

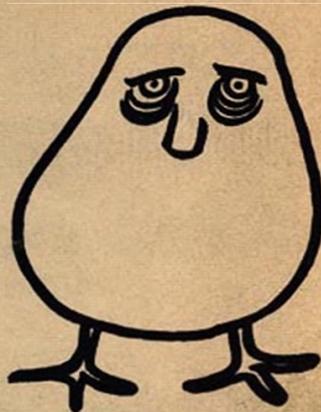
Sirhan Sirhan Is Alive In Walla Walla

No. 82

September, 1968

35 Cents

The Realist



THE YIPPIES ARE GOING TO CHICAGO

by Jerry Rubin

by Abbie Hoffman

I was ending my fifth hour at the typewriter, without any break for food, when there was a soft knock at the door. I was slightly annoyed, because in 45 minutes I was due to meet Nancy and my brother and his girl for dinner and a film. The movie? *Wild in the Streets* — a saga about American youths who smoke dope, dance to rock music, and overthrow the government through revolution. I should have known . . .

Gil, my brother, goes with Nancy's sister, and that's got a nice sense of drama about it. I was looking forward to the evening. The knock came again, soft, even sexy. The sexy knocks are the scary ones.

"Who's there?"

Sounds of silence.

Ominousness.

"Who's there?"

"Police, want to talk with you about a homicide in the Bronx."

"Open up!"

"Do you have a search warrant?" I heard myself ask. "Put it under the door."

"Police Department, narcotics, open up!"

In the movement, hardly a week goes by without some mention of the day when the round-up "knock on the door" will roust us out of bed in the middle of the night. But there was American comfort and convenience in this visit — it was late in the afternoon. Nazi Germany lacked consideration.

I had kind of an absurd feeling. One part of me wanted to say to these cops: "Oh, what took you so long? I've been fighting this fucking ugly system for ten years, man. You finally noticed me!" My body experienced a feeling similar to that when Bobby Kennedy was killed. Shock mixed with an eerie sense of inevitability.

I could see my door pounded into a pulp so I opened it, and three agitated brutes dressed in work clothes pushed into my kitchen. Two of them were twice my size. It was almost with some relief that I discovered from their badges that they really were cops and not just right-wing toughs

(Continued on Page 21)

Last December a group of us in New York conceived the Yippie idea. We had four main objectives:

1. The blending of pot and politics into a political grass leaves movement — a cross-fertilization of the hippie and New Left philosophy.

2. A connecting link that would tie as much of the underground together as was willing into some gigantic national get-together.

3. The development of a model for an alternative society.

4. The need to make some statement, especially in revolutionary action-theater terms, about LBJ, the Democratic Party, electoral politics, and the state of the nation.

To accomplish these tasks required the construction of a vast myth, for through the notion of myth large numbers of people could get turned on and, in that process of getting turned on, begin to participate in Yippie and start to focus on Chicago. Precision was sacrificed for a greater degree of suggestion. People took off in all directions in the most sensational manner possible:

"We will burn Chicago to the ground!"

"We will fuck on the beaches!"

"We demand the Politics of Ecstasy!"

"Acid for all!"

"Abandon the Creeping Meatball!"

And, all the time: "Yippie! Chicago — August 25-30."

Reporters would play their preconceived roles: "What is the difference between a hippie and a yippie?" A hundred different answers would fly out, forcing the reporter to make up his own answers; to distort. And distortion became the life-blood of the Yippies.

Yippie was in the eye of the beholder.

Perhaps Marshall McLuhan can help.

This is taken from an interview in the current Columbia University yearbook:

McLuhan: "Myth is the mode of simultaneous aware-
(Continued on Page 23)



No, Virginia

by Alan Whitney

Nature Makes Its Own Rules

I hadn't realized Martha Raye's true value to our freedom fighters in Vietnam until I read a recent interview Bill Slocum did with this admittedly versatile performer. "Miss Raye," said Slocum, "has worked for as few as two soldiers and as many as 9000 'at a place I can't tell you.' She did two seven-day tricks with the 7th fleet, a thing no woman has ever done before." It certainly sounds unprecedented.

Chaff in the Wind

Lou Harris, the poll cat, has discovered the generation gap, and contributed to its widening by conducting a survey on the subject. Using a "carefully drawn cross section of 1506 parents of teenagers across the country," Harris presented them with a list of possibly unkosher activities in which young people might engage. These ranged from perennial favorites like "going steady" to more contemporary practices such as "girls wearing miniskirts" and "smoking marijuana."

The parents were asked to tell whether or not they know a teenager who did each of these things, and then whether they would forbid their own kids to do so. As a result, we now know that 37% of American parents have spotted at least one teenager (sex unspecified) who is guilty of "wearing sandals all the time," and 19% would forbid their children to get in that particular bag. The item is not without value, since it at least demonstrates clearly what generation Harris is in. I don't know a single teenager who would conduct a poll on the prevalence of, or attitudes toward, the wearing of spats, corsets or sincere ties, either all the time, at certain hours or on special occasions.

Only 27% of Harris' "carefully drawn cross section" know a teenager who practices the vice described as "petting on a date." On the scale of forbiddance, it ranks slightly higher than "girls wearing miniskirts" but well below the deplorable phenomenon next above it, "boys growing long hair." If we now glance back at the figure for "wearing sandals all the time," we see that it outranks petting as a teenage rite by 10 percentage points. When I was that age, quite the opposite was true. Maybe the younger generation is in more trouble than we thought.

Probably not, though, because there seems to be an important gap in the list of juvenile sports. Harris, who faces right up to such issues as pot, LSD, booze and "going to a hippie 'be-in,'" didn't see fit to ask anything about fucking, either "on a date" or in other cir-

cumstances. His only sex question was the one about petting. What we may have here is a reflection of our money-conscious society. Shacking up in a motel is okay, but petting is discouraged because the girl's clothes might get damaged: "Have fun, Susie, but if you come home with semen on your new plaid skirt I swear I won't let you have your face lifted for graduation!"

At the risk of giving Harris' study more scientific interpretation than it deserves, I have to take note of his data indicating that parents put down marijuana more strongly than they do LSD. The only conclusion I can find there is that a lot of his carefully-drawn think LSD is a new detergent, or at worst a 102-millimeter cigarette.

And now, kids, it's time to strike back. As one who believes that fair is fair and who refuses to be classified in any generation, I have devised a poll for teenagers. Below is a list of dubious practices often associated with parents. If you know anyone over 30 who does each thing, write yes after that item.

- Calling spades "niggers."
- While at worship, scratching groin with hymn book.
- Finding *National Enquirer* on subway.
- Men singing *Old Macdonald Had a Farm* at Lions Club meeting.
- Men wearing spurs while patronizing call girls.
- Men wearing spurs while spanking daughters.
- Men wearing spurs all the time.
- Working for advertising agency.
- Buying war bonds.
- Women wearing girdles.
- Fags making underground movies.
- Reading *Diners Club Magazine*.
- Calling girls "gals."
- Getting hooked on Tums.
- Men having picture taken smoking pipe.
- Humming cigarette commercials.
- Men financing athletic scholarships for cretins.
- Digging Fred Waring.

Finished? Okay. Now, send your ballot to Louis Harris & Associates, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. He'll look you up when he carefully draws his cross-section of malcontents. That's if you're a boy. If you're a girl, deliver it to my apartment personally, and we'll see if we can think up some new diversions for your parents and Lou Harris to worry about.

Political Prurience

A stripper in Chicago bills herself as Che Che Guevara. The ads proclaim that "Che Che Lives" and go on to describe her as "The Bolivian Bombshell With Her Revolutionary Revolutions" . . . And in Paris, a girl named Vaite Wong takes off a Red Guard uniform while reading from the thoughts of Mao-Tse-tung.

Frere Jacquetrapp

The little boy dolls complete with cocks teach little girls that a penis is just another organ, no more deserving of special attention than the pancreas — right? Wrong. I know a 4-year-old who has a *petit frere*. When she showed it to me, I made some elaborately casual adult comment like, "That's a nice doll, Cassie." All this did was convince her that I was a dolt who had missed the point. "Look at that!" she squealed, pointing to the feature that set it apart from all the other dolls in her stable.

Occasionally Reliable Sources

Have you noticed that the media quote Pravda and Izvestia with smug skepticism except on anti-China stories, which are accorded status of holy writ?

Cult of the 30s' Dept.

A group of right-wingers have lately founded Westminster Academy, a private school in the Chicago area. It uses the McGuffey reader, gives fundamentalist Bible lessons and spurns the new math in favor of the old. And in case you're wondering why parody is a dying art, the curriculum lists only one modern language: "compulsory German, starting at the junior-kindergarten (4-year-old) level."

Fit-to-Print Dept.

This classified ad ran for several days in the personal notices column of the *New York Times*:

"J. G.—French Union Crippled Kingdom you officials unorganized—B."

The initial reaction is that the *Times* advertising department was a little un-organized, too.

Ghoul Dept.

Like advertising people, press agents are constantly seeking, and never quite achieving, admission to civilized society. They give themselves fancy titles like "public relations consultant." They claim to be part of a "communications industry" along with journalists, overlooking the fact that a reporter's job is to convey reality and theirs is to conceal it. Their quest for respectability is not advanced by releases like the following, which came from United Artists:

"Mrs. Peter Link, stepdaughter of producer David Rose, died in last week's air tragedy in Cincinnati. Mr. and Mrs. Link were returning from Hawaii via Los Angeles when the crash occurred. Mr. Link, a vice president of Procter and Gamble, is in serious condition in a Cincinnati hospital. David Rose has just produced *Hostile Witness* for United Artists release."

Ill Wind Dept.

Membership in the Military Order of the Purple Heart is restricted to wounded war veterans. Recently the organization's California newsletter contained this upbeat message from vice commander Alfred Lawrence: "I am happy to report that every chapter is increasing its membership at a greater rate than was anticipated."

Editorial Giggies

The Case of the Castrated Kangaroo

The British Overseas Airways Corp. took a double-page ad in several American magazines, announcing the advantages of flying to Australia via BOAC. A photo of a male kangaroo adorned one of the pages. In order not to offend all those little old ladies in Dubuque, the *New Yorker* performed a delicate operation with an air-brush.

Business went on as usual during alterations.

Where The Realist Is At

Because of my erratic publishing schedule and because I might move to the west coast, rumor has had it that the *Realist* is going to be suspended.

It ain't so.

In fact, this was supposed to be the 10th Anniversary issue, but that's been postponed till #84 since I'm writing the whole thing myself. Thereafter, I hope to write most of the material in each issue. Satirical rather than somber. And on a more regular basis.

I figure on staying in New York for the summer festival — maintaining a small office-apartment here for whenever I have an overdose of isolation — then settling down in a beach house within motorcycle distance of San Francisco. I may need a part-time assistant out there, so

write if you want to be an official scapegoat.

I've lived in New York all my life, but I'm ready to start breathing deeply now. True, I've had problems with printers, the post office and internal revenue. True, I've been threatened, attacked on the street and arrested. But I'm relocating because inhaling polluted air is equivalent to two packs of cigarettes a day. And I don't smoke.

I'm not paranoid enough to believe that the harassment is any sort of conspiracy against me, although someone high up did warn: "You're on the government's shit-list, you know."

"That's a coincidence," I replied. "The government's on *my* shit-list."

Ah Sordid Announcements

● Phil Ochs once said that peace demonstrations should turn you on rather than turn you off. *Win* magazine—published fortnightly by the War Resisters League in cooperation with the New York Workshop in Nonviolence—is perhaps the best periodical embodiment of that attitude. Subscriptions are \$5 per year. Single copy: 25c. Address: 5 Beekman St., New York, N.Y. 10038.

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• Some people think of those who flee to Canada in order to avoid the draft as cowardly; it may, however, be considered an act of contemporary courage to give up the familiarity and ties of your own country and start anew. A comprehensive *Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada* is available for \$2 from The House of Anansi, 671 Spadina Ave., Toronto 4, Ontario.

• Resistance to the war's crystallization of American insanity is on the increase *inside* the armed forces. A vital communications link in this process is *Vietnam GI*, an outspoken monthly tabloid which costs \$10 a year, but will be sent free to servicemen and veterans. Address: PO Box 9273, Chicago, Ill. 60690. To help distribute the paper to GI's in the New York area, call 982-7451 or 533-3858. In Chicago, 334-7121. Some soldiers in the Port Authority bus terminal have said that they've been threatened with court-martial if found reading the publication.

A Progress Report From The Parents Aid Society

The free birth-control clinic (issues #70 and #74) has expanded: since the spring of 1967 Bill Baird, the founder of Parents Aid, has helped over 2000 women with his free service that provides referrals to good U.S. abortionists. But it may come to an abrupt halt this summer. He is facing a Massachusetts jail sentence of up to 10 years—for showing a contraceptive pill in public and for handing a can of Emko foam to a 22-year-old.

About a year ago 700 Boston University students and faculty members, alarmed at the rising college pregnancy rate, invited Baird to speak before them and explicitly challenge the state's 84-year-old "crimes against chastity" law: it forbids anyone but an M.D. to display contraceptive information or give out materials, and even doctors can't legally give this information to unmarried people.

It would seem that almost everyone knows that birth control devices are freely available over the counter in Massachusetts anyway, but lots of people *don't*—mostly the young and the poor, and these are the people Bill Baird has set out to help.

He was arrested on April 8th last year by city police, while lecturing before a Boston University audience of 2500, and has been fighting the conviction up through the state court system ever since. Planned Parenthood, the ACLU, and "liberal" Massachusetts political figures have all refused him the public support or the legal aid he thought they would give.

Early in the fall the state Supreme Court is expected to go along with the lower courts and uphold Baird's conviction. Even if the U.S. Supreme Court finally agrees to hear his appeal—and there's only a 1-in-10 chance of that—he will probably be in a Massachusetts jail until then: this means that both his work in birth-control education and his abortion-referral service will shut down.

In late April, University of Massachusetts and Boston University students picketed Governor Volpe, demanding a public statement on the case, giving him a 10,000-name petition supporting Baird and a change in the law.

Earlier, 200 students had gone *en masse* to a Hadley discount store, "illegally" purchased cans of foam and copies of *McCall's* (where Emko was advertised), and demanded to be arrested so they could stand trial with

Baird. Local cops refused to come at all; the state cops took an hour to show up and wouldn't arrest anyone when they finally did get there.

Every Massachusetts priest who explains the rhythm method to a parishioner, every national magazine that has ever printed an article on the pill, and every bookstore in the state that carries the works of Alan Guttmacher, has broken the same law that Bill Baird violated. Do we see the Catholic Church, *Time Inc.*, or the Harvard Co-op up before a judge?

Large audiences have received Baird enthusiastically wherever he has spoken across the country. He is deep in debt, the Massachusetts legal costs are staggering, and the summer will be worse than rough unless he can get some speaking dates to see him through the fall. (He supports his family of 4 kids on these meager lecture fees.)

Realist readers who want to help Baird's cause can locate groups that will pay him to speak this summer—civic organizations, religious groups, college summer sessions, etc.—and can refer them to Parents' Aid (130 Main Street, Hempstead, L.I., N.Y. 11550; phone (516) 538-2626). Just plain money is always welcome, too.

For more information, call Cindy Cisler (Public Education chairman) at MU 7-7870 (9 to 5) or 799-0620.

The news blackout on the Parents Aid Society remains a formidable problem despite stories in *Ramparts*, *Sepia*, *Playboy*, and underground press coverage.



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 - \$1 for How to Talk Dirty—Lenny Bruce's autobiography
 - \$2 for A Guide to Rational Living by Ellis & Harper
 - \$2 for a copy of Paul Krassner's Impolite Interviews (with Alan Watts, Lenny Bruce, Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Jean Shepherd, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner)
 - \$1.50 for giant poster of Paul Krassner with spray can of Instant Pussy (additional copies to same address, \$1)
 - \$1 for a dashboard Saint Realist (our cover mascot)
 - \$1 for a red-white-and-blue Fuck Communism poster
 - \$1 for a blasphemous One Nation Under God cartoon
 - \$1 for Putnam's set of 4 empty marijuana seed packets
 - \$1 for Guindon's invasion-of-privacy phantasmagoria
 - \$1 for Wally Wood's Disneyland Memorial Orgy
 - \$3 for a back-issues binder (will hold 36 Realists)
 - \$..... for back issues at 25c each or all 40 for \$10:
23, 25, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 39, 40
41, 42, 43, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 57
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What Really Happened With LeRoi Jones in Newark

by Ron Porambo

"It's simple. Harlem as an independent state with its own laws — black laws — and its own culture — black culture. And it will be the only future in this country — the black future. If any whites should still be around, they might be allowed to wander through the black world

as tired, placid tourists."

—LeRoi Jones in *Esquire*, June 1966

It's the eleventh house down the block on the right side of a one-way street lined with litter in its gutters. Everybody in the neighborhood knows who lives there. LeRoi Jones lives among the black people; the garbage and litter the city doesn't bother picking up, like it does in the white parts of this crumbling city, has become the power structure's gift to his culture.

Jones thinks black, eats black, and loves and writes black in the place where he was born, Newark, a city with a past that needs hiding and a cloudy future.

Newark is a city of over 400,000 people that sits ten miles west of New York City like a wart on the giant's toe. It was sheltered and forgotten. Until last year the city had no identity for the rest of the country. Now, after a five-day riot last July, it has a special identity no other city in the country can come close to.

Newark has the nation's highest percentage of bad housing, the highest crime rate per 100,000 people and the heaviest per capita tax burden. It is the city with the highest rate of venereal disease, maternal mortality and tuberculosis. It is the city with the second highest birth rate, which figure is balanced with the second highest death rate in infant mortality. Newark also has the seventh highest number of dope addicts.

Newark with its disgusting statistics congeals into a hard core culture of poverty for a large part of its 210,000 black people. Life is cheap here, and it is survival of the fittest as in any other jungle. It took last summer's explosion to make the statistics and Newark a popular topic for conversation.

Since then things have gotten a lot worse.

Graft, heroin, after-hour liquor and gambling joints, and hustlers doing their thing form this culture of poverty where reefer can be had as easily as a drink of water. Now LeRoi Jones and other cultural activists have sprinkled the poverty with a return to original African Culture and identification in a movement of pride to counteract the hungry animal kept alive and caged by Newark's power structure.

LeRoi Jones lives in a three-story wooden frame house colored a weather-beaten gray, and only its street number and a large banner hanging on the front of the building make it any different from the other shabby buildings on the block. This street is just off Springfield Avenue, scene of last summer's riot by black people and a counter-riot by New Jersey State Police that busted up black-owned stores.

It is a part of this culture of poverty which makes up the lives of more than half of Newark's black population, the half that gets treated as second class citizens until the day they die.

Up near Springfield Avenue's beginning, colored men coming down the avenue from Summit and Morristown on Friday and Saturday nights pass by the white heavens of Short Hills, Millburn and Maplewood, and end up at a stretch of cobblestone known as the "the strip."

The avenue creeps on the bumpy cobblestones past bars and liquor stores, past boarded up storefronts left over from last summer and the April destruction following Dr. Martin Luther King's murder, on down to Belmont Avenue, heart of the riot area, on down the hill past the screaming signs of joints having furniture sales, past the upstairs apartments stuffed with human beings, straight down into a cramped jungle where anything can be bought on credit.

Springfield Avenue ends at the Essex County Courthouse, symbol of justice for one half of Newark and the rod of punishment for the non-white half. LeRoi Jones lives with the poverty and understands the forces of power that keep it that way and he also lives near the symbol of truth. If he could see over the roof of the house at the head of Sterling Street, he would be looking at what he hates, the stone majesty of the Essex County Courthouse that in Newark means justice but only if your skin is white.

"This diabolical prescription to commit murder and to steal and plunder causes one to suspect that you were a participant in formulating a plot to ignite the spark to burn the city of Newark," said Judge Leon W. Kapp at Jones' sentencing early this year. "It is my considered opinion that you are sick and require medical attention."

"Not as sick as you are," LeRoi Jones replied.

"Your talents have been misdirected," the Newark judge went on. "You have the ability to make a wholesome contribution to ameliorate existing tensions. Instead we find that you are the vanguard

of a group of extreme radicals who advocate destruction."

"The destruction of unrighteousness," said Jones.

"Of our democratic way of life," said Judge Kapp. "If the philosopher can make his own law so can the fool."

"We can see that," Jones said.

"The sentence of this court, on the basis of your conviction for the unlawful possession of two revolvers . . ."

"And two poems," Jones said.

" . . . is that you be confined to the New Jersey State Prison to serve a term of not less than two years and six months and not more than three years and that you pay a fine of \$1,000."

"Black people will judge me, Brother Kapp, don't you worry about that," said Jones, being led away. "You represent the will of a crumbling structure and I am a free black man."

Short and thin with slightly stooped shoulders, 34 years old, his thick beard grown back, his dark expressive eyes are the give-a-way. Essentially mild-mannered with gentle, sensitive feelings. Without a doubt the voice of ghetto Newark, a cultural activist. Past experiences with whites have left him with more a fear or distrust than anything else but these feelings have grown to intense hate.

Jones, the former darling of New York's literati, will not talk to whites now unless he has to. It began even before his first wife, who was Jewish, and it ended when police busted him up a bit during his arrest last summer. He and two associates were arrested. Police later said they found two revolvers hidden in Jones' car, a retroactive cover for his beating.

"A cop put a gun against my head and told me, 'You don't feel so big now, do ya? Without a microphone in front of you things are even,'" Jones told a black audience in Plainfield. "There's a cop with a gun at my head and about thirty cops standing around with shotguns. It's funny what they call even."

It has been promised to me that if anything happens to LeRoi Jones, Newark as a city will cease to exist. This comes from the people who surround him and is probably the reason the playwright's appeal on the jail sentence will be delayed until after this summer. The people who stand around Jones were unconcerned by the murder of Martin Luther King because he was made important by the power structure.

Jones was made by the black ghetto. He is free but only after his attorney got him out of prison, after they had shaved off his beard, on \$25,000 bond,

pending appeal of his conviction.

"This season it's LeRoi Jones who gets ten times the average jail sentence for his part in the Newark disturbances," wrote Murray Kempton in the *New York Post*. "The charge: Being caught with a .32 calibre pistol and imperiling the peace of a city into which the National Guard had fired 10,414 rounds of automatic ammunition that weekend. His actual crime, judging from the court's emphasis at sentence time: Offensive poetry."

"LeRoi Jones got the toughest sentence to come out of the Newark riots because he writes lousy poetry," Jimmy Breslin said on ABC television.

"The sentence is clearly a violation of Jones' right to free speech," said Henry di Suvero, executive director of the New Jersey American Civil Liberties Union. "Judge Kapp is punishing Jones not because of what he is charged with, but because of who he is and what he is."

Judge Kapp had read some of Jones' "hate white" poetry from *Evergreen* magazine, circulation 52,000, just before he sentenced the playwright. To Kapp's dismay Jones' message didn't match the quality of *The Dutchman* which won Jones an Obie Award in 1964 for the season's best off-Broadway play.

And the judge stands guilty himself, judging from his own remarks, of not knowing what actually happened during the military occupation in Newark last July — nothing new for the Newark court system, which for the most part is protective of the Newark Police Department.

There is little justice for black people in Newark, and the last hope of LeRoi Jones and the black community for any form of justice in the killings that took place last summer ended a block from where Jones lives. It ended on the third floor of the Essex County Courthouse.

The hold-over grand jury studying the riot's 25 deaths handed down a presentment on April 24th and failed to indict any of the N. J. State Troopers, National Guardsmen or Newark police responsible for 22 homicides which for eight months had gone unexplained.

It was a foregone conclusion in the colored community that there wouldn't be any murder or manslaughter indictments against the police, let alone any condemnation for a system of vicious repression that had left 20 colored men, women and children dead and hundreds more with gunshot wounds. Most of those killed and wounded had nothing to do with the riot.

Accumulation of 27 pages summing up testimony from more than a hundred witnesses from 32 sessions held during a two-month period . . . Jury was fed evidence from the prosecutor's office and there evidently was no effort to find the hands that held the guns . . . Presentment admitted that of the 20 black people shot to death 11 were innocent bystanders.

The other nine dead were said to have been involved in looting. Seven of these were unarmed and most were shot in the back, including a 16-year-old boy who could have been captured but was shot-gunned instead. Two of the looters were said to have been armed, one a 19-year-old who was shot with six .38 bullets in the back of the head and "four, possibly five" shotgun blasts in the back.

Among the eleven innocent bystanders were two boys and four women — three shot while in their homes — who left 15 motherless children.

As reported in the Newark press almost all of the dead were listed as "sniper" victims. This information was dutifully taken from police reports. Whether consciously or unconsciously the press fell in as an accomplice to the power structure in a scheme that has made a mockery of justice.

At least three of the deaths were cold-blooded murder of innocent bystanders in retaliation for the shooting of Newark Police Captain Fred Toto, one of two whites killed during the disturbance. No murder indictments and not one word of condemnation for Newark police and the N. J. National Guard or for the N. J. State Troopers who, along with the N. J. Patrolmen Benevolent Association, conducted their own investigation and found themselves innocent.

The lack of action by the grand jury was not surprising for anyone living in Newark who was familiar with the system. Their presentment was attacked by both the New Jersey Bar Association and the ACLU. It fulfilled the prophecy of civil rights activist Tom Hayden: "If history is any guide, it is a foregone conclusion that no white policeman will be punished for murder in Newark. I expect no justice from anything the grand jury does. The people doing the investigating are the ones who need to be investigated."

Hayden, founder of the national Students for a Democratic Society, came into Newark in the summer of 1964 with some of his people. They concentrated on demonstrations and litigation against slum landlords. They picketed some tenements and called for housing demonstrations. They also demonstrated for traffic lights at certain intersections.

For the first time a sudden change came over some factions of the black community as they discovered somebody did care about their existence. And for the first time the power structure was being challenged. Hayden became a large pain for the powers-that-be in Newark.

Most of the group left just before the rioting, and local people from the ghetto and other whites became organizers in the black community. Hayden himself was in the city for the riot and climaxed his stay by writing *Rebellion in Newark*, an account of the riots with a view of the political leadership and the police department that was far from flattering. For the

first time, in print, the city saw what it was and what it was doing as the local press has completely failed to communicate what was really happening.

It was directly because of this lack of communication that the white community remained in almost total ignorance and couldn't understand the report of Governor Richard Hughes' commission which studied the riot in detail.

The Hughes report was highly critical of the military occupation and concerned about the lack of action on the deaths in the riot. This was followed by the U. S. Riot Commission Report which was also critical of the handling of the disturbance. Both reports came close to the truth and were attacked by local police authorities and PBA leaders all over the state, most of whom didn't know what they were talking about.

Others closer to the situation knew exactly what they were doing. Colonel David B. Kelly of the State Police, Major General James Cantwell of the National Guard and Dominick Spina, police director in Newark, had a lot of face to save.

The two riot reports were followed by the grand jury's presentment that left Newark smelling like a rose again. This was followed shortly after by a report from the New Jersey PBA which had also been studying the riot but with a more limited objective, leaving out the killings and proving the riot had been planned.

The grand jury presentment condoned legal murder, and the PBA report — termed "an idiot's delight" by the ACLU — was the police department's conscious rationalization to cover up the stigma of haphazard killing, careless shooting and a violence directed against the colored community that has scarred it beyond healing.

Newark Police Director Spina and the PBA would use the grand jury presentment and their own report in an effort to discredit the two authorized reports. Then the Newark police would use none other than LeRoi Jones to discredit Tom Hayden.

Medium sized and thin, 28, pleasant talker, dark hair and eyes, pit marks on cheeks, restless, bites finger nails: Hayden is heir to most unwanted title, Newark's conscience, a sharp needle sticking the broadside of the power structure.

Newark's conscience wears shirts with buttons missing and ripped sleeves. Hayden is a college graduate and the author of two books. Has been to Cuba, North Vietnam, Czechoslovakia and China which makes him, in official Newark's mentality, a Communist.

"These people identify a subversive as anyone who threatens their power structure," Hayden said. "They tack 'Communist' onto the end. That's for public relations. Anybody who doesn't think like they do is a Communist. I don't think they know what a Communist is, they

wouldn't know a Communist if they saw one. A person like Spina lives in a small universe. If anything disrupts it that he doesn't understand, he calls it 'Communist.' They don't understand how other people see the world, the dynamics of change."

Hayden is long gone from Newark, now in Chicago. He travels far and fast, most of the time without a passport. Problem as far as Newark is concerned: He speaks the truth. For LeRoi Jones the problem is different: Hayden is white.

Kids playing in the street throw a can high into the air and it falls to the pavement with a loud *clank* in front of the "Spirit House" where Jones lives and puts on plays for the black community. He lives here with his wife, Sylvia, and three children, two of them visiting from his first wife.

The playwright's first impact on white society had come through the shocking honesty of his treatment of racial conflict. Jones has not changed, but now he writes and speaks only to black people and his message has passed far beyond the point most whites are able or can afford to appreciate. The contemporary hat and coat are gone, as far away from Jones as any form of integration with whites.

LeRoi Jones is upstairs dressed in an African tunic and he is a total and complete dropout from white society. The biggest cross he carries is knowing his first wife is raising his two kids white.

Now LeRoi Jones the playwright of 1966 Harlem has become, because of the bloody arrest and jail term, Jones the man, "our man." He is much more than a leader to the hard core ghetto. He has become a part of it, a living part. Right now Jones is a living symbol of repression as important to black Newark as that courthouse is a symbol of justice for the rest of the city. Everywhere he goes, black hands reach out for him: "How ya doin', Roi?"

He's doing fine, just as long as he can stay out of prison.

Hanging over his head is a prison sentence and the \$15,000-to-\$20,000 it is costing for the appeal. He pays this off by making speaking engagements. Even white faces in his audiences bother him but for Jones there is a poetic justice to it. He uses white money to keep him out of a white jail.

The biggest change in his life comes with the symbolic handshake when he greets a brother. Jones, probably since just before the riot, is an Orthodox Muslim. This is not to be confused with the "anti-white" of the Black Muslims in Newark and Chicago, a sect peculiar to this country.

The Orthodox Muslims who follow the prophet Mohammed and the Koran are the world's second largest religious group. Probably for the first time in his life Jones finds himself a member of a majority group.

These are the people that surround Jones, Orthodox Muslims who make up the security force for The United Brothers, a new political group Jones is spokesman for. Classes in the faith are held in the Spirit House. Youths from the ghetto drift in and out, hard-looking kids who live on the streets. The message taught by the brothers is to keep the peace.

While the white suburbs believe there is a plot to burn and loot, only the opposite is happening, the hard core ghetto is being taught to keep calm until there



The Pecking Order

is political leadership. Jones and the United Brothers kept the peace in Newark after the murder of King. They did it *despite* another group called the North Ward Citizens Committee.

A group of white militant residents of Newark's North Ward began forming after last summer's riot. It now includes membership of anywhere from 200 members to more than a thousand sympathizers. The group has been reported to be armed with rifles, machine guns, an armored car and a helicopter, and several Japanese kamikaze planes left over from World War II, depending on who you believe.

The North Ward Citizens Committee immediately attacked the ACLU's efforts on behalf of the brutalized colored community following the riot. This was much to the delight of the Newark PBA, some of whose members also belong to the

militant North Ward group. A suit charging a conspiracy between the Newark Police Department and the NWCC is being heard in Newark Federal Court.

The North Ward vigilante group formed because of "the big lie" that someone wanted to burn their homes. They were helped along by Police Director Spina: "The type of problem this year is guerrilla warfare. They're going to go to the downtown business section and into the white suburbs and start burning and shooting."

The NWCC was supposedly concerned with their own protection. The group and its leader, Anthony Imperiale, then proceeded to:

- engage in disruptive yelling contests at Newark City Council meetings, sometimes attended by hundreds of the group who were screaming for use of police dogs;

- appear on several New York network news programs saying, "Get your guns!";

- make inflammatory speeches at local high schools and in bar parking lots;

- send a telegram to Newark Human Relations Chairman Al Black complaining of "racist meetings" during the appearance of Ron Karenga of Los Angeles at South Side High School.

(The telegram was read to an audience of over a thousand who also heard Jones and Karenga calling for nothing but black togetherness and criticizing Dr. King because he hadn't visited *them* during his March visit to Newark.)

Statements from executive board members of the North Ward group are informative: "I left my daughter down on Market Street for a few minutes and some colored guy winked at her." "I have it on good authority that Smith (cab driver John Smith whose beating by police sparked the riot) was paid to do it." "Oh, come on, Ron, you know where Hayden gets his money."

Anthony Imperiale was on a collision course with LeRoi Jones and his supporters, who also had the pleasure of attending some city council meetings.

Barrel-like, 230 pounds, 37 years old, father of four, Imperiale is pleasant and very likable except when he hears the roar of the crowd. Looks ten years younger wearing a toupee during speaking engagements. He is an ex-Marine sergeant and karate expert, belt color unknown, but holds classes for his cadre at his own karate school, which also serves as headquarters for his group. Mention of his name brings anger from the colored ghetto.

Conversation is interesting: "I grew up with them, I played with them, I ate with them. Negroes visit my home all the time. There are a few families right on the other side of my street."

"And loved their women, too?"

"I'd be lying if I said no."

And on the ACLU: "We're tired of

the ACLU coming into Newark and trying to run our city. This jazz about police brutality is nonsense. The ACLU is a bunch of Communists."

Of two large newspaper stories on Imperiale and his group, one made him out to be a misunderstood moderate and the other a real-live vigilante. He didn't like either of them and threatened to sue both newspapers.

Anthony Imperiale is a man who went through almost 36 years of his life anonymously and then suddenly saw himself on television. Since then he's gone hairy in the roar of the mob and they do roar. Probable future: vacation in a federal prison or mayoralty candidate in 1970. Only in America. His major contribution to the city of Newark comes when he keeps his group under control, the animal he created to begin with.

Banding together of the white population in the North Ward and in other parts of Newark has left the ghetto surrounded by an armed army of the righteous. These are the same black people who never burned anything but the prison cells they had to live in.

LeRoi Jones and other members of the black ghetto then entered into what the power structure calls politics, but what the non-whites think of as the only hope for self-survival. Pages from Jones' new newspaper, *Black Newark*, hang on the front of his house, and a large white banner high up on the front of the building pleads to the community in blazing red letters: ORGANIZE.

Jones is a spokesman for the United Brothers, a new political group in Newark that seeks black leadership in the city. They held a three-day convention June 21-23 to select black candidates for two coming vacancies on the Newark City Council. Aim of the party is a black mayor by 1970.

A black mayor for a city with more than a 55% black population which has been repressed into a graft-infested combustion chamber, well supplied with heroin and liquor, controlled by the Italian power structure and dominated by the politics-ridden police force.

The Newark Police Department has an authorized quota of 1,512 men, more than 200 short; some of them quit after police were refused use of shotguns during the crucial period following King's murder. Known to ghetto residents as "the single most lawless group in the city of Newark." The Hughes report had called for a civilian review board but Mayor Hugh Addonizio, a castrated politician, chickened out when hordes of PBA members picketed city hall.

"Dominated by the Italians who run Newark politics, tainted by underworld connections, the police department seems to many Negroes to be an armed agency defending the privileges of the city's shrinking white community," wrote Tom Hayden.

There are 146 non-whites on the force, all but one — Eddie Williams, assigned to captain the 4th Precinct some time after the riot — in subordinate positions.

In the findings and conclusions of a 1965 grand jury presentment resulting from a gambling raid involving Newark police the grand jury declared: "There are things which to us are disturbing. Political considerations seems to override all else in the assignment of officers to plainclothes and gambling details."

Recommendations for changes were made but the system criticized by the 1965 grand jury is still in effect. After more critical comments in the February report from the Hughes riot commission, Mayor Addonizio ordered establishment of a special anti-gambling squad. Two months later, in April, Police Director Spina disbanded it. Members of the squad said they were "stepping on too many toes" and "arrests could have been tripled but we had trouble getting search warrants."

A day after the disbanding, Essex County Prosecutor Joseph P. Lordi said he would see another special grand jury to investigate what the Hughes report had called a "pervasive feeling of corruption" in the Newark administration. The jury has been convened and will sit until September if need be.

Control over the ghetto by police is absolute, sometimes running straight up to the municipal court. Judges are appointed into a system that perpetuates brutality on the hapless black community with no means of redress. One judge has admitted that anything police officers say is believed.

"When you start talking to the black people about law and order they know better than you it's fixed," a white Newark attorney said. "If my client hadn't lost half of his arm the judge would have had to find him guilty. Even if the judge wants to be fair he frequently can't because the police hold him hostage. They go on strike by not arresting anybody and blame it on the judge. This was told to me by a magistrate who was a client. Newark works according to a system and if you're black you haven't a chance."

His client, a 19-year-old Marine corporal, James May, had just been acquitted in Newark Municipal Court of resisting arrest by Patrolman Ronald Gasparinetti. The cop testified May had struck him, while May, on medical leave, said the policeman ordered him off the street and punched him when he hadn't moved quickly enough.

"What arm did he hit you with?" Gasparinetti was asked on the stand.

"The right arm."

"How much of his right arm did he hit you with?"

"I don't know."

James May doesn't have what you would call a right arm. He had lost most of it fighting in Vietnam.

Nothing more typifies the system of brutalization without redress than the conviction and sentencing of cab driver John Smith and the case of a young man by the name of Mack Tucker. Whether "resisting arrest" or not, Smith's ribs were caved in, his head was bloodied and he was given a hernia by two Italian patrolmen, neither of whom had a mark on them.

The riot began when the colored community became incensed as the two cops dragged Smith down 17th Avenue into the 4th Precinct. The 41-year-old cabbie was convicted of assault on one of the cops and, on May 14, was sentenced to two to three years. The wheels of justice had also turned in Smith's assault charges against the two cops but in a different direction.

"In these times of stress with all the havoc and destruction, a policeman killed, a fireman killed, more than twenty people killed and \$15 million of damage, I am not accepting a complaint against the police," said Chief Magistrate Del Mauro, dismissing Smith's charges.

Chief opponents of the police in seeking justice for the brutality committed against the black community last July have been the Newark Legal Services and the ACLU. There have been more than 461 damage and injury suits filed against the city of Newark as a result of the riot.

The ACLU has filed a suit in federal court to place the Newark Police Department in receivership, taking it out of the hands of the city.

The colored people know what it was like to be in Newark last July; the white population has been spared the gory details by the Newark newspapers.

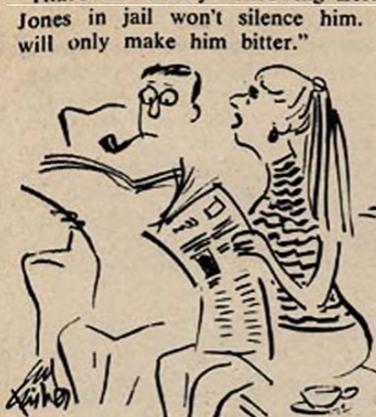
Another suit has been filed in federal court in the name of Mack Tucker, a 22-year-old kid who went on a short ride with a friend to see the friend's girlfriend on Saturday night, July 15, and ended up being shipped by Newark police to City Hospital's morgue.

Mack Tucker used to be real good looking, now has little circles on his left cheek and shoulder where doctors grafted some of his light brown skin to cover the shotgun holes. More bare circles on back of his neck where hair wouldn't grow back, seven pellets the doctors couldn't take out still in his neck.

Mack Tucker, 22, a hospital out-patient with paralysis of the neck, a second-class citizen and one of the anonymous beings in this polarized city.

"We were on our way back from the girl's house, but we couldn't make a left turn," Tucker said. "My friend was driving. There were police barricades all down West Runyon Street. We couldn't turn until we got to the bottom of the hill on Elizabeth Avenue. We made a left turn there and started back up the hill on Bigelow Street but National Guardsmen stopped us and made us back up. We

"That's the fallacy! Throwing LeRoi Jones in jail won't silence him. It will only make him bitter."



"Don't worry, your new heart will be just like your old one. Full of Apartheid."



"... Things fall apart, the center cannot hold / ... And some rough beast slouches toward Bethlehem to be born."

ed fisher's page



"And we, your teachers, will proudly be able to say, as we have said of each graduating class heretofore, that our lives have been made a little fuller, our tradition a little richer, by your presence — that is, as soon as the fire damage to North Hall has been repaired, the broken glass in the Administration Building swept up, the . . ."



"Try to remember, eh, baby, that what you say and do can still be as traditional as you please. It's only our outward clerical garb and ceremonials that are laid down by the Church."



"... So, obviously — as I see it — the older people, who don't want any change in our sick society, will keep yelling for Law and Order and peaceful demonstrations, whereas if our youth movement really wants to accomplish anything . . ."

backed up and went back on Elizabeth Avenue the same way we had come. There were a lot of cars ahead of us driving slow. It happened about here."

Tucker's car was half way down the block in the right lane of Elizabeth Avenue, to the left of the little park which is across the street from Sears-Robuck. Tucker said a police car pulled up and all he remembers are a couple of explosions.

"You can tell I didn't see them — they weren't telling us to stop the car or nothing — see where the pellets hit," Tucker said, running his finger over the scars on his neck. "I was looking straight ahead. Some of the windows in the car were shattered. I could feel glass all over me. My eyes were closed and I couldn't see. I couldn't talk, I couldn't do anything. I was paralyzed.

"Someone came over to my side of the car. 'Get out of there,' he told me. I couldn't move. He put a gun barrel against the side of my head and told me to get out again. Then the blood started out of my mouth and he said, 'This guy's dead.'

"'What did you shoot him for? What did you shoot him for?' the guy with me yelled. I heard one of the police say it was an accident, the gun had just gone off. I sat in the car for a couple of hours. There must have been a big crowd standing there looking at me. I could hear them. The police thought I was dead.

"The pain was terrible. I just sat there and couldn't move. Finally a truck or something came up. The police said they wouldn't touch me. They told the guy with me to take me out of the car and put me into the back of the truck. They told the driver to take me to the hospital and not to hurry because I was dead. At the hospital they found out I was alive."

At the hospital a few weeks later the police found out something else. Everyone shot by police had been listed as a "looter," just as most of those killed had been shot by "snipers." This was part of their system. All of these had been put in the same part of the hospital under police check with their names on a list.

The sergeant in charge was surprised to find that the name of Mack Tucker wasn't on the list. Sam Freeman, Tucker's Newark attorney, was also surprised to find out that Tucker had no charges against him. This will make it difficult when some PBA lawyer has to explain who shot Mack Tucker and why.

"They can't just go around shooting people," Freeman said. He meant what he was saying. There is now a million-dollar lawsuit against Police Director Spina which says, among other things, that he should teach his men how to shoot.

The elements were there for a drastic explosion, just as they still are now, and no city deserves it more. At the base of it is the embittered ghetto which carries

its scar in anger. They have been lied to and laughed at with a grand jury action that condoned a mockery of humanitarian ideals and now it is a ghetto without legal redress, unless it is federal.

The PBA can fool the white community but they can do nothing with the people who had to live in a state of oppression and still do. Tom Hayden is long gone but he leaves his image on the power structure, a hated image they'd like to dirty. LeRoi Jones is still with the black community and now there is Imperiale and his group and the Newark police, and any one of them could be the firing pin.

With all this in the background Newark stumbled into a hazy future with the city on the verge of a one-sided massacre between Imperiale's army and the black youth associated with LeRoi Jones, just kids who don't care anymore.

To cool off the city a meeting was arranged between Jones and Imperiale and other community leaders in Spina's office. To get Jones to a meeting like this he'd have to be dragged by his tunic. He went because a man named Kamiel Wadud, head of the security force behind the United Brothers, told him to go so peace could be kept in Newark.

This first meeting in Spina's office was a beauty, with both Imperiale and Jones acting as expected. They sat there screaming at one another and it got hot. Only the words of Kamiel Wadud saved the thing. The Orthodox Muslim, an unknown to whites but important man in the ghetto, got the meeting under control. Jones and Imperiale actually began talking to one another.

From this meeting came far bigger things, a chance for the Newark Police Department to solve the mystery of a rash of fires after Dr. King's murder and an opportunity to spit at Tom Hayden . . . all in one shot.

A network radio show out of New York City was planned with Jones and Imperiale participating in an effort to damn Hayden, which was ludicrous because he hadn't even been living in Newark since just after the riot.

LeRoi Jones and several of his followers and Imperiale and a couple of his uniformed youth brigade first met beforehand in the Hallmark House, a Broad Street apartment house across the street from Newark's city hall. Detective Captain Charles Kinney, who had been saying since last summer that the riot had been caused and planned by "subversives," represented Dominick Spina.

Highlight of the four-hour meeting came when Jones got a yen for a green salad. Imperiale was thoughtful enough to send two of his cadre out to fetch it; real Black Power. Close to 2 A.M. the group went over to the CBS studio in New York and taped a half-hour show for release the following afternoon. From this radio show would come an insult to LeRoi Jones

that even the Newark police couldn't do to him.

A duo of Imperiale and Jones was hard to match, and the thing was a great success. Both men blamed all of Newark's troubles, the riot and the recent fires, on "white-led, so-called radical groups" and "Communists and Trotskyites." The last two were Imperiale's contribution. If Anthony Imperiale ever saw a "Trotskyite" he wouldn't know whether to pet it, take it home for supper or give it a karate chop.

Neither mentioned Tom Hayden's name. This was left to Captain Kinney, who mentioned it more than once.

The Newark police had suddenly solved everything. Jones did admit he had gotten a deal to do the show, which made the Newark Police Department look like the saviour of the city. "Well, I told you before," said LeRoi, "they promised to make me Secretary of State."

Ramparts magazine has since insinuated that there was a deal between Jones and the Newark Police Department. Tom Hayden put it more bluntly: "He probably did it to save his ass," he told the *Realist*. There are two things that LeRoi Jones could never get in Newark. The first is justice because the whole legal system has already sunk too low for that. The other is a deal. Jones isn't lucky enough to get a deal.

The real story of why he had entered into a "partnership" between Imperiale and the police didn't break until June 20th. It was released to the press that a proposal to band members of Imperiale's cadre and Jones' group into a "community peace patrol" was being given a cool reception by the Department of Justice in Washington. The proposal had originally been submitted on April 19, after a series of talks between Spina, Imperiale and Jones following that first meeting in Spina's office.

The federally financed project was to have brought \$12,000 each to Imperiale's North Ward Citizens Committee and to Jones' political party, the United Brothers. This was just the beginning. The entire project would have come to over \$743,740 to administer and outfit the "peace patrol" with uniforms, helmets, walkie-talkie radios, tape recorders, cameras and even patrol cars.

The plan would have meant total involvement between the polarized factions of Newark and it would have worked. The money was the price tag put on the future of Newark. It has no chance of getting through, thanks to Governor Hughes who was quite beside himself with anger at even considering such a program.

This is the same man who, last summer, proudly announced to the white community, "I felt a thrill of pride in the way our state police and National Guard have conducted themselves." These were the

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The Role of Broadcasting During Civil Disorder

by Kenneth Harwood

by Frank A. Millspaugh, Jr.

Dr. Harwood is Chairman of the Department of Telecommunications at the University of Southern California. These suggestions for reporting civil disorders and other events that may reflect public tension were prepared by him for professional newsmen.

1. Avoid emphasizing stories on public tensions while the tensions of a particular incident are developing. Ask the law enforcement agency involved whether the developing incident is designated as a disturbance of the peace or otherwise. Report the official designation of the incident.

2. Public reports should not state exact location, intersection, street name or number, until authorities have sufficient personnel on hand to maintain control.

3. Immediate or direct reporting should minimize interpretation, eliminate airing of rumors, and avoid using unverified statements.

4. Avoid the reporting of trivial incidents. Reporting should emphasize the partial and local aspects of the particular incident, avoiding implication that the incident represents widespread or general events. Editing also should place the reporting of an incident in realistic perspective.

5. Because inexpert use of cameras, bright lights, or microphones may stir exhibitionism of some people, great care should be exercised by crews at scenes of public disorders. Because, too, of the danger of injury and even death to news personnel, their presence should be unobtrusive as possible. Unmarked vehicles should be used for initial evaluation of events of this nature.

6. Cruising in an area of potential crisis may invite trouble. It is suggested that reporters make full use of the law enforcement headquarters nearest such an area until a newsworthy event occurs.

7. Reporters who are at the scene of an explosive or potentially explosive situation should avoid reporting of interviews with obvious "inciters." Reporters should interview responsible representatives of the affected locality.

8. Reporters should inform in advance any person who is interviewed that the interview may be made public.

9. Scare headlines, scare bulletins and sensationalism of other kinds should be avoided in magazines, newspapers, radio and television.

10. All news media should make every effort to assure that only seasoned reporters are sent to the scene of a disaster.

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Mr. Millspaugh is the General Manager of WBAI-FM in New York City, an independent, listener-sponsored radio station owned and operated by The Pacifica Foundation. This is a policy position paper he issued to the staff on the subject of civil disorder and Pacifica programming.

During the urban disturbances following the assassination of Dr. King, there arose a debate as to the proper conduct of the broadcasting media in times of extreme social crisis.

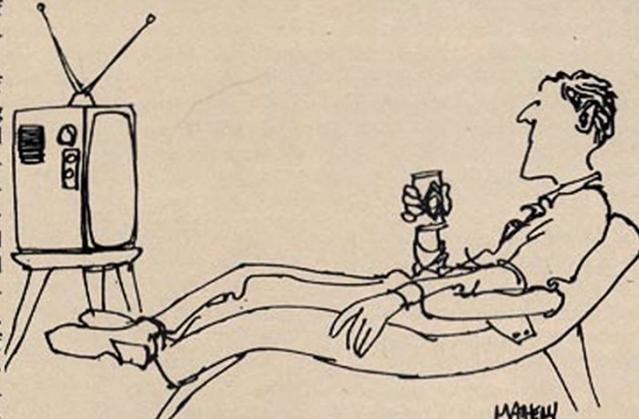
A hypothetical instance will clarify the nature of this debate and the problem to which it addresses itself: Given a situation in which racial tensions are extremely high and the anger of the Negro population is unusually exacerbated, the probabilities for widespread violence, looting, rioting, etc., are, of course, greatly increased. Suppose that in this

context, a large public rally is held in which a noted speaker makes remarks generally understood and agreed to be inflammatory. Should WBAI broadcast these remarks? And if so, how?

Under normal conditions, WBAI would broadcast these remarks with the same equanimity that it would broadcast any views publicly expressed and relevant to an important social issue. It would be our assumption that our only programming criterion would be the relevancy of the speaker's remarks. But now we are talking about abnormal circumstances. Should these alter our criterion?

It is my feeling that they should not. I believe that we should immediately, accurately, and without comment broadcast these remarks, just as we would immediately, accurately, and without comment broadcast, say, an appeal from Norman Thomas to desist from an act of war. Although I think that it would be appropriate for Pacifica to adopt institutional, editorial positions on social issues (indeed, I think it should), I think it would be wrong for it to force news material to meet its own moral or ideological standards.

However, I will admit that the persons who disagree with my position do so for excellent reasons. They reason that some social values and situations transcend the immediacy value of any specific news item. They appreciate the interactive relationship between the communication of an idea (or call to action) and the increased possibility of its being translated into action. They understand that the broadcasting medium is not an inert substance but has catalytic, often formative properties. They believe that, as responsible citizens, broadcasters must guide their professional actions



"This message will last just 60 seconds.
The missiles are on their way. If you
had started running at the beginning of
this message, you might have made it."

against higher social values, in this instance the preservation of social tranquility and order. Specifically, they would delay broadcast of an inflammatory address until tension is sufficiently reduced to eliminate the danger of contributing to the making of a riot.

I understand and respect this line of thought. I think that the people who espouse it are reasonable and honorable. However, I disagree with them and I reject their position. I do so on three bases:

1) It constitutes a subtle form of manipulation of the news. News management is news management whether it is done in order to accomplish evil results, to achieve positive results, or simply, as in this case, to prevent an assumedly evil result. I think that news management is, *per se*, more destructive of a democratic society than any positive result it could achieve or any negative result it can prevent.

2) It compromises the First Amendment to the Constitution. WBAI is dedicated to the realization of Freedom of Speech, not just *safe* speech, but all expressions of opinion. I know that the First Amendment has been qualified by the courts to the effect that one may not, with impunity, shout "Fire" in a crowded theater, but this qualification applies only when there is, in fact, *no fire*.

3) It is presumptuous, in that it makes a political judgment and enforces that judgment on our listeners. Succinctly, it assumes that social tranquility and order are transcendent values, and it molds programming accordingly. In fact, many people, myself included, feel that justice is a value superior to order and that is sometimes necessary to disrupt order to obtain justice.

The recent report issued by the President's Committee on Civil Disorder even supported and corroborated the view that rioting has been contributory to the achievement of justice for urban Negroes. If so, then our programming should not intentionally inhibit it, although I would not personally urge a WBAI policy of advocating rioting.

In any event, it is the responsibility of the society as a whole to end the factors which give rise to riots — racism, poverty, oppression, cultural deprivation, indifference — not the responsibility of WBAI to inhibit any action on the part of the victims directed against those injustices, no matter how much some of us may desire some other form of action.

My recommendation is that in these matters our only consideration be those of veracity and relevance, that no other qualification deter us.

This is a matter of critical and practical importance; an importance which will assert itself in increasingly dramatic terms.

I believe that the integrity and courage of every individual and institution is to undergo most demanding challenges in the coming months. I wish to assure that the Pacifica Foundation and WBAI be able to meet these challenges with courage and integrity.

KENNETH HARDWOOD

(Continued from Page 11)

11. No report should use superlatives or adjectives which might incite or enlarge a conflict, or cause a renewal of trouble in areas where disturbances have quieted.

12. Reporters should emphasize efforts by law enforcement officials to restore order. Advice to the public should emphasize avoidance of areas of potential danger, observance of any curfew, or similar suggestions that originate

with public safety officers.

13. Advisory data for discretionary use by newsmen should be written in calm, matter-of-fact sentences. This is for the purpose of avoiding inflammatory results from unintended public report of discretionary information. Honest and dispassionate reporting is the best reporting.

14. Reporters should not detail how any weapon is obtained, made or used.

15. Reporters should not identify precise locations of command posts of public officials, police, fire units, or military units.

16. Every reporter and technician should be governed by the rules of good taste and common sense. The potential for inciting public disorders demands that competition be secondary to the cause of public safety.

Assassination Awards

by Ray Puechner

Best Who-Had-Most-to-Gain Award: Harold Stassen, who now has more bodyguards than voters. Before, if someone bumped him off, who would notice?

Best Conspiracy Theory Award: It was all part of the International Jewish Communist Conspiracy which wiped out JFK, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Mayor Cermak and Chicken Little. The fact that the assassin once worked for a Jew is proof enough. They want you to believe the guy was from Jordan and anti-Semitic. You just can't trust those sheenies.

Best Post-Assassination Remark Award: The chef in Kenosha, Wisconsin, who, when asked what he thought of it all, replied: "I don't like people running through my kitchen, either."

Best Cliche Reaction Award: To all the friends and neighbors and former employers who said: "He was a nice boy."

Best Filial Loyalty Award: To Sirhan Sirhan's father who, when everyone else was expressing concern over the rights of the assassin, said: "Hang the bastard!"

Best Professional Mispronunciation Award (a two-way tie): 1. LBJ, for telling us that the American people have great "ree-zell-n-see." 2. The Los Angeles police official who spoke about the assassin as being not "come-mune-ative."

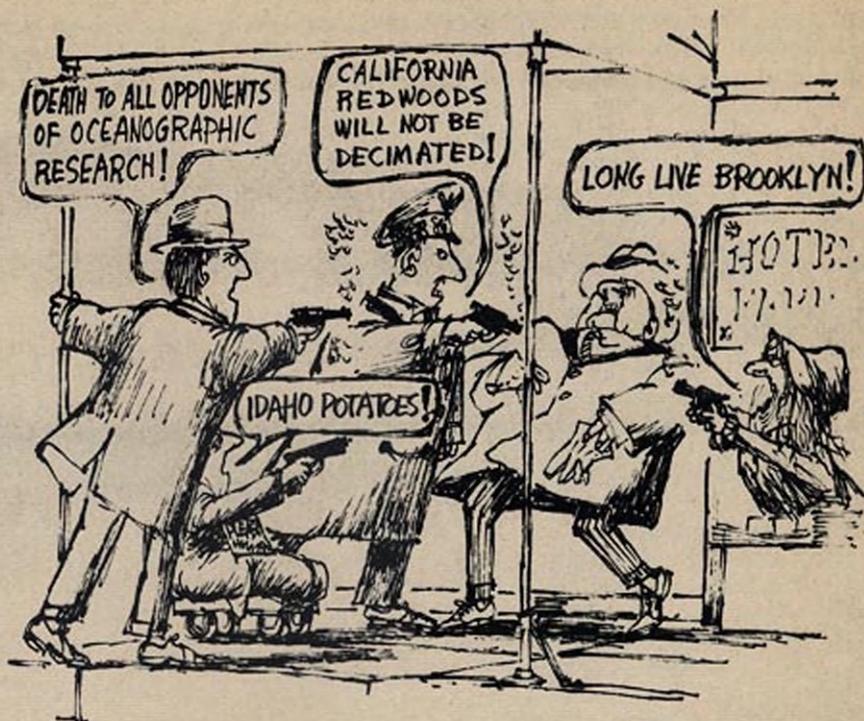
Best Post-Assassination Spectator Sport Award: Crowd-counting — "Let's see now, if people pass the casket at the rate of . . . that will mean . . . RFK's mourners beat Spellman's almost two to one."

Best Ego-Transcendence Award: To those mourners who waved at the TV cameras right after taking a peek at the casket.

Best Free Enterprise Award: To the hawkers of Robert F. Kennedy buttons outside St. Patrick's cathedral to people standing in line.

Best Green-Grass-Grew-All-Around Award: To NBC's Edwin Newman, for introducing Sander Vanocor as "a man who was on the plane that came back from LA which flew in the coffin that contained the body of RFK."

Best Jaded Clairvoyant Award: "Here's the latest up-to-the-minute report on the assassination of Caroline Kennedy and her dog, Sparky, by Arthur Collins, a retired sex molester from Skokie, Illinois — but first this message of importance . . ."



UP WITH VIOLENCE

rodriguez



LEROI JONES

(Continued from Page 10)

same state troopers and National Guard play soldiers who were butchering human beings.

So now it can be seen what had really happened on the CBS radio show. Jones sat there allowing Captain Kinney to shoot off his mouth. All in the background was this plan to keep civil war out of Newark and a chance to help the black community. Then, too, an upstart political party, Jones' United Brothers would have received no less than "federal recognition."

No, there was no deal on Jones' jail conviction. He was just tricked and used. The Newark police wouldn't give Jones a deal, not when they could sucker him and get what they wanted.

CBS at least took the whole thing with a grain of salt and tried to contact Hayden for a comment after the radio show. He was finally reached in the office of *Ramparts* in San Francisco. Hayden laughed when he first got the news of what he really had been doing for the previous eight months when he hadn't even lived in Newark.

"It must be a joke," he said. Then he hit the nail on the head: "People were being misled in the traditional way."

Captain Kinney continued turning the "planned riot" theory into a "get Hayden" musical comedy. He turned it into a road show that played both the House Committee on Un-American Affairs and the McClellan Committee in Washington. Eventually the show bombed out but it had accomplished its main objective. Newark and its police department had cleansed itself with national wire-service news stories.

There could be no peace for Newark. A racial flare-up at predominantly white Vailsburg High School led Imperiale to more inflammatory speeches at high schools and LeRoi Jones to call for an all-out school boycott by black students. Governor Hughes called for a conference in his Trenton office with Spina, Imperiale and Jones that produced little except more publicity for the North Ward group.

Hughes, an egghead liberal of the gutless variety, compared Imperiale's cadre to the brownshirts of Hitler's Nazi Germany. He also said he would seek legislation to outlaw vigilante groups such as Imperiale's. Imperiale himself was touched enough to say he'd have his cadre get rid of their uniforms. Newark approached the summer of 1968, let it be recorded, held together by only a telephone wire: a specially installed "hot line" connecting Imperiale and Kamiel Wadud.

Meanwhile Jones went on working on plays while he could. He and his troupe went on a trip to California and Chicago to put on some of their presentations. Jones visited Ron Karenga, also an Orthodox Muslim, in Los Angeles and took

a trip to Oakland to visit Huey Newton. Black Panther charged with the self-defense shooting of an Oakland police officer.

Then he put on a Black Panther benefit show in San Francisco and, when he returned, another one in New York City. First he stopped off to put on a play in Chicago and then came something that even surprised LeRoi Jones. The play was picketed by members of SDS, Tom Hayden's group. They carried signs saying he was a *traitor who had sold out to the Newark police*.

LeRoi Jones, picketed by a civil rights group.

Jones had just returned to Newark and

SHIRLEY TEMPLE SPEAKS HER MIND

Recently Mrs. Shirley Temple Black lost to fellow Republican, Paul N. McCloskey Jr., in a special California primary to determine the Republican and Democratic nominations for Congress. A trio of reporters—William Fiore, Phylis Eldridge and Ann Bayer—interviewed Mrs. Black shortly after her defeat.

Q. Well, Mrs. Black, now that it's all over, I guess you will be able to resume your personal life?

A. Yes, I will.

Q. Looking back over the last few months, what would you say was the single most important sacrifice you had to make?

A. My afternoon nap.

Q. Did you find the rigors of campaign life a problem?

A. During one luncheon I fell asleep.

Q. Well, let me ask you this —

A. That mean old sandman just snuck up on me.

Q. Yes. Now, to what do you attribute Mr. McCloskey's victory?

A. I think there were several reasons.

Q. For instance?

A. He got the most votes.

Q. And the other reasons?

A. Well, I suppose my position on the war.

Q. Can you elaborate?

A. I feel we've been dillydallying.

Q. Uh, dillydallying?

A. Yes. I've felt all along the war could be won, and quickly.

Q. Really? How?

A. Simple. Wish for it very hard and kiss your knee.

Q. Wish for it and kiss your knee?

A. That's right. And then there was my position on Red China.

Q. Yes. You said —

A. Knock-knock.

Q. Knock-knock?

A. Ask "Who's there?"

Q. Uh, Who's there?

A. Lady.

Q. Lady?

A. No! "Lady who?"

Q. Lady who?

several of his brothers were up on the second floor of the Spirit House when an effort was made to talk with the playwright. His eyes went down and he spoke: "Listen, I don't have no use for any of you," he said.

This is a gentle man who takes that part of him and stuffs it down deep. There was fire in those eyes. "No use for any of you," he repeated. My presence was tolerated only because of some of the other brothers who were friendly, as most of them are. LeRoi Jones is a reasonable man who follows the wishes of his brothers. Without them around he is a little different. "Get him the fuck out of here," said lovable LeRoi.

A. I didn't know you could yodel. Isn't that funny?

Q. Um, yes. But getting back to Red China.

A. Want to hear another one?

Q. Well . . . actually, I think our readers would be more interested to hear your position on the major issues. For instance, you're against admitting Red China to the United Nations.

A. And how!

Q. Then how do you propose we establish diplomatic relations?

A. What do you mean?

Q. Well, in other words, how do we "get through" to them?

A. Simple. Take a shovel and dig a hole.

Q. But isn't that a rather simplistic solution?

A. I don't think so. I just pray they don't think of it first.

Q. All right, let's go back to the war. Do you think your position on Vietnam harmed you in any way?

A. I suppose so. You know what?

Q. What?

A. That's what.

Q. Please, Mrs. Black!

A. Oh, don't be so serious!

Q. But war is a serious subject.

A. Maybe. Maybe not. Can you do this? (Rubs her stomach with one hand while tapping her head with the other.)

Q. Mrs. Black, can't you give me a direct answer?

A. Ask me anything.

Q. Well, do you feel the fact that you were a child movie star had anything to do with your defeat?

A. No.

Q. But the press poked a lot of fun at the fact.

A. I'm rubber and you're glue. Everything you say bounces off me and sticks to you.

Q. Okay, Mrs. Black, I guess that's just about it.

A. Good.

Q. One final question. Now that you've lost your first bid for political office, what's ahead?

A. The thing that sits on your neck.

The Prosthetic Penis Meets the Artificial Vagina

by Paul Krassner

Austin Burton is a distributor of lapel buttons. His favorite one reads *Sterilize LBJ!*

But, as if to indicate that he does not visit the sins of the father upon the son-in-law, Burton sent a present to Luci Baines and Patrick Nugent: a pamphlet advertising a prosthetic device, the *United Artificial Penis*, "an authentic reproduction of an adult human penis."

Manufactured of soft, plastic, flesh (i.e., Caucasian)-colored material "firm enough for its purpose," the fake phallus is circumcized. Religious mythology was compounded by medical mythology, and now the unholy trinity has finally — albeit belatedly — been fulfilled by the Industrial Revolution.

The device is supposedly used as an artificial aid to — or, rather, against — impotence, by persons who suffered from birth defects, and by amputees. Thousands have been mailed by the producer, United Surgical Supply Company of Los Angeles, without any legal problem.

(Continued on Page 16)

by John Francis Putnam

As the *Realist's* official "Nice Dirty Old Man" I seem to have gotten myself on all the Erotic Merchandise-and-Service sucker lists. I've received the Sex Advice Folders, the Electric Dildo Folders, the Intimate Movie Folders and innumerable offers to join up with Suburban Gang Bang Clubs. Lately, the emphasis in Horny Merchandising seems to be on clever substitute devices, "made out of indestructible latex" and of course "fashioned with incredible realism!"

My current favorite comes to me from Los Angeles via the Premier Products Corp. For \$20, they'll send me their Premier Vaginal Prosthesis (the Artificial Vagina) — the parenthetical explanation is theirs. For an extra five bucks, I can get their De Luxe Model. They don't specify what the extras on a de luxe model might be, so it is my guess that it must be some kind of removable merkin. Then, to facilitate matters, they offer their special "lubricating jelly" for another five, which makes it an all-time high in Vaseline prices. (See what you gotta pay for feeling guilty, you Puritans?)

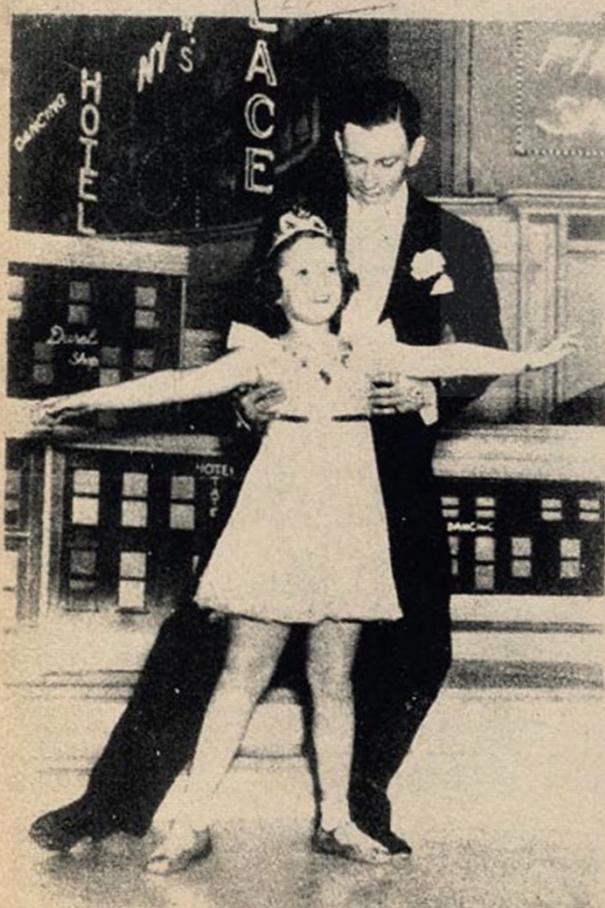
The folder has some great copy. The Vaginal Prosthesis is "designed scientifically and based on anatomical study by its inventor." They go on to tell about "the folds which, when inflated, roughly simulate the Labia Majora and Minora when these tissues are swollen in sexual passion." They coyly refer to it as the P. V. P. (no doubt to give it a kind of Medical-Sounding quality which, with all the nice Latin words they throw in, is bound to make a better impression on those dirty-minded Postal Inspectors).

The Premier people go on, breathlessly, to describe "a rubber bulb and tube attached to the vaginal bag that imitates the function of the Sphincter Vaginae muscle which contracts rhythmically during sexual intercourse; the response of the female orgasm (or climax) may be imitated by the alternate inflation and deflation of the artificial vaginal ring, produced when the bulb is alternately compressed and released."

Their resume lists the following Benefits which are attainable: 1. Enjoyment of Artificial Sexual Intercourse with a wife who is physically attractive but unable to perform sexually because of physical or functional vaginal defect. 2. Temporary relief of nervous tension in men caused by a long period of sexual abstinence. 3. Artificial Insemination. For this purpose, the device would not necessarily have to be worn by a woman. 4. For Coitus training. Especially useful in psychological Impotentia Erigendi (look that up, you schmucky Postal Inspectors).

They end up with the warning: "In cases of premature ejaculation, we do not recommend the use of P. V. P. If you have questions of a medical nature, please contact your own physician as we are not allowed to give medical advice."

Obviously this product is bound to catch on in Lonely, Sex-Obsessed America, and Premier Products will be stand-



Soft-Core Pornography: Nostalgic Feeling

ing by with supplemental offerings to fill out their line. Here are a few suggestions:

The Premier Buccal Prosthesis (Artificial Mouth)

Realistic mouth (comes in one sex only) with complete set of hard rubber teeth and inflatable tongue. Designed to allow the fastidious sex partner to engage in fellatio without risking emotional, moral or physiological distress. This accurately detailed substitute mouth, with lips realistically protruding as if an anticipation, can be worn strapped over the *real* mouth, and will ensure satisfactory sexual gratification. Scaled to receive all sizes of penis, the perpetually moist lips have a special coating that will allow the application of lipstick for added realism. The Premier Buccal Prosthesis, or P. B. P., is also useful for those who are reluctant to engage in fellatio because of bad breath, trench mouth or chapped lips. The P. B. P. is also useful as an aid in drinking hot coffee.

The Premier Anal Prosthesis (Artificial Anus)

Functional anal orifice (arse-hole) comes in triple expanding heat-tempered reinforced latex and permits anal intercourse for those who are incapacitated due to hemorrhoids, a prostate condition or simply a "tight virginal" state. Designed along the same basic principles as the Premier Vaginal Prosthesis with appropriate anatomical modifications, the P. A. P. is distinguished by the extra sets of concentric sphincter-tightening devices which have been converted from surplus Dairy Milking Machines. The smooth, dynamic action of this "built-in ejaculator" gives hours of satisfying service. As the perfect substitute for those whose intimate sensibilities might be affronted by an unwanted fecal contact, the Premier Anal Prosthesis is a hygienic safety valve.

The Premier Manual Prosthesis (Artificial Right Hand)

Moulded in a permanently clenched-fist position, the Premier Manual Prosthesis is the practical answer to the crying need for sanitary masturbation. In the course of the average day, the human hand picks up innumerable dangerous bacteria. For those whom circumstances have deprived of a normal sexual partner and are obliged to find emotional relief in a solitary self-assignment, the security afforded by a germ-free device will enhance the satisfaction derived by judicious use of the P. M. P.

The Premier Parochial School Child Prosthesis (Artificial 9-year-old Schoolgirl)

A life-like child, with a fearful yet expectant expression. When you tilt her back she says: "Don't hurt me, Mister!" Now you can molest school-children to your dirty old heart's content without any legal or moral complications whatsoever. Comes complete with a pathetic little purse and a set of poignant personal belongings so you can strew them around afterwards as "mute evidence."

PAUL KRASSNER

(Continued from Page 15)

According to Secret Service agent Michael Miskinnis, Burton had written on the advertising brochure: "Wish you a full moon on your honeymoon." He was held in \$200,000 bail for "mailing obscene matter" in violation of the U. S. code.

Four days later, Burton was committed to Bellevue, when the government stated at the preliminary hearing

in U. S. District Court that he "may be presently insane or otherwise so mentally incompetent as to be unable to understand the proceedings against him . . ."

Nearly two months later, he was released, although Assistant District Attorney Jack Kaplan has been trying to get him re-committed. There's been no indictment so far. Burton says that if the case comes to trial, he'll ask that the Nugents be subpoenaed.

He fears that he's in for a pre-frontal lobotomy, if re-committed. Bellevue's administrator, Dr. Randolph Wyman, says that lobotomies are performed at Bellevue usually for neurological cases.

"My experience with people who've had them," he goes on, "is that everything is a glorious joke; after the lobotomy, they're very happy people." He explains that if a patient refuses to consent to one, the court can appoint a committee to recommend it.

Austin Burton's trouble really began back when Luci and Pat were to be married, and he announced his intention of picketing the wedding. He was picked up by the Secret Service the night before the wedding, a loser in the game of Advance Publicity.

However, he has since won the Vice-Presidential primary in New Hampshire, beating out Massachusetts Governor John Volpe, Florida Governor Claude Kirk and California Governor Ronald Reagan.

You see, anybody *can* take advantage of the democratic process in America . . .



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The Realist

<http://www.ep.tc/realist>
THE REALIST ARCHIVE PROJECT

Co-Existing

by Saul Heller

Uncle Sam's Assist to the Viet Cong

Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson report that the Viet Cong has managed to acquire huge quantities of U.S. supplies via corrupt South Vietnamese officials. This is most embarrassing to U.S. authorities. Letting our slippery friends in Saigon engage in a little inoffensive treason is one thing when we are winning, or when General Westmoreland says we are winning. When defeat possibly lurks in the shadows, however, we can't permit Uncle Sam to act as supplier for both sides. What would the Republicans say?

A reasonable way out of this compromising state of affairs would be to have the U.S. declare war on South Vietnam . . . or maybe wage it without declaring it, to avoid offending the sensibilities of all concerned. It wouldn't make much difference to the South Vietnamese people, since we wouldn't be burning more of their villages than we are now, due to the scarcity of unburned villages. It would, however, make it more difficult for the Viet Cong to get supplies from us.

Propaganda-wise, the situation might be improved greatly. Our troops could win great victories over the South Vietnamese armies, making it possible for Pentagon reports to dabble in truth.

In any event, something has to be done to keep the Viet Cong from eventually obtaining more U.S. aid than the South Vietnamese people. Punishment of the corrupt Saigon officials responsible for supplying the Viet Cong is, of course, out of the question, for the same reason that punishment of corrupt officials in the U.S. is generally out of the question — it just isn't practical. If we could only persuade Viet Cong officials to sell us back the supplies they buy from our South Vietnamese friends, we might possibly co-exist with the problem.

It costs us something like \$250,000 to kill one Viet Cong or North Vietnamese soldier. Why can't we spend comparable sums to buy back some of our supplies? We'd certainly get more for our money. Few Viet Congers could probably resist an offer of \$250,000 for an old mortar, say, or several rifles, or maybe a sack of rice.

In any case, the Administration can't afford much more scandal about our Vietnamese adventure. To win the coming election, it just has to maintain its firm hold on a sizable minority of the voters.

The Indispensable Racketeer

Denouncing the racketeer is a favorite activity of crime-fighting groups. Other government groups quietly see to it that these fighting words are followed by no fighting.

When the U.S. Attorney General's Special Unit on Organized Crime a number of years ago began to decipher the code used by race wire services to identify customers, with a view to prosecuting the racketeers among them, the Unit was promptly disbanded.

Many of the racketeers excoriated by Sen. Kefauver's famous crime committee are still running their illegal businesses at the same old stand. About the only effect of the Kefauver investigations was to give them favorable publicity.

A big monkey wrench would have been thrown into illegal bookmaking if Congress had passed a law — recommended by Kefauver — to ban the rapid interstate transmission of racing results. Congressmen couldn't have been less interested. Congress would as soon think of harming the racketeer's welfare as it would of promoting the public's.

The vituperation directed against the racketeer is possibly not merited — certainly not entirely merited. It has obscured the real contributions the racketeer makes to the American way of life.

The most important thing the racketeer does for the public is provide the services it needs least and wants most: gambling opportunities, and to a much lesser extent, prostitution and narcotics. People desire these non-essentials enough to violate the law, underwrite government corruption and give ultimate power to criminals.

Another vital function of racketeers is to widen the straight and narrow path businessmen are supposed to tread. In many business sectors, racketeers keep labor's financial demands from becoming as unreasonable as those of management. Businessmen who might, under other circumstances, have come to toy with thoughts of fascism's felicities, are reconciled instead to democracy's drawbacks.

Racketeers promote business. Wurlitzer, a juke-box company, started selling great quantities of juke boxes when it put racketeers on its payroll. Originally a struggling business, Wurlitzer suddenly stopped struggling and its competitors started.

The case is a good illustration of still another benefit racketeers provide: protection of businessmen from the virtues of the free enterprise system. Racketeers prevent businessmen from indiscriminately cutting each other's throats, imposing instead a system offering greater assurance that the strong and inefficient will dominate the weak and more efficient.

Racketeers help keep prices at the exorbitant levels business requires to motivate it properly. Racketeers also enforce the minimum amount of law business requires to continue functioning illegally.

Businessmen find it impossible to respect their own private agreements to flout and violate the law. They can't even be trusted to violate the law, much less respect it. The decrees racketeers impose (in the many businesses they dominate) elicit more compliance. Racketeers' higher moral standards and superior arsenals give them the authority they require.

The racketeer's standard of honor is so high, oral agreements are all he generally needs. Such unwritten or gentlemen's agreements are impossible to maintain for any length of time in the ungentlemanly world of business.

Racketeers help maintain governments whose major efforts are amiably directed at castrating themselves. This insures that business people and racketeers will not find government virility a threat.

By keeping weak government in power, the racketeer performs an inestimable service to the many American who detest strong, repressive governments, and who would rather despise their government than fear it.

Last but not least, racketeers act as buffers between insecure government officials and a capricious electorate. Political machines associated with racketeers have such a strong base of support that only the most massive uprising on the part of the voters can retire them, even temporarily.

All in all, racketeers perform so many vital services that the U. S. government would have to import them if they ever fell into short supply.

The Satisfactions of Being Robbed

The assistance given to criminals by corrupt officials is hardly surprising. What is startling, however, is the fantastic cooperation criminals receive from their victims. Insurance companies and law enforcement agencies have commented on the gross carelessness of the public that makes it easier for criminals to function. Probing a little more deeply indicates that a verdict of carelessness doesn't do justice to the facts. It lets the public off too easy.

Says an article in the *New York Times*: "The Federal Bureau of Investigation, the New York City Police Department and insurance company representatives say that too often the public, instead of feeling victimized, seems almost pleased at the thought of being able to use insurance payments to replace the stolen items."

At peace with his conscience, the criminal can, in many cases, burgle and steal without a qualm, secure in the thought that he is really hurting no one. Not even the insurance companies, which can, by raising premiums, pass losses on to policy holders who have been unlucky enough not to get robbed and compensated. In what other country are criminals and their victims united in such a flabbergasting harmony?

Preview: Our New Constitution

News item: The possibility that a convention will have to be called to amend the Constitution worries Congress. Thirty-two states have passed resolutions demanding such a convention, and only two more states are needed to make up the required two-thirds majority.

Scene: The constitutional convention. Delegates are seated around a long table in a large, smoke-filled room. Some are studying racing forms. Two are reading comic books. Others are sleeping. Several insomniacs are listening to the speakers. This is a historic occasion, and the most grammatical orators in each state have been sobered up and pressed into service.

Delegate from Alabama: Ah moves we strike out anything in the Constitution that guarantees free speech. Free speech is unamerican. Very few things in this great and expensive country are free, and speech should certainly not be one of them. When ah visited New York recently, ah heard one of them black power Nigras tell a coupla hundred others they should get ready to kill Whitey and his bitch. Seemed to me ah heard enough free speech that day to last me the rest of mah life — if our Nigra brothers let me live that long. If we must have some free speech, let's at least restrict the privilege to people who keep their mouths shut.

Delegate from Mississippi: Second the motion. Let's also strike out this garbage about equality for all. People aren't born equal — leastways, not in the United States — and in Mississippi, they come into the world less equal than they are anyplace else. It's not only silly — it's downright dangerous to give our inferiors the feeling that they have rights equal to ours, which we are withholding from them. Let's get matters straight right from the beginning. Let each state, each community, decide how many rights its citizens deserve or can be trusted with. A man's right should be reviewed every year, to make sure he hasn't abused them, or used them too often.

Delegate from New York: Speaking about rights, the

boys at our Club feel that too many people have the right to vote. In many elections, as many as 50% of eligible voters turn out, and that's too much. Tammany Hall will never make a comeback if disinterested voters who don't care whom they vote for are permitted to louse up elections. Voting should be restricted to people who really give a damn — the members of the political clubs.

Delegate from Arizona: I'd like to suggest, if I may, that the Constitution be abolished. Why bother amending something that stopped functioning God knows how long ago? If ever a constitution was mismatched to a form of government, it's the Constitution of the United States. No solid citizen pays any attention to it these days, and it only serves as a franchise for subversives.

Delegate from Illinois: What would you put in its place?

Delegate from Arizona: Well, a constitution suited to the needs of 1968 might be based on the following principles (reads from a list):

All men are born unfree and unequal.

Citizens have as many rights as the state is willing to grant them.

Rights may be withdrawn whenever the state, municipality or cop on the beat chooses to do so.

No person shall have the right to do, or say, anything objectionable to the authorities. The criterion of what is objectionable shall be decided on a day-to-day basis by the different states and municipalities, or retroactively.

Well, you get the general idea. Let's have a Constitution that reflects the kind of thing we are doing, or would like to do, not some subversive doctrine that Revolutionary kooks dreamed up 150 years ago.

The proposals of the delegate from Arizona were adopted, along with others in a similar vein, and became the law of the land. Interestingly enough, hardly anyone noticed the difference.

Religion Goes Sexy

The New York Theological Seminary has begun conducting a "short, factual course" on sex and personal relationships. We salute these Protestant churchmen for their courage, but would like to warn them that mixing religion and sex can be a tricky business, and may expose them to perplexing queries like the following:

"Reverend, is it wrong to have sex relations just before going to church?"

"Is it sinful to think of religion during intercourse?"

"What should I do if my pastor expresses an interest in going to bed with me?" (The question can get embarrassing if the questioner is a man.)

"My wife is a Catholic, and like many other Catholics refuses to practice birth control. Would it be cricket to tell her father confessor about this, or write him an anonymous letter?"

"My girl friend says a short prayer of penance before practicing fellatio on me. Is this really necessary?"

"Is there any reason why an overt homosexual would not make a good minister? Why isn't one given a chance?"

"My wife refuses to have sex relations in normal positions. My mistress prefers normal positions. Should I get a divorce and marry my mistress?"

"I tend to fall asleep during a dull sermon, and my snoring disturbs my neighbors. Is it permissible to masturbate to keep awake, or should I stop going to church?"

In view of the possible complications, perhaps clergymen should stay away from sex. Maybe the clergy is better equipped to exorcise sex than to mentor it.

Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

Scientological Enthusiasm

Scientology is an English-language catechism whose novices seem able to graduate from one advanced state of bliss to another as fast as their little pocketbooks can carry them. An average five hours of instruction cost \$150.

The cult is proud that writer William Burroughs is a "Grade VA Release" who now gets a third more work done and whose income has increased so much that he virtually got the course free.

Scientologists go to some lengths to promote their ideals. Two members of the local church put an ad in the *Voice*: "Send me \$1 and I will send you a book in a plain wrapper."

A plain name and mailing address were given.

The inquirers were sent a 12-page booklet, *All About Scientology*, which is given away free at the institute. Nevertheless, the two proselytizers claimed they lost money on the \$6 ad, due to postage costs. About 25 people responded, including one man who dropped by personally, explaining that he's a "collector of pornography."

The Fine Art of Destruction

A turn-away audience showed up for a free demonstration-symposium on destructive art in Judson Church's garden. Among the exhibits was a 100-pound block of ice surrounded by fresh eggs.

Spectators were handed an icepick and invited to take out aggressions on the iceberg, to stab or stomp an egg, or to throw an egg at the ice, or ice at an egg. Some of the eggs A plain name and mailing address were given. eventually made their way to a nearby quilt made of American flags and some later fell just short of other spectators.

Hermann Nitsch is the cherubic Viennese entrepreneur of Orgy-Mystery theater, where meat mutilation and nudity are sometimes combined. At Judson he tore apart a fish with his bare hands, then stuffed calf brains into his fly.

On the Alan Burke show recently, Nitsch was the only one of several blood artists who ignored Burke's fiat that there be no graphic demonstrations of the art. Among those who chickened out: Ralph Ortiz, infamous for his chicken slayings. (He's checked with his lawyer; it's art.)

At Judson, Ortiz tied two chickens by their feet to ropes on two trees, then waited for the end of Nitsch's act to beat them to death. He'd bought them from a slaughterhouse, so could rationalize that he was actually giving them a few more hours of life. He hadn't announced it, but it was to have been his last chicken-slaying event.

Two men conferred — *Other Scenes* editor John Wilcock and happenings-book author Mike Kirby — while attention was focused on Nitsch. Kirby stole over to the chickens, cut them down and threw them over an alley fence. Ortiz was attracted to the scene by the commotion of the chicken thieves, and with the rest of the audience watched in fascinated delight.

Wilcock exited and Kirby returned to the Nitsch scene, to watch the tearing apart of the carp with the hands. When Ortiz's time came, he summoned an aide with two saws, they climbed the trees and each severed a limb (to cries of "Don't!"). They poured blood on the stumps, then planted a half-dozen small American flags each in the mud-blood below.

John Harriman, rebel poet, provided savage cries throughout: "Poetry is revolution!" "Practice the art of destruction,

not the destruction of art!" And, during Nitsch's meat mutilation: "I told you what would happen if you didn't win the primary."

One critic yelled, "John, you're stoned."

Glassy-eyed John: "I'm not on anything but breathing exercises!"

When the assembly repaired inside for the symposium, a girl handed Ortiz an egg with "For Life" written on it. Ortiz burst it on the table, saying: "The lady perhaps doesn't know that this egg is not fertilized."

Charlotte Moorman (fully clothed) was to perform Nam June Paik's *One for Violin*, composed in 1961. She held a violin over the table in both hands, raising it almost imperceptibly for what was to have been a final, smashing climax. But a squarely-dressed young man shouted out before she could reach crescendo, "Somebody take the violin out of her hands." No one moved, so he rushed forward, making a nervous lunge for it. Charlotte sidestepped: "Go away! Who are you? How dare you come up here."

"I don't want you to break that violin."

"That's your problem."

Panelists stepped forward and persuaded the man to sit down.

Charlotte: "This is not a vaudeville routine that you can come up and get into the act."

Saul Gottlieb—street theater/political activist—who'd arrived only moments before, came forward. Shaking with rage, he said, "I don't think you should break that violin." He reached toward Charlotte.

"Don't touch me!" She slapped him.

Saul: "That violin belongs to the people. Some poor kid could learn to play that." He had seen Nitsch's work the week before, but hadn't tried to stop it on the ground that meat was being wasted.

A panelist: "Do you want to give away your coat?"

Saul took it off and thrust it at him.

"And your shirt?"

Saul began to undress. "I'll give you everything."

Charlotte: "You're as bad as the police that stopped me."

Saul: "Breaking that violin is as bad as killing people."

He laid down on the table—to applause. In the act of obstruction, he forced a toy piano off the table. Charlotte picked up the pieces: "You broke it!"

The prone Saul: "We're now putting politics into Judson Church."

In the front row, someone engaged Saul in argument. Saul defended his position (with which Ortiz agrees) that we ought not allow others to do that which we would not do ourselves—sort of the reversible golden rule. Behind his back, Charlotte began her piece again. Fingers pointed at her and the audience shouted for the hero to turn and surprise the villain. Saul turned and raised his hand just as Charlotte reached her peak. *Wham!* Down came the violin on his head, shattering it and splitting his skin.

John Harriman: "Next time you get shot in the leg, run to her house and see what she does."

Saul grabbed what was left of the violin. "You hit me with it, so now it belongs to me. (*Wiping his forehead*) Look, real blood."

Charlotte: "You were in my performance area."

Harriman: "To an artist, everywhere is a performance area. Take your art into the streets."

Ortiz simultaneously nodded agreement to Harriman and said to Saul, "You're very brave."

Saul: "Brave? I just got hit in the head."

Charlotte: "You care about you. I don't care about you. But you went against this, and that makes you a true artist. You got the point of the piece even before it was performed."

Harriman: "For enlightenment, you must suffer."

Charlotte, to the audience: "If somebody were being attacked in the street, this man would rush to their aid. But I don't think the rest of you would."

Saul to the audience: "There's a very serious esthetic political problem here. Charlotte—I hope you don't mind me calling you Charlotte because we've just met—couldn't de-program herself, even though it meant blood on my forehead. It's like the GI who's under orders to drop the napalm and explains, 'My buddy was just killed so I've got to do it.' You panelists in effect are a government which isn't allowing the people to participate."

Charlotte, in Saul's defense, said that she would never have let Paik bleed to death in one of the "pieces" where he publicly cuts himself. In her own defense, she said, "I de-programmed myself. I didn't smash the violin on the table but on your head."

Someone in the audience: "This doesn't seem like a political event to me."

Saul: "All events are political—Aristotle."

A panelist: "Gottlieb's anger is justification for our continuing to do this kind of art."

A self-described square, just before walking out: "At what point has beating your meat become preferable to beating your wife?"

Anthropological Precedent

The program notes stated: "Many of the films on Australian Aborigines in this Retrospective Review contain sacred-secret material. These films, and stills from them, should not be seen by Aboriginal women or children or uninitiated Aboriginal men . . ."

Ads for *Avant Garde* describe it in large print as a magazine "Dedicated to the Future." Teeny-weeny print states that it is "Not for sale to minors without the consent of parents."

Gentlemen's Agreement

The ad read: "Wanted—a very contemporary, intensely conscious and aware young man for a major role in a new American film to be directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. Age: 19-3 (no older, please!); Minimum height 5'10"; Acting experience not necessarily essential . . ."

Casting director Leo Garen had to screen some 1300 aspirants. He did not want anybody who looked Jewish. "Can I see your profile? Yeah. Well, I hate to tell you this but you're too . . . handsome." When he dismissed Asians, he began: "I think you can understand why, for obvious reasons . . ."

Blacks, having stood on line for a doubting hour-and-a-half, would be told jokingly: "Say, if I'm not able to hire somebody who's Jewish . . ." One responded: "Why didn't you specify that in the ad, man?"

"It never occurred to me."

"You mean you didn't want to get in trouble for discriminating!"

Here Come De Judge

The Fortune Society is composed of "lay criminologists"—i.e., ex-cons. At a meeting this month, member Kenny Jackson talked about Brooklyn Judge Samuel Liebowitz (still on the bench), who once sentenced a Puerto Rican

to 10-15 years for pulling a knife on a policeman, then called him back next day after he'd garnered political publicity on the gesture and re-sentenced him to 1-2 years.

Another member said he'd once done a favor for Liebowitz and was asked by him, "Is there anything I can do for you?" The man replied, "Yes. If I'm ever being tried and I come up before you, transfer my case to another judge."

At a symposium co-sponsored by Columbia's Academy of Political Science and the university's Center on Urban Minority Affairs, law professor Curtis Berger described his attendance at the regular Thursday night session of the Fort Lee, N.J. traffic court as his introduction to the topic of the law and the poor.

Of 70 defendants—most of whom had received summonses for violations on the George Washington Bridge—only one had an attorney. They were instructed to be in court at 7, but court didn't convene until 7:40. It was 8:20 before the roll was called. No one was told of their rights or of court procedures. Before defendants could reach the bench, the judge had begun sonorously reading the charges.

It took him only 25 seconds to sentence the first defendant. Fines for the same offense were all \$5-\$15, with no explanation as to variations. The judge was hurried and rude with those who didn't know courtroom procedure.

When one defendant submitted a brief as his argument, the judge told him, "Don't fool around with these technicalities." The 70 cases took 2½ hours to process; they could have been handled by mail.

Berger himself was called a smart aleck for raising a point of law. His conclusion: "It seemed that what was being tried was the judge's patience."

Graffiti of the Month

Inscribed on the side of a pharmacy:

Hexadrol Dexamethasone Saves

And, scrawled inside a subway train:

I had a dream—a wet one.

Local Boy Makes Bad

Town and Village is a Lower Eastside weekly which features small-crime news of local muggings and petty larceny. It's one of four corporations owned by Charles Hagendorn, convicted recently of evading \$13,500 in taxes. The judge at his sentencing said: "The very nature of your offense suggests that the whole of society would best be served by the imposition of a sentence," but declined to sentence him to the 10 years he could have received, fining him instead \$20,000.

After an item concerning the case appeared in the *Times*, "a purse snatcher who was written up in your paper not long ago" called *Town and Village* editor Doug Harris and asked if anything would appear in his paper about the incident, considering that a local paper had virtually been swindled (\$26,000 in "expenses" had been paid Hagendorn by his four holdings) and that, as we all know, the moral of crime is that when one starts out small, he always graduates to bigger crimes.

Harris said, "Look, I'm on salary here and I take orders. Nothing will appear in the paper about this because I've been given orders not to put anything about it in the paper."

The Bead Game

When I asked the fellow who tried to sell me a set of "Haitian love beads" how much they cost, he said: "\$1.50 on the East Side. I ask \$2.50 for them in the *West Village*."

And, overheard at a party: "If you break my love beads, I'll kill you."

JERRY RUBIN

(Continued from Cover)

who had come to terrorize me. Then it dawned on me: "Shit, these guys are right-wing toughs and cops; what are cops but right-wing toughs?"

"Do you have a search warrant?" I repeated, feeling silly. Now was no time for legal technicalities.

"What do you know about a search warrant? What do you have in here that you shouldn't have?" they screamed, flashing what they said was a search warrant quickly before my eyes, then swooping into the living room, reading my mail, going through my personal telephone book page by page, ripping into my files, raping my personal papers.

"Where is the gun?" one asked.

"What gun?" I said.

"If I find a gun here and you're lying, I'll tear you up, you'll be sorry," the cop promised.

They threatened to maim me if I told them that there were no drugs and they found some.

I was scared. I felt ashamed to be scared because I am a revolutionary. But my reactions were personal, not political. Stripped of ideology, I was one guy being pushed around by three goons in my own home — my own home, where I have made love, have eaten hearty meals, have dreamed big dreams. My universe was caving in and I fought back tears.

"Do you plan to take care of Lyndon Johnson?" one cop asked, and I embarrassingly thought of the pop poster of Lee Harvey Oswald that adorns my bathroom. When he found it, he didn't make the connection to his question. Whew!

"What are the Yippies going to do in Chicago? *What are the Yippies going to do in Chicago?*"

I tried, by being very abstract, not to offend the cops. They were looking for an excuse to pound me into the ground, and I tried to not give their hate and viciousness a target. They took one step forward; I took two steps back, ballet-style.

"Why did you go to Cuba when your government told you not to?"

"Why do you hate America?"

"Have you ever been in the service?"

"Hey, don't you have any patriotic magazines, any American magazines?"

"I think you'll find a copy of *Life* magazine here somewhere," I said, proud of myself.

"*Life* magazine, hell, that's a Communist magazine, some of the stuff they print in there," the cop shot back.

They were satirizing themselves, but I guess we all do.

"Hey, you're a Communist! A Communist! You hate America!"

They pushed me into a chair and I sulked. Their desire to strike at me physically built up torrents of rage throughout their bodies. I was trying not to give them any opportunities.

Hard Cop: "I just want five minutes alone with you, just five minutes, I'll tear every hair out of your head and make you sorry that you're alive."

Soft Cop: "Nah, don't do it. He'll tell us where the stuff is."

He moves near me, as if to protect.

The oldest police hustle in history.

The cops were like Pavlov's dogs in my apartment. Every

stimulus produced a predictable response. The sight of beads brought on giggles. Printed words — *sex*, *Yippie*, *revolution*, *police brutality* — got bellows. Whenever they saw the word *socialist* they salivated.

They grunted at every well-known name in my personal phone book. They didn't even notice the strangest thing in my small apartment, an old color TV set. They were having a ball, raiding the natives. Like little old ladies discovering dirty pictures.

A triumphant picture of Fidel Castro embraces my wall. One cop approached it. Visions of gooks shooting down American planes flooded his mind. He was out of control. "What's this? This Commie! Commie! Commie! You're a Commie! You hate America!"

And he tore the Castro picture off the wall, with ferocity, scoring a major victory for the Pentagon in the war with Communist evil.

"Who do you want for President?" one cop asked. "Bet you think we like Wallace." They were trying all of a sudden to be cute. "Well, we don't. We like Goldwater. We hated that guy, Kennedy, although of course we're not happy about what happened to him."

I sent a shudder up my spine to realize that these guys were as American as cherry pie. The Americans had invaded my apartment. The Americans found themselves in as strange a land as do American soldiers when they invade Vietnamese villages. It was a cultural conflict, similar to the cultural conflict American cop-soldiers experience in black ghettos and foreign countries while enforcing the standards of white middle-class America.

"Someday we are going to take guys like you and pick you up, and the judge is going to sentence you to four years in the Army or in jail."

Finally one cop said: "Let's get out of here. I can't stand the smell any longer."

There it was: *smell*. Communists smell. Viet Cong smell. Blacks smell. Yippies smell. Cubans smell. Those who smell nice think nice. The most important part of the body is underneath the arms. The nose judges good and bad in this country. Bad odor is the American tragedy. Americans would vote to ship underarm deodorant all over the world before they would vote to ship food.

They handcuffed me behind my back, led me down four flights of stairs, and into a small unmarked private car. They pointed to two American flags on the car. One cop drank beer in the back seat, saying: "Don't worry. I won't hit you while you're handcuffed." The ride to the precinct was the time for atrocity stories: "If this were Cuba, there would be no trial and you would have your hands cut off. You should be lucky you're an American."

Now, that's a booby prize if I ever heard one.

While ransacking the apartment, the cops called Nancy at work and told her to meet me at the precinct. They identified themselves as "friends of Jerry." It was a trap. She arrived at the precinct, and I called out, "Nancy, get out of here." Nancy got nabbed, busted, fingerprinted, questioned, charged with felonious possession. Charges were mysteriously dropped against her at arraignment.

I sat in my cell, waiting to be taken by my arresting chaperones to arraignment. I couldn't stop my hand from shaking; too much had happened in the past eight hours. Whenever there was a tendency to feel sorry for myself I'd look around at the hundreds of black people in all the cells around me. The prisons are full of forgotten men.

The idea of a jail break romantically entered my mind, but it was impossible. The guards would love to shoot us down. The purpose of jail is to make you hate yourself. That's why you're locked up. The smell of urine is overwhelming. Jails try to make men feel like animals.

My moment in court was due, and my arresting officer walked me down a long corridor, pinching and squeezing me in the back of the neck, shouting at me to walk faster, then slower. When we reached the end of the corridor he pummelled me twice on the side of the head and told me to go to the nearest cell. I went in that direction.

With my back toward him, he kicked me at the base of the spine, knocking down the draft-card-burner-draft-dodger-dirty-smelly-hippie-yippie-commie-rat. I fell to the ground, and he pushed me into a cell with about 20 other prisoners, most of them black and Puerto Rican, shouting, "This guy hates America! He loves Russia and China! He's a Communist!"

There was hardly a stir in the cell, and I considered it a fine recommendation. One guy offered me a cigarette, and one by one they came over to talk. Later, at Bellevue Hospital, my injury was diagnosed as a probable fracture of the coccyx, the tailbone.

I was charged with felonious possession. They claim my apartment harbored dangerous drugs: a few ounces of pot; codeine. The latter was taken out of Nancy's pocketbook when they arrested her. She was having her period, and she sometimes uses codeine for pain. Penalty if convicted on these charges is one to 15 years.

Getting arrested for pot is like getting arrested for sex.

For eating a hamburger with catsup.

For drinking beer.

For laughing.

The right-wing connects psychedelic drugs and radical politics: they know where it's at. When the government outlaws dope, it's like the government outlawing fun. Especially in a country where the biggest barrier to building a revolutionary movement is supermarkets.

In drugs, the left has a gut, oral issue.

Drugs are an inspiration to creativity, and creativity is revolutionary in a plastic, commercial society. Drugs free you from the prison of your mind. Drugs break down conceptual and linear worlds, and break down past conditioning. When past conditioning breaks down, personal liberation becomes possible, and the process of personal liberation is the basis of a political revolutionary movement.

The American power czars would not like it if organic links were made between blacks in the street and the middle-class student drop-out movement. One of the first questions Bobby Kennedy asked Allen Ginsberg when they met recently was: "Do hippies and black power people communicate with each other?"

Young middle-class whites are alienated by plastic and hypocrisy; blacks are exploited and degraded in the streets. Drugs cross class lines; they are a living connection between these classes. The common language I found in jail with blacks and Puerto Ricans was dope.

For whites, dope is a ticket out of the middle class.

But the cops didn't come after me because of drugs. Narcotics detectives on the Lower East Side sometimes go after big dealers, but it is a rare occasion — in fact, many people say this is the first time they can recall — when narcos go after someone for possession alone. Narcos know they can't stop pot use — it would be like trying to

outlaw cigarette smoking — they use drugs busts selectively, as a weapon.

We have to learn to see the cop-underworld as the cop sees it. We have to gather information about the way cops work as accurately as zoologists describe any breed of animals. This would be the best evidence that "law and order" does not equal justice. Despite mass media sentimentality, the law enforces not right and wrong, but the dominant culture and prejudices of the powerful against the powerless.

My bust, in my opinion, was the result of a conspiracy between the narcos and the Red Squad — cops who work closely with the FBI and who assemble intelligence information on demonstrators and activists (i.e., potential law-breakers). They justify this work under the rubric, "crime prevention." It's an invasion of private rights and a treatment of political opposition as criminal activity.

But these are small points to men like the Red Squad who see the world as a struggle between Good and Evil. I've had a few discussions with FBI-Red Squad people in the Bay Area and they were fundamentalist Christians battling against godless Communism.

It's an honor to have a distinguished record in the "agitator" files of the Red Squad. To be missing from their files means you are being a good Jew in this Nazi camp called America.

Red Squad cops are frustrated men because they can't arrest a "troublemaker" until he actually breaks a law. They see courts protecting the Commies and preventing the Red Squad from keeping this country safe and clean. So Red Squad cats drink beer with the narcos, and marijuana busts become the form McCarthyism takes in the late 1960s.

Narcotics cops are big bruisers, and they wear plain clothes. They work with the Red Squad infiltrating and beating up demonstrators in street actions. The cop who attacked me, D. Hill, boasted that he had "done 'em in" at Columbia and Grand Central, and that I was lucky he didn't get his hands on me. "I'll look for you next time," he promised.

He was more proud of his work beating up people at Columbia than keeping the city pure from drugs. Three weeks after my arrest, at my preliminary hearing in court, I strolled up to the 15th floor to witness the trial of some Columbia students; squirming and nervous in the witness stand was Officer Hill. He was testifying against the Columbia students who had occupied Low Library. He led the seige of cops.

Asked what happened when the cops entered the library, Hill said: "The defendants forcibly tried to stay." The defendant opposite him in court was on crutches.

An arrest is a form of repression in this country. One of the ways cops clean up the streets is by throwing rebels into the courts. Tie us up with charge after charge. Teach us some manners by having us stand up for the Judge every time His Honor enters or leaves the room, even to go take a leak.

William Kunstler, famous constitutional lawyer, is taking my case. He jokes and calls me his "only addict client." Kunstler, with Arthur Kinoy and Beverly Axelrod, represented me in Washington in 1965 when I wore the uniform of the American Revolutionary war soldier to hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

My case will show cops whether or not it is easy to get away with political persecution disguised as drug busts. If there is no uproar against them, the appetites of the narcos will be whetted. We've got to push them up against the wall through continual exposure of their methods and through demonstrations.

We should react to pot busts with clouds of smoke. These busts are an attack on our culture by the culture of white middle-class America. Funds are badly needed to publicize the facts of this case and carry on the legal fight. If you can help, make checks payable to Rubin Defense Fund, and send c/o Yippie, room 607, 32 Union Square East, New York, N. Y. 10003.

When people worried about dangers at Yippie actions used to ask me about them, I'd say: To be perfectly safe, stay at home.

That's not true anymore.

Now it's: To be perfectly safe, obey your government, obey, obey, obey.

Or you won't be safe at home.

The knock on my door and the knock on your door is the knock on all of our doors. As Benjamin Franklin said, if we don't stick together, we will all hang separately. Power is the real safety, and power comes in numbers.

"On to Chicago!"

Knock, knock . . .

ABBIE HOFFMAN

(Continued from Cover)

ness of a complex group of causes and effects . . . We hear sounds from everywhere, without ever having to focus . . . Where a visual space is an organized continuum of a uniform connected kind, the ear world is a world of simultaneous relationships. Electric circuitry confers a mythic dimension on our ordinary individual and group actions. Our technology forces us to live mythically, but we continue to think fragmentarily, and on single, separate planes." Interviewer: "What do you mean by myth?"

McLuhan: Myth means putting on the audience, putting on one's environment. The Beatles do this. They are a group of people who suddenly were able to put on their audience and the English language with musical effects — putting on a whole vesture, a whole time, a *Zeit*."

Interviewer: "So it doesn't matter that the Pentagon didn't actually levitate?"

McLuhan: "Young people are looking for a formula for putting on the universe — *participation mystique*. They do not look for detached patterns — for ways of relating themselves to the world, a la nineteenth century."

So there you have it, or rather have it suggested, because myth can never have the precision of a well-oiled machine which would allow it to be trapped and molded. It must have the action of participation and the magic of mystique. It must have the high element of risk, drama, excitement and bullshit.

Let's return to history. Remember a guy named Lyndon Johnson? He was so predictable when Yippie began. And then *pow!* He really fucked us. He did the one thing no one had counted on. He dropped out. "My God," we exclaimed. "Lyndon is out-flanking us on our hippie side."

Then Go-Clean-for-Gene and Hollywood-Bobby. Well, Gene wasn't much. One could secretly cheer for him the way you cheer for the Mets. It's easy, knowing he can never win. But Bobby there was the real threat. A direct challenge to our theater-in-the-streets, a challenge to the charisma of Yippie.

Remember Bobby's Christmas card: psychedelic blank space with a big question mark — "Santa in '68?" Remember Bobby on television stuttering at certain questions, leaving room for the audience to jump in and help him agonize, to battle the cold interviewer who knew all the questions and never made a mistake.

Come on, Bobby said, join the mystery battle against the television machine. Participation mystique. Theater-in-the-streets. He played it to the hilt. And what was worse, Bobby had the money and power to build the stage. We had to steal ours. It was no contest.

Yippie stock went down quicker than the money we had dumped on the Stock Exchange floor. Every night we would turn on the TV set and there was the young knight with long hair, holding out his hand (a gesture he learned from the Pope): "Give me your hand — it is a long road ahead."

When young long-hairs told you how they'd heard that Bobby turned on, you knew Yippie was *really* in trouble.

We took to drinking and praying for LBJ to strike back, but he kept melting. Then Hubert came along exclaiming the "Politics of Joy" and Yippie passed into a state of catatonia which resulted in permanent brain damage.

Yippie grew irrelevant.

National action seemed meaningless.

Everybody began the tough task of developing a new tactic of new battlegrounds. Columbia, the Lower East Side, Free City in San Francisco. Local action became the focus and by the end of May we had decided to disband Yippie and cancel the Chicago festival.

It took two full weeks of debate to arrive at a method of dropping-out which would not further demoralize the troops. The statement was all ready when up stepped Sirhan Sirhan, and in ten seconds he made it a whole new ball game.

We postponed calling off Chicago and tried to make some sense out of what the hell had just happened. It was not easy to think clearly. Yippie, still in a state of critical shock because of LBJ's pullout, hovered close to death somewhere between the 50/50 state of Andy Warhol and the 0/0 state of Bobby Kennedy.

The United States political system was proving more insane than Yippie.

Reality and unreality had in six months switched sides.

It was *America* that was on a trip; we were just standing still.

How could we pull our pants down? America was already naked.

What could we disrupt? America was falling apart at the seams.

Yet Chicago seemed more relevant than ever. Hubert had a lock on the convention: it was more closed than ever. Even the squares who vote in primaries had expressed a mandate for change. Hubert canned the "Politics of Joy" and instituted the "Politics of Hope" — some switch — but none of the slogans mattered. We were back to power politics, the politics of big-city machines and back-room deals.

The Democrats had finally got their thing together by hook or crook and there it was for all to see — fat, ugly and full of shit. The calls began pouring into our office. They wanted to know only one thing: "When do we leave for Chicago?"

What we need now, however, is the direct opposite approach from the one we began with. We must sacrifice suggestion for a greater degree of precision. We need a reality in the face of the American political myth. We have to kill Yippie and still bring huge numbers to Chicago.

If you have any Yippie buttons, posters, stickers or sweatshirts, bring them to Chicago. We will end Yippie in a huge orgasm of destruction atop a giant media altar. We will in Chicago begin the task of building Free America on the ashes of the old and from the inside out.

A Constitutional Convention is being planned. A convention of visionary mind-benders who will for five long days and nights address themselves to the task of formulating the goals and means of the New Society.

It will be a blend of technologists and poets, of artists and community organizers, of anyone who has a vision. We will try to develop a Community of Consciousness.

There will be a huge rock-folk festival for free. Contrary to rumor, no groups originally committed to Chicago have dropped out. In fact, additional ones have agreed to participate. In all about thirty groups and performers will be there.

Theater groups from all over the country are pledged to come. They are an integral part of the activities, and a large amount of funds raised from here on in will go for the transportation of street theater groups.

Workshops in a variety of subjects such as draft resistance, drugs, commune development, guerrilla theater and underground media will be set up. The workshops will be oriented around problem-solving while the Constitutional Convention works to developing the overall philosophical framework.

There will probably be a huge march across town to haunt the Democrats.

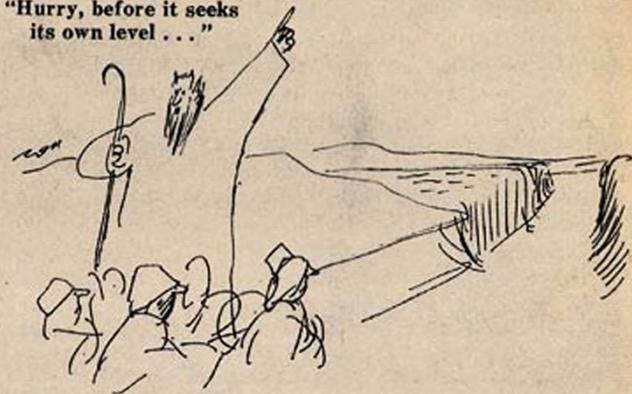
People coming to Chicago should begin preparations for five days of energy-exchange. Do not come prepared to sit and watch and be fed and cared for. It just won't happen that way. It is time to become a life-actor. The days of the audience died with the old America. If you don't have a thing to do, stay home, you'll only get in the way.

All of these plans are contingent on our getting a permit, and it is toward that goal that we have been working. A permit is a definite contradiction in philosophy since we do not recognize the authority of the old order, but tactically it is a necessity.

We are negotiating, with the Chicago city government, a six-day treaty. All of the Chicago newspapers as well as various pressure groups have urged the city of Chicago to grant the permit. They recognize full well the huge social problem they face if we are forced to use the streets of Chicago for our action.

They have tentatively offered us use of Soldier's Field Stadium or Navy Pier (we would have to re-name either, of course) for our convention. We have had several meetings, principally with David Stahl, Deputy Mayor of Chicago, and it remains but to iron out the terms of the treaty — suspension of curfew laws, regulations pertaining to sleeping on the beach, etc. — for us to have a bona fide permit in our hands.

"Hurry, before it seeks
its own level . . ."



The possibility of violence will be greatly reduced. There is no guarantee that it will be entirely eliminated. This is the United States, 1968, remember. If you are afraid of violence you shouldn't have crossed the border.

This matter of a permit is a cat-and-mouse game. The Chicago authorities do not wish to grant it too early, knowing this would increase the number of people that descend on the city. They can ill afford to wait too late, for that will inhibit planning on our part and create more chaos.

It is not our wish to take on superior armed troops who outnumber us on unfamiliar enemy territory. It is not their wish to have a Democrat nominated amidst a major bloodbath. The treaty will work for both sides.

There is a further complicating factor: the possibility of the Convention being moved out of Chicago. Presently there are two major strikes taking place by bus drivers and telephone and electrical repairmen in addition to a taxi strike scheduled to begin on the eve of the Convention.

If the Convention is moved out of Chicago we will have to adjust our plans. The best we can say is, keep your powder dry and start preparing. A good idea is to begin raising money to outfit a used bus that you can buy for about \$300, and use locally before and after Chicago.

Prepare a street theater skit or bring something to distribute, such as food, poems or music. Get sleeping bags and other camping equipment. We will sleep on the beaches. If you have any free money we can channel this into energy groups already committed. We are fantastically broke and in need of funds.

In Chicago contact *The Seed*, 837 N. LaSalle St.; in New York, the Youth International Party, 32 Union Sq. East. Chicago has rooming facilities for 25 organizers. Write us of your plans and watch the underground papers for the latest developments.

The point is, you can use Chicago as a means of pulling your local community together. It can serve to open up a dialogue between political radicals and those who might be considered hippies. The radical will say to the hippie: "Get together and fight, you are getting the shit kicked out of you." The hippie will say to the radical: "Your protest is so narrow, your rhetoric so boring, your ideological power plays so old-fashioned."

Each can help the other, and Chicago — like the Pentagon demonstration before it — might well offer the medium to put forth that message.