YIPPIE PANTHER PACT

PIPE-DREAM NO. 2
OPEN SALVOS FROM A BLACK/WHITE GUN
(by Eldridge Cleaver and assorted Yippies)

Following are two statements on the same subject by madmen grappling with the cause of their madness in search of a cure. We have been driven out of the political arena into the wilderness of our own dumb minds. We will not dissent from the American Government. We will overthrow it.

Statements on page 9
1968—the year of the pig.

The death of the ballot, the birth of the bullet—here is the choice—contemptuously thrust in our face by this decadent racist power structure: racist pig Humphrey, racist pig Nixon, racist pig Wallace for President! So where do we go from here?

Into the streets! Into the alleys! Back of town! Onto the rooftops! Behind whatever shelter remains for a black person here in Babylon!

This is the nightmare election year of the American dream. The Republican Party and the Democratic Party have told black people to kiss the ass of the elephant and the donkey. They have done this in no uncertain terms.

It is time for black people to tell the elephant and the jackass to go fuck each other—political and moral cretins that they are. Yet we cannot sit idly by and allow these vipers to run their game on us without even raising a dead finger in opposition.

We don’t have to go for that. That’s not our issue. That’s not the goal towards which black people have been struggling, dying, for these painful four hundred years. Our fight is for freedom, for liberation, by any means necessary, as Brother Malcolm put it.

Brother Malcolm also said that it’s gotta be the ballot or the bullet. The pigs of the power structure have taken off their masks and revealed themselves to be precisely what we have always known them to be: Murderers, liars, miserable genocidal wrecks.

These pigs themselves have already closed down the polling places, the ballot boxes, in so far as any meaningful solution to the black man’s problems is concerned. Right on!

Come into the streets on Nov. 5, election day. Vote with your feet. Rise up and abandon the creeping meekness! Demand the bars be open. Make music and dance at every red light. A festival of life in the streets and parks throughout the world. The American election represents death, and we are alive.

Come all you rebels, youth spirits, rock minstrels, bomb throwers, bank robbers, punk rock freaks, too-worshippers, poets, street singers, liberated women, professors and body snatchers: it is election day and we are everywhere.

Don’t vote in a jackass-elephant-cracker circus. Let’s vote for ourselves. Me for President. We are the revolution. We will strike and boycott the election and create our own reality.

Can you dig it? In every metropolis and hamlet of America boycotts, strikes, sit-ins, pickets, sit-ins, pray-ins, feet-ins, pigs-ins at the polling places.

Nobody is going to work. Nobody is going to school. Nobody votes. Everyone becomes a life agent of the street doing his thing, making the revolution by freezing himself and fucking up the system.

Ministers dragged away from polling places. Free chicken and ice cream in the streets. Thousands of lazos, drums, tambourines, triangles, pots and pans, trumpets, street fairs, freakers—a symphony of life on a day of death: LSD in the drinking water.

Let’s parade in the thousands to the places where the votes are counted and let murderous racists feel our power.

Force the National Guard to protect every polling place in the country. Brush your teeth in the streets. Organize a sack race. Join the rifle club of your choice. Freak out the pigs with exhibitions of snake dancing and karate at the nearest pig pen.

Release a Black Panther in the Justice Department. Hold motorcycles races a hundred yards from the polling places. Fly an American flag out of every house so confused voters can’t find the polling places. Wear costumes. Take a burning draft card to Spiro Agnew.

Stall for hours in the polling places trying to decide between Nixon and Humphrey and Wallace. Take your clothes off. Put wall posters up all over the city. Hold black parties. Release hundreds of greased pigs in pig uniforms downtown.

Check it out in Europe and throughout the world thousands of students will march on the USA embassies demanding to vote in the election cause Uncle Pig controls the world. No domination without representation.

Let’s make 2,300 Chicago on election day.

On election day let’s pay tribute to rioters, anarchists, Commies, runaways, draft dodgers, acid freaks, snipers, beatniks, deserters, Chinese spies. Let’s exercise all politicians, generals, publishers, businessmen, Popes, American Legion, AMA, FBI, narcs, informers.

And then on Inauguration Day Jan. 20 we will bring our revolutionary theater to Washington to inaugurate Pigasus, our pig, the only honest candidate, and turn the White House into a crash pad. They will have to put Nixon’s hand on the bible in a glass cage.

Begin now: resist oppression as you feel it. Organize and begin the word of mouth communication that is the basis of all conspiracies. Coordinate information and ideas by writing to Youth International Party, Eldridge Cleaver, Ramparts Magazine, 455 Beach St., San Francisco, California, 94133.

Every man a revolution! Every small group a revolutionary center! We will be together on election day. Yippie!!!

Stewart E. Albert
Abby Hoffman
Jerry Rubin

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