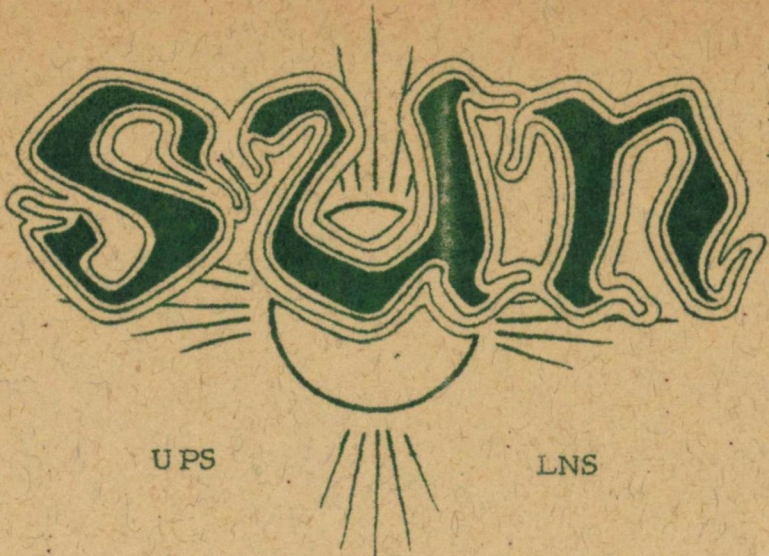


5-23-68

FREE NEWSPAPER
OF ROCK AND ROLL,
DOPE, AND FUCKING
IN THE STREETS

TRANS-LOVE ENERGIES
1510 HILL STREET
ANN ARBOR, 48104
(313) 769-2017



UPS

LNS

Life Goes on Within You and Without You

September 22 was a holy day. At 3:08am the Sun began to go into an eclipse, on the other side of the planet though, so we weren't able to see it. At 3:09am the moon went into its' first quarter, becoming a New Moon. At 4:00am the moon went into Libra and at 3:26pm the Sun went into Libra, signaling the Autumnal Equinox. Lots happening, new beginnings, new cycles.

Mercury moves into Scorpio on Sept. 20. Mercury, messenger of the gods, travel--Scorpio, sign of intense feeling, passion, urge to regenerate, make anew--new cycles, new beginnings everywhere, being communicated throughout the planet.

Venus moves into Scorpio too, on the 26th. Love/urge to regenerate relationships; intense feelings about relationships, harmony, balance.

Mars goes into Virgo on the 21st. Mars, the god of war, lots of energy--Mars--Virgo channels it in a calculated way, detailed--lots of material things being brought together to be used, to further things, probably with communications.

Jupiter is still in Virgo. Jupiter, planet of the higher mind, wisdom--Virgo, sign of discrimination, detail--again I say it's a good time to expand your awareness, to learn, to get high from what you learn, to use what you learn--be discriminate about details to relate them to the whole of the universe and gain wisdom--don't lose sight.

Saturn is still retrograde. Uranus moves into Libra on the 28th. Libra is the sign of harmony, justice, balance, relationships. Uranus expands, breaks up, aids self-expression, inspiration, independence--it breaks down established conditions and gives the ability to synthesize. An interesting combination, especially with all these new cycles and regenerating influences.

Neptune is in Scorpio all month. Neptune--hypersensitivity, intuition, idealism, compassion, renunciation--coupled with Scorpio, intense feeling, desire to regenerate, be reborn--still very powerful.

Pluto is in Virgo all month. Pluto, the god of the underworld, signifies the underworld of man's conscious, it brings things to the surface and has the desire to destroy and purge--recognizes the group as a source of power. Virgo--calculation, detail, bringing matter together to further things--out of sight. Many new cycles, changes. Go to it.

PAPER RADIO

FLASH!!-(Sept.21, Ann Arbor) Ann Arbor Weird Dudes confronted Bob (Death) Hope Saturday night when he appeared at Hill Auditorium. The weird Dudes exposed Hope as he truly is, a mutant who has large investments in death machinery. Bob Hope is one of the wealthiest men in the country because of his stock holdings. His travels are intended to perpetrate each and every war. Hope was reported to have said that the only places he was ever picketed or leafleted was here at MSU and in Russia. I guess we are really commie rat bastards. Ha!

FLASH!!-(Detroit, Sept.21) The MC5 and Trans-Love Energies continue their daily assault on the culture. The guerrillas struck again at the Grande Ballroom in Detroit on Sept.21. What a show! After the usual hassle over power, who's going to go on first and the usual Grande drag, the MC5 sure 'nuff did play some music! The Trans-Love light show went into action too. The MC5, the light show and the audience were ready. And everybody did get down! The MC5 did kick out the jams motherfucker! The show built and built with the crowd begging the 5 for more and the 5 givin' it out, until the crowd and the 5 were at the outer reaches of consciousness. And then came the super smasheroo "Black to Comm." Wayne Kramer played two guitars and bred them on stage. Fred Smith attacked his amps, tipping over his and everyone elses. Dennis Thomas passed out, several times, only to be revived by Zenta oracle J.C. while Pun mounted Fred's pile of amps to stand triumphant flashing the V. The crowd by this time was on its feet yelling and screaming, showing the V and clenched fists. An American flag was thrown to the audience where it was immediately devoured. Parts of the psychedelic round thing above the stage came crashing down, and for a moment it looked as if the whole damn place would come crashing down. The set ended with everyone in complete exhaustion and totally wiped out. What a show!

FLASH!!-The SUN is a free newspaper of the streets. It is put out by fuck-ups at Trans-Love Evergies, of Ann Arbor. There is a lot of shit going down, and we want the people to be hip to it. This is the only way to get the news out at this time. Due to money hassles and other wierd shit like censureship etc. We can't get a straight printer to print a tabloid type paper. So we have to do it ourselves. Now we'll get to the nitty gritty of it all. WE NEED MATERIALS! We need materials to put out this groovey sheet plus a whole shit load of other stuff (poetry books, short stories, legal briefs that could change the pot laws, handbooks on demolition charges and many many more things. Now the thing is we have the facilities and the people to do the work, but we don't have the materials. The facilities and the people to do the work are free, they don't cost no money, but the paper and ink costs money, and money we don't have. Soooo if you dig the things we're doing you sure could help, if you don't want to give us the money you could buy a bunch of paper and ink, we would see that it was put to good use, or you could just give us the coin and we could score the stuff, why hell, we'd even use stuff that has been liberated from the oppressor. Either way we need materials and we'd like for you to help us. Please do.

FLASH!!-Liberated white people: be aware that you are White Panthers and be ready to take action. Have no fear, Zenta is here.

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INTERVIEW WITH ROLLING THUNDER,
CHAIRMAN OF THE TRADITIONAL TRIBAL
COUNCIL OF THE WESTERN SHOSHONE
NATION OF INDIANS:

UPS

The white man must correct himself. It is not up to us Indians because we do not have that power of the physical and the money and his government. It's him and his government who have passed these laws and are doing these things, so it is also up to him to correct himself. Here at this point I think we strongly hope and wish that good white people will have power enough to stop the things that other white people are doing at this time.

The spirits seem to want us to have the power. We know that the forces of evil are still strong in this land. But we know too, the forces of good are coming up now after hundreds of years. We know this by the signs because of two stars in the sky, a large one and a small one.

For hundreds of years, every night, the large star has followed the small star across the sky. Our prophets and medicine men were watching for these stars to reverse position and they did so about six months ago. (Summer of '67, Detroit riots, liberating forces coming into the open.) And they knew that when these stars reversed position, the power would be on the side of good and the Indian people again. Now that has happened, and we feel these vibrations.

The evil people are scared. So they cause riots. Their police, their own police are beating up innocent people on the streets, colored and white because they have long hair or because they don't look right. It shows a break-down of their own law and order, a lack of respect for nature and the forces of nature. It shows the failure of the teachings of the white man. He certainly cannot control the weather with a little cloud seeding, or however he has tried to do it.

IN THE SONG/FOR YOU AND I

In this moon of winter and snow
The Hopi Spiritual men fast and pray
To Mother Earth, to Father Sun and
To the Great Spirit,
For you and I.

At dawn our fathers silently do
Smoke their pipe of peace, then each
Rise and emerge from their sacred kiva
And walks toward a shrine to place
Their humble and sacred gifts, prayer-
Feathers, for the soul of man, offered
To the rising Sun,
For You and I.

Facing east they quietly stand and
Breathe their silent prayers for their
Children of the earth, then renewing,
As of old, the spiritual trail unbroken
Since time immemorial, they sprinkle a
Food, the sacred cornmeal, upon the
Mother Earth, to the sky, to the clouds,
To a life below and
To the giver of life,
For you and I.

Thus a prayer has been spoken again
At dawn for good health, happiness, an
Abundance of food and long life in
The land of the Hopi beyond,
For you and I.

Thomas Eanyacya
Oraib, Arizona

ALASKAN BROTHERS FIGHT IMPERIALISM

From Alaska come reports that the natives are restless. They are talking about ancient aboriginal rights, and the more they talk the more hacked off they get. The militants among them insist that the Indians and Eskimos must demand ownership of the entire state. Lets help 'em!

excerpts from tim leary

reprint from The Free You magazine

When they write the history of this place I don't think they'll say much of anything about Gettysburg and Waterloo, because they were scenes where old men fought over power. I think they're more likely to mention Palo Alto and Menlo Park because in the last five or six years there have been some beautiful people, and some very holy seeds have been planted in this ground right around here...

Eric Nord, Dave Harris, Joan Baez; of course, the guru to whom I always pay obeisance when I come to these parts is a man who has done a great deal to liberate the consciousness of this country and world... a free man....

Ken Kesey. I was very glad, too, that Eldridge Cleaver was here. He's a great man; he's doing exactly that which has to be done... standing up and letting the Man know where it is.

I pray for Eldridge Cleaver, that God give him strength and energy and wisdom. I pray for Eldridge Cleaver's safety, baby. The black men who have stood up and spoken to the menopausal power structure in this country, which is white Christian, have had a hard time in the last five years. One of the greatest Americans that ever walked this country was Malcolm X... if you want to read a turned on, tuned in and dropped out message, I recommend his autobiography...

Gunned down. Martin Luther King, gunned down. Medgar Evers, gunned down. My friend Dick Gregory, he's in jail, right at this minute, on the 8th day of his fast. His crime, fishing with the Indians. I pray for the safety of Rap Brown and Stokeley Carmichael and Eldridge Cleaver...

There are many predictions, these days, of calamities...most...come from old people...from the menopausal...man, the earthquake is here already...in Prague, Warsaw, Paris, Istanbul, Columbia University, and even at staid old Stanford.

The only issue today is biological. History stopped in 1943 - anyone born before 1943 is biologically prehistoric. Me too, man, I'm not running for office. Don't follow leaders....don't follow me. The only political issue is biological. All you have to do is just wait. Keep cool, stay out of jail. Just drop out for the next five years, and the new garden will blossom.

on being in

by mcclanahan (also from The Free You)

Well, as be-ins go, this one was pretty much the same old stuff. The musicians did their thing--their same old thing--and the crowd lolled its way through the afternoon, wallowing in sweat and narcissism, telling itself over and over how beautiful it was. As usual. The kids were pretty, but unfortunately outnumbered. Kathy Kirby gave her all to preserve Herb Caen's reliability rep, and Kesey and Leary were both on hand, but neither attempted the old loaves-and-fishes trick--which was probably just as well, since no one among the multitudes had thought to bring along the tartar sauce. And then came Eldridge, that lovely man. Who did not say he wanted his own finger on the nuclear trigger, but rather that, given the trigger, he preferred his finger to Lyndon Johnson's. (Wouldn't you?) Who did not say he might possibly consider allowing whites to serve as cannon fodder in the black array, but rather that he envisioned a revolution in which whites and blacks battled side by side against all the forces of oppression. (Wouldn't you?) Who did say that while he was in jail he missed his wife, Kathleen, a lot. (Wouldn't you, for god sake?) Who, although no hardbopper a la Bobby Seale,

being in cont.

nonetheless came on with quite enough lyrical eloquence to cut all those amplified guitars to ribbons...or whatever it is guitars get cut to. Who did not set out to frighten or excoriate or (despite much opinion to the contrary) shuck his white audience, but rather merely to confirm and illuminate what he'd said in SOUL ON ICE--Chick is that his enemy and ours is the same pig in two slightly different pokes. The East-Of-Bayshore slumlord is the West-of-Bayshore civic leader, the very one who votes to put residential neighborhoods on the commercial tax rolls, to put clothes on the Sunday nakes over at San Gregorio, to Keep Them Filthy Beatniks out of the Public Parks. The Stanford trustee who votes to Get Tough with Student Agitators is the executive of the war-oriented corporation which lines its pockets with the profits of a conflict whose victims are mostly yellow people . . . and black people. We are all one. Yes indeedy. And so, by god, are They.

Why was it, then, that even as Cleaver spoke there were people--our people, mind you; I mean Longhairs, beatniks, Us--who stood around grumbling WASP-ishly into their beards about how all this nigger politics was messing over their pretty afternoon? Has the Great American Socio-Psychedelic Convulsion of the Sixties resulted in nothing more than a bunch of moony Ferdinands sitting around smelling their flowers while the bullshit poles deeper and deeper around them? Has inertia set in? Psychedelic sleeping sickness? Or is there actually a clutch of latent bigots in our midst?

Leary, King of the Drop-Outs, quite correctly allowed that Cleaver himself was a Drop-Out, and offered to do anything in his power to help the Panthers; and by the next day it seemed to me that Kesey was also beginning to come around nicely. (Kesey, like Leary, is of course a prophet, not a commentator; thus one expects his vision of the future to be keener and surer than his perception of the present. That's why prophets are traditionally denied in their own times, after all.) But who'd ever have suspected there were among us so many people so easily threatened, so much laziness and self-indulgence, so much cheap contempt? Is ours a truly moral movement, as we're forever claiming? Well, yes, I suppose it is. At least for the time being.

CHANGE

"...The sad ones are those who waste their energy in trying to hold it back, for they can only feel bitterness in loss and no joy in gain."

John Stienbeck

America has become a society of things! We have become a society of things, not of people. The only roll man is allowed to play, is the roll of consumer, we are forced to sell our lives for a Chevy, Ford, TV, Ban Toll On. This is the life our parents and our government want for us! What we are doing now in this country and the world is bringing an end to an era, the last of a species, the end of a culture. The universe is forever changing, growing, it cannot be stopped! We cannot interfere that is one impossibility that makes all else possible. We must, if we are to survive, reject the culture and the government of the dying species, not only must we reject it, we must destroy it, so the new can grow and form, since it is impossible for the two to survive at the same time. Those of us who let themselves be governed by the dying species is doomed with them! The dying species will stoop to anything to insure that their world will not desolve right before their very eyes. They will try to kill us, yes they will! They will try to put us in prison, yes they will! They will feed us plastic food, they will choke our lungs, and the lungs of our children, with smog from Ford & GM. They will try to fuck our minds with TV, oh yes they will! They will beat us with clubs & squirt wierd shit in our faces! We must be strong, strong together, together strong, yes, yes, we must fight, fight together, all of us, together fight, this is a war, and we're winnin' yes we are!

6306

POETRY IS REVOLUTION!!

A Poem For Black Hearts

For Malcolm's eyes, when they broke
the face of some dumb white man. For
Malcolm's hands raised to bless us
all black and strong in his image
of ourselves, for Malcolm's words
fire darts, the victor's tireless
thrusts, words hung above the world
change as it may, he said it, and
for this he was killed, for saying,
and feeling, and being/ change, all
collected hot in his heart, For Malcolm's
heart, raising us above our filthy cities,
for his stride, and his beat, and his address
to the grey monsters of the world, For Malcolm's
pleas for your dignity, black men, for your life,
black men, for the filling of your minds
with righteousness, For all of him dead and
gone and vanished from us, and all of him which
clings to our speech black god of our time.
For all of him, and all of yourself, look up,
black man, quit stuttering and shuffling, look up,
black man, quit whining and stooping, for all of him,
For Great Malcolm a prince of the earth, let nothing
in us rest
until we avenge ourselves for his death, stupid animals
that killed him, let us never breathe a pure breath if
we fail, and white men call us faggots till the end of
the earth.

Le Roi Jones
April, 1965

dear Uncle Sam,

We fucked on the American flag tonight.
There wasn't any sheets and the mattress
weren't none too clean, neither. I hope
it's okay with you.

Because if it isn't,
all hell is going to break loose, sure
as shooting, and you'll be the one
with the badge and the gun.

Love,

Tom & Grace

Tom Mitchell
(ed. note: Grace had a
baby girl)