

The REALIST Issue Number 130 - Summer 1995 - Page 01
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Summer, 1995
Price: \$2

WHO KILLED JERRY RUBIN?

The Realist

Number 130
Editor: Paul Krassner



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

Who Killed Jerry Rubin?

by Paul Krassner

The Abbie Hoffman Connection

In the funky, tumble-down Victorian house in Berkeley that served as the Vietnam Day Committee headquarters, 13-year-old Steve Wasserman served as a gopher for Jerry Rubin.

"Jerry had just successfully helped organize the Vietnam Day teach-ins, in May 1965," he recalls. "But he was always an *enthusiast*. One part enthusiast, one part huckster, always a hustler, and basically, always trying to do the right thing."

Kate Coleman, an organizer of the Free Speech Movement in 1964, describes Rubin as "sweet and dorky" and having "a Zen sense of excitement for whatever was going on."

But, according to Frank Bardacke, another FSM organizer, "When Jerry first came to Berkeley in 1963, the word on him was that he was an FBI agent. All he ever did was ask questions. He would sit on the terrace and some bullshit-artist would be pontificating about C. Wright Mills, and there would be Jerry taking notes. *Taking notes*. And he went from table to table and group to group doing that. For *one year*. Now wouldn't you figure he was a police spy? When we asked Jerry what he was doing, he would say, 'I am trying to figure out what I believe, what I should do.'"

What he did was to become a Paul Revere of the Vietnam war, shouting his warning: "The Americans are coming! The Americans are coming!" And, when Jerry was subpoenaed to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, Ronnie Davis, founder of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, persuaded him to wear the uniform of a soldier in the American Revolution.

"I felt like a real asshole," Jerry told me, "but I felt compelled to do it."

That touch of theatricality impressed Abbie Hoffman, and when Jerry moved to New York in 1967, they became partners in pranks — from throwing money in the stock exchange to exorcising the Pentagon — giving birth to the Youth International Party, the Yippies, an organic coalition of stoned hippies and political activists.

In February 1968, a group of Yippies attended a college newspaper editors conference in Washington. Presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy was scheduled to hold a press conference for them. I was invited to introduce him. Then McCarthy's people chickened out, and I was disinvented.

That day, the front-page headline of the *New York Post* declared: "Reds Crack Hue Jail, Free 2000." Jerry, tripping on acid, was debating with himself whether or not to rush up to the podium with a copy of the *Post* and share this exciting Vietnam war news with McCarthy.

"Jerry," I said, "just do it."

Who knows, that might have been where he got the idea to title his first book *Do It!*

In the summer of '68 the Yippies went to Chicago to protest, by the example of their alternative value system, the Democratic National Convention, since the war had been escalating under the Democrats' watch. Although the Kerner Commission officially labeled what happened in the streets as "a police riot," eight individuals were indicted for conspiracy to cross state lines to cause a riot.

The Chicago Conspiracy Trial in 1969 provided a public vehicle for guerrilla theater. One day, for example, Abbie and Jerry came to court dressed in judicial robes. Judge Julius Hoffman was not amused and ordered them to remove the robes. Under Abbie's black robe was a blue-and-white Chicago Police Department shirt.

Ironically, the most startling image of that trial sprang from Judge Hoffman himself, when he ordered that Black Panther leader Bobby Seale's hands and feet be tied to a chair and that a gag be put over his mouth, because Seale wanted to defend himself. Now, a quarter-century later, Colin Ferguson, an obviously insane black man who gunned down a half-dozen passengers in a Long Island Railroad train, has been permitted by a judge to defend himself.

Is that progress or what?

In 1972, after the Yippies protested the Republican convention in Miami — where the Zippies accused Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin of being publicity-seeking has-beens — Jerry moved to San Francisco and became a health freak. He drank so much carrot juice that he turned orange. He also learned from the human potential movement how to overcome his low self-esteem for having orange skin. He met therapist Stella Resnick and proposed to her on their first date. They became lovers and workshop co-leaders. "She's the female Jerry Rubin," he told me. Together, they threw balled-up slices of Wonder Bread at the audience, and Jerry lit up a joint on stage.

In 1974, he moved back to New York — and Wall Street. That same year, Abbie Hoffman, financially broke, was entrapped into selling cocaine to undercover cops, and went on the lam to avoid a mandatory 15-years-to-life sentence. He emerged six years later, and plea-bargained himself into a work-release program. In 1984, he reunited with Jerry, traveling the country in a series of debates titled "Yippie vs. Yuppie."

In 1989, Abbie committed suicide. I was devastated. This was not his first suicide attempt; just his most successful one. Conspiracy theorists believed that he was the victim of an assassination plot, culminating with an autopsy conducted by the same coroner who had performed an autopsy on NBC news anchor Jessica Savitch, whom they also considered to be the victim of an assassination plot. But I checked it out, and came to the conclusion that Abbie had indeed taken his own life. Every year since, Johanna Lawrenson, his underground running mate, has organized a celebration on his birthday to benefit the Abbie Hoffman Activist Foundation.

In November 1994, I was in New York to speak at the 5th annual Abbie party, when I got a phone call that Jerry had died. The next morning, a front-page headline shouted: "Death of a Monster!" I was furious, under the impression that Newt Gingrich's demonizing of the counter-culture had already trickled down to the *New York Post*. But no, that headline referred to Jeffrey Dahmer, the serial-killer/cannibal/necrophiliac, who had been bludgeoned to death in prison by another inmate. The *New York Daily News* headline was "Dahmer's Just Desserts."

The joke was that the killer planned to hire O.J. Simpson's attorneys, and they would have him plead self-defense: "Jeffrey Dahmer came at me with a knife — and a fork."

At the Abbie Hoffman party, attorney William Kunstler took the stage, eulogizing both Abbie and Jerry. Then he proceeded to describe my appearance as a witness at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. True, I had ingested 300 micrograms of LSD before taking the stand, but Kunstler's account of my testimony bore no relation to the trial transcript. A reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, who had read "a completely different exchange" in my autobiography, confronted Kunstler, who responded, "These are details. I mean, the man was stoned out of his mind. That's all you need to know."

The next night, I was a guest of Bob Fass on his WBAI program, *Radio Unnameable*. A listener called in to suggest that Jerry Rubin had been the victim of an assassination plot. I promised to check it out. Fass pooh-poohed the idea, but, unlike with Abbie, I had reason to believe that Jerry's death could have been the result of a conspiracy. If so, there would be a certain karmic inevitability about it, stemming from his essential idealism, his widespread influence — and his various enemies.

The Phil Ochs Connection

It looked like Bob Dylan was trying to tear out his hair. This was backstage at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965. Dylan was having a fit of frustration because folks in the audience had just booed him for going electric with *Like a Rolling Stone*.

"It's gonna be a hit," Phil Ochs said to me, as people backstage were dancing euphorically. "Hey, Bob," he called out. "It's gonna be a hit!" But Dylan couldn't hear him. "It's gotta be a hit!"

On another occasion, when Dylan played *Can You Please Crawl*

Out Your Window for him, Ochs said, "I don't think it'll be a hit." That time Dylan heard him.

"You're crazy, man," he told Ochs. "You only know protest, that's all." Then Dylan's limousine arrived and they got into it. But after a short distance, Dylan ordered the driver to pull over. "Get out, Ochs. You're not a folk singer. You're a journalist."

Ochs had indeed started out as a journalist, rising to managing editor of the Ohio State University paper. He was dropped when he wrote a pro-Castro article in 1961. But you can't stifle a point of view. Phil then wrote his first protest song, *The Ballad of the Cuban Invasion*.

And yet he was the ultimate patriot. At a Berkeley anti-war rally, somebody threw an American flag on the ground, and Phil refused to perform until it was picked up.

"If I were in China, singing the songs I sing," he said, "I would be killed. In Russia, I would be in a lot of trouble. Here I am free. This is our strength, the power and the glory. America could become the greatest country in the world."

His song, *The Power and the Glory*, was recorded by Anita Bryant. "I want to be a non-compromising left wing star," Phil would say. "I want to be a spokesman, not afraid to speak of Castro or Malcolm X onstage. I want to build a career in which a truly controversial song can become a hit single. I want to sing *I Ain't Marchin' Any More* on the Ed Sullivan Show."

Although turned down by Sullivan, as well as by Merv Griffin and the Smothers Brothers, he did manage to sing at least the first couple of bars of *Marchin'* as part of his testimony at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. His guitar was an official piece of evidence.

William Kunstler asked the witness, "Can you identify that exhibit?"

"This is the guitar I played *I Ain't Marchin' Any More* on."

Kunstler requested Ochs to sing it right then and there in the courtroom, the better to recapture the ambience of the previous year's protest against the Democratic convention, but Judge Hoffman interrupted the song, and Ochs had to settle for reciting the lyrics:

"It's always the old to lead us to war," he spoke, looking directly into the eyes of the judge. "It's always the young to fall."

But no rendition could have done justice to the memory of what had happened that summer evening at the Chicago Coliseum in 1968. At an Unbirthday party for President Lyndon Johnson, while Phil was singing *I Ain't Marchin' Any More*, an individual in the audience started burning his draft card. Then someone else did. And a third, and a fourth. It was, quite literally, spontaneous combustion.

And then, even as the war in Vietnam was continuing to escalate, Phil sang *The War Is Over*. When he reached the line, "But just before the end, even treason might be worth a try," the crowd of 5,000 went absolutely wild, cheering him on with a combination of outrage and optimism. The ovation just wouldn't stop. It was an incredible emotional catharsis.

Backstage, we embraced. Phil was ecstatic. "That was the most exciting moment of my career," he whispered.

Seven years later, when the war finally ended in reality, he sang *The War Is Over* once again, this time for 50,000 people in Central Park.

When Jerry Rubin had originally invited me in 1965 to emcee the

Personal Propaganda

Atlantic Records has taped one of my stand-up performances and will be producing an album. The hardcover edition of my autobiography, *Confessions of a Raving Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counter-Culture*, sold out 16,000 copies, and the paperback sold out 15,000 copies. I have a limited supply. You can have the hardcover for \$25; the paperback is \$14. Also available: *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce*, \$10. Subscriptions to *The Realist* are \$12 for 6 issues; \$23 for 12.

The Realist, Box 1230, Venice CA 90294

first Berkeley teach-in, I suggested that he invite Phil Ochs to perform between speeches. Jerry had never heard of Phil, but he took my advice, and they ended up becoming friends. Phil introduced Jerry to folksinging, and Jerry introduced Phil to LSD.

In 1973, with Yippie stalwart Stew Albert, they went to Chile, where Phil met his Chilean equivalent, Victor Jara. They visited a newly nationalized mine, where Jara and Ochs sang for the workers. Jara did *Little Boxes* and Ochs did *The War Is Over*, with Jara translating his lyrics, line by line. Later on, the Chilean army would break Victor Jara's fingers and force him to perform in an arena.

The rift between Ochs and Dylan ended in 1974, when Ochs was organizing a benefit for Chilean refugees who had escaped, and the underground freedom fighters they had left behind. Phil haunted the Greenwich Village folk clubs — from the Kettle of Fish to the Gaslight to the Other End — where he ran into Dylan.

"Hey, you the same Bobby Dylan who once wrote a song about Chilean miners?"

"Yeah."

"You want a job singing for those same miners now, for free?"

Dylan agreed to sing at the rally.

"I really don't see what's wrong," Phil told the audience, "with Bob and I putting all our royalty money into chemical warfare stock."

Two years later, Phil Ochs committed suicide. The culture lost a rare artist, and Jerry Rubin lost a rare companion.

The Patty Hearst Connection

In the fall of 1972, when Patty Hearst was 18, she moved in with Steven Weed. They smoked pot in their Berkeley apartment and took acid in the old Hearst mansion. She had seen *The Realist*, came to hear me speak on campus, and borrowed my copy of *Do It!*, in which Jerry had inscribed:

Dear Paul —

So much of you is part of this book — things we experienced together! Your spirit and life force have become part of me! Let's keep working together to destroy the government, fomenting riots and creating closer and closer brotherhood!

With love & dope,
Jerry

"I'm non-violent," I told Patty, "so I'm a little embarrassed by that."

"Oh," she reassured me, "it's just bullshit rhetoric."

"Yeah, but Jerry has a way of talking himself into believing his own rhetoric."

In February 1974, three weeks before her 20th birthday, Patty was kidnapped by the Symbionese Liberation Army — a group of male and female white radicals led by black militant Donald "Cinque" (pronounced Sink-you) DeFreeze — and she was kept in a closet for eight weeks.

The SLA demanded \$2 million in ransom for Patty. Her father, Randolph Hearst, raised \$500,000 and the Hearst foundation gave a grant for the rest, but only after they got an IRS ruling that the SLA was a "charitable organization." The SLA also demanded a free food program. Patty's father arranged for such a project in Oakland. Governor Ronald Reagan watched on TV the long line of people waiting for free food and announced, "I hope they all get botulism."

Then Patty had the audacity to join the SLA. She re-named herself Tania, and participated in a bank robbery with them. Her mother, Catherine Hearst, said that she would rather her daughter be dead than join the Communists. She also observed that if only Clark Gable had been at the Berkeley apartment instead of Steven Weed, then Patty would never have been kidnapped.

Probably true.

In a taped communiqué to her parents, Patty stated:

Mom, Dad, I would like to comment on your efforts to supposedly secure my safety. The food giveaway was a sham. You were playing games — stalling for time — which the FBI was using in their

attempts to assassinate me and the SLA elements which guarded me. I have been given the choice of, one, being released in a safe area, or two, joining the forces of the Symbionese Liberation Army. I have chosen to stay and fight. I want you to tell the people the truth. Tell them how the law-and-order programs are just a means to remove so-called violent — meaning aware — individuals from the community in order to facilitate the controlled removal of unneeded labor forces in this country, in the same way that Hitler controlled the removal of the Jews from Germany. I should have known that if you and the rest of the corporate state were willing to do this to millions of people to maintain power and to serve your needs, you would also kill me if necessary to serve those same needs. How long will it take before white people in this country understand that whatever happens to a black child happens sooner or later to a white child? How long will it be before we all understand that we must fight for our freedom?

Patty would later insist that the recording was made in a closet, that she had read from a script given to her by Cinque, and that he threatened to kill her if she didn't read it.

At the end of the tape, Cinque came on with a triple threat, particularly Colston Westbrook, whom he accused of being "a government agent now working for military intelligence while giving assistance to the FBI." This communiqué was originally sent to San Francisco radio station KSAN. News director David McQueen checked with a Justice Department source, who confirmed Westbrook's employment by the CIA.

Conspiracy researcher Mae Brussell traced his activities from 1962, when he was CIA advisor to the South Korean CIA, through 1969, when he provided logistical support in Vietnam for the CIA's Phoenix program. His job was the indoctrination of assassination and terrorist cadres. After seven years in Asia, he was brought home in 1970, along with the war, and assigned to run the Black Cultural Association at Vacaville Prison, where he became the control officer for Donald DeFreeze, who had worked as an informer from 1967 to 1969 for the Public Disorder Intelligence Unit of the Los Angeles Police Department.

The Tim Leary Connection

Timothy Leary's slogan was "Turn on, tune in, and drop out," but it was not really oxymoronic with his participatory nature. He met Abbie Hoffman in December 1966 at the League for Spiritual Discovery storefront in New York, Jerry Rubin in January 1967 at the Human Be-In held in San Francisco, and his alignment with the Yippies was forged in 1968.

Jerry had experimented with electoral politics. He ran for mayor of Berkeley, and when Eldridge Cleaver ran for president, he asked Jerry to be his running mate — this alliance between the Black Panthers and the Yippies was symbolized by a machine-gun crossed with a hash-pipe — but respectability is a relative quality, and Jerry's vice-presidential candidacy was rejected by the Peace and Freedom Party.

A couple of years later, Leary was arrested for pot, but escaped with the aid of the Weather Underground. Eldridge Cleaver was already on the lam, to avoid being tried for a shootout with police in Oakland. Leary and his wife, Rosemary, became Cleaver's house guests in Algeria, and then became his captives. They escaped to Switzerland, which refused to extradite him to the United States. Tim and Rosemary separated, and Joanna Harcourt-Smith conveniently called and took her place. Tim and Joanna went to Afghanistan where, in January 1973, one month after they met, he got busted by American agents — kidnapped, actually, since the Afghans had no extradition treaty with the U.S. Leary was taken back to the states, accompanied by Joanna and her friend, Dennis Martino.

At his trial in April, Leary's defense team argued unsuccessfully that when he escaped, he had been in a state of "involuntary intoxication" due to flashback effects of LSD. He was sentenced to 25 years.

In the spring of 1974, in the Scientology Club office at the California Medical Facility in Vacaville, prison psychologist Wesley Hiler

was taping a conversation with Leary.

Hiler: "What do you feel about the social consequences that very large numbers of young people have had psychedelic experience in our culture?"

Leary: "Well, that's a question that I don't have enough facts to answer, because I've been quite alienated from American society for many years. What do you think?"

Hiler: "I feel the main effect is that it liberated people from these conditionings and imprints of their culture. They're able to see the absurdity of certain things that their parents took for granted. So I think that's one of the reasons why there is this activism against the war in Vietnam. They are able to see beyond the blinders of patriotism."

Leary: "This sounds like you're talking in the 1960s. And what has happened in the last five years since the Nixon regime took over is very different. It's hard to say anything about any positive liberation developments without being aware that a tremendously brutal repression set in to crush them. So what would have happened if we had not had the Nixon election? I think Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin brought about the election of Nixon because they basically wanted to convert the neurological revolution to a political revolution. Jerry Rubin was saying in the 1960s, 'Turn on, tune in, and take over.' Then the occult-spiritual movement stepped in — again, totally against the continuation and acceleration of the liberation movement — and they wanted to co-opt it. And they made a perfect alliance with the right-wing movement in opposing the real flower of the '60s, which had to do with drugs and sexuality."

Later on, Leary had an idea:

"Why don't we try to save Patricia Hearst? I'll write a letter to the SLA about the inability of anybody to see any point of view except their own. Like with this Hearst family — everyone's very sorry for them. They don't see that the SLA and the Hearst family are in exactly the same situation as every middle-class and poor family whose children were kidnapped by armed forces and sent to Vietnam against their will, or parents of any family whose child had to go to Canada to escape the draft, or 30,000 parents in the state of California — lower-class, poor parents — whose sons and daughters are in prisons like this. It's all force and kidnapping of young people. And this is the way the SLA is thinking."

Hiler: "Yeah, yeah. I hadn't thought of that . . ."

Leary: "All right, I'll write the letter to the SLA, you deliver it, we'll settle the situation, get Patty Hearst released from prison, then I'll get released from prison, and you can say you were the one that did everything. (Laughter) All I want to do is get out of here."

Hiler: "Here I've been telling everybody that Leary is a living example of a person who has his head together, happy anywhere, unbothered in prison."

Leary: "And now my line is to say you can carry a good thing too far, and that I don't like the picture of me seven years from now wandering around in prison, smiling as the world continues to collapse into insanity on the outside. . . ."

Hiler: "What I like to do is be like an artist here. Like today I did some really good therapy and recorded it. That's what I like, to have it recorded and good, like a work of art. Like I wish we had recorded that session with Manson. It was beautiful. Such a poetic delusional system, so beautifully expressed."

Leary: "That was a terrible thing you just said — beautiful delusional system."

Hiler: "It sounds awful, I know. I was integrating two points of view of schizophrenia. You have Laing's point of view, that schizophrenia is a beautiful thing, a person trying to find himself. The symbols he uses are often very profound, like an acid trip, a Jungian dream. I believe this, but I also believe they lose their ability to distinguish between reality and their fantasies. For instance, Manson believes he is responsible for Nixon's troubles. It's a delusion of influence."

Leary: "Everything you say about Manson just blows me away, because I think exactly what Manson thinks. I think that Nixon got all his troubles because he fucked with me. So there's two of us and one

of you. Manson's thing isn't delusional, in that he's a force, his name comes up as a symbol very regularly in the strangest places. Everyone in the Western world knows the name of Manson — a kind of witch. He does have influence, right?"

Hiler: "Right, definitely, and he's a very beautiful person, very open. It was a very exciting session we had up there."

Leary: "You were sorry you didn't have it on tape, it was such a beautiful delusion."

Hiler: "Yeah"

Leary: (Irritated) "You sound like a butterfly catcher."

Hiler: "Yeah, in a sense I am. I am a butterfly catcher, that's right."

Leary: (Sighing) "How do you think I'm going to get out of prison?"

The Dr. Hip Connection

One morning in May 1974, just before dawn, Tim Leary was quietly taken from Vacaville to a private cell in the Federal Correction Institution. A state prison official said that Leary's move had been voluntary, initiated by the FBI, and he speculated that Leary was "giving testimony about the drug culture." Panic spread from the drug culture to the radical political culture. There was fear that Leary would snitch on the folks who had arranged his original escape.

In September, an *ad hoc* group, PILL — People Investigating Leary's Lies — issued a statement signed by a long list of radical personalities: "We condemn the terrible pressures brought to bear by the

government on people in the prisons of this country. We also denounce Timothy Leary for turning state's evidence and marking innocent people for jail in order to get out of jail himself."

PILL held a press conference in Berkeley with Ram Dass, Allen Ginsberg, Jerry Rubin, Ken Kelly, and Leary's son Jack, all sitting on the dais. One by one, they accused Leary of telling preposterous lies about a non-existent hippie Mafia to a federal grand jury in Chicago.

Somebody was wearing a kangaroo head and costume with boxing gloves to protest symbolically the kangaroo-court nature of this press conference. I knew it was Gene Schoenfeld — whose "Dr. Hippocrates" column had been syndicated in the underground-press days — because he had called me the previous day to ask if I wanted to wear a kangaroo costume too. Since I planned to attend as a journalist, I declined his invitation, although when Jack Leary began reading a statement denouncing his own father, it struck me as so distasteful that I impulsively bypassed my role as a reporter and blurted out, "Judge not lest ye be stoned!"

A few weeks earlier, there had been a big party at Margo St. James' place in Marin County. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Gene Schoenfeld left early to do his weekly radio call-in show on KSFQ, where he answered questions, mostly about sex and drugs. But for this particular program, he decided to talk with a few of us at the party by telephone. He interviewed Margo, who talked about how prostitutes were, in effect, on the front lines of the women's movement. Alan Watts asked about the AMA's conservatism in relation to new medical procedures such as acupuncture. Someone at the party had requested me to work his frog fetish into the dialogue, so I asked Schoenfeld about the common problem of what kind of lubrication one should use when having intercourse with a frog. He said he didn't know and would have to do some research. Then it was Jerry Rubin's turn.

"Gene," he began, "your listeners should know that when you give advice about sex, you really know what you're talking about. You were great last night."

"Jerry, I know from experience in writing for newspapers and doing radio broadcasts that many people can't tell whether someone may just be making a joke."

"Joke? This is no joke. You were great last night."

Now, at the PILL press conference, Schoenfeld had stashed in the pouch of his kangaroo costume a whipped-cream pie covered by Saran Wrap. He hopped into the room, past scores of media people, preparing to smush the pie in Jerry Rubin's face. However, he was unable to remove the plastic wrapping with the boxing gloves on his hands. Ken Kelley grabbed him and pulled off the *papier mâché* kangaroo head.

Later on, both Ram Dass and Allen Ginsberg were surprised to learn that the press conference had been called in the name of People Investigating Leary's Lies. Jerry Rubin proclaimed the event "a political victory" inasmuch as it stopped action on indictments that were supposed to have come down as a result of Leary's alleged snitching.

In Chicago, a U.S. Attorney said that Leary had never testified before a federal grand jury there. As far as I could determine, the only one who got hurt by Leary's testimony — before a Los Angeles grand jury — was his former attorney, George Chula. Joanna Leary had already testified that Chula smuggled hashish to Leary in prison, and Leary verified it. Chula was suspended for one month.

Joanna had taken on Leary's cause as well as his name. In June 1974, she visited Randolph Hearst with an offer from Leary to help find Patty Hearst. Prison psychologist Wesley Hiler was fired, ostensibly for an article in *Rolling Stone* which discussed how he had arranged for secret talks between Hearst and inmates associated with Patty's kidnappers.

At that point, Joanna was already working with the Orange County district attorney's office and investigators for the Drug Enforcement Administration. Her companion, Dennis Martino, had also been an informant for the DEA. He was responsible for over thirty drug busts in Santa Cruz alone, and had been spying on Leary's lawyers since 1973. He died from an overdose of natural causes.

Either Joanna was an undercover agent from the beginning, or she



Obscure Reference

At one point in the O.J. Simpson trial, media-savvy Judge Lance Ito, exasperated with squabbling attorneys, muttered, "I'm beginning to feel like Mr. Kimball." The reference was not to Dr. Richard Kimball in the movie *The Fugitive*. Nor was Ito referring to Mr. Kimball in the TV series *Green Acres*. He was referring to the teacher played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the movie *Kindergarten Cop*.

had become one in order to free her "perfect love" from prison. While Tim was in jail, her mission was to gather information connecting the drug subculture with the political subculture. She conned her way into what she referred to as "the pecking order." She said Tim had given her a list of men to seduce, including Senator Ted Kennedy. When Allen Ginsberg — who was *not* on that list — suggested to Leary that Joanna was a double agent, Leary repeated the charge to her.

"Ginsberg just hates women," she replied.

Despite Joanna's efforts, Tim continued to reside behind bars with neighbors he described as "singing waiters in the Rathouse Cafe." He faced 25 years, but was released in 1976, after Jerry Brown became governor of California. By 1982, Leary was traveling around the country in a series of debates with G. Gordon Liddy, the man who in 1966 led a midnight raid on his research center in Millbrook, New York. If Leary had then followed Liddy's current advice about shooting federal agents in the head and groin, Leary would have ended up on stage debating himself.

In the summer of 1982 — at a celebration of the 25th anniversary of Jack Kerouac's novel *On the Road* — a much-politicized Timothy Leary borrowed back Jerry Rubin's revised version of his own '60s slogan and proceeded to advise the audience: "Turn on, tune in, and — please — take over!"

The Charles Bates Connection

If Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze had in fact been a double agent, then the SLA was yet another Frankenstein monster, turning against its creator by becoming in reality what had been orchestrated as a media image. When Cinque finked on his keepers, he signed the death warrant of the SLA.

In May 1974, all but Tania, and Bill and Emily Harris, were killed in a confrontation with police at their Los Angeles safe-house. A fire, ignited by tear gas and incendiary bombs, had touched off the SLA's supply of ammunition. Cinque's charred remains were sent to Cleveland, and his family couldn't help but notice that he had been decapitated. It was as if the CIA's Colston Westbrook had said, literally, "Bring me the head of Donald DeFreeze!"

Consider the revelations of Wayne Lewis in August 1974. He claimed to have been an undercover agent for the FBI, a fact verified by FBI director Clarence Kelley. Surfacing at a press conference in Los Angeles, Lewis spewed forth a veritable conveyor belt of conspiratorial charges: that DeFreeze was an FBI informer; that DeFreeze was killed not by the SWAT team but by an FBI agent, because DeFreeze had become "uncontrollable"; that the FBI then wanted Lewis to infiltrate the SLA; that the FBI had undercover agents in other underground guerrilla groups; that the FBI knew where Patty Hearst was but let her remain free so it could build up its files of potential subversives.

Virtually all of the FBI's 8,500 agents were involved at some point in the hunt for Patty. A special squad interviewed 25,000 people in the San Francisco area alone. In the middle of a *Doonesbury* strip, Garry Trudeau spelled out the word Canaan, which was where a friend of his lived in Connecticut, but federal authorities were convinced it was actually a reference to Patty Hearst's hideout in Pennsylvania. William F. Buckley wrote that she should be sacrificed "in the name of Christ."

And who was Charles Bates, the FBI official in charge of handling the SLA investigation and the search for Patty Hearst?

A member of the Santa Clara district attorney's office testified that Bates had "categorically denied" having any of the stolen documents sought by D.A. for an investigation of FBI-sponsored political burglaries. But, after being confronted with the testimony of one of his own subordinates, Bates ultimately turned over the documents. Some of the stolen documents had ended up with Research West, a private right-wing spy organization purchased in October 1969 with funds provided by Catherine Hearst. Their files were available to local police and sheriff departments as well as the FBI, the CIA and the IRS.

In 1969, Bates was the Special Agent at the Chicago office of the FBI when police killed Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark while they were sleeping. Ex-FBI informer Maria Fischer told the *Chicago Daily News* that the chief of the FBI's Chicago office, Marlon Johnson, personally asked her to slip a drug to Hampton. She had infiltrated the Panther Party at the FBI's request a month before. The drug was a tasteless, colorless liquid that would put him to sleep. She refused. Hampton was killed a week later. An autopsy showed "a near fatal dose" of secobarbital in his system.

In 1971, Bates was transferred to Washington and put in charge of handling the Watergate investigation.

The only reason that Patty and the Harrises were not killed in Los Angeles was because they had gone to Inglewood the day before. However, Bill Harris got caught shoplifting sweat-socks at a sporting goods store, which touched off a shootout, and the trio fled to Anaheim, checked into a motel, turned on the TV and, to their utter horror, watched their safe-house burning down, and heard the newscaster say that the police believed *they* were inside.

Originally, the SLA hadn't trusted Patty's decision to join them. (Conversely, she didn't trust their offer of a choice, since they realized she'd be able to identify them if she went free.) So they made her prove herself by "fronting her off" at the bank with Cinque's gun pointed at her head. "I was doing exactly what I had to do," she would later claim. "I just wanted to get *out* of the bank. I was just supposed to be in there to get my picture taken mainly." So she was only a *virtual* bank robber.

But now, having witnessed her comrades being burned alive, and realizing that she was supposed to be among them, Patty's previous rhetoric had finally been transmuted into total reality. She was now *truly* afraid that the FBI wanted to assassinate her. She was now *truly* a member of the Symbionese Liberation Army. Bill and Emily Harris now *truly* trusted her. There would be no problem in leaving her alone. She would never try to escape.

Patty had become a vehicle for repressive action on the right, and wishful thinking on the left. On one occasion, she was visited by Abbie Hoffman — also on the lam — and Jerry Rubin.

"She was like the patron saint of political conversion," Abbie told me. "We were *worshipping* her. I mean, I used to think she was brainwashed. And brainwashing does exist — built into the process is the certainty that you *haven't* been brainwashed — but Patty, she wasn't brainwashed, she transcended her fuckin' class. And she was smart, and funny, really sarcastic. And — now don't tell Jerry I told you this — we had a *menage a trois*. The three of us are in bed, see — we had all done qualudes — and we're taking our clothes off, and I'm kissing Patty, and Jerry is finger-fucking her at the same time, and suddenly I could feel his *other* hand fondling *my balls*. I did a little mental double-take, but I only related to *her*, not to him. The whole thing just kind of choreographed itself. Then later — we were talking about how much I missed *organizing* — and she convinced me to change my appearance and just go and do the same kind of work under a different name. I took it as the fuckin' *gospel* and did exactly what she said. That was the day I decided to become" — laughing and waving his fist in the air — "*Barry Freed, environmental activist!*"

It turned out to be a schizoid existence for him, intensifying his manic-depressive state. He would call me, sometimes as Abbie, sometimes as Barry, sometimes switching from one identity to the other during the same conversation.

The F. Lee Bailey Connection

Patty Hearst was finally captured eighteen months after being kidnapped. She was so surprised that she peed in her pants — reported only in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, not the *San Francisco Examiner* (published by her father). She was permitted to change in the bathroom. The FBI inventory did not include "pants, wet, one pair," but there was on their list a two-foot marijuana plant and a bottle of Gallo wine, not exactly a loyal gesture to the United Farm Workers they purported to support. And there was an unidentified "rock"

found in Patty's purse. A KGO newscaster reported breathlessly: "Patti Page has been captured."

And so the victim had become the perpetrator. Out of the closet, into the bank! And now she was in jail. Abbie Hoffman arranged for the following letter, which he wrote on the stationery of a New York hotel, to be smuggled to her:

High Patty,

I guess if our mutual friend figured out how to get this to you she figured out how to tell you who it's from. I feel close to you since we met. Our paths have crossed in a few other ways but they have to be kept out of a letter. We went under about the same time, and everywhere I went the papers said you had been spotted. Even once when there was so much heat I had to move, I was still cheering for you to make it. Everyone was really sad when you got nailed. I thought you were doing important work and it was too bad you were rudely interrupted. If I were in your shoes, I'd keep real quiet and not make any statements. Play their game for a while until you get your bearings. Don't get impatient, you've got about 80 years to live.

Getting bail is your primary concern. Get out on the streets. You can be much freer then to write and say what you want. If you can't make bail and then decide to make a "showcase" trial by putting forth your views, you'll need a radical lawyer who's had experience. There are all kinds of ways to get radical testimony into a trial, but only radical lawyers understand the rules. Given the charges it's going to be tough. Don't think you can, say, do a trial like ours. It's more complicated than it appears on the surface. If I had to choose a Bay Area attorney, I'd choose Michael Kennedy. He's one of the great radical lawyers.

If you could, you might get someone, a lay person, to survey the Bay Area attorneys for defense ideas and general strategy, that way getting a feel for their methods. I realize this is your first bust. We had a huge advantage for between us we had over 100 previous busts. We knew the courts and more importantly enough lawyers to make knowledgeable decisions. I'll try and send more ideas as they occur — if the letters get thru — and seem helpful. Just want to let you know you're not alone. Everyone in the underground misses you. Hope your spirits are high.

*Together in struggle,
A.*

Originally, Patty was going to be defended by the radical team of Vincent Hallinan and his son Kayo. Although as Tania she had called the elder Hallinan a "clown" in a taped communiqué, now as Patty she said of Kayo, "He's good. Like, I really trust him politically and personally, and I can tell him just about anything I want and he's cool." It was, unfortunately, a lawyer-client relationship that would not be permitted to mature.

Her uncle, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., editor-in-chief of the Hearst newspaper chain, flew in from the East Coast to warn his family that the entire corporate image of the Hearst empire was at stake and they'd better hire an establishment attorney — fast. Enter F. Lee Bailey. He had defended a serial killer, the Boston Strangler, and a war criminal, Captain Harold Medina of My-Lai-massacre infamy, but he said he would not defend Patty Hearst if she were a revolutionary. You gotta have standards.

So Patty had been kidnapped once again. Her obedience to the defense team paralleled her obedience to the SLA. The survival syndrome had simply changed hands, from Donald DeFreeze, who led the kidnapers, to F. Lee Bailey, who led the defense. Bailey was Cinque in whiteface. Instead of a machine gun, he owned a helicopter (Enstrom, and anagram for Monster). Instead of taping underground communiqués, he held public press conferences. The air reeked with show biz.

In 1976, I covered the trial for the *Berkeley Barb* and *Playboy*. There had been a rumor that Patty was pregnant by Cinque. In fact, when Patty's father met sports figure Jack Scott — who had spent time with Tania while she was on the run — the first question he asked was to ascertain if that were so. In my weekly report, I wrote in

the *Barb*: "Now, with their daughter on trial, the Hearsts have hired a lawyer who wears pancake makeup to press conferences, the better to transform a racist fear into a Caucasian alibi." I received a letter by certified mail.

Dear Sir:

You undoubtedly did not realize that the name "Pan-Cake Make-Up" is the registered trademark (U.S. Patent Office No. 350,402) of Max Factor & Co., and is not a synonym for cake make-up. The correct usage is "Pan-Cake Make-Up," capitalized and written in just that manner, or, under circumstances such as these, where you obviously did not intend to mention a particular brand, simply cake make-up. We are sure that you are aware of the legal importance of protecting a trademark and trust that you will use ours properly in any future reference to our product, or, in the alternative, will use the proper generic term rather than our brand name. So that our records will be complete, we would appreciate an acknowledgement of this letter.

*Very truly yours,
D. James Pekin
Corporate Counsel
Max Factor & Co.*

I explained that there had been a slight misunderstanding — what F. Lee Bailey had been wearing to all those press conferences was actually Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix — and I hoped that cleared up the matter.

The Willie Wolfe Connection

A three-month-old baby, whose mother wanted to expose her to the process of justice, was being breast-fed in the back of the courtroom while Patty Hearst testified that, during her abduction, she had been raped in a closet by the lover she once described as "the gentlest, most beautiful man I've ever known." Now, prosecutor James Browning was cross-examining her.

"Did you, in fact, have a strong feeling for Willie Wolfe?"

"In a way, yes."

"As a matter of fact, were you in love with him?"

"No."

A little later, he asked if it had been "forcible rape."

"Excuse me?"

"Did you struggle or submit?"

"I didn't resist. I was afraid."

Browning walked into the trap: "I thought you said you had strong feelings for him."

"I did," Patty replied triumphantly. "I couldn't stand him."

It sure seemed like fake testimony. And yet, there was this letter to the *Berkeley Barb*: "Only a woman knows that the sex act, no matter how gentle, becomes rape if she is an unwilling partner. Her soul, as well as her body, is scarred. The gentleness of Willie Wolfe does not preclude rape. Rape, in this instance, was dependent upon Patricia Hearst's state of mind, not Willie Wolfe's. We must all remember that only Patty knows what she felt; and if we refuse to believe her, there can be no justice."

Patty also said that her intercourse with Cinque was "without affection." On the witness stand, she was asked by Bailey what Cinque had done on one occasion to show his disapproval.

"He pinched me."

"Where?"

"My breasts" — pause — "and down —"

"You private parts as well?"

"Yes."

Browning cross-examined Patty:

"Did he pinch one or both of your breasts?"

"I really don't remember."

"Was it under your clothing?"

"Yes."

"In both places?"

"Pardon me, I don't think that the other was under my clothing."

"All right, your breasts he pinched by touching your skin. The pubic area, he did not touch your skin. Is that true?"

Good Lord, this was supposed to be the Trial of the Century, and the government was trying to find out whether or not Cinque got bare tit.

The Trish Tobin Connection

After Patty was arrested, she had a jailhouse conversation with her best friend since childhood, Trish Tobin — whose family, coincidentally, controlled the bank that Patty helped rob. Several times throughout the trial, Browning attempted to have the tape of that dialogue played for the jury, but the judge kept refusing — until the end of the trial, when the impact of its giddiness would be especially astonishing.

Trish: "I had a lot of fights at Stanford."

Patty: "Oh, yeah? About what?"

Trish: "You."

Patty: "Oh — what were they saying?" I can just imagine —

Trish: "Oh, well, 'that fucking little rich bitch' — you know, on and on — and they said, 'She planned her own kidnapping,' and I said, 'Fuck you, you don't know what the fuck you're talking about, I don't even care if she plans her kidnapping and everyone's in the world, so you know something, I don't wanna hear *shit* out of you!' (Laughter)

The gossip was that Patty had arranged her own kidnapping in order to get out of her engagement to Steven Weed in as adventurous a way as possible — "I guess I was having second thoughts," she admitted, "I wasn't sure he was somebody I could stay married to" — but that she was then double-crossed and manipulated into becoming an informer. In fact, she secretly began to turn state's evidence early in her trial. Usually, defendants tell what they know *before* trial, so that the prosecution can decide whether or not to plea-bargain and avoid a trial. But this particular trial *had* to be held, if only to avoid giving any impression of plea-bargaining.

Patty had been gang-banged into snitching by the prosecution and the defense alike, but that jailhouse tape did appear to reveal a change in her outlook:

"I'm not making any statements until I know that I can get out on bail, and then if I find out that I can't for sure, then I'll issue a statement, but I'd just as soon give it myself, in person, and then it'll be a revolutionary feminist perspective totally. I mean I never got really — I guess I'll just tell you, like, my politics are real different from, uh — way back when (Laughter) — obviously! And so this creates all kinds of problems for my defense."

An accurate forecast. Patty testified that she was influenced to say that because captured SLA member Emily Harris was in the visiting room at the time Patty was talking to Trish Tobin. Bailey asked, "Was she a party to your conversation?"

"Not by any intention of ours, no."

On cross-examination, Patty continued: "Emily was also on a phone." Prisoners and visitors had to converse over telephones while they looked at each other through a thick bulletproof glass window. Patty said she knew that Emily could hear her talking simply because "I could've heard *her* if I'd stopped and listened." But jail records showed that Emily was not in the visiting room then.

While Patty was being interviewed in jail by prosecution psychiatrist Harry Kozol, she pulled a Raskolnikov — the character in Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* who cannot repress the force of his own guilt — by darting from the room and complaining that Kozol had accused her of arranging her own kidnapping. Bailey asked him on the witness stand, "Did you suggest that she got herself kidnapped?" He answered, "No."

In the first interview, Kozol had questioned Patty about Willie Wolfe:

"I told her that I'd heard her speak tenderly of him [on the final taped communiqué] and I asked her this question: 'Is that the way

you felt about him?' She seemed to get upset and deeply moved. I felt she was almost sobbing inside — but no tears ran down her face. She said, 'I don't *know* how I feel about him.' I said, 'I'm not asking you how you feel. Is that how you *felt*?' She became very much upset, began to shake and quiver, obviously suffering. And she answered, 'I don't know why I got into this goddamn thing — *shit*.' And then got up and left the room, terribly upset."

Got into *what* goddamn thing? Patty could have been referring to her agreement to talk with psychiatrists, or to her decision to join the SLA, or to the kidnapping itself.

In the second interview, Kozol asked if there was anything else. He testified:

"There was some delay. She was sort of thinking. She began to look very uncomfortable and I told her, 'Never mind.' And she said, 'I don't want to tell you.' And I said, 'That's okay, if it makes you uncomfortable,' and then she blurted out that she was going to tell me anyway. She told me that four days before the kidnapping, while she was sitting in class, she was suddenly struck with a terrible fear that she was going to be kidnapped. This was an overwhelming sensation. It stayed with her. I said, 'What's so surprising about a girl from a well-to-do family worrying about kidnapping?' She brushed it aside and said, 'It wasn't anything of the sort. It was different.' For four solid days, she couldn't shake the fear. She finally thought in terror of running home to her parents, where she would be safe. She somehow fought that. Then the thing she dreaded occurred."

While Kozol was testifying, Patty was writing notes to Bailey on a yellow legal pad. I diverted a marshal's attention during recess, and reporter Steve Rubinstein copied those notes, although he wasn't allowed to include them in his story for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, a Hearst paper. In one of the notes, Patty described life in Berkeley with Steven Weed:

I paid the rent, bought the furniture, bought the groceries, cooked all the meals (even while working eight hours a day and carrying a full course load), and if I wasn't there to cook, Steve didn't eat.

In another note, she clearly and concisely described where her mindset really was at in the San Mateo County Jail, when she couldn't blame Emily Harris' eavesdropping as her motivation:

Dr. Kozol kept trying to equate the women's movement with violence. I repeatedly told him: 1. Violence has no place in the women's movement. 2. I didn't feel it was possible to make lasting changes in our society unless the issue of women's rights was resolved. Kozol kept trying to say things like, "Isn't it more important to solve the poverty problem?" Any reform measures taken by the Government will only be temporary.

Bill and Emily Harris let it be known that, if called to testify, they would take the 5th Amendment, but Emily testified in effect through the media. After Patty told the jury that Willie Wolfe had raped her, Emily was quoted in *New Times*: "Once Willie gave her a stone relic in the shape of a monkey face, and Patty wore it all the time around her neck. After the shootout, she stopped wearing it and carried it in her purse instead, but she always had it with her."

Prosecutor Browning read this in the magazine and he had an *Aha!* experience, remembering that "rock" in Patty's purse from the inventory list when she was originally captured. He presented it as his final piece of evidence in the trial, slowly swinging the necklace back and forth in front of the jurors, as if to hypnotize them.

Patty was found guilty of fucking when she was fifteen — or why else would such information have been admissible as evidence? They don't allow that kind of testimony in a rape trial, but for a bank robbery it was considered relevant. She faced seven years in prison.

Jerry Rubin proclaimed, "Patty Hearst is being punished in the '70s for what we did in the '60s." Her sister Anne gave Patty a T-shirt. On the back it said *Being Kidnapped Means Always Having to Say You're Sorry*. On the front it said *Pardon Me*. After serving 23 months in prison, her sentence was commuted by President Jimmy Carter.

The family of slain SLA member Willie Wolfe hired Lake Headley

— an ex-police intelligence officer who was chief investigator at Wounded Knee — to find out what had really happened. He discovered, with fellow researchers Donald Freed and Rusty Rhodes, that the SLA was part of the CIA's CHAOS program. In that context they were planning to kill Black Panther Huey Newton, and succeeded in killing a black school superintendent after he agreed to meet Panther demands for educational reforms.

At Vacaville, DeFreeze was permitted to set up Unisight, a program by which convicts could get laid by visiting females. According to Headley, DeFreeze's visitors included kidnappers-to-be Nancy Ling Perry and Patricia Soltysik — and Patty Hearst, then eighteen, not going under her own name but using the ID of Mary Alice Siems, a student at Berkeley.

His affidavit states: "That Patricia Campbell Hearst and her parents disagreed bitterly over Patricia's political and personal relations. That a love affair between a black man and Patricia Campbell Hearst did take place prior to her relationship with her fiance Steven Weed. That Mrs. Randolph A. Hearst subjected her daughter to extreme pressure to change her personal and political relationships."

Patty began living with Weed in Berkeley later that year. DeFreeze was transferred to Soledad in December 1972, where he was given the special privilege of using the trailers ordinarily reserved for married trustees. He became a leader of the SLA and renewed his affair with Patty for a brief time. The affidavit continued: "Discussions were held between Patricia Campbell Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army concerning a kidnapping — not her own."

Whose, then? Her sisters, Anne and Vicki. The idea of kidnapping Patty too was brought up — this was a year before it actually took place — but she didn't think it was such a great notion. But, if true,

this would explain Patty's outburst at the moment of kidnapping: "Oh, no! Not me! Oh, God! Please let me go!"

The investigators presented their findings to the Los Angeles City Council, charging that the intelligence unit of the Police Department — the Criminal Conspiracy Section — knew of the SLA's presence but wanted the so-called shootout for test purposes. Headley acquired official film footage of the massacre, showing that the FBI used a pair of German Shepherds to sniff out Patty's presence so she wouldn't be inside the safe-house.

And Steven Weed was told by a cop at the scene of the shootout, "Don't worry, Patty's not in there."

The Pablo Escobar Connection

As I write this, one week after the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City triggered such unspeakable anguish, I am struck by the overlapping and the parallels of right-wing-militia rhetoric with that of Jerry Rubin, starting with his dedication in *Do It!* — "To Nancy [his girlfriend, Nancy Kurshan], Dope, Color TV, and Violent Revolution!" A year later, in his next book, *We Are Everywhere*, he clarified his position: "Bombing buildings without killing people is an example of revolutionary violence."

Once, though, while we were walking around New York during a police strike, he remarked, "I'm very disappointed that nobody's doing anything."

"Jerry," I said, "I don't see you trashing anything."

In *We Are Everywhere*, he also wrote, "I fell in love with Charlie Manson the first time I saw his cherub face and sparkling eyes on national TV. When I was out in L.A. on a speaking gig Manson saw me giving a rap, and asked his lawyers to find me and bring me to see him

ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOUNG BLACK MEN??
YOU OUGHTA BE... THEY HATE YOUR
WHITE GUTS!



Crumb and Crumber

When the alternative magazine *Weirdo* released its swan-song issue, irreverent underground cartoonist R. Crumb produced a comic strip which sprang from, as he puts it, "a devilish urge to poke at the most sore spot." The eventual outcome was an artist's parody being deceptively adopted by the very mentality he ridiculed. The furor arose from a pair of adjoining strips, the first titled "When the Niggers Take Over America!" Crumb didn't refrain from carrying it further, depicting the "shvartzas" as pawns of the "real rulers," which introduces the com-

panion piece, "When the Goddam Jews Take Over America!" Without Crumb's awareness or consent, *Race & Reality*, a racist publication out of Massachusetts, took the liberty of separating the two strips and reprinting them in two different issues. By running the comics out of context, the magazine apparently sought to play into the very fears Crumb was mocking. Crumb agreed with the assessment that the strips spoofed white America's inherent prejudices, but admitted that they went "beyond satire." He said, "It's a complicated mixture

of feelings and attitudes that are impossible to explain," adding that he creates such extreme works "to stick my finger in the middle of all these forbidden words and nasty racism issues." He expressed no interest in suing *Race & Reality* for copyright infringement. "I don't want them to be persecuted. Ignoring them is the best policy." He doubts these groups have any real power. "Another Nazi Germany's not going to happen. There's different management these days. It's more of a mass-media friendly fascism."

— Mark Miller in *High Times*



in jail."

Said Manson: "Rubin, I am not of your world. I've spent all my life in prison. When I was a child I was an orphan and too ugly to be adopted. Now I am too beautiful to be let free."

In 1972, when we began hanging around with John Lennon and Yoko Ono, Jerry asked me what I thought of them. Even as I started to reply, "They're fun to be with," Jerry was already answering his own question: "They have a lot of power."

By 1976, he was already deep into the New Age self-help syndrome. He argued that I had "a poverty consciousness" and needed "a success consciousness." Jerry sought success in romance as well as business. He decided that he wanted a tall blond woman who wasn't Jewish so that her neurotic tendencies would have a different frame of reference from his own.

Jerry met Mimi Leonard, a tall blond gentile whose father wrote *The Transformation* and coined the phrase "human potential movement." She had written a term paper at Columbia University about Jerry and Abbie Hoffman. Jerry proposed to Mimi on their first date. He always introduced her as "George Leonard's daughter." In 1977 they started planning three huge educational festivals of consciousness on health, sexuality and success. "Like a Vietnam Day of the soul," Jerry assured me. Yet he was concerned about his new image.

"Why are the media programming me for the role of 'radical gone straight' or 'reformed radical' or 'born-again capitalist' just as heavy as they programmed me for the radical crazy role of the '60s?'"

"If you live by the media, you die by the media."

"I actually don't mind it. I am happy as a pig in shit these days. I feel great, I'm in love, I've found work that I enjoy, I don't owe anybody anything. I'm getting married because I feel it, and because I want to make a statement about commitment. Our culture doesn't understand the meaning of commitment. Yippie and gestalt are equally at fault here."

Jerry and Mimi married in April 1978. Six months later they produced a 15-hour Awareness Extravaganza with such speakers as Masters and Johnson on sexual pleasure, Werner Erhard on the experience of love, Dr. George Sheehan on jogging, Wayne Dyer on personal power, Dick Gregory on food and health, Buckminster Fuller on creativity, and Arnold Schwarzenegger on body and mind control. Jerry described the event as "a kind of California event in the middle of New York City."

Jerry had gone from potsmoking to stockbroking, from rabble-rousing to networking. He would evolve from listening to Lenny Bruce records before delivering Yippie speeches, to dancing naked to Neil Diamond albums in order to psych himself up for motivating an audience of multi-level marketers. And, not surprisingly, he now found himself in a defensive mode.

"My networking salon comes out of my 1960s organizing experience," he told me in 1982, "but I really don't think that I've become the person or symbol that I preached against in the '60s. I'm not a war-monger, or munitions seller, or corporate pig. I am an entrepreneur, a person building an organization bringing people together in a humane way in the 1980s. Is that really so bad? Would I hate myself if I could see myself from the vantage point of the 1960s? I really don't think so. I was opinionated then, and dogmatic, but I also had my moments of sensitivity and openness. People resent me because I represent the part of themselves that is no longer radical."

By the next year, he had a staff of twelve, 80,000 upwardly mobile people had attended his weekly salons, and Jerry treasured his collection of their business cards. The next step in his plan would be franchising at \$200,000 a shot. Jerry was a true workaholic, but in 1984 he decided to take several months off "to reverse the aging process." Eventually he moved to Los Angeles, where he made \$750,000 a year, lived in a \$5,000-a-month high-rise condo in Brentwood, paid \$15,000 monthly to Mimi for child support, and began to reverse the aging process by wearing a toupee.

In the *Los Angeles Times*, columnist Al Martinez wrote about the other Jerry Rubin, a political activist with the Alliance for Survival, who was out of work and needed money. Yippie Jerry was annoyed.

"They think it's me," he complained. "My landlord thinks I can't pay the rent. Girls won't go out with me because they think I'm broke." Yippie Jerry thought that, out of sheer admiration, Alliance Jerry had named himself after him, and now Yippie Jerry was concerned that Alliance Jerry would become his Mark David Chapman, the fanatic who killed John Lennon because he loved him so much. When they met for lunch, Yippie Jerry insisted that Alliance Jerry bring his birth certificate. When Yippie Jerry saw that Jerry Rubin was Alliance Jerry's real name, Yippie Jerry offered Alliance Jerry \$10,000 to change his name — \$20,000 if he would change it to Tom Hayden.

"I want you to work for me," said Yippie Jerry to Alliance Jerry. "I want every Jerry Rubin in America to work for me."

One of the Jerry Rubins who worked for him was Bobby Seale. Meanwhile, I had been performing standup comedy, not in the comedy clubs, but rather in odd venues. Perhaps the oddest was the Brentwood Bakery. Folding chairs were set up, and everyone got a free piece of pastry. Jerry was there — the bakery was in his neighborhood — and he asked me *not* to introduce him.

"There's someone here in the audience tonight," I began, "and he asked me not to introduce him, but I'm going to do it anyway." Jerry looked embarrassed. "Pablo Escobar," I announced, referring to the Colombian drug kingpin who had recently escaped from his palatial prison and was now on the lam. Jerry's look of embarrassment turned to one of disappointment. "Come on, Pablo," I cajoled, "don't be bashful, stand up and take a bow."

After the show, Jerry and I went for a late dinner, and I learned that what I had perceived as disappointment was actually dread. He proceeded to tell me about his encounter with Patty Hearst in 1974, verifying Abbie Hoffman's account, although in Jerry's version of the *menage a trois*, it was Abbie who had fondled Jerry's genitals.

"Abbie and I had a threesome once before," he continued. "We were in a plane, and we were flirting with this girl sitting next to us. We asked her to sit between us, and there was a blanket covering us, and while we were feeling her up, she masturbated both of us simultaneously. But that was really impersonal. With Patty it was different — she was a dynamic *hero* and the context was totally political. I shared with her my state of acute depression. You remember how, during the anti-war movement, it had been like being *alive every moment*, and now I was only in my early '30s but I already felt like I was on my *deathbed*. Well, Patty told me to just stop feeling so fucking sorry for myself, and that I should try to bring about change by working *within* the system because there were *many* battlefronts. It was like a religious experience. She changed my life."

Jerry told me how he needed to keep his agenda a secret and, in that process, took flack for hypocrisy and became a symbol for selling out. He reminisced about how difficult it had been to "debate" Abbie Hoffman when he actually agreed with him, how hurt he had been when he wasn't invited to a Chicago+20 reunion in 1988, and how awful it felt a year later to be booed at a memorial for Abbie at the Palladium in New York, the same glitzy disco theater where he and Mimi had organized so many successful networking parties.

But now he had become an activist again, fighting the FDA's intended banning of vitamins. And he described to me his latest plan, to have the members of youth gangs market Wow — his nutritional drink that contained kelp, ginseng and bee pollen — instead of crack cocaine. He called bad food "a terrorist attack on your stomach." Jerry had already met with leaders from the Crips and the Bloods. While he was waiting for their answer, he got a phone call from Pablo Escobar himself.

"We had something very strange in common. Although we were both wealthy — he was a *billionaire* — we both wanted to destroy capitalism from within by its own excesses. It was the most thrilling conversation I'd had since Berkeley, when there was a group of us discussing Mao tse-Tung's several levels of opportunism. Except that Escobar was unhappy about the competition that my project meant for him. Somehow, the word had filtered up to him. He insisted that South-Central and *all* the inner cities were *his* territory, and that he would arrange to have me killed if I didn't stop. I was scared shitless.

I told him that if I was murdered, it would only make me a martyr. He took it as a challenge and guaranteed that my death would be made to look like an accident."

The Tiffany Statner Connection

At a three-day conference in the summer of 1988, celebrating the 20th anniversary of the mass protest against the Democratic convention — being held in the very same Amphitheater — Abbie Hoffman took the stage and spoke with passion:

"I believe that what happened here in the streets of Chicago energized, went beyond the left, cracked the barrier that the media had placed around how it covered the anti-war movement, how it covered Vietnam, and reached into the hearts and souls of Americans — in particular, Americans that were fighting in Vietnam. Of all the people that I've met in the past twenty years, that would come up and talk to me, the most touching is to hear from soldiers who were in Vietnam, who were not privileged to attend all the conferences where the *isms* debated the *wasms* about whether we should go this way or that way in terms of revolutionary theory as defined by Marx or Mao or Bakunin or Avakian or J. Edgar Hoover, but had seen with their own eyes their contemporaries, young people from their generation, taking risks to go against the war machine."

A young female student had a question for Abbie:

"In terms of the powers-that-be, in terms of operating within the system or outside of the system, isn't it just a little nutty to let people know that you're working against them if they have all the power? Isn't that just a little bit crazy? I mean the problem I have with people taking pictures here is that like I'm starting to get really paranoid. I guess there are enough things against each person if the government really does have all this power that we're talking about, and people individually don't have specific ways to go against that themselves. I can't afford to hire a lawyer if I needed to. What I'm saying is, everyone who goes against the government, all those different people, are the people they pick out first to get rid of when there's a problem. Those are the people who get imprisoned."

Abbie answered, obviously talking about his own situation:

"There's no way that change will come about without people taking risks — with their careers, their marriage plans, their status in the community, and their lives. There's no way change will come about. You can buy the albums, you can wear the T-shirt, you can listen to classic rock 'n' roll all you want, you can go to a U-2 concert, you can hold hands in a stupid pageantry like Hands Across America and think you're doing something about poverty, but that's New Age nonsense, that's being *concerned* about issues, that's not *caring* about issues. Hands Across America should've been Hands *Up*, America! That's the way it goes. Robin Hood was *right*. Steal from the rich! Give to the poor!"

When Abbie killed himself eight months later, Nicole Hollander's comic-strip character, Sylvia, sat at her typewriter tapping out this letter: "Dear Network Creeps: I imagine you're working feverishly to develop Abbie Hoffman's life into an incredibly bland but offensive made-for-TV movie. Well, stop it or you'll feel my wrath."

Jerry Rubin was a lonely and insecure man, hiding inside the healthy body of a super-achiever. Two of his closest friends had committed suicide, and his marriage had broken up, but at least Mimi had moved to Los Angeles with their two children.

Leslie Meyers lived in the same building as Jerry, and they met for the first time in a corridor. Speaking for the other tenants, she said, "We know about you, but you're new, and you haven't given a party, which is traditional here, so we've been ignoring you. We hide in stairways when we see you coming." Jerry took her joke literally and gave a party, where he proposed to Leslie.

He didn't talk about his '60s past with her, but she saw his books and asked which had sold the most copies. He said, "*Do It!*" — but that she couldn't read it. Leslie took a copy anyway. The next day she told him, "I can't believe that a man with five suits hanging in the closet wrote this."

At a screening, Jerry met actress Tiffany Statner, and told her, "I'm gonna marry you." Tiffany's mother was a guest on *Leeza*, an afternoon TV talk show, where the topic was "Women Who Marry Men For Their Money," and Tiffany was in the audience. She moved in with Jerry, then she moved out, then she moved in again. Their relationship was indeed stormy.

On the evening of November 14, 1994, Jerry, Tiffany and Fred Branfman — of the Making a Difference project to help inner-city youth learn how to start their own businesses — were leaving Jerry's apartment on their way to dinner. His car was parked across the street from the condo. Jerry was a devout jaywalker, and he got hit by a Volkswagen on Wilshire Boulevard, knocking him several yards straight into unconsciousness. Paramedics found no neurological functions, no vital signs of life. His injuries were massive — a shattered leg, collapsed lung, very low blood pressure, severe abdominal and head injuries, a scattering of blood around the base of the brain, and a detached aorta. Emergency surgery was performed at UCLA Medical Center for fourteen hours.

Jerry remained in a coma for two weeks. Family and friends maintained a bedside vigil, talking to him, holding his hand, playing music for him — but nothing by Phil Ochs because that might depress Jerry. Leslie, knowing of his love for celebrities, described her lunch with Jack Nicholson. Stew Albert asked Jerry if he remembered Judge Hoffman, and Jerry rolled his eyes. "Wake up, Jerry," Stew told him, "you'll get a big book contract for coming back from the dead. Your coma is an opportunity." Eldridge Cleaver managed to gain access to the hospital room by claiming to be Jerry's half-brother. He shook hands with his former prisoner, Tim Leary, and suggested that they form a Third Party with a female candidate for president. Eldridge was entranced by Leslie and informed her, "You unleash the lightning in the souls of men." Tiffany's mother saw Leslie and wondered aloud, "What does she think *she's* doing here?"

It was, finally, the other Jerry Rubin who called to tell me the news. "This is Jerry Rubin. Jerry Rubin is dead." Tragedy and absurdity were two sides of the same coin. And so it came to pass that the other Jerry Rubin became the live Jerry Rubin.

"It's like losing a brother," he said, "We both wanted peace. I've been getting calls all day from people thinking I died."

The really dead Jerry Rubin had once predicted that he would live to the age of 140, but his poor heart gave out when he was only 56. I was angry as well as sad. How could somebody who had spent the entire decade of the '70s expanding his consciousness forget the simple lesson he had been taught in Kindergarten: "Cross at the green and not in between!" Jerry committed suicide with his false sense of invincibility as surely as Abbie Hoffman did with his pills and Phil Ochs did with his noose.

Of course, it seemed on the surface like he was the victim of a simple accident — after all, he had been dodging through six lanes of traffic — but then I remembered that threat to him from Pablo Escobar. The driver of the car that struck Jerry was neither held nor charged, and he was not named in the newspapers, but I was able to track him down by way of the police report. He smugly admitted that there was a fleet of 36 cars, 18 in each direction, six per lane, and that his car just happened to be the one nearest to Jerry at that instant, but he refused to tell me how all the drivers knew exactly when Jerry would be scurrying across Wilshire.

The George Demmerle Connection

Lou Salzburg and George Demmerle were both infiltrators of the Youth International Party. I was suspicious of Salzburg — a photographer, he would call to ask about our next demonstration, and I would tell him to examine the *Village Voice* classified ads under Riots — but I was fooled by Demmerle, a factory welder, older than the others, who called himself Prince Crazy, and instead of trying to keep a low profile, mimicked the penchant of Abbie and Jerry for outlandish costumes and guerrilla theater.

Demmerle had started out with the reactionary John Birch Society,

switched to an ultra-right-wing militia, the Minutemen, then tried to join the FBI, which took him on as a volunteer — and later paid — informant. Recently he confessed to *Dallas Observer* reporter Joy Zimmerman that “The government was committing more crimes than the people were. They were framing people, planting drugs on anti-war activists, breaking and entering.”

When the Yippies held a pre-Chicago event on a pier at the Hudson River, nominating a pig for president, Demmerle played the role of a stereotypical anarchist, using for his prop-bomb a black bowling ball complete with fuse. Before he could carry out his mission to assassinate Pigasus, he was thrown into the water.

After a while, the role began to play him. Yippie archivist Sam Leff recalls how “Demmerle used to stand up at the end of meetings and say, ‘Who wants to go out and get arrested?’ — getting young kids to go out and throw rocks and break windows. He wouldn’t get arrested, but he’d get others arrested.” Demmerle tried to convince Abbie to receive Navy weapons and explosives, and he attempted to persuade Jerry to blow up the Brooklyn Bridge. But now he claims to have been influenced by the very people he spied on and tried to set up.

“I loved Jerry and Abbie,” he insists. “I don’t want the ideals they stood for — love and freedom — to die with them. The ideals of the Yippies are the last hope for America.”

At a memorial for Jerry Rubin, attended by 200 mourners, I spotted George Demmerle. He was weeping while Stew Albert, with great difficulty, delivered a eulogy.

“To most everyone here, the key word is Wow,” he said, “but I come from the era when the key word was Yippie. Jerry was always a rebel, but then he was always a rebel within the rebellion. He was always sort of rebelling against the norms of the rebellion. That was a constant characteristic. He always wanted things to be exciting, and he saw excitement as a form of communication. The biggest influence he had on me was to stimulate a sense that more was possible than I thought. My tendency was to say, ‘Well, now look, Jerry, objective conditions say this and so you can’t really do that.’ And he would always find a way of saying, ‘Well, look, we *could* do it.’ He was always broadening the sense of what was possible. My relationship was *occasionally* convincing him that something really was impossible. That was kind of our dynamics. Jerry changed costumes, and he changed rhetoric, but he never changed his heart.”

Jerry’s ex-wife, Mimi, the mother of his two children, declared: “Jerry realized that America is the greatest country on earth. He realized that capitalism is the greatest system on earth. He helped many, many people make money and have good lives.” (An individual raising funds for a *Yarzzeit* candle ceremony for Jerry declined to ask Mimi because she’s not Jewish.)

And Tiffany Statner said that “Jerry always wanted to get there quicker. He was the love of my life. He turned out to be my hero.”

She was wearing an engagement ring that Jerry never gave her, and claimed that he had asked her to marry him shortly before the accident, although Jerry had been telling friends the *day* before that Tiffany was “the worst relationship of my life” and he wanted to get out of it. When Stew Albert was speaking with Jerry, and he put Tiffany on the phone, she described herself only as “Jerry’s sidekick.”

“That’s funny,” Stew replied. “I used to be his sidekick.”

When he heard that Tiffany was planning a \$150-million palimony suit against Jerry’s estate, Stew remarked, “Sure, she gave him the best few months of her life.”

I also saw Patty Hearst at the memorial, incognito, just as she had been at Abbie’s memorial. I mentioned that F. Lee Bailey would be one of the attorneys defending O.J. Simpson, and she chuckled. Patty had sought a new trial on the grounds that Bailey had represented her inadequately, taking hangover medicine at the trial.

“He wasn’t *totally* incompetent,” she told me. “Before my trial, the prosecutor had admitted that it was clear from photographs of the bank robbery that I might have been acting under duress, and during the trial, with only fifteen minutes to go before a weekend recess, Bailey brought out the government’s suppression of photos showing Camilla Hall [one of the kidnapers] pointing her gun at me.”

As I was leaving the cemetery, George Demmerle approached, hesitantly, and we talked briefly.

“I guess I must still be a spy,” he said with a smirk.

“What do you mean?”

“You see that girl?” He pointed to Tiffany. “I was skulking around, and I overheard her arguing with him.” He pointed to a man I recognized as the driver of the car that had struck Jerry. “She said, ‘You’ve got a lot of nerve coming here.’ And he answered, ‘Hey, you wanna know something, if you hadn’t called us when you guys were leaving the apartment, Jerry would be alive today.’ I don’t know what they meant, but I wanted to tell you, because I figure I owe that much to Jerry’s memory.”

A week later, I visited Tiffany at Jerry’s condo. The apartment was devoid of furniture, except for a pair of junior mattresses that the kids had slept on whenever they stayed over. Tiffany was sitting on the floor in a corner, looking desolate. I told her everything I knew, and now I only wanted to understand her motivation.

“Jerry betrayed me,” she sobbed. “He set Mimi up on a high level in the business, above all the others, but I had to build my *own* downline.”

She was holding onto a collage that she had constructed from photographs of Jerry and her. It had hung on the wall of his hospital room. But I noticed that in the photos, Jerry’s head was larger than hers. It made no sense visually. Upon closer examination, I realized that Tiffany’s head had been glued onto the photos.

“Those were photos of Jerry and Leslie,” she said. “But Leslie was Jerry’s *former* girlfriend. So I just cut out *her* head with a scissors and glued *mine* on instead.”

“That’s really incredible.”

“Oh, don’t worry, I kept all of Leslie’s heads in a box. So if she wants them, she can have them.”

In a perverted sort of way, Jerry would have been proud of her.

Doonesbury

