Do It

Jerry Rubin (1970)

The secret to the yippie myth is that it's nonsense. Its basic informational statement is a blank piece of paper.

The left immediately attacked us as apolitical, irrational, acidhead freeks who were channeling the "political rebellion of youth" into dope, rock music and be-ins. The hippies saw us as Marxists in psychedelic clothes using dope, rock music and be-ins to radicalize youth politically at the end of a policemen's club.

The hippies see us as politicos and the politicos see us as hippies. Only the right wing sees us for what we actually are.

The slogan of the yippies is: "Rise up and abandon the creeping meatball!" The straight press thought that" creeping meatball" meant Lyndon Baines Johnson and that we wanted to throw him out of office.

We just laughed, because we love LBJ. LBJ was our leader, founder, guru. Where would we be without LBJ?

Everybody has his own creeping meatball-grades, debts, pimples. Yippies are a participatory movement. There are no ideological requirements to be a yippie. Write your own slogan. Protest your own issue. Each man his own yippie.

All you have to do to be a yippie is to be a yippie. Yippie is just an excuse to rebel.

The Stock Exchange official looks worried. He says to us, "You can't see the Stock Exchange."

We're aghast. "Why not?" we ask.

"Because you're hippies and you've come to demonstrate."

"Hippies?" Abbie shouts, outraged at the very suggestion. "We're Jews and we've come to see the stock market."

VISION: The next day's headlines:
NEW YORK STOCK MARKET BARS JEWS.

We've thrown the official a verbal karate punch. He relents.
The stock market comes to a complete standstill at our entrance at the top of the balcony. The thousands of brokers stop playing Monopoly and applaud us. What a crazy sight for them—longhaired hippies staring down at them.

We throw dollar bills over the ledge. Floating currency fills the air. Like wild animals, the stockbrokers climb all over each other to grab the money.

"This is what it's all about, real live money!!! Real dollar bills! People are starving in Biafra!" we shout.

We introduce a little reality into their fantasy lives.

While throwing the money we spot the cops coming. The cops grab us and throw us off the ledge and into the elevators. The stockbrokers below loudly boo the pigs.

We find ourselves in front of the stock market at high noon. The strangest creeps you ever saw are walking around us: people with short hair, long ties, business suits and brief cases.

They're so serious.

We start dancing "Ring Around the Rosey" in front of the Stock Exchange.

And then we begin burning the things they worship: dollar bills!

Straight people start yelling: "Don't! Don't do that!"

One man rushes to get a burning $5 bill out of Abbie's hand, but it's too late. The money is poof!

A crowd assembles; emotions are high. The police come to break it up. We split into the subway.

Three weeks later The New York Times reports: "The New York Stock Exchange last night installed bullet-proof glass panels and a metal grillwork ceiling on its visitors' gallery for what an exchange spokesman said were 'reasons of security.'"

"Last August 24 a dozen or so hippies threw dollar bills from the gallery—a display many exchange members do not want to see repeated."

School addicts people to the heroin of middle-class life: busy work for grades (money) stored in your records (banks) for the future (death). We become replaceable parts for corporate Amerika
School offers us cheap victories—grades, degrees—in exchange for our souls. We're actually supposed to be happy when we get a better grade than somebody else! We're taught to compete and to get our happiness from the unhappiness of others)

For us education is the creation of a free society. Anyone who wants to teach should be allowed to "teach." Anybody who wants to learn should be allowed to "learn." There is no difference between teachers and students, because we teach and learn from each other!

The professors and the students are the dropouts—people who have dropped out of Life. The dropouts from school are people who have dropped into Living. Our generation is making history in the streets, so why waste our lives in plastic classrooms?

High school students are the largest oppressed minority in Amerika. We know what freedom is when we hear the bell dismissing school. "School's out, I'm free at last!"

Teachers know that unless they control our toilet training, we'd never stay in class. You gotta raise your hand to get permission to go take a shit. The bathrooms are the only liberated areas in school.

DROPOUT!

Why stay in school? To get a degree? Print your own! Can you smoke a diploma?

We are going to invade the schools and free our brothers who are prisoners. We will burn the buildings and the books. We will throw pies in the faces of our professors.

We will give brooms and pails to the administrators so they can be useful and sweep the place up. Fuck bureaucrats, especially the "nice" Deans of Men who put one hand around our shoulders while the other hand gropes for our pants. We'll take all the records, grades, administrative shit and flush it down the toilet.

The same people who control the universities own the major capitalist corporations, carry out the wars, fuck over black people, run the police forces and eat money and flesh for breakfast. They are absentee dictators who make rules but don't live under them.

Universities are feudal autocracies.
Professors are house niggers and students are field niggers.

Demonstrations on campuses aren't "demonstrations"-they're jail breaks. Slave revolts.

The war on the campuses is similar to the war in Vietnam: a guerrilla people's war.

By closing down 100 universities in one day, we, the peasants, can level the most powerful blow possible against the pigs who run Amerikan society.

We'll force the President of the United States to come on his hands and knees to the conference table.

We're using the campus as a launching pad to foment revolution everywhere.

Ronnie Reagan, baby, you're right!