

Jerry Rubin: "Yippie! The Media Myth", *Revolution for the Hell of It* (New York: The Dial Press, 1968), pp. 77-98.

muskets, redcoats and freedom rides, bells, blue-noses, FUCK . . . naked bodies in the pool . . . statues all moldy . . . state capital on the hill . . . and childhood reminiscence, for Boston was home. The girl and the two longhair guys are transformed, they are Crispus Attucks, they are kneeling praying in a Birmingham church when a bomb comes flying through the window. A heavy voice from behind me smirks up out of the leaflet and drawls, "Hey, boy, you people better not start anything tonight, we don't like your kind in Boston." Yassuh, it was coon huntin' season all over again. The United States of Mississippi had found themselves another nigger.

July 21, 1968

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YIPPIE! - THE MEDIA MYTH

BLANK SPACE AS COMMUNICATION

It is a preview. Have you ever noticed how movie previews are done? They are done by the best minds in Hollywood. TV ads, as of lately, have the same effectiveness. They create a dynamism. The viewer becomes involved. Expectations are built up. Needs are addressed. They are totally absorbing with all the quick cuts, slogans, flashing images and exciting tempos. Movie previews and TV ads are written by our modern poets. They know how to create the blank space into which the viewer can place himself. Television is more like swimming than reading books.

All movie previews are rumors. They all exaggerate. "The greatest movie in twenty years!" Fireworks explode. Wow! "Don't miss this one." Zoom. "Bare-backed girl." Flash. "Exposed." Everything spins. Eight scenes compressed in five-second flashes.

TV ads are also rumors. They are not always hot as the image of the movie preview. Some are cool. Cool images promote security. They typify banks, insurance companies, airlines, government agencies. A typical one is the ad for the Dreyfus Fund. A lion walks unnoticed down Wall Street. Slump. Slump. Slump. Strong, determined, with a sense of the future. You are the lion amid the sterile world around you. Where are you going? The lion jumps onto the word "Dreyfus." "Crawl." He is satisfied. "INVEST IN DREYFUS." Few words are needed. Words confuse. Words are hot. A lion in a street of people is worth a thousand words. It is a wonderful ad, fantastically filmed. A lion walking in a crowded street is totally absorbing. There is

an underlying tension of course, but overall coolness. No chaos. No anarchy. No risks. Just give us your dough. Maybe we should run a lion for President?

Projecting cool images is not our goal. We do not wish to project a calm secure future. We are disruption. We are hot. In our ad the lion cracks. Races through the streets. We are cannibals, cowboys, Indians, witches, warlocks. Weird-looking freaks that crawl out of the cracks in America's nightmare. Very visible and, as everyone knows, straight from the white middle-class suburban life. We are a pain in the ass to America because we cannot be explained. Blacks riot because they are oppressed. An Italian cabdriver told me, "If I was black, I'd be pissed, too." America understands the blacks.

We are alienated. What's that all about? Existential lovers in a plastic society. Our very existence is disruptive. Long hair and freaky clothes are total information. It is not necessary to say we are opposed to the ----- . Everybody already knows. It is a mistake to tell people what they already know. We alienate people. We involve people. Attract-Repel. We play on the generation gap. Parents shit. They are baffled, confused. They want the cool lion. We tear through the streets. Kids love it. They understand it on an internal level. We are living TV ads, movies. Yippie! There is no program. Program would make our movement sterile. We are living contradictions. I cannot really explain it. I do not even understand it myself.

Blank space, the interrupted statement, the unsolved puzzle, they are all involving. There is a classic experiment in psychology. Subjects are given problems to solve. Some tasks they complete; others are interrupted. Six months later they are given a memory test. They consistently remember the problems that were interrupted. Let's postulate a third setting, in which the subject is shown how to solve the problem by an instructor. It would probably be the least remembered of the three. It is called "going to school" and is the least involving relationship.

When we opened the FREE STORE we circulated a leaflet with a beautiful work of art, and under it in Spanish was the line:

Everything is free at the store of the Diggers. No address. No store hours. No list of items and services. It was tremendously effective. Puerto Ricans began asking questions. Puerto Ricans talked to hippies. Everybody searched for the FREE STORE together.

I stare at a button. Bright pink on purple background: Yippie! It pops right out. It's misspelled. Good. Misspelling can be a creative act. What does Yippie! mean? Energy — excitement — fun — fierceness — exclamation point! Last December three of us sat in a room discussing plans to bring people to Chicago to make a statement about the Democratic Convention. Hippies are dead. Youth International Party — Y.I.P. — YIP — YIPPIE!. We're all jumping around the room, Paul Krassner, Jerry Rubin, and I. Playing Yippie! games. "Y." "Right." That's our symbol. That's our question. "Join the Y." "God, Nixon will attack us in three months for confusing the image of the YMCA." Within fifteen minutes we have created a myth. Head for the media. "Hello, my name is Paul Yippie, what's yours!" Within two weeks every underground paper has a Yippie! story. In a month *Newsweek* writes "the Yippies Are Coming." Lawrence Lipton, in the *L.A. Free Press*, analyzes Yippie! origins. Y's appear magically on walls around the country. All the while, the excitement and energy are focused on Chicago and people get involved. A Yippie! button produces a question. The wearer must answer. He tells a little story. He mentions Chicago, a festival of music, violence (Americans love to go to accidents and fires), guerrilla theater, Democrats. Each story is told in a different way. There is mass participation in the Yippie! myth. Can we change an H to a Y? Can myths involve people to the extent that they will make the journey to far-off Chicago? Can magic media succeed where organizing has failed? Y not?

Blank space is the transmission of information whereby the viewer has an opportunity

to become involved as a participant.

In Saigon, the newspapers are censored. Various pages have sections of blank news articles. There is more information in those blank articles than you might suspect. I go on television and make a point of swearing. I know the little fuckers don't get through, but the image of me blabbing away with the enthusiasm and excitement of a future world better than this while being sliced up by the puritanical, sterile culture of the Establishment is information worth conveying.

Words

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TV TRIP AFTER KING GOT IT

Whitney Young is obviously alive and well in America. I see him every two minutes on Channel Control. And there is Johnson. Wow. Look at him, saggy old LBJ calling for nonviolence. Funny, General Waste-more-land didn't mention sit-ins in the Mekong Delta as part of the Army's new tactics. It's

funny to see panel shows on "Where do we go from here?" and know the country is burning down.

Marty walks to the corner and pulls the fire alarm. Within minutes the fire engines have arrived and Marty, sitting on the curb licking a butter-almond cone from Gem Spa, looks up and says "The country is burning." They slap the kid and call the cops who take him to Bellevue.

"Where the hell is Eldridge Cleaver?" Someone High-Up obviously decided the guy was too hot on the same Sunday that he gets shot by an asshole cop in Oakland. Too bad. David Susskind won't let Eldridge on to do his thing. There are limits to freedom of speech. On a snowy night in December you can go on the telly and yell Burn, Baby, Burn, but not this Sunday night as you lie wounded in San Quentin Penitentiary. So instead we get Percy Sutton and argue whether or not he's white or black or gay or toupeed.

An old friend, a priest, calls drunk and crying and blurted out lines from "We Shall Overcome," saying we gotta go to Memphis, like the old days and I tell him I ain't marching anymore and especially not with George Meany. He asks what he should do and I tell him to fuck a nun. "Hey, LBJ's on, come on in!" I hang up on my old friend, singing "This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine" . . . click! Oh, is that what that song meant, I wonder as Washington burns in the living room. "Because of rather unusual circumstances the cherry blossom festival has been cancelled . . . Tourists are being met at the gates and advised to visit Arlington Virginia or may be go back to Williamsburg . . ."

"Gee, Mary, I know we've come all this way to see the cherry blossoms and the Capitol, but the troops say it's too dangerous."

"Can we go back to Baltimore?"

"No, they say there are 4,000 troops there now and more due in."

"The kids are getting cranky, Marvin, what are we going to do? We can't go back to Pittsburgh, that's a mess."

"I can't understand why they don't shoot all those niggers."
 "Frank, that's not nice to say, especially not so soon after King got killed."

The nice family spent the night at a Howard Johnson's and the next day drove into the city.

"Let's go to the Memorial Service, I hear Jacqueline Kennedy's going to be there."

"We might as well. It would be awful to have come all this way for nothing."

THE NIGHT THE RED SOX ATTACKED THE U.S. EMBASSY

TV images flash in my head. Vietnam news pictured in terms of old World War II movies and they are not the Japanese but tiny bands of underdog heroes like beautiful Filipinos I once saw sabotage Japanese Military Might in surprise attack and now nineteen Vietcong guerrillas on heroic mission attack the U.S. Embassy when they said it couldn't be done. Who would have believed that crew-cut generals in shiny limousines and million-dollar planes that zoom by, dropping latest university developments brewed by those institutions we were taught as children to awe, could be whipped by nineteen gooks? America will lose more than its face in Vietnam rice paddies hunting jackknife warriors with napalm machines. Where will be our Alamos? Where even our brave men planting flag on Iwo Jima hilltop? America is a mythic land. Dreamed up by European beatniks, religious fanatics, draft dodgers, assorted hippie kooks, and runaways from servitude off to the New World of milk and honey. Europe said, "If you don't like it here, why don't you leave." Echoed three hundred years later by a middle-aged

veteran with sagging ass and sagging belly hunched over sign reading **IF YOUR HEART IS NOT IN AMERICA GET YOUR ASS OUT.** Sagging crudeness of Joe McCarthy national policy. And even as we slaughtered the Indians, as children we could accept the encircled group of covered wagons fighting to defend themselves and wanting simply to make it to a little pastureland in the green hills and valleys of California.

The myths of America are strong and good but the institutional machine is a trap of death. Can you believe I was eighteen before I even knew this country had a Depression but at thirteen I could list with correct dates all Revolutionary War battles and discuss in detail the battle at Lexington and Concord which took place just thirty miles from my hometown? *Just last summer I stood on that bridge at 6 A.M. with a follower of transcendental meditation and described the battle, joining myself with imaginary musket to the ragged guerrillas that shot from those peaceful hills in Concord on that April morning. The previous day we had stood in Harvard Square passing out free poems hurling curses at the Pentagon gone mad and were attacked by drunk Marines as Harvard fairy professors stood in a circle of Adlai Stevenson-nothingness and watched and appealed to His Majesty's protectors of law and order, who finally did something. They took down our names and told us to get our asses out of Cambridge. I came away from sitting on the Concord Bridge that night knowing that some day I might just have to shoot a few of His Majesty's gendarmes and forgetting those nights of practicing how to protect my head and nuts in pacifist utero position and believing in the Second American Revolution. America lost its balls in the frontier and since then there have been no mighty myths and now we hunt for them in lonely balconies, watching *Bonnie and Clyde.* Tragic figures, born out of rejection of a machine-mad American sterility, like James Dean and Marilyn Monroe crushed by plastic Hollywood. And later through a drugged comedian named Lenny, who had more balls by far than the stream of district attorneys that chased him with outmoded statutes.*

Now I can write FUCK and nobody's prurient interests stir and no one gets upset except maybe the DAR, which is so drugged on *The Sound of Music* that it only dreams in paranoid fantasies that such words are written, not to even mention the fact that the daughters of the Daughters are getting fucked all the time even if they are just panty raids. There are other heroes also, not home-grown, for the bowels of corporate success do not easily give birth to champions like Fidel. *I remember in the winter of '59 as we thousands cheered Fidel in Harvard Stadium as we had on New Year's day (even if he did interrupt the Rose Bowl game), Julius Lester told me of a trip he was on with him in the Cuban countryside. When the helicopter landed with the newspapers from Havana, Fidel quickly turned to the baseball scores and then threw the paper into the trash barrel. Cuba Si, Yankee No. Up in Boston we would yell the same sort of thing from the bleachers in Fenway Park. How the hell would anybody ever beat the Yankees?*

The Cubans finally did and last year so did the Red Sox. Even New Yorkers now abandon the old beaten men of the Yankees and root for the Mets. In those days of Yankee might we would go out to Fenway Park just to see Jim Piersall sit down in the middle of the game or get in a fight with the umpire. All the umpires secretly worked for the Yankees. Jim Piersall lives and so does the Revolution! *Venceremos!* Up against the wall, Mickey Mantle!

APRIL 11, 2001

The only pure revolution in the end is technology. Yet that is the same as the revolution in consciousness. Funny, one thing

just buttons, light bulbs, needles and thread. The other totally internal, spiritual, personal, emotional -- *al* (do all those words end in *al* or is that just individual). It is in the fusion of that and endless other dichotomies that the road to revolution lies. The movie CINERAMA ----- 2001 ----- on LSD (but is that also an illusion?) is a Revolutionary breakthrough. Not that other movies (some good, some bad) do not have things to say, but 2001 has things to feel in it and it's fascinating how all the human emotions, joy, sadness, love, anxiety, jealousy, hatred, on and on, come through so clearly in a film that on its surface seems to deal so much with machines and the mastery of them. I mean, where the fuck are the tits and ass that we have been conditioned to see as dealing with the emotional side of man? Where is the blood? Where is the pain? No, 2001 takes us beyond all that earthly stuff and truly gives us a glimpse of the future.

The future, where is that? Someone rips a ticket in half, guides you to a plush chair, the light dims and soon, soon you are out there. In fact, at times way out there, 2001 beyond, nearthespeedoflight, you realize theFutureis: Broadway, flashing lights, sootyair, cars cr u n c h i n g from brakes that need lubrication, abegaraskforarnickel -- andyourealize theFutureis N O W ! 2001 is the apex of technological communication this civilization has reached; of course when you are suspended one might say a flower contains all one needs to know.

Today was a typical day. Today everything happened. The moon is full, an Aries moon, I'm told by revolutionary astrologers, and in three days the YIP-Out and thousands upon thousands will gather together in Central Park and meet each other and smile and some will ask why they are there and others will know. Some will tell others. Others will nod. Skeptics meet true believers. Left meets Right. Mao Tse-tung of the People's Republic of China will bump into Cousin Clyde of the Hell's Angels. "Let a thousand flowers bloom" meets "I jes' like to blow minds." A Be-In is an emotional United Na-

asking them not to support us. We just wanted to let people know we would be there. For two days the MOB debated whether or not they should go to Chicago in August. We laughed at them but not in a hostile way, sort of like Buddhas smiling in the corner. While they argued back and forth we got stoned, made love to all the pretty girls, offered resolutions, like demanding an end to pay toilets and support of the Polish student rebellion (just to upset the Russian-linked U.S. Communist Party), refused to pay for our meals, and in general carried on like bad, crazy niggers. After two days of bullshit they postponed a decision until sometime in July. We came into the hall and passed out huge posters (a picture of the U.S.A. as a jigsaw puzzle all mixed up with an arrow saying Yippie! pointing to Chicago. It said Festival of Life, Chicago, August 25-30 — Lights-Theater-Magic-Free-Music). We gave everyone a Yippie! button. All free of course. Then we left, knowing full well they'd all be in Chicago anyway. There was no point meeting with them again and we didn't. No Constituency! HA! The five of us* represented the most important underground magazine, the two most important figures on the N.Y. Hippie Scene, the most important movement radio personality, and the hero of the Pentagon (see Mailer's *Armies of the Night*). We had on our team the most dynamic people in the white drop-out movement: Leary, Ginsberg, and more importantly the rock musicians and most of the underground editors, especially Liberation News Service, the most exciting figures in guerrilla theater as well as the most original people on Broadway, and even more. Essentially what we had was information control, tremendous ability to manipulate the media, and enough balls to break every rule in the book. We could act like Buddhas, we had in six weeks already told the whole world we were going to the Democratic Convention. The night before we had come from the Grand Central Station Massacre of the Yippies.

In one week, on fifteen dollars cash, we had attracted five to * Myself, Jim Fouratt, Paul Krassner, Jerry Rubin, and Bob Fass.

eight thousand people to a party at midnight, for no reason, in Grand Central Station. It is debatable whether or not the Grand Central Massacre helped or hurt our chances in Chicago. I maintain it helped tremendously. It put Yippie! on the map. I know that sounds cold-blooded. Revolutionists are cold-blooded bastards (the best are also good lovers). I can say this honestly because I run the same, if not more risks, than anyone. I was knocked unconscious by some dumb pig in Grand Central; besides, nobody was under orders to come. (Only people in business really manipulate people because they have money-power and, as everyone knows, money IS power in America.) Besides, I was the only one who tried to cool out the scene. I asked the head cops and the Mayor's assistant, Barry Cottehrer to let me use the P.A. system. Like dumb cops they refused, in fact they refused even to use it themselves. The Mayor's assistant had an interesting response. "They are not our police," he replied. Asking to use the P.A. system was a very difficult decision which very few people in this country can even begin to comprehend. It means a conscious, deliberate attempt to assert leadership. It's nice in a sense that the cops, as they did later in Chicago, always take over the leadership at such critical moments. "The pigs are our leaders" is the kind of information that is truer than true.

Anyway, a revolutionary artist, which is shorthand for either Revolutionist or Artist, just does it. Life-actors, all play their roles according to their backgrounds, talents, costumes, and props. The Grand Central Station Massacre knocked out the hippie image of Chicago and let the whole world know there would be blood on the streets of Chicago. It didn't matter what we predicted, what story we made up, how much we talked of fun and games. The medium is the message and the message was Theater of Cruelty. The rumor of Grand Central Station and the statements of Shoot-to-Kill Daley and Sheriff Joe Woods ("We'll stick them in underground mud tunnels and organize white vigilante groups") were powerful enough magic to separate the hippies from the Yippies.

No one who came to Chicago because of our influence had any doubts that they were risking their life. I don't know about McCarthy kids; to use a Mother term, they were not our "responsibility." The hippie end of our mythical coalition dropped out. They failed to trust the Yippie! myth. There was a lot of name-calling but in the end it didn't matter; almost all the original hippies could be found on the streets of Chicago and they were all fighting in the style of their choice, all stoned out of their heads and all having a ball. The reason for this is that the energy centers that gravitated to the center of the myth were tough as all hell. Also a myth has a tendency to always pick the right symbols and strategy, it is in a real sense self-perpetuating.

For example, we held only one formal press conference until Chicago actually happened. It was arranged by one of the country's best publicists, held in the Americana Hotel (which of course we got FREE) and only the stars spoke, Cinsberg, Judy Collins, Phil Ochs, Jacques Levy (Broadway director), Joe Byrd (head of U.S.A. band), Al Cooper (Blood, Sweat & Tears), Bob Fass (WBAL-FM), Michael Goldstein (top P.R. man in the rock field), Paul Krassner, and Ed Sanders. Jerry Rubin and I did not speak. Except for Paul and Ed, all the others later dropped out of Yippie! until the Festival began. Some played secondary roles, not the least of which was to criticize Yippie! Maybe for this reason the press conference got very little coverage in the media? Maybe it was because of the Americana setting, maybe because of other news that day? By the rules, this press conference should have gotten into every paper in the country and on every TV station. It didn't, and it didn't precisely because it wasn't right. It didn't fit the truth of what would happen in Chicago. The media in a real sense never lie when you relate to them in a non-linear mythical manner. In similar fashion the YIP-Out on Easter Sunday, with over 40,000 people in Central Park and fifteen rock groups and flowers from the sky, didn't fit the myth (as well as being a lousy spectator event) and was soon forgotten. It was Grand Central Station that stuck, and talk of not telling the truth is pigsht for a myth always tells the truth.

Another case in point is the Pig. Introduced fairly early in the game by Hugh Romney, spiritual leader of the Hogfarm, a commune outside Los Angeles, the Pig gravitated to the center of the myth. It took a long time, probably because of Hugh's vacillation about coming, and the fact that he was bringing the Pig probably held the myth back.° During the week before the thing happened we noticed the media picking up on the Pig; with the cold-bloodedness of Madison Avenue we rammed in the Pigsht. It took only four days. When I went out to get the Pig on some American farm in Northern Illinois, °° the Pig had already become famous.

This particular pig was finally rejected by the myth — with a good deal of help from Jerry Rubin and Stu Albert. The meeting at which this decision was made was quite heated and actually our only "meeting" in Chicago. They wanted a meaner pig. I thought it didn't matter, sort of liked the pig we had, was worried about the technical problems of managing a large pig, and had doubts that Jerry, Stu, and Phil Ochs could find another pig in time. They were not the resource people, who were all in my gang by that time. Jerry, °° and I had a huge fight and didn't speak to each other the rest of the time. Which upset everybody except probably Jerry and me, since we were both so determined to make our Chicago in our own style. We would not let a personal fight upset anything. Besides, we were both so dedicated that I, at least, realized that Jerry would cry at my funeral and make the right speech and that I would do

° Hugh never made it to Chicago, even though when it started he called, saying he would be there with his traveling show in a day if we could wire him \$500, which, of course, we couldn't and would not even if we'd had the money.

°° Speaking of coincidences, the farm where we got Mrs. Pig was in Belvidere, Illinois, home of the current Miss America.

°°° I even remember Jerry remarking ten days before we entered Lincoln Park that the Money Burning was our best bit. As it turned out, we didn't stage the Money Burning. I can remember burning only one dollar in Chicago. Did anybody burn any dollars? We had no money at all. Even our half of the benefit with the Mob on Tuesday night we gave to them. I don't think we know what to do with money.

the image of masculinity they try to preserve. When I get pissed at cops it goes something like this: "You fuckin' fag-ass cocksuckers! You commie pimps! You Jew-bastard fags! You get your fuckin' paws off me, you bunch of cowards! I can kick your fuckin' ass in! I'll bet you fuck each other up the ass. How come you guys never get laid?" That's cop talk. That spooks 'em. You can hurt their feelings. Establish rapport. Scare them or get your ass kicked some more. Psychic jiu-jitsu always has its risks but you always get the message through. I use it every day to stay alive.

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SCENE

Packed jail cell generally called "the Tank" in cop talk. The last stop on my tour of Chicago jails; only a door and a thin corrugated metal wall separate us from the courtroom (the wall makes a hell-of-a-racket when you kick it).

ACTORS

Me. One naked guy named Brother Michael (I renamed him Iron Mike), whom they caught running bare-ass through the Loop. Iron Mike sits in the Lotus Position in the corner and never speaks. Twenty to twenty-five pacifists, all professionals, dressed in calm, well-groomed Quaker-meeting-hall clothes. They all look like Staughton Lynd. They were arrested in a vigil near the Amphitheater. I knew it without even asking. One Fat Pig, who keeps opening the door to the courtroom calling a name and always correcting the pronunciation himself.

CONFLICT

I don't want to fuck up the pacifists' theater (Iron Mike and me already explained ourselves to each other and are brothers. A brother is someone who likes you so much he doesn't give a shit what you do.) Yet I still want to do my own play. I keep meeting them half-way, explaining what I'm doing. I'm talking

with one of them, a guy who looks the model of a successful young doctor, calm, well-groomed. I'm explaining theater and getting it all out there, though my voice is hoarse from explaining and tear gas. Each time the door opens with Fat Pig on the doorknob, a shy kid says something like, "Please sir, can we have some water?" or "Please sir, can we make a call, it's been ten hours?"

"Hey kid, you ain't getting through. Don't you see that? It's just like your silly-assed vigil. You're begging an America that won't listen. Besides, it's not even good begging. You could use a lesson from the St. Marx Panhandlers. Iron Mike over there in the corner is saying more than you and he ain't saying nothing. Watch, I'll show you how to beg and then I'll do my thing without physical violence, 'cause I know you are pacifists. Hang on."

THE PLAY BEGINS

The door opens and there is Fat Pig. I dash across the cell, throw myself at his feet, clutching his pants. "Sir! Sir!" I plead, "We have no food! We have no water! Please, sir!" Fat Pig is really shook. He pushes me with his legs, not a real kick but a push. I jump up. "You motherfucker fag! Come on in here, I'll kick the shit out of you! You fat bastard! I got a black belt in karate" and I prove it by doing some fancy chops that I saw in some movie, yelling "Ya! Ya! Wash-hoi! Wash-hoi!" Fat Pig is totally astonished. He shouts, "You coward! You coward!" He must be confusing me with the pacifists. Anyway, I know I've got him when he sinks to my level of rationality. Coward? He's three times my size. But that doesn't matter, I can kick the shit out of him any time I want 'cause I ain't afraid to die and he's afraid of losing his job. I don't know if the pacifists got the point. I didn't even ask them. When you're an artist, your art is the point as well as the reason you keep going. Ap-
 praise, boos, analysts, critics are all irrelevant. That's one reason I never respond to criticism and always suspect those that do, for example, Norman Mailer. Those that respond are politicians, they want everyone to love them. Artists never "need"

love. I learned this from Saul Alinsky, radical street organizer, whom I consider a fantastically great artist. He told me once about three years ago, as we sat in a Boston hotel room drinking Scotch and discussing organizing. "Never respond to criticism or else you'll be doing everybody's thing but your own." I picked Alinsky's brain clean that night.

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ON TO CHICAGO
