

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



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

UPS

LNS

FLASH! JULY 26th 1968

VIVA FIDEL! 26 JULIO 1953

MC5 ATTACKED BY POLICE ON JOB--JOHN SINCLAIR, FRED SMITH BEATEN,  
MACED, ARRESTED--CHARGED WITH ASSAULTING POLICE OFFICERS

Poet-SUN editor-MC5 manager John Sinclair and MC5 guitarist Fred Smith were brutally assaulted, beaten, MACED, and arrested by members of the National Security Police and the Oakland County Sheriff's Department while performing at a teen-club in Oakland County last Tuesday, July 23rd, on the first anniversary of the Detroit people's rebellion of 1967. The two victims of police terrorism were charged with assault and battery of a police officer and are presently free on \$2500 bond pending their pre-trial examination September 12th before Oakland County Justice of the Peace Kenneth Hempstead, who arraigned them and set the exorbitant bond. The charge is a high misdemeanor and carries a maximum two-year prison sentence.

The scene took place at The Loft, a teen-club located at 130 Army Road in Leonard, Michigan (between Pontiac and Lapeer in Oakland County), where the MC5 had been contracted to play a dance job. Loft owner Harold O. Boumer had contracted the MC5 there before on two previous occasions and had bounced checks on the band for those jobs totalling \$394.00. Sinclair, who manages the MC5, agreed to the July 23rd booking, arranged by agent Mike Quatro, in order to collect the money owed the band by Boumer, who had stipulated in his contract with the band that the past debts would be paid in full in cash before the MC5 went on stage and that the band would also receive 40% of the night's gross receipts as their pay for the July 23rd job.

When the band arrived, however, they were confronted by the Loft's rent-a-pigs, and told by Captain Kenneth Osborne "not to play that song with motherfucker in it." When they went inside, Boumer apologized for Osborne's actions and said he had nothing to do with it. He didn't have the \$394.00 and offered Sinclair \$100.00 in front and all the night's gate receipts if the MC5 would play. Sinclair conferred with the band, who decided to do it because there was a large appreciative audience who would have been cheated by the clubowners' dirty work. Sinclair took the \$100 and the band went on stage.

The rent-a-pigs had the house announcer stop the show after the band had played "Ramblin' Rose," "Kick Out the Jams," and "Come Together," the first three songs in a scheduled hour-and-a-half show (which was finally completed Friday night at

the Michigan Union Ballroom at a benefit for the Ann Arbor Resistance). The band asked the audience if they should stop and were told to keep playing in no uncertain terms by the paying customers. The band went into "Black to Comm," their legendary closing piece, and ended the show, cleared the stage, and began packing up to leave the creep scene.

Meanwhile the rent-a-pigs had apparently called the Oakland County Sheriff's Dept and reported a riot situation, and they blockaded the exits so that no one could leave the club. They figured they'd better have a riot situation when the official pigs arrived, so they created one, or tried to. Sinclair was checking the stage area to make sure everything had been packed and carried off--the rest of the band and the equipment crew were waiting downstairs to get out--when owner Boumer arrived at the stage to talk to Sinclair. Boumer again apologized for his police and begged Sinclair to have the equipment brought back up so the MC5 could play a second set! Sinclair was amazed at this development and promptly told Boumer that he was stone crazy and that he'd better start controlling his pigs or he wouldn't have a club left because the paying customers wouldn't stand for it. Boumer kept talking about a second set and dodging the money issue when the rent-a-pigs and the Oakland County Sheriff's Deputies, in riot gear, led by Osborne, appeared at the top of the stairs and marched toward the stage, where Sinclair and Boumer were sitting down talking business.

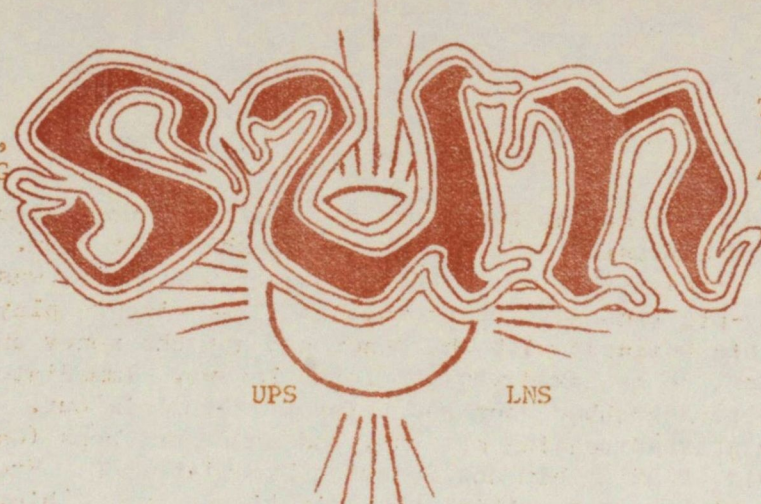
Osborne told Sinclair to get out in a pig-like snort. Sinclair asked him what he meant. Osborne repeated his abrupt command. Sinclair said he couldn't leave until he got the money. Osborne and his hited assistant brutally grabbed Sinclair by the arms and lifted him to his feet, and when he tried to free himself from their grip they jumped on him and threw him to the floor, beating him with clubs, nightsticks, fists, and blackjacks. During the melee an Oakland Co. pig, D. Gilbert, badge no. 81, squirted Sinclair in the face with MACE, and another pig handcuffed him. Girls were screaming and crying, there was blood all over Sinclair's face and body and the floor, and the police were then beating Fred Smith, who had come up from downstairs when he heard the screams. The pigs apparently recognized Smith as a member of the band and two of them seized Fred and started dragging him over into a corner, beating him and pushing him.

The two artists were taken to the Oakland County jail and booked on charges of assault and battery on a police officer. The complaints were signed by D. Gilbert, who claimed Smith had jumped him. Osborne had no official capacity as a pig and was refused a warrant by the desk sergeant, so Gilbert had to sign his too. The men were held overnight and arraigned the next noon, when the \$2 500 bond was set on each man. Sinclair was released at 1 am July 25th when his wife posted bond with the help of Wardford Bonding Agency and some close friends. Fred Smith's bond was also posted at this time but he was held on an old (1966) Oakland County warrant charging him with being a disorderly person.

Sinclair and Smith have pleaded NOT GUILTY to the charge and will fight it in court as well as file suit against Osborne, Boumer, the Loft, and National Security Police for damages sustained in the attack. The news media were never informed of the assault by the police, who are trying to keep it all hid. Read this week's Fifth Estate for Sinclair's detailed account.

Donations to the Trans-Love Defense Fund are needed now more than ever. Please help us however you can--even a quarter will help--or you'll probably be next. The fascist creeps are trying to stomp ALL OF US out--DON'T LET THEM DO IT!

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



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

(July 23rd, Ann Arbor) What follows is a deposition written by Rob Tyner, Wayne Kramer and Dennis Thompson of the MC5 upon their return from the Loft and the Oakland County Jail, where they had accompanied Fred Smith and John Sinclair as they were arrested and booked on charges of assaulting a police officer. Later TLE-SUN releases bring aspects of this deposition up to date, but this is the immediate news as it happened.

#### MC5 DEPOSITION 7/23/68

This is Rob, Wayne and Dennis of the MC5 speaking. We'll just run the facts of the latest pig scene as it happened to us.

We arrived at the Loft to play our job and were immediately taken aside and told by a group of four "officers" that there could be no "four-letter words" on stage. John told them he had a contract to do the job and there weren't any provisions other than that we were to work there. The dude who owns the club owed us \$400 in back money (and another \$200 to the Up) for the last two jobs we played there, when he bounced checks on us and the Up. When we talked to him he said he only had a hundred dollars and would we accept the hundred and let him owe us the rest. There was a capacity crowd to see the shoe, so we decided to take the hundred and do one long set for the kids.

We went on as usual, Kramer singing "Ramblin' Rose" and the kids dug it. Then Rob went on with "Kick Out the Jams, Motherfucker," and "Come Together." At this point someone on the house p.a. stopped the show saying that the MC5 were through because we "broke the rules." The audience booed heavily and got pissed. So we asked on our p.a. whose rules they were talking about...and decided to keep on with our set. We were working for the kids and the owner and he hadn't told us or John anything about stopping.

We did one more tune and they said we had to get offstage so their folksinger could come on and sing about freedom and peace. We wanted to play the one the kids were waiting for and went directly into "Black to Comm" so we could at least finish our show before being dragged off the stage or until they shut the power off like before. So we finished and got off the stage and were told that the rent-a-pigs had called the local police.

When the six riot-equipped police units arrived (complete with electric cattle-prods, MACE, guns and nightsticks) the clubowner and the rent-a-pigs locked the doors of the club to contain the already riled-up crowd (chants of we want our money back & let the 5 finish). The kids found out that the doors were locked and really got pissed off. No show, no money (\$2.00 to \$2.50) plus being held against their will.

The police decided to clear the two-story club with the doors locked causing general panic, disorder and confusion. Here's where the shit went down. Our manager, John Sinclair (sitting onstage talking to the clubowner upstairs), was told to "GET OUT" by the head rent-a-pig (who gave us trouble the last time we played there). John wanted to finish his business with the owner and get the money and oversee the equipment operation, so he asked why should he leave. Immediately the head pig and one of his helpers grabbed John and tried to throw him out. When he tried to free himself they started beating his ass, and some more cops (Oakland County pigs) jumped on him, beating him and spraying him with MACE. Fred Smith (MC5 guitarist) seeing his brother getting the shit kicked out of him, charged to his side. He was also knocked down and beaten, and then dragged across the floor on his face and thrown against the wall. (At this time the rest of us were being thrown out the ground-level door--the beatings happened upstairs in the dance floor-stage area). The crowd was screaming obscenities at the pigs and clubowner. The angry rock and roll fans were congregated outside running some incredibly raw shit at the pigs not to mention coke bottles and rocks. Several bales of hay leaning against the building were set ablaze but this was quickly extinguished.

At the Oakland County Jail (where Sinclair and Smith were being held) we were confronted by an astounding array of heavily-armed riot cops from the whole county. There were five brothers and a sister trying to get Sinclair and Smith out on bail. We weren't allowed in the building. So there they sit, injured and enraged and we can't do a thing for them until we know what the story is. There'll be a complete follow-up story when we get the details.

(July 29th, Ann Arbor) As per the later report in this release, Sinclair and Smith were booked on charges of "assault and battery on a police officer" and bail was set at \$2500 apiece, which was posted on the 24th. Sinclair was freed at 1 am 7/25 but the pigs dug up an old (1966) warrant on Fred and held him until a fine could be paid for "disorderly person" amounting to \$60. The pigs told Fred that there were three more of the 1966 warrants--for Rob, Wayne and Mike Davis--charging them with "disorderly person" too. The charges have to do with this job we played in West Bloomfield Township in July, 1966, where we all went skinny-dipping in a pool after a private party gig. Somebody called the police but when they came everyone was out of the pool and dressed, and no arrests were made. We had forgotten all about it until they nailed Fred with it.

On Sunday night, July 28th, we went to Oakland University to play a benefit for ALSAC (Aid to Leukemia-Stricken American Children). On the way there we were met by Ron and Steve of our equipment crew who told us that the Oakland County pigs were laying an ambush scene for us at Oakland U, so we turned around and went home. There were more than 10 cruisers waiting to jump us at the University as some fans came to our house after the gig and told us about it. The Oakland Co. pigs also got another clubowner at Mt. Holly to cancel out our scheduled booking for this Wednesday (31) because they told him that they expected trouble. We are really fucked up for money after putting out all that bond money and now they won't even let us work to make some back.

More news as it happens.

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



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

UPS/

/LNS

SUN #8 7/29/68

VIGIL

"...implies watchfulness. Anyone trying to attain perfection is faced with various obstacles in life which tend to sidetrack him. Here, therefore, I mean watchfulness against elements that might be destructive-- from within or without"

--John Coltrane

There are forces that will move against you even though the world is yours. You must watch for them, all ways, even though you should not have to. They will move in ways you will not know, for you are pure, and their movement is not as yours is, straight and direct, as you move all ways through the world. Oh they will strike you as you move to grow, they will knock you down, they will kick you in the face and smile, they will have you understand that the world is not yours, it is theirs they say, and you will not know why they would have you die a death like theirs, no, you will not come to understand them, and they will keep at you. They will call you their enemy, even though you know not what an "enemy" is, you are not bent, you are straight, straight and open to their blows, you cannot know that they get their kicks that way, you go your own way and it is good, it is only natural that you do, "I don't try to set standards of perfection for anyone else. I do feel everyone does try to reach his better self, his full potential, and what that consists of depends on each individual. Whatever that goal is, moving toward it does require vigilance." And you will watch for them, you will be vigilant, because you have to. You do what you have to. You are a meat creature, moving in the world. You can not lose,

because there are no more games to play,  
and they can not win. You will move as you have to,  
and they will move to stop you. You can not be stopped. They do not  
know that, and they will move against you. Watch for them,  
and help them. Turn them on, don't  
turn on them. They are weak, and you are strong. They have the  
world to lose. The world is yours. Move in it, and be strong. Yes. Be strong.

John Sinclair  
9 February 1967  
Detroit  
Sun in Aquarius

The poem is the first in John Sinclair's book MEDITATIONS: a suite for John Coltrane, published by the Artists' Workshop Press/Trans-Love Energies last year. It is included in this release for obvious reasons.

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



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

FLASH! JULY 27th 1968

TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE

MC5 ARRESTED IN ANN ARBOR FOR PLAYING FREE MUSIC IN WEST PARK  
CHARGED WITH DISTURBING THE PEACE

Rob Tyner, Wayne Kramer, Fred Smith, Michael Davis and Dennis Thompson--the MC5-- were arrested by Ann Arbor Police Friday, July 26th, and charged with "disturbing the peace" and "disorderly person" as a result of a free concert they organized and played in AA's West Park last Sunday (21). The band posted \$125 in bond money Friday and will face the charges in Ann Arbor Municipal Court Monday (29).

The warrants stem from complaints by neighbors of the park about the alleged "noise" created by the band last Sunday. The principal complainant, Johannah Lemble, whose name appears on the warrant, charges the men individually with creating an "unreasonable and disturbing noise" and with "disturbing the peace" by being "loud and boisterous," in violation of city ordinances.

What went down is this: Last summer free rock and roll concerts were held in West Park every Sunday through the middle of September. Ron Miller, bassist for the now-defunct Seventh Seal (who is presently in Europe touring with his present band, the Pigfuckers), obtained the original permits for the concerts, and the Seal as well as bands like the Prime Movers, Charles Moore's avant jazz group, Billy C. and the Sunshine, the Up, the Roscoe Mitchell Unit from Chicago, and San Francisco's Grateful Dead, took the stand every Sunday afternoon to play for their friends and lovers.

John Sinclair and Ron Levine of Trans-Love applied for a permit to use the West Park bandshell some weeks ago and received a flat refusal. Apparently a new ordinance was passed during the winter months to keep these concerts from happening again this year. After giving the matter some consideration, including consultations with attorneys and local heads, the Trans-Love people decided to just go down to the park and set up and kick out the jams, since the parks belong to the people anyway. Two Sundays ago (14th July, Bastille Day) the MC5 set up in the picnic shelter in the park and played a 45-minute set for a great audience of pale and black people, including Mayor Wendell Helcher and Police Lt. Eugene Staudemire, both of whom expressed their desire to Sinclair to work out some kind of compromise so that these important community functions could go on. However, neither man had contacted Sinclair during the following week (outside of a brief street rap with Staudemire) and the band decided to make it on down to the park again on the next Sunday afternoon. Word of mouth spread the news, and a large grooving audience was there ready for it.

The UP played the first set and smoked all the way through, with a short interruption when two uniformed Ann Arbor policemen mounted the stage in an attempted suppression scene. Lt. Staudemire emerged from the audience where he had been digging the proceedings and cooled out the patrolmen. He explained to the bands that the neighbors around the park were complaining about the noise and could they turn down a little to see how it'd work out? Sure. The UP did the rest of their show, and the 5 followed with a complete one-hour show with no more incidents. Staudemire, who seems to've emerged as the city's unofficial liaison agent with the Trans-Love freeks, explained after the music was over that there had been many complaints and that the city would probably take some action against them, but it wasn't until Friday that the arrests were made.

There was no music in the park this weekend, but one interesting development has taken place: city officials have expressed a further desire to meet with Sinclair and other hip spokesmen this next week to see what can be worked out in terms of free outdoor concerts. Meanwhile petitions are being circulated among Ann Arbor's hip citizenry to demonstrate the need for such concerts.

More news as it happens.

FLASH! More news happened. On Sunday, July 28, as this SUN was going to press, the MC5 was travelling to Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan, to play a benefit for ALSAC (Aid to Leukemia-Stricken American Children) when they were met by their equipment crew, who reported that they'd been at the gig and were greeted by more than 10 Oakland County Sheriff's Department cars. Apparently the legendary Oakland pigs had warrants for Rob Tynes, Mike Davis and Wayne Kramer dating back to 7/25/66 and were determined to cash them in at Oakland U when the band arrived. We just turned around and went home.

Stay tuned to the paper radio for more news as it happens.

THE SUN, paper medium of the Trans-Love Energies community, is issued whenever feasible by local mindless acid freeks as a community service. It'll have to do until we can take over a few radio and television stations. All labor and materials are free.



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



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

FLASH! THIS IS THE NEWS! POETRY IS REVOLUTION! WHERE ARE THE RED MEN? WHO ARE YOU?

PONTIAC'S SPEECH TO THE WHITE MAN

Out of the blue sky, out of  
the waters, out of the woods, of the deer,  
the beaver the bush the bird flies, out  
of my people the blood, out of  
so many moons in this place a man  
cannot count them, out of  
grace with the Great Spirit who  
gave us this land, you seek  
to push us.

(At night, in my dreams,  
already I smell you, I smell  
your railroads, your sawmills,  
my mother's hair burning in the forest, I  
smell these things in my dreams,  
I see that Chrysler plant you intend  
over the graves of my people. You  
cannot fool me! I am the  
land you seek, I am the supple  
bowing of the branches, I am the leaves,  
waving a warning to my young men,  
I have the strength  
of all the roots in the forest  
under me, the fox and the bear and the hawk and the badger  
have given me their skills; all things and creatures  
in the forest have given me what is theirs  
for I have given them my spirit, I have, since  
the Great Spirit first placed us here, I have  
trod with respect and care over  
my mother's flesh, over  
this land.

All this! All this! All this!

you will have to push out, you white men, you  
weak pale-faced rum-drinking cowards, you  
who have not been able to manage  
your own affairs in your own land, you  
who come now to desecrate mine. Ahhh, this

is your last chance, you bastards,  
get the fuck out NOW,

or forever be food for the wrath of the forest people.

(I know,  
in my dreams, I know your perverse  
power, your guns and your  
driven multitudes of paid and punished  
warriors, and I know, in my dreams,  
against you my branches may break,  
my leaves may be burned, my fur  
singed and bleeding in the bitter cold  
of your ways, and my heart bleeds, my roots  
squirm and heave with these apprehensions,

but I hear, in my dreams I hear  
over the clamor of your Fords, over  
the cries of your powdery women in  
your department stores, over the  
shriek of the mutilated forest itself, I hear

another tongue, my tongue  
in another's mouth, in my dreams I hear  
the triumph of my forest speech  
in another time, and it says, it  
screams with a vengeance

UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKERS!

Dave Sinclair  
1968, in Detroit,  
land of the Ottawas and  
Wyandots

FLASH! THE PANTHERS GO TO NIGHT COURT

(New York, July 20--LNS)- This black chick got slapped by some liquor store owner, and somehow the Panthers heard about it, so this Panther went back to the liquor store and got into a hassle with the owner. He called the pigs, and the Panther was busted. The case came up in Night Court, and there were like four hundred Black Panthers there. When the Panther who was charged walked into court they all stood up. The bailiffs both pulled out their guns and swung them back and forth, while the Panthers just stared at them. Four hundred Panthers, standing up for their brother. The judge cooled the bailiffs and dismissed the charge against the Panther.

Think about what 400 freaks could do in court when a brother is hassled.  
Be advised. Be free.....