leaf for his purposes. Coca leaf varies from one region to another as to Burgundy and Beaujolais, or Darjeeling and Lapsang Souchong.

After generously sampling all available varieties, Dr. Weil selected a 57 kilo bale of the very best leaves, and headed straight into U.S. customs. When he declared what he had in his package, of course they freaked. But his papers were in order, and after a long delay they finally had to let him have the package.

After going through all this and finally getting it into the country, the Federal drug authorities pulled an about-face on him. He was forbidden to distribute it to his patients on prescription. They insisted that experiments with animals had to be carried out first.

One particular experiment that has been carried out has very important implications. A group of monkeys was allowed to self-administer cocaine at will, as much as they wanted was made continuously available. When toxic symptoms began to appear, the monkeys did not diminish their intake, but over-dosed themselves to the point of collapse. Of course, this is one of the main disadvantages to cocaine use among humans also: failure to heed the body's danger signals.

A similar group of monkeys was allowed to self-administer coca leaf at will, as much as they wanted continuously available. These monkeys spontaneously limited dosage to non-toxic levels, as do the Indians of the Andes, and developed *no toxic symptoms whatsoever* even after long-term continuous exposure.

With such results, the Federal drug authorities will be obliged to allow Dr. Weil to prescribe coca leaf to his patients.

Another strong card in Dr. Weil's hand is the report published recently by the Harvard Botanical Museum concerning the nutritional value of coca leaf, which turns out to be very great indeed. Besides the fourteen known alkaloids, coca leaf has a fantastic content of calories, minerals, and vitamins. It turns out to be an exquisitely balanced multi-purpose emergency pack provided by mother



nature. No wonder the Incas believed it to be a gift from the gods, a plant from elsewhere in the cosmos.

The way that the Indians of the Andes chew the leaf is not suited to mass release among city dwellers. The bit of lime the Indians mix in with the leaf is essential, but unless the lime is mixed in very carefully one risks burning the tongue and inside of the mouth severely.

The only trouble with coca wine is that one doesn't always want the alcohol effect along with the coca effect, particularly early in the day.

Dr. Weil is at work on developing a coca chewing gum, made from an extract of the leaf that has the proper proportion of lime carefully blended in.

In a recent statement, Dr. Weil said: "The FDA claim that coca is an investigational drug not approved for human use. They are wrong. Coca is an old traditional remedy . . . And any registered physician has the right to dispense coca leaf in this country. So I and a few other M.D.'s I will supply will go ahead and dispense it. If the FDA challenges us, we are prepared to go to court, with lots of promises of willing medical and legal help. I'm sure we'll win. It's very worth doing.

The coca issue is the perfect one to fight, and it will be a significant foot in the door of the repressive bureaucratic system that now interferes with medical use of psychoactive drugs."

During those informal conversations, Dr. Weil was assured that Coca-Cola buys approximately 600 tons of Peruvian coca leaf every year, all of it the sweet (Trujillo) variety of leaf. As was pointed out in "The Coca Leaf and Cocaine Papers", this is precisely the type of leaf which is rich in cuskohygrine, the volatile aromatic substance whose properties have never been thoroughly investigated, which is *not* extracted when the leaf is "de-cocainised". Furthermore, it is known that Peruvian coca leaf yields about 2% of cocaine. Two percent of 600 tons equals about 12 tons of pure cocaine, rather an astronomical amount of "waste product" to dispose of. There seems to be some mystery as to what becomes of all this. It is certainly instructive to compare treatment by government authorities of users picked up with a personal supply with the treatment they give the Coca-Cola Corporation. In a society where users with a few grams are thrown in jail and left to rot, is it really suitable that a large privately-owned company should have carte blanche and next to no government supervision, when it's a question of literally dozens of tons? How come government authorities accept Coca-Cola's book-keeping in blind faith as gospel truth, but when they pick up a user on the street they don't hesitate to apply torture to make him turn in his friends? Isn't there a flagrant contradiction in evidence here?

It is possible that the 600 tons a year from Peru may be only a fraction of a larger total. Up until the Second World War, Coca-Cola had its own private coca plantations in Java. After the Japanese were defeated, Coca-Cola did not retain the plantations, but may have simply moved them elsewhere.

Be that as it may, it seems high time that the pharmacological properties of the volatile aromatic substances in coca leaf, in particular cuskohygrine, were thoroughly investigated.

There are many indications in the literature that the aroma on its own is psychoactive. It should be possible to inhale the natural perfume of the coca plant without irritating the mucous membranes and eroding nasal cartilage, two of the major inconveniences associated with cocaine use. The aroma could be collected from the freshly picked leaves as they dried, and be distributed in inhalers such as are used for the common cold.

Whether it be in the form of a chewing gum, a perfume, a wine, or a biscuit, the legalisation of coca leaf in some form is inevitable sooner or later. There are strong indications that this will take place as a matter of course along with the legalisation of cannabis.

NICK KAVANAGH
TELLS THE
STIRRING
TALE
OF

JACK and the HERBSTALK



...ONE DAY WHILE JACK WAS WORKING...

BAMABAM!
BANG! THUMP
BAP
KNOCK

WH-TH!!

CRASH
SMASH

JACK!!
JACK FOR CHRISAKE

RUSH
SLAM

LEMME IN!!

PUFF-
PANT

MAN! YOU GOTTA
HIDE ME!!
AND FAST!!

ME?
HIDE YOU?
IN HERE?!

PHIEW!

GET INTO
THIS DRAWING
QUICK!

POLICE!!

I SAW
IT!!

IT WAS
HORRIBLE!

IT WENT
THATWAY!

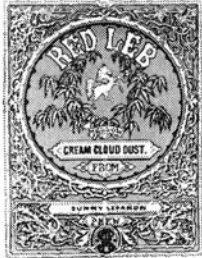
THUMP THUMP THUMP

SNARL
FROTH





A



B



C



D

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R4



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SS31

SS30

SS17

SS1

SS18



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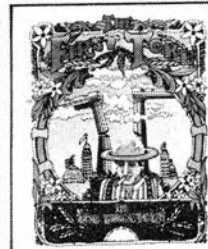
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FIRST TOKE



WORK TOGETHER



GROW YOUR OWN



ROCK 'N ROLLER



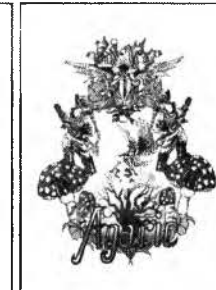
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