

Unknown - "Pigs in the Street" - Vol. 1 No. 4 pg. 3, December 1, 1968

The main question – the very crux of the movement and of the revolution – is ownership of the streets. Obviously this is a symbolic question for under the SYSTEM the streets are chained by contracts of blood to corporation-land and boss-land. As it is now, the pigs and politicians own the streets. What we ask is, who WILL own the streets?

Middletown can give you an answer. Middletown, USA would tell you that the streets don't belong to the people at all. Wild hogs root their concrete holdings, raping and destroying. Wild hogs, obscene berserkers seek to keep the people and the voice of the people from the street. Do you doubt it? Then listen...

November 5, 1968. Election Day. That most holy of holies, when for one day of their futile existence, the people supposedly exercise their rights of free choice in the selection of their government. In Middletown, USA, thousands hurry through the streets to vote. Yet the scumsucking pigs, unable to tolerate even one day of freedom, must yet find release for their evil urges, their death-violence wishes. They must attack. And they do.

Three teenagers with fifty copies of TOA in their possession walk what they thought were, at least on this techno-holy day, their streets are halted, roused, carted away. The pigs have their innocent victims and are happy.

No charges were filed. No, merely a simple harassment, something that happens every day. The would-be newsboys were originally told that a charge might be filed which concerned their "peddling" of TOA. The youths were fingerprinted, photographed, and questioned for almost an hour. The questions?

Who runs TOA?

Do you work for any other Socialist organizations?

What names do you know?

Do you agree with what's in TOA?

Do you want to overthrow the American government?

Finally they were released. They were never, at any time, advised of their rights. Now their prints are in possession of the pigs, who will feel free to harass them later.

Well, horrid hogs of Muncie, hear us now! WE abominate your fucking system, we deny your perverted power, we bury your petty princelings, your communist hunters, your headcrackers with mountains of turds. We defy you, we loathe you. You are brutality personified, living only by the "law and order" of the club and the gun and your own gross flesh.