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Ramparts

Inside the Pigasus Campaign

"We demanded that Pigasus be flown to the Texas White House immediately for foreign policy briefings..."



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Conspiracy

★
**BABYLON
FALLING**



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FALLING**

Pig buttons, pig bumper stickers, pig ads in the New York Times, pig campaign offices all over the country! Far out! Everybody kept asking us, "We know what you are against, but what are you for?" Finally we found something to be for: a pig for president! At last, a positive program!

Inside the Great Pigasus Plot

[THE NOMINATION AND ELECTION OF PIGASUS, THE PIG,
AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES]

OUR CAMPAIGN SLOGAN: "Why take half a hog when you can have the whole hog?" We could see the yippie festival now: a dramatic mock convention with potsmoke-filled caucus rooms and delegates from Middle Earth, Aquarius, New Mexico and the Lower East Side.

"The delegate from Telegraph Avenue gives 50 votes . . . to the pig!" The masses cheer.

But the candidacy of the pig threw the yippies into heavy factional fighting. Some yippies wanted to kill Pigasus at a gigantic pig roast for everybody to eat. The Democrats nominate their presidential candidate and *he eats the people*. We nominate our candidate and *we eat him*. We devour our candidate before he devours us.

Only one political issue could divide the yippies. We had no problems with capitalism (against), Albania (against), free sex (for), ABM (for). But vegetarianism almost destroyed us.

Nobody objected on the basis of pigs not being kosher, even though yippies are Jewish hippies. But Ed Sanders refused to have any part of a political party that was going to take the life of any beating heart.

Open war broke out when we arrived in Chicago. I got pissed off when Abbie went off to a farm and brought back a cute, white, tiny little Petunia Pig. "Our Pigasus has got to be the smelliest, most repulsive hog that ever stunk up the earth! Just to look at him has got to make you puke," I said.

The yippies had a showdown that almost came to blows and public denunciations. Through the pig we were trying to define yippie. Was yippie trying to make America laugh? Or was yippie ready to blow America up? Abbie and Paul agreed to keep Petunia out of the presidential sweepstakes if we could

find an uglier one.

We didn't know anything about pigs. I heard that Jim of the

Head Shop once lived on a farm. I called him up and asked him if he knew anything about pigs. "A little," he said, and the next day we piled into a car, \$25 in our pockets, and we were on our way to heartland America, rural Illinois, to buy the next president of the United States.

The first hog farm we came to had 400-pound hogs.

Were they ever beautiful!

I mean ugly! They were so ugly they were beautiful. They were perfect presidential material.

One even had the face of a Supreme Court justice.

The more a pig weighed, the uglier he was. Also the hotter. If we took a 400-pound hog into the city, he'd have a heart attack and die. What about the theater of our candidate dying in the middle of his acceptance speech at the Picasso statue! Could America psychologically take the death of a third major public figure?

We arrived at a second farm and saw pigs in all ages and sizes. We started laughing. We laughed so hard our insides hurt. Did the Big Wheels of the Democratic Party have as much fun picking their candidate? We wished we could bring the whole sty to Chicago. *I mean pigs really do need a bath.* They offend the sensibilities.

We met the man in a straw hat who ran the farm. "I hear a lot of demonstrators are coming to Chicago this week," he said. That's how he saw the Democratic Convention. When I heard that I knew we'd won before the battle had even begun.

We told him we needed a pig for a school play. We pulled out \$25. "Take any one you want," he said. Fifty black-and-grey pigs were running around. Man, they were dirty. And fuck, they smelled like pig shit. The farmer told us to catch our own. We looked at each other, uptight; none of us ever had the opportunity to chase a pig before.

The pigs were uptight too. They ran whenever we approached. So we chased pigs until we backed one into a corner. Jim held him by the tail while we all got ahold of him. He was

by Jerry Rubin

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six months old and weighed 200 pounds. The new presidential candidate was ready to begin his long descent to the White House.

We all crowded together into the truck. It was hot. Pigasus jumped up and down ferociously. Every ten minutes we had to pull into a gas station to pour water over him. He kept screeching and freaking out. But he didn't mess with us once. I learned a heavy lesson: *four-legged pigs aren't violent.*

The goal was to take Pigasus to the Picasso statue in Civic Center to declare his candidacy. Lawyers told us we would violate a disorderly conduct statute by bringing a farm animal into the city. What if Humphrey were bringing Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey Circus into the city as a publicity stunt? Would they arrest Hubert? All laws are political.

Could we get Pigasus to Civic Center before the cops snatched him? We had set up a big international press conference, so the cops were hip to it. It would be a coup for the cops to pick up Pigasus first, thwarting the dramatic myth that would go across the world.

The police, expecting some of us to go pick up the pig, parked outside the house where we slept. So we got up early one morning and took the cops on an hour-and-a-half wild pig chase, while another car quietly went off to get the pig.

The scene at Civic Center was packed with TV, radio, newspapermen and FBI agents. The car with the pig arrived, and yippies began singing, “God Bless America,” while herding the screaming pig into the Civic Center Plaza.

Ten two-legged Chicago pigs grabbed us before Pigasus could utter *one oink*. “Democracy is bullshit in America!” I shouted as we were grabbed. “They won't even let our candidate make his own acceptance speech!”

They threw seven of us into a paddywagon and slammed the door. Then they opened the door again and threw in Pigasus. We rode to jail with our candidate. We were waiting to be fingerprinted when a fat Chicago cop entered the room and said, “Gentlemen, I have bad news. All of you face pretty heavy charges.

“The pig squealed on you.”

Pigasus dominated everyone's consciousness during the Democratic Convention. “Well, he's as good as all the other candidates,” said a waitress, a typical response to Pigasus' campaign promise of garbage. But the Pig angrily accused the United States government of rigging the election against him. His basic campaign demand was that everyone in the world should be allowed to vote in the American election because America controls the world.

We demanded Pigasus be flown to the Texas White House immediately for foreign policy briefings like all the other candidates. We also demanded Secret Service protection.

Instead, wherever Pigasus tried to campaign—in San Francisco, New York, even London—he was busted. Each time we just went to a farm and got another candidate. Pigs are just

like Democrats and Republicans: one is as good as another. Some people say the yippies are a put-on. Who was a greater put-on, Pigasus or McCarthy? McCarthy told us to cut our hair and go back into the system to get votes for him to end the war.

That didn't work, so McCarthy got down on all fours and told his supporters to vote for the Hump.

Pigasus, true to his word, supported no other pig but himself.

After living through a lot of experiences with Pigasus, including arrest and incarceration, the yippies grew fond of Pigasus.

We insult four-legged pigs when we call policemen “pigs.” Four-legged pigs are not violent or sadistic. They just love to roll around in their own shit and eat it.

They're hedonists—with bad taste.

What are pigs but yippies on a lower scale of evolution?

[MY “BODYGUARD” TURNS OUT TO BE A CZECHAGO PIG]

SUNNY WAS EIGHT INCHES TALLER THAN ME. She had tattoos on her arms and legs. I didn't need a bodyguard. But the idea of a giant blond chick bodyguard vibrated good theater. Sunny looked down at me and said, “Don't worry, Jerry. I got a piece.” She pointed to her purse.

Two minutes later Sunny introduced me to Bob. He was dressed in a black leather jacket, black tee-shirt, black vest, boots, black helmet, sunglasses and a two-day beard.

Bob and Sunny hung around for a while. They brought me ice cream.

Bob kept telling me to eat and sleep well.

He told me to take care of my health.

He was like a Jewish mother.

He was a drag.

One night we were together when the cops threw tear gas into Lincoln Park, and Bob zoomed off like a scared mother-fucker.

I gave him a powerful pill and told him to go home. It was a drug 1000 times more powerful than acid. Bob swallowed the pill, jumped on his motorcycle, and roared off into Yippie-Trip Land.

10 p.m. Wednesday. The last remaining warriors were running through the streets escaping from the cops after the Battle of the Hilton. We ducked into a restaurant. A suspicious man walked behind us.

We started running down the street.

Suddenly a car careened up, and four men jumped out.

“Jerry Rubin, Jerry Rubin, we love you,” one guy yelled.

“I'm going home,” I muttered.

“We'll take you home,” they shouted, grabbing me by the hair.

Nancy was thrown aside. “You want to come too, sister?”

They forced me into an unmarked car and sped away.

“We're going to put you in a bag and drop you in the river, Rubin.”

“Whenever you're on the streets, Rubin, there's trouble.”

One porker radioed: “We got Jerry Rubin.”

They took me to pig headquarters. A small room, the public office of America's political police, the Red Squad—those overweight dudes who hang around the fringes of demonstrations with cameras and tiny tape recorders, sport shirts falling

“Those who really created Chicago: Holden Caulfield, Caryl Chessman, Elvis Presley, Bonnie Parker...”

over their pants to conceal their guns. They try to act real chummy with us (“Hi, Tom! How you doing, Martin!”) while they collect dossiers and plot our destruction.

They shouted questions at me:

“Who won, Jerry? Who won?”

“You guys ever take baths?”

“You each have your own girlfriends or do you sleep with each other’s?”

“What are you going to do if you take over the government?”

“Why not get your guns and fight it out now? We’re ready.”

“You communicate with the Chinese commies?”

“Jerry, do you like Chicago? You’re gonna be in jail here for a long time,” said the Top Red Squad Pig.

“How could I have caused the riots—I know personally only a couple of hundred people in Chicago?”

“How many people do you know?” Pig said.

“124.”

“It shoulda been 123,” he replied.

Cops packed into the small room to get a front row seat for the midnight theater. There were about 30 in the room.

Suddenly appearing at the door, looking at me with cold, hard, freaked-out eyes was Bob, slick-haired, clean-shaven, dressed in a suit.

A few hours later I was charged with a felony, “solicitation to commit mob action,” on Bob Pierson’s testimony—and jailed on \$25,000 bail, more than the bail for accused murderers.

The Chicago Tribune’s banner headline the next day blazed: **HOW COP SPIED ON THE YIPPIES: UNSHAVEN, UNBATHED, HE INFILTRATED TOP RANKS TO GAIN SECRETS, MADE BODYGUARD FOR CHIEFTAIN.**

The New York Daily News revealed that Bob copped my “secret diary” and “turned it over to his superiors after Pierson picked a ‘fight’ with another officer, was knocked down, and placed under arrest.”

Then came the December issue of *Official Detective Stories*:

“EXCLUSIVE! BEHIND THE YIPPIES’ PLANS TO WRECK THE DEMOCRATS’ CONVENTION.”

with Bob’s own sensational fantasy about how he became my “bodyguard”:

“A fight broke out near where we were loafing and I waded in and broke it up, sending the combatants scattering in different directions.

“I knew that Jerry Rubin was nearby and that was my main reason for intervening. I demonstrated to him that I was not afraid and that I was tough.

“Within an hour there was another fight—also within Rubin’s sight—and I broke that up, too.”

“The third time that afternoon, the combatants were a little tougher and not so easily frightened. However, because of my size and my previous training, both as a policeman and as a counter intelligence agent, I knew tricks of fighting that these tough young men didn’t.

“Before I could stop this fracas, I had to administer beatings to three different men. By the time I was through with them, they had a healthy respect for my ability.

“All this was witnessed by Jerry Rubin—I had entered the fray for his benefit, though he didn’t know it—and he was so impressed that he conferred with [Abbie] Hoffman, who agreed to let me go so that I could become Rubin’s personal bodyguard.”

Bob eliminated Sunny from his super-acid hallucination, because there is nothing very mythic about taking advantage of a chick. Sensational battles and beatings make better prove-your-manhood myths. Sunny had to skip town because Pierson busted her on a felony.

“I joined in with the chants and taunts against the police and provoked the police into hitting me with their clubs. They didn’t know who I was, but they did know that I had called them names and struck them with one or more weapons.”

An undercover cop is some trip! To glorify his own fantasy, he glorifies the people he spies on and makes us 1000 feet tall.

Pierson turned us all into Super-Freaks, capable of taking more dope, fucking more chicks, killing more pigs, blowing up more buildings, and throwing more shit than all of the regular freaks in the world put together.

If there is ever a Hollywood movie about the yippies, Bob Pierson should write the screenplay.

Big Bob is a yippie.

He lives his fantasies.

[PIERSON: MARGIN NOTES]

When we were under a tree meditating, did Pierson think he was saving the Democratic National Convention?

* * *

“The last couple of days I was home before going underground I carefully avoided bathing.”

* * *

“By that time, it had been several days since I’d had a bath and the stench alone was enough to put me in solid with the demonstrators.”

* * *

“If these were children, where were their parents? Why weren’t they at home, instead of in a far-off city with the avowed purpose of stirring up trouble?”

* * *

“I arranged with my police contact to leave notes in the men’s room in Lincoln Park, because many of the yippies don’t bother to use toilets, but dispose of their human waste out in the open.”

* * *

“I saw yippie leaders stuffing narcotics into cream-filled cookies to be fed to demonstrators when they confronted the police. I didn’t know what the drug was, but I was told that it would give the young people the kind of jolt that would make them ferocious when they fought the pigs.”

* * *

“The girls wore dresses with nothing under them and to give photographers and the boys a thrill, they raised their dresses above their heads. The boys unzipped their pants and exposed themselves to passersby.”

* * *

“Some, maybe, were idealists, but when I’m faced with

young people who don't bathe day after day, week after week, I can't take their idealism seriously."

[HOW AMERICAN AIRLINES, SPIRO AGNEW'S MOMMA, WALTER CRONKITE, UNCLE HO AND A MILLION SPIRITS CONSPIRED TO BURN CZECHAGO DOWN]

DIG PAVLOV AND HIS DOG SPOT: ring the bell and then give Spot food. Soon Spot salivates whenever you ring the bell. *Conditioning*. Aided by thousands of mercenary psychologists from the universities, Madison Avenue got the American people in the 1950's to salivate whenever they heard the bell: "Communism."

"The Negro people have been given a raw deal for centuries, but the Communists are using the Civil Rights Movement, so we got to stop them."

The politician rings the bell. The people froth and quiver. So much for Negroes. Next problem?

"South Viet-Nam is no democracy like the United States, but the Viet Cong are Communists, so the Vietnamese are better dead than red."

The politician hits the bell, and the American people slobber all over their red-white-and-blue bow ties.

But then a Wonderful Thing happened. Children were born. Children were born who get no bad vibes when we hear the name "Stalin."

We get sexually aroused at the mention of "revolution."

We get high on "yippie."

And we puke at the sound of "Nixon."

The government is frantic to find the *word* to make the American people drool again. They even have a semanticist named Hayakawa carrying out big-scale field work at San Francisco State College.

They are trying out a lot of words.

The most popular one now is "*conspiracy*."

They arrested seven Berkeley radicals for *conspiracy* to commit a misdemeanor—trespassing—during Stop the Draft Week. Conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor is a felony: dig the semantics!

They busted teenagers in Toledo for *conspiracy* to smoke dope.

They busted the cast of Lennox Rafael's *Che* in New York for *conspiracy* to commit consensual sodomy.

Twenty-one New York Black Panthers were arrested for *conspiring* to blow up department stores and the Botanical Gardens.

And they arrested Black Panther Bobby Seale, Dave Dellinger, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, Abbie, Lee Weiner, John Froines and me for *conspiring* to cross state lines to eat suckling pig in Chicago.

According to yippie semanticists, "conspiracy" comes from the Latin root meaning "to breathe together." Our crime is that we breathe. The crime becomes a felony when we breathe together. The seriousness of the felony mounts as more people start breathing together at the same time in the same place.

We are The Conspiracy. We're the biggest, baddest mother-fucking Conspiracy you ever saw.

We got everybody on our side. Dig all the people who worked with us conspiring to plan the Chicago police riot.

The first conspirators were the airlines. American, United and TWA airlines flew all of us there *youth fare*. All you need to fly youth fare is long hair. All longhairs look alike. Posing as my 20-year-old piano student brother Gil, I traveled from New York to Chicago 600 times to further the conspiracy.

Spiro Agnew's proud momma gave us \$500 to send our first yippie statement across the world.

But for real money, we went to the TV networks. We offered each network exclusive information about where scenes of police violence were going to occur. ABC refused to bid, but CBS and NBC fought like dogs.

We gave David Brinkley and Walter Cronkite auditions repeating the line: "Chicago is a police state." Cronkite made it sound more convincing, so we accepted his bread.

The network executives agreed their reporters would be physically beaten by Chicago cops in order to personalize the media's involvement with the story.

And there was Ho, who conspired with Dave Dellinger via International Telephone and Telegraph (every inch tapped and retapped by the FBI) to arrange the Viet Cong seizure of the American Embassy in Saigon to inspire our Chicago recruits with a will-to-win.

We sent the Justice Department a long list of conspirators to help them with their indictments for Chicago.

Top of the list was Bob Dylan—we learned it all from him:

The pump don't work

cause the vandals

stole the handle

What about Gene McCarthy? The yippies had a secret meeting with Gene one week after he entered the New Hampshire primary. We told him that he was going to raise naive hopes and cause a riot of outraged young straight people in Chicago. He dug it. (We sent a tape of that discussion to the Justice Department.)

Fuck, Danny the Red set France on fire three months before Chicago to shoot us up with adrenalin. And Mythic Mark Rudd Conquered Columbia to set the revolutionary dynamics in motion.

If the FBI wants to bust those who really created Chicago, they have to indict Holden Caulfield, Caryl Chessman, Elvis Presley, Charles Van Doren, Marilyn Monroe, Mary Jo Kopechne, Oswald Augustus Owsley, Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, the Rolling Stones, Sherman Adams, Ken Kesey, Walter Jenkins, Billy the Kid, Bobby Baker, Tim Leary, the Lone Ranger, Gary Powers, Antonin Artaud, Abe Fortas, Country Joe McDonald, Gus Grissom, Lloyd Bucher, Janis Joplin, Jimmy Piersal, John Dillinger, Sybil Leek, Humphrey Bogart, the Marquis de Sade, Charlie Chaplin, and Rin-tin-tin.

Any list of conspiracy indictments must include everybody possessed by the spirit of freedom. But out of trillions, they selected only us eight.

And they completely forgot to indict those who conspired to create our conspiracy: Dickie Nixon and Dickie J. Daley.

The Conspiracy is a spirit dwelling in the land. It is bigger than all of us together.

People in Berkeley were walking down Telegraph Avenue one fine day, and without warning they were touched by the

