

Northland

The time is right

Tommie the Commie

1969

“Gimme a p—P”

“Gimme a i—I”

“Gimme a g—G”

“What’s that spell—PIG!”

“What do they do—SUCK!”

Every Saturday afternoon the freeks and greasers from Northwest Detroit and the suburbs go to Northland shopping center to see their friends, get high and hang out.

Pigs at Northland, like all pigs, hate freeks and greasers and over the last year they have been busting the brothers and sisters on jive charges like “loitering” or for being “disorderly persons.” For months people have just kinda accepted that fucked-up harassment without complaining or anything. But Saturday, Dec. 6, the pigs busted one brother too many and all hell broke loose.

What happened was that the pigs had been harassing us freeks all day long, telling us to keep moving, oinking at us and writing tickets and shit like that.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, appears the jivest, ugliest, fattest, smelliest, meanest pair of punk-ass pigs in the whole Northland Police Department. They jogged up and pounced on a long-haired brother who was just sitting, minding his own business rapping with some friends about whether or not Russ Gibb is really dead.

The pigs grabbed him, tearing his coat, and dragged him toward the hole leading to the Northland pig station. A handful of freeks followed them trying to discover why the pigs were trying this nasty shit, but the pigs wouldn’t answer.

The rest of us decided to go down to the station and free our brother and maybe kick the ass of the 15 Northland pigs. When the 400 of us got down to the station the pigs started swinging their billy clubs and acting like scared crazy bastards.

The freeks got freaked and retreated to the mall, where we held a meeting and decided to do it again. Before we could get it together, however, a pack of Southfield pigs arrived on the scene, causing the entire shopping center to stink like stale pork.

The Northland pigs crawled out from the hole where they keep the pig station and they looked great. Anyone could tell that they weren’t used to wearing their fancy riot equipment—they had their helmets on backwards and bootlaces untied until the more intelligent Southfield pigs explained to them’ how to dress without the help of mother.

Once the pigs got their shit together, they started beating and busting freeks and black brothers and causing general panic among the shoppers. It was wild. Old ladies out for a peaceful day of Christmas shopping were trampling one another in a mad attempt to get out of the way of the crazy bastard pigs. Someone threw something at a pig car, a few brothers attacked the pigs with chains and others lit fires.

A whole paddy wagon full of our brothers and sisters got busted during the action. We should not allow that to happen again. If we had stuck together and fought together it would not have been possible for those rinky-dink, fatassed pigs to bust anyone.

See you there next week.

All power to the people!

Sidebar

EAST LANSING (LNS-CPS)—The Young Adult Conference of the Young Women’s Christian Association has endorsed legalization of marijuana and has called for using YWCA facilities for the dispensation of birth control aids to married and single women alike.

In addition, the “Y” members, all under 35 years of age, came out for the repeal of all abortion laws, in favor of anti-war demonstrations and for black self determination.

Sidebar

Legal Hang-Ups?

A legal column will begin in the next issue of the *Fifth Estate* and will be a regular feature of the paper, as long as there is sufficient reader interest. The Mouthpiece, one of Detroit’s movement attorneys, will answer all questions relating to criminal and civil laws. Address all correspondence to “Mouthpiece,” The Fifth Estate, 1107 West Warren, Detroit, 48201.

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