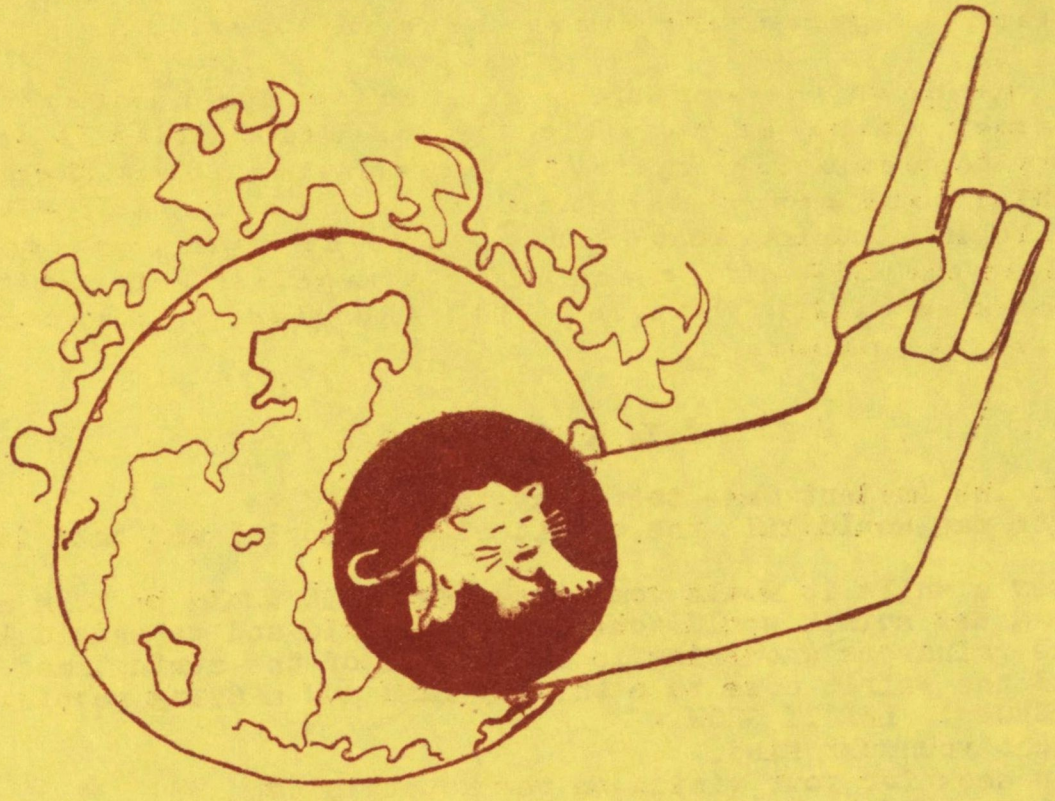
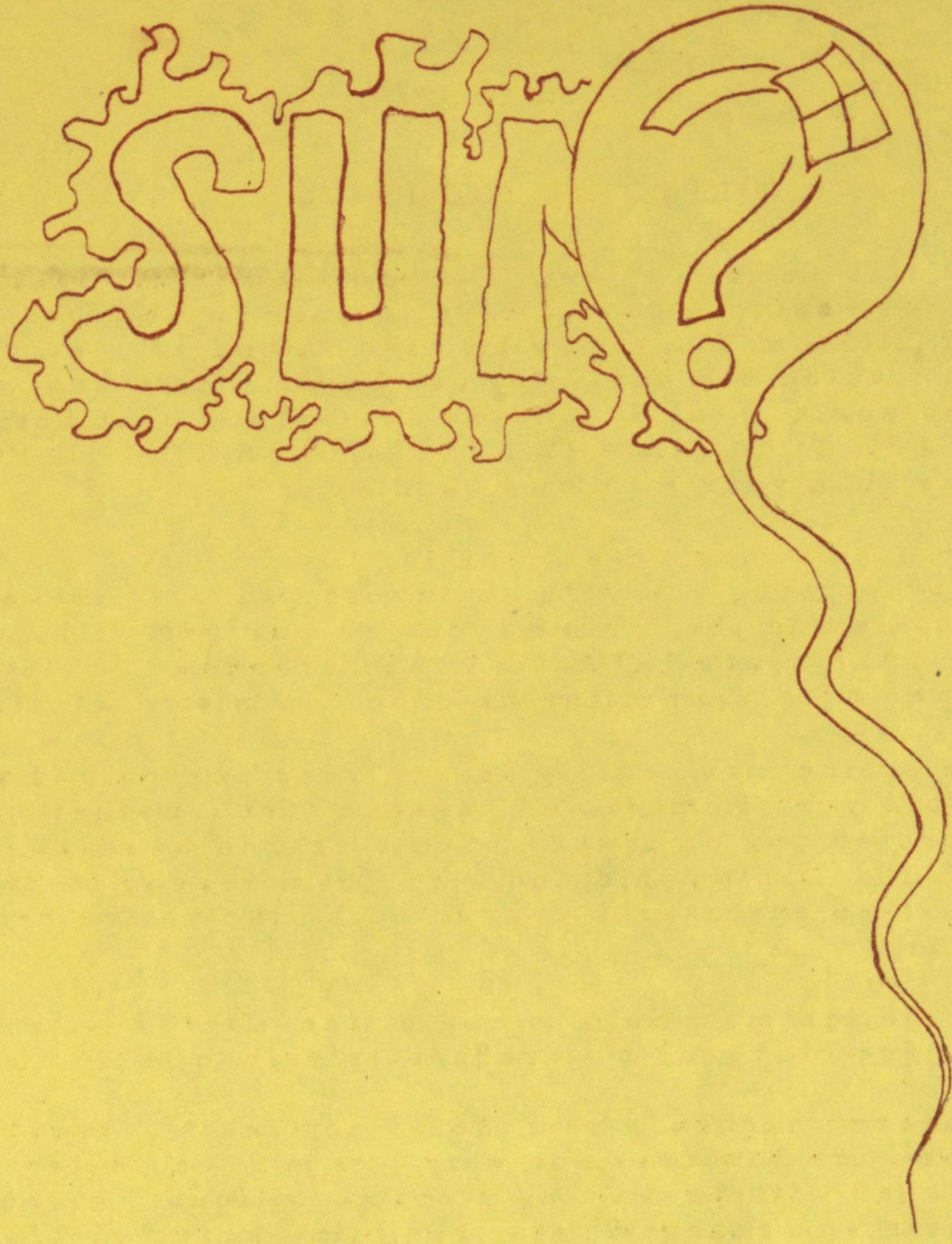


PASSED OUT ON U-M DIAG  
8-28-69  
(THURS.)



FREE NEWSPAPER OF  
THE STREETS!!!!!!



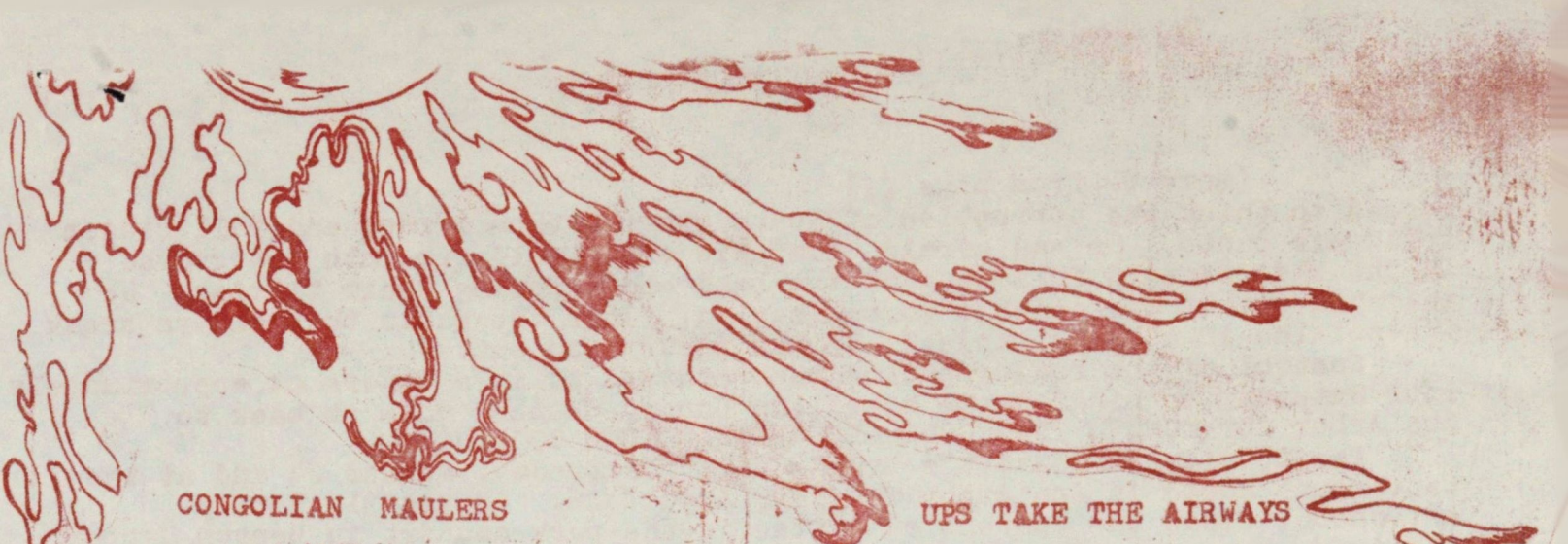
## IF YOU ARE STOPPED BY THE POLICE

1. You may remain silent. You must give your name and address, but you do not have to answer ANY questions. ANYTHING you say may be used in court as evidence. Don't volunteer any information you don't want to be used against you at a later date. Your best bet is to REFUSE TO MAKE ANY STATEMENTS TO THE POLICE other than your name and address.
2. The police may arrest you legally:
  - a. by serving you with an arrest warrant listing your name and the 'crime' you are charged with, or
  - b. if they have 'REASONABLE' grounds to believe you are committing or have committed a crime.
3. The police may legally search your person and an area within your immediate presence ONLY if they have arrested you or if they have a search warrant. ASK TO SEE IT! Don't panic and give them reason to arrest you-then any search conducted by the police becomes legal.
4. The police must inform you of the offense with which you are charged, but frequently refuse to do so.
5. Whatever happens, you should not resist arrest even if you are innocent, or else you may be beaten and charged with 'assaulting a police officer,' or not beaten and charged with 'resisting arrest.' That is standard procedure everywhere in Amerika.
6. Write down the arresting officers badge numbers and names whenever possible. If you can't write it down try to memorize whatever information about them you can obtain and report the incident to LEGAL SELF--DEFENSE, 1510 Hill, Ann Arbor 48104. Write up your own report or visit the LSD office and make a tape. If you can't come in call LSD at 769-2017 and give your report over the phone.

## WE ARE A PEOPLE

Long ago The Ancient Ones told that this would be.  
The white man would kill the spirit of the people, and take it to a far  
place,  
but after a while it would come back again, it would be born again.  
In time a new spirit would come into the world and we should look for it  
Like the raindrops gathering in the clouds of the springtime  
so would the spirit come to a thirsty land and a dying people.  
LET IT GROW ! LET IT GROW !  
This light you must find.  
When you seek for your vision on the mountain top  
you will be told how to find it.  
For it will be something so big and so wonderful  
that in it all peoples of the world can find shelter  
and in that day all the little circles  
will come under the big circle of understanding and unity.  
The rainbow is a sign of that which is in all things.  
It is a sign of a union of all the peoples  
like one big family.  
SEEK THE VISION--BECOME A WARRIOR OF THE RAINBOW!  
LET IT GROW ! LET IT GROW !





## CONGOLIAN MAULERS

It's obvious that the pigs in this town are using every possible means to divide us, harass us, and wipeout our culture. They think that if they cool S. University with their riot zombies, and flood Rector Park with narcs and cameras, then we will remain divided and easy to pick off one by one with false arrests and trumped up court cases.

Control-addicts like prosecutor (pig) Shea are collecting gobs of bogus information on every freak in Ann Arbor. He knows that collectively we are dangerous to the preservation of Honkie Culture. But he thinks that his computerized approach to character defamation and his illegal preparations for a federal grand jury probe into drugs in Ann Arbor will allow him to separate the people and diffuse their energies.

Our defense against all this bullshit must be to form a tighter knit community. You can tell by the honks reaction to the last West Park concert how powerful a force community conscienceness is. It educates people and makes it harder for pigs to bust individuals. The pigs were truly afraid of us that day, because we had pooled all our energies together and had all the people behind us. The more we communicate and relate to each other the more we gain the strength to overcome the festering fascism in Ann Arbor.

Every Wed. night (10:00) at the (1520 Hill) a community meeting takes place. It is open discussion of community needs and a collecting ground of all available information on recent pig tactics. These meetings are a killer force in getting people together so that they may deal effectively with community needs.

Also on Mon. (9:00) at the Up house, Political Education meetings are held. the writings of many great revolutionaries are discussed and reapplied to the situations in our own community.

## UPS TAKE THE AIRWAYS

August 16, Jackson Michigan. History was written in the skies of southern Michigan late last night as the Up rock and roll band seized radio station WIBM and made on the air demands for the release of John Sinclair, now serving a ten year sentence for violation of state narcotics laws.

Upsters Bob and Gary Rassmussen, Scott Baily, Franklin Bach, and Dave Sinclair performed the coup shortly after finishing an engagement at the Jackson Sports Arena, Friday night. Making their way into the station through a back door opened by a bufuddled engineer, the unremitting rock and rollers immediately took charge of programming. On duty disk jockey Ron Hively at the first break crowded the broadcast booth with grinning Upsters, explaining the situation and naming the revolutionary musicians for the listening audience.

"I declare this station free territory!" Franklin Bach said snatching up the microphone. The Upsters then proceeded to run it down giving accounts of their recent performance, information about future gigs, facts about their upcoming single, BE MY TOOTSIE ROLL/HASSAN I SABBA, and other pertinent shit.

Members of the band scoured the station in search of music appropriate to the occasion. Just before the airing of JAILHOUSE ROCK, Dave Sinclair commanded, "FREE JOHN SINCLAIR!" and the Upsters shouted their approval.

"We're beset over the lackluster response the kiddies gave us at the Sports Arena, and thats one reason we came to the station," Scott Bailey told the listeners. "I mean, aw shucks, half the place was empty by the last set, like everybody has to be in bed by eleven or something." Upster disappointment was apparently unallayed by reports that Jackson fans were never seen to be as enthusiastic. The Up had the normally lifeless crowd on its feet, dancing, clapping, and carrying on. Well recieved was JEB-RU, THE NEW composition about lead singer Frank Bach's and wife Bonnie's unborn baby.

"We no sooner fell off the stage half naked, dripping with sweat, and up comes the manager to tell us we broke the rules by takin our shirts off," Upster bassist Gary Rassmussen added. "The old man was real nice, but

(more pg. 2)



(more UP from page 1.)

seemed to think the corruption of youth started when a rock and roll singer split his pants. He was afraid that his club would run into the ground if the kids started following of the band and exposing their titties. He searched one of our chick's purses saying, "It's the girls that always sneak the bottles in to the bands." He was pretty far out!

Control of the radio station was returned to it's owners at approximately 1:00 Saturday morning as the tired and hungry Upsters made it back to Ann Arbor for SOME "O THAT GOOD OLD NATURAL HOME COOKING.

The Up play at Detroit's Grande Ballroom Sunday, August 24 and at the Canterbury House in Ann Arbor Tuesday, August 26. August 31, Sunday afternoon, finds the Upsters at a free in-the-park concert in Benton Harbor, Michigan.

#### FIG-O-SCOPE

At approximately 4 a.m. Wed. morning, me and four brothers were out for a walk on Huron St. when the Pigs pulled up. We figured it was just an I.D. check so we didn't worry so much because there was five of us and only two of them. The pigs checked I.D.'s, took down names and addresses and we continued on our way without much hassle. We made it as far as the diag where we were vamped on by six pigs in three cars. They came from E.U. through the arch, from S.U., and from State St. and surrounded us; when they stopped they jumped out of the cars, grabbed Allen Bryon, threw him up against the car and informed him that they had a warrant for his arrest (which they wouldn't show me) informed him of his rights and began to search him. They ordered the rest of us to be on our way, when I refused to do this I was threatened with arrest for "violation of probation." When I objected saying that my constitutional rights were being violated, I was told once again that if I didn't leave I would be arrested; being the peace-loving person I am, I asked them where he would be taken and when he would be arraigned. I was told he would be taken to Washtenaw County Pigsty and he would arraigned at 9:00 a.m.

So after being up all night, I went to court bright and early so that I could bail him out as soon as possible. I sat in court until 1:00 p.m. when the judge adjourned for lunch, without any results. By this time I was pretty bummed out so I decided to talk to Judge Elden and find out what was happening. The judge was kind enough to take down Al's name and he told me that after lunch he would call the jail and find out what the story was. I returned to the court room at 2:00 p.m. and sat until approximately 3:30 p.m. when the bailiff was sent to me with a note to me saying that there was no Allen Bryon in Harvey's Hotel and instructing me to accompany the bailiff to the Detective Bureau, where I was greeted warmly by the pigs who patrol S.U. With the aid of the bailiff I checked through the records of all the arrests of the previous night and discovered that Al had been turned over to the Wayne County pigs. I don't know exactly what the deal is, but it seems that Wayne County had a warrant for his arrest for "failure to appear in court on a charge of tampering with a motor vehicle." If the pigs did have this warrant why did they find it necessary to completely surround us in, of all places the diag. Sounds pretty strange. I think I smell a PIG! RIGHT ON!!! ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!!

donna

#### OINK ON SCHEDULE OF THE UP-COMING PEOPLE PEOPLE PIG


If you arrive on the corner of Huron and Fourth St. between 8:00 and 9:30, your eyes will feast to a fast moving match of Tuesday night PEOPLE PEOPLE PIG. The first match, two Tuesdays ago, was an overwhelming blow to the mechanized piggies. The crazed leaflettershipped hundreds to the nature of Hog Harvey in a chase from Recall Headquarters, 203 E. Ann, to the Whistle Stop Restaurant. There, joined by other crazed brothers, leaflets were rationed, and every nearby street was educated.

Last Tuesday's match was truly a heart thumper as the devious piggies shifted from the last weeks "flatfoot P" squad to an inovated "ambush U" team of young Detectives. Unprepared, and playing our old stoned "leaflet-run-leaflet", three of the four educators got caught two blocks from the station and were searched, released, and informed that prosecution was pending further investigation. I guess they mean Inter-Street Riot Acts or something.

sunnygoode st.







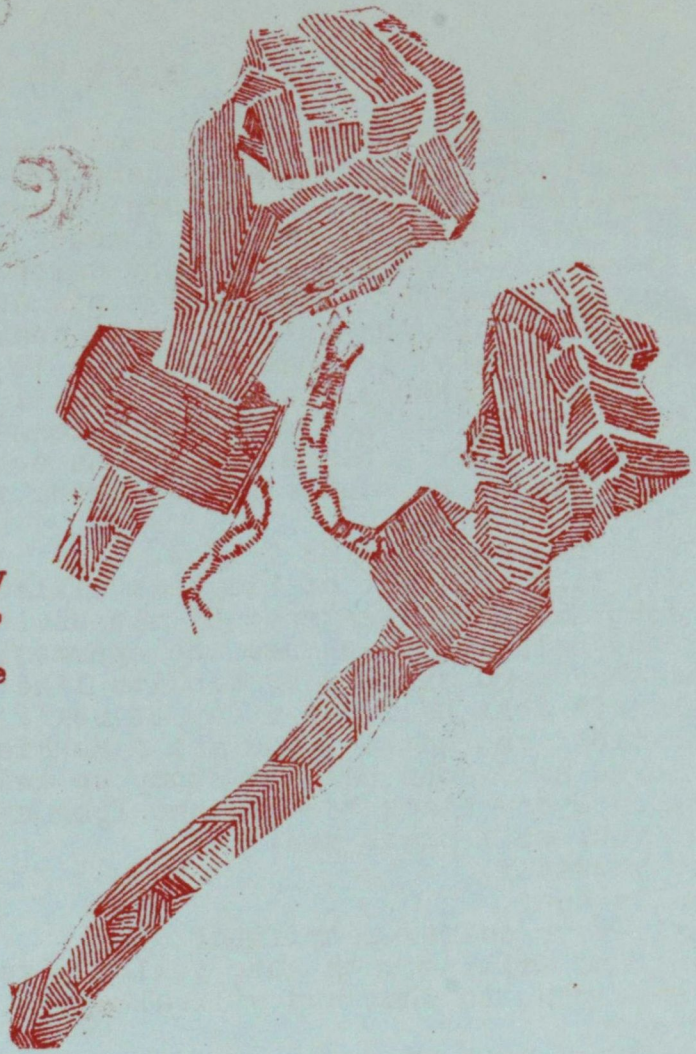
**3 INCH TALL RUNAWAY  
SOUGHT by POLICE**

Four brothers and sisters, living at Arbor Forest Apartments, on S. Forest, watched as the Ann Arbor police demanded entry into apt. 209. Making up a fairy tale about a runaway boy, they left no possibility untouched. Evidently the suspect is quite small as they, 2males and 1 woman, even looked in ashtrays, pants pockets, and the refrigerator. As usual there was no search warrant. There seldom is. And if there were it seldom matters in court.

This newest tale about "You are suspected of harboring a runaway" added to "That looks like a stolen bicycle to me," exemplifies the police function-intimidation, harassment, phony arrest, fake testimonial in court, and perpetuation of our plastic, polluted earthly scar-capitalism.



**Fuzzy & Terry of  
the Felch St.  
tokeners**

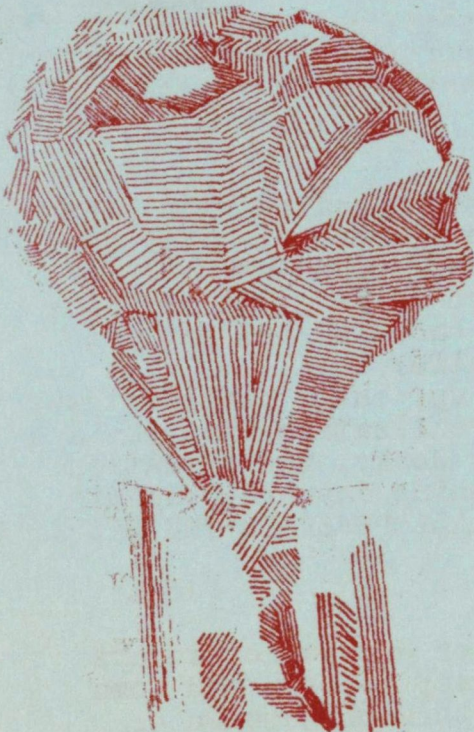


**NO BARE FEET**

P.J.'s Restaurant is owned by Peter and Jane. Peter and Jane's is a safe place to be when the street people are ever liberating the street. Peter and Jane's is a place to look like a hippie. It's a place to wear expensive hippie type clothes and eat expensive honky type foods. It's a place to hide when some crazed street freak says, "you wanna ball?" No one in there would say such a thing.

P.J. always has righteous looking waitresses. Tight asses, pointed tits, flashy eyes. There's even a john to go masturbate in. If you got enough bread to buy make-up and bras you can probably work there!

Overall, P.J.'s Restaurant functions because young people with money buy the "food," and young people in need of money supply the cheap labor. In return one brother needing \$25 more to bail out for "assaulting an officer," and being a P.J. dishwasher found that when the hip community needs aid, when relying on those it serves to make rich-their needs are ignored. Peter+Jane couldn't relate to that human need. They hung up on his city jail phone call after he vouched to work off the debt, and went on dealing with essentials like hamburgers, wages, no bare feet signs, and of course having to find a new dishwasher. P.J.'s! The hip Howard Johnson Sunnygoode St.



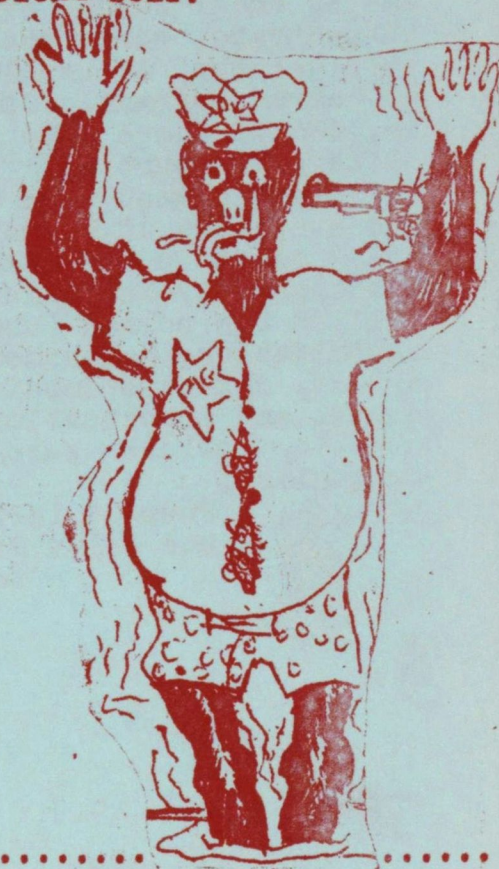


BLACK TO BLACK

In the midst of current realizations, and the natural coming together to cope with existing problems, there are a few people being exposed with their pants down. There is a natural order of occurrences in which an existing set of circumstances creates a need. Then, through realization of the circumstances, we derive a means by which we can declare ourselves the problem, or the solutions. Ann Arbor's pig John Hall has declared himself the problem. We who are the antidote must deal with that malady, and will by any means necessary. John Hall refuses to realize that. Nature manifesting itself in the masses is the wrath he will incur. Like the flesh eater of the Buddhist religion, that wrath will consume and destroy him. Is it possible that a black man can be so blind? Is it possible to be such a vivid living farce? Why John Hall? Why?

I, another black man think I know. John Hall like the rest of his weak willed lackies is running blind. Black John Hall is frightened by his Uncle Tom insufficient self. Black John Hall can't you see the oppression of your brothers and sisters by bandits like you? Black Bandit John Hall, in a day of realization, regeneration, and action, you are a Honkie Flunkie. There is no need John Hall to stomp up and down vamping on every black brother and long haired freak. Look at your self black man.

Analize yourself. I have-its easy, John Hall-your scared-petrified! Laughing and smiling with your fellow pigs, won't save you, to them you will always be a nigger. You know they hate you, you know its because you're black. When the honkies turn on you, like you know they will, black John, do you think your record of South University victims will make them hesitate. It won't black John Hall. YOU ARE BLACK! Get yourself together John Hall! Your time is running out fast. The FLESHEATERS ARE COMING TO GET YOU! You still have a choice John, stand with the power of the people, or be consumed and cursed for ETERNITY!!.....



sunnygoode st.

Dear Mr. Honky;

I have been greatly saddened by your recent actions against the brothers and sisters in Ann Arbor. Twice this summer you have ran me out of my home with intentions of running me out of AnnArbor. You even looked me up for one third of the summer and tried to have me commited while I was residing at Harvey's Hotel. I know you would like me to move back to Ypsi get a job at General Motors making M.1's and lead a straight life.

I've come close to saying "fuck it" and giving up, but I realize thats exactly what you want me to do. I have come to the realization that you are acting out of desperation. You're running scared Mr. Henky, the situation is getting to far out for you to handle. I'm not running anymore, because you don't scare me anymore. I'm standing my ground! ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!

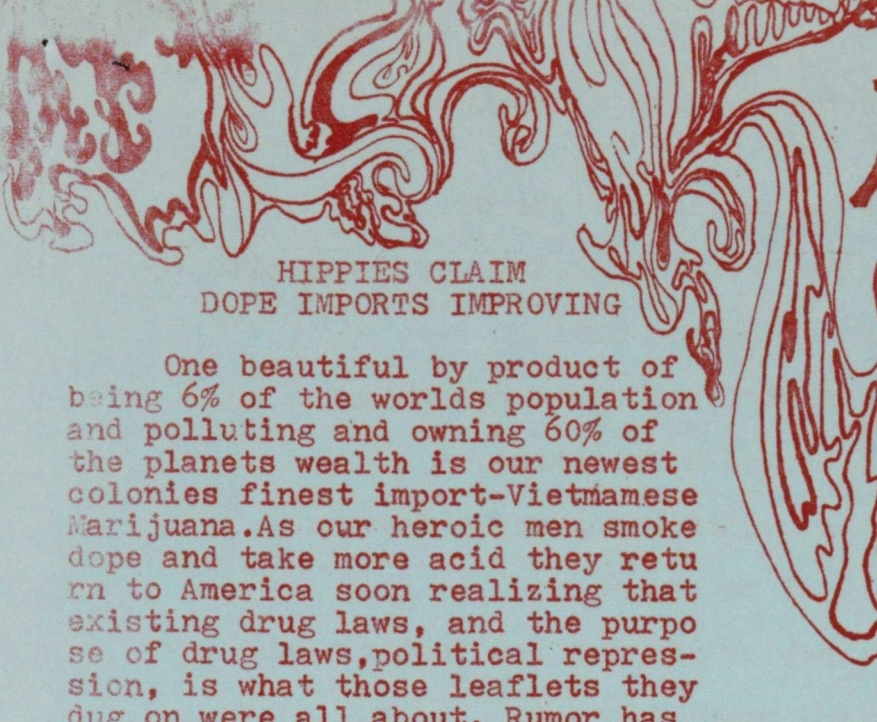
donna

"Historically, all reactionary forces on the verge of extinction invariably conduct a last desperate struggle against revolutionary forces, and some revolutionaries are apt to be deluded for a time by this phenomenon of outward strength but inner weakness, failing to grasp the essential fact that the enemy in nearing extinction while they themselves are approaching victory."

Mao Tse Tung  
Dec. 21, 1947







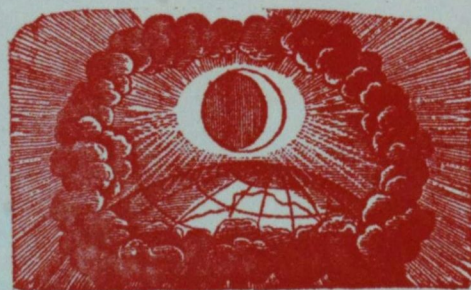
HIPPIES CLAIM  
DOPE IMPORTS IMPROVING

One beautiful by product of being 6% of the worlds population and polluting and owning 60% of the planets wealth is our newest colonies finest import-Vietnamese Marijuana. As our heroic men smoke dope and take more acid they return to America soon realizing that existing drug laws, and the purpose of drug laws, political repression, is what those leaflets they dug on were all about. Rumor has it the dope is being imported back via Ozone Airlines.

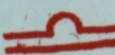
Free JOHN

Free Vietnamese Grass

THE  
MOON  
♣



TUES. Aug. 26 ~~2:00~~ TILL 8:04 PM THEN ~~7~~  
wed. 27 ~~7~~ FULL MOON  
thu. 28 ~~7~~ TILL 8:17 PM THEN ~~7~~  
fri. 29 ~~7~~  
sat. 30 ~~7~~

SUND. Sept. AUTUM EQUINOX  
9:07 pm. SUN in 

mon. 2 ~~8~~  
tue. 3 ~~8~~ TILL 11:25 AM THEN ~~II~~



BALLAD of A HONKY BUMMER

Every night on the rolling Milan farm country, the people who own the land, those who use it, hear all night rock sessions--free. Croaking on base are the frogs. The crickets cricket rythm. The laughter of black children, the rustling of other nocturnal life, and the wind all do leads. There's a light show too--the Milky Way.

Everything is wild. Sort of unhibited. Being there growing with that organic, cosmic, musicians' union, and digging that it all happens because the wind blows free (freedom of speech), the weeds grow long as they want (pursuit of happiness), anywhere they want (freedom of assembly) is a rush, an orgasm of identity. It feels good-fucking righteous.

The last two weeks, brothers and sisters added to that harmony at Milan, getting on with some heavy hammering, nailing, sewing, drilling, fencing, digging, mowing, cooking, star-gazing, fire making, mosquito slapping, dope toking session of stage construction. We stayed out their at night even--in a tent. That was one thing about it, because you couldn't ball no one in the hot, mosquito infiltrated green tent.

We built a stage--a really big red, white, and blue one. And we dug six holes to take a shit in. And then we put six out-houses over the holes. That was easy.

But none of that matters anymore. The John Sinclair Benefit got cancelled. The Union claimed it's not "union like" to play free for the people.

READ ON  
READ ON

The Michigan, Music Supports John Sinclair Festival of Life was dowsed recently near Milan, Mich. On Sunday, August 17, the MC5, Up, Bates Blues band, Savage Grace, Wilson Mower Pursuit, Stooges, Lyman Woodard were to play at an all day Festival for the John Sinclair Defense Fund, but, at the last moment, the Musicians' Union forced cancellation of the whole event by telling the bands they couldn't play for the benefit, or they would be kicked-out of the Union.

It rained all day anyway--but we all had a party with the God's Children, Scorpions, Huns, Spokesman, White Panthers, and assorted beer-drinking revelers. Some of the brothers from Milan and Jackson jammed awhile in the Sun and Rain. It was far-fucking out. Monroe Sheriffs put a roadblock up for awhile and hassled people on the way out.

Next day the sheriffs "visited" Little John, the property-owner and neighbor, and made it clear that they would never allow the whole Festival to go on at a later date. Oink on pigs!

Fianlly, the stage, generously lent to Trans-Love for the festival and later gigs, was ripped-off during the week. All in all, a thousand dollars was lost and thousands are still needed to Free

is replanned for late September.  
of prisoners!



This poem was composed three days before John Sinclair was found guilty of being in love with freedom.



## JUDGE Colombo AND His Jury



GUILTY



GUILTY



The square headed impossilbe of  
Law & order, pistols at their pits  
Are sitting in wooden chairs  
Calabourating/ I saw them  
Sitting in secreate fantasies,  
Doing their country a favour.  
Getting rid of an enemy  
They are waitng for justice  
to hang him & prove him evil  
& get rid of him for good.

They smiled at the judge,  
Who sat in his chair, behind his desk  
doing a beautiful job sitting there  
his election plan pmafile, speaking  
honest neutrality/

Waiting to sentence him  
Twenty years for possession.

The jury filed in  
All american display.

One fat sow dressed all in red white & blue  
Kept her eyes at same level, Judge to defendent

She made eyes / Painted  
Lady of death giggled & shook for the judge

Cast a glance at me  
& all the others who came to watch

She thought she knew how her pubes  
were finer & better than ours.

She understood that man was our leader  
& how she would hear the story  
the details of it all.

then convict him, straight to hell.  
& the negroes & I mean negroes

Who lost it all to white shirts  
& equality, were trying to believe,  
believe in what was happening

/ Just think, we can send a white boy



where dey been sendin us for long time



Progress & one / one black woman

She smiled, she was the only one,  
who saw thru it all.



She was waiting for justice to come  
Come & take away all the false tits,  
& suburbs & big boys.

For I (94) to be sentenced  
to death.

I sat there & saw all this

Right then, I became a revolutionary.  
triple aires



# FLASH

When the oppressor makes a vicious attack against  
freedom fighters because of the way that such freedom  
fighters choose to go about their liberation, then we  
know we are moving in the direction of our liberation.  
---Huey P. Newton---

Flash-Needed desperately donations for John Sinclair Defense fund  
White Panther Party National Hdqts. 1510 Hill St. Ann Arbor.

Flash-Street people start up Sun in an effort to get the whole  
community to come together. Want to help? Contact the  
Congolian Maulers phone 761-8314

Flash-Nancy Cristy and Daisy were busted in Monroe, Friday for pos-  
session of LSD and some harmless tokes.

Flash-Pun Plamondon Minister of Defense goes to honky racist courts  
of Traverse City on Sept. 2 for sales of some harmless weed..

Flash-Farout brother John King sentenced to 3-10 years for some  
weed. Off the Pigs.

Flash-Sheva Jerry Younkins new killer revolutionary guerilla group  
blew the Canterbury house into the ozone-so in tribute we  
dedicate the Sun to the God of Destuction.

Flash-People rapping about Liberation School for kids. Public schools  
suck. We'll start our own. Contact Barb of Congolian Maulers 761-8314

Flash-As the facist campaign of terror continues to escalate against  
the people revolutionary culture, so does the fire of the peoples  
will burn ever angrier. And it is in this spirit that the people  
of sunnygoode commune and Congolian Maulers commune now come  
together, gathering our two tribes into a DANGEROUS ORGANIZED  
FORCE, even as our brothers and sisters are coming together  
everywhere. We of sunnygoode must vacate our present house  
and the Congolian Mauler is even now too small to serve our  
needs. We appeal to the people for help in our search for a  
bigger house. If you have any information concerning houses  
for rent or sale of at least 5-8 bedrooms contact the Congolian  
Maulers 812 E. Kingsley 761--8314.

Flash-Political education meetings Mon. nights and community meetings  
Wed. nights both at 9:00 p.m., both at the Up house 1520 Hill St.



4457  
REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 24

Have you thought about the American Aborigines  
who will inhabit  
this continent?

tent people,  
your great  
among them?

artifacts --  
to the affluent

Africans

who come

summer,

buckskin,

loincloth,

catch fish

build teepees,

to use the wheel,

pipe, smiling, will your great grandchildren be among them?

Cave dwellers,

tree dwellers, will

grandchildren be

will they sell

abalone or wool --

highly civilized

here in the

will they wear

or cotton,

run down deer,

barehanded,

remember

hogans,

to write, to speak or simply drum &

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 25

Know every way

out of your house, where it goes, every alley

on the block, which back-yards connect, which walls

are scalable, which bushes

will hold a man.

Construct at least one man-sized hiding place

in your walls, know for sure which neighbors

will let you sneak in the back door & saunter out the front

while the man is parked in your driveway, or tearing

your pad apart, which neighbors won't be home,

which cellar doors

are open -- whom you can summon in your neighborhood

to do your errands, check the block, set up

a getaway while you sit tight inside & your house

is watched.....