

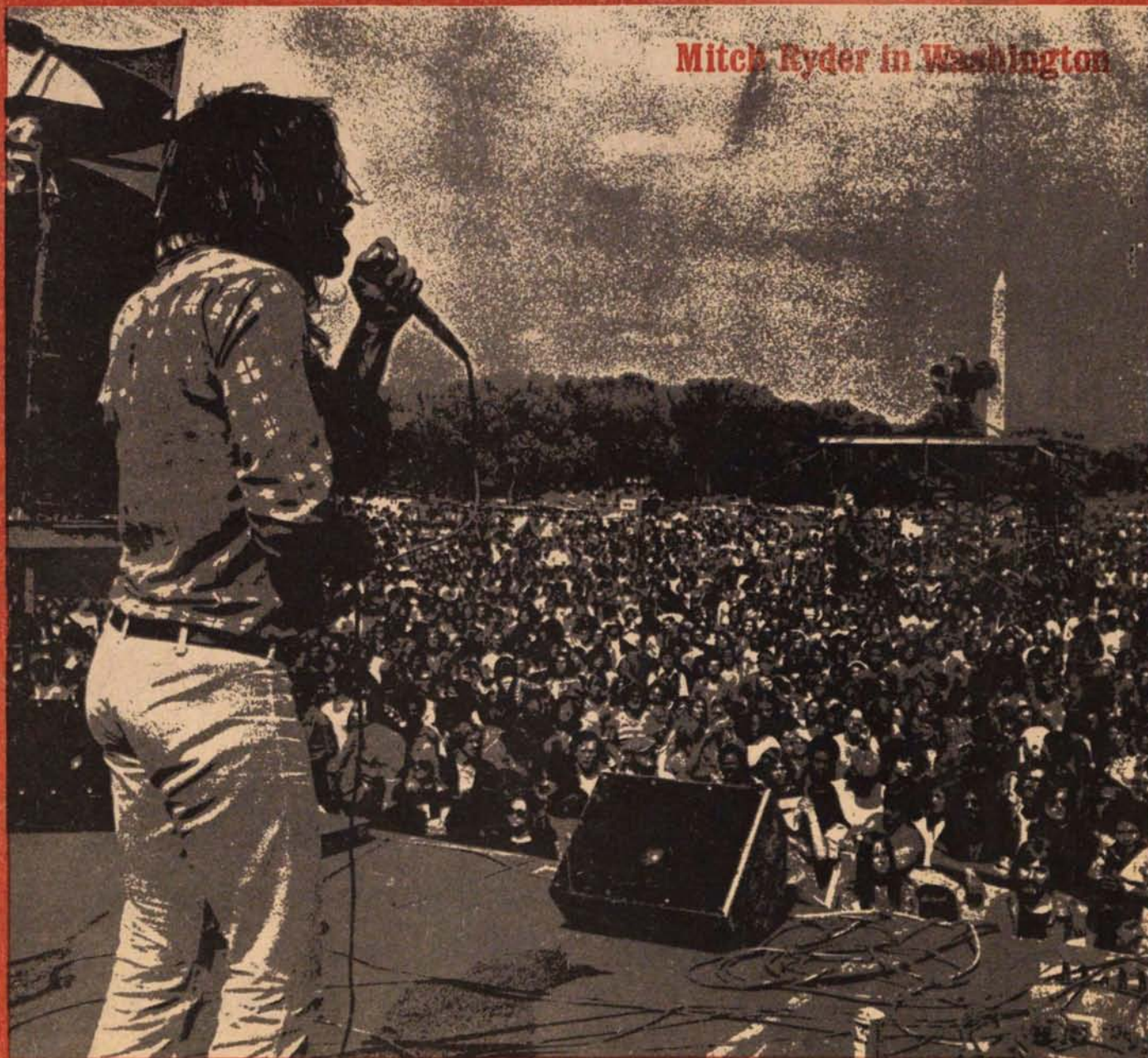
ann arbor SUN

WEEKLY COMMUNITY NEWS SERVICE • 15¢

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MAY DAY IN
WASHINGTON
TIM LEARY LETTER
SUMMER PARK
PROGRAM HISTORY
ED SANDERS ON
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT





MAY DAY IN WASHINGTON

Last weekend in Washington is very hard to write about. It's too early still to see what the final results of 5 days of tear gas and music will be--what affect they'll have on the war, the government, on us, our parents... Those who were down there will never forget it, I'm sure. And 10,000 or so brothers and sisters who found themselves arrested and locked up in makeshift prisoner of war camps overnight will have a lot to look back on for sure.

* * *

Driving into West Patomac Park Saturday morning at 6:30 after the 10 hour trip from Ann Arbor, picking up hitchhikers who turned us on along the way, we came upon Peace City. There were tens of thousands of people gathering in the morning sunrise and acres and acres of tents and people stretched out in sleeping bags bundled in groups to keep warm. Also a monumental traffic jam. Army and police helicopters buzzed overhead while people made love on the grass. There was lots of good free dope and organic foods. Freeks were serving oatmeal with raisins and rice out of garbage pails, passing out crunchy granola for breakfast, and every once in a while you'd see someone from the food tent walk around handing out still-warm loaves of home made bread.

It was incredible. Old friends would meet each other, run into each other's arms and scream and yodel. The sound system, which was excellent, kept on going with "Judy meet John at the Information tent" and "The green acid has strychnine in it, be careful". Frisbees flew, people sat in circles and toked down, Vietcong flags flew from the tops of tents, some of which

were made from American flags, and in general everyone had a great time, waiting for the music to start.

The first group to hit the stage were, dig it, the Beach Boys. So it was "Wouldn't it be Nice" and California Girls" and "Sloop John B." drifting out over the huge crowd gathered with the Washington monument in the background. The guys running the helicopters keeping a spy-out were probably rocking too, having most likely grown up on this music just like the rest of us. The Beach Boys are freeks now, with really long hair and bushy beards, singing at anti-war rallies for free. That's just another indication of how widespread the change in this generation has reached - the Beach Boys were super straights who sang about surfing and picking up girls and that whole scene.

Mitch Ryder and his group were next. "This is Detroit music, people." Real rock and roll. The crowd started moving together, workin out, and the vibes were great. That is until about 30 women tried to get on the stage, pushing through stage personnel and shoving and screaming that Mitch was playing "cock-rock" and "male chauvinist music." They said they wanted the microphone, and were quickly told that they could speak after Mitch's set was through. They never even asked anyone whether it would be OK for them to speak before they tried to force their way on stage.

What a drag. We really must get together, brothers and sisters, together, and work out our problems. Let's sit down together and figure out what is sexist in our culture, because we're finding out more and more every day that

the culture we come from still influences us in ways we aren't aware of yet. But we can't work things out and benefit from everyone's experience by attacking each other.

Mitch ended with "It's Just a Shot Away", the whole crowd swaying to the sound of this song, a call to action for a generation. Mitch expressed the mood of the crowd when he said that "if we wanted to intimidate people, we would have brought guns. We don't want to intimidate anyone; we just want to let out culture exist." And, we might add, grow!

Next came Charles Mingus's band, who didn't seem to be very into what they were doing and got little response. Afterwards a large group of women and gay people got up on stage, and there were some truly right on raps about sexism, the unequal and unnatural separations that men and women are born into in this anti-human land. And they talked about the special oppression of gay people, who are considered and treated by honks as the lowest form of human life, constantly joked about, degraded, and fucked over.

Some of this stuff did get a bit weird, like one sister with absolutely no voice tried to sing a tune, explaining that everyone was completely equal and her voice and songs were as good as anyone else that had played because "we're all people." It was awful. One girl came over and asked if that was Joni Mitchell singing. She was pretty spaced out.

"Will everyone please get off the scaffolding. Those lamps up there are heavy and will probably kill some people if they fall off."

continued on page 11

PAPER RADIO



FLASH!

The Children's Community School needs: large wood blocks, books (good kids books--non-sexist, non-racist), old record players, typewriters, stuffed toys, pushcart type cars, crayons, paints, paper, lumber, brushes, and scissors. Bring stuff to 927 Woodlawn. Phone is 769-7352.

FLASH!

INDIAN PRAYER

Great Spirit -
Grant that I
may not criticise my
neighbor until I have
walked a mile in his
moccasins.

FLASH!

The normal Amerikan diet lacks vitamin E because it comes mainly from whole grains and alfalfa. One tasty way to take care of the munchies and get vitamin E at the same time is the macro bread, Chapati. You just mix a little whole grain flour, water, and salt until you get a dough and roll it out real thin and fry it until brown on both sides, in a couple inches of oil. A little corn meal in the mixture and you've got Fritos.

FLASH!

Fill this space with your flash. Call 761-1709 and run what's on your mind. The AA Sun is yours. Use it!



- Ann Arbor Woman's Abortion Service-----663-2363
- ARM-----761-9751
- Campus Theatre-----668-6416
- Canterbury House-----665-0606
- Cinema Guild-----662-8871
- Draft Counseling-----769-4414
- Drug Help-----761-Help
- Eden's Health Foods----769-8444
- Free People's Clinic ---761-8952
- Fifth Forum-----761-9700
- Mr. Flood's Party-----668-9372
- Food co-op-----761-1709
- Gay Liberation Front---761-2296
- 761-8036
- 769-9082
- Legal Aid-----665-3686
- Magic House-----769-7353
- Michigan Theatre-----665-6290
- Moon Bail Bonds-----439-2530
- NETWORK-----769-6540
- Ozone House-----769-6540
- Record Offices-----764-0106
- Ride Switchboard-----769-6540
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- Summit St. Medical & Dental Clinic-----769-4445
- Tenant's Union-----763-3102
- 764-4404
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- DETROIT PHONES
- Fifth Estate-----831-6800
- Keep on Truckin Co-op--831-1574
- WABX-----961-8888
- WRIF-----444-1111

FLASH!

The Detroit Audobon Society is launching a campaign to ban disposable containers in Michigan. They're asking people to mail cans and bottles to Gov. Miliken to stress the need for a law that would cut down on highway litter and require container re-cycling. The Society can provide you with pre-addressed mailing labels if you call them at 893-6262 in Detroit.



"For My Part, I Won't Feel Safe Until Every Kid Is In Jail."

FLASH!

The Food Coop needs vans for its weekly runs to Eastern Market in Detroit. Call Peggy at 761-1709

FLASH!

The AA Sun needs typewriters, art supplies, office equipment, film, lots of food on Wednesday nights, and just about anything else we can get our hands on. Also, if anybody knows how to fix plumbing, we need you bad.

Community / staff meeting

All people who are interested in working on the SUN, or in giving us your ideas and criticisms, should come to a Community /staff meeting at 3:00 p.m. Sunday May 9, at 1520 Hill St. (corner of Wash-tenaw).

ANN ARBOR SUN

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All photos by David Fenton unless otherwise credited.

FLASH!

Foster families are part of what's changing for kids. New environments are needed:

- City and country communal living
- Warm families with kids, cats and dogs
- Single individuals, young and old, open to new energy and companionship

We're looking for flexible home space which is willing to confront bad times as well as share fun. If you think you've got an alternative environment for runaways, street kids or teens who've been kicked around, Ozone House would like to know you. For info, call Lynn at Ozone House, 769-6540.

FLASH!

The CIA Conspiracy Trial hearing scheduled for May 10 has been postponed until Monday, May 17, at 10:00 a.m. This hearing will be held in Judge Damon Keith's courtroom in the Federal Building in Detroit. It is a public hearing and Brothers John Sinclair and Pun Plamondon will be there in the courtroom waiting to see you.

FLASH!

POLLUTION REVOLUTION Shaklee organic products available through the Food Co-op. Organic non polluting laundry compound, household all purpose cleaners, organic shampoo, and Groovy personal care items; all organic, all very inexpensive; saves you dollars plus helps begin the fight against pollution. Contact Ann 761-1709

FLASH!

HARD DRUGS MEETING

A meeting to discuss community action plans for dealing with the hard frugs problem will be held Tuesday (May 11) night at 8:00 at old Canterbury House, 218 N. Division (Division at Catherine).



STREET VENDORS!

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Voice of the PEOPLE

This week's question--HOW DID YOU REACT TO THE DEMONSTRATIONS IN WASHINGTON THAT BEGAN MAY 1ST?



FRED WALKERSANE, sanitation worker: You see I go by the Bible. The Bible says "Thou shalt not kill", right? OK, well now we have this war, where boys are being payed to go our and kill, right? They're PAYING them to murder, when people are hungry here. And what good is it for man to go on to the moon when they ain't doing anything down here on earth. We gotta do something.



ILENE, junior high school student: I thought it was shitty when they got teargassed but when someone threw shit at a cop it really bogued me out. Because he may not be a bogue cop, but when he's just sitting there maybe since 6:00 in the morning, just sitting there and trying to be cool, and then someone just throws shit at him, it really bogued me out.



FRED KURZ, unemployed: I don't think they got the total effect they wanted because the cops pulled some surprise moves. I thought it was the best demonstration yet, one of the best yet for sure. You could see a lot of Power to the People when there was thousands of people next to all those important government buildings. Just to get that many right on people there was out of sight.



DENNIS ELLIOT, salesman, Cleveland, Ohio: It's proving more and more so to be an unpopular war and maybe it's time the people should be heard from. I don't like the civil disobedience tactics at all--I'm an ex-Marine and I don't believe that's the way it should be done. I also don't believe we should be in Southeast Asia.



JUDY HARARY, student at the University: I'm not really sure what they're trying to do, all I know about is that they were sitting in the streets. They want to stop the war, but that wasn't the right way to go about doing it. You have to have support, from the Senators, from labor--you have to have the masses of people on your side.

ANYONE KNOWING THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS BROTHER, CALL 761-1709.

BILLBOARD BANDITS STILL AT IT

Charges were dropped recently against Jonathan Miller, reporter for the Michigan Daily, and photographer Andy Sachs, who were charged in connection with the righteous elimination of countless unsightly billboards dotting the highways around Ann Arbor. They were covering the choppings for the Daily, and had nothing to do with the actual action. However, the State Police

took away Jonathan's press pass, saying that his conduct was "un-professional."

Let it be known that the phantom still lurks. It's really quite a welcome change to drive along I-94 going west and be able to dig the country side again. The billboards are still coming down, and there are no suspects or leads.

DANCING IN THE SUN

There will be a massive campaign under way soon to raise funds for this year's Tribal Council Summer Park Concerts Program. Next week's SUN will have a complete article about the status of the Park Program now, what kinds of energies are needed and what we hope to

do. It's time that the Rainbow people of Ann Arbor make Diana Oughton Memorial Park (formally Gallup Park) our own. Plant flowers, build structures for our little people to play on, and generally give it our spirit.

WEDDING AND LOSS

May 1 marked a wedding of community interest that took place in Washington; the wedding of Dave Bowman and Barb Hebbard. Dave was the founder of Ozone House and was its director until last month. Barb was one of the original Drug

Help workers and also worked very hard in the development of Ozone. The small ceremony, written by Barb and Dave, was officiated by Canterbury House's Rev. Dan Burke. A community loss as Dave and Barb are moving to upstate New York.



1520 SPRAYED

Monday morning the 3rd we got up as usual for breakfast. Walking out the front door to get the mail we noticed that scrawled on our front porch in green spray paint were the words, "Smash Male Hierarchy." Cool. On the way back in we noticed the words "Come Out!" written on the wall. And later we learned that around back were the messages "Free Una" and "Free Hiawatha". The Gay Liberation symbol (four circles, two with female and two with male signs) appeared in several places around the house.

Now, we say right on to each of those slogans; we say free everybody. But we wonder why someone spray painted our house without first asking us or even bringing up to us whatever it is that moved them to do it. Why did someone attack us like that, as if we didn't agree with those slogans?

We work daily, in our everyday lives, to smash the male hierarchy that runs the United States and the world. Some of the people that live in our house were among the first to propose that people live communally, socializing and sharing in all the work involved in keeping the house going. We all participate equally in the cooking, cleaning up, the watching of the babies--all of us take care of all of us, in addition to

working on the food co-op, the party, the paper, the park programs, the Tribal Council, etc.

We still go through changes, but that's cool, we want to go through whatever changes we have to do what's right. We have tried to show this willingness to change by our practice, standing open to and inviting criticism from the community. Constructive criticism is an agent of change; spray painting our house doesn't help us understand what's on the artists' minds.

We know there are still remnants of our parents' culture in the way we think and work, but we are trying hard to develop new ways of thinking and methods of work based on cooperation rather than competition, on love and coming together rather than warring and separation. It is a historical affliction of colonized and oppressed people to be fighting among themselves before coming together to fight the real enemy, the common oppressor. We hope not too much of this kind of thing happens, and that we can have a real dialogue with whoever took this action. There are too many separation ruses happening as it is; let's not promote any more ourselves.

Power to the Sisters and Brothers who know and fight the real enemy.

CANTERBURY HOUSE MOVING

Canterbury House has always been a great place for community get togethers and good down home rock and roll from bands such as Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, Buddy Guy, Billy C. and the Sunshine, the Prime Movers, Carnal Kitchen, the Brat, Up, the Charging Rhinoceros of Soul, Bob Sheff's real great band, and Neil Young.

But financial pressures are forcing it out of business. Contrary to a report in last week's SUN, they aren't being pushed out by a greedy landlord.

Reverend Dan Burke of Canterbury House reports that the landlord would have been willing to forego a proposed rent increase, if Canterbury could guarantee regular payments on the regular rate. But they couldn't. The Blues Festival losses and the constant deficit the operation on Maynard goes under make it impossible.

Before they do leave us, there'll be one last round of Ann Arbor music. The Commander will do a weekend gig, May 14 and 15th. See you there.

SAVE THE PLANET

The Ann Arbor Glass Bottle Recycling Station is opening at another location, Arborland Shopping Center on Washtenaw Ave. Glass may be recycled at the new station Sunday thru Thursday, 10 to 5:30.

Bring your old glass bottles and

containers. Help save the earth, which is rapidly losing its precious resources to the greedheads and getting literally covered with junk. You can even get a half cent per pound of glass you deliver, if you need the money. If not, donate it to the Ann Arbor Ecology Center.

EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW

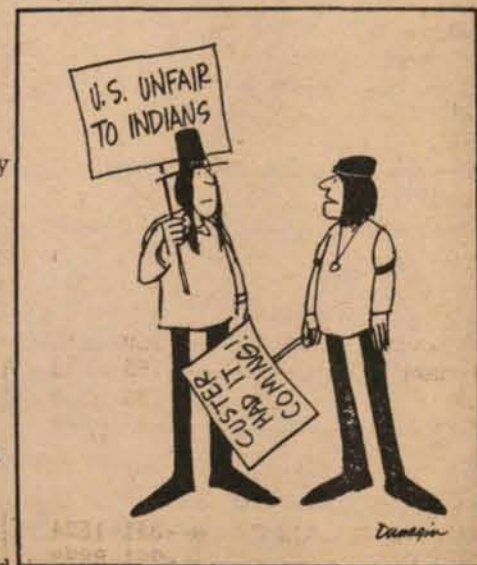
There has never been equality under the law in America, even though that's what we've all been brought up to believe. Black people have always gotten the worst kind of deals from the courts, and over the past decade increasing numbers of young people of all races have been coming up against the American system of Just-us. It's a system designed to perpetuate the rule of the wealthy families who run the country and the world, and allows judges to hand out punishments based on their individual honk prejudices and racism.

Last week local Circuit Court Judge Ross W. Campbell sentenced a former Washtenaw County Sheriff's deputy, convicted of killing his Korean born wife in a Ypsilanti telephone booth, to psychiatric treatment and five years probation. The judge also sentenced Louis O. Beaubien, 32, to one year, one month and one week in jail, but gave him credit for jail time already spent while awaiting sentence--exactly one year, one month and one week. Terms of the probation include that Louis refrain from juicing down for five years, which apparently the judge feels will help check his aggressive impulses.

Judge Cambell explained that the former cop's action was obviously the product of a mental illness, and therefore didn't warrant extensive punishment. He also said that with Beaubien's "particular personality" confinement in Jackson prison would be "tantamount to a death sentence

... and I will not sentence you to that."

A convicted murderer gets probation, while all across Amerika's jails thousands of political prisoners are doing stays. John Sinclair has been in jail for 22 months, charged with the so called "crime" of possessing two joints. Pun Plamondon lies in jail with an impossible bond, even though he hasn't been convicted of anything. If convicted, Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins will very likely get the gas chamber in New Haven on the basis of much less evidence than was presented in Beaubien's case... We're sure all these people would be willing to stop drinking and go to a shrink in order to get out. ...



"A lady just said if we don't like it here, why don't we go back where we came from."



DOPE SCOPE

by Matt Lampe

SMACK

Heroin, (smack, scag, junk, jones...) is rapidly becoming an epidemic in the community, so this column will be filled with observations on it.

Heroin, is a true narcotic, a drug that produces drowsiness, and is a pain-killer. It is derived from opium, and is a direct derivative of morphine. It is stronger than morphine in pure quantities and is more "addictive". As heroin cannot be used medically in this country, (although it is effectively used for some things in England) all the smack on the street is illegal, with lower purity, 3tc., so that the morphine on the street which is usually ripped-off clinical morphine, is often both stronger and more "addictive".

Pure Heroin, administered with sterile technique, is not a body destroying drug. Many narcotic addict doctors shoot up morphine for years without physical damage. But the key word here is STERILE technique. That means the drug has to be pure, without any dirt, bacteria or fungus in it, to prevent blood poisoning. Syringes and needles have to be clean to prevent serum hepatitis and collapsed veins. The problem here is that sterile technique is virtually impossible in the street as clean dope and clean needles are hard to get, and once people get smacked out then they tend to forget about sterile technique anyway.

People get "addicted" (dependent) on smack two ways, their heads get dependent (psychological) and their bodies get dependent (physical). Physical dependence is not the problem it has been made out to be. It happens if people use smack regularly--their bodies adjust to having the drug in their system all the time. Before the body starts to adjust, people get sick. After smack has been used regularly for a while, the body changes its metabolism to work around the drug. When the drug is stopped, the body has to readjust--it gets sick during this readjustment process--withdrawal. Many more people think they are physically dependent then really are. But all withdrawal is a bad sickness--ranging from a running nose for a couple days (light habit) to a very agonizing (but rarely serious) illness with vomiting, runs, hot flashes and chills. The intense sickness rarely lasts more than five days, and the whole illness more than two weeks. It is extremely painful to go through, but its role in the heroin problem has been overplayed.

The big problem is the psychological dependence, the intense feeling of need that brothers and sisters get for their jones. This can develop strongly because of the painkilling aspects of smack--it kills all kinds of pain, physical pain, loneliness pain, boredom pain, frustration pain. Research with animals shows that almost anyone could get dependent on smack because of these pain-killing aspects. This kind of dependence develops generally much sooner than does physical dependence and is harder to break as it is so involved with a person's life. It's why a junkie locked in prison for five years, coming home clean, may have his eyes start to water and his nose start to run when he encounters his home again and all those unchanged things that caused him pain before. When a brother is smacked out, the pain is eliminated, as long as he has his next shot assured, and he no longer works to change the source of his pain. He moves from having to deal with the very large, intense obstacles in his life and in society to just having to deal with a small, well-defined struggle--to get his smack. He frequently loses community interest and any interest in changing those things around him that are bogue. He frequently loses interest in people as they stop entering into his personal struggle to come up with the next fix.

But the problem with smack is not just an individual one, it is a whole community issue. First, and foremost, our life culture community is losing brothers and sisters into this small personal world of dope. Their energy is diverted from community development, from trying to develop a strong life culture consciousness and a strong people. And it extends to the physical plane also, as these brothers and sisters, as they get caught up in their micro-struggle, often rip off their own brothers and sisters, depleting our community of its limited personal resources.

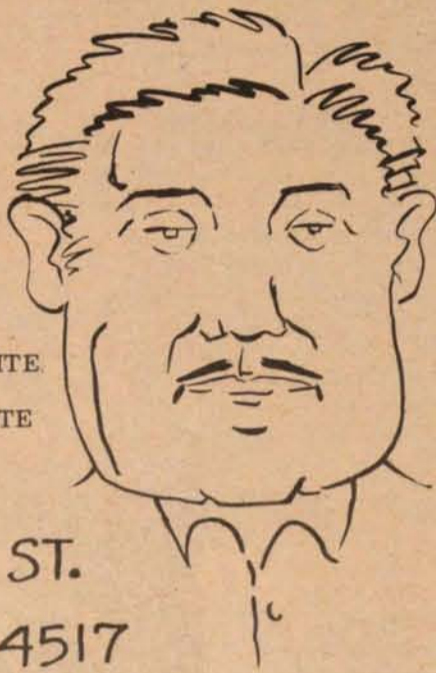
It is a community loss, a community threat. And so far very few members of the community have come forward to show that they care about these brothers and sisters, show that they want to help. We can't build a strong community by casting members of our people who get caught by Mr. Jones into outer darkness. That is really the wrong way to deal with this problem. It's time for our community, our culture to move beyond that. We must show our love and concern for our smacked-out brothers and sisters and be ready to work with them to help get at those sources of pain.

A community program to help these brothers and sisters and to start dealing with the causes of junk-use is being set up through the Tribal Council and Drug Help--for help and information, or to volunteer information, call Drug Help, 761-Help.

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ROCK & ROLL DOPE

BY FRANK BACH

(At the moment I'm writing this the Up is solidly entrenched in Amerika's midwest--it's 2 am and we're sitting around getting high at a freek's house in the heart of Nebraska, "The Cornhusker State." We just got here a few hours ago from Iowa City, Iowa where we played at the May Day Peace Festival held there yesterday, and tomorrow we'll be playing at another peace festival at the University of Nebraska here at Lincoln).

On May 1st just about everywhere (except in honky places like the USA) people stop what they're doing to parade, dance in the streets, and just get down in general to celebrate the great "Struggle for Production"--the ongoing efforts of the people to survive and grow, the everyday work to get what people need to live and build the new society in which every man and woman can be free. That may sound pretty weird to us here in Amerika but it's a very real thing to the people who take part in it, and it's becoming more of a real thing for all of us because we are taking part in May Day more and more every time it comes around. We are making the "Struggle for Production" happen in our own way for our own people every day of our lives, even though we don't think in those terms, even though we may not even be aware of it happening.

West of the Mississippi the land is open and flat and black and rich--the main industries here center around grains and soybeans and pigs and cattle and sheep--but our people, long haired, dope-smoking rock and roll maniacs, are all over the midwest. The living-off-the-land tradition of the area has made the freeks more cordial, easy-going, and polite than those you'll find in Michigan, but the struggle to keep alive our people's lifestyle continues just the same.

The May Day collective at the University of Iowa has been planning to put on a peace festival in the middle of Iowa City for several weeks before May 1st, and they had talked to us about playing there when we were doing some gigs in Iowa for the first time, at the beginning of April. But, even though free music concerts had occasionally been held in the Iowa City parks before without any kind of "incidents," the city council, realizing that support for anti-war actions was spreading like wildfire, got scared that too many people would show up and revoked the permit for the May Day events less than one week before it was supposed to happen. By the time a new concert site--McBride Lake Park, miles outside of town--was found there was only three days left to set up the festival.

When we got to McBride Park the afternoon of May 1st it was obvious that the community had gotten behind the efforts of the May Day collective and had worked its collective ass off trying to make the peace festival come off the way it should. Parking lots had been set up in farmers' fields along the road to the park and there were buses shuttling people to the park to avoid traffic jams, a stage and a good P. A. had been set up at the bottom of a grassy hill, there were lots of johns around and tank trucks filled with drinking water, and there was an information tent and a free food kitchen serving the people as fast as they came.

It was the biggest people's event in the history of Iowa--over ten thousand of us were there smoking dope, strolling around, lying in the grass, digging each other, and digging the music. Plenty of good rock and roll from the local bands (especially Parachute, Enoch Smoky, and the killer Free Dirt) helped keep people warm even though the temperature dipped below 40 degrees before the thing was over Sunday morning.

The Up's set started just before sundown when the cold winds started to really blow in and people were beginning to huddle close to each other. It took us a little longer than usual to get the people up on their feet and moving, but they began to forget the weather and get into the warmth of the music and their own bodies by the second last tune, Chuck Berry's "Bye Bye Johnnie." Then "Just Like An Aborigine" began to do its thing to the crowd and lots of people started boogalooing and smiling like the sun was shining all over again.

At the end of "Aborigine" we started singing the "Free Marijuana!" chant (the one with the call-and-response pattern, like the Panthers "No More Pigs in Our Community" song). But this time the words were "Out of IndoChina!" (instead of "Free Marijuana" or "No More..."), and instead of answering "Free John!" (or "Smoke Dope!" or "Off the Pigs") the response was "Stop the War!" We went through a bunch of "Out of IndoChinas" and then some "Bring Our Brothers

Home" and by the time we were singing the last call, "Free Everybody!" the people had it together real tight and were throwing fists in the air all over the place and jumping and dancing and screaming it out, "STOP THE WAR!", "STOP THE WAR!", "STOP THE WAR!"

The whole thing reminded us a lot of an Ann Arbor Sunday Free Concert--a few thousand people on a hillside getting down with the music. But it was the first time that all of them had ever had anything like this, all by themselves. And it was all for free.

It had been a tremendous amount of effort making it happen, but they had done, we had done it, our people had done it again. And everybody got high off of that, off of the power of the people manifested in rock and roll music,

and the righteous weed everybody was smoking, and what everybody was saying together--we want to be free, we want to stop the war so that everybody on the planet can be as free as they want to be!

It may have been a first for Iowa but it certainly won't be the last. And, clearly, the best way for free concerts like that to happen again and again is for people to organize themselves like we have in Ann Arbor to put on a whole program, a whole organized series, killer music events every week. It's a lot of work, but we have to have our music, just as we have to have our freedom, and we'll do whatever we have to do to get it all.

WE ARE EVERYWHERE!!
WE WILL WIN!!!

JAMS

STICKY FINGERS

Rolling Stones--Rolling Stones/Atco

Back when the Stones "Satisfaction" came out I was still in high school--I can remember one day that I went out with some brothers to get some hamburgers. We were cruising down the street in this dude's convertible when it first came on the radio. The song was so right on I almost fell out of the car with the pure excitement of it all.

Like their great hero Chuck Berry, the Stones have truly been able to capture the spirit of the people. Ever since they dared to wear their hair long and dress how they wanted the Stones have always tried to stay out front, doing things most of us had only started to think about. The farout image started to slip though, when they stopped touring for a while. Their music stopped being so hard and high-energy as they got sort of lazy, but Brian Jones' death seemed to shock them out of that, and they went back to playing in public and doing the kind of tunes that are total blasts to listen to.

Recently the Stones have become one of the hottest musical "products" (as the chomps in the music biz like to call it) ever--when their record contract with London ran out last month the Rolling Stones were paid one million dollars to sign up with the monster Kinney Corporation. Besides Kinney Shoes and parking lots, the Kinney Corporation owns Elektra Records, all the Warner Bros./Reprise record labels, all the Atlantic/Atco companies, and lots of other shit.

Besides the one million advance the Stones will get another million dollars every time they put out a new album. So Jagger and the boys have announced they'll be spending their new money on the French Riviera now--their getting a bunch of new houses and will return to



MICK JAGGER

England and Amerika only to make more money playing and recording.

Sticky Fingers is the Stones new album, their first with the Kinney chain and, like all music, a very clear reflection of where the musicians are at. It's too bad that that isn't where the people are at any more, because the Stones are some beautiful brothers who sure do know how

Continued on page 6



KEITH RICHARDS



JAMS

Continued from page 5

to make the people's music--but do they care any more?

There are only a couple full-fledged rock and roll songs on this album and, like Jerry Lubin of WRIF says, coming from the Stones "that certainly is a disappointment." Most of the tunes are very slow and sad, depressing, even. "Sister Morphine" is the lowest--it's the scariest by far too, but certainly not the only song that refers directly to the use of hard pig dope. The last time around Jagger said in "Monkey Man," "All my friends are junkies/But that's not really true," but there are so many hard drug references on this new album (roughly half the tunes mention bogus dope outright) there's little doubt as to what the Stones have been doing in their spare time lately. UGH!

The Stones do manage to get it on for two tributes to some sisters they know, even though the music is righteous the words leave us flat. The woman who inspired the rocker on side two is called "Bitch" while the black sister that "Brown Sugar" is about must be embarrassed to hear the stupidly racist line "How do you dance so good/Just like a black girl should." Yassur, massa Mick, all us black folks jes got dat nat'l rythmn, jes like you said.

Sure.

Now people dig--I love the Stones as much as any one person can, you know, it just makes me sick to my heart to see these brothers shoot up dope and then make up songs about it, so smacked and coked out they don't even dig playing a good fast rock and roll beat very much anymore. Are these the same people that did "Mother's Little Helper," "Satisfaction," "19th

Nervous Breakdown," "Street Fighting Man," "Sympathy for the Devil," and all those other killer smashes?

No, the Stones haven't progressed past that stuff, they've fallen behind what they used to be and, what's worse, they've fallen behind the people. The Stones should know that our sisters don't "dig" being called "bitch" anymore--and do they think that that shit in "Brown Sugar" about "black girls" is funny or something?

And, sure, there are plenty of brothers and sisters around who are fooling with bad dope, but the Stones should know what that leads to, what it led Brian Jones to--and if they are going to be rock and roll stars they owe it to us to take us higher, not bring us down on another smack/death trip.

If the Stones were really as together as their hip image they'd give up some of their money to their people, who need it, instead of throwing it away to the smack dealers. If the Rolling Stones were a real people's band they'd stop letting the money from the sales of their records go to honks like the owners of the Kinney Corporation and they'd start their own record company so they could help other people's musicians get it together...

But I guess I'm just fantasizing there. The only reason I do that, though, is because Mick Jagger is singing his reality in my ear and it goes like this:

"Can't you see I'm fading fast
And this shot will be my last...
You know and I know
In the morning I'll be dead."

And I don't dig it.



BYE BYE BILLY

True to the form of the typical Amerikan power hungry super money freak, Bill Graham, owner of the Fillmore East in New York and the Fillmore West in San Francisco, loves to see and hear his name in the news. So on Friday, April 30, Graham called all the photographers and reporters he knew and got them together at a big press conference to announce that this summer he is going to close up both of his "rock palaces" for good.

Graham, whose insane ego could never be satisfied while rock and roll musicians got all the adulation from the fans for kicking out the jams on stage all the time poor Billy was stuck back in the ticket office all by himself counting his money, always dug getting into the limelight by mouthing attacks on the most popular "rock stars." This time Graham has outdone himself--he says that the "greed" of rock and roll musicians like Janis and Jimi and their "inability to cope with success" has made it just too much of a hassle for him to stay in the ballroom business.

Actually, it comes as no surprise that Graham decided to finally give up his position as number one rip off promoter--it takes a lot of work to put on rock and roll shows and old Bill's getting too rich to worry about things like the people's need to hear music anymore. Besides, Graham just started two big record companies last year and he already owns a California booking agency, so why should he bust his ass with the cash rolling in so fast even he has trouble counting it?

The way things stand right now once both the Fillmores are closed there will be no big ballrooms open regularly in San Francisco and virtually no place to hear rock and roll on a regular basis in New York City. What's really jive about this mess is that Graham, the greed-head himself, tries to get away with passing the blame for the whole thing off on the people who make the music.

Hopefully the San Francisco and New York communities will unite real people's ballroom projects and make them work. Graham generally put on low-energy shows anyway, so now that we are rid of him at least at the ballroom level, here is a chance for the real rock and roll to be heard once again.

WHERE IT'S AT!

- ALICE COOPER**
 May 7--Winnipeg, Canada
 9--Rapid City, S. Dakota
 14--Bush Stadium, Indianapolis
 15--Lafayette, Ind. (day)
 15--Springfield, Ill. (night)
 16--Veteran's Memorial Aud., Columbus, Ohio
- AMBOY DUKES**
 9--Weston Salem, N. Carolina
 14--Pittsburg, Pa.
 15--Springfield, Ill.
 16--Vet's Memorial Aud., Columbus, Ohio
- ASSEMBLAGE**
 7--Monroe Armory
 12--Utica Eisenhower H.S.
 15--Livonia Ford Skating Rink
- BLUE SCEPTRE (SRC)**
 14--Bush Stadium, Indianapolis
 15--Grand Rapids, Mich.
- BOONE'S FARM**
 10-11--Driftwood Lounge
 15--Melvindale H.S.
- BORNAGAN**
 14--Frasier H.S.
- BROWNSVILLE STATION**
 9--Rapid City State Fairgrounds, Rapid City, S. Dakota
 11--Agora Ballroom, Cleveland
 14--Rodeau Park Pavilion, Ont.
 15--Note, Paw Paw, Michigan
 16--Vet's Memorial Aud., Columbus, Ohio
- CATFISH**
 14--Bush Stadium, Indianapolis
- 15--Agora Ballroom, Cleveland
- CHUCK BERRY**
 9--Agora Ballroom, Cleveland
 10--Reflections, Cincinnati, O.
 11--Agora Ballroom, Cleveland
 12--Grande Ballroom, Detroit
 13--U. of Iowa, Iowa City
- COLLECTION**
 7--St. Nicks
 8--Utica H.S.
 14--St. David's
 15--Mt. Clemens H.S.
- FRLJID PINK**
 7--Grand Rapids
 14-15--Omaha, Nebraska
- GUARDIAN ANGEL**
 7--Union Ballroom, A²
 14--Bay City H.S.
 15--Grosse Pointe War Memorial
- JULIA**
 7--West Hope H.S.
 8--Platters, Cadillac
 13--Eastern Michigan U.
 14--Mercy H.S.
 15--Oakland University
- MAXX**
 7--Chatham, Ontario
 8--Corruna H.S.
 12--Jackson Parkside H.S.
 14--Milford H.S.
 15--Frankfort H.S.
- MC5**
 14--Rockford, Wisconsin
 15--Madison, Wisconsin
 16--Appleton, Wisconsin
- MR. FLOOD'S PARTY**
 9 thru 15--Cabin, Mt. Pleasant
- MUTZIE**
 14--Kingsville, Ontario
- ORMANDY**
 7--Brother Rice H.S.
 8--Alma College
 9--Western Michigan College
 13--Muskegon College
 14--Grosse Pointe H.S.
 15--Adrian H.S.
- PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER**
 7--Luke Palmer, Flint
 8--Potters Lake Pavillion
 15--Regina H.S.
- RUMOR**
 7--Riverview
 8--Eastern Michigan U.
 14--Tecumseh, Mich.
 15--Hudson, Mich.
- SILVER HAWK**
 8--New Theatre, New Baltimore
 15--Grosse Pointe War Memorial
- SPRINGWELL**
 14--Bishop Burgess H.S. Detroit
 15--Roostertail
- STOOGES**
 9--Depot, Minneapolis, Minn.
 12--Richmond, Va.
 13--Long Island, New York
 14-15--Electric Circus, NYC
- SUNDAY FUNNIES**
 7--Whitmore Lake H.S.
 10--Village Gate, NYC
- 12--Rathskeller, Ypsilanti, Mi.
 14--John Glenn H.S. Bay City
 15--Rathskeller, Ypsilanti, Mi.
- TEA**
 7--Albion College
 8--Carlton, Michigan
 9--Sherwood Forest
 14--Huron H.S.
- TEEGARDEN AND VAN WINKLE**
 10--North Carolina
 12-13--Memphis, Tenn.
 14--North Carolina
 15--Atlanta, Ga.
- TOBY REDD**
 7--New Theatre, New Baltimore
 14--St. Blase H.S.
- UNIVERSE**
 7--Tillbury, Ontario
 8--Carlton, Michigan
 14--John Glenn H.S. Bay City
 15--Delhi, Ontario
- UP**
 7--Union Ballroom, A²
 8--New Theatre, New Baltimore
 9--Free Park Concert, Hastings
 15--Palladium
- WERKS**
 7--Cousino H.S.
 9, 12, 14--Roostertail
 15--Regina H.S.
- WHIZ KIDS**
 7--Rochester Adams H.S.
 8--Delhi Park
 13--Allen Park K of C Hall
 14--Columbus, Ohio
 15--Saline H.S.

BLUE SCEPTRE BUSY

The Blue Sceptre (who will continue to play under the name SRC until a new record comes out) have been exceptionally busy in the past few weeks--besides the name change they've been breaking a new bass player into the band, working on a new album and single, negotiating with record companies, and helping other area bands make recordings as well as playing all over the midwest.

Richard Michaels is the new Sceptre bass player--he recently escaped from the Mike Quatro Jam Band where he was biding time until Al Wilnot decided to leave the SRC for his own group. Michaels sings and plays harmonica and keyboards as well as bass and may switch around with Glenn Quackenbush, BS piano player, on some tunes. He's just 20, comes from Pontiac, and lives in Ann Arbor.

Teegarden and Van Winkle have been spending a lot of time at the Sceptre's Morgan Sound Theatre getting their new album together for the Westbound label. (Morgan Sound was built and is run by the Sceptres themselves, along with former Motown engineer Brian Dombrowski.) Ted Nugent and the Dukes (Polydor) have also been in, and Alice Cooper will be back soon to record some more sides for Straight/Warner Bros.

Meanwhile, the Sceptre have been working like mad finishing tracks for their upcoming album and single. Scot Richardson promises the new single will be out within a month (most likely on the Sceptre's Vulcan label), while the album is for presentation to the 15 or more representatives from record companies who will be in town in the near future to check out the band. The Blue Sceptre hope to work out a new contract (they broke with Capitol last year) with a major company soon.



ROCK AND ROLL SHORTS

Alice Cooper has a new single out--"Caught in a Dream"--should be on the charts soon... Brownsville Station have a new album ready on Warner Bros., should be out in two weeks... Sceptre's Pete Andrews says that student organizations at the U of M will be banding together to put on a series of 23 concerts at Hill Auditorium and the Events Building starting next fall. Andrews is now Events Director of the University, a new office designed to coordinate all future music events, and will be working with other colleges in the state to help reduce the cost of big name bands coming to Michi-

gan... Two of WNRZ's new disk jockies, Bob Young (from Pennsylvania and Washington D.C.) and Larry Rock (New York) flipped out in the Arb last Sunday and have been blown away with their new home town... Atlantic still holds up the MC5 album with hassles about the way the sound is mixed (as many as 14 musicians on some cuts) and the liner design (lead singer Rob Tyner drew cartoons for the back)... Guess what? The SUN needs more rock news. Musicians and fans should call their scoops in to 761-1709 right away... KEEP ON ROCKIN!!!!



- WXON--Channel 62**
 May 23, TUBE WORKS 9-11 pm
- WTVS--Channel 56**
 May 7--FUNFARE 8pm-"Silverbird" the birth of a Navajo rock and roll band
 16 M. M. 9pm--2 offbeat lifestyles
 May 8--4:00 Interview with Willy Buckley
 6:00 Free Play Campesino
 7:00 Isadora Duncan
 8:30 723, 25 MHz Visual, Free U in Detroit
 May 9--9:00 Masterpiece Theatre episode 2
 10:00 FAN FARE Alicia Alonso
 May 10--2:30 Lillas Yoga and You
 7:30 Black Brown Red Yellow
 8:00 World Press

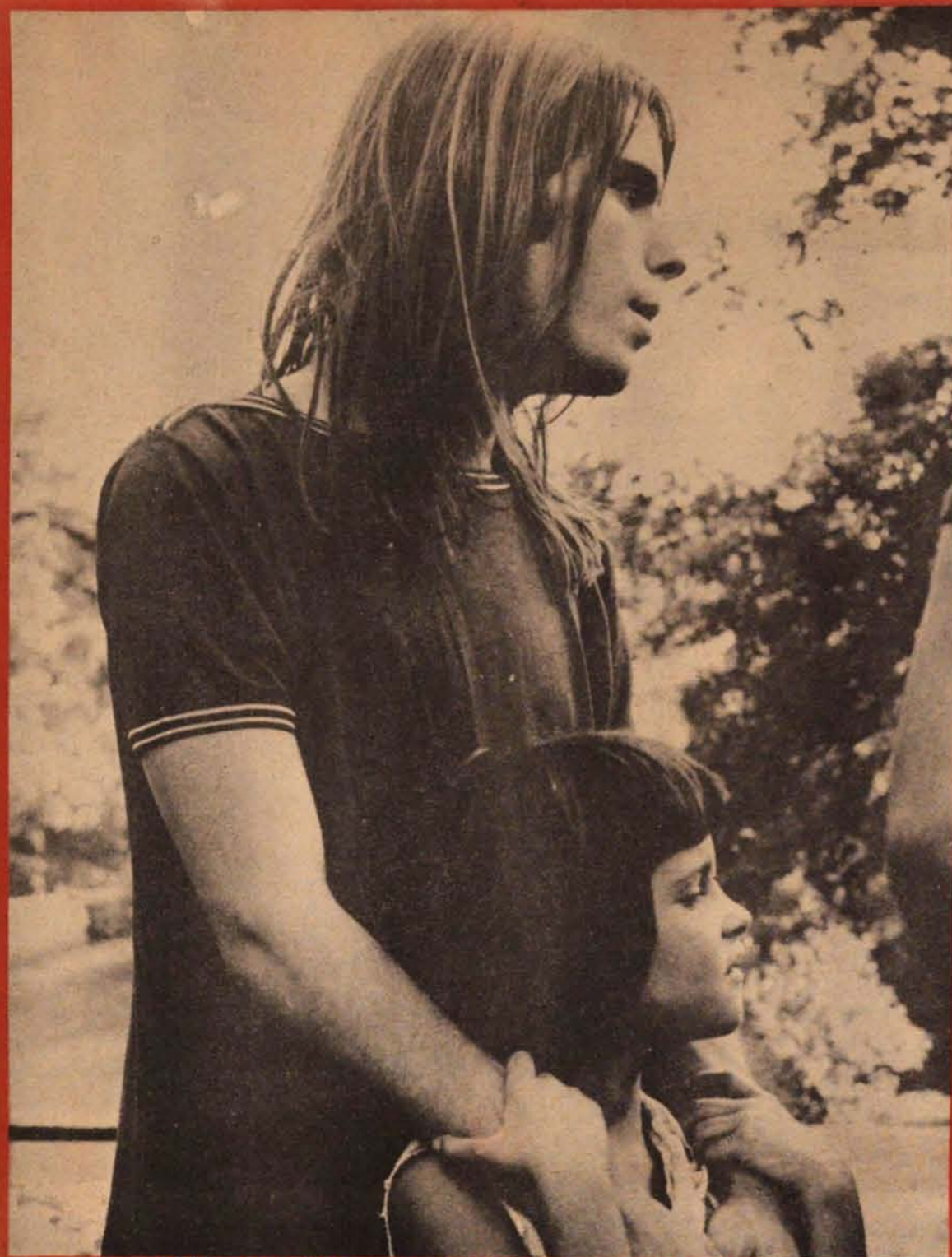


- WRIF--101.1 FM**
 HANK MALONE--7:30-11 am
 ART PENHALLOW--11-3 pm
 DAN CARLISLE--3-7 pm
 JERRY LUBIN--7-11 pm
 PAUL GREINER--11-3 am
 TONY PIGG--3-7:30 am
 weekend
 ART PENHALLOW--11:45-4 pm
 JERRY LUBIN--4-9 pm
 DAN CARLISLE--9-2 am
 PAUL RYNER--12-6 pm

- WABX--99.5 FM**
 JERRY GOODWIN--7-11 am
 DAVE DIXON--11-2 pm
 MARK PARENTEAU--2-6 pm
 DENNIS FRAWLEY--6-10 pm
 ANN CHRIST--10-2 am
 JIM DULZO--2-7 am
 weekend
 JERRY GOODWIN--7-12
 ANN CHRIST--12-4 pm
 ???--4-8 pm
 DAVE DIXON--8-1 am
 JIM DULZO--1-7 am
 ???--7-1 pm
 DENNIS FRAWLEY--1-7 pm
 MARK PARENTEAU--7-2 am

- WNRZ--102.9 FM**
 (Monday - Saturday)
 TINY HUGHES--6 am - 12:00
 ROBERT YOUNG--12-6 pm
 LARRY ROCK--12-6 6-12 pm
 DAVE WAGNER--12-6 am
 (Sunday)
 DOUG WILLIAMS--12-6 am
 SID CLEMONS--6-12 pm

- WDET--101.9 FM**
 BUD SPANGLER
 Mon. 9 pm--1 am
 Sun., 12 midnight to 4 am



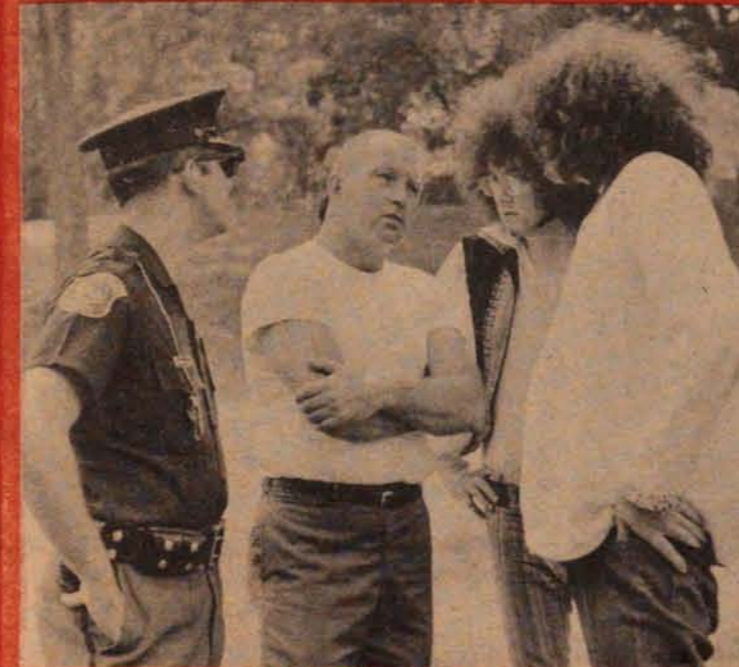
1967--Bob Wier, Grateful Dead, West Park



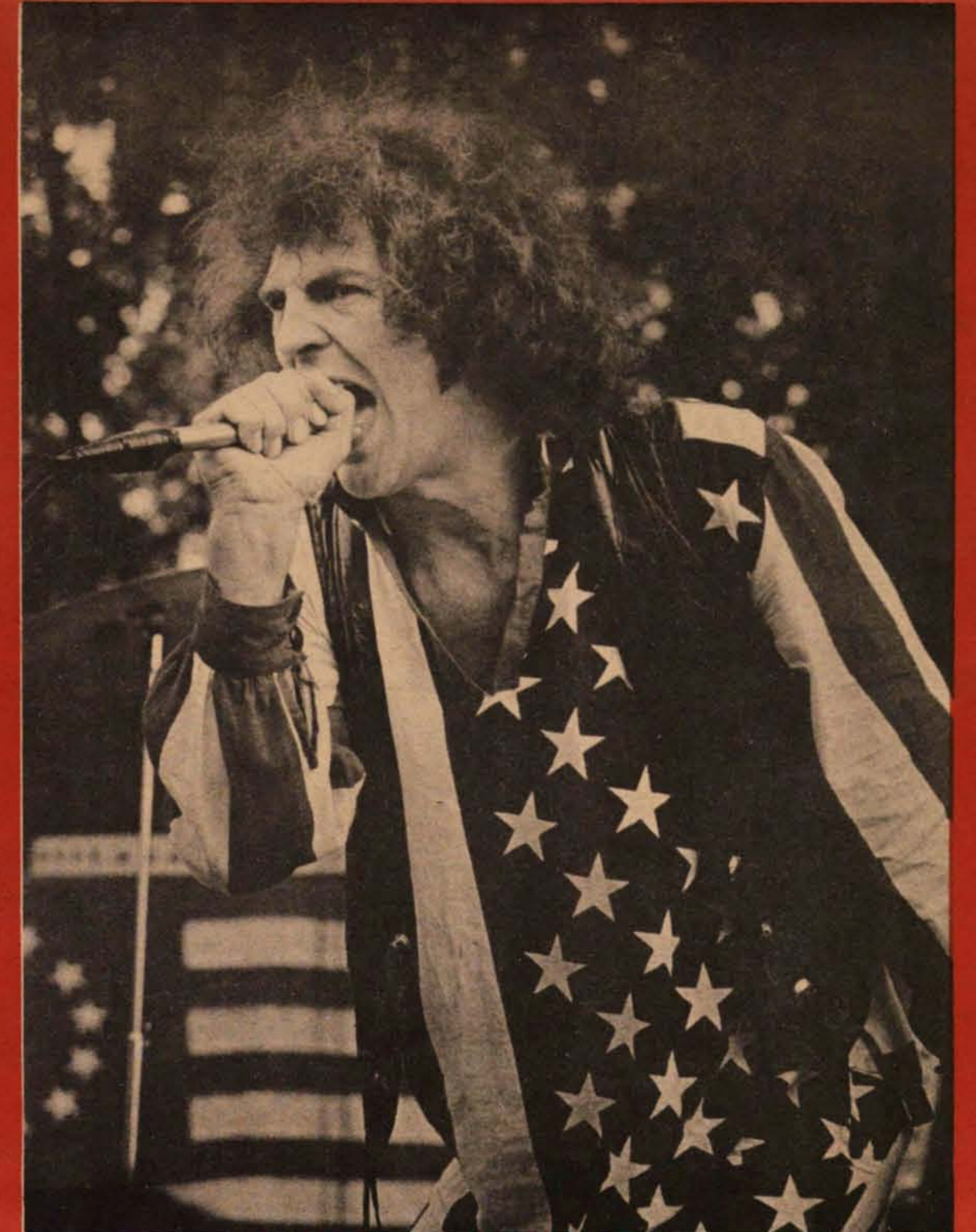
1968--Fuller Flatlands



Panther White



1968--West Park



1969--Terry Tate, West Park



1966--Joseph Jarman, West Park

ROCK AND ROLL IS HERE TO STAY!

The free concerts in Ann Arbor have a long and turbulent history. Most people probably remember the concerts in the summer of 1970, or even in 1969. But a lot of the people who are reading this paper might not be aware of what went down when the concerts in West Park first started. So, a little bit of history might be interesting.

The earliest concerts were in the summer of 1966. The music then was mostly unamplified avant-garde jazz by such outstanding musicians as Charles Moore and his band, the Detroit Contemporary 5 (now the Contemporary Jazz Quintet,) Stanley Cowell, Joseph Jarman, and many others.

In 1967, in addition to Charles Moore's band and Roscoe Mitchell's band from Chicago, rock and roll and electric blues joined jazz as the people grooved to the beautiful Seventh Seal, the Prime Movers, Billy C. and the Sunshine, and other original people's bands from Ann Arbor and Detroit. To get the band shell in West Park Ron Miller of the Seventh Seal would usually go down to City Hall, pay them \$10 out of his own pocket, and get a permit. A few hundred people would dig the music every Sunday, dig each other, play frisbee, roll in the grass, and share watermelons.

There was never any trouble of any kind until the last concert of the summer. The Grateful Dead were scheduled to play and a huge crowd gathered in the park. It had rained earlier in the day and the Dead asked the people in the audience for some blankets to stand on so the musicians wouldn't get electrocuted standing barefoot on the wet cement playing electric guitars. Someone handed them a huge American Flag which they put down and stood on while they played for their cheering fans. This was too much for some old Ann Arbor patriots who had

been watching this freeky procedure from the sidelines. During the winter of 1967/68 these people got the City Council to pass a new city ordinance banning amplified music from West Park.

In the spring of 1968 the whole Trans-Love Commune, including the MC5, moved to Ann Arbor from Detroit. As soon as the weather turned nice, Ron Levine of Trans-Love went down to City Hall to get a permit for a concert in West Park. We were told about the new city ordinance which was passed almost secretly during the winter, and the permit was denied. But lots of people kept on asking us when the free concerts were going to start again. So one Sunday the MC5 just rented a generator, went down to West Park with their equipment and played for a couple hundred people in the picnic shelter area. There was no trouble.

The following Sunday we set up in the band shell and the Up and the MC5 kicked out the jams again without a permit. Two young Ann Arbor cops tried to stop the Up's set, but Lt. Staudenmeier, trying to avoid a major confrontation with the people, cooled them out and let us continue the show. There were numerous complaints from residents living in the West Park area who objected to this "noise pollution" and the members of the MC5 were arrested a few days later for playing without a permit. They posted \$25 bond each. The case never came to trial and the city just kept the \$125 as a fine.

After that we tried to have a concert in the Arb down by the river one Sunday, but the Ann Arbor cops douped that one before the first band, the SUN, could even play the first note. After hassling with the city bureaucrats some more, they agreed to let us use Gallup Park for the rest of the summer. Gallup Park is way down by the Huron River and miles away from the nearest residential area. We had to rent a generator

from Arbor Hills Hardware every Sunday and collected donations from the people to help pay for it.

In the spring of 1969 the people became more and more aware of their collective strength and their right to their own culture and demanded that the city drop their ordinance banning amplified music from West Park. We passed out petitions and collected over 3000 signatures within a month without too much effort. We started to attend the the Monday night City Council meetings regularly and demanded to be heard. The City Council couldn't ignore us any longer. An agreement was worked out which would rotate the concerts between West Park, Fuller Flatlands, and Gallup Park. The city helped us by providing the stage, portable toilets, and a water truck for the concerts at Fuller and Gallup.

The last two concerts ever held in West Park were among the most righteous gatherings of our people in the whole history of the free summer concerts in Ann Arbor. Thousands of people danced in the sun and got high with such killer bands as Kraak, the Karnal Kitchen, Tate Blues Band, and the MC5.

One Sunday Terry Tate wore a beautiful costume made from an American Flag. During his unusually high energy performance his costume started falling apart, leaving his beautiful self "exposed" for a minute before he could put on a new pair of pants. Undercover police spies were present among the audience and recorded the whole incident on 8mm film. Terry was arrested the next day, charged with "indecent exposure," a misdemeanor, had his long hair shorn down to a quarter inch stubble in Harvey's Hotel, the Washtenaw County Jail, and had bond set at \$5000!

The MC5 played the next set. During their fantastic performance of "Black to Comm" Rob

Tyner pointed out some of the undercover narks in the crowd to the audience who chased them out of the park. That was the last rock and roll concert ever held in West Park.

The concerts continued at Fuller Flatlands after the so-called street riots on S. University in July of 69. But there were usually almost as many police in full battle regalia present as there were people, and it was impossible for anyone to have a good time under those conditions.

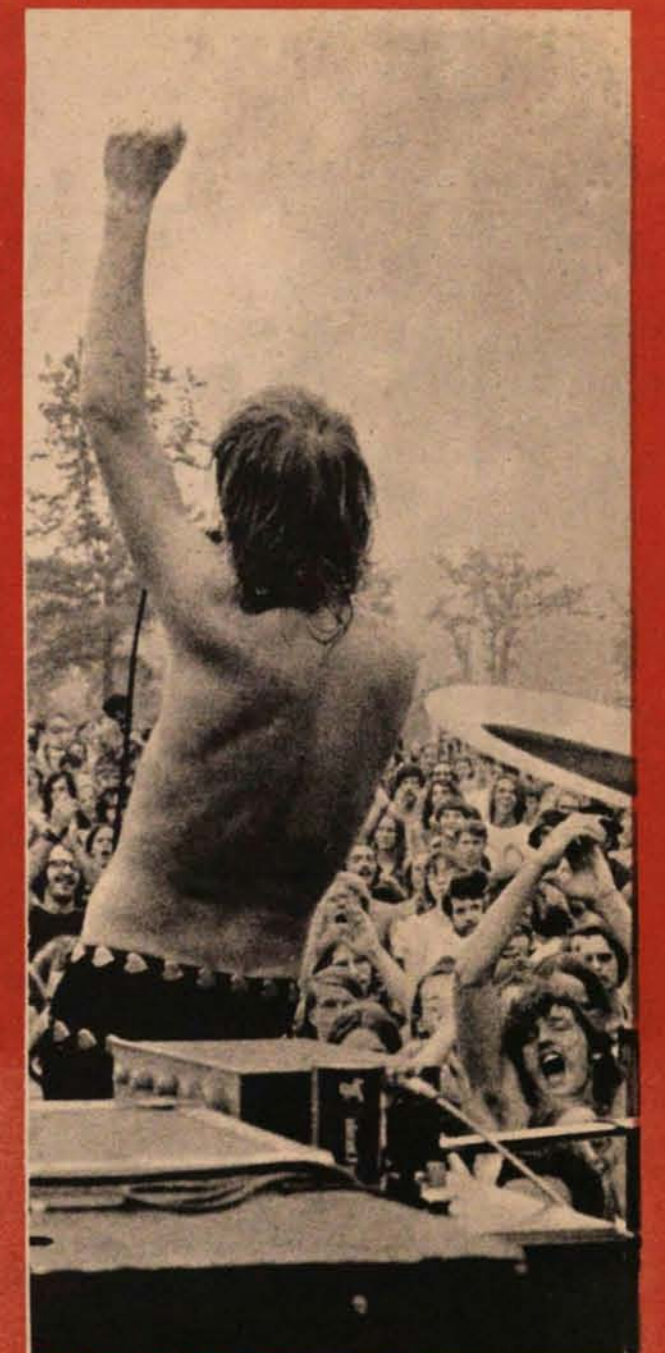
Last year the city gave us Gallup Park for the whole summer, which was renamed Diana Oughton Memorial Park by the people in honor of Diana Oughton, who was one of the organizers of the Children's Community School here in Ann Arbor a few years ago and who was killed in the Weatherman town-house explosion in New York City in 1969.

The concerts last summer were organized and run more professionally by a coalition of freeks and more "respectable" members of the community with the full cooperation of the city government. Pete Andrews of the SRC coordinated the concerts and James Griffin organized the Psychedelic Rangers, who were responsible for directing traffic, and generally keeping order. Uniformed Ann Arbor police never entered the park unless asked to come in by the Rangers.

The Up, Catfish, and the SRC kicked off the series and every Sunday more and more people showed up and got down more and got higher than the week before. There is no need to say too much about it, since most of you were there for at least some of the concerts and, I'm sure, will be there again this summer.

COME ALIVE AROUND THE WORLD,
ARE YOU READY FOR A BRAND NEW BEAT?
SUMMER'S HERE AND THE TIME IS RIGHT
FOR DANCING IN THE STREETS...

Right on then!



1970--SRC, Dianna Oughton Park

RAINBOW NATION NEWS

45,000 of our brothers have been killed in Vietnam during the last decade of war, as of last week.

LETTER FROM ALGIERS

LOST IN THE SHUFFLE

A resolution endorsing the Boston Strangler for his work in the field of population control has been unanimously approved by the Texas House of Representatives. Specifically, the resolution commends Albert de Salvo, the man who was implicated in the deaths of a number of Boston area women, for unselfishly serving "his country, his state and his community."

It continued, "This compassionate gentleman's dedication and devotion to his work has enabled the

weak and lonely throughout the nation to achieve and maintain a new degree of concern for their future. He has been officially recognized by the state of Massachusetts for his noted activities and unconventional techniques..."

This historic piece of legislation was sponsored by Representative Tim Moore, who introduced it to show how the legislature passes bills and resolutions often without even reading them or comprehending their contents. Government at work...

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)-- A police trial board recommended April 7 that Washington D.C. police Sergeant John Latin, Jr. be fined

\$900 and stripped of his rank because he had tried to solicit police-woman Marilyn Hershey while she was posing as a prostitute.

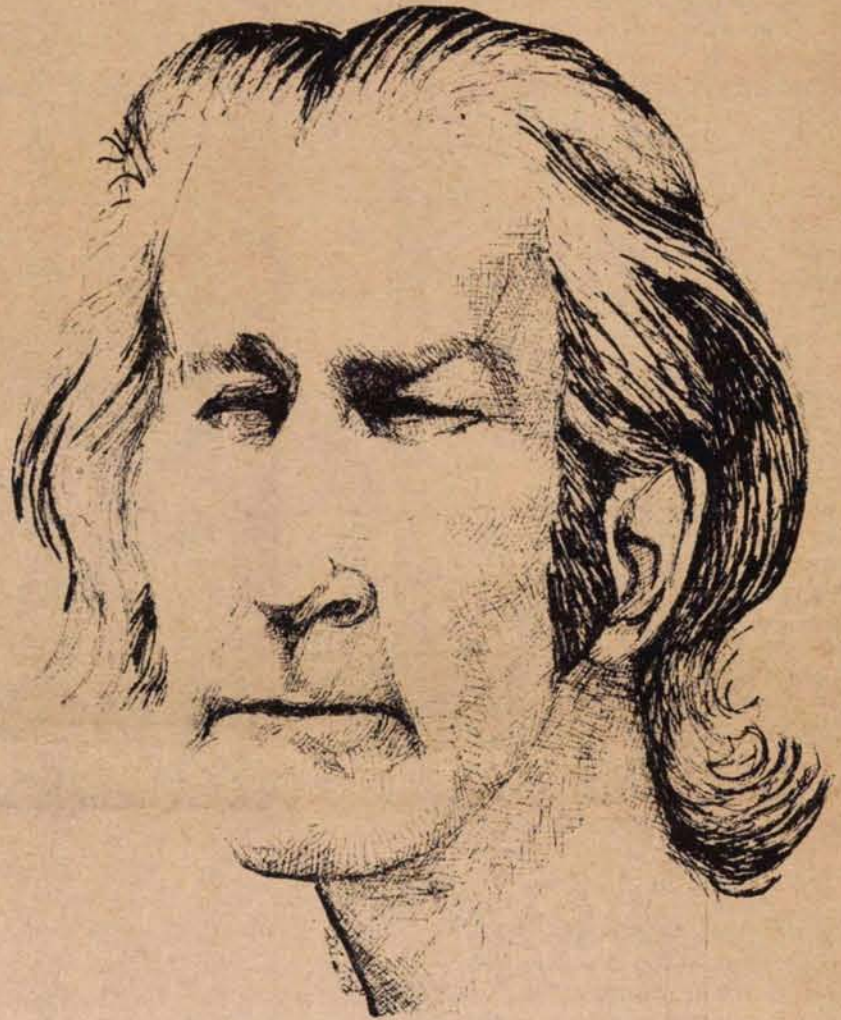
NATIONAL PRIORITIES

Money these days is real tight. Jobs are hard to find, states can't meet welfare payments, and salaries are low. In the midst of this economic crisis, the Nixon administration has decided to spend \$85,000 on the very pressing project of cleaning up the estimated 22,000 acres of wild marijuana growing across the mid-west.

The Agriculture Department, which is handling the grant, made no mention of it until prodded by an inquiring reporter. The plan has

earned the code name WHEP, which stand for the Wild Hemp Elimination Program. States due for the stamp-out are Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, South Dakota and Wisconsin. A huge \$17,000 chunk of the bread is being granted to Champaign County, Illinois, which has the largest concentration of wild dope in the nation.

Meanwhile, government research has shown that dynamite grass can be grown around here if the seeds come from high-quality plants. Plant on!



Dear Comrades...

Beautiful words of Brother Pun and Sister Genie received. We think daily of John and Pun. Pray and work for their release. We are glad that WPP name will be changed. New Life. New name. We have seen three rainbows this week. All-color-spectrum. No white. No Black.

Yes, sexual Liberation is key revolution. We view a Comrade by the way She-he treats His-her mate. We view a Comrade by Her-his sexual postures. So much that is called "political" is twisted sexual chauvinism. Whew! Freedom! Yes, tribal model is cultural unit. We have not received John's recent words. But everything he wrote up to Nov 70 was perfectly in tune. Yes, the Indian model is basic to American Revolution. Not the Chinese. Not the European. The soul of the land is Indian. Sun Dance.

We have, like everyone else, been dismayed at the disintegration of political forces. We keep murmuring: there are Seven Revolutions; and the internal must precede or accompany the external. We keep hearing the response: No there is Only One Revolution and It is Mine. Blessed Rainbow message. Seven colors. Prisoner liberation has been our first priority. Weather has been our model. While we are out of touch; everything we hear and feel from Weather is beautiful. Many forces have fiercely attempted to confuse and distort our message. To block our contribution. No matter. The word "political" is so tricky. Politics to us means: Power to the People. Politics means Liberation. But to many "politicals" politics means Power to the Elite. Freedom for me; control over you. We believe that no one is fooled. Nixon fools no one. Repressive rhetoric fools no one.

There is a global consciousness network. A majority of the people KNOW what is happening. We are close to the Great Liberation. It is the control people who are driven to despair; to rigid violence. We have been escaping from one prison after another. In spite of the obfuscation that is clear. So much depends on our strong brave women. All the mistakes are being made by male chauvinists. The lesson is being learned. You are so blessed in your good unions.

We remain at your service. Whatever role we can play in your rebirth, reorganization... let us know. Keep us informed. We await your message. Blessings. Love. Courage. We are with you.

Tim & Rosemary Leary



JEEZ...WILLIE, THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN OUR MAJOR BEHIND THAT V.C. TREE WE JUST FRAGGED.....

MAY DAY

continued from page 1

A group that played soon after Mitch and was really killer was Swallow, a super-high energy band from Boston. They played truly cosmic rock and roll, pluggin in on all the energy from the hundreds of tripping people out in front. Swallow's lead singer is a short, fat and blind dude, who can really sing like a powerhouse. People were screaming and shouting and dancing and generally getting it on, especially to their tune "Change the Nation."

"Brothers and sisters, and sisters and brothers, and brothers and sisters and sisters and brothers and brothers and sisters..... Someone's passing bad methadone in orange juice around the front rows. Watch out, we all want to live, and not kill ourselves with bad drugs..."

There was lots of music that day--it continued until early the next morning. Groups included Catfish, the Pride of Women from Detroit, who were pretty low energy except when Barbara Holliday of Ann Arbor sang "She's So Fine" with them (if they were really proud of being women they'd take off all that ridiculous make up), Elephants Memory from New York, NRBQ, Mother Earth, Phil Ochs, and lots of other smaller groups. Very few of the big name bands that were promised showed up - there was no Johnny Winter, Country Joe, Jefferson Airplane (although Grace Slick was seen backstage late Saturday night) or Grateful Dead.

But the spirit of the 100,000 people was everywhere, and Saturday afternoon and evening will go down as one of the most festive and at the same time political gatherings of our people, coming together to proclaim their new way of life, in opposition to the control/war addicts just a mile or two down the road. Drumming, chanting, singing and dancing continued throughout the night.

Early Sunday morning the helicopters started buzzing the crowd again, and row upon row of white-helmeted Washington police began to circle the encampment. Then came the announcement, "People, we have bad news. We have just been told that our permit is revoked. The police have asked us to leave these grounds and to pick up our trash and remove it from the area... Everyone just stay together and cool."

So the music stopped, and Peace City began to disperse. It was a well-planned move by the pigs to break up the group, destroy communications among the people there, and scare lots of people into going home, all in an effort to thwart the massive traffic tie-ups scheduled for Monday.

The pigs succeeded--probably more than three quarters of the people split for home. Many would have left anyway by Sunday evening, having come mostly for the music and not the civil disobedience. The official excuse for breaking up the park was extensive narcotics violations, unsanitary conditions, and the fact that tents were erected, which is against park regulations. About 40 people refused to leave--they were arrested around noon.

That afternoon people gathered at Washington area universities and planned tactics for the next morning. There were around a thousand people at the Michigan meeting, and spirits were high.

Monday morning came time to "close down the government." At best, the actions that took place could be viewed as a series of temporary, symbolic shutdown of Washington streets and highways. Rarely did an action last for more than 10 or 15 minutes. Police were well organized, much more so than the people engaged in the action, and were able to clear people away very quickly with little effort.

The disruptions started at around 6 a.m., and hit more than twenty targets throughout the city. A variety of tactics were used - people threw crushed beer cans and broken glass on to the street, picked up garbage bins and assorted mailboxes, even manhole covers, and threw them out on the asphalt.

Tires of parked cars and buses were slashed, people would open up the engines of buses and disconnect them while the buses waited for a red light. Purposely stalled cars tangled traffic everywhere--people would stall them, get out and start tinkering with the engine. This led to some hilarious scenes, with cops trying to get people to move their cars.

The favorite tactic was the sit down--actually sitting down in the street and blocking traffic



COP CONTEMPLATES BEER CANS THROWN IN STREET WASH., MAY 3

with bodies. Some people came close to getting run down - these groups were usually quickly dispersed by police, only to regroup and sit somewhere else, until finally arrested.

There were many ugly scenes, and lots of tear gas. Washington police use CS gas, which is among the most potent forms. Government workers got gassed--at one point the doors to the Bureau of Engraving (where they print money) swung open and workers filed out, handkerchiefs to their faces, coughing and wiping their eyes.

Angry motorists, on their way to work, sometimes got out of their cars and fought demonstrators, throwing debris back at them which was cast onto the sidewalk.

And who will ever forget the sight of huge Chinook helicopters, just the same kind used in Vietnam for troop deployment, dropping hundreds of Marines on the grounds of the Washington monument. The troops, for the most part, seemed very sympathetic, and not at all anxious to arrest or hurt anyone. Lots of fists and v-signs were flashed by GT's while their superior officers weren't looking.

Later on in the afternoon the police began to go berserk and heavily overreact. The Medical Committee For Human Rights, which had handled the bad trips left at Peace City and was taking care of getting people water for tear gas

and general first aid treatment, became a special target. Six of their vans were seized, and medics with authorized arm-bands were arrested.

A complex communications system which the committee was using to call ambulances was completely smashed. Consequently, the committee members were forced to remove their armbands and red crosses and go underground, in order to treat the people that needed it without getting busted in the process.

There were many arrests in the morning, but things really started getting heavy at around 2 o'clock. Police cars began sweeping the streets, announcing that within certain areas anyone found walking the streets would be picked up and arrested on sight. Here began one of the most incredible mass arrests in U.S. history. By the end of the day more than 7,000 people were busted. Cops just cruised down the street, picking up every long hair and young person they found. Hundreds of people who weren't involved in the demonstration were arrested, including mothers and university professors.

No charges were lodged against those arrested until many hours later, and most of the cases will probably be dismissed for lack of evidence and specific detail as to where the person was arrested, etc. The police just wanted to clear the streets, so they arrested every longhair in

continued on page 12

MAY DAY

sight. The police state in operation.

People were taken to the city jails, until those filled up. The remainder were taken to a makeshift prisoner of war camp, a football field near John F. Kennedy stadium temporarily fenced off with barbed wire for the occasion. Several thousand people were herded inside, with no food or shelter. As the word got out people, including Congresswoman Bella Abzug, brought over food, and the people inside the camp found a huge tarp which they erected into a tent. The National Liberation Front's blue, red and yellow flag flew from atop the tent - someone had managed to sneak one inside.

At one point a large group of prisoners massed at a portion of the fence. A tear gas dispensing machine was brought into action, pumping clouds of painful smoke into people's bodies.

The prisoners were kept at the field till late evening, when they were brought over to the Washington Coliseum for the night. Most were released on Tuesday, after posting \$10 collateral.

Also arrested on Monday was Rennie Davis, one of the main organizers of May Day. Rennie was charged with conspiracy to violate the civil rights of the citizens of Washington, and conspiring to block federal employees from getting to work. He was released the next day, along with John Froines, who was also arrested on the same charges, on \$25,000 bail.

Tuesday morning saw more traffic-stopping, involving less people. The character of the Tuesday actions was more strictly non-violent,

with very few aggressive actions. Later on, 3,000 people marched to the Justice Department and held a rally. Police surrounded the crowd and arrested 2,000 people with the help of more tear gas.

On Wednesday 2,000 people were arrested on the steps of the Capitol, while chanting, (like Chicago, 1968), "THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING!" The arrests went without "incident" or gas, after a rally.

So that was Washington, or as much as has happened as we go to press Wednesday night. It was a very complex event, going from a festival of life--an affirmation of a new way of life, a new possibility--all the way to a violent protest against the government that resulted in 10,000 arrests.

We saw this weekend in Washington that we are not organized enough at this time to shut down the government militarily. The May Day Tribe hoped to create "a level of social chaos that America's leaders will be unable to accept."

Yet the government seemed to have little trouble handling whatever chaos there was.

The government must be stopped, there can be no question about that. But even if we did shut down the government this week, what would we put in its place?

It's becoming clear to more and more of us every day that this government can only be stopped through our efforts at building an alternative to it--a true people's government that serves all of us and helps us take care of all our needs. The more we do everyday to make our alternative real, the sooner will it become obvious to everyone here in Amerika that the wholesale murder and the greedy, wasteful exploitation carried on by the government of the United States are not necessary--that the policies of this government are in fact the source of all the earth's problems.

It will take a long time, but it's the only way we'll succeed.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

BRING THE TROOPS HOME NOW!

David Fenton, Rainbow People's Party



Photo by: J. Tiboni

ONE OF SINCLAIR'S FAVORITE COMMIE-PINKO TRICKS IS WORKING WHILE WE RED BLOODED, LOYAL, AMERICAN CRIMINALS ATTEND THE MYRIAD, GALA FESTIVE ENTERTAINMENT LOVINGLY PROVIDED BY THE STATE; THEREBY CAUSING US TO FEEL GUILTY AND NOT FUNCTION AT OUR PATRIOTIC BEST!



SINCLAIR WORKING WHILE I TRY TO CONVINCE HIM THAT HE SHOULD GO SEE WHOLESOME, AMERICAN MOVIE: "BEACH BLANKET BINGO"!



ANOTHER INSIDIOUS MAOIST PROPAGANDA DEVICE EMPLOYED BY SINCLAIR IS THE TAKING OF SEVERAL SHOWERS EACH WEEK IN AN OBVIOUS ATTEMPT TO COUNTERACT THE WELL DOCUMENTED EVIDENCE THAT ALL HIPPIES ARE FILTHY!

DOING TIME WITH A GODLESS ANARCHIST

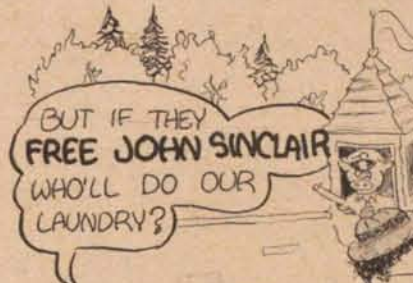
A RIGHT WINGER TALKS ABOUT HIS FELLOW-CONVICT, JOHN SINCLAIR.

By Joe Giacalone



IMMEDIATELY UPON ENTERING MARQUETTE PRISON, SINCLAIR MANEUVERED HIS WAY INTO THE PRISON LAUNDRY IN ORDER TO PERFECT HIS COMMUNIST CHINESE LAUNDRY TECHNIQUES... UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEGINNING OF A MASTER PLAN TO MAOIZE THE NATION'S JOCKEY SHORTS! RUMOR HAS IT THAT HIS RECENT LAUNDERING OF AN AMERICAN FLAG RENDERED THE STRIPES PINK!

SINCLAIR IS RUNNING A CHINESE HAND LAUNDRY UNDER THE VERY NOSES OF THE PRISON OFFICIALS!



BUT IF THEY FREE JOHN SINCLAIR WHO'LL DO OUR LAUNDRY?

JOHN STARTED OUT THE OTHER INMATES ON CLEAN TEE SHIRTS. WHEN THEY WERE HOOKED, HE INTRODUCED THEM CLEAN BRIEFS... THEN STARCHED SHIRTS AND PRESSED SLACKS. NOW THE ENTIRE PRISON POPULATION IS ADDICTED!



*NOTE: WHEN ONE INMATE ATTEMPTED TO BREAK HIS HABIT AND RETURNED TO THE USE OF SOILED UNDERCLOTHES, HE SUFFERED SEVERE WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS... NOT TO MENTION DIAPER RASH.

"It seemed ritualistic."

--A uniformed supervisor at the scene of the murder of Jay Sebring, Sharon Tate, Abigail Folger, Voityck Frykowsky and Steve Parent.

The gas chamber is so barbaric that it defies description. To the stare it appears like some sort of space capsule for a demented Satanic transdimensional flight. Structurally it is an ugly item of airtight suffocation designed to kill the victim with swift robotic austerity. It is easily cleaned--no shit nor puke nor drool of the victim can stain its metal wonder for long, buddy. It is a metal remnant of the type of thinking that has produced the rack and the screw, the dunking stool, the fragmentation bomb, defoliation, oil slicks and other items of cruelty.

What's it like to die in the gas chamber? A question that doubtless has filled your minds with hours of uneasy curiosity. Well, here it is, some data that you've all been ahunger for some glimpses of the filthiest ritual of all, the rite of the imposition of capital punishment.

Although it is difficult to perceive it in Los Angeles, the judiciary in the United States has more or less put a moratorium on the death penalty. Practically all European countries, where human consciousness has gone through centuries of hideous violence, have done away with capital punishment. Seven teen states in the U.S. have no death penalty--except in the case of killing of policemen. In the State of California where 95 or so humans wait on Death Row for the issue to be decided in the courts, the problem is that there are no legal rules which will indicate whether a person is to receive life imprisonment or the death penalty. California has a bifurcated trial system for murder cases; that is, after the trial is over and the jury has decided the question of guilt or innocence--then, if the defendant is deemed guilty by the jury, there is the so-called penalty phase wherein the jury decides, so to speak, to thumb the defendant up or down, life or death. The penalty phase is really a trial itself, where the defendants try to show through the testimony of witnesses (Mom, Dad, former Sunday School teachers, etc.) why they should not get the gas chamber. There are no guidelines for the jury to follow in deciding life or death, so a juror may vote for death on whimsy, because of race (although around 10% of the general population, Blacks account for more than half of the capital punishment cases), because the defendant is not remorseful enough (for instance, it really works against a defendant to continue to protest his innocence in the penalty phase because, in effect, he or she is telling the jury that they are schmucks and wrongly found him guilty). The jury then can say to themselves, "This creep is not remorseful and furthermore he's challenging me; I'm gonna gas him."--or because the defendant picks his nose. In the case of Manson and the three girl defendants, the jury has this incredible horde of testimony in mind, dealing with dope, sex orgies and chop. Where are the witnesses that can erase sex-chop from a prime spot in the feelings of these jurors if ever there should be a penalty trial?

The condemned girl or man leaves Death Row and is brought down the elevator from Death Row in handcuffs clipped to a leather belt at the waist. He/she will spend the last 17 hours of life in a so-called Holding Room or "Ready Room." There are two holding cells because the State of California saw fit to design a gas chamber that could fulfill the American dream of efficiency and economy: for two mammals can be gassed at once in the chamber.

Twenty-two witnesses get to throng outside the gas chamber in front of a guard rail during an execution to see through four (you'd better believe it) airtight windows the victim get snuffed. These so-called witnesses are there to see that the law of the State is carried out with truth, justice and dignity. Printed invitations are sent out for these choice box seats in the citadel of drool.

Only half of the gas chamber is exposed to the witnesses. You will note that the victims have their backs to the witnesses, for only the warden and the prison doctor get the honor of watching the victim's face as he/she dies. On the railing in the witness room is a sign, "Keep Outside Railing At All Times"--evidently silent indication that there was an over-eager witness at some execution that got too close to the event.

On the other side of the wall from the witness room is the so-called Preparation Room, containing a rounded entrance to the chamber that looks like the door to an airplane. There is a narrow passageway about ten feet long leading from the chamber to the Holding Room area. The condemned victim(s) cannot see the gas chamber until they are led into this ten foot passageway. How merciful is honk.

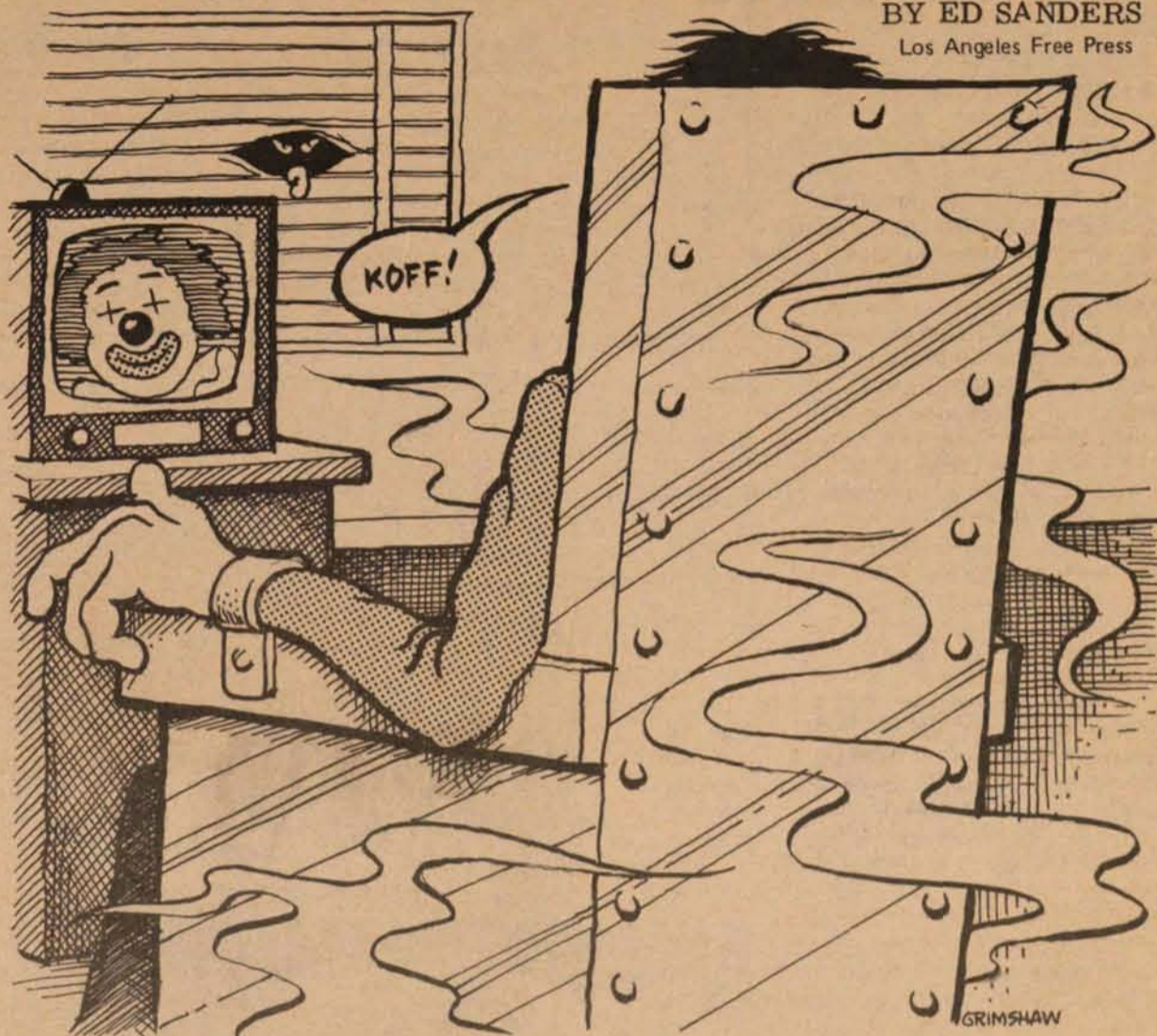
During the seventeen hours of waiting to be murdered, the murderer lies dressed in new blue trousers and blue shirt and cloth slippers. He usually is besieged with chaplains and officials during his/her final hours. The officials are particularly concerned that the victim "die like a Man." Of course, in the modern era of dope and thorazine, this can be accomplished through chemistry. In any case, the chaplains and officials file various reports before the execution trying to predict whether or not the condemned person will pull a freak scene or will be a true American and tap dance down the hall eagerly to his death.

Early in the morning of the execution, honk occupies itself with the precise ritual of brick-out.

This article is dedicated to the old men of the Supreme Court of the U.S., who last week voted to retain the death penalty, at the jury's discretion.

IT'S A GAS, GAS, GAS!!

BY ED SANDERS
Los Angeles Free Press



After all, the cyanide eggs must be counted and wrapped so carefully in cheesecloth. An officer wearing rubber gloves must hang the death-nads, the eggs of cyanide on mechanical arms beneath the death chair in the chamber. They must measure the acid and pour it into the receptacles that channel it into the buckets.

The phone line from the outside must be checked to see if it is in good operating condition in the event of some last-minute reprieve. The officers on the so-called "death watch" receive some sort of extra freaky-duty pay when they participate in an execution. The Lieutenant in charge gets \$150, the executioner \$125, the two guards \$75 each, and the Chaplain \$50.

No longer can a victim get whiskey before the execution--not to think, even, of some grass or hash! They can get a cigarette and some coffee, though, as of the true American Way, Buddy.

The execution is scheduled to commence at 10 a.m. Around 9:50 a.m. the guards check the door to the gas chamber--opening and closing it and checking the pressure--to be sure there is a perfect seal. For verily the officials do not want to get wasted in a seep scene.

The two death watch guards take the traditional green carpet and roll it out and around the corner down to the door of the chamber so that the victim won't have to walk his last steps upon cold concrete.

The Doctor of the prison walks up and utters the victim's full name--you know, like "Richard Allen McVictim." the full legal name you only hear when you are in trouble. The warden comes up for a few words--perhaps he asks you if there are any last words from the condemned man or woman, you know, for the benefit of the thirsty media if they should ask the warden later on. The warden shakes the victim's hands. Thanks for everything, warden baby.

The warden and the doctor walk to the preparation room. It is time for the changing of the clothes. Two guards unlock the door to the victim's cell to supervise the changing. A Doctor joins them. His/her heartbeat is located. A beat-detector is strapped on his/her chest. He then puts on a white shirt for a neat appearance, the black rubber tube of the detector hanging out from the neatness. He attires himself, or if unwilling the guards attire him, in fresh blue denim trousers. He wears no underwear, shoes or stockings. Now he gets to smoke his last Pall Mall.

At 10:00 a.m., the warden flips a signal from his important death post just outside the gas chamber. Any minute. The chaplain says adios. The victim walks down the hall, grabs a right, walks down the narrow creepway to the chamber, steps up over the lip of the device, glances at the horde of witnesses outside staring in honkhood, and sits down. The fabric straps are tightened--one on his waist, one across his chest, one over his/her legs and one over his/her forearms. An officer then attaches a long length of rubber tubing to the black detect-tube hanging out of his white shirt--so that the Doctor can listen in on the wild flutter of the sacrificed victim's heart and determine when it shall have justly ceased to exist. This heart tube leads out to the good Doctor listening

there on the other side of the tank. The window that the Doctor and the Warden watch the death through has a venetian blind so that the eyes of the retching victim can be avoided.

After they strap the soon-deceased into the metal chair, one of the guards, usually at 10:02 a.m., is wont to tell the victim something like, "Take a deep breath as soon as you smell the gas--it will make it easier for you." ("How the fuck would you know!?" is what Barbara Graham is legended to have replied, when her guard said that.) One of the guards touches the victim's shoulders, says goodbye, or good luck, and the guards walk out of the death trap. The steel door is closed and screwed tight.

The warden is the official executioner. He stands outside with the "Chief Medical Officer for San Quentin," who wears his stethoscope headset, both carrying clip boards and pencils. Around 10:03 a.m., the warden nods and the Sergeant pulls the lever that drops the mortal turds into the acid. Plop plop.

In ten or twenty seconds the gas builds up in sufficient potency so that, according to honk, the victim lapses into total unconsciousness. Reporters one has interviewed who have witnessed executions say that there are screams, coughing, hacking, wild facial grimaces and drool. Drool is the chief event. The murdered human loses control over his system, drooling and drooling and drooling. The body slumps. The heart flutters like a maniac bird. Witnesses themselves often get sick, lurching away from the watch railing.

The doctor, after 8 to 10 minutes, finally senses the stillness of the heart (although the victim still could be revived to life if doctors would work on him/her. For instance, a stay of execution came in for Caryl Chessman just as they were dropping the pellets, but the warden let him die because the execution had already begun)--the doctor hears the stillness, notes the time on his clip board, takes off his headset and Death is. The witnesses sign the register and file outside. The gas is sucked out of the chamber; the puke and defecation, if any, is hosed from the metal; the body is hauled away for the relatives or for the dissection lab or the medical school.

Capital punishment is disgusting. Isn't it time to crush that cruel nose-cone at San Quentin in the jaws of the nearest auto compact or in the nearest junkyard?

And as for the living, it is time in America to become civilized--especially this state of California which possesses 6,000,000 hand guns--it is time to stop yodeling with the cruel shrieks of barbarity. The spiritual scream crosses the Nile. A friend recently was talking to some girls who attend the American School in Cairo, learning secretarial skills evidently so that they can work for some of the U.S. oil companies in the Arab countries. They didn't know much about the current scene in America and were even unaware of the Beatles. One of the girls asked my friend, "John Lennon? Isn't he the one who killed Sharon Tate?" No, he isn't; he's the one that says give peace a chance.

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CALENDAR

Fri-May 7

FILM
MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE--Cinema Guild, Arch. Aud., thru Sat.
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE--Aud. A, Angell Hall
LOVING, EASY RIDER--Campus
PATTON, MASH--Michigan
LITTLE BIG MAN--State
THE CONFESSION--Fifth Forum
PLAY
WHITE WHORE & BIT PLAYER,
MARTIN EVENTS--8&9 pm, Canterbury House
MUSIC
UP, GUARDIAN ANGEL, BRAT--Union Ballroom 8pm (50¢)
TIM CARR--Mr. Floods Party
STONE FRONT--Odyssey

Sat-8

FILM
 See Friday listings.
PLAY
 See Friday listings.
MUSIC
TIM CARR--Mr. Flood's Party
FLOATING OPERA--Odyssey

Sun-9

FILM
 See Friday listings.
BLUE ANGEL--Cinema Guild

Mon-10

FILM
 See Friday listings.
PLAY
THE LOVER, ESCURIAL--Canterbury House 8&9 pm
MUSIC
STONEY LONESOME BOYS--Mr. Floods Party

Tues-11

PLAY
 See Monday listings.
FILM
 See Friday listings.

Wed-12

PLAY
 See Monday listings.
FILM
 See Friday listings.
MUSIC
BUDDIES IN THE SADDLE--Odyssey--Wine Nite

Thurs-13

FILM
 See Friday listings.
CHARLIE--Angell Hall, Aud. A
MUSIC
STEVE NEWHOUSE--Mr. Floods Party

Fri-14

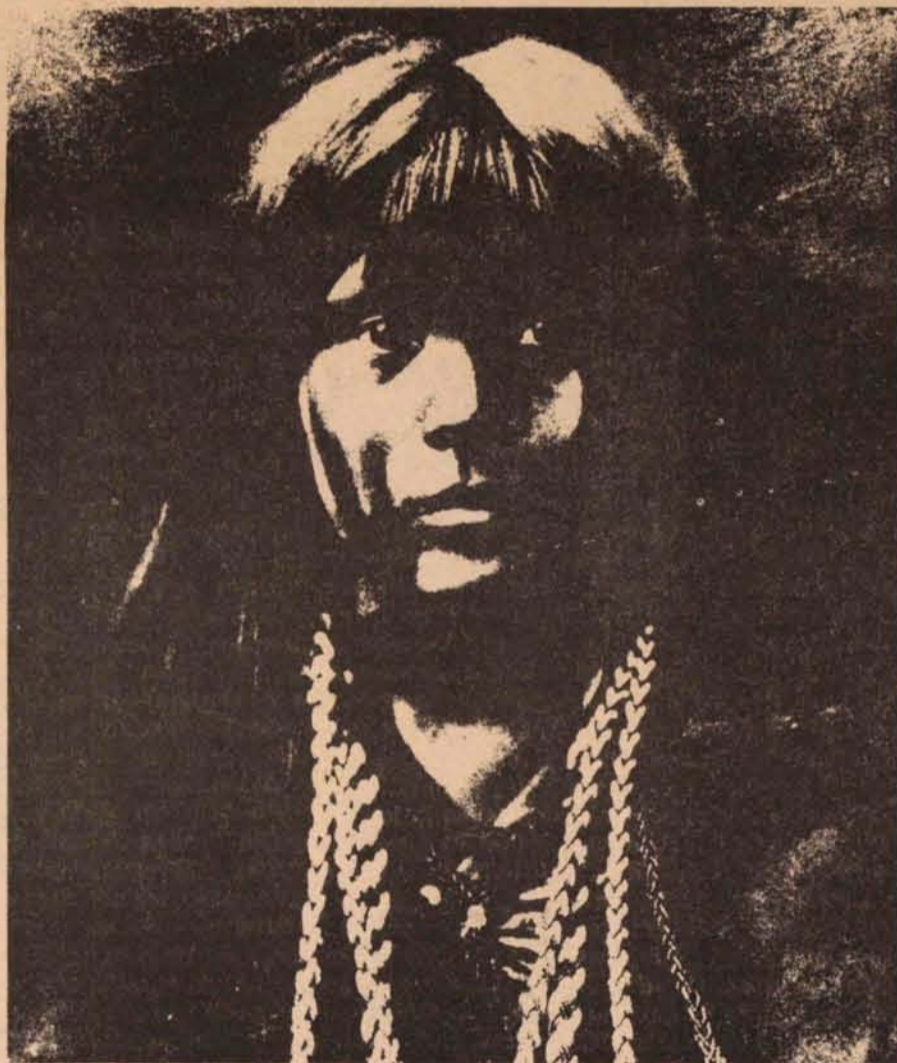
FILM
 See Friday listings.
CITIZEN KANE--Arch. Aud.
CHARLIE--Angell Hall, Aud. A
MUSIC
COMMANDER CODY--Canterbury House
STEVE NEWHOUSE--Mr. Floods Party

Sat-15

FILM
 See Friday, May 7 listings.
CITIZEN KANE--Arch. Aud.
CHARLIE--Angell Hall, Aud. A
MUSIC
 See Friday, May 14 listings.



How long did it take
 your people
 to stray so far
 from the spirit
 How long
 until they forgot
 how to pray
 until they saw no
 beauty
 How long
 until they forgot
 how to be human
 to live with all
 living things
 In peace and harmony
 How long will it
 take them
 to realize that they are
 only animals
 In the domain of the
 Great Spirit.



"Don't feel you're a stranger here.
 This is your land, This is my land.
 This is Indian country.
 My ancestors lived here.
 The Great Spirit put them here,
 Just like he did the oak trees and the water.
 Feel welcome. Let your spirit be free."

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PEOPLES ASTROLOGY

We have often heard the word "metaphysical" applied to astrology. The word metaphysics sets whatever it is you're talking about above the realm of the physical/material world. But that can be a very dangerous concept and easily misunderstood. Metaphysics is the study of the very basic, universal truths. It's dangerous when it gets separated from the everyday reality around us--then metaphysics becomes something made up in our heads that doesn't have anything to do with the real, objective world.

Metaphysics is actually a stage in the process of dialectics. (Check out On Practice by Mao for more on this). By observing what goes on around us we can come to some general conclusions as to their nature. We can then apply what we have concluded to actual, concrete situations, check out the results of what we've done and see if our conclusions (theories) were correct. If not, we then adjust our practice to correspond with reality and thereby make what we do better and more effective.

Astrology is the same. Studying astrology in relationship to only our selves as individuals is separating us from reality, because reality is the sum total of what's happening to everybody--what's happening to one person is only a part of the whole thing. Acting only for the benefit of yourself as an individual is backwards Western thinking. Everything we do as individuals is related in one way or another to what everyone else is doing. Every action we take affects other people. The sooner we understand that the sooner we begin to act for the betterment of all people, and not just for ourselves and our friends or immediate family.

Mars went into Aquarius May 3rd. Aquarius is the sign of universal brother and sisterhood. It is futuristic, forward-looking, and the colors associated with it are all the colors of the Rainbow. Mars is energy. In death culture astrology it is the God of War: heavily destructive energy. We have to learn how to take the incredible energy of Mars and put it to good use. Now is the time to direct our energy towards building what Rainbow Nation, the eventual unity of all peoples on the planet in cooperation for the benefit of everyone, can and will be. We have some heavy opposition, but it is struggle that makes us strong.

That's what Saturn is about. Saturn is in Taurus now and has been since last year. Saturn is connected with Satan, the tester, putting us through shit to make us strong. That's another universal truth--the more we struggle the stronger we get. (Ho Chi Minh once wrote that "calamity has hardened and tempered me / and turned my mind into steel.") Be careful though, because Saturn can really put limits on things, especially while in Taurus, the Bull, which has the tendency to be very stubborn. Saturn at its best helps us to discipline ourselves to do what we have to do, and we really do need to be patient and learn to be diligent in attaining our goals.

The Moon changes signs every two or three days. In the light of the demonstrations in Washington last week I think it's important to point out that the Moon was in Leo from 4:37 a.m. Saturday May 1st to 4:05 p.m. on Monday May 3rd. Leo is a fire sign, ruled by the Sun. At it's best it's extremely creative; at it's worst it's ego-fixed. With the Moon in Leo reactions are easily fiery and very hard to control. Monday afternoon the 3rd the Moon went into Virgo, which is very detailed, choosy, and calculated. With the Moon in Virgo we tend to think more before reacting off the wall about anything.

The Moon went into Libra on Thursday the 6th at 5:00 a.m. Libra is the scales, harmony and balance, the universal order. It's most apparent in relationships between people. The Moon in Libra is usually very nice. From there it goes into Scorpio on Saturday the 8th at 5:01 p.m. Scorpio is the life/death cycle. It can be rejuvenation or the deadly sting of the scorpion. There'll be a full moon in Scorpio on Monday the 10th. The intensity of Scorpio coupled with the intensity of a full Moon will be noticeable for sure.

Tuesday the 11th at 3:07 a.m. the Moon goes into Sagittarius, the Centaur. Half-human, half-horse, it is the Sage, combining the intuition of the horse with the wisdom of humans, shooting it's arrow high in the sky, striving for very high goals. It's a fire sign and digs to travel--the Moon in Sagittarius is far out, though it can be hard to deal with in certain circumstances. Everything has a dual nature, it can either be positive or negative.

The understanding possible from the study of astrology goes much deeper than the sketches made here. Relate all of what's been said here to the position of the planets when you were born and you can go very deep into what's affecting your actions and thoughts. You can get your horoscope (a charting of the planet's positions at your moment of birth) done for a couple of dollars at Circle Books, 215 S. State St., Ann Arbor, or you can get books there which teach you how to do your own. They also have a calendar that shows the planets' positions and their changes for every day, plus a lot of other information. Just knowing only the positions of the Sun and Moon every day can really help. The more information we have the closer we are to being able to define our own lives. Dig it.

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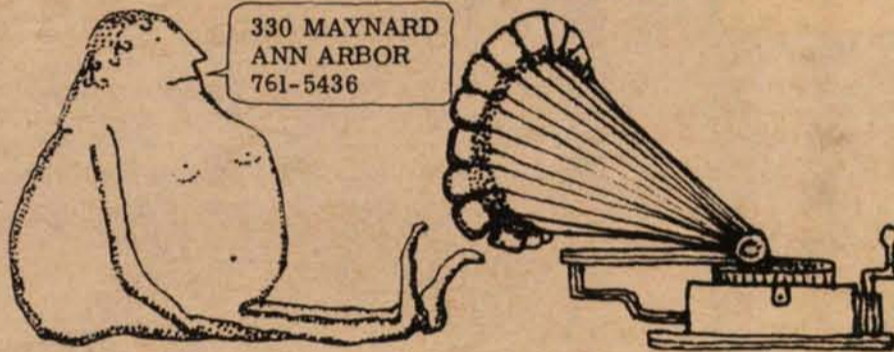
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