

MARCH ON WASHINGTON



Farce in Washington

by J. Cronin

The March on Washington last Saturday was a dismal failure. Seemingly, it was originally doomed as such as it was being run by a honkey movement group called "New Mobe." "New Mobe" is a bunch of peace and love fags who are more concerned with a New York Times type of demonstration than an actual demonstration of power by the people.

Saturday a minimum of 250,000 people gathered at The Mall in Washington to march, to "march" down Pennsylvania Avenue to demonstrate, to "demonstrate" against the war. A permit had been obtained, as if 250,000 people need a permit, to march, and it was good until 12:30. Do you know what the New Mobe fags did? At 12:30 they told 2/3 of the march, those who hadn't gotten on to the street yet, that they couldn't march because the permit had expired. A couple of hundred thousand people were told by New Mobe that they were no longer allowed on the streets, their streets, because Washington says no.

"Oh dear, why won't Nixon listen to us?" Because the government can lead you around like sheep, you assholes. Washington is a per-

fect example of where the New Left is at in America. A prime example of what kind of determination and devotion these people have. "End Oppression," right -- "Oh but when you have a demonstration you have to follow the rules." (New Mobe radical)

Nine bus loads of people from New York arrived at 12:45 and were quickly hustled through the Mall, detoured from the street, and led through the back to the rally to hear speakers tell them that the war is wrong. What is this a demonstration of? It seems to me that people are more concerned with showing that hundreds of thousands of people can be packed in a park like sardines and be peaceful, than demonstrate resistance to the oppressors. What kind of shit is this? Man, Woodstock is

over. It's time to show our power and ability to mess up this fucking government. It's time to stop oppression and give the people their power. The march wasn't a march, there was no demonstration there. The people were led and fed bullshit by New Left liberals. A bright point at Washington was the Justice Department where a few thousand actually demonstrated something and exercised their power and vengeance against the government. If the New Mobe "march" is the kind of shit that's going to go on, there isn't going to be any revolution. You can "demonstrate" your asses off in this manner and the man will be happy as a lark as long as you don't rock the boat. As long as you play into the government's hands, as long as the government can allocate a place for you and your demonstrations in the machine, as long as the government can control it geographically and timewise, in effect controlling the whole thing, then you are just another cog, another gear in the massive machine called America. Man, we have to fuck up the works and bust the machine. Show power, not impotence.



Onto the Pudding at The Justice Dept.: YOU DON'T NEED A WEATHERMAN

by J. O'Dell

The November dusk bites cold, the frost barely concealing the tension in the air. Justice Department completely surrounded by pigs, as all adjacent streets seem hung with blue uniforms and white helmets. The streets themselves filled with The Young. Both Pig and Young carefully checking each other out, glaring. The tension is ripe and from this we all seem to know that it will be going down.

This the scene around the Justice Department, Saturday night-fall. Justice Dept., the seat of the repressive monster which plays with the fates of Bobby Seale and the rest of the Chicago 8. Which has a hold on us all. Which will give birth to other bastards of Justice in the oncoming wave of repression. Justice Dept. Hell. As Lenny Bruce said, the only justice to be found in the halls of Justice is found in the halls.

Outside the entrance, a particularly ugly pig tightens the chin strap on his riot helmet. And then all of a sudden the air is charged.

II. The Dance

Sea of red flags turns the corner of Constitution Ave. Weathermen. And friends. Indian war whoops graze the air. Those not with flags raise clenched fists. Chant "Stop the Trial; Off the Pig." Flags and fists still turning the corner. The street crowd is large; 7,000 - 8,000 at first glance. And then the crowd is one, and numbers lose meaning.

March once twice around Justice Dept. Then the street crowd stops and the more militant move to-

wards the cold granite entrance of the massive Justice Dept. Red flags planted at the door along with more chant. "Free Bobby Seale, Power to the People." This clearly the militant crowd as bottles sail and windows smash. Red paint splatters the cold facade, smoke bombs fill the air. Flags and fists are raised higher, and now we are no longer marching. Now we dance to the music of Nixon's street march. Justice windows feeling like young stallions. Pounce on and engage the Pig in the language he can relate to. Dance dance dance. And move quick now.

I slow down to climb on top of a press car to check the crowd. The blue and white pork line is moving now. Everybody anxious as to how they will react. Handkerchiefs are pulled out to be used against gas, and those that have them don gas masks and helmets and we are down to business.

The pig moves up on both sides surrounding a good half of the crowd and sealing off one side of the street. Self appointed street generals fill the air with con-

(Continued on Page B15)

