

# It's against the law to pee in the street

by Jerry Rubin  
Liberation News Service

The revolution satisfies deep human needs denied by Amerikan society. That's why it's so dangerous. The biggest social problem in the country today is loneliness.

"What are you doing tonight?"

"I don't know, Marty, what are you doing tonight?"

Loneliness is not an individual problem—it's the collective problem of millions of Amerikans, growing out of the alienating environment we live in. We work in one part of town with people who are not our friends, and we sleep in another part of town and don't know our neighbors. We waste much of our life dying in mobile concentration camps called freeways or commuter trains.

Where in the city can we go to make friends? Where can we leap out of our individual prisons and enjoy each other? The city is full of walls, locked doors, signs saying

## DON'T

If someone you don't know says hello, you get uptight: "What's he want?" It's taboo to talk to strangers. Everybody's hustling. The streets are paved with terror, the city a prison for the soul.

The car, a box, transports lonely people from the box where they sleep to the box where they work, and then back to the box where they sleep. Amerikans relate to each other as drivers of other cars; the only good

driver is the one who takes another road. People killed on freeways are casualties of a war every bit as fucked up as Vietnam.

The streets are for business, not people. You can't sit in a restaurant without buying food; you can read magazines in a store—you gotta buy, buy, buy—move on, move on. What if you're in the middle of the city and suddenly you have to take a shit?

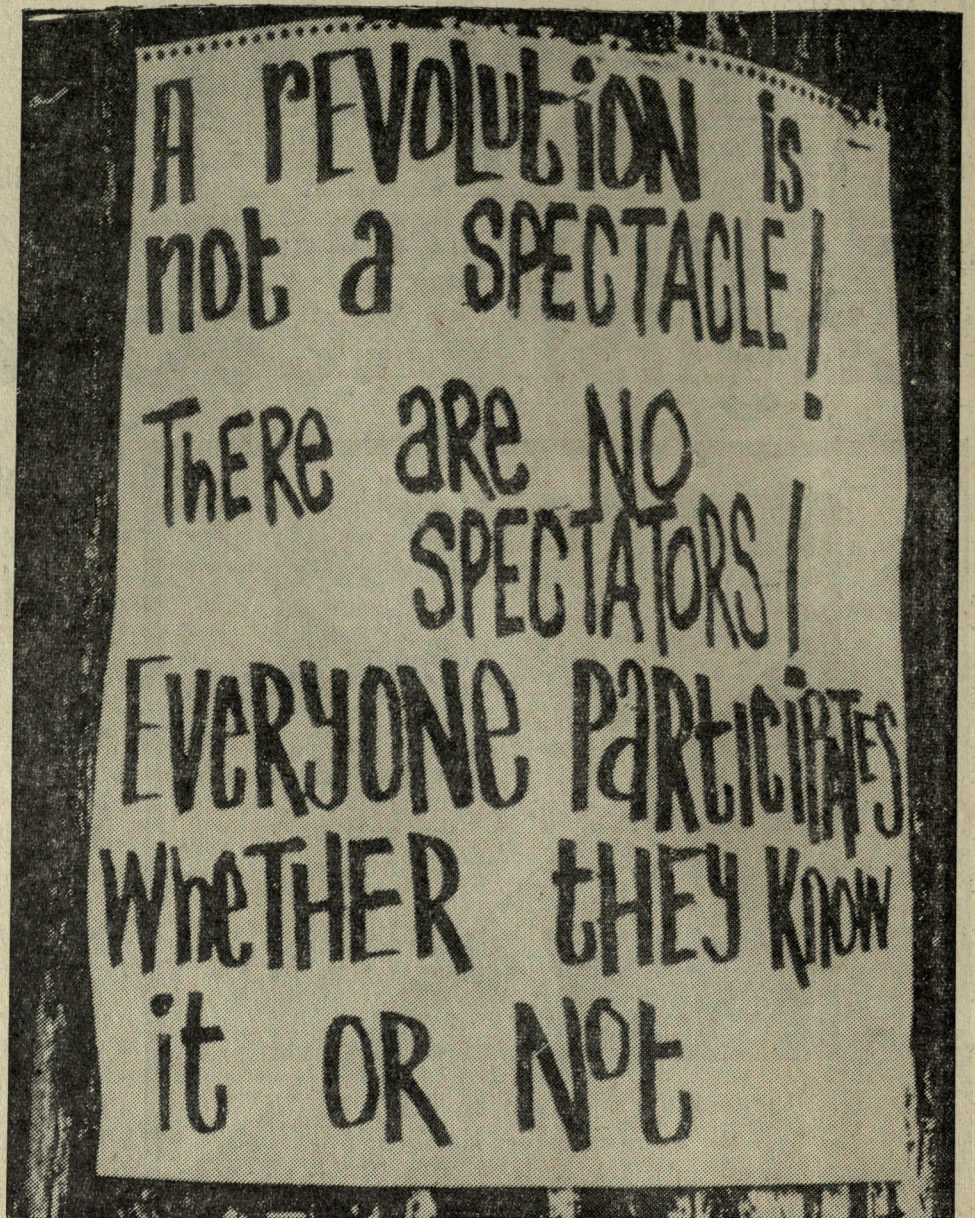
Tough shit.

We are liberating the city, turning the streets into our living rooms. We live, work, eat, play and sleep together with our friends on the streets. Power is our ability to stand on a street corner and do nothing. We are creating youth ghettos in every city, luring into the streets everyone who is bored at home, school or work. And everyone is looking for "something to do."

For us empty pockets means liberation—from draft cards, checkbooks, credit cards, registration papers—we are close to our naked bodies.

The hippie area becomes the first mass alternative to the Amerikan urban prison. Liberated neighborhoods are a great threat to capitalist city life. So the forces of death — the business community, cops and politicians — conspire to wipe us out. An entire battery of laws — genocidal laws against the young — makes social life in the streets a crime.

If you don't hand a cop documentary proof of who you are, you can be arrested. To the state empty pockets means vagrancy.



Watching the world from a street corner is loitering. Hitchhiking is a crime. It's against the law to panhandle, to rap to a crowd in the streets, to give out free food in the streets, to stop traffic. Playing a harmonica in the streets is illegal in Venice, California.

Two friends of mine were just arrested for the high political crime of pissing in the street. One was put into a mental hospital.

"Underage" kids caught on the streets are hauled straight to juvenile court.

And when all else fails, they establish a curfew, a Nazi law designed to prevent us from getting together.

These laws are designed to strike fear in the youth community. Although they exist on the books everywhere, they are enforced only in the ghetto. Cops patrol the hippie areas the way they patrol black communities, the way Amerikan soldiers patrol Vietnamese villages. Everyone is a likely enemy.

But the main strategy for destroying the free spirit is business. "Psychedelic" stores try to steal the culture by selling fake artifacts to an emotion-starved Outside World. Cameratoing Amerikan tourists come through in buses and on foot, snapping pictures, laughing, squealing, pointing at us.

The streets turn into a hustle, a business section. We never know whom to trust. Burn artists and undercover cops flood the place, making it unsafe to buy or sell dope on the street.

We become an island in a capitalist sea, attacked and infiltrated from inside and outside. The death culture tries to destroy our life force and restructure the youth ghetto in its own

image. We lack space in our own community — to breathe, conspire, celebrate, grow.

It is a war for land. Our survival depends on our ability to drive out the psychedelic exploiters, the invading pigs and the politicians, and create youth communities where drop-out from middle-class Amerika can live.

Our goal is to create fires, blackouts, subway stoppages, strikes and snowstorms because only in crisis does liberation come to a city. People meet their neighbors for the first time while watching their apartment buildings burn down. When the subway rumbles along, everyone acts as if no one else is aboard. As soon as there's a breakdown, people start talking to strangers. During snowstorms New York is a playground, an amusement park.

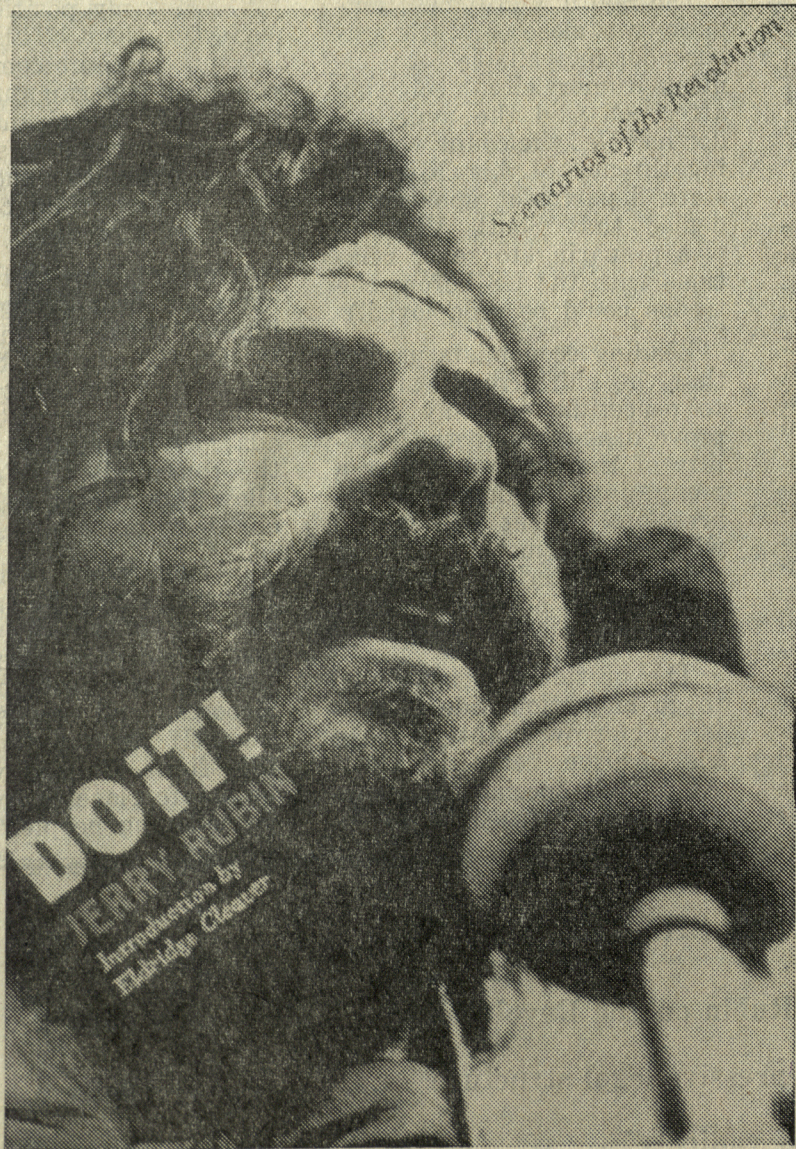
Crisis brings liberation to a city.

The revolution declares all land titles null and void. We are urban and rural liberators, seizing land for the people. No more "I own it!" People who believe they can own natural resources, industries or land are really candidates for mental institutions.

We will bring the war to the suburbs. The middle class creates suburbs as a sanctuary from the fire of the city. Children raised in the suburbs are treated as mentally and physically retarded. If we are not safe in our communities, why should corporate executives be safe in theirs?

We'll get our own tourist buses, steal cameras and ride through the suburbs squealing, laughing, snapping and pointing fingers.

In a revolution there are no sanctuaries.



This is an excerpt from a forthcoming book by Jerry Rubin called "Do it!" It will be released by Simon and Schuster later this month. The book contains 43 chapters and was laid out by Quentin Fiore, and includes more than 100 pictures, cartoons and flipped-out McLuhanesque acid layout.