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[Convention Coverage]

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(After half an hour of gypsy-flavored music)

. . . technique and, uh, more musical background . . .

Do you play any place regularly?

No, we mainly play for weddings and anniversaries, once in a while picnics, and once in a while there's a usual lounge. This seems to be the way people are in the city, anyway.

.. Well, thank you very much.

I do.

I hope we can be of some help, anyway.

. . . have music of a different ethnic . . .

(a babble of voices, with crowd noises in the background—inaudible)

. . . lounge on the west side, I guess . . .

Oh, that's who Skitch is . . .

Yeah, that was Skitch . . .

(more noise)

. . . They got a Spanish one over there . . .

Okay. Thanks a lot.

Thank you.

(a flourish of brushes on cymbals, then crowd noise)

Editor's Note

This issue of the Chicago Review was conceived as a collection of Fantastic Literature. Some of the selections represent a personal and introspective fantastic, writings that give the landmarks of an inner world. Other selections represent the "modernist" tradition of departure from convention, original fantasy, sound and fury, in various media. A third category burst upon us with the Chicago Democratic Convention, the fantastic of actual events, what is commonly known as reality. (Neither categories nor the collection itself claim to be exhaustive.) We could hardly defend the omission of this genre from the issue; on the contrary, it is the most appropriate spot for our daring contribution to convention coverage.

Newspaper accounts of the convention, aside from the question of their accuracy, are a boring and stilted prose record. The underground press remains a significant communications vehicle, but its coverage, with few exceptions, consists of a lot of outrage. The articles of various authors and celebrities, commissioned by various periodicals, are more interesting. Jean Genet in Esquire is superb on the policeman's world.

Further along are the documents that appeared in paperback soon after the event. First came the inevitable Norman Mailer "Informal History" Miami and the Siege of Chicago, the big daddy of participant observer stories. Mailer does an admirable job of editing and dramatizing the political transactions to a tolerable level for consumption. Moreover, the novelist alone, wielding unwieldy metaphors, can do justice to the character of the city. Even if he did come up in Brooklyn, Mailer can't match the sweep of Nelson Algren, the native son. The main character is as usual Norman Mailer. At least he can take a broader view than anyone whose interests are at stake. Where else can we read a summary like this:

Only a great city provides honest spectacle, for that is the salvation of the schizophrenic soul. Chicago may have beasts in the street, it may have a giant of fortitude for Mayor who grew into a beast—a man with the very face of Chicago—but it is an honest town, it does not look to incubate psychotics along an air-conditioned corridor with a vinyl floor.

Compare this professional opinion that appeared in a community paper (Ann Gerber's column, The Belmont Booster, September 25, 1968):

ANNIE'S CATTY COMMENT: Regardless of your feelings about the Hippie demonstrations and the resultant police action, we'd like to share this letter from a psychiatrist with 30 years of experience. He's Dr. A. I. Jackman, diplomate, American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. Writes Dr. Jackman:

- "As an occupant of an office facing Michigan boulevard, I had the unique opportunity of observing the police and the hippies in action Aug. 28. The hippie demonstration was, in my opinion, not a demonstration of decent, well-behaved, normal citizens. It was a demonstration of a tremendous group of psychopathic youngsters whose behavior in many cases seem to be influenced by drugs or psychopathy.

- "The time had arrived when the citizenry and the normal visitors to the city of Chicago had to be protected from the onslaught of a mob of psychopaths who gathered from all parts of the country to disturb the city of Chicago. Mayor Daley and the law enforcement agencies of our city rose to the occasion and effectively did the job that they were supposed to do.

- "I have personally had the opportunity of examining a rather representative group of these hippies and found approximately 30 per cent of them to be abnormal mentally and 6 out of 8 of these were on various leaves of absence from various state mental hospitals. The condition of their cleanliness was, in itself, an index that there was something mentally wrong with them. Most of them haven't washed their hands for months, let alone taken a shower or bath.

- "The right to protest is an absolute right of every human being, but the law should be observed, good judgment should be used, and a shower would help. The hippies are not something special under the law (except the sick ones who should be hospitalized). They have no more rights to disrupt and threaten everyone any more than anybody else has.

- "I, too, am against the Viet Nam war, but what has that got to do with their abnormal behavior? To me it is very obvious that the law should be applied equally to all. The hippies have no right to come in and wreck our or any other city, which they attempted to do."

This is Chicago where the mayor sounds the keynote with a slip of the tongue: "The policeman is not there to create disorder, but to preserve disorder."

As a corrective to the official documentary reports, the Walker report Rights in Conflict appeared in paperback, documenting a "police riot." It is thorough and rich in detail on incidents glossed over or distorted by the press. This is as far as it goes: interesting reading, a charming book complete with maps and "nearly 200 dramatic photographs." The

first monthly number of The Chicago Journalism Review, forum for a critique by newsmen of their own establishment, was devoted to convention reporting. (Their address is 5000 S. Dorchester Avenue, Chicago 60615). Finally, Abbie Hoffman's Revolution for the Hell of It reveals the added dimension of manipulation of the manipulation, among other things—this is an inspired work.

My complaint is that in all this reportage there is little that conveys the atmosphere and quality of the week's events. It is impossible to pin down the mass of actions and motivations to a simple interpretation, but judgments are nonetheless offered everywhere. The article by Gordon Bishop and Elia Katz for Rat and Baltimore Free Press (October 1) gets closer to the reality with interviews and commentary tape-recorded on the spot, like this encounter at the Hilton, Sunday, August 25:

Now a doughfaced fascist with a sign: THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS ANTIWHITE. He is paranoid and consequently one of the few people capable of a correct understanding of America's existing political realities. BFP polls him: What do you think should be done about riots? Fascist: "Wallace would stop them and let the police stop them. Every riot that was started in Chicago was instigated by the mayor and the police. They're using that to undermine the people so that they can pass more laws to put us under a dictatorship. Anything they do here, they know it in advance and they let it occur. The police are going to start a riot with those Yippies. Wait. They use it to increase their totalitarian power over the people."

and this one on the street near Lincoln Park Tuesday afternoon:

I have just met Mary Lynne, a little girl of maybe fourteen or fifteen from Chicago who's been kicking over garbage cans and kicking in windows as she goes to show you what you really do when you have a revolution (she says it's a revolution).

MARY LYNNE: You know the guy eating eggs? In *Cool Hand Luke*? What was the name of him? Newman? He decapitated those parking meters and uh . . .

BFP: Why did he do that?

MARY LYNNE: That was his way of sayin to the people what we're sayin to the people . . .

BFP: What are we saying to the people?

MARY LYNNE: Up against the wall, motherfuckers. . . . (Pause)

Mary Lynne has just told me that this has been the first time this summer in the park when blacks and whites have been together without any hostility.

MARY LYNNE: I mean well I've been all over this city and everywhere I've been like Resurrection City for a weekend I was really tense. And I live

in a black neighborhood over here and it's really tense just walkin up and down the street. But ever since this shit with the cops started you see, we got a common enemy (pause) I don't know. . . . People just getting along better these days. That's all.

The conclusion of the article is worth excerpting:

Make no mistake—the police found a functional identity in Chicago as well as the movement. The attacks on the Black Panthers in New York and Oakland were given their impetus by the police action in Chicago. What seems to have come out of the “politics of confrontation” is that the police (here we do not mean The Establishment, just the man who is a cop) now feel as alienated, as put upon, as needful of *self-protective offensives* as the students have been made to feel. The result of this phenomenon may be that what we call the “street revolution” may never transcend direct physical confrontation with angry cops. The cops are becoming an autonomous force, uncontrollable from above, no more a “fascist arm” than we are an “arm of the International Communist Conspiracy.”

To fill the gap Chicago Review offers the raw transcript of a fantastic tape made in Lincoln Park during the convention. Here are the voices of some of the people who were in the Park. There is more life in their words than in all the controversy and highbrow irony above-mentioned; more life, you may well conclude, than in all the bullshit that dominated the convention. The interviews are in temporal order from Sunday afternoon through Wednesday afternoon. The interviewer, Bruce Kaplan, had no directive other than to find out what was happening. The transcription is faithful to the five-inch reel of tape; only totally garbled or repetitious passages have been deleted. There is absolutely no invention or elaboration in the text. Identifications of speakers were added where possible, editorial additions are marked by parentheses. A speech delivered Tuesday evening by Bobby Seale of the Black Panther Party did not record well; this accounts for the remainder of side one, track one. Side two, track one is entirely gypsy music recorded prior to the convention, elsewhere in Chicago. The supplementary interviews were taken by Kaplan on a second tape, a week after the convention. Side one was transcribed by Mary Ann Lourie, side two and the second tape by Linnea Brandwein. Burton Lieberman's poem was written in Lincoln Park, Tuesday night, August 27.

Iven Lourie

SIDE ONE, TRACK 2

MAN, AMERICA, MANKIND

I stand here before you a man
Not with the idea to teach you
That I cannot do, for I have learned from you
Shakespeare still is a poet, and a painter, and a musician
even for today's newer politician
In my conscience I have taken courage for a friend
for to speak out in this modern world takes courage to no end
If half the world has everything
That means the other half hasn't a thing
If nature in its thinking can balance things
Then let us too learn from nature to balance things
Only then can all mankind sing
Nature is a delicious thing
For men to earn a living
We must all be fore in the giving
For men to be forgiving us
What is all this killing by the score for?
We must all be for a man, a living
And against the taking away of the living
If men of yesterdays, of olden times could sing
Helen you have everything
Then it's not so hard to see in today's times
America, today you are a Helen
Helen, in your old age, in your wisdom
Is it to be a policy to war?
I think your ambassadors and representatives misunderstand you
Your wisdom for today is not in war
Yet they send and fly a thousand ships and more
What is all this killing by the score for?
Helen you know what wisdom is for
Helen create a newer score
Helen in your youth launch ten thousand ships of goods and more
Ten thousand Marco Polos of trade through co-existence door
To say the least is war all we have learned to teach our sons?
I'm not a priest
But in the gospel there's a feast

That the world leaders of men make use of the least
And because of that they turn a God
And bring out in the rest of men the nature of the beast
To war in all mankind
In fields, in woods, in greens, in seas, in lakes, in streams
Can you hear the voice of nature itself is weeping
Mankind you pollute me as you please
Now nature too has your disease
Mankind remember nature for its own sake
It's not as weak as you
For the nature of the beast is in my nature too
Every now and then I march to war
And take a gigantic bite out of you
Many of us have tasted war
And having tasted the bitterness of it
Still there are many of us who have not yet learned to war no more
If learning is to have a reason
Then let us make this the season
To appreciate each other through reason
That war is treason on all mankind
America you have set John Fitzgerald Kennedy free
America look you now Vietnam's a flaming catastrophe
America you have set Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. free
America look you now a camp of poor the world your shame to see
Assasins east and west, damn you
Truth, hope and love, a little of each is in every man
Understand me even for you
Mankind from A to Z
Your wisdom of war is too deep for me
My mind's eye cannot see the point of what all this killing is for
Mankind from A to Z, can you see this is our time
World leaders of men, you have read the history of mankind
Why do you waste our time in war?
A church, a man, a hill, a tree
Down through the ages
While all around us the world rages
Let us take a leaf from history's pages
From the leaf of a tree, the poet-soldier Joyce Kilmer did see
Into creation's grace and harmony
Man, America, Mankind
Are we not more than the leaves on a tree?

When will we too see
It's not to kill more but to create and build in peace and harmony

That's a very moving speech. Would you like to say what you were telling me earlier?

Well, I was for Senator Robert F. Kennedy. I had the feeling that he would have been the best to lead all the American people to a greater democracy. He would have helped the minority, the last minority, of Americans, the Negro, to get a fair share of the pie because free enterprise is . . . a pie, everyone wants a piece of it. I wrote some poems on Chicago too on Kennedy for the people of Chicago.

Faces of wisdom come smiling through
Daley's Chicago too

Who's Carl Sandburg? Who's John Hancock?
Who's nobody? I'm not

O'Hare birds over Lake Michigan sea
Forever to fly, never to nest in the John Hancock tree

Each day I walk the lakefront
Chicago's sea for me
Through long columned rows of green trees
Nature's gothic cathedrals be
Sometime the John Hancock blocks my vision to see
Shakespeare would take the John Hancock into the sea
In my thinking simplicity I twist and spin and toss the world with
a golf ball in my hand

You say you gave up your job to write the long one, the Kennedy speech?

Yes and uh it was my own idea, it wasn't that I was asked to do it, but just that I want to see a greater country and after Senator Kennedy's passing I thought that the next best man would be Senator Eugene McCarthy.

What's your opinion of all these people coming here to Lincoln Park?

Well I think its the greatest uh thing to see the young people seeing America, discovering it, they're young, they're going all about the country and seeing it, and they want a chance to uh participate in their democracy. It's a sad thing to see that so many political men have held on to power for close to fifty years, not one of them has grace to bow out and let the younger lawyers and other younger men into the government. They hold on with one foot in the grave, they still refuse to bow out gracefully. My name is John F—, Irish-American, thirty-eight years old, seven months in Chicago from New York City, eighth grade education.

(The first six lines of the Kennedy speech repeated here)

I worked very hard on that. You see, Kennedy loved Aristotle, and all the great poets, see, and I reached in for Helen of Troy because Helen of Troy was so beautiful that they all went to war.



(Main speaker here a girl in her late teens—ed.)

We're carrying nothing that hasn't proved its practicality and necessity by several years of experience. The heavy jeans and turtleneck are protection against mace, likewise the vaseline. The tape on the glasses to keep from getting hit on the glasses. The helmet liner is to protect the head. We tested these helmet liners last night by beating each other over the head with metal vases. The gas mask is again against mace or teargas or worse which they eventually are using. For instance, that teargas shell that exploded in Soldiers Field last night, they mentioned powdered irritant injuring police and National Guard, well come on, there are no powdered irritants in mace or gas.—That had to be something else.

They laid three of them up in the hospital. Probably military and domestic reagents.(?)

Alright what else are we carrying . . .

Is the radio necessary?

That's just to follow the news. The medical kit for obvious reasons, bandages, iodine, alcohol for mace. We have a half pint of absolute grain alcohol. The fact is, something that was bitterly learned at Ann Arbor, where we're from, is that if you are blind drunk mace will not touch you. Time and time again they have tried to subdue mad

drunks with mace and wound up with a bunch of maced cops and a mad drunk.

Do you have any idea why that is true?

No idea why it's true, just that it works. For the same reason that we don't know how mace suppresses the part of your metabolism that digests vitamins. It does, that's one of the effects of it. These are army surplus gas masks. You can get them for eleven dollars at the Army Surplus store on Barry Street. You have to frighten them into giving them to you because the police have talked them out of selling gas masks. The World War II gas masks have been bought up the fire department, these are World War I. Ah, but they'll work. The black is because the worst of the police brutality is after dark, they seem to feel bolder in the dark, therefore the black is to protect you. You can hide easier.

You obviously feel there is a great deal of danger in coming to Chicago. Why did you?

We have had the word from some of our friends in New York, who were at Washington, and looked over the situation here that we ought to have helmets, gas masks and the works. The usual reaction to the police is not in regard to any action taken by the demonstrators, rather in accordance to the size of the crowd—the bigger the crowd the much more likely the possibility of police violence. This has been proved over and over again. The marchers don't have to start anything, just a sizeable enough crowd will incite them. For instance already two people here, that brings the count to what seven so far? In the past three days. And this is before anything's even started.

Three killed, four injured, so far.

There was a guy killed last Thursday?

Dean Johnson and two others.

Who were the others killed?

I'm not sure, I don't have all the information . . .

It was in the papers but we had to leave the papers and everything back because we can't carry anything that isn't absolutely essential. Oh, this uh experience too, the name of the defense fund. These are so that if I get hit on the arms I won't get my wrists cut.

What's worth the risk . . . why are you here?

Freedom, man.

Freedom, man, that's all there is. Freedom's where it's at. We gotta get it.

What's frightening now is not so much that the uh . . . what's really terrifying in the world situation today is how much we've become

like the Soviet Union. As much as them like us, we like them. The same people that are demonstrating against Vietnam are now demonstrating against Czechoslovakia. It's the exact same thing. One of our favorite anti-Vietnam people in New York is out throwing rocks at the Russian Embassy.

I heard some people standing around talking before, fairly straight looking, saying it looked like the newsreels from Prague.

Incidentally, we found out who the federal allies they brought in are, the Eighty-Second Airborne, the one that was used at the Pentagon, the Dominican Republic, and Vietnam. What they do when they train people, it's for riot training, what they do we found is they give them all sorts of stuff about these kids are all Commie agitators trying to stir up, etc. etc. which is so much bull. Honestly there's nobody quite like SDS, the New Left and so on for throwing out Marxists wherever they find them. That happened at the last convention and they're throwing them out steadily. The actual number of SDS people here is rather small. You'd be surprised, not all SDS members carry cards. Most of them are in other organizations too, it's an interlocking thing.

Why do you think so many fewer people have come to Chicago than everybody was saying?

Nothing about it makes sense . . .

Those are the grooviest helmets I ever saw.

Thanks. Would you believe that more than half the people in this country have no vote, no voice, and this is what we're protesting. We can't vote in the ballot box, we can't get our words in a magazine, in the papers, all we can do is bring our bodies to the demonstrations, and vote that way. If we're not given the vote, if we're not given a voice, not listened to, well the imbalance remains and there's only one way to correct it, we hope it won't come to that. It has happened before.

What's that?

It's water, just water. Water is the one good antidote for mace. The vaseline will keep the mace out, but the water will wash off the vaseline. The water's to get the mace out once it's in your face.

Revolution brothers . . .

(in unison) Revolution . . . si . . . black flag, great . . . By the way, anarchy and chaos are not the same thing if anybody wants to know. We've been saying it for years but who listens to us, once again. The whole idea behind the anarchist thing here is simply that people will by themselves without outside control . . .

. . . These men have a hitherto untested capacity for self direction
. . .

They will on their own order their own society. People don't need the whip, what they carry is enough, that's what we're fighting for, why we want to take all the whips out of society, there're garrets enough. People will naturally form an order and stick to it, and when they can't, well, society sure as hell can't do it for them. Society's supposed to serve man, not vice versa.



... I don't go to war at all ...

Yea (many voices)

... four Congressmen's sons are going to war right now, out of four-thirty five ...

... the football teams in the ghetto, you say violence is their bag ...

What a ya mean the football teams?

The young athletes in school have been listening to the propaganda all their lives, they're the ones that go ...

Gungho, fight for the team! ... Marines, I'm goin in the marines

...

I've been a football player, I still am a football player.

Then you'll probably be in the Marines ...

Why ... I'm a Navy man myself, if I go, I'll go Navy ...

Yeaaaaa, raaaah (loud cries and cheers) ... they'll make a man out of you ...

If you were on a ship, if you were on the New Jersey off Vietnam, and the ship was shelling ...

... wait awhile, wait awhile, I was in Army myself one time, you understand, I was, but I didn't know better at the time, see I was stupid, I was ignorant, man, I had no reason in the world in that people's army, because it was not mine, it was them people's, and that's what I realized, and I tried my best to get out, and I finally got out ...

Yeaaaaaaaaa

It was them people's army, and them people were nobody I knew, nobody I knew ...

It's very simple, you been brainwashed to think that anybody who doesn't agree with you is a bug, and you can kill anybody, and all Communists are bugs, therefore you can kill them. It's very simple. The same thing the Nazis did about the Jews. They weren't human they were bugs, it's very easy to put bugs in ...

Do we invade Russia, do we invade these countries?

You invaded Vietnam! You invaded Korea!

What'd we do in the Dominican Republic? When a government came in we sent our troops in and changed the government right away. What we're really saying, is the same thing that Russia's saying to Czechoslovakia. We've got spheres of influence, and they've got spheres of influence Ronald Reagan says the reason we're in Vietnam is because it's in our self interest to be in Vietnam. That's what he says. He didn't say anything about freedom and any other bullshit, he said because of our own self interest, which means that he wants to support his standard of living by milking South America, and Latin America, and Southeast Asia . . .

. . . They're to support and protect, they support and protect you . . .

The reason your folks can send you to college is because the price of bananas is kept down by United Fruit. Everybody here is living off the suffering of South America, everyone here, every time you go out and buy a banana at the United Fruit price, you're living off the slavery of people in South America. And look at the Savarin coffee commercial about El Exigente. He goes in, he always picks it, right, he picks the good coffee. What happens in the town when he says No? What happens in the towns when he says No? That's right, they sell. They sell the children and the whole bit goes down the drain. America is living off the suffering of the rest of the world. Every goddam one of us. McCarthyites, the whole bag. And don't kid yourself.

Anarchy, man . . .

Maybe the Capitalists are, but not America . . .

Whatya think America is if it's not Capitalists, man?

How many per cent is Capitalist, huh?

All of it!

We all are Capitalists?

Yeah . . . right . . . long as you condone it, man, long as you don't stand up and fight it, man.

What do you want us to turn to, Socialism?

No, turn to yourself, man.

Let every man trust his own conscience, and then we'll be out. Why do you have to follow somebody, what's in your head you have to . . . who wants . . . two questions: Why do you have to follow someone and secondly, why does anyone have to lead anybody? What's in your head that you have to follow somebody? Why are you so weak that you have to turn around and find someone to tell you where to go. And secondly, why is anybody up on any soapbox telling you what to do. I'm not asking you to follow me, you follow yourself. Any

time a cat comes up to you and says Follow me because I know the way, why should he know it more than you? Why are you more stupid than him? You're not. You been brainwashed, the way I was. Now I'm not making a case for Communist China, I think Mao Tse-tung is a schizophrenic nut. I'm not making a case for Russia or anybody else, or Communists or anything. I'm saying think for yourself, because the only thing you've got is your mind.

Maybe you want to get a point across at a Convention or something

...

The convention's all rigged, you know that.

All right, if there's a thousand people here, and they each have different ideas, and they each go different directions, are you ever going to accomplish anything?

If they all trust themselves. What have you accomplished with the leaders? Napoleon, Alexander the Great, you know.

What if everyone walked out of City Hall, and Johnson walked out of the White House, how would the country be run?

OK, tomorrow everybody's themselves, there's no government.

What if there's one guy that doesn't trust in himself and he knocks you over the head, and runs . . .

. . . now wait, we're giving you the situation, we're giving it to you right now, no government. We're gonna see what's gonna happen in your case . . . no government . . . tomorrow there is no government . . .

You don't make that type of transition, right. One day the world's gonna come that way anyway. What is government at all for except as a protective group. Whether it's a tribe or a national government, to protect the group from outside forces which may take it over, right. But obviously they'll come a time in the world when we all get together, there won't be any more of this nationalism bullshit, and like the world's plenty enough for everybody.

How soon is that gonna happen?

Well, it doesn't . . . it can't happen tomorrow, I'm talking about right now, you understand, that you may have to work with people towards an end, but don't automatically assume because someone wants to lead that he's anywhere in the right or that you have to follow somebody. What's wrong with your own head, why can't you do what you have to do?

Will you follow the President when we elect him? What happened to Johnson? Did they follow him?

Why do you follow McCarthy right now?

Do I follow him? Completely?

Why are you wearing his badge?

I have a choice.

Why do you wear another man's name on your chest?

I have a choice. Because I believe in the democratic system, that why I wear this. That's why. Tell me this, what'll happen if everyone just governs himself, and then there's a guy that gets some people behind him that follows him, and he starts taking things over, and if you're just singly by yourself, how are you gonna protect yourself from this guy?

The same way that any collective group always protects themselves when someone attempts to change the (???)

There has to be a group to protect themselves, just like America maybe when we strove for our freedom. We got together and fought against England to break away, just like other countries . . .

Tell me this, would you agree that the blacks have a right to fight to free themselves in this country?

To free themselves to do what?

To do what they feel they have to do . . .

For their rights!

To do what? What do they want to do with their rights? Stand in the park? He's standing in the park just like I'm standing in the park.

Big deal . . .

Black people in America have every bit of right to do what they want as you do . . .

Give me a for instance.

Tell me which rights.

I would say that the ability to buy or sell property anywhere, step one. Step two, the ability to go anywhere . . .

Do you think that that's been coming gradually, though?

No.

I don't mean gradually in the last hundred years, I mean in the last five years.

The reason it's coming is because American business understands that it's better to buy off the blacks than to have them burn down the town. That's exactly what it boils down to. Up till a few years ago, business heads wouldn't talk about anything. I worked in large corporations which did not hire blacks, did not hire Jews, and Mediterraneans or anything. If you're white and Wasp you're okay. In New York, I used to work in an advertising agency before I dropped

out last October, and the New York banks are all Wasps, you know right down the line. Now the President's Commission says the basic problem in this country is white racism. It's at every single level. You go into any large corporation and see what the structure is.

Just like you said, if everyone was just for themselves, it would have to come gradually. You said that yourself, it can't happen overnight, because people are afraid of change. Maybe the whites are doing the wrong thing, maybe they should employ colored where they don't, but they're afraid of change.

Well the reason they're afraid of change is they've been brainwashed by the system, the same system that's brainwashed whites against blacks have brainwashed whites against all Communists therefore you go out and kill any Communist because the President says it's okay, right guys? That's what it boils down to. Sure it does. What do you think we're doing in Vietnam? Do you really believe that a kid, whatever this young lady's age is or younger, a fourteen year old boy is going to kill you and yet we're killing them every day. We're killing men, women and children blindly. Read a book called *The War in Vietnam* written by a guy who was for the air war in Vietnam and you find out that young college lieutenants and warrant officers go around dropping bombs on villages hoping to scare off the Vietcong and if the people run, they drop more bombs. They obviously must be Vietcong. Now what kind of mind does it take to go around killing civilians. And dig the military. What kind of head goes into the military and makes the military a career? All right and what does it take to become ultimately a general? Playing the military games. Not only the fact that you obviously have to be a certain amount of intelligence and follow the book, but you gotta play the politics because the military is a bureaucracy, like the government or any corporation. What ultimately happens is the further you go up the military line the more tight you become a military head and all of a sudden you no longer deal in people, you deal in abstracts and it's very easy to go in and kill seven thousand Vietcong or forty thousand Vietcong and you sit there and add up the little tables, right? Humanity is ahead. There is no humanity in that type of figuring because it's all abstract.

In World War Two they used de-humanizing terms like wiping out a nest of hornets or something like this, but now it's even more abstract, it's even more de-humanizing. It's numbers.

In the beginning of the Vietcong war they had a term called "Search and Kill" when the troops went out to search and kill Vietcong, they realized that the American public would get upset with "kill," so they changed the term to "Search and Destroy." It's like you're being

maneuvered by your government. And the military is telling you exactly what they want to hear, and look at the peace talks. There is a book called, uh, whatever the book is that we heard about last night, about all the fucked up peace overtures by the . . .

Do you object young lady? What young lady here objects to my ladies here . . .

I'm making a point . . .

Do you have enough of a vocabulary . . .

Do you object young lady? What young lady here objects to my language

(Jeers and laughter)

You object because you been brainwashed . . .

I'm trying . . . I'm emphasizing a point . . .

I can express myself with words that are socially acceptable . . .

Alright, you tell me a word that's stronger than shit . . .

(General laughter)

Tell me a word . . . if you really want to advertise . . .

Ambergris . . . yeaaaa

Do you talk to your parents like this?

If I really get in an argument with them . . .

I'm not saying a real argument. I swear when I'm in a real argument. Or when I'm drunk. But when I'm just discussing something . . .

I'm in an argument with you people, I'm telling you that you people have been brainwashed . . .

I'm not arguing, I'm discussing.

I'm arguing. I'm arguing, I'm emotionally involved because people are dying, and you people are saying that it's nothing but Communists, nothing but abstract terms, everything is cool, because they're bad guys and we're good guys . . . it's because we've got Washington and we've got Lincoln and we're the good guys, right?

Do you believe in armed forces for this country? Supposing we just gave up our army . . .

The main protagonists in the previous argument were a guy with long reddish blond hair, two cameras and a lot of rolls of film, and another guy sort of had short hair, Wooster college t-shirt, another guy had sort of light hair and there was a black guy at the beginning of it.



SIDE ONE, TRACK 1

Were you around last night?

Yeh, and I want to talk in general about what alot of quote leadership of alot of the activities of the convention, mainly Mobilization people have been doing. They've been acting basically, though not in alliance, they've been acting in the interests of the cops. They've been preserving law and order. They've been keeping people on the sidewalks, obeying the law. Now it's the law that's putting people in jail, it's the law that's got Huey Newton in jail, it's the law that arrested Tom Hayden, it's the law of this land that sent people to Vietnam, it's the law of this land that's napalming peasant guerillas in Peru. It's the law of this land that sent people to the Dominican Republic. The law of this land is what people have got to be fighting against. You don't fight against it by obeying it. You don't make revolution by standing on the sidewalk. And people have got to take to the streets because all action that takes place on the street is illegal and it's political and a crowd doesn't need leadership because it has an organic sense of it's own. People in a crowd, political people, making political action know what to do and they don't have to be told it. The fact is that the technology in this situation which is one big microphone, megaphone that the Mobilization people had, was the thing that messed up the natural organism, the natural organic quality of the crowd, because it imposed a structure on it which, and it perpetuated a leadership that was both unreal and, I felt, you know, criminally counterrevolutionary. For what could have been accomplished, there were yesterday afternoon, you know thousands of people in the streets pissed off because Hayden was arrested and what did they do, they stayed on the sidewalks for several hours obeying the law and they marched around 'til all the political energy of the thing was dissipated completely. I really think uh that the hang-up that most people have here is that they're confusing and trying to mix education and sabotage. And in a prerevolutionary situation there is nothing between education and sabotage. Most of these demonstrations are just that, you know, people don't know why they're in them, they try to do one thing or another. There are hundreds of political targets in this city that should have been hit by those crowds, draft boards, induction centers, banks, big business buildings, scab buses, and so on, but people instead stayed on the sidewalks, didn't convince anybody, and got themselves tired and hoarse. That's all I got to say.

Do you think the level of participation of this crowd is high enough

to carry off that kind of demonstration?

Yes, very much so. If those idiots and elitists to an extreme degree hadn't been on the megaphones, in fact if there hadn't been any megaphone, the people naturally would have been in the streets because they were protesting the actions of the forces of law and order so they certainly wouldn't be naturally inclined to obey law and order.



. . . was, you know, walking with her. They were beating on the clergy as well as the kids and the medics. That was sad. And many times they wouldn't let the medics around the kids who were injured.

Did you have any particular experiences last night?

Uh, I marched in the front of the march when it came out of the park last night and we got about four blocks then they had a police line. Didn't take them very long to get organized. They chased us back a little bit and then we got around 'em and our group got split up then about half went back to the park but there were still a couple thousand people went downtown.

Is being hunted down like an animal an unusual experience?

Yeh, that's pretty unusual.

That's the best way to describe it.

Yeah, they led us back to Old Town after the thing was over downtown and then they surrounded us and there was gas dripping in, I don't know if they sprayed it or if it came from the park here and everybody was trying to get out, an I had a place to go but I couldn't get out of Old Town cause they had it surrounded and I finally got out, you know, but it was a rough thing. Really scary.

Do you think the leadership of the movement, or what ever you want to call it is doing as good a job as it should be?

I think, for such a massive thing it's very well organized. We're fed, we're told what to do, or what we should do or if we want to do it or not. It could be better, but, I mean, you know, it's pretty good. Things went pretty well last night as far as organizationally.



Look at my lip, man, look at my lip. Tell me if that ain't beautiful. Look at me. There ain't nothing wrong with me but they screwed me up.

See I was standin' there on the corner and I wasn't marchin' or nothin' an I was just standin' there an this cop comes up an' he had

a club in his hand an' he hit me with a backhand with the club in his hand. On Wells right down there near North Avenue. I wasn't marchin', just standin' there watchin' everybody go (clunk). We were waitin' for a car to come by.



Why did you come to Chicago?

I came to Chicago because the Democrats are deciding my future and within the next three years before they elect another president I'll become draft age and I may be drafted and I may go to Vietnam. I don't think the war is right and I'd rather not go there and get killed in a war that is wrong. So I'd like to come out here and show my disapproval of the system and hope that other people realize that there is a lot of dissension.

(Well-dressed girl in late teens—ed.)

Do you want to say something?

I don't have a formulated answer. (laughs)

Well, have you been here for awhile? Where were you last night?

I was at home last night in a northern suburb called Evanston, a very protected environment, came out here to see what was going on. Basically, actually, basically, the reason I'm out here which is very important I think, is that I wanted to find out if it was political, I knew it's a youth group, but I wanted to know whether it had any political, um, factions within it, whether it had any political discussions among the people who are in Grant Park living with each other for a week and I wanted to know whether anything was developing along sort of an anarchistic line or a socialistic line because obviously it's anti the system, it's anti anything we have established right now. So I really wanted to know what political um direction it was moving into.

Well, did you find out?

I have two pamphlets here and they both announce sort of, the marches that are going on and um and sort like a formal statement of what the group represents, I think. It has a lot of peace groups that support it at the bottom. And it's a very general statement that says uh get out of the war and it doesn't really give any specific way of getting out of the war or the reasons behind it, it just labels the government imperialistic. And I find it insufficient.



Did you have any particular experiences last night?

I was pulled out of the crowd for saying something I didn't say and the pigs wouldn't believe me and they were going to throw me in a paddy wagon but they couldn't find one in that area, so they let me go.

Why did you come to Chicago?

I live in Chicago.

To fight along with our brothers, try and get somewhere hopefully, hopefully get somewhere.



. . . going towards Expo 68, and I got here this morning and I went over to see what the thing was all about and immediately upon entering the park at 9:30 this morning I was stopped and myself and two suitcases were searched by the police for no reason. I just walked into the park and they just took me and searched me.

Every fifty persons they, you know, they do that, every 500 persons every 5000, whatever . . .

But in any event I thought it was very um disturbing and quite an infringement on my rights.

Do you got anything about the spirit of this group?

Well, when I came here I . . .

it was carnival-like

No it's not . . .

It was!

Well, not from my initial impression of it, like you know, I expected, I expected it to be rather quite a bit more musical and I expected it to be, you know, kinda like a love-in. And its all tight. Yeah, its tight and um the group is, you know, idle and very um . . .

The devil makes work for idle hands.

Yeah, like the whole thing with like not allowing electricity in the park for groups to play is, you know, like everything the police are doing is just geared towards um you know, bringing the people down. But like what its actually doing is inciting the people to a higher level and its just ah, the more and more frustrations that they're bringing up, you know, the more this thing is gonna grow, because like the activity of the people, you know, just seems, from the people I've spoken to, to be increasing steadily and steadily because like they're,

you know, they're not doing anything, they're just sitting around the park, they're talking, um the major activity . . .



Well, my name is Ralph Acker (laughter) and I'm heah in Lincoln Park, an I like to say that ah I'm glad to see that everyone enjoying themselves. That's all I got to say.



What is this for?

Chicago Review, it's a magazine . . .

It is? What do you . . . ?

Well I don't know . . . What do you got to say? You been around here?

I was handing them out for free . . .

You been around here for awhile?

Yes, all day.

Well, what do you think of what you've seen?

Ah, I don't like hippies, really (chuckle).

So you're not too pleased.

Ah, no . . . Its just, just interesting . . . you'll see . . . In the middle of this struggle, you know, against the war, etc., and so forth, people should be involved in ah, in ah more ah constructive things to ah, to ah fight the system, instead of dodging it the way um most of the people in the hippie movement do, though I sympathize 'em with their disgust with the society . . . I don't think the way out that they're taking is the correct way out—they should get involved in struggling, instead of ah, you know . . .

Do you think there are any political possibilities in this movement here at all, this group?

No, not as it's currently organized, cause they're not doin anything. They're hidin' from the world.

If a group of people like this get together, they should know something.

They should! There's a difference between knowing things and putting them into ah, ah action . . .

Well, a bunch of people like this know there's something going on, they know there's ah, they trying to express something . . .

well, uh. . . .

O.K., *thanks a lot . . .*

That's N.B.C. now (laughter)

Okay, that guy was wearing a slogan of Black Power in the Black Community and a Socialist Workers Candidate for President.



SIDE TWO, TRACK 2

So, what do you think of what's going on here? Come on.

. . . couple of interviews that I didn't make, because I didn't have my tape recorder on, I discovered. Bad old man, and he said, asked him what he thought of all this, and he said he's never quite seen anything like it. Said at least he thought it was different, and he didn't think it was good or bad. Another cat said about three o'clock something'll start happening. Seems people get out of school three o'clock and come out four o'clock to play. But nothing was happening now.



(Following are the voices of a group of young blacks, 10-13 years old-ed.)

Any man at all. See, I have to be on television, cause my mother say Channel 7, 4 West Division, Apartment 102K. Am I gonna be on television?

Well, maybe on radio.

Then I'll talk. My name is Michael C—. Okay?

Okay.

And don't miss the comics.

You, the other guy, you want to say . . .

Hello, Buddy!

WVON on the show.

Hey, did you get the number of that truck. They ran me over.

(Loud incomprehensible screams.)

(15 seconds of boppity boppity boo, then, singing) WVON, WVON, lalala.

(more scat singing, then) Oh, ho, momma's coming, quick. Dip, I bring my licorice stick. Dip, momma's coming quick, Dip, Dip, I bring my licorice stick. Okay.

People standing . . .

Standing in a trance. (*Chorus*)

This was out in the back yard. Don't let them in.

She was telling me the other day she didn't want to be a drag. I don't know what she's doing, but she got a brand new bag.

Momma's coming, quick.

Sir, Momma's coming, she aint. She isn't a bit.

Ah, please.

(*Loud noise.*) We think that we can shit, and, and then you go, and then you go, because Bobo should be a hobo, if you wanted a hobo, but he'll be a Bobo, but he a bobo but he a Bobo. He wasn't a hobo, he'll be a Bobo.

WVON, 1450. This is Walter Cronkite with the latest news. The hippies and the yippies are on the wire last night, when they had trouble, when trouble broke out at our Lincoln Park, or Avenue. They moved the hippies out and busted some of them, a couple of them. It was trouble and the police had surrounded them and moved them out westward. And there was a slight fall of coldness when they moved the hippies and the yippies out of the park. And this is Walter Cronkite reporting that the hippies are in, uh, that the hippies and yippies are in Lincoln Park right now eating and growing off food which I know agrees, enough food, cause they ain't ate in months probably, I don't know. Well, the hippies and the yippies, the hippies and yippies they are right there eating rice and everything, and this is Walter Cronkite reporting.



Well, what do you think of all this?

Well, I think it's kind of (sad? laughs), what the police are doing. Like it's so free right now, it's beautiful right now, it's not going to be like that later.

Yeah, are you from out of town, or are you from . . .

Chicago. Yeah, I'm from Chicago.

Yeah, you got a Woodlawn on your car, so I thought you probably were . . .

Yeah, I am, and . . .

Why do you come down here, and, uh, were you down here yesterday?

Um hum.

Were you down here when they were having trouble with the police?

No, I had to go home.

Well, what do you think is the purpose behind all this? What do you think is the purpose people are here?

Well, I don't know. The reason I came was because I saw that this was a really important thing in my life, and I was here and it was here, and I had to come. Why did I come?

Yeah.

Well, well, I don't know if it's really important, like I figure, well, they're demonstrating against everything but you have to have something better to present and they don't, and that's what bad.

. . . offered Oreos to the police, and they had something in them.

You want to talk about the Oreos.

No, I don't think so, no.

Well, it's not to the press.

No, uh uh. Just look for the man with the Oreo cookies if you want to turn on.

Those were young girls about fifteen, and a friend of theirs who was carrying a banjo.



. . . say something about it.

Well, uh, I'm a plumber, and these hippies, they're really outrageous, like they should throw them in concentration camps or something.

Concentration camps?

Really. And drop a bomb on them. Something worse, if they can find something worse. And I'm sure they will.

Well, okay. What do you think of the way the police have been handling things so far?

Well, the police are like, uh, fascist dogs.

That's not a very ordinary man-in-the-street opinion.

Well, you know, I'm not really, uh, very . . . I'm not used to being on the street.

Okay, I see. Have you got any opinions on the . . .

No opinions whatsoever.

No opinions on anything.



Hey.

Yes.

I think this used to be a clean park until these yippies got here. There's garbage all over. There's trash cans that they can use. I happen to be a resident of Chicago and I like to enjoy this park, and, uh, I came out here to walk to see just what was happening today, and I can see that these people, no matter what they get, would not appreciate it, by the looks of this park.



Do you have anything to say? Well, what do you feel about . . .

Well, no, uh, wherever masses of people collect, there's bound to be some, like, uh, it isn't really that bad.

Are you here as part of the movement, or are you just walking through the park, or . . .

No, I live here.

Right. What do you think?

About the movement here?

Well, yeah, whatever you want to say. What do you think about it?

Well, I think this is working beautifully, because first of all I'm Om, the creator of the entire universe, and certainly this thing works right in harmony with my divine will, simply because by the year 2500, 2005, which is Om 4, this will be a completely new world which will involve a moneyless economy, free food for all, free housing, free public transportation, free schools and lodging for the students and free education, and among other things. So this movement certainly works in harmony with that, because so far as the police are concerned, they will be eliminated completely in this new world. Also there will be no standing armies. So certainly this is most in harmony with my most divine will.

How do you think the change is going to happen?

It will happen simply through the manifestation of my divine will. Now, this will take place through many confrontations. Ultimately there'll be a confrontation over my most high name, Om, and this will happen just before the world is completely revolutionized in the year 2005, or Om 4.

Om 4, what month will that be in the normal calendar?

2005 A.D.

Oh, Om, I thought maybe Om was the date.

Yes, which is the year.

Om, Om 4 is the name of the year.

Right.

That's approximately thirty-five years . . .

Yes, that is correct.

When did, uh, how did you learn about this?

I simply realized who I was.

Well, who are you?

I am Om.

You are.

Right, Right. And I realized who I am. Certainly, being the highest of the high, the greatest of the great. The name Om is simply the sound of sounds, the name of names, and this is who I am, and I realize this, and now that I've realized this, I also realize that I'm the ruler of the entire universe.

I'm going to India in a while; I thought that's where the name Om first was . . .

Well, actually Om is all over and it always has been. But it was first realized by the mystics, mainly in the far east, because this is where supposedly it originated. Truthfully it has always been universal.

Do you consider yourself part of any of the religions that are going today? Or . . .

Truly there is only one religion. Besides this, it is not true religion. This is another factor that is involved in the new world. There will be only one religion, and that is the true religion.

Okay, thank you very much.

That was a young, handsome black man with a beard. He had a copy of the Holy Bible with him.



Yeah, well, my feelings about last night which was the 25th of August, which was the first day of the Yippie convention, are rather varied. The entire incident came about after the park was closed by the sparkling police officers of Chicago, Illinois. And I was very upset by a couple of aspects of this. The night before, that was Saturday night, I thought that the march down Wells Street was really beautiful, because everybody was singing and everybody was very sincere. But I thought that last night almost bordered on a riot because there were many people who were not so-called hippies, yippies, etc., in that demonstration. Instead there were a lot of people who came in on Sunday who I would, ah, put in other social classifications instead of hippies and yippies. Some of them were car greasers and stuff like that.

A lot of kids were out for trouble, really, and they really enjoyed themselves. Like, I ran and marched with them for quite a distance, until I saw them run on top of a car, and there were people in it, and jump over it, and I didn't really dig that, because I thought that was terrorism. Now, if this was an indication of the revolution, then I completely support it. However, I don't think it was. 'Cause I think these kids were without any logical base. I do not believe that they had any ideas that would have kept them together. And I think that my proof of this is that when they were confronted by the police on Michigan Avenue, they turned away when threatened with tear gas, and if these were real revolutionaries, they would have charged at the police line, and they didn't. And that was an indication that this was not a really revolution. This was just an example of the growing tide of dissent in America, in a highly-charged atmosphere that these kids went through. However, I think there are a couple words to be said by my friend over here about some of the charges the police were making, because they were kind of scraping the bottom of the barrel because they really didn't know what to charge people with, you know.

Well, last night I was on my way back from the scene where the march had been stopped, and while I was walking down Rush Street where I was arrested for what they call loitering and the funny thing was I had only stopped for a stop light. The cops were using all sorts of, you know, names as a draft-dodger and a yippie and they used the term yippie in a very ugly sense. So finally when they got me to the police station they took my yippie pin and said it was a weapon. When I asked how it was a weapon, well, they demonstrated it on me by scratching me. And also, for no reason at all, they took my peace medal and . . . which I never did get back, and, so the Chicago police department owes me one dollar, and I called the legal aid and so then they came down and bailed me out, along with three other friends. I think legal aid is one of the most beautiful things we have, because, well, that way, you don't miss much of the convention, you know, because you always get out the next day. But, well, the thing is, I don't know what would happen if I ever got busted again. And, well, I sincerely hope that this thing does come off, you know, without anything really violent.

Do you come from around here?

No, I'm not from Chicago. Originally, I was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, and I've been here, in the United States, ever since I was ten years old.

Well, where did you come to Chicago from?

Oh, where was I before I was here?

Yeah.

Detroit, Michigan.

Are you coming back for a trial?

September 18, yeah.

There's another point I'd like to make about yesterday afternoon around 5:30, and that was, the police formed a box practically around us, a tight area. On the northside they had a whole lot of police, and on the west side they had a lot. And then on the east side is the lake. So all there was left was that one little point there. And there was a police car on top of the bridge and it's a very small little tunnel to go through. I think quite a significant point is that quite a few police had removed their badges and their names, name tags, in anticipation of violence. And they used the same tactics with their oppression on Telegraph Avenue, you know—I was sadly another victim of that, April 22nd, and again, more people were victims. And so that they couldn't be caught for doing their illegal acts of brutality. And I went and asked the policemen, an hour later, after they all went and put back their badges, they all took them on and took them off, and I asked several police officers. One man was a sergeant. I said, "Is it legal or is it not legal to remove your badge while you're in the process of being a police officer?" And he said, well, those who removed their badges, maybe their badges were broken. They said their badges were broken. I said, "Well, how come your badge is back on, it was off an hour ago?" I tried this kind of like a scientific experiment. I had a control, and I had a variable. The control were several police officers I had picked, and the variable were whether they keep their badges on or they had their badges off. Well, anyway, I said "Well, did you repair your badge?" and he said yes. I said, Can I examine it?" He said No, well, you know, and like that. So he would not give me an answer whether it was legal. I asked my other two guinea pigs, and there again I was never given the answer if it is or if it is not legal. It was, "Well, I took it off because it was pinching me," or something stupid like that, you know. I was really astounded by their lousy excuses. Because when they're in the courtroom they make such wonderful lies. You'd think they could do better in the park, you know.

Yeah.

Well, anyway, I went up to an ABC newsman and asked whether it was legal, and he said he didn't know but thought it wasn't. So I

asked him to make a couple comparison shots between men who had or men who hadn't had their badges on. I have yet to see that segment televised on TV about their badges. You know, on April 27th, after I got out of the hospital, I watched the news that night, over at SDS headquarters, and they were showing on Channel 2 a tremendous segment about how Cmdr. Riordan who is Assistant Police Commissioner, I guess, about how he got injured, and they talked so little, you know, about a poor little girl who got her head bust in. They talked so little about the old women who got their head bust in. And they made the . . . the Assistance Commissioner came on August 22nd, you know, the assent to disorder, and there was not much publicity about that. In fact, there's definite proof that it was censored, the news about that. And on April 27th and on April 28th, you realize the only newspaper that said anything about the demonstration was the *Chicago Tribune*? And you know how the *Chicago Tribune* is Chicago's spittoon . . .

(Inaudible question.)

Another thing I was thinking about was, um, about how this convention is shaping up. I came into Chicago early for this convention, and as the date got closer and closer, um . . .

May I ask you a question first? How did you come to be here April 27th?

Oh, well I was going through, going to Frisco. And we really wanted to get here, you know. Because we knew the pigs would certainly be violent.

Yeah. Are you still awaiting trial on that?

No, the whole thing was withdrawn, you know. Oh! One beautiful thing on that. I was charged with attacking a police officer, and I'm only 5'3" and if they wanted to apprehend me . . . You know, I fell down, you know, and I guess I must have hit him. It was actually hilarious, you know, to charge that: *He* attacked you. It's absolutely preposterous. It was really kind of humorous. Except that it wasn't. They were trying to be serious. And there's got to be some limitations. Governor Shapiro just passed a stop and search law, and I think that's another infringement on our personal rights. Hey, come on and sit down and say a couple of words. (a few inaudible words.) Oh, I think that the convention's really sort of degenerating in a way, because it really hasn't been much fun, and with all the police oppression I think it's really beginning to go down. I think it's just a scene of violence and everything, because the groups aren't showing up, the police aren't letting them, and not everybody's stoned yet, so it's

just not good. What do you think about that?

Um . . . let's see. Well, all I could really say is that, well, I didn't really appreciate it last night when these cops were running through with the, uh, playing polo with everybody's heads, you know, cause, it seems like they were just yelling charge, you know, and then they'd come running through with their night sticks, you know, and anybody who's laying on the ground, they just give him a good wallop. And the thing is, the park wasn't even closed yet. And these people had every right to be laying down. I mean, you don't expect to have them walking all over the place. And for another thing, they had no reason not to let us set up our stage over at some part in the park. Well, the stage was a truck, a flat-bed truck, and they would not let them bring the truck into the park, and this was very necessary because, well, uh, the bands have to play on something in order to . . . or else they get shocked out of their lives by all the wet grass and everything, and well, uh, I know how this feels, playing an electric guitar standing on the wet grass. Then another thing was they showed a lot of violence, you know, grabbing people by their pendants and beads, you know, and just showing all sorts of violent actions. If they could only save all this, you know, for necessary times, like if we started getting nasty with them, well then I guess they'd have every reason to get nasty with us.

(Inaudible voice in background.)

Would you mind saying that . . . what do you think of . . .

Well, so far they're well-behaved.

There we are. . . . Hi, I haven't seen you in years. Where've you been.

Moved from here. I went to New Haven, then. You used to be with the *Chicago Review*. What would they be interested in?

Well, we're doing an article on it, on the festivities.

What, on the festivities, and the festival of light?

Yeah.

Well, that's very boring. That's essentially, I think, what grooving means. When everybody's grooving, it's just a nice way of saying that everybody is kind of bored, and so they bring tape recorders and they interview one another. That's how they keep from being very bored. I mean, newspaper men are interviewing one another now, because they've already interviewed all the yippies now, or they've gotten the one or two opinions that most yippies think it's acceptable to hold.

(Inaudible, apparently mild heckling from the crowd.)

(Laughs.) You don't mean Allen Ginsberg. (*more inaudible from the crowd.*) Om is where the art is. (*inaudible from the crowd.*) You know, you're wasting a lot of tape on me, Bruce.



Crowd noises: Allen Ginsberg. Those are not peace marchers. The MC5, the Conqueror Worm, and Allen Ginsberg.

Christ, I really want to talk to that guy. That's the best thing about the convention, it's that that guy is here. I heard at 6 this morning. Whatever happened to Leary?

I heard that he was going to come.

He was supposed to be, I mean, Leary was supposed to have been here since April.

But not smoking pot.

He's in San Francisco.

Oh, I know . . .

He got bust in San Francisco, on the steps of the . . .

No kidding, man.

You know, the guy said, well, you were committing that offense, you know, like jay-walking is a pretty hard offense, and we'll have to take you in for that. But maybe just a little bit happier.

Well, yeah, they know about this guy.

Well, they know about him now.

Oh, well, he did something. He sort of made it public, you know. He had a little demonstration of his own, where he smoked pot in front of the . . .

Yeah, somebody was there . . .

Yeah, he wasn't keeping it a secret.

No, I mean, why should you, if you know it's right.

Good old Charlie Brown. If he was here . . .

Well, the reason you might do it, you don't want to make it the central part of your life, you know.

The general reading of the Chicago Review is . . .

Did you ever hear of Charlie Brown? This cat is called Charlie Brown. It was a political . . .

I don't think it was political. I think it was social.

And they tried to get it together in a religious order, but they couldn't do it. They tried to.

I thought it was almost primitive, really.

A bit primitive, yeah.

Because there was no . . .

. . . social in there . . .

I don't. I wish it was politically . . . if it was politically it'd be glorious, man, that'd be a real victory. If it would go to the streets. It was really an obliquely oriented thing. It's obviously an indication that the revolution is . . .

But I think . . .

. . . I hope it devoutly, but I don't think kids had anything, any ideological background or even cared about it. And I think if they did care about it, they would have charged every police line, man, instead of turning around. Like I was ready to charge the police line, and I have like a little wrench.

What can they give you at the police line, tell me that?

Well, you see, I've been beaten up so many times, and once I get hit this time, see, I throw my little wrench at them.

Yeah, but they can still knock the crap out of you.

Yeah, but they're going to anyway, so I might as well get my little two cents worth in. Because if every time . . . oh, thanks. (apparently was given something by someone in the crowd.) Well, in every little excursion I go to, I've always been beaten up. I'm really tired of that. So I came prepared this time.

Why do you think they pick on you? I mean, a lot of people don't get beaten up.

Yeah. Well, I guess I'm sort of obvious looking, because I'm always in the front line, like I've been involved in the movement for a long time. Hey have a cigarette.

(*Some inaudible, then:*) right out of a James Dean film, you know. You belong in the background.

Yeah, I guess. (*Laughs.*) Well, it's really weird.

This is Central, uh, this is Intelligence . . .

Yeah, well you know, the CIA is really, uh, have you ever read the book *The Invisible Government*?

Have you ever heard the rumor that they're supposed to be liberal-minded.

(*General laughter.*)

That's why they continue world-wide oppression. You know, trying to enforce this way. Everybody in the world, you know. You know what Clark Clifford said, in a quote to a *Ramparts* man last week? "We've got a higher standard of morality than the Vietnamese do." Yeah. And that's what every colonialist will say, man.

They're more ethical in their fashion . . .

What you got to say?

Yippie.

I just got to say a few words.

Why don't you pretend you're a newscaster on WVON and say a few things.

Yeah, I'll do it.



. . . there were hundreds of people with various cases, whether they were political, over the concentration camps, or whether it was like the government was putting on . . .

Hey, you guys!

. . . rat poison.

You really freak me out.

Huh?

Yeah, I say you guys are really unbelievable looking, smoking.

We really are. It's a Camel, though.

Hey, what's this bit.

Yeah, who's smoking a joint?

What's it like? Something smells like white lightning.

I don't know. I've never had white lightning before.

Well, it turns your mind out like with hallucinations. A lot of the white lightning around here has got a lot of speed in it.

They're actually very small, though.

Yeah.

Everybody's got a new thing. There was a girl running around before. She freaked out and they took her away.

Oh, that's sad, man. There's a jerk who goes by . . .

. . . she ate too many pickles.

They shouldn't give her things . . .

. . . she brought it down . . .

Did she have a bottle of B1.

Yeah. Well, the people who took her away, you know.

It's sort of fun when you freak. To my mind, take it when . . .

. . . when you're around, yeah.

Well, at one point I actually thought I was a vampire, you know. But this was when I was on STP, and I had this old chest up in my room . . .

. . . oh, there's nothing to it, man . . .

. . . and during the day I'd get in that chest and start tripping, and

every night I'd go and wake up.

I'll have another cigarette.

It's the only one we have. That's a very precious cigarette, you know.

Yeah.

One toke.



. . . have anything to say about that?

I agree with that statement.

What about it?

Well, I think the new music-making box is a very interesting contraption, even though I don't quite understand this modern music. Is that what it is, a modern music-making . . .

(Strange sounds)

Yes.

We're sitting here, doing this strange scene. We're just sitting here, watching all these people . . .

Try this mike. It's the mike, and it's working . . .

. . . and, um, we're just kind of sitting around, and, um, trying to dig themselves among the people, but it's very difficult, especially with all the strange types of variety of people here, some with, not, um, well, with not open eyes and hearts, really, and it's very difficult to be at ease with policemen walking four abreast. There are police every couple minutes walking through the park, many many groups of them, and um . . . yeah, that seems better. Does that seem better? And, um, I don't know, some people are merely doing dope, but most people aren't. And, um, it's kind of a disappointment, really, cause there are not really that many people here, even though the convention is happening downtown, because no one can come near the convention. But, um, the convention is a totally ridiculous thing. It just probably will hasten the armed violence by the people, hopefully. And, um, cause Humphrey's probably going to get elected, and we read in the paper today how McCarthy was even considering taking the vice-presidency, which would just be too much. It would be too much. We would be really aware of just where the whole system is at as far as, you know, people just maintaining the status quo and keeping the people who are in power, you know, keeping them there. . . . Some of the women here certainly do look fine, but, uh, . . . basically it's a drag.



(inaudible question.)

I had a vision last night in the form of an order, scrawled on the wall in blood, and it was signed God, and it said "Shoot to kill the Chicago Police Department and the Illinois National Guard and Mayor Daley," and it was signed God.

(laughter.)

Have you been able to carry out any of your order?

I haven't gotten my gun yet, man.

So shoot 'em with something else.

FROM THE FRONT PORCH BACK HOME:

2 SUPPLEMENTARY INTERVIEWS

What do you want to talk about?

You want to ask me a question?

Yeah, why don't you tell us the whole story of . . .

Uh, well, it was, I was on a march Thursday night, south, in an attempt to make it to the amphitheatre, but our ostentatious (sic) purpose was to go to Dick Gregory's house. He had invited everybody there to go to his house, which is on 42nd Street some place. And so there was a march, on the sidewalk, taking up half the sidewalk, very slowly, down to his house. And it was followed all the way down by National Guard, to 18th and Michigan, where there was a blockage of the street and an attempt to turn the march, I suppose out of the ghetto, or maybe it was to turn the march completely around. I think they were scared of a black uprising in the ghetto at that point, had we marched through it. Dick Gregory was in the lead, along with various delegates from the Wisconsin delegation, including the head of the Wisconsin delegation. At any rate, the march was stopped by a few lines of National Guardsmen with their barbed wire jeeps and their tank and all their . . . I beg your pardon, a personnel carrier rather than a tank. But it had a machine gun mounted on the top. And there were a whole bunch of King Richard's bully boys down there too, to keep order. Anyway, I guess the story of that march is fairly well known, and I got out of there, and the marchers regrouped at 16th and Michigan, and I was pretty far away because I was pretty sure they were going to get tear-gassed and sure enough they did, but I wasn't far enough away not to get teargassed, and I was teargassed very badly, lost motor control—that

is, couldn't walk, couldn't see, couldn't focus, and my eyes were blurring all over the place. And it was really hard to breathe, you know; it was like I wasn't taking any air into my lungs and my lungs were on fire. And so I was stumbling up an alley that runs parallel to Michigan, because I wanted to stay out of the main line of the marchers, not to get trampled and stuff, and I was sort of holding on to a wall for support and sort of grogging along. And a police car pulled up alongside of me, which I could recognize by being blue and white and whatever, although I couldn't focus well enough to see any numbers or anything like that. And so I sort of stumbled

...

... there weren't any people around then?

No, just three or four people walking up the alley and running up the alley or whatever. And as soon as they saw the cop car they split, I guess. But, um, I started stumbling away from it and saying "Please don't hurt me, please don't hurt me," and the policeman came out of the car and said "What's the matter, son, you hurt? Is something wrong?" I said, "Yeah, I've been gassed. Could you take me to a first-aid station or a hospital?" And the policeman came up, grabbed my left arm, and another one came out and grabbed my right arm, they threw me up against the side of the car there, searched me, and took my kazoo and my harmonica, which was never returned to me, deadly weapons as they were—music calms the savage beast.

They're probably on exhibit.

Yeah, they are probably on exhibit like, uh, stabbing weapons. Just like there was an order out, or a recommendation, that the police remove their badges during the riots so that the demonstrators don't remove them from the policemen and stick them with them. Um, It also sort of precludes getting any badge numbers, but, um, at any rate, I was shoved inside the car and they asked me a lot of questions, like was I from out of town. I told them no, that I was from here. Who was I? Where did I live, Did I go to school, etc., etc And then it came out at one point that they said, weren't you with a megaphone or a bullhorn at the park on Wednesday?" which was true. The incident he was referring to—the policeman—was that on Wednesday night I was the only monitor in Grant Park with a working bullhorn, where one had been smashed by a policeman and the microphone stolen, I think, and another one had been grabbed by a secret service man who was recognized as one, because he had one of these little cards flopping around his neck that got him into the convention or

something. But anyway, he stole the other one, ran off with it to the police lines. And, uh, so I had the only megaphone, and everybody was like very panicky because the police swept through the park a couple of times before, and a lot of people moved off north, I guess to try to make it to Lincoln Park although they got stopped immediately, and a lot of people went south, but the National Guard was coming up from the south. I sort of told people to sit down in front of the television lights in front of the Hilton, and asked, pleaded and begged I guess, with the TV people to turn on their lights so the people in the Hilton could see us, you know, so the cops wouldn't be working in the dark.

Pleaded?

Yeah, and told people to sit down and be quiet and don't throw rocks, don't work up the police, which I thought was the best tactic at that time. We'd had enough martyrs for the night, and the police were at a sufficiently tense point so that they'd completely massacre anybody. Especially since we were surrounded. We had the National Guards . . .

Was this after the thing around eight o'clock?

Yeah, this is after that. There had been sweeps through the park and everything Wednesday night. And, um, you know, there was enough of that shit, and so I wanted to sort of stop it. And I felt that since we were surrounded by National Guard to the south and the west, on the bridges, and policemen to the . . . No, to the south and east, on the bridges, and police in the other two directions, that we were surrounded, and if we caused any, uh, tried to charge police lines and roll over a superior force, it wouldn't have worked in the first place, and second of all we would have had a tremendous amount of injury and they could have just boxed us in and gassed the hell out of us—that was the main thing that was worrying me. Um, so, that was the incident the fellow was referring to, and I told him, yes, I had been, and explained what a monitor was, and that I didn't belong to any organization but was working independently to remain apolitical and not get into political hassles but with tactics and that sort of thing, you know, just to have order and sort of go along with the tactics. Um, and at one point I asked for medical aid and got the butt end of a billy club in my throat, which sort of shut me up pretty good. One policeman, the one on my right, had a three-foot billy club which he kept waving in front of my nose, just to keep me in line, I suppose, although there wasn't much I could do about not keeping in line, because I was feeling so terrible at the time. I was sort

of wavering back and forth. There were four policemen in total. One of them was a sergeant, because at one point the policeman at my left, who was very antagonistic toward me, kept hitting me with his billy club and asking me questions and hitting me if I didn't say "Yes, *sir*," um, asked the sergeant and said, "Hey, Sarge, let's take him back and put him in with the rest of them," and the sergeant said, "Uh uh, no, we're going to beat him," or something like that.

The sergeant said . . .

Yeah, the sergeant. I *think* he said that. I didn't hear very well, because he was sort of mumbling in the front. I guess he didn't want me to recognize his voice or something. But at any rate he did say "We're not going to do that." That was very clear. But whether he said "Let's beat him" or not, at least the implication was there. So they drove around for I'd estimate ten or fifteen minutes, um, all the way . . . Well, I'd been picked up at, say, about 16th and Michigan, a block over from it. They drove me to . . . I think it was Randolph Street, I'm not sure, north, and, uh, you know, we didn't go straight—we were doubling around and all sorts of stuff. And, uh, took me to a blind alley and, uh, threw me out of the car and then beat me, as far as I know all four of them, and it was about fifteen minutes. And I was in a, in my best nonviolent posture . . .

With their clubs?

With their clubs, and with their hands. Toward the end of the period they continually tried to knock me unconscious with karate chops to the neck and billy clubs to the neck, and my neck was very swollen when I got to the hospital. Um, but I didn't go out. And they also Mace me about twelve times in the face, on the shoulder, and on the hand. I had my hands up over my face, not protecting the back of my neck, because I figured it was better not to get Mace in my eyes than to get knocked out, because I knew I had a pretty thick neck. And one cop kept playing me like a piano, where he'd start at the top and go all the way down from my head down my back and down my legs to my feet, beat on the feet, and then come back up again. Anyway, I got Mace pretty badly there, and after about fifteen minutes one of the guys said "Let's get back in the car," and they left. When I could see out of my right eye, which took a little while, sort of lying there, I sort of got up and made it across the bridge, across the Dan Ryan, which was just about twenty feet away, to Skid Row, where I saw an old guy with whiskers and asked him "Where am I?" because I was completely lost. He said "You're in Skid Row, buddy." I stumbled around and got to an auto junkyard or something, and I hid in an old truck for about an hour and a half,

I think, although I couldn't estimate times too well at that time since I was semi-conscious, until I was sort of sure they weren't cruising around out there. Then I was afraid to go back to the Loop because the whole back of my neck was covered with blood and I was very bruised about the face and my clothing was torn and my right hand was bloody. I decided that if any policemen saw me, they'd pick me up and beat the shit out of me again, because I was an important demonstrator or I'd tried to provoke a cop, or something, I got so much blood on me. So I got directions from one guy, I think, and went south to the L, the east-west L. During the last block or so I got followed by what I'm sure were a couple of plainclothes men who started to speed up when they saw where I was heading, but I ran to the L, made it down before they got to me, and got on the L somehow. Um, all this was sort of like . . . um, I didn't think even to call, although I had friends with cars who could have come to pick me up anyplace up there, you know. I could have just waited and hid. But I got on the L and transferred at the right point and made it south to 51st Street and the L stop. I'm not sure what the north-south street there is. But I forgot completely about the 55th Street stop and got off at 51st Street and walked all the way back to here, 5511 South University.

That would be about a mile and a half.

Yeah, a mile and a half, something like that. But through the ghetto, which was scaring the hell out of me, especially since I looked the way I did. And made it back here, and had Jerry look at my cut, which he did and said I had to go to the hospital, so he took me outside where I collapsed onto the front ground, and he piled me into a car after a University cop tried to wrench me up off the ground and throw me into *his* car. But they sort of rescued me from him. And the . . . the University cop was probably a city cop off duty, now that I think about it . . .

He said, "Get in the car, son, let's go. You want to go to the hospital, don't you?" and I said yeah, but I didn't trust him and that I wasn't going to let him take me to a hospital. So Jerry got me to the hospital where they examined me, took pictures of my back, the back of my head, which eventually required six stitches in the back of my head, and very bad bruises on my back from the night sticks and kicking and whatever. Um. Took 23 X-rays initially, found out luckily I didn't have a skull fracture, but did have a broken right rib. I think they took a total of about 35 X-rays, including those 23 during the next three or four days, three days actually, when they kept me

in the hospital for observation and to insure that I didn't have a cerebral hemorrhage or any internal injuries. They also had to make sure that the rib wasn't going to pierce my lungs or anything. But it was the wrong kind of break for that to happen, luckily. And then I was released and went home, after a couple of days.

You said you were a monitor. What did you do?

Well, monitors were nobody. Shit. Anybody who wanted to be one could just volunteer and be a monitor. I was one because on Sunday afternoon, I think it was, perhaps it was Monday, I was standing in Grant Park. I didn't want to demonstrate at all because I thought it was a kind of stupid thing, unorganized and I didn't really understand it. What I mean by that is: it was unclear what tactics were, what kind of, um, what was the tone and the sense of the demonstration, I mean, everybody could come, just revolutionaries, guys who were throwing rocks and stuff like that, to people who wanted to do a nonviolent thing. You know. And I didn't like that particularly, because I didn't think the elements would mix too well, which it turned out they didn't, obviously. So I was kind of staying clear of it. I guess too I was scared a little bit from all the violence I was expecting from the National Guard build-up and whatever. So anyway I went down there, and saw how tremendously unorganized the monitors were, and since I'd had monitor experience in two previous marches in Chicago—May 4th following the April 27th and the August 10th Hiroshima day march—I got a hold of the monitoring heads, I guess, and asked . . . told them I could suggest some procedures, if they need them, because I had . . . You know, I didn't want to take over their thing or try to be the big man, but I just wanted to try to give some suggestions as to how they could, uh, well, like communications systems and to try to get bullhorns and this sort of thing, you know, stop and go signs, and how to identify monitors except by black armbands which are terrible, because nobody can see them, you know.

. . . can't see them . . .

Yeah, right. And they said yes, and eventually I got roped into being a monitor, I guess. But monitors, their sole function is, uh, like to keep order, and whenever there was a need for a mass body of people to form a line to like protect the marchers from the police, monitors were up there in the front line, you know, and they'd all link arms and everything. They were sort of like a police squad for the monitors (sic), you might say. Although I don't like having that characterization so much.

Well, what do you think was the general feeling of the marchers about what they were doing?

Nobody knew really why they'd come to Chicago in the first place. A lot of leaders substituted or fabricated answers for that. One of the main ones seemed to be: Everybody become a martyr, and throw yourself up against the police state and make the police state come out of the slime it's been existing in and expose itself. Which certainly succeeded. I mean, it was quite obvious on nationwide television that there was an incredible amount of repressiveness going on in Chicago during that week. The debate still rages as to whether that was justified or not. And I imagine a lot of people ended up with that as their purpose, although they didn't know what the hell they'd come there for in the first place. A general feeling, I suppose, of an incredible . . . well, knowing very well that marches were no longer a politically good tactic. I mean, the march's ideal should, both, I suppose, uh, make people aware of your point of view and convince them of it, but this one wasn't designed for convincing anybody. It was, for a lot of the leaders, I guess, designed to disrupt Chicago, to expose the police state as a consequence of this. A lot of people came, in fact most of the people probably came, out of frustration, and a need sort of . . . well, it's almost like throwing rocks in an empty lot, to vent one's rage at a number of things, you know. Even the high school kids, now, you know. Uh, when I was in high school, you had very little exposure, you know, to drugs and to that sort of thing, but now the kids know, I guess, that the policeman is not their friend, that a lot of their friends have been busted, beaten over the head. They've gone to marches, seen people smashed to pieces or whatever. They've become, I guess, more aware of what it means to be black in a ghetto, and are even rejected by the blacks in the ghetto that they'd like to help, for very good reasons. Feel kind of lost and frustrated, I guess. A lot of it's my own feeling, and I found it in a lot of other people, too.

Well, this is already answered. You don't think the march was well-ordered. What do you think the . . .

Well, the 18th and Michigan was, I think.

That was after this one.

It was, yeah, I mean, it was made very clear at the beginning of the march, look, you want to come along to Dick Gregory's house, that's cool, and the idea is we're going to march on the sidewalk, obeying traffic lights, half the sidewalk, the whole business, you know, the peaceful-type march that they'd allowed for the last . . . well,

they allowed one I think it was on Tuesday, all the way down to the Loop from Lincoln Park. No, Wednesday. Tuesday, Tuesday was the first day.

. . . the campaign . . .

Yeah, it was Tuesday. That was the first day we slept in the park. But, uh, yeah, that was cool. That march was pretty well organized. People were like sort of aware of the fact that if you went and provoked the police, throwing stuff at them and stuff like that, you screw up the march. There was a lot of sentiment particularly among the yippies, Abbie Hoffman saying that if anybody tells you what to do, ignore him, he's a pig, you know, and leaders are for shit and all that sort of thing. And a lot of people actually felt that and were I guess realizing that anybody who did throw a rock was essentially taking a leadership role in the sense that throwing rocks in the middle of a crowd, he not only did that . . . endanger himself but endanger the whole crowd of people as well. And therefore, the you know, sort of saying let's throw rocks at crowds, and there wasn't any base, there wasn't any means for the police to discriminate who threw the rock or whatever, because they couldn't figure it out. But, yeah, it was a very peaceful march. Nobody was doing a goddamn thing. Toward the end there was some yelling and maybe a "Fuck Daley" or something like that—I don't remember too clearly. But, um . . .

Was that stopped?

Yeah, it was stopped, and before that there was absolutely no provocation for their being stopped, except that they were marching through a ghetto which I guess made the police and the National Guard terribly up tight that there would be an uprising in the ghetto, something like that.

Did what happened to you change your attitudes toward the future of America, or, uh, anything?

Well, it crystalized them somewhat. I guess the major change I got was that, um, previously I'd always thought, in a sort of abstract, you know, sort of intellectual way that the police were not particularly in love with me or people who did demonstrate, and I was aware of that. I wasn't aware, though, of the extent to which that occurred, and when I went and asked the police for help it was really a very stupid thing, kind of a naive thing, expecting them to act as human beings I think should towards other human beings who are hurt, and instead they acted in an incredibly brutal fashion. Actually that's a human fashion in and of itself, because I don't think an animal would do that either. Um, and it made me realize, I guess, that when I'm

demonstrating and when I'm actually living in here, because I'm an active kind . . . in radical politics, that the policeman is my enemy, and that all the time—not my friend by any means, and that I can expect in the next year some kind of police harrassment. I don't know if it will go to the extent of breaking into my apartment and planting drugs or simply messing it up, as they have to a few people I know, who are much more vocal and important and active than I am, but, you know, you could take anything from being stopped on the streets and being searched often, as they do black kids around here. A lot of people see that. Um, I guess the major change is, yeah, that I don't trust a policeman worth a shit anymore. And, I don't know, I've been thinking a lot about the problem that there's an increase, a rise, everybody says, in fascism in the country, that Nixon will probably be the next president, and maybe this is a good thing in a screwed-up kind of way in that it will help polarize people and help people realize that they don't want a police state, if it doesn't go too far, you know, and the idea that the police state will become an institution as it probably has already become an institution in places like Chicago.

Okay. Do you want to say anything else about anything?

No, not particularly.



Well, let's see now. I was at the resistance movement center at Quaker House most of the afternoon. We were working out the last details to a sanctuary statement for a guy, Dick Bell, who is this AWOL GI who had taken sanctuary in Quaker House. And so I didn't get to go down with the first bunch of people who went down on Wednesday afternoon. But along about five o'clock we got a call from mobilization headquarters which . . . the guy who was calling said there was a massacre underway and we should get down there as quickly as possible, that police and National Guard had sealed off the park and were lobbing tear gas in and were charging into the crowd, that we should get cars down and start taking out the wounded and injured. So Mike ——— of CADRE and I jumped into his car and went roaring down there, . . . with a couple of canteens and vaseline and assorted other anti-tear gas first aid sort of shit, jumped out of the car, went through the band shell area, and caught the tail end of the march, which was picking up and moving, trying to get across the railroad tracks, to Michigan Avenue along the way to the amphitheatre. The situation was the National Guardsmen were

holding bridges at each of the crossings of the IC tracks, so the marchers were just kind of trapped back between the IC tracks and the lake, and just kind of milling around trying to figure out where the hell they were going. (A few sentences inaudible.) . . . but the marshalls at the tail end of the line began passing the word that it would be cool if everybody, it would be safe if everybody broke into small bands, small groups of four or five, and walked across the bridges and reassembled in front of the Hilton. And so I began trying to do that. We were at the bridge at Balbo, and stood around, tried talking with the Guardsmen, but (a few words inaudible) . . . smelled a little gas which had been used at a bridge further up, and began spreading around rumors about which bridges were open. And after passing rumors for a while . . . well, during all this time I was getting a hold of resistance people and telling them where the car was, and then losing them again as we went whirling off to other places. So a guy from New York Resistance and I decided to get across the bridge some way or another so we could see what was going on. So we went up, we went up to the next street, which may have been, may have been, well, we crossed eventually Jackson—it may have been about Van Buren or Congress, somewhere around there. And a group of kids walked up to the National Guardsmen, a couple of black kids with this . . . gang kids, who were saying how they could just walk across the bridge, so they walked up to the Guardsmen and the Guardsmen put tear gas on them, gassed everybody. One guy, one reporter or photographer, I'm not sure just which, was hit in the face by a tear gas canister that was shot over the crowd, when these kids were marching up. And so we backed off and picked up and carried some kids back to a fountain and washed them off and proceeded, went up to about I think Jackson or Van Buren, something like that, crossed, and then moved down Michigan. We were walking down Michigan, and saw people kind of walking, straggling back, crying and wiping their faces for teargas, decided there was something bad going on, and we moved up . . . well, we were running into more and more people, and more of our people, and fewer and fewer straight people, as we approached the Hilton. We got up to the Hilton and found that . . . well, we learned later that the march had, the head of the march had gone past the Hilton and up a few blocks farther and had been turned back by the cops, and had come back to the corner of Balbo and Michigan, underneath the corner, sort of underneath the Hilton building intersection. When we arrived there were just sort of people standing around chanting, "Peace now, peace now, peace now" and

“dump the hump, dump the hump, dump the hump,” and a couple of “Ho ho ho Chi Min’s” and stuff like that, and people were just standing in the intersection. Briefly some people sat down, a few people sat down in the intersection. A little after they sat down, almost immediately, there were yells, “Here they come,” and people in the intersection started breaking. I look to my right—I was . . . I looked up Balbo, and there was a line of cops coming down, a couple hundred, phalanx, and they moved into the intersection. I saw mostly just moving people, like with their clubs held in both hands about chest-high, shoving people back, you know, and snarling, “Get out of the way, get out of the way.” They stood for a little while in the intersection, occasionally making dashes out into the park. I moved south on Michigan. Every now and then . . . well, it was incredible the way they were. They would, they would, somebody would throw something or yell something, and all at once the cops would just sort of charge him into the crowd, like three or four cops, and they’d run over people and kick them and stomp them, and they didn’t seem to have . . . well, they’d pick out one guy deep in the crowd and just beat everybody that they could to get to him and drag him back to a squad car. And, you know, ferocity like fanatics. And then they’d sort of cut it off and get back into the intersection, and stand like at parade rest, and then go charging, bolting off again. You know. Pretty soon you’d begin to see people staggering around with their heads bloody and bumping into things. It was hard to see a lot that was going on. Like the crowd was all around me. I moved out of the street and for a while linked arms around some medics who were standing near Balbo in Grant Park, south of Balbo. They were working on, oh, they must have worked on about fifteen people while I was linked arms, and I was linked about fifteen or twenty minutes or so. There were usually two or three people stretched out on the ground with a team of medics working on their heads or something, with stretchers carrying people away, and screams of “Medic, Medic, here, here,” and the medics would go dashing off and pick people up and bring them back. During this time the police were just standing at the intersection and there was a line of people at the street, and then we were behind them, and then every now and then the police would charge into the line that was between us and the cops and people would scatter, so we kept moving the first-aid station further and further south. And after that we moved into the street and saw some more people like Mike ———, and I ran into Jeff ——— also a CADRE, and mostly we were just

kind of standing there, holding on to the street, yelling. We sang, a couple of times, "We Shall Overcome." We were chanting, "The streets belong to the people, we are the people, all power to the people," and cops slowly pushing us down onto Michigan, charging into the crowd every now and then, and the crowd in front, the crowd would turn and people would start running like crazy, knock down people, trample on people, and the guys behind would slow down and stop, and, uh, a good bit of this, well, like I was . . . well, it was very strange. I was in the front of our line, the part directly facing the cops, and they could come forward and you'd move back, sort of back-pedal, and like at any time they could have beat my brains out, but they didn't. You know, you got to kind of, uh, kind of . . . you got to . . . not entirely sure they were going to come after you, and thus not entirely prepared to run. And you got to trust that they were just going to be sort of opposite you and just push people back, but on the other hand every time they made any kind of a quick motion you had to be ready to run and take off because you were dead positive that then they were going to take off in a sort of full-tilt gallop at you and start beating everybody in sight. We were being moved further down south on Michigan. People were drifting away. People were throwing rocks, you know, every now and then, not enough of that to really defend the crowd against the police. Finally we were back around Jackson or Monroe, I think, and Dellinger called people around and said . . .

North.

We were being approached from the north, right. North. Dellinger called people around him and said, "Look, let's decide where we're going here. We can't stay on this street all night. We've got to get ourselves together." About that time . . . during all this time I kept waiting, turning around and looking and waiting to see cops behind us. But we kept passing individual cops who seemed kind of scared by the whole thing and didn't seem too menacing. People picked up trash cans and bashed the windows out of a squad car, stomped on squad cars. There was a lot of venting of frustrations on the symbols of authority, rather than against the authority itself. That's it, getting a big kick out of kicking a squad car, even if you're not going to beat a cop. Somebody turned over a three-wheeled motorcycle. Shit like that. It was . . . They hadn't thrown tear gas at us, although there was still gas in the air from earlier. About the time that Dellinger called people around him, one of the buses of cops that had been . . . they had been putting a squad of cops, say 60 or 70,

on a CTA bus and then running around the city for the whole week. They were like the flying squad or riot cops. Well, this bus came suddenly, rolled up behind us, pulled into the middle, and the cops jumped out with shotguns. The crowd kind of scattered. The cops, along with these guys on foot, they moved in their giant-sized paddy wagon, and a couple of smaller paddy wagons and began putting people in it. Somebody, some people tried rocking the paddy wagon, which didn't happen—they're pretty stable.

You need lot of people.

Yeah. You need a whole lot of people. About the time they showed up with shotguns, we began moving north faster, and I got up to about, I guess, Jackson, began diverting people west on Jackson, off of Michigan. You know, "Let's get into the Loop. Come on, this way," and a whole stream of people went up Jackson. As they went, they bashed a window out of a bank, threw a couple of rocks into some more big windows. A couple people would run up to the window, kick it, kick the window, and running up the street, running up through cars, people were honking their horns and giving V signs, cheering, the people in cars were giving V signs, things like that. We were just, it was just like pulse. We were going west like pulses, and the first pulse, the one I was with, carried on up till State Street, and, you know, you'd get up about a block, and then people would scream, "Here come the cops," you know, and a whole herd of people would go charging by, and you'd start kind of walking quick. So that got up to State, turned around, and started walking back towards Michigan, got down to Wabash, and there was another flood of people coming, and some cops following these, and so I followed back, followed the flood back to State, and standing on State, turned around and walked back again towards Michigan. This time the cops came charging, running full tilt up the sidewalk, beating anybody who was slow enough or who tripped, everybody who was at the tail end of the line, knocking them down, stomping on them, kicking them, cracking their skulls. At the corner of State Street they came charging up to State and then halted just before they got to the corner. And at State we found a minister, some sort of clergyman with a collar, who had his skull cracked, and he was sort of lying on the street. We gathered around him. Medics began working on him. State Street was really weird. . .

How big a group were you in?

Well, I don't . . . it was like people were strung out. You know. Fifty, a hundred, two hundred—I don't know. Hard to estimate, be-

cause we were like strung out . . .

. . . but less than a thousand.

Far less than a thousand. Just like a splinter of the whole group.

But more than ten people.

Yeah, more than ten. Um, except that there weren't any two hundred or even fifty gathered at any one place. They were just sort of spaced in two's or three's along down the street. And at the corner there was a guy . . . uh, the cops just kind of came up to the corner on State Street and halted and looked around, and a guy who had like escaped from them went staggering into State and Jackson, collapsed against the side of a car, bleeding from the head, blood all over the car and the street, so somebody in the car picked him up, and they put him inside, grabbed him and drove off, I guess to a hospital. Then the cops came pushing down State. They were kind of like walking fast on both side of the street, mostly just pushing people, saying "Get along, get along, move fast," and waving their clubs and threatening with the clubs and wacking on the back, sort of a "get along fast" wack rather than a "Let's break his skull" kind of a wack. On the other side of the street was a guy with a cane with his leg wrapped up or in a cast or something. He was just kind of hobbling along and saying, half hysterical, "I can't move any faster, I can't move any faster," and they wacked him over the head and he stumbled, and they said "Get along fast, get moving, get moving," and he said, "Look, I can't move," and they wacked him again and again. He stumbled against the light pole, just kind of fell back, down into the street. Somebody from my side of the street ran across the street and picked him up and dragged him, dragged him back. I think they put him in a car. I didn't see him after that. When we got to the corner the police started charging full tilt again, pushing us back east toward Michigan—I guess this would have been on Monroe. Just, you know, like . . . By this time I was pretty used to people saying, "Here they come," you know, "they're running, they're running," and go stampeding by, and pretty accustomed to slowing people down and just walking, and, and I was pretty surprised to turn around and see this charging herd of pigs waving and beating on people's heads and snorting and screaming and hollering. But they were coming anyway. And they'd like charge the length of a block and then hold up. This was along the Palmer House. Then we got to the corner, and there was a medic team and they had two or three people sprawled on the corner and they were working on their heads, and they called a stretcher and the newsmen came in and took pictures, and the

cops came charging by, and there was a team of TV men with a movie camera so I stopped alongside and grabbed hold of their arms and the cops just ran on by. So, there were still people on Michigan Avenue, I guess, still people getting driven north, and, well, like this was . . . there were people getting pushed off Michigan and into the Loop and getting dispersed, and this was and charged, so I just began looking around for friends of mine. And that was about the end of the interesting things.

Yeah. Well, and what . . . do you have any idea of the time interval occupied by this story? An hour?

A couple hours. It was about, well, you know, like, let's see, I went down about five. Apparently it was about seven when we were in front of the Hilton, about eight when they charged, or so, we got pushed down. It was about 9:30, I think, roughly about 9:30 when I got pushed off on Michigan, and it was, uh, there was fooling around in the loop for about another hour, and, uh, we sort of walked around. I found a girl from Boston Resistance who was infiltrating the Hilton Hotel, and she was a friend of mine. She was taking in stink bombs. We wished her luck, you know.

What was your psychology, and what kind of things were you thinking and feeling, and what was in your head while you were there?

I was aware . . . first there was . . . I don't know—I felt kind of peaceful. I was in Berkeley in June and I spent a couple of days playing cops, throwing rocks, and bottles, things like that. I used to be, like, well, not particularly hurting anybody, and, you see, I got beaten in Berkeley and I've become pretty leery about getting anywhere within range of a cop's night stick. I don't know—I was damn scared of the cops and the sticks most of the time when I was in crowds, and when I was standing there with linked arms around the medics it felt pretty good and like they could have come and they could have shot us all, and I wouldn't have moved. I was staying. They would have had to kill me if they wanted to get past our line and get at the medics and the injured people inside. Kind of awed by the, so goddamn many cops.

It was all cops that you had trouble with, not the National Guard?

Yeah. You see, the cops were like the hitting force, and they'd move the National Guard in behind the cops and the Guard would form a line behind with rifles like at ready and just stand there, like a show of force, and the cops would strike out from in front of this line of National Guardsmen. . . . I fooled around a lot, had a lot to do with

the National Guard Thursday night, the next night, and by and large they were, Guardsmen were okay. Like, they didn't, I never saw a Guardsman hit anybody with a rifle butt, and some of them, were downright friendly about it, like Thursday night when they were about to gas, they'd warn us about it. One guy emptied his canteen onto handkerchiefs for people for the gas. Um.

(inaudible question)

Monday? Well, um, Sunday, Sunday we had a, when they first pushed us out of the park, I was at the head of a line of a couple hundred who went dashing through the streets in Old Town, down the Rush Street area, to a bridge down on Michigan Avenue, and crossed it, and then got gassed and beaten up on the bridge, and went charging back through the streets screaming. It was kind of like this orgasmic "seize the streets" and reveling in the freedom, you know, of taking a street. Really a trip. Freedom's a heady thing. It gets to you, after a while. . . . People . . . we tried repeating it the next night, except this time we came pouring out of the park, pouring down LaSalle Street into a police roadblock. I was up at the head of that. I saw that, and I said, "Shit, this is the end," and then a cop came whirling out of a side street, jumped out of his car, began firing into the crowd, firing his gun. I guess, I assume, he was firing blanks, because I didn't see anybody fall. But it freaked a lot of people. They threw teargas. I split off to the side and evaded them through an apartment, a housing development. We wandered around for a few minutes and then joined up with the march again, which was proceeding down sidewalks, going kind of zigzag around and about, eventually got down to the Loop, just along and along and along, really tense. It's like you're walking along the sidewalk feeling cops being on you the whole time, you know, feeling totally helpless, just walking there.

What did you think of the tenor of the people there?

It varied, and it varied between the parks. Um, like Thursday it was mostly an entirely different set of people than Wednesday night. Thursday there were mostly McCarthy kids. It was really weird. They were mostly McCarthy kids, mostly really badly frightened, like too scared to move. Wednesday, like in the parks and all, in the streets, liberating the streets in Old Town, it was mostly hip kids who'd like really turned on by taking streets, by liberating streets, turned on by freedom.

That's something you haven't talked about. Do you think you could talk a little bit more about liberating streets, and why do you

do it?

Why do you do it?

Yeah.

Well, you do it, for one thing, because there's no place else to go. You've been driven out of Lincoln Park, and you'd really like to strike back at them somehow. You'd like mostly to stand and fight, but you know you can't. So you discover that there's a street behind you and that's a natural direction to go, and if there's a thousand people going that way, so you just run out, run through the traffic and say "goddamn it, there shouldn't be any traffic here, the people belong on the streets," and like this, like this anti-mechanical revolt, to take the universe back from the machines. And the people are going to take the laws back from the police. So you go charging into the street. And when you get to the street, you discover everybody else there, so it's really solidarity. And you think, "Well, damn it, I'm going to stay here if I can," so you do. Um. And the changing ceremony. After we heard speeches in Grant Park, I changed into my riot clothes, you know, take another wardrobe. So I got a ride down to the park, and it must have been seven or eight, I don't know, something like that, and people, the march had already left. So Jerry and I were looking for them, driving up and down Wabash. We eventually, kind of like about 18th, 18th and State or so, there were some military vehicles and National Guardsmen posted across the street, with some cops, and so I said, "Well, this looks like the place." We doubled back around the street and came up toward the end of the march, which was just a lot of people sitting around looking very depressed and very scared and very glum, leaning against buildings and sitting along the curb. I jumped out and, and Jerry drove on, so I went on up the march, looking for Oliver and ran into other Resistance people and said, "Hey, what's going on?" Found out it was like we'd been stopped by a roadblock at 18th and the word was if you crossed 18th you'd be arrested. Nobody knew just what was going on, whether people were going to march across 18th or not, but it seemed like maybe, like they were going to, since Gregory said he would and people just kind of follow him down in front.

And he did.

And he did, yeah. So, you know, well, word was like passed back, "Gregory's just been arrested," and people shrugged, and so I went walking up to the head of the line, across 17th, and the block between 17th and 18th was like where everything was happening. I went up to the very head of the line and still didn't find Chris or Ronald, but

I knew they were up there. And, well, inspected the National Guardsmen who were standing, standing in like this assailant (?) down the middle of the street, surrounding the TV truck and a couple of jeeps, and people were on both sidewalks, sort of filled in around the National Guardsmen. People were just sort of standing around, and apparently had been for about fifteen minutes, twenty minutes or so. And they were all McCarthy people, all, uh, and every now and then they'd start chanting, "Let's get arrested, let's get arrested." The Wisconsin delegation up at the head of the line was in the process of getting arrested. Gregory aides would come back, and they would, you know, go over plans for how it was going to be done. We were just going to all get up and walk over to the paddy wagon. Except that it was a very narrow street and they weren't letting anybody get arrested except for Gregory and the Wisconsin delegation. They arrested those people. Then the demonstrators behind walking forward, walking into the police line, and the police sort of beat 'em back, knocked them back, pushed them back. A lot of confusion, and a lot of . . . uh, consider, nobody knew what the fuck was going on. So we all sat down. Which is a good thing. People sat down and they got cool again, they got a little happier. During all this time, I was deciding whether the hell or not I was going to get arrested. First it seemed absurd. I also remembered that I didn't have twenty-five dollars. And I didn't feel much like being in jail, didn't feel much like being in a paddy wagon if the cops were going to drive around and beat on you while you were in there. So, then I sat down and decided, well, you have to feel some sort of solidarity with the people, so do what happens. But we didn't get a chance for that, because we looked around and the guardsmen were putting on their gas masks and we knew, well, this is it. I was up at the very head of the line this time, and I started walking back figuring, "Well, it's gas again. Oh well." I hadn't gotten very far when they sort of pitched teargas at our feet. And we started . . . nobody ran, which was a real good thing. People kind of half-trotted, walked fast, and we got gassed worse for that. But nobody ran. Nobody got trampled. Nobody ran. People were bumping into things, because they couldn't see. But mostly you held on to the guy in front of you. If the guy beside you didn't know where he was going, you held on to him, too. You just kind of guided, uh, everybody kind of guided everybody along. And the gas was, uh, the worst kind of gas I've ever felt. It was three times as bad as gas in Berkeley, and it just obliterated you. You couldn't breathe, you couldn't see, you had no eyes. And it just seemed

it wasn't going to end. It would burn your head off, and you were never, you were helpless and you were never going to be anything but helpless. So you just kept walking and walking and walking and walking. Got down to the street and it cleared away, so we rallied around again, uh, got medics for people who had been overcome by the gas. Then we rallied back again in front of the gas station, and I ran into Ralph, Bernie, who was still kind of hurt by the gas. And so then they fired teargas at us again, but this time, uh, well, they had us in the street and they just threw gas and dispersed us down the street. This time they shot gas out of their grenade launchers, shot it like roman candles over our heads down behind us, on either side and in front of us, so that there was no place you could go, just get gassed. Nothing, uh, well, I don't understand what they were doing. A kid got hit over the head by a gas canister that came sailing down, knocked him down. He got hurt pretty badly. But mostly . . . uh, I'd been down around behind the gas station taking a piss at about this time, just got back in front when the gas went off. We began herding people to the gas station, out the back way, out west—we were on Wabash, I think, so it must have been Michigan. Then we got up Michigan an another gas station, poured water on people. Bernie couldn't see; he was falling into things. So I picked him up. Black kid came by, just gave out a groan and fell flat. Rob and another guy picked him up and just walked him to the gas station, began to pour water on people. Incredible amount of gas, just all over the place—four, five, six teargas canisters coming down in a very small area, and like one would have been enough to disperse the crowd.

What about the policemen?

These were Guardsmen. So we got some water and we began walking around and giving water to people and looking for the rest of the crowd, which, I thought, which the tail end of which had just gone back to the park, where they got gassed again in the park, and we were walking, walking down Michigan, and Rob was carrying his bottle of water and I was carrying a can of water. A car came whirling down, made a U-turn, banged up over the curb, pinned us against the wall, and four cops jumped out and started waving their sticks. I started shaking and I said, "Oh, hell, this is it." Again I said "This is it. We're dead now." Only they put their sticks away and took hold of us began searching us and hassled Rob about his water and hassled me over the water. They thought maybe the water in our cans was gasoline. It was queer. And couldn't figure out what a

magic marker was. They were kind of pissed over that. And I had a little three-inch pocket knife, maybe smaller, about two inches, I don't know, which I threw away. I was really . . . I don't know—they padded us down, pulled everything out of our pockets. Then for some reason or other they got back in the car and went away, so we gradually went back to the park and we were getting atrocity stories from that, that they'd got the park sealed off and throwing teargas into the park and nobody could get out, and nobody could get away from the gas, which is . . . uh, the rumors that were flying around were a lot worse than the general, than what was actually happening. Like once Mike and I went charging down and I think we were just dead certain that the cops were running rampant through the bandshell and that they were slaughtering everybody in sight and that there'd be dead people, and it was quite a surprise to discover that there was nothing going on when we got there.

How much do you, uh, do you think rumors like that really affected the whole atmosphere, I mean, people having that in mind? I mean, the cops must have had their own rumors too.

Oh, yah, the cops, the cops must have been scared shitless of us. Yeah. Otherwise I don't see how they could print all these ridiculous things in the newspapers. But, uh, like mostly the rumors had the effect of dispersing people who were on their way to a place where people were gathering because the cops were destroying things, and so you wouldn't go near. You know, uh, that was the main point.