

The Isla Vista Bank-burning Story

By Jeff Probst

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Preface

On the night of February 25, 1970, the Bank of America in Isla Vista, the student town adjacent to the campus of the University of California at Santa Barbara, was burned to the ground.

This is a personal story about the late sixties and the events leading up to the bank burning, and its aftermath. The names of people, unless well known, and those of publications, have been changed.

Notes expanding upon nine of the national events alluded to, are at the end.

1

After playing drums at another college fraternity party, Carl was sitting next to Robin in her apartment on her couch, grabbing handfuls from the popcorn bowl, staring at a late-night TV movie. Carl had met Robin not long before, as she was a friend of one of the band members. It seemed to Carl that Robin and the band members assumed he should get to know her.

She was wearing a bra and panties beneath her transparent nightgown. To Carl it seemed like a strange combination of clothes. Was she trying to excite him or was she just relaxing? Her body was very tan, but her bony frame was nearly repulsive.

"Where'd you guys play tonight?" She smiled a big set of white teeth at him.

"Sigma Chi's."

"You really like rock 'n' roll, huh, and drumming?"

"Yeah," his head bounced up and down. "We've copyrighted some songs."

She nodded with him.

"You know," she said, stopping nodding as he stopped nodding, "you don't seem like a musician. Your hair's not so long, and the ones I've seen play are usually pale and they seem pretty dumb."

She was the dumb one. He thought his hair was pretty long; students approached him thinking he was a drug dealer.

"I used to play the flute when I was a little girl. Have you always played music?"

"No. I took piano lessons for six months when I was ten. But one day a friend of mine got run over and I couldn't eat the macaroni-and hamburger dinner that night – it was my favorite

dinner – and I never played again...Anyhow, when we were in the dorms – what was it, two years ago? – we decided it would be fun to be a rock group, everybody seemed to be doing it. Nobody knew how to play anything, but I decided to be the drummer; I felt like I wasn't tall enough to stand up and play guitar."

She was still listening. "For drum stops, I used the Liftees I'd gotten for \$1.98 out of a Superman comic that were supposed to make me three inches taller and into a he-man."

Her throaty laugh seemed to fill her head.

"What do you play guys play – Beatles 'n' stuff?"

"Oh...yeah, some of 'em. But they're pretty hard to do. Mostly we do heavier stuff – Stones, Cream, Byrds, Steppenwolf, th'Airplane. Hendrix is my favorite. We do Raiders, Big Brother, The Animals. And you know, 'Different Drum,' 'Light My Fire,' 'The Letter,' 'Proud Mary'..."

"Oh, I love Creedence. I'd like to hear you play it sometime."

"Yeah. Hey d'ya feel like going down to the beach? Watch the sunrise?"

"Sure!" Her eyebrows went up a little.

She went into the bedroom and came out wearing jeans, sandals, and a beige, corduroy jacket over a pink, T-shirty, soft, pullover blouse. She looked fine now, with her dark hair curving in thick strands down her jacket. She could've parted it in the middle, though.

It was quiet except for the wind in the trees, the crickets, and an occasional bark. The air grew chillier as they went down the stairs to the sand, where the moon shed some light on their path between beer cans and the little, long-legged birds poking for scraps among the kelp and the trash.

They sat down against the ice plants rugging the low cliffs and Carl looked out at the faint pink spray blowing off the waves, swelling up to the shore and noiselessly crumbling onto the blue black sand.

A green rust haze rose from the horizon as the sky began to lighten.

Carl found that he could best see the color if he looked above it.

The shallow waters shone and the deeper ocean looked dirty and choppy.

"It should come up over there," he pointed, remembering where he'd seen the sun.

She nodded.

He thought it might even come over the distant, hazy brown islands shaped like the Santa Barbara Mountains, but they didn't have – or at least you couldn't see – the mossy green ravines wedged in the lower part.

The breeze was definitely warming. Sand flies began to discover Robin and Carl.

Soon, wetsuited surfers were clumped offshore for a ride. Dogs were running on the beach. Seagulls squawked overhead. The yellow haze evaporated as the sky turned steel blue. Slowly, as he chomped on a thumbnail, Carl realized his mistake.

He looked at Robin and she looked back, with large eyes, innocent and expectant. He noticed the light fuzz on her cheeks and how long and thick her eyebrows were – almost touching at her nose and disappearing into her hair at the sides.

"You know," he said, "I just figured something out. The sun doesn't rise on the ocean. It comes over the mountains."

2

She began asking him over for help on the articles she was writing for the campus newspaper, *El Mensajero*. As a former high-school newspaper editor, Carl was able to point out how her stories could be made more concise and "grabbier."

Her roommate was never home to share the dinners – chicken, spaghetti – Robin cooked.

When Carl would return to his apartment, the band members were usually sitting around the large living room playing with the instruments and amplifiers or studying at the kitchen table.

"What's the sitch?" they would ask him.

3

Carl volunteered to drive when Robin suggested they spend a weekend in San Francisco. They marched against the Vietnam War¹ and then they slept next to each other on the floor of her brother's apartment, near Golden Gate Park. Robin was just the right size.

They kissed good night for the first time. There was nothing special about the kiss, but Carl sensed he was becoming involved with Robin though he really wasn't that interested.

4

One night, they argued when he told her she had begun writing a newspaper story the same, dull way she always did. He threatened to leave. She said, "Fine," and he wound up staying. A few nights later, he stormed out.

They didn't see each other for three weeks and he didn't think about her. Then she came over. She was wearing her Vietnam Moratorium button from the march they had gone to in San Francisco. She told him she was quitting the paper because it was becoming too "political" – too radical – for her. She said she had been thinking about him and wondered how he was doing.

5

He wanted to repay her for her kindness in coming over to see him. He didn't want her to think he was a mean person.

He started going back to her apartment, bringing little presents like cloth turtles and polished shells.

Sometimes they smoked grass and made out on Robin's couch, but she would always stop him when he tried to reach into her pants. The two times he'd had sex had been with whores. And it had always taken a while before he did more than just kiss with a girlfriend.

But everyone was talking about how sex was no big deal anymore. And she had boyfriends. The guy downstairs still took her out once in a while – they must have been doing something together.

Carl didn't understand it. He certainly didn't want to force her into anything. But it was frustrating. He'd gotten to really like sniffing her face and smelling that warm, fresh "Robinsmell." It did the same thing to him that Ambush perfume did to him on other girls, and after cupping Robin's breasts and rubbing his face all over hers, he always felt strong, natural urges to go further.

6

They drove to Los Angeles together to see their parents for the Christmas holidays.

They exchanged Valentine cards.

7

One day, Robin told Carl she would come to see him play drums.

Midway through the last set, as the tempo of "Hey Joe" was speeding up, he saw her come in off the street to the Zeta Beta courtyard and sit down on the concrete with the other band members' girlfriends. He began picking up the pace even more, drumming more loudly, taking extra rim shots. The band was laughing, trying to stay with him, exhausting the dancers.

They went right into "Sunshine of My Love" and gave Carl an extended solo. He dropped sticks from his shaky, sweaty hands and came up with new patterns and rhythms he wasn't sure were rhythms at all. He used the sizzler on his cymbal more than he had all night and banged his new floor tom at every opportunity.

The group shoved a microphone over to him to sing the back-up line, "It's a gas!" in "Jumping Jack Flash." Carl stayed in tune the best he could and punched out the 4/4 beat. His confidence began to build during the long interlude and he played harder, breaking his wooden sticks, grabbing new ones, crashing over the cymbal, letting out whoops, smiling cockily at his breaks and fills thinking he was Mitch Mitchell wiping more sweat from his brow than was necessary.

After the last song, "White Rabbit," the girls and Robin clapped and shouted out requests. Robin wanted to hear "Proud Mary." The group played it twice.

Before packing up, Carl stood with Robin, leaning against a window in his cowboy boots, white pants and wide-lapel wild-colored shirt, smoking extra cigarettes.

8

They took mescaline for the first time together on a spring weekend on another trip to San

Francisco. They saw the movie, *Monterey Pop*, mainly to see Jimi Hendrix gnaw at his strings and set fire to his guitar.

As the music sizzled through Carl's head, he marveled that he was able to feel the frenzy, the isolation into which Hendrix was driving himself. Carl knew he would never be able to explain the desolation nor experience again the remoteness Hendrix's guitar was carrying him to in his mind.

Then it all stopped. The movie ended on a last, screeching note, leaving Carl and Robin to stare at the credits before making their way out of the theater.

"I can't walk," he was laughing. The sidewalk rose and fell in waves. Carl didn't see any lights on. Robin shivered and clutched her stomach like she was going to throw up. She pulled Carl to her. They stumbled off the curb, holding each other.

"We better go back," he said.

They paid five dollars apiece and almost rolled down the aisle of the nearly empty theater, stuffing popcorn into their mouths while giant, hairy crotches opened and closed and rubbed on thick rugs, filling the screen.

They sat and froze for hours in the darkness. Carl was glued to the screen, bombarded with pink holes he had never known existed.

They stumbled out again and walked a few blocks down deserted, gray San Francisco streets. Carl was not as cosmically lost as the first time he had "dropped" mescaline. Then, roaming the predawn Isla Vista streets, he was as spellbound as the glassy-eyed night people in the donut shop and rootless as the seconal-loaded "red freaks" sprawled against the closed stores. He had understood only Jimi Hendrix's guitar that night but he had discovered his own private level of reality. He felt he had found the Truth in the little blue pill his friend Ronnie had given him.

This time, it was getting monotonous.

A faint onion smell drew them around the corner to a bright hot-dog stand that had an enormous, green, bob-nosed dog staring down from atop the roof.

They walked up to the window and ordered again and again before the kid wiping his nose got it straight and slapped the meat patties on the burner. A greasy staleness mingled with the yellow glare, and two kids, 16 or 17, was talkin' English in the corner but they wasn't understandable.

Carl's stomach was gurgling like molten lava as he carried the food to one of the clean, white tables and sat down with Robin on the blue-painted stools stuck in the floor. The fries were hot, the Coke was cold, and they wolfed down their burgers to juke box music.

Outside, a few cars rolled by. A few people drifted in and out. Some kids walked in, sat down and had a Coke. Carl felt them staring at him. The kids got up and walked out, brushing Carl's arm.

The colors gradually settled. By the time day was breaking, the place was warm and comfortable.

A man in an orange plastic apron began to mop, filling the air with ammonia. Robin and Carl got up slowly and walked with an arm around each other to the car.

9

The couch was along one wall, amidst all the music equipment. Through the wall, Carl could hear the groans and squeaks coming from his roommate's occupied bed.

Carl was moving on top of Robin. Her blouse was undone. He'd gotten her bra off.

"I'm a virgin," she opened her eyes. He continued to sniff at her face and peck at her mouth. He couldn't see how it really mattered.

He ran his fingers through her long, thick hair. She pushed him up a little.

"I lost my cherry horseback riding when I was little. I know it sounds like a story, but it's true."

He had no reason to doubt her, he'd never heard the "story" before. He pressed his mouth back to hers and she kissed him warmly. He reached into her pants and moved his fingers slowly, down through her cotton panties to the trickles of hair that began just beneath the top. A button snapped. She reached down to still his hand.

"Carl." She looked like she was going to cry. "I can't."

He lay there for a moment. He didn't want to get mad and he didn't want an explanation. But he couldn't take it anymore. He rolled gently off her.

"Why not?"

"It's my father," she looked quickly up at him. "He'd disown me if I ever did it before I was married."

"You're not at home anymore, Robin. Your father doesn't control you. You don't have to tell him, you know."

"I couldn't tell him. He'd hate me...I love him. I couldn't do it to him."

The groans and squeaks from the bedroom were growing louder.

"All right. If that's how you want to live." He knew he sounded like *his* father.

Robin did not answer.

He couldn't just let it go. They were *juniors*.

Carl propped himself up. She looked so vulnerable, lying there with her breasts bare and her pants undone.

"You're either going to listen to your father forever or start doing what you want and what we want."

"I was a bad little girl," she said aimlessly. "I used to dream about my father sitting in my

throat, fishing out all the badness..."

"What badness. What're you talking about?"

"I was bad. At least my father said I was. Doing things he didn't want me to, like playing doctor, watching my brother pee."

"Are you kidding?"

"No I know there was nothing wrong with doing that stuff but he made me feel like it was and it hurt him and this would hurt him more. I couldn't face him."

Carl flopped back down and stared at the ceiling. He felt uncomfortable lying next to Robin and pushed her away, almost off the couch. He started buttoning his shirt.

"You're really a thoughtful person, Carl. When you shave, your face is so nice and smooth and it doesn't scratch."

That's right, he thought. But I'm tired of just rubbing faces with you. I mean, what the hell are we doing, anyhow.

She leaned over and he felt some cold lips on his and he didn't care.

She kept trying to pry inside his mouth with her tongue.

Out of boredom or kindness – he couldn't tell which – Carl opened his mouth and Robin began to suck on his tongue, and he began to move back and forth with her head and he was sucking her tongue, then kissing her and sniffing her face and running his hands through her hair. She was breathing faster and making little moaning noises while he made deeper sounds of his own, caressing her jeans, her breasts, her head. She reached into his pants and began to stroke him.

"Let's get some rubbers," she said.

In less than a minute, they were driving to the drugstore. She was on the metal strip between the bucket seats with her arms around him. He felt like a king. A happy, sweaty king.

"Have you used them before?"

"Sure, I'm used to them." He'd used a rubber with Pepita down at the Chicago Club in Tijuana when he was seventeen. She was the friendliest and cutest one, with – blonde hair?

But it was Sunday night and the drugstore was closed. Carl bought a box of six the next day. It was much more embarrassing than buying deodorant.

10

The first time, it ended when Carl urinated into the rubber just when he thought he was finally about to come.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I don't know. Was I doin' the right thing?"

"Sure, you're fine. Must be these fuckin' rubbers."

"Oh," she sighed.

They tried again, with the same result.

Robin decided to take the Pill.

They waited the month, using up the rubbers, but had no success.

Then they did it without anything between them and Carl came and Robin felt it and she began to stay overnight in Carl's little room.

11

One of the band members had obtained some large, gray mescaline capsules. Days before the end of the school term, when Carl and Robin were to leave for their parents' houses for the summer, they both dropped one of the "horseys."

They put on some Lee Michaels rock and roll and sat down in Carl's living room. The drug came on much more quickly than Carl had expected, and in 20 minutes he was feeling higher than he ever had.

His heart and head were rushing and as he walked out he seemed to float out to the driveway. It was a cloudless Isla Vista day, blue and warm with a gentle breeze. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the world. The green-painted slats of the ramshackle house shone phosphorescently and the driveway sparkled like multicolored jewels.

Then, as suddenly as the beauty had struck, Carl began to panic at how good he felt.

What if he couldn't like regular life anymore? He remembered trying to beat up a friend the day after his first acid trip. Nothing could be this perfect. If it was, how could he ever leave it.

He ran inside.

It was dark and stuffy. Robin was slouched on the couch with her head thrown back as the organ and drum music blared out of the speakers.

Was she tripping in the world he had just escaped from? He realized he had stopped a feeling he'd never have again because he hadn't wanted the beauty to end on him. Why couldn't he have just let himself be carried away by it. Had he felt guilty enjoying himself without Robin?

He paced up and down the rug, stopping to light a menthol cigarette then wheeling around, holding it in front of his eyes – Robin sat on the ash!

He made little dancing movements and puffy, bomby noises, jerking around to the sound of artillery fire and falling missiles coming from the record. Robin opened her eyes and stared at him, then she looked at the stereo. He stopped with her gaze and listened as the singer sang:

"How would you feel if you had to fight a war...napalm babies..."

"Turn that off!" Robin sprang up wildly.

"What's the matter?"

"Would you march on..." Lee Michaels was singing.

Robin screamed as loud and raw as Carl had ever heard her.

"Goddamn fucking asshole turn that off!"

Her face was out of order.

"Get away from me!" She put up her fists. "Turn that off, Carl." She started to sob.

The song had ended and Carl switched off the power. He sat down next to her on the couch.

"Let's get outa here," he said.

"We're not doing anything about the war. We're just sitting here. We're not doing anything."

He could smell her musty breath. He put his hand lightly on her shoulder, heaving up and down. Her neck was hot.

"It's only a record. We've gone t' marches. You're concerned. You've done things."

"I am not, I am not," she shook her head.

"Well, what do you want to do?"

Robin covered her face and started to sob again. Carl felt her muscles tense. She took deep breaths and his hand rode smoothly with her.

"Let's go over to Ronnie's," he said.

"What for?"

"We'll just sit there for a while. I think we should get out of here."

Robin looked up. Her face was streaked with tears and her eyes were red. Carl wiped the strings of hair from her mouth.

"Come on," he said, and led her out.

They sat on Ronnie's floor mattress. After taking mescaline and seeing the film *The Magus* the week before, they'd come out thinking Ronnie was their Magus, their Anthony Quinn, the man who controlled their lives with his knowledge and powers, and drugs.

They refused the grass passed from one of Ronnie's friends. How could anybody want to get high? How could they want to be any higher?

Robin's eyes had dried and she was staring at the black-lite posters. Carl wondered if the shapes and colors were pounding at her like the music was pounding at him.

A song began softly, dreamily, about the morning dew after World War III. Carl didn't want it to be on. What would it do to Robin? The song played, with a voice sadly singing about a young man, then a young girl, crying. Carl saw the slaughter and mutilation that Robin had seen earlier. She was right. How could they sit there listening to music when people were being butchered and killed.

"You OK?" he asked when the song ended.

"Sure," she said, matter-of-factly.

"Just that song. It was so ugly." He stared at her puffy face, not trusting the relief he felt at how calm she looked.

"Oh, I liked it," she said.

Then what had she been crying about? Had she forgotten about it already? Maybe she just hadn't listened to the words.

"Let's go," he said.

"What for?"

"I just feel like going home."

It was long past midnight. Carl's eyes would not close. His teeth were sore from grinding and clamping together. His body was covered with stale sweat.

"I smell like the color blue again."

"Just try to sleep," she mumbled.

"I don't know if I can come down." He knew he shouldn't have said it, but he felt suspended above reality and he had to tell someone. She rolled over toward him. Her eyes were wide-open, too.

"What do you mean?" She sounded almost angry.

"I don't know...I just want to come down. We've been up for fourteen hours. Maybe we should call Ronnie or something."

"I don't know," she gulped. "What should we do?"

"Let's go over there."

Carl held Robin tightly.

"It's that edge," he said.

"I know," Ronnie answered in his reassuring voice. He sat on the floor across from them, his

long legs crossed. He was so thin and tall. Thin enough to get out of the army.

"You'll be just fine. Relax. I'll put on some nice, soft jazz and some mellow tea."

"I know you've been here," said Carl, as Ronnie unwound himself. "I never understood what you meant before. Why you said you'd dropped for the last time. It's the ugliest thing I've ever seen. I'll never do it again."

Ronnie nodded slowly.

They talked and waited for the night to end, and not until the sun was rising in the sky, did Robin and Carl begin to descend to that comforting normality.

12

Until the summer began, Carl hadn't thought about how much he might miss being with Robin every day and night. Each evening, after working at his father's law office and before band practice, he called her.

They drove up to an Arrowhead Lake cabin on the weekends the group wasn't playing. Once they had to settle for Long Beach, where the air was so foul with oil they hardly ventured out of their sheets.

Robin said her parents never questioned her about what they did. They liked Carl.

Carl's parents apparently thought everything was still innocent between him and Robin. But even had his parents been suspicious, his mother would likely have tried to ignore the disagreeable truth.

Altogether, Carl felt extremely lucky to have Robin for a girlfriend. He wanted each moment with her to be perfect. What they had, seemed so delicate and precious, and Carl felt he should do everything he could to preserve it.

He attempted to stop even the slightest argument for fear she would discover there was something basically different about them. She might decide that she never wanted to see him again, and he would lose the only person he had ever really loved.

It was his day. His twenty-first birthday. And, as he wound his father's Mustang up the hill to Robin's parents' house, Carl tried once and for all to smooth over the memory of one bad night.

They had been sitting in the car outside a Los Angeles theater after seeing *Easy Rider*. Robin said it was great. He answered that he hated it, especially Peter Fonda. Then Robin repeated that she really liked it and the air froze.

"What are you thinking?" he broke the silence.

"Oh, nothing," she answered.

"I feel like we're going to break up when we argue like this. I have to know what you're thinking."

She looked at him like he was an idiot.

"We were only talking about a movie, Carl."

Below, Universal Studios rose into the brown smog. Carl felt high, almost giddy, as he pulled up to her house. He had found his love. And why take a chance on losing her.

He grabbed one of the blue T-shirts he'd brought over to loan her, checked his short, working-length hair and his smile in the rear-view mirror, and skipped up the familiar walk between the little rock garden and the double driveway. She met him at the door, barefoot in her poor-boy top and jeans and they kissed.

"Come outside for a minute," he said.

They hopped across the hot pavement and into the car. She sat right next to him.

"You know," he began, "I figured out on the way over here I really love you and there's nobody else I want to be with. So I want to give you this T-shirt as an engagement present."

She took it and kissed him.

"Far out."

He never expected she would feel any differently.

"Let's tell my parents, they're out by the pool. They'll really be happy."

"Oh, all right."

"Mazeltov!"

They all clinked glasses.

"When's the marriage?" asked Robin's mother, tilting up her sunglasses.

"Oh..." said Robin.

"A couple of years, maybe," Carl said.

People like *them* didn't get married anymore.

13

When they returned to school in the fall, they rented a furnished apartment together, put their posters up, set up Carl's drums, and bought a large, used parachute, hanging it above their bed so it draped down over the sides.

Robin went back to work for *El Mensajero* – the *Hero*, as the paper was known to its staffers – to give it "another chance."

Carl wanted some spending money. He wasn't able to get a job in Isla Vista. He decided to try the paper, though the taco stand would have paid better.

He was hired, on a trial basis, as a reporter.

14

He was sitting on one of the long desks in the *Hero* office, near the upside-down American flag and the large windows which looked out toward the radio station.

Someone ran in with the news of Paul McCartney's death. Carl rushed to the library and checked out stacks of books on immortality and on the worship of the dead.

When Robin came home, Carl was curled up on the living-room rug, encircling a speaker with a cocked arm, his head nodding, his teeth grinding, his toes frantically pushing up and down in his socks in beat with *Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

He jumped up and shut it off. He sat Robin down and read her accounts of sun gods and solar rites and told her excitedly about the allusions to death and the sun all through the Beatles' lyrics. He showed her the album covers with telltale hints of Paul's death. He hand-turned the "White Album" counter-clockwise against the needle, revealing unmistakable phrases like "Turn me on, dead man," and "Paul is dead, miss him, miss him," that sent fresh chills up his spine.

15

Carl made a decision about the direction of his life that fall.

He had become a sociology major because it sounded like the least demanding subject, with general theoretical discussions rather than every-night assignments, as in French.

Though some of the classes interested him, especially *The Myth of Mental Illness*, and *Interpersonal Relations*, he did little schoolwork. Instead, he worked late at the *Hero*, asking for extra assignments.

The rock group disbanded; the others were studying more, attempting to graduate with double majors.

One day, on a lark, Carl answered an advertisement for "drummer wanted," in a record shop. He took his drums out to the address in Santa Barbara.

Three young men, all a little younger than Carl, lived there and practiced in a barn in the back, surrounded by morning-glory trees and stocked with a lot of cocaine.

For four weekends, Carl went to the house and drummed for long, loud, musically meshed hours with an exuberance and freedom he had never felt playing top-ten hits at fraternity parties with the old group.

The three asked Carl to move with them to San Francisco, to seriously practice in a ballroom owned by one of their fathers. The temptation to drop everything was strong. Robin said she would come with him. But Carl felt she knew he would never actually do it.

He gave himself a few days to make sure, then told the boys no. He brought his drums back to the apartment and set them up in the corner.

He practiced on them less and less. The metal-flake blue sides and gold cymbals gathered dust.

16

Since Robin was a quarter behind Carl and wouldn't graduate until fall, Carl applied to graduate school so that if he chose to stay in school he could. He submitted, as his entrance thesis, a paper he had rewritten when Robin reminded him that he believed that "mental illness" was merely a label for certain nonconforming people, usually poor – and not a "problem" needing better hospitals, as he had originally written.

17

Soon Carl had a byline in the *Hero*, as did Robin. They covered events together and took turns typing up the stories back at the office. When they ran late, they would drive together to the print shop in Goleta, near Santa Barbara, to make sure the article was properly laid-out.

18

Carl wanted to be included in the office in-group, which had something to do with politics in addition to the internal workings of the paper.

The prominent campus radicals and black and Chicano students were continually coming to see Maggie, the little editor. She would argue with them regardless of whether their comments were laudatory or critical; then she would call over the news editor and, sometimes, her boyfriend, the editorial editor, take the group into her office and shut the door. Once in a while, one of the radical sociology professors would drop by.

Except for having been raised and influenced by politically liberal parents, Carl knew nothing about politics. He concluded that he hadn't been around the *Hero* long enough to be trusted. But he wanted to be part of the discussions. He wanted to know what was going on.

From the staff meetings he had attended, he formed the impression that Maggie, almost single-handedly, was responsible for the content of the *Hero*. Carl was enamored of Maggie due to the strength of her convictions, both in the type of editorial she wrote and the type of story she assigned to be covered.

When she was around, Carl would see still-photographs of every move he made.

At home, he and Robin would curl up with each other, listening to "Tommy," or the Bee Gees or the Beatles, smoking a joint, wondering what went on behind the paper's closed doors. Robin felt they were becoming isolated. She had hoped that more than anything else, the paper would be a way to meet some new people, to get to know some couples. Instead, they had been overwhelmed with work.

They were invited to a *Hero* party.

They had some "Sunshine" acid that they had saved for an occasion. They each took half a tab before going.

All evening, Carl felt estranged from the few people to whom he spoke.

Finally, they were home again, lying in their double bed between cool sheets of watercolor flowers that teased Carl's eyes like the sparkles on the stucco ceiling.

Robin's eyes were closed, but she must have been thinking the same thing.

"How do you think we did?" he asked, propping up on an elbow.

"Oh," she opened her eyes, "we did OK."

"I don't know." He couldn't remember anybody's face. "We didn't talk very much."

"Yes we did." She turned her back to him. "Remember? In the bathroom? We were talking to everybody." Her voice was muffled in the pillow.

He flopped on his back. "I was just babbling; I think they must have thought I was an idiot. And then going out to barf. Jesus. I must have smelled like shit when I came back. I know I looked like a ghost. Then telling them how I'd thrown up everything rotten I'd ever had inside me and trying to explain how it was like the opposite of an orgasm..."

"You're all right. We did OK. They talked to us."

"My voice is coming out of my toes. Ope, now it's back...I feel like I can see that little mechanism in my head where thoughts come out of."

"I see it too," she cried. "It's at the back of my brain. I feel like I'm sitting behind it. My thoughts are coming out from it, through my mouth out to the room here."

"Ooh, it's like gears."

"I know, it's really weird." She turned and faced up at the ceiling.

Suddenly, and for the first time in his life, Carl felt that nothing mattered.

"Robin? Do you think anything has any purpose?"

"Sure," she said quickly, darting a glance at him.

"I don't know. It seems like when you get right down to it, down really deep, nothing really matters...Don't you think so?"

"No. There *are* things that're important." She was turned to him.

"But come on." His head ached. "Really. In the end, doesn't nothing actually matter?" He knew he believed it.

But what did she mean to him if nothing mattered.

"No." She turned away. "I care about a lot of things. A lot of things have meaning."

How could they ever communicate again. She didn't understand him. They didn't think the same way. But what did it matter what he thought if she didn't share it with him?

He fit his body to her naked back.

20

They were standing at the end of the long row of blackboards in the back of the *Hero* office, near the photo room, when Carl saw Maggie emerge from her office near the front.

She was smoking and pushing her curly black hair out of her eyes and *she was coming over to them*.

He caught Robin's eye then turned toward Maggie.

"How's it goin'?" she asked.

"Fine." He hoped she couldn't tell his heart was pounding.

She nodded. "A few of us and some other students are forming a Radical Union. Are you guys interested in joining?"

So that's what it was! Carl felt like throwing himself at Maggie's feet.

"Sure," he said. "Uh, when...when are you having a..." (what was the word?) "...meeting?"

"Tonight," she answered, looking at him, not Robin.

He felt obliged to respond.

"What sorts of things are planned to be talked about? Fred Bell, the lagoon...?"

Maggie nodded as he listed some recent newspaper stories.

"We want to do more than just talk about them," she said. We want to actively involve the whole campus in the issues.

"You remember when the Black Students Union took over the history hall last year. Well, a lot of white radicals feel it's about time we got directly involved – with actions."

He hugged Robin when they left the office.

"We're gonna be part of the group!"

"I know, it's far out," she said. "We'll be able to make some friends. Let's go across and get a Heroburger!"

They ran up the student center steps.

"You know," he said, "I think they seem like the sort of people who would listen to what we had to say about things, too."

"And, like Betty and Garner. We could go out with them, invite them over to get stoned..."

21

They were barely noticed when they walked into the meeting.

Two young men, radical leaders who Carl had seen in the office, were standing at opposite ends of the living room, debating under a haze of cigarette smoke hanging above 20 or 30 people sitting on the floor. Carl and Robin sat down in the corner.

The university administration had refused to hold an open hearing – a hearing which students would be allowed to attend – requested by the radical professor Fred Bell. He had been fired, ostensibly for "not maintaining proper social distance" from his students; an improper shading of the formal barriers between teacher and pupil in the eyes of the administration. The radicals were the ones who had called for the open hearing, claiming that it was Bell's political beliefs that really prompted his firing.

Tim, the lanky blond, bearded young man in the far corner, was arguing that it was too soon to call a demonstration against the administration because the rest of the campus still did not understand the issues. He offered a logical, factual refutation for every theory and historical precedent the big, curly-headed student, Ricky, boomed out in support of an immediate action.

Robin would mutter an occasional agreement. Carl was grateful just to be at the meeting, lending cigarettes to Tim's pretty, blond girlfriend.

In the end, the group voted to circulate a petition to gain student support for an open hearing. Carl and Robin didn't vote. Carl saw himself mainly as an observer, a reporter.

One of the "ladies" – as they called one another – then introduced the topic of women's liberation. Almost everyone, with a new burst of energy, had something to say.

The ladies began by accusing the men of dominating the discussion, telling the men that this was a carry-over from their living situations with their girlfriends and a reflection of their general attitude toward women. Even Tim's girlfriend joined in the criticism, though she merely repeated a statement one of the other women had made.

Most of the men were taken aback by the barrage, but they generally agreed with what the women had to say. Ricky and Tim seemed prepared for the onslaught and they presented evidence of their attempts to "deal with" their chauvinism.

The more vocal women – supporting each other vigorously, calling each other "sister" – wouldn't accept Ricky's and Tim's speeches, claiming that, even now, they were trying to excuse themselves instead of "really listening with sensitivity" to what the women were saying.

Carl's heart had built to a heavy pump. There was something that touched him when the women spoke of being belittled and ignored. He wanted to leap in and agree with them, but it would have been impossible to calm down enough to talk. Besides, the men who had jumped

in to defend the women sounded like they were just saying what they knew they should say. The women were speaking for themselves.

There were many people at the meeting Carl had not seen before. Apparently, this was a meeting to bring new members into the Radical Union.

Everyone took a turn introducing him or herself and answering the question, "What does 'revolution' mean to me?"

As each person stood up to talk, a young man of medium height and short, dark hair, wearing an old army jacket, took a photograph.

During a break, Carl talked to the photographer – Roger – mainly because he looked lonely, standing off to the side by himself. He said he had recently transferred from another college to Santa Barbara.

It seemed a bit odd that he was taking pictures of everyone, but no one said anything about it. Carl was hardly the one to raise the issue, nervous enough at just having to speak in front of 30 people.

Robin took her turn and said something about the importance of understanding and communicating with people.

All Carl could think to say was that the goals he had heard people talking about sounded positive, but that whenever the possibility of violence was mentioned, his mind would go up against a block.

22

For weeks, Carl and Robin attended Radical Union meetings.

Carl felt so strong a bond with the group he couldn't see himself not part of it.

He tried to sort out why they were so special and why they had made politics meaningful to him for the first time: "They are as concerned about the way they live with each other as they are about social issues," he decided. "They view politics as inseparable from daily living."

Carl felt nothing in common with his old band members. They weren't dedicated to working for change.

When an old friend looked him up, Carl feared he might be a police agent. He told him he had work to do and had no time to talk.

23

Half the student body of 15,000 signed the petition calling for an open hearing for Dr. Bell. The administration steadfastly refused to consider the idea.

The radicals called for a demonstration. For a week, Carl and Robin wrote articles in the *Hero* focusing on the upcoming demonstration, emphasizing that, clearly, students had no say in their university.

Noon. One thousand students were massed in Administration Plaza. Carl and Robin sat on the concrete steps, with their backs to the speaker's platform, taking notes. A dozen campus police were a few yards behind them, inside the emptied administration building, watching the rally through plate glass windows and a glass door bolted with a chain.

A student, Garner, in Levi's, with a full beard and a tied-back ponytail, was concluding his speech:

...We are taught that grassroots democracy and self-determination aren't hollow words. By failing to respect the popular will, the gentlemen of the administration have abdicated their responsibility as good Americans.

As the crowd was cheering, a fight broke out between another student and the dean, standing at the back of the rostrum. Carl heard glass shatter then saw a phalanx of police pouring out of the glass building, swinging long black billy clubs, coming right at him.

He leaped up and grabbed Robin, trying to pull her down the steps. She was resisting – "take it easy, Carl" – but he yanked her arm and dragged her through the front of the crowd, pushing people and running far out onto the Plaza before stopping to look back.

Robin was holding her shoulder.

"You didn't have to pull me like that."

Carl was winded and still felt panicked.

"Come on, move," he growled. He yanked her again, further away from the row of police sweeping through the crowd.

"Pigs, you fuckin' pigs!" he screamed. He had never called them "pigs" before, but there was nothing else to call them this time. They were bashing students' arms and legs with their batons then shoving them into planter boxes.

Students threw chairs and shoes and anything else nearby through the windows. Carl's heart was pumping but he didn't have the guts to throw anything. He pulled Robin around the outside of the crowd, squeezing her hand until it hurt her.

"Let go of me!" she screamed, and pulled away from him.

They watched the police retreat into the building. The debris stopped flying.

Back at the *Hero* office, the reporters agreed that the day's events would probably alter the course of the campus movement.

A large group of students maintained an all-night vigil in front of the administration building, which had been taped up with newspapers. It was too cold outside for Robin and Carl to stay.

When they returned late the next morning, another rally was in progress.

Carl paused to talk with Roger, the photographer, who had stopped coming to the radical meetings. Carl was curious about what he was doing with the pictures he had taken. Roger told him he was a Vietnam veteran and the pictures were going to be for a new Third World newspaper. In fact, he said, he was using the *Hero* developing room. Carl was suspicious. He had never heard of any such paper. But he wasn't sure enough of himself to press the point.

This time, Carl and Robin stood on the outskirts of a crowd that was twice as large as the one the day before. The balconies and windows of the surrounding buildings were clogged with people watching the demonstration.

On the sixth floor of the administration building, there was a row of police with cameras.

Speeches decried the police charge and called again for the open hearing.

Greg – Carl had seen him around the paper and had heard he knew many of the rich liberals in Santa Barbara – got up to speak. He was dressed in neat, graduate-student clothes, with his blond hair not too long. He spoke in a businesslike tone that was suddenly ominous:

We have received a list of 19 students. There are warrants out for their arrest for yesterday's demonstration. I'll read the names of 15; the others were ripped off during the night.

The crowd grew still.

Carl recognized some of the names. Then he heard, "Carl Mishlin." He looked at Robin who was staring at him incredulously. There was a buzz in the crowd.

The silence fell again as Greg repeated the names.

Carl was moving away. Before he knew where he was going, some of the others who had heard their names were walking with him. They decided to go to Patty's apartment, which would be safe. Robin stayed to cover the rally for the paper.

One woman who had her name read off couldn't come with the group to discuss strategy. She was a pre-med student and had a biology midterm examination that afternoon. She had to take it, she said, even if they came in and arrested her before she finished it.

25

Patty put on some Moody Blues music and made tuna sandwiches. Carl couldn't swallow a bite.

The others stuffed themselves and cursed the police and tried to determine why only the radicals had been singled out, a day late. And on what charges? Carl realized that those at the apartment were students he had seen at the radical meetings.

A lawyer came over and convinced the group that, rather than have the police turn the town upside-down looking for them, they should turn themselves in.

The lawyer arranged with the police that the group would be brought down to the station. He

told the group that they would probably be released from prison without bail on their own recognizance: "O.R."

26

The group huddled down in Greg's – the graduate student's – van for the ride.

Carl thought back to the meeting the week before, when they had voted to have the demonstration. One of the women, who was going to be late for the meeting, had asked Carl to bring up the fact that everyone should be aware of the possibility of arrest. When he began to present it to the group, one of the student leaders shushed him, saying, "Don't worry, everybody's thought about it," and Carl thought about it no more.

The fifteen posed for Maggie, the editor, for a picture outside the police station and courthouse. They entered through the back door and sat down in the outer office, separated by a long receiving desk from the typewriters and phones busy with stiff, uniformed policemen. Except for one student who hung his head in the corner, the group was almost jovial.

It seemed to Carl that this was the last place in the world to be saying, "The pigs is at it again," no matter how muffled the comment was.

He still had the bite of tuna sandwich in his throat. He felt lonelier and more frightened than he had on any drug. He was cut off from the only person who understood him. Tears came to his eyes but he blinked them away.

The five women who were part of the group were taken off to their section, and, a few at a time, the men were taken up in locked, cage-like elevators.

Carl was in the last group to go. He felt in his pockets for anything illegal.

On the jail floor there were no windows, just policemen and bars and other prisoners, dressed in green, pajama-like outfits, pushing laundry carts or watching from their cells. Carl wondered if he would ever see the outside world again.

He was taken into another office with a long desk with policemen behind it. He was seated and answered clipped questions. The police made cracks about how the bikers in the "tanks" were just waiting to rape all the hippies. Carl had heard stories about young, small men being raped by the tough long-timers.

It was obviously a big day for the police. All these campus radicals in one fell swoop. A first for Santa Barbara.

They took Carl's money, fingerprinted, photographed and skin-searched him. He was allowed a telephone call. He phoned his father at his law office in Los Angeles.

"I'll be there in an hour and a half."

They took him to a large green cell and locked him in. The others he had been arrested with

were grouped in a corner. Carl half smiled at their greeting and sat down by himself at the opposite end. He looked at the other prisoners, separated by heavy bars and locks, pacing back and forth; smoking, playing cards, looking at him.

He knew he could not possibly survive a night in jail. He was able to make only stabs of conversation when one of the group came over to him.

"Mishlin!" a guard called out.

Carl jumped up, said goodbye to the others, and was let out of the cell. His father had paid the bail money.

He spent an hour being "booked-out" and was taken downstairs.

"Hi dad."

He felt secure again, seeing his father the lawyer in one of his suits. But he felt a twinge of guilt; he almost wished his father had not come.

"How are you, Carl?" His father radiated that sense of having control of the situation that Carl had felt from him many times, including earlier when he phoned him.

"I'm fine now." He thought that should be obvious. "The others are going to have to spend the night in there."

He realized after he said it that his father couldn't be concerned with the others.

"Thanks for comin'."

"You're welcome. Are you hungry? Would you like to get something to eat? I'd like to hear more about what happened."

Carl wanted to get back to Robin but he hadn't touched the peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches in jail. He was starving.

"Yea. There's a pretty good place close by."

They ate hamburgers and his father determined that he had a solid defense just relying on the fact that he was covering the demonstration for the paper.

He gave a Carl a check to contribute to the lawyer who was representing all 19 of those arrested, then dropped him off on campus.

Carl found Robin at the *Hero* office. He fell into her arms.

"How'd you get out so quickly?"

"My dad drove up and bailed me out. What're you people doing?"

"We're getting together O.R. files with character references and grade averages for everybody so they can get out without having to pay bail."

"It was so ugly in there. I just wanted to be home, with you. I was fingerprinted and had my picture taken. This isn't what we wanted; it isn't worth this."

"I know."

"Can you leave?"

"Yeah. I'll just tell Maggie."

27

The open-hearing rallies continued, now also protesting against the arrests of the "Isla Vista 19" – as they were called in the *Hero* – and the original police charge at the administration building.

Carl and Robin stopped attending Radical Union meetings. Carl also felt he would have avoided the continuing campus demonstrations even if he had not been banned from the university for two weeks due to his arrest.

As "Staff Writer in Exile," as his byline now read, Carl wrote articles about the court appearances of the arrested 19. The group was charged with various misdemeanors, including unlawful assembly.

The trial was set for a month ahead. The district attorney revealed that "Roger," the photographer, had been paid by the police to infiltrate the radical meetings and supply the police with photographs of the radicals, to be used for identification.

28

Carl's interest in schoolwork, never extremely strong, had been on the wane for months. He fell behind in his classes.

Robin came up with the idea of traveling in Europe for the summer, after Carl graduated. Her parents could tell them the best places to see; and, she said, they had offered to help with money.

They picked up maps from the Automobile Club and decided to buy a Volkswagen Beetle in Germany to drive around in then ship back.

The news editor of the *Hero* stopped coming to work. Maggie promoted Carl to the position, over staff members who had been with the paper longer but were not in the Radical Union, and over Robin, who said later to Carl she would have been interested in the job.

The Isla Vista 19 trial was postponed for another month.

A week later, the *Hero* ran front-page reports on the convictions of the Chicago 8 – seven without Bobby Seale – and on their attorney, William Kunstler; and front-page articles on "TDA" – the day after – rioting in student towns across the country following the convictions.²

Kunstler was contacted by the campus radical leaders and persuaded to come and speak on campus.

The day before he was due to arrive, the police, the *Hero* reported, attempted to arrest a well-known black activist, "Patch," in front of a crowd near the Isla Vista pool hall. The story the police gave was that Patch was suspected of a recent crime. The crowd, whose anti-police feelings had been simmering since the Administration Plaza demonstration three weeks earlier, responded with rocks and bottles, set the squad car on fire and attacked realty offices. They broke out most of the windows in the Bank of America in the center of town and lit bonfires in the street in front of the bank.

29

The next night, February 25, 1970, Carl sat in the car with Robin, outside the newspaper print shop.

It was late, eight o'clock, to have just brought down the article on the Kunstler speech. Carl had gone to Kunstler's press conference after the speech before writing up the story.

They were about to drive home. On the radio, the song, "Proud Mary," was interrupted with a report that a trash bin had been set on fire and pushed into the Bank of America in Isla Vista.

Carl and Robin had heard there was some rock throwing after the Kunstler speech, but they were surprised that the bank was being burned.

They decided to get a quick hamburger at the student center then go over to the newspaper office to find out if they were needed. Carl had no intention of going out to Isla Vista to see the burning bank; he was afraid of being recognized and arrested again.

There was a roadblock at the normal entrance to campus. They went around the long way.

The office was empty. Carl switched on the bright ceiling lights. The day's assignments were still on the blackboards.

He and Robin looked out the windows into the pitch blackness until the phone rang. Soon the phones jangled with news and questions about the riot.

Photographers – hundreds of them, it seemed – ran in and out with film. For hours, Carl and Robin took notes and answered phone calls.

Finally, two in the morning, a report came in that a group of people had burned the bank to the ground by climbing up to the second floor, dousing the walls with gasoline, and setting fire to the wood.

Carl and Robin typed up the story, the copy editor read it, and all three of them drove it back to the print shop to redo the front page for the morning's edition.

On the way home, Carl and Robin drove past where the bank had been.

A giant, blackened safe stood near a wall of bricks in the middle of a smoking, burnt-out frame of gnarled metal. Rubble littered the ground. The trees in front were scorched though there still were flowers in the garden nearby.

A few people held hot dogs over the charred beams fallen on the sidewalk.

30

They stayed away from the riot, which continued for two days. There were hundreds of injuries and 200 arrests before the rain and the National Guard came.

The bank labeled the burning "An insurrection against the democratic process" and spent a half-million dollars on full-page advertisements condemning the "mindless anarchism of the rampaging mob."

A reward of up to \$25,000 – \$1,000 per convicted arsonist – was offered by the bank. It demanded publicly that the Santa Barbara County Grand Jury convene and hand down indictments. The radicals warned that no doubt some among them would be arrested for the bank burning.

31

The weekend following the bank burning, Maggie asked Carl, who had never been east of Las Vegas, to fly with her and another reporter to Washington, D.C. to attend a college-newspaper conference which had been arranged months before by the university.

Isla Vista was hot news. The bank burning had made the front page of, even, *Le Monde*. Maggie wanted to use the conference to detail the events leading up to the riot.

The town was still occupied by troops and Carl didn't want to leave Robin. She encouraged him to go, saying she would be fine, staying at a friend's.

From their hotel suite, Maggie phoned wire services and local columnists and told them she had arranged to preempt the senators due to speak at the following morning's press conference on ecology.

Carl saw her notes on what she planned to say:

1. Who I am, sorry to interrupt, press blaming Kunstler.
2. (Was) fraternities, surfers, apolitical, boredom, drugs, music, sex, intense feelings, needs.
3. Isolated, student "ghetto" (middle class).
13,000 in 3/4 square mile.
Unincorporated (no voice in county govt).
High rents. Absentee landlords. Ticky-tack apartments.
Police harassment for drugs.
4. Events leading up: oil spill, Fred Bell, Patch's arrest at pool hall (innocent).

5. Why bank? Vietnam reserve bank. Agribusiness, anti-farmworkers. "Biggest capitalist thing around."

Carl awoke with a start. The sun was streaming in. They had overslept.

Only a handful of people were downstairs. All the TV cameras and lights were unplugged.

An Associated Press reporter came over to Maggie after her speech and agreed to squeeze a small filler about the bank burning into the afternoon edition of the *Washington Post*.

32

Carl and Robin saw *Bonnie and Clyde* at the movies for the second time. Carl felt it was fantastic, much more love than violence and beautifully photographed.

But he came out feeling shaken by their plight; they had spiraled deeper and deeper into their life of crime until they left themselves no way to escape.

33

"We can go to Wolfsburg and pick up the car, drive across to Amsterdam," he said, as they sat on the couch, looking at the northern Europe maps.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Do you think red would be good?"

"Yeah, that's fine." Her eyes opened large and hopeful.

"Why don't we get married?"

Hey, he thought, come on now.

"That's a *hassle*. I mean, what for? We don't need to."

"I know we don't, poo-poo. But it's only a piece of paper. And I'm sure we'd get money from my parents."

"What about *my* parents," he laughed. "I guess they'd probably give us some towels...Hey, come on. We don't need the money."

"We could use it for Europe. Maybe stay longer. And get the car all at once, not owe anybody anything."

"A whole wedding, though. Why go through that?"

"It would just be a big party for our friends...And my father'd be happy," she mumbled, "if we got married before Europe."

"Listen. If we got married, it would be for ourselves, and our friends, not your *father*. Does he

want you to have a rabbi, too?"

"No, of course not," she laughed, with a hint of a snarl. "I wouldn't have any big *Jewish* wedding...Don't you want to get married?" She put on her sour, Mona Lisa pout.

"I just don't see why we have to. We know we're going to be together...You want to be Robin *Mishlin*?"

"No, I don't," she lifted her head. "Your mother would love that. I don't want to take your name...I could just keep mine!"

He thought about that for a second.

"OK," he shrugged. But he didn't see the point.

"Or we could pick a new name!" she threw out.

"Like what. Mr. and Mrs. uh...Merica?"

"Hey, that's pretty good," she laughed. "A little heavy, though."

He rummaged through his mind the same way as when he'd tried to pick a name for the rock group.

"What about 'Monterey' – Carl and Robin Monterey. We'd be starting our own life; we can celebrate the festival, and the movie we saw on our first trip."

"It's a pretty name," she swooned.

"And a *rustic* feeling."

34

It was a blue April Sunday. The group was in the shade of an olive-tree picnic ground in the Santa Barbara mountains. A garland of sun-wilted daisies was vined through Carl's hair. He wore his black cowboy-shirt.

Robin stood beside him, at the head of the group, holding a ribboned shock of wildflowers. Her hands peeked out from her white-lace sleeves.

Her bare feet were just visible beneath her paisley-print dress.

The wine jug and joints (the parents stood off to the side) were being passed around the circle of 40: floppy-hatted, long-haired, afroed, cotton-skirted, Dashiki-covered, blue-jeaned, bare-chested.

The guitar playing stopped. Greg – the same Greg who had announced Carl's arrest at the demonstration two months before, and who had driven him and the others to jail – was shrouded in a saffron robe, befitting another role: the open-to-anyone-for-\$5-by-mail Universal Life Church minister. He intoned:

We celebrate Carl and Robin
joining hands as Monterey

As partners equal and lovers growing
Sharing and caring for each other each day.

Carl took his poem from his back pocket, self-consciously glancing around the group. After a couple of deep breaths and an attempt to unfreeze his smile, he turned to Robin and read:

Holding hands in our minds as we wait
Something in the air is for us today
What joy and sparkle – we'll never let go inside
I love with you to play

I love you so very much
I love your liberating touch
I love you
You are my revolution

Robin's father's movie camera whirred above the murmuring, and the rustling of leaves. Robin placed her bouquet on the ground. She undid the yellow ribbon tied around her poem, unrolled it and cleared her throat a half-dozen times:

To Carl on our wedding day.

You mean so much more to me than I can
ever express in this simple poem.

She read softly and haltingly.

But I will take this chance
to do the best I can.

She fingered her hair, parted cleanly in the middle, crowned with a strand of flowers and flowing down to her vest.

My love for you
is honest and whole
cuz that's the stuff on which it is built

My love for you
is hard to predict
cuz it's a changing thing.
There are times of hot smothering compassion
and times of all-hell-let-loose madness
And only you know how to match each one.

She wiped her eyes.

When times are hard and there's so much to do
When things get confused, and there's no place to turn
When everyone's forgotten and there's no one to help
Then you've got me and I've got you
to know and understand and care

And, most of all,

Her voice was stronger,

My love for you is a liberating thing
Because through it we understand

and share with all people

Together we have explored many places in our minds
And we have come to know ourselves and others
Cuz all people are one, and to know one
is to know us all

But knowing is not enough
Our love demands more
We must share it.
As it grows within us
Our love reaches out to everyone.

They exchanged their poems and kissed. They were hugged by everyone and stood together for a long time watching the others.

A few people hung around the table where the fresh strawberry ice cream was being crushed up, a few danced a little, their own dances, to the recorders and conga drums.

But most in the group looked or moved in different directions, melting in and out of clumps of people that grew and dissolved.

Photographers from the *Hero* snapped pictures and one woman was bent over in a locked position of unquenchable psychedelic laughter.

Carl convinced Robin that they should go say hello to his parents before they left for Los Angeles.

Robin greeted Carl's mother. Predictably, she looked away from Robin, darting her eyes to Carl's father, then dressed her down from vine-topped head through braless blouse to naked toes.

Carl didn't know why his mother disliked Robin. Robin had said that his mother probably blamed her for leading him astray.

There was an abrupt goodbye.

When the cars had passed out of earshot, a new round of shouting and drinking took hold of the group. Carl watched about ten people strip naked and run down to the rocks. He questioned the still-clothed ones as to whether they thought that something was in the punch. They talked about positions they wouldn't mind taking in the new government.

The California Highway Patrol arrived.

Carl's heart beat cockeyed but he felt it was his duty, as man of the hour, to take control. He walked over to the two patrolmen sitting in their car.

"Yes sir."

"You folks had better move your cars off the road. Some neighbors complained that they're having a hard time getting through the canyon."

They made no mention of the nudes on the rocks below.

"Yes sir."

It was time to go back for the reception, anyhow.

35

"Carl," she said a few nights later while they were sitting on the couch, "I really think the Pill is fucking up my system. And you know, all those reports about cancer in women. I don't want to take it anymore."

He nodded. "I know, monster...Okay. What should we do?"

She gazed into his eyes with a thankful look.

"Well Greg and some of the guys were talking about getting vasectomies. You could see what they had to say about it."

"OK." He kissed her. "I'll check with them...We know we don't want children anyway. It's enough just taking care of ourselves."

"Really. And it's such an ego trip for people to have kids."

"Yeah. They just want to see themselves reproduced. We don't want to add to the overpopulation, there're too many people already."

"And you know," she said, "if we ever want a child, we can always adopt one..."

"Or bring one up with some other people, share the responsibility."

He had never thought about it in terms of a vasectomy, but it still all made sense. And her soft eyes saying, "You really understand me," removed any doubts he might have had about doing it. It didn't seem like that big of a thing. He was proud that he could take on some of the responsibility for birth control.

Greg told him that he and a few others were planning on doing it, but they were looking for a place that would do it at a reduced cost, a group rate.

Carl decided not to wait.

36

"I don't usually operate on a man of less than 35," the urologist explained from behind his desk.

Carl could not be dissuaded. He convinced the doctor that he and his wife were sure of what they wanted – and the \$135 was no problem.

He returned the next day and spent 20 minutes on his back on the metal table with his legs spread apart while the doctor cut and sewed him up.

He had one day of slight discomfort and two weeks of celibacy before returning for a sterility check.

"Use that room," said the doctor, handing Carl a small jar. It took Carl a few seconds to realize that it was not a urine sample the doctor wanted.

In the closet-sized washroom, Carl conjured up images of voluptuous ladies naked and drooling for him, but his manual efforts produced no reaction. He grabbed two magazines he'd spied on the shelf over the wash basin, dropped them in the sink and leafed quickly through them with one hand.

There wasn't even a bare-breasted native in the *National Geographic* but, flipping with expertise through the *Business Week*, he was halted by a blue-miniskirted secretary advertising Xerox machines.

He began to rock
as he saw through her skirt
Down to her panties, then off! with them
pushing out of his mind that she might be a drawing,
sifting hurriedly through the magazine to make
sure he wasn't missing any other pictures while
keeping the image of her beautiful, innocent face in his mind,
coming back to her, in love with her – not caring that maybe she'd been
reproduced a million times God she was beautiful he wanted to howl and,
panting, he flung her down, just in time, grabbing the jar.

How loud had he been?

37

By common law in California, they were able to use the name Monterey simply by changing their drivers licenses and other identification.

Carl was accepted to graduate school at Santa Barbara for the fall. But he had failed two classes and had taken an "incomplete" the last quarter; there was no way now he could graduate by the fall.

He felt he wouldn't have gone to grad school anyway. He felt that if he would have realized the meaninglessness of college earlier, he wouldn't have come this far.

But since he was so close now, he might as well get the B.A.

Robin, too, had dropped a quarter behind.

Their classes consisted of "Independent Studies" taught by radical professors in sociology who gave them A's for working on the *Hero* or *Free Roses*, the new women's-newsletter in Isla Vista.

Robin wrote articles for *Roses* and spent little time on the *Hero*.

Carl was at the *Hero* every day, thinking more, as he slaved away, about everyone tanning on the beach or throwing Frisbees in the park.

He and Robin no longer attended Radical Union meetings, or parties or events the radicals planned.

But during one period that spring, they were both needed overtime by the *Hero*.

Like the rest of Isla Vista, they spent four nights holed-up in their apartment as scores of marked and unmarked Sheriff's cars, large groups of foot-police, and several dump-trucks mounted with tear-gas launchers patrolled the streets, enforcing the State of Emergency dusk-to-dawn curfew imposed by Governor Reagan.

Isla Vista's second riot had broken out in two stages.

First, a small group of people had attacked the replacement bank – a temporary, prefabricated structure – after Yippie leader Jerry Rubin was denied permission to speak on campus.³ Some students had gone out to protect the bank and one, who tried to put out a fire near the entrance, was shot and killed.

The police initially claimed that a student sniper had fired the shot. When the bullet was recovered, they admitted it had been a police weapon, while claiming the shooting was accidental.

A full-scale riot broke out against the police and the bank. The National Guard was called in and regained control. Each night, Carl and Robin wrote up a story about the situation and the investigation of the shooting; people called them with reports that the police were driving at high speeds into crowds and shooting birdshot at students who looked out their windows or played their stereos too loudly.

Over and over, defiantly blasting from apartments came "Revolution," by the Beatles, and the Stones' "Street Fighting Man." The biggest hit was "Volunteers," the Jefferson Airplane album, with the words "Gotta revolution...Up against the wall, motherfucker," that seemed to be made for the riot.

When Carl and Robin darkened their windows, they saw many of the large, fiery orange blank-check posters of the burnt bank taped up in windows. They also saw people sneaking down the streets and newsmen walking with their hands held high, like prisoners of war, so they wouldn't be shot.

38

"Didja see my article?" she asked when he came home late one evening.

"Yeah, it was good."

He sat down on the barstool in the corner, slumping over his drums, with some issues of the *Hero*. He had read every issue of *Roses*: this time Robin had begun her article with "The women's liberation movement envisions an entire transformation of society."

He had found it a little overstated but he knew she believed the words she'd written. The concept certainly wasn't new to him.

A week before, at the urging of Maggie and Robin and a few other women, after he had expressed his positive feelings toward the women's movement, he'd written an editorial in the *Hero*, entitled "From a Man's Viewpoint."

He thought again about the article Robin had written. It hit him for the first time that the words were rhetorical. He had never really considered that aspect in articles he wrote. But there was something...alienating in using those phrases.

He recalled how he usually wrote articles – just getting it down in a way he knew the radicals and Maggie would approve of. It had become almost second nature to write for the purpose of exposing something or stirring up controversy. He would put in anything that was politically intriguing, like information on undercover agents or secret meetings of county officials, even if the truth of the story could not be verified.

When he went overboard and wrote a story that was too obviously slanted, Maggie would label it "Commentary" or "News Analysis."

This time, he had written the editorial and had been complimented on it by the women who encouraged it. But there had been no response in any "Letters to the Editor." He read it over.

FROM A MAN'S VIEWPOINT: COMMENT BY CARL MISHLIN

The Women's Liberation movement, by its very nature and non-structure, attacks the most basic, institutionalized form of racism that has ever existed – sexism.

It is unfathomable to most, that women, who represent a majority of this planet, would be clamoring for their rights. But just as South Africa is ruled by a white elite, the Western (and most of the Eastern) world is ruled by a male elite.

What we, as men, must realize, is that the success of Women's Liberation and the establishment of a truly egalitarian society will occur in direct relation to men's liberation. There is no organized men's movement, but it is so clear to see that we, as oppressors, need to be liberated from that position as much as and along with the women we oppress.

If anyone doesn't believe in the overt oppression of women as practiced by almost everyone, ask yourself (if you live, stay, eat, drink, sleep or are with a woman), "Who cooks? Who cleans the house? Who is treated like he/she has to be protected? Who does what who suggests? What is *the* accepted, time-honored traditional Western love-making position -- who is subservient to whom?"

All the liberals say "black man" now instead of Negro or nigger. How many say "woman" now instead of chick or girl?

We, as men, have to be liberated to include women in, to depend on women in, decision-making processes, in everyday activities.

Those with any familiarity with what the Women's Liberation movement is talking about – an equal and not sex-defined status – cannot ignore the truths presented. If they do, or even if they recognize the truths but do not change their life style, they are racists, sexists.

One is a racist if he treats any member of the human race as subservient, and that obviously applies if that oppressed person is black or crippled or schizophrenic or a woman.

We are not free as long as women are not free. As long as women are oppressed, we as oppressors are oppressed by being a part of the life style we condone.

The enemy of women is not men, it is the system – the corporate/ capitalist/imperialistic system that divides role by sex, race and status and then sets up men, whites and the Kennedys as the oppressors.

The Women's Liberation movement is the most crucial step in the direction of a new life style and revolutionary change. It is the most radical of any movement of oppressed people, because it gets at the most basically oppressed persons – women.

Robin was reading, too. Carl felt anxious. He watched her until she looked up.

"We never have any time together anymore," he said.

"I came home long before you did."

"You leave a lot earlier than I do, too. I only see you like this and we're both so tired."

"I'm spending a lot of time on *Roses*, you know that...And you've been busy at the office since the Cambodian thing and the strike."⁴

"I know, but it's not like before." He thought of the half-hour they used to give themselves every evening after dinner, to lie down together.

"We don't even eat together," he said. "I just get a hamburger every night at the center."

She looked down for a minute, then back at Carl.

"You know how I feel that I have to do what I'm doing. Working on *Roses* is the first time I've felt like I'm where I should be. It makes much more sense to me than writing for the paper or working on other political things...I have to find out if it's me."

"I know," he breathed, "and that's fine. *Roses* is really important and it's a good thing ...

"I'm not a woman, but a lot of what I hear you talking about and what I read in *Roses* really makes sense to me and I feel it in my own way...

"But I just love you so much. I feel like whatever else I'm doing is always less important than we are, and I just want to be sure you feel the same way."

"You know I do. Nothing could be more important than *us*. You don't have to worry about that. But I feel like I've really found something I can relate to and believe in. I need to meet some women and have friends of my own."

"I know," his eyes misted up. "Let's go to bed."

39

A few weeks later, they lay side by side on their bed, canopied by their silky army-surplus parachute. Robin tucked a shank of hair behind her ear and looked up from her book, meeting his gaze:

"Can't you study?"

"I'm getting sort of tired of it," he answered.

She squinted brown quarter-moons that asked him if he was sure about that.

"It's so boring," he said.

"You wanna look at the maps?"

"Yeah."

He led her onto the warm carpet and she snuggled into him on the furnished-apartment couch.

"The chateau country!" She ran her finger down through Paris to Lyon. "My dad says it's beautiful. We can stay in old castles and roam through the fields."

"Far out." He thought of the time they had made love on the ground, in the Santa Barbara hills.

They munched on pink and white animal cookies and listened for all the hidden meanings in "Abbey Road." Carl lit a joint and quickly calculated that they could probably disassemble his drums, pack, take down the Indian-print spreads and the posters of Hendrix and Angela Davis, and clean the whole place in a day. And they still had two weeks before finals were over and they left, on their late "honeymoon."

He took another puff and reached over Robin to answer the phone.

"Just a second," he said, holding his breath.

"Robin," he exhaled, "Barb's havin' a party to celebrate Hank and Moon going to jail."

She nodded; she was humming the Beatles' last words.

"Yeah, sure, see ya later," Carl said as the record ended.

The phone rang again as he hung up.

"...Whaddya want *me* for?" Carl protested.

Robin was looking at him.

"...You know about the *party* don't you?" he asked into the phone.

"OK. I'll be there in a few minutes." Carl hung up. "I've gotta meet Greg at the donut-shop lot. He says he couldn't tell me what it was on the phone." He put his arm around Robin and squeezed her.

"All the politicos are over at Barb's," he said, annoyed.

"Well he wants you for some reason. Maybe it's something to do with the paper..."

Why does Greg always know what's going on, he wondered.

"It still doesn't have to be me...I shoulda said no. They know we're not into it anymore."

"Well, it's too late. I'll be here. You might as well find out what it is."

"It's just not right."

Greg wore a three-piece suit these days, his hair and beard trimmed for his job as student-faculty mediator.

"It's OK. I love you forever."

He gave her an imploring look. "OK."

Her lips were warm.

He recognized the two women sitting in the back of Greg's minibus. They had been over a couple of times to help Robin put together *Roses*. Carl had never felt comfortable with them. His heart beat like it had a warp in it.

Greg turned around in the front seat. He looked steadily through his wire-rims and spoke:

"There's a warrant out for your arrest."

A shock of heat burst from the top of Carl's skull down to his thumbtips.

"We found out...It's a grand jury indictment. They're probably on their way out to your place now."

Jesus! The marijuana. Carl felt queasy, his heart was ballooning in his chest, making his breath hard and hot.

"I don't understand, what's this for?"

"Arson," Greg said. "It's for the bank. Others have been indicted too. We're trying to get everybody before they get ripped off."

Carl didn't know who "we" meant.

Greg read Carl a list of about fifteen people, including one woman, whom he said had been indicted. Some had been arrested with Carl the other time; most he hadn't heard of. Carl darted glances at the women. They were staring at him.

He pled into Greg's face, "I wasn't even here when it happened."

Greg nodded. "Neither were most of the others...It's probably a case of mistaken identity. They'll probably drop the charges."

Carl remembered how the radicals had warned that some people were going to get busted for it, especially since the bank had offered a reward for each conviction; and also because attacks on other Bank of America branches, in and out of college towns, had followed the Isla Vista burning.

"Why don't you come to my place," Greg suggested. "You can make some calls there if you want."

The thick air had a rotten, kelpy stink to it. The gray cloud smudges faded into the

urine-soaked sky.

Carl felt, suddenly, all alone and about to dissolve into tears. An image appeared and vanished: folding just-dried, double sheets up to Robin and kissing her until they decided to do the next fold.

What was going to happen now? What about Europe? They couldn't do that to her. It had to be a mistake.

As he drove, he went over every incident of that night – Independence Eve as it had become known in Isla Vista. It seemed so long ago, but it had been only a few months. There were plenty of people who'd been with him the whole night, at the print shop, at the *Hero*. If they'd investigated at all...Were they plucking him out again because he worked on the paper?

The golfer! Maybe the guy had reported him to the police. How else could they have picked him? He recalled the day, a month before, a sweltering day...

He and four friends had taken mescaline and were tromping in the dried-up lagoon next to Isla Vista. They stood back to admire the giant P-I-G they had carved in the brittle dirt floor. How wild they all looked – wide-eyed and red-faced, hair matted with sweat, bare feet caked with sand and tar, just shorts on, some ripped to the hip.

They trudged across the rest of the lagoon and up a slight incline, coming upon what could have been a retirement community for gophers. There was cropped grass so shiny it looked painted, and little, fluttering red flags stretching for as far as the eye could see.

A lone golfer wasn't far away. The group approached him as he placed his ball on the tee.

"How can you play golf with the war on?" someone demanded.⁵

"Well," said the man, straightening up, smiling with a grip on his club, "they're making golf courses ecologically sound now, you know. The greens are built in such a way as to provide for good irrigation."

He stopped smiling and surveyed the group.

"All you boys want to do is destroy. Why don't you go back to your parents?"

"We have a right to be here as much as you do," one replied. "But we don't like the way things are."

"Well, I'm tired of paying for your schooling. All you do is strike."

"The whole country's on strike over Cambodia and Kent State."⁶

Carl was walking away.

"What do you boys do when you're not on strike?"

Carl turned around and shouted, in his best Clyde Barrow imitation, "We burn banks!"

Maybe the guy'd been an agent.

He dialed Robin. He remembered phoning her after running into the golfer. She had sounded so lonely and sad because he'd been gone so long with the boys and hadn't called. He'd hardly been able to speak, as stoned as he was.

"Are you kidding?" she laughed. But it was a nervous laugh.

"They might be on their way there to get me."

His throat was a clump of tears. "You better get rid of whatever stuff there is...Greg says my bail's supposed to be \$5,000."

There was silence, then Robin spoke in a deadpan voice.

"Well, what're you gonna do."

"I don't know...I can't come back there. I better call my dad. I think you better get out of there."

It was happening again. Decisions on the run, manic activity.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It's not *your* fault."

There was another pause.

"Listen, I'm sure we can stay at the 'Moody Blues' house."

"You sure?" he asked.

"Oh yeah." She made it sound like he was an idiot to have to ask.

"I'll meet you there," she said.

"OK."

She would understand, she was so beautiful. He would be there in a few minutes and then who could care if the world caved in.

He was afraid that his orange Mustang stood out from the few bikes and cars he passed. He slipped by the small, darkened trees, the apartments all recently cut from the same mold, and the country-style churches; through the small business-district in the middle of town, past the looming rebuilt bank – a Spanish fortress.

He didn't check for friends among the people lounging in the park, watching the moon rise over the protective, flat-topped mountain range.

She hugged him, patting his back. Her hair drooped wetly on his shoulders and against his face, but he could hardly feel her breasts on his chest.

"What did your father say?" she looked up at him.

"He said not to worry, I'm innocent."

He was tired and couldn't focus his thoughts.

They awoke at dawn; they wouldn't be safe much longer in Isla Vista – the police would be searching everywhere for him. He shaved off his budding goatee. An absurd sight – it made him look like a teenage hoodlum. Bags sagged below his eyes, bloodshot from tears and worrying. He ran his hands through his hair which clung to the bottom of his neck in uneven waves and layers.

40

"You can get up, Carl."

Robin turned off the dirt road and parked outside the wood-frame house, surrounded by tall trees.

"I'm glad they told us to come up here," she added.

The day was bright and sunny. Birds chirped rhythmically in the trees.

Carl and Robin climbed to the top of one of the giant boulders and watched the few cars go by on the main road far below. Carl took off his T-shirt and draped his arm around Robin's shoulder.

"We're not going to get to Europe, are we?" She was starting to cry.

"I don't know." He almost began to cry himself. "I don't know what's going t' happen. We'll manage, though." But he didn't know how. "We just don't belong in this at all."

"I know, I know," she sniffled, wiping at her eyes.

"We got in over our heads. We didn't know what we were doing."

She forced a small smile. He could smell her tears.

"You're innocent. They can't convict you. And...and Greg says they'll prob'ly drop the charges...You know, our parents can get a good lawyer."

The last thing he wanted, was to start preparing for another trial.

"Maybe we should just go to Canada," he said. "I wouldn't have to worry about the draft. We could start all over. This place is fucked-up, anyhow."

"You're not going to jail. And you know we can always split if we have to."

"But maybe it'll be too late," he said, staring down at the dirt.

A young, goateed lawyer, newly hired by the Santa Barbara Legal Defense Center, drove up

to the house with one of the campus radical leaders, an intense, tall, stringy-haired and darkly bearded student named Noel. Carl had spoken with him a few times.

They left Robin outside and sat down in the sparsely furnished living room. Noel explained that after news of the indictments had spread, a student had gone on the campus radio station telling of the frame-up. Those named who had heard about the indictments soon enough had gone into hiding, avoiding arrest. Two had been arrested the night before. They wanted to plan their political strategy together, with Carl.

Carl listened to Noel but he was thinking about Robin, probably still crying outside. The lawyer, Art, told Carl that from what he could find out, he had been indicted for arson, burglary, and various misdemeanors – charges carrying over 30 years in prison. Carl couldn't conceive of that amount of time and he didn't understand what "burglary" had to do with burning a bank.

"It just means entering a building with the intent to commit a felony – arson."

Art had taken on the same intent look Noel wore. He offered to defend Carl for free along with the others. Carl's case was so airtight, Art said, the arrest so obviously political, that there was no doubt he would be acquitted outright, if they didn't drop the charges first.

Robin walked in blowing her nose. When she sat down next to Carl, his mind was made up. He was deserting his people – but he couldn't go along with them.

"Art. I don't want to be a martyr. I just want to get this over with."

The lawyer glanced at Robin and nodded; he seemed to understand.

"I feel like I've gotta talk to my father about what I should do. Maybe hire an attorney...It was really good of you to come up here, but I want to turn myself in tomorrow."

Art agreed to arrange it and drive them down to the courthouse in the morning.

Carl asked him what he thought the chances were he and Robin would be allowed to go to Europe.

"Very slim."

Robin began to cry again.

"I'll do what I can, though."

Carl left the room when Noel turned on the campus radio station. Isla Vista had reacted to the indictments by attacking the bank with firebombs and Coke bottles.

41

The police were waiting for Carl downtown at the familiar courthouse of cast-iron balconies. Roof leaves of brick overhung the tall, arched windows where mission bells might once have hung.

Carl was booked, fingerprinted, photographed and taken to one of the dirty, crowded, green

holding "tanks," hidden high above the sunken courtyard, within the thick white walls visible to the outside.

The prisoners had heard of the bank burning. They were impressed that Carl had been indicted for it.

He talked with two brothers facing a murder rap, while he rolled a Bull Durham cigarette with a drug dealer.

He was watching a chess game when he heard his name.

"Here! Here!" he called, walking to the guard at the door. He nodded to the two brothers before he was handcuffed and taken out of the jail area. They led him past the wooden benches lining the courthouse hallways of red-tiled floor and blue mosaic walls. Giant murals of Mexican art covered the ceiling.

Television lights glared as he entered the large, warm, wood-paneled courtroom crowded with students, reporters, and the tan-uniformed Santa Barbara Sheriff's deputies, all young and trim with short, dark hair, clutching their blue riot helmets.

Two young men in handcuffs must have been the ones arrested during the night.

Carl was brought before the judge, where Art waited.

He was formally charged with the offenses Art had mentioned. Without comment, the judge denied Art's motion to lower the "outrageous" bail. He ordered Carl to appear for the beginning of trial in three weeks.

Art brought up Carl's request to be allowed to leave for Europe in two weeks. The judge repeated that the trial would begin in three weeks. Carl was not to leave the country.

Robin wrote out a \$500 check, part of the money her father had given her and Carl to help out buying a car in Wolfsburg. She paid a bail bondsman who was at the hearing.

The police took Carl back to the tank for a few minutes. When his name was called and it was clear he was being let out, the two accused murderers and the dealer had smiles on their faces. Others shouted, "Way to go, man!"

42

Later that day, Carl was shown a press release, on "Bank of Amerika 15" stationery. A black fist was drawn in the upper-right-hand corner. On the left, a University of California seal with a picture of the burnt bank in the center was captioned by, "Let there be light." The release read:

Following a meeting with our attorneys last night, and after assessing the limited amount of money available for bail, we decided that Carl Mishlin would turn himself in this morning and the rest of us will do so Monday, June 8 at 7:00 a.m. If any more had gone in today, they would have had to spend the weekend in jail. We feel that it is important to spend as little time as possible in jail, since jail time and harassment during litigation are the only things District Attorney Nevelson could be hoping for from these false charges.

Another reason for the delay is that we have appealed to California Attorney-General Thomas Lynch to intervene in this parody of justice being conducted by D.A. Nevelson, who has admitted to holding the indictments for two months until school was due to end, and whose history of incompetence is detailed below. Further, we are challenging the constitutionality of the make-up of the Santa Barbara County Grand Jury (their "cross-section" representation, as required by law, is shown below). Our lawyers have concluded they could have returned indictments only through perjured testimony and on the flimsiest of evidence. Of the 15 indicted, 5 were not even in the area when the bank was burned and the others have very strong cases.

These precipitous actions have endangered the tranquility of our community. We hope to expose these illegal procedures before the trial is conducted in an atmosphere of hysteria. We appreciate the efforts of those members of the press who are attempting to find the true motivations behind these indictments.

The Bank of Amerika 15

43

Carl and Robin stayed at the house in the hills; another riot had broken out.

The last issue of the campus paper for the year reported that, after the first night of Coke bottles following news of the indictments:

Hundreds of students signed a petition claiming group responsibility for the burning.

The tension had all but dissipated by the Sunday night fair; people were dancing to bluegrass music. Then two sheriff's cars pulled up and announced that it was 9 p.m., "curfew time."

A fair spokesman asked the deputies to leave but they refused. Some people got mad and began yelling at them. Soon there were 1,000 students marching towards the bank, and Isla Vista's third riot in four months began.

The article went on to describe the hundreds of arrests, and continued,

Complaints have been filed by students claiming unprovoked beatings and teargassing; sexual molestations of women being transported to jail; the breaking into of private apartments by police who pulled people out of bed and, in one case, off the toilet; wounds by police birdshot and buckshot...

The article also reported that there were now 11 indictees who would stand trial – two of the persons indicted for the bank burning had gone underground, and two men, including the black man, Patch, had had their charges dropped by the district attorney when it was discovered they were in jail the night the bank burned.

Patch's arrest, said the paper, had enraged more students.

Finals were suspended.

There was no point to studying.

Art continued to talk to the judge about the Europe trip. Carl contacted two lawyers about representing him. One, a slick, smooth-talking man who would defend anyone who could meet his price, it was said, wanted a \$5,000 retainer. Carl wanted the second attorney, Walsh. Carl's father had spoken with Walsh and liked him. He was well respected in Santa Barbara and had won many acquittals for politically active students that spring. But Walsh

was involved in a number of cases. His secretary told Carl he was too busy to even consider representing him.

44

Following an appearance in court for another continuance of his other trial, Carl came back to the house in the hills.

"I saw the indictment," he said to Robin. "It's incredible. I'm supposed to be the one who actually lit the match and set the trash bin on fire, then helped push it into the bank. There's one witness against me, a guy named Porter, who also said he saw ten of the others pushing."

"How could he have said it was you?"

"I don't know. The grand jury was convened in April and the D.A. picked the most obvious things that happened that night – the trash bin and the police car being burnt.

"Phil's charged with burning the car and nobody's even charged with finally burning the bank down later.

"They got people – police, reporters, realtors – to testify somehow – students wouldn't – and showed them mug shots of everyone who'd been arrested in the riots, the Bell demonstrations, and the Reagan demonstrations.

"And this guy, Porter, is supposed to have picked me out."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. I never heard of him. It says he was a part-time TV reporter, but apparently he's not even around anymore."

"But they can't just show mug shots like that, can they?"

"Art says he's going to challenge it. Like Mandy was the only woman in the deck and Patch was the only black. He thinks the detectives suggested some names to the witnesses, too."

"Do you think we can go back down?" she asked.

"Yeah. I think it's pretty quiet now."

45

Robin was sobbing, everything was wrong.

He tried to comfort her.

"What can we do, we'll just have to make the best of it."

A knock came at the door. Kiki came in and knelt down beside the two on the rug. Robin sobbed out something else about Europe.

"Hey," said Kiki, "if they can break you by taking away your Europe trip, they've won."

Robin looked up almost instantly. For Carl, too, the words were magic. Why should we let the trip kill us. Really, he thought, we have each other. And look at the kinds of friends we have.

"We'll still be able to go," he said. "We can go next year. We can probably even get our money back for the tickets."

Robin nodded up and down and up and down without looking at him. Then she hugged Kiki, crying, "Sister!"

The next day, Art phoned.

"Judge Numbert consented to letting you and Robin go to Europe if you are sure to keep in touch. Now, I got that first appearance put over for two weeks for everybody, but I'm not sure if we're going to get more continuances." They were going to go to Europe! "He apparently realized that you have a right to go, and I've given him my word you won't miss any appearances."

"Thank you. Thank you, Art."

Carl ran into the bedroom, shouting.

"Robin! Guess what! We can go to Europe – Art worked out a way!"

It was a joy to see her face light up – for two weeks she had hardly spoken and Carl hadn't seen her smile.

He hugged her long and hard; everything was OK again.

He became confused. It was impossible to predict anything anymore. He had almost felt relieved that they wouldn't be able to go. There couldn't have been a worse time, with the trial hanging over his head, not even knowing if he would be tried alone, not even sure who his lawyer was.

Carl's father told him they were making a big mistake in going before everything was settled with an attorney. Carl knew he was right. There was so much to do. But how good it would be to get away from everything, if only for a little while.

For Robin, nothing could have made her happier.

46

It was a frantic four days – selling the Mustang, the drums, cleaning their apartment.

Walsh, the lawyer Carl wanted, said he was interested in taking his case. He had to admit, he said, that it was the biggest trial to hit Santa Barbara. But taking the case meant putting everything else aside. He would do some initial work with Art to try to get Carl's case separated from the others since it was so iron-clad. He would make a decision within a week whether or not to take the case. He'd wire Carl.

They had just gotten into bed, the night before they were due to leave. The phone rang. It was Phil, the person charged with burning the police car.

He told Carl that a special hearing had been set to take place in a week. All the defendants were supposed to attend.

Carl stared at the scratched and scraped empty walls, pocked with thumbtack holes and chipped plaster. He wished he wouldn't have answered the phone.

The thought of spending one more day in Isla Vista was too much. Robin wouldn't be able to take it.

"Thanks, Phil."

"Sorry, Carl."

He phoned Walsh, sorry to bother him so late but needing advice.

"What do you think he'll do if I'm not there?"

"It's just a conference. It's not even a legal hearing. Nothing will be decided and there won't even be a court reporter present. In fact, you'd have to wait in the courtroom while we went into chambers.

"I don't think he'll do anything if you don't show up. Don't worry about it. Have a good trip. I think it's possible we might even get the trial continued until September."

"Til the end of summer?"

"Yeah."

Carl phoned Art.

"The judge might be a pig, Carl. It might be a problem."

47

There was nothing they had to do but stand in line with their tickets.

Robin clutched the double sleeping bag and camera like prized possessions.

Carl nudged the suitcases along, overwhelmed with calmness.

Three months in Europe was possible.

48

They landed in the early-morning London fog and took the train into the center of town.

Unable to understand a word anyone mumbled, they were content to stare out at the green

fields rolling past and the brick houses popping up at every bend.

For two weeks, Carl whined about having to lug the suitcases, about being unable to find nice bed-and-breakfast places, and about feeling lost in the streets.

But they filled every day with new sights and food and experiences, all very far from the United States.

Carl checked the American Express office in London. No messages. They were off for Wolfsburg.

They picked up their car and drove and drove, through the German forests then for hours past the gentle, green hills of the Netherlands, backdropping the canals and small villages where every little house seemed to have a windmill and two cows.

Amsterdam loomed up much too soon. They found themselves walking through the streets, sitting at the Dam and watching a city that, with its hordes of young people, reminded them of a giant, sophisticated Isla Vista.

In Amsterdam, they explored the museums and the canals, the hash clubs and the streets of the red-light district.

They hadn't planned more than a few days ahead. But they were beginning to expand their horizons – driving for France tomorrow, then Zurich ...

On the way out of Amsterdam, Carl stopped to check the post office, a palatial communications center. He was given a telegram from his father:

COURT HEARING MISSED ABSENCE NOT SECURED BY LAWYER BENCH WARRANT FOR
ARREST ISSUED CASE NOT SPLIT OFF TRIAL BEGINS JULY 15 MUST RETURN

And still nothing about whether Walsh would take his case.

It was July 11.

They drove to the Hague and visited museums. They stayed the night then crossed the North Sea bridges in southern Holland.

They parked in a Belgian forest to sleep and were awakened by a trickling brook and soft, warm rays of sunlight.

"Why don't we just find a farm and settle down." He was serious. "Who'd ever come looking for us here?"

She smiled indulgently and drove the long, winding back roads to Frankfurt, where they spent their last night. She would stay with relatives in Munich, arrange to ship the car home, and follow him back in a week.

He was boarding the plane, a tremendous 747, when he saw her waving her hands frantically.

She was screaming at him, "The money!"

The plane was held up for two minutes while he emptied his pockets to her. She grabbed the crumpled bills, with tears streaming down her face.

His \$400 ticket did not get him into the lounge, but he enjoyed the movie and read *Newsweek*. He bought a *Playboy* at JFK and suddenly arrived at Los Angeles International.

Kiki, in her little fur coat, and Phil, met him.

Phil called him "Monterey;" after three weeks of using "Mishlin" on his passport, Carl knew he was home.

They drove him up to Isla Vista, two hours north. It was too familiar. A police car cruised by and Carl ducked down; he had almost forgotten there was a warrant out for him.

He phoned Art and arranged to meet him at court in the morning. Art told him he would be immune from arrest when he entered the courtroom.

He was standing in the hallway with Kiki, waiting for Art. She saw a deputy coming and hustled Carl into the courtroom.

When Art arrived and the judge began the hearing, Carl was routinely, it turned out, taken into custody.

The judge reinstated his bail, simply ordering him to return the following day for jury selection and admonishing him that, if he missed another appearance, he would be held without bail.

That afternoon, Carl went to see the attorney, Walsh.

He had spoken with Carl's father numerous times and though Walsh had said he was extremely busy, he had decided to take the case.

Carl phoned his father to send the money; his father sent \$5,000 with some assistance from Carl's uncle and Robin's father.

Walsh was the fifth lawyer hired for the defendants. The other four were: a public defender who defended one; a defendant's father who defended his son and his son's girlfriend, the one woman on trial; Art from Legal Defense, who defended five; and the \$5,000 attorney who'd represent anyone, who took two.

A bus transported Carl through busy, stable Santa Barbara to Isla Vista, a world where sunrises were painted on the sides of buildings, and, for most, responsibility was still only to oneself and then, perhaps, to whatever else might come along.

Having to find an apartment for the summer was almost like committing a crime against the natural pace of the town.

The place he got was \$50 a month, upstairs in a row of old wooden units.

Carl tried to get her attention when he saw her exit the plane in her zip-up boots, her tight, bell-bottom jeans, the suede coat, and a satchel he'd never seen before thrown over her shoulder.

She was walking and talking with a young couple. Her hair looked raggedy and curlier; shinier, longer, looser.

At the bottom of the ramp, she ran over to him and gave him a hug. She felt a little limp, thinner.

The young couple came over and Robin introduced them to Carl. He half smiled and looked at Robin who looked away from him.

"They sat by me the whole way back." She was forcing it. "They're going to be going to summer school here."

"Welp, see ya later," the young man said after a few strained seconds.

Carl nodded.

"Bye-bye," Robin smiled to them. "They're really good people," she said as they walked to the car. "He makes leather things..."

"Didja have a good time over there?" he cut her off.

"You didn't have to be so rude."

"Well you know I'm not interested in them. Was it good?"

"Yeah. It was great."

He felt like tearing the faraway look out of her eyes.

"The place I got is pretty good. It'll do for the summer."

She stared straight ahead as he drove.

He pressed down the accelerator and swerved onto the shoulder, skidding to a stop. He grabbed her arm and, through gritted teeth, demanded, "What's wrong!"

"Get away from me!" she jerked her arm. "What's wrong with *you*?"

"You hardly even said hello. I've been waiting for a week to see you."

Her face hung long and dark.

"I never had such a good time in my life. It's been so long since I've done whatever I wanted to."

"Well what in the hell didja come back for?"

"I don't know. I shouldn't have."

Everything was happening at once. Carl felt cut off, like he had a month before when the indictments came down, throwing him into something before he could come to grips with it. He had never imagined he might have to spend the summer without Robin or that she would have any regrets about coming back.

She looked like the world had fallen in. Her face was set and bony.

"Maybe the trial'll be over and we'll have a chance to go back before school starts," he suggested.

She raised her eyes.

"You think it's possible?" she asked with a lilt.

"The judge is telling the jury panels that it should take about a month."

"We could go back! I'm sure my dad would help us out."

50

Robin raised the back windows of the apartment and looked down at the parking lot and weedy field. They sat down on the bed.

"Walsh wants you to wear a skirt and blouse and heels, so that we'll look like a nice, married couple."

"Shit."

"I know it's a drag. But I've been wearing my sports coats and ties every day."

She shook her head with a wry smile.

"So what am I supposed to do. Sit and look nice – I hate that word, *nice* – just sit there in court while the trial's going on?"

"You can't even do that. You're one of my witnesses so you're not allowed to hear any testimony. He wants you to stand around with me in the halls at the breaks."

"Carl...I'm not a very happy person...I've gotta get away for a little while first."

"OK." He felt some tears in his throat. "I know you need that...Walsh wants my mom to come up as much as she can, too."

Robin half laughed – snorted.

"I suppose she's going to bring the scotch cooler with chicken for lunch..."

"What's the judge like?"

"We got Northford; he's supposed to be the fairest one in Santa Barbara."

Robin nodded. "I think you're going to do OK. You got Walsh, you're completely innocent, and with all those witnesses. And a good judge, too. It sounds pretty good.

"You know, I've been reading about John and Abigail Adams, they were really interesting people. They both refused to go along with the new government. If you would have been on trial when he was, you would have been presumed guilty until proven innocent. That was English law then."

Well, that was interesting. Sometimes he really did feel lucky.

But not that lucky. There were only two people worried about the outcome of the trial, it seemed, he and Walsh.

Carl and Robin took a shower with a new bar of Dial soap.

51

He looked wrong, with a tie and with his long hair parted carefully in the middle and brushed thickly over his ears onto his shoulders. But Walsh said the jury might think Carl was trying to pull something over on them if he cut his hair.

Carl pushed his nose up against the bridge of his glasses for a more unJewish look, and practiced his smile of bemusement and then, with hard eyes, seriousness.

He let Robin sleep until the last minute, then woke her for the ten-mile drive to court. They met Walsh, much taller than they were, neatly dressed as always in a subdued suit. He was in his early forties and had a somewhat elongated look. He had short, wiry hair and held his chin up with wide lips smiling in such a way that when he walked in his rigid fashion, he looked to Carl like an erect penis.

Carl introduced Robin to Walsh, then she bade them goodbye. She would be going away, and Carl would not see her for a week.

He returned home and found a note.

Carl, poo-poo, I hate to leave you, even for a week, I love you so much. Please take care of yourself and don't worry about me, so I won't worry about you, O.K. I really feel I have to go and be independent on this trip. I think you know and understand.

Love, poo-poo

The note underlined the importance of a trip they had only casually discussed. That week, alone, not wanting to see anyone, unable to do anything except wait for the following day of trial, for the first time he could remember since reading baseball books as a kid, Carl picked up a book, *Stranger in a Strange Land*, that wasn't part of schoolwork.

52

Robin returned one evening, looking rested and happy.

She was in time to make her special tastebud-teasing sweet-and-sour sauce to pour over

their brown rice and chopped carrots in their matching brown bowls with handles.

They sat at the bar, looking into their small living room, eating slowly and talking about Robin's trip to Arizona and the Grand Canyon.

After dinner, they lay down together.

"I think we got a good jury. They're mainly middle-aged – there's eight women – but some of them seem pretty liberal. Tomorrow's the first day of testimony..."

Are a lot of people coming?"

"Yeah. Every day. The jury selection was pretty interesting, asking them about long hair and radicals and police and the bank. Paul's been putting out leaflets urging people to come. I don't know if that's good. He's writing stuff about political trials and the background of the people on the grand jury and on this jury, and I'm sure they read it. It's all right, I guess.

"There's also this." He showed Robin a bright red poster of a man with his fist raised with "You can't jail the revolution. Stop the trial. Free the Bank of Amerika 11."

"People come from I.V., older people from Santa Barbara, kids from social studies classes, drunks all the time. And there's always reporters.

"There's one weird guy who's there every day. Someone said he's Mazursky's – the prosecutor's – father. Maybe you saw him the day you came – he's a little, thin guy with white hair. He always wears one of those cowboy ties; you know, with the two leather strings held together by a polished stone?" She shook her head. "Anyway, somebody's leaving these anti-hippie cartoons on my seat and it's probably him.

"And Art thinks that Porter guy is a paid police informer. His TV reporting might be a cover."

"What about your mother?"

"She came a couple of times."

"Well. How was she?"

"She's fine. She wears one of her nice suits – I think maybe she's bought some new ones for the trial. She sits very quietly, about halfway back in the courtroom, then at the breaks we go out to the hallway and stand together and talk. When the jury walks by, she smiles at them, then a few minutes later she goes to the coffee room and stands in line with them at the machine. But she never says a word to them because she thinks it might jeopardize my case."

"Do they know it's her?"

"I'm sure they do. I don't know what they think, though. Maybe they think I'm trying to pull something over on them."

"I'm sure she loves seeing you all dressed up...I'm sorry."

"You know I feel so false wearing a tie and having to talk with her," he moaned. "She's just trying to do what she can. My dad was up and said she's hardly slept in a month."

"OK," she hugged him. "You know, I still can't believe it's really happening."

Carl wanted to cry.

53

Carl took his familiar seat inside the railing, behind the five defense lawyers, the prosecutor Mazursky, and his assistant. Everyone faced the small, red-faced judge, who looked like writer Theodore H. White. The jury was to Carl's right.

Somebody in the audience oinked. Twelve jury heads, the lawyers and the bailiff – a young, blond, ex-Marine – swiveled around to the chuckling crowd. The judge glowered and commanded the spectators to be silent.

Mazursky, the olive-skinned, boyish-looking crack prosecutor, was wearing his green silk suit.

He introduced an edited tape of the campus radio report to set the scene on the night of the bank burning:

There are about 1,000 people marching to the park...there are about 5 police cars circling...a scuffle has broken out at the back of the march where several officers – riot-helmeted deputies in blue jumpsuits - have gotten out of their car. They are pulling at a young man who's resisting, ducking and bobbing away from the officers who are trying to force him into the car with their billy sticks. You can hear the car idling loudly in the background...

We had to move away. Students have begun to stone the car with rocks and bottles – the police have gotten their man inside and are speeding away under the barrage...

About ten more sheriff's cars have appeared out of nowhere and have converged on the scene...the crowd is hurling anything they can find at them – the police are not getting out of their cars...they're turning around and heading out of town – some cars have cracked windows, most have had their roofs and sides dented.

Some people have run to various realties and thrown rocks in and kicked out doors...The crowd has converged on the bank, still boarded up from last night's attack...someone has broken off the plywood door and the glass has been busted...Rocks and concrete chunks are being thrown in by several people, most of the crowd is just watching...it's dark...it's hard to see exactly what's happening...it's a big crowd...

A large green trash bin has been wheeled into the street – it's on fire in front of the bank...about 10 people are pushing – they can't get it over the curb – now they do – it's being rammed through the doors...

Flames are coming out of the front door – the curtains are on fire, the building doesn't seem to be, though smoke is pouring out...Now hundreds of people are joining in...you can hear the fire and burglar alarms in the background...

The trash bin is being pulled out, the fire has been extinguished. A fellow reporter told me he saw some people in the bank with fire extinguishers about a half-hour ago...

The police – perhaps 20 cars and buses – have returned. Rows of them are sweeping the bank area...they are surrounded...there are perhaps 3,000 students in the street...the police are being pelted with rocks; they're charging through the crowd, the students are retreating...

The students have re-formed, they're stoning the police again; the police are shooting tear gas – we've had one report of pepper gas. They're gassing people out of the bank, who are carrying things in their arms. We have to move, the gas is coming our way...

The police were chased back to their buses and left again. One police car has been overturned and set on fire...We've received word that Isla Vista has been sealed off, and that anyone on the street is subject to arrest. But there are no police in town and there are people all over the streets.

Walsh hadn't wanted the last part in, but Mazursky convinced the judge that it was "germane" and that the jury would wonder if they were being given all the facts if the tape ended at an "unnatural" spot. Walsh's contention was that anything after the trash-bin incident was not pertinent, since Carl's and the others' charges only involved the trash bin and earlier events and, somewhat later, the police-car burning.

Walsh did succeed in keeping out the portion of the tape that extended past midnight when the bank was finally burned down. At least it was made clear that Carl and the others were being charged only with instigating and participating in the earlier attempt.

54

Halfway through the trial it was Carl's turn.

"Will you state your name and occupation for the record," Mazursky addressed the witness.

A portly man of 40, wearing a green suit, yellow shirt, thick green tie, gold tie clip, and a gold watch on his right wrist, straightened up in the witness chair and cleared his throat.

"Henry Porter, news reporter for Channel 6, KBER, Tuscon." He sported a crewcut and black horn-rimmed glasses and his face was ash colored. The bottom half of his body didn't move when he spoke.

"And on or about February 25, 1970, who were you employed by?"

"Television station KFSB, Channel 3, in Santa Barbara."

"Did you have occasion to be in Isla Vista the night of February 25, 1970?"

"Yes sir."

"Did you have occasion to cover the speech of attorney William Kunstler at the campus stadium earlier in the afternoon?"

"Yes sir, I did."

Now, are you familiar with who Carl Mishlin is?" Mazursky said, facing the jury box.

"Yes sir. "

"Do you see him in court today?"

"Yes sir. He's right over there." A large, bony finger came right at Carl. The jury, Mazursky – even Walsh – turned to look at him. He looked, blank-faced, at Porter.

"Did you see him at the speech?"

"Yes sir."

"Can you describe where he was?"

"He was sitting near the podium, with the little coterie of radicals..."

"Objection! Your Honor. Speculation on the part of the witness." Walsh stood waiting for the judge's response.

"Yes, that is sustained. The witness will please just answer the question."

"Now, are you sure it was him. What I mean is, did you know his face well?"

"Sir, I do not forget faces. When I was announcing basketball – for two years – I had to learn both teams in a matter of minutes. His face stood out, especially with his black-frame glasses and his flowing hair."

"Why the glasses?"

"Almost everyone in Isla Vista wears those wire-rims."

"Can you describe what he was wearing?"

"Blue-jeans and a blue T-shirt."

"Will you please describe what he was doing."

"He was taking notes."

"To your knowledge, was Mr. Mishlin working for the campus newspaper, *El Mensajero*, at the time?"

"Yes sir."

"How do you know this?"

"Well, I'd seen him at the *El Mensajero* office. He had bylined articles each day and was listed as News Editor of the paper."

"Would you describe *El Mensajero* as an anti-establishment newspaper?"

"Objection, Your Honor," Walsh interjected.

"Did he ever write, 'Off the Pig'?"

"Objection! Your Honor," Walsh jumped up.

"Did he ever write any editorials attacking the bank?"

"Objection Your Honor!" Walsh shouted. "I strongly object to this line of questioning as irrelevant and inflammatory."

"Mr. Mazursky," said the judge, "you had better confine yourself to questioning the witness about the events at issue."

"I'm sorry, Your Honor. Incidentally, Mr. Porter, was Mr. Mishlin – or Mr. Monterey – doing

anything else?"

"He was applauding the speech and hoisting his fist..."

"Objection, Your Honor!" Walsh got up shaking his head. "Mr. Mishlin is not being charged with hoisting his fist."

"Sustained. The jury will disregard the witness's statement."

"Now. Can you describe the speech?" said Mazursky, with his back to Porter, gazing out at the audience.

"Objection, Your Honor. What does this have to do with Mr. Mishlin?"

"Your Honor," broke in Mazursky, "the prosecution will show the relevance of this speech to Mr. Mishlin and the bank burning which occurred just hours later."

"Your Honor," Walsh retorted, "I know the witness is about to speculate."

"Well, will the lawyers please approach the bench."

Carl could hear only whisperings. He remembered the thousands cheering Kunstler as he leaned on the podium, thrusting his fist up into the air, his long gray hair flying behind him, his face reddening as he bellowed to the crowd...

"Let me rephrase the question, Mr. Porter," said Mazursky. "Did you take notes on his speech?"

"Yes sir, I did."

"Can you tell us what he said?"

"I will read the end of his speech. He said:

I've never thought that breaking windows and sporadic violence are good tactics, but I cannot bring myself to be bitter and condemn students for engaging in it. It is so picayune compared to the violence of five minutes around Da Nang, the back rooms of police stations, and ghetto apartments, that it is utterly senseless to turn our back on the issue because a few windows in the Bank of America were broken...

It is the natural course of every civilization that...

Porter's voice was rising in the hushed courtroom

...protest go from routine to resistance to revolution. You have to fill the streets so they can see you!

Mazursky nodded a few times. "Can you describe what happened next?" He began pacing along the rail, near Carl, in front of the spectators.

"The crowd was shouting, 'Right on!' and then I heard someone yell, 'To the park!' and, in a matter of minutes, about 1,000 students were marching through the eucalyptus grove next to the field and into town, chanting, 'To the park. To the park.' "

"Was Mr. Mishlin part of the march?"

"Yes sir, he was."

"Where was he marching?"

"He was up near the front."

"Was he excited?"

"Objection, Your Honor." Carl wished Walsh hadn't objected. It made him look like he was part of the march.

"Sustained. Mr. Mazursky, the mood of the crowd is one thing. The mood of the defendant is another. You know that," he glared at him, "I don't have to tell you."

"Your Honor, I'm just trying to show Mr. Mishlin's..."

"Now listen. You can only describe his actions. You cannot have the witness speculate as to his thoughts. This kind of stuff is just not relevant to prove Mr. Mishlin guilty of any crimes he has been charged with, and when you get right down to it, this jury has been here for well over a month already. Time is of the essence in this lawsuit. Let's get on with it."

Carl snuck a look at the jury. A couple of them looked disgusted, but the lady who always had her face heavily painted was pouting along with Mazursky. The thin, balding teacher, who buttoned the top button of his blue shirts, had his eyes closed. The little old lady who shook her head when the longhairs came into the courtroom, saw Carl looking and stared expressionless at him. The others looked tired, as if to say, "Don't bother us with the facts."

"Can you describe what occurred next?"

"I had to go back to my office, but I returned at about seven, as the crowd was converging on the bank."

"Did you see Mr. Mishlin at this time?"

"Yes sir."

"How close were you to him?"

"As close as I am to the end of the jury box," he said, nodding to the woman in the upper-right-hand corner. "I was standing just across the street from the bank, on the sidewalk in front of the Green Light Market."

"Could you make out faces?"

"Yes sir, I could. It wasn't quite dark yet."

"Can you describe to the jury what Mr. Mishlin was doing?"

"He and several others were pelting the front of the bank with concrete chunks. And then he helped wheel a large trash bin across the street, up to the front."

"Could you hear Mr. Mishlin's voice – was he saying anything?"

"Yes sir. He was yelling, 'Right on! Burn the bank!' "

"Will you describe what happened next?"

"Mr. Mishlin lit a match and tossed it into the trash bin and suddenly it flared up. Then he and about ten others got around the bin and pushed it into the bank, cracking through the glass doors and setting the structure on fire."

"Are you sure it was Mr. Mishlin who threw in the match?"

"Yes sir. I'd been watching him because I knew who he was, and the flames lit up the scene like daytime."

"And where did Mr. Mishlin push from?"

"He was on the right side, toward the back."

Carl had to keep still, but he wanted to kill the liar. This man – who knows where they'd dug him up – could put him away for the rest of his life.

"Thank you, Mr. Porter. Now let me just ask you. Are there others in the courtroom whom you saw near the bank that night?"

Porter wheeled toward the audience. "Yes sir. That man in the brown jacket, this reporter in the front row, that man with the full beard."

For reasons Carl didn't understand, Walsh had each person stand up, asking them to remain in court during the break.

"Did the fire department arrive on the scene?" Mazursky continued.

"No sir. It was apparent..."

"Your Honor," Walsh rose slowly, "now the witness is about to speculate..."

"Now Mr. Walsh," broke in Mazursky, "you really aren't giving us a chance..."

"All right, gentlemen," the judge broke in harshly, "you don't have to break down at this point in the case and start bickering. You've got enough troubles already, both of you."

"But, Your Honor, we were just trying to prove..."

"Now Mr. Mazursky." The judge was beet red. "I'll take care of the law. You people," he wagged a finger, "take care of the facts. The objection is sustained."

"But Your Honor... "

"Now I am tired of this, Mr. Mazursky. I don't want my rulings argued with. There's another court for that. When I rule, I've heard enough. Sustained."

"Now Mr. Porter, did the police come back?"

"Yes sir, but they were driven out."

"Did they fire at the crowds?"

"No sir, they did not."

"Your witness, Mr. Walsh," said Mazursky.

"We'll take the weekend recess, gentlemen."

55

"You look so Jewish."

Fuck you, he thought. He wore his blue-jeans and white shirt – "Jewish colors" Robin called them – all the time.

"I wish we hadn't come."

"Don't worry about it." Why don't you just leave me alone, he thought. "We just gotta get the clothes."

"Just don't push me in first, I really don't like that at all...God I hate that smile of hers."

He had that sinking feeling already. It was useless. He didn't want to spend another hour arguing with his parents about what he and his friends thought. He'd rather make his own mistakes than listen to his parents' warnings about "looking at things so black and white."

Where had compromising gotten his parents? There was no way to discuss anything, anyhow. His mother blew everything out of proportion. He remembered when he'd told her he smoked marijuana. Later, she said that piece of information had changed her life for the worse. There was no way he could ever mention the vasectomy.

"You know, every time I used to play poker," he said to Robin, "my mother would tell me that I was going to end up a professional gambler. My dad would ground me so I couldn't go out and play."

"I wish they'd stay out of our lives."

Carl's father had given him a paperback sex manual the last time Carl and Robin visited. Carl had been embarrassed. Robin had been disgusted – "What does he think, we have to read a book about it?"

As they drove, Carl recalled the times in high school he had told his father that he would rather see him dead and his father had told him he understood.

"I think my dad thinks it's all a big trip that'll pass away like everything else."

"But in the meantime, he likes to read about it in the *Free Press*, and talk about it with all his friends."

"They're such liberals."

Carl crunched acorns scattered on the lawn. They passed underneath the basketball hoop. The door was locked, as usual.

"Hello," smiled Carl's mother.

He half pushed Robin in first, hesitated, then went in. His mother held out a kiss and he gave her a quick cheek, feeling the fuzz over her mouth and the coarseness of her lips.

"How about some fresh-squeezed orange juice."

"No thanks, mom."

"How about you, Robin?" She dressed her down in a split second, still smiling.

"No thank you," Robin laughed at her.

"Hi dad."

"Hello Carl, Robin."

They sat down in the sunken living room. Carl and Robin sat in the large chairs facing the couch. The curtains were opened onto the patio.

"You've been playing piano," Carl said to his mother, seeing the lesson books out. Her hair seemed grayer and shorter. She seemed dressed up, though she had on a sweater and slacks. It must have been the way she sat so stiffly, even when she spoke.

"No, not too much," she answered. "You have dark shadows under your eyes."

"Oh, I'm all right. Things are really going pretty good."

They had some decaffeinated coffee and coffee cake.

"So what are your plans for next fall?" she asked.

"Well actually," Robin broke in, "we're going to be moving in with four friends and form a collective."

Carl's mother looked away, to the rug.

"Ma-om, they're good people, everybody's living in groups now. The marriage is only a piece of paper."

"How was your vacation, Robin?" his mother asked.

"Oh, fine."

"Mm, try this pineapple, it's out of this world."

"You still getting the *Hero*, dad?"

"Sure...I was reading in it the other day how a poll was taken saying that 85% of the students had tried marijuana."

"Yeah," Carl nodded.

"You know, I just got a case this week. Sonny – you know, the Parkman's son" – Carl shook his head – "he was arrested for marijuana after being pulled over for speeding. I think he'll get off – it's his first arrest and it probably was an illegal search. But the penalty is up to ten years still, and he only had one joint, in the glove compartment."

"It's absurd."

"I don't think that's the point. It's still the law; and with your record..."

"I know what the law is, dad."

In the bathroom, Carl found a newspaper article about marijuana smoking causing memory loss.

The song, "Reflections," by Marmalade, came on the car radio: "The world is a terrible place, but I don't want to die."

"The world really is a terrible place, isn't it?" Carl said.

"I think it's beautiful," Robin said, as if they had just come out of a wonderland.

56

Over the next week, Carl watched Walsh cross-examine Porter. Walsh forced Porter to admit he only saw the back of "Carl's" head at the bank, that he was aware of the reward, and that he had been demoted, then transferred to a Tuscon television station due to exaggerations and inaccuracies in his reporting.

The three men in the audience whom Porter had pointed out as being at the bank the night it was burned, testified they were not in town that night.

Walsh brought on several local newsmen who testified that Porter's "personal and professional reputation for 'truth, honesty and veracity' " was poor, adding that they would not believe him under oath.

Walsh then presented Carl's defense. A number of witnesses, who knew Carl from the paper and would have recognized him had he been at the bank burning, took the stand. Under Mazursky's questioning, during which he sometimes referred to Carl as "Monterey," they admitted that it was difficult to make out faces in the darkness and confusion. Mazursky asked them what they had thought about the bank being burned. Most described it as a spectacle, some gave sociological observations; most admitted that they did not have negative feelings about it.

Carl felt they came off as honest, positive witnesses.

Eight people testified that they were with Carl at the print shop just before the bank was attacked. Mazursky focused on tiny details, like the exact time, but the witnesses were unshakable. They were telling the truth, and Walsh had primed them on just the type of attitude they should have in answering questions – how to look toward the jury.

Robin was the key witness, having been with Carl the entire night. Walsh had decided that

Carl shouldn't testify, since Mazursky might be able to ask him about the articles he had written with Robin. Still, Walsh wasn't sure Mazursky wouldn't be able to ask Robin about the articles, which included: a series on war-related research in the university; previews and coverage of demonstrations; and editorials like the one calling for community self-determination in Isla Vista, urging cooperatives and business boycotts, ending with, "The days of obsequious students prostrating themselves before powerful magistrates to gain minimal concessions are over."

Robin testified last, straightforwardly answering Mazursky's questions and allowing Walsh to object to all of Mazursky's attempts to prejudice the jury. He didn't ask about the articles. He sounded increasingly defeated as time wore on, and he kept glancing at his watch.

Carl was afraid it might be a ploy, that Mazursky was biding his time before springing into action. But after two hours, hoarse and sounding as if he were slowly dying, like HAL, the computer in the movie *2001*, Mazursky asked his last question.

Walsh told Carl later that Robin had had so much poise, she behaved as though she were 30.

57

They moved in to a three-bedroom place with their four friends. They ate communal dinners of rice and vegetables or eggplant they'd pick up and help distribute from the community food-cooperative. They smoked marijuana every night.

Robin and the two other women in the house did the bulk of the editing for *Roses*, the women's magazine.

One of their male roommates was part of the new, "revolutionary, underground" community newspaper, *The Insurgent*. He would tell Carl in his lecturing way – usually during dinner after Carl's day in court – about the need to be interested in the new paper. But Carl was having enough trouble getting the time and concentration to do his schoolwork so he could graduate. He could only think about the trial and spoke little to anybody.

He and Robin had sex together once in a while and took a shower together now and then. He did occasional trial coverage for the school paper, which had a new, largely apolitical staff, and had been renamed *The Reporter*.

He continued his day-in and day-out routine of going to court and looking as innocent as he could, drinking hundreds of cups of cooler-water, trying to make eye contact with the jurors. He felt the bailiff was trying to influence the case against the defense by talking with the jury and Mazursky, while not talking to Walsh or the other lawyers.

Carl had his charges dropped from the first arrest, though most of the others didn't. His and Robin's Volkswagen arrived from Europe, but the insurance they'd gotten in Santa Barbara was cancelled for vague reasons about incomplete information. A friend told Carl that the insurance agent had managed the district attorney's campaign.

For weeks that summer, various stories about radical activities across the country appeared on the front page of the main Santa Barbara newspaper. They were often next to the – generally favorable – daily trial reports written by a sympathetic reporter. There had been articles on the Weatherman⁷ bombing of the local armory, the arrest of Kent State students,

the police hunt and capture of Angela Davis,⁸ the rounding up of Quebec Liberation Front sympathizers in Canada,⁹ and the burning of another Bank of America at a University of California campus.

58

"Is the prosecution ready with its closing argument?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

Walsh had warned Carl that Northford would allow almost anything.

Mazursky raged out of his chair to the front of the jury box. He jabbed his hands onto his hips, looking up and down both rows, and began, in a loud voice, attacking each defendant's case, one by one, detail by detail.

Carl was last. It was mid-afternoon. Repeatedly poking a finger into his chest, Mazursky exclaimed:

I have sat here and listened to eight friends and relatives of Mr. Mishlin tell you that they were with him every minute of the night of February 25, the night he led the crowd, smashed windows and willfully, unlawfully, feloniously and maliciously set fire to the Bank of America; and let me tell you my blood is boiling.

I have listened to fact after fact that they have distorted...

he made a sweeping gesture at the audience

...but, thank God...

he put his hands on his hips

...you're finally going to have your say.

He began to pace again and spoke in a quieter voice.

This was no simple arson. Attorney Kunstler came to town to do his job and when he left the bank was in ashes. Mishlin helped destroy the bank, so that the scavengers could run amok inside, raising havoc and plundering into the night.

He paused, and then began pacing up and down again and pointing with a finger.

It's a bitter cup of tea to swallow, but our evidence was facts. The People's witness told it like it was, to prove Mr. Mishlin guilty of all charges.

Mr. Porter is an award-winning newsman. He testified because he was disgusted with what he saw, and, as you witnessed, he has amazing recollection. He doesn't forget a face – an ability enhanced by two years as a basketball announcer.

He saw Mr. Mishlin at the Kunstler speech before the bank was burned, establishing Mr. Mishlin's pattern of behavior, his criminal intent. And arson, as Judge Northford will instruct you, is a general-intent crime.

Even if he hadn't lit that match, as an aider and abetter, someone who sets up the crime, he would be as guilty as if he would have committed it.

But there is no doubt about what Mr. Mishlin did. It is utterly inconceivable that Mr. Porter would lie. What would be the purpose?

The defense has put up a smokescreen – they saw and they didn't see. Do you think the district attorney's office, the grand jury and the Santa Barbara Sheriff's Department would expend so much effort just to pick someone out of thin air – as the defense will lament – and bring him to trial, waste \$200,000 of the taxpayers' money and the three months you, the jury, have so generously given the City and County of Santa Barbara?

I ask you, isn't it odd how Mr. Mishlin wrote about revolution 364 days a year and now claims to have been out of town on the 365th, the day it was really happening? His alibi fits too well, like a hand in glove. It's so hard to believe, it is almost believable.

For the life of me and for the love of God, I cannot understand why Mr. Mishlin did not cover the riot like every other newsman within 100 miles. Why didn't he go to Isla Vista that night, why didn't he go with the crowd after the speech? Why didn't he call the *El Mensajero* office when he heard about the bank on the radio?

An alibi defense is the easiest thing in the world to fabricate. All you do is tell the true events and insert the defendant in the situation.

But their efforts to fabricate were just not good enough. There were too many holes, too many poor recollections. Their bias for the defendant cannot be denied.

We've been outgunned. We have a case here of quantity versus quality. Our one witness, Mr. Porter, more than balances all of Mr. Mishlin's friends, who so conveniently happened to be with him every minute of the night.

What sort of principles do they have? We can't object to outright lies about factual testimony. We're darned if we do and darned if we don't. And wouldn't you lie for your husband or wife?

Mazursky looked around the quiet courtroom, then lowered his voice to the jury.

The best way to break down the establishment is to have witnesses lie in court. To bear false witness is the greatest sin of all.

Mr. Mishlin sits calmly...

he turned to Carl

...looking on, almost disinterestedly. Now tell me, just how interested do you think he is? Just how interested do you think he was?

He looked at the jury.

If you believe, that Mr. Mishlin lit that match, you must return the only verdict that suits the crime. Guilty, of arson.

Mazursky sat down, slumped in his chair.

The following day, the lawyers for the defense gave their closing arguments. Walsh restated the facts of Carl's case, pleading with the jury with tears in his eyes to judge Carl as they would a brother.

Judge Northford read the jury their instructions, adding, "The defendants are presumed to be innocent as anyone in this courtroom, including the lawyers and the judge." He ordered the lawyers and defendants to be ready to return to court on short notice. He ordered the jurors

be sequestered in a hotel until they arrived at a verdict. He bade them good luck.

Solemn-faced, they filed down the aisle and out of the courtroom.

59

For a week, Carl went through the motions of living.

He sat in the back of his Social Movements class; the radicals huddled against the side wall near the front as the professor lectured on commitment.

Carl knew Kiki was right when she told him he was innocent, the Victor no matter what the Verdict turned out to be. But he couldn't be comforted. Twelve people were deciding on his life.

Saturday morning he was sitting on the front lawn playing gin rummy. Robin came down the stairs of their apartment with a look that said, "I love you but I have to tell you something."

"The verdicts are in."

60

The courthouse was bright with sunlight, thrown hotly on its walls. Inside, fire marshalls and tense city police lined the halls.

The courtroom was stifling and muted. Carl and Robin walked over to Carl's parents, sitting motionless at the back. Behind them was a line of blue-helmeted deputies in high-boot, flak-vest riot gear flanking a row of Santa Barbara officials, seated against the wall.

"How are you," he smiled.

"*We're* fine, Carl," said his mother, "how are *you*?"

"I'm all right."

He left Robin with them and walked down the aisle, between rows of older people sprinkled with Isla Vistans. He took his seat in the front, nodding to Walsh who sat rigidly at the table, smiling noncommittally.

A large group of people, visible through the louvered windows, sat outside on the lawn. A deputy closed the large, oak-paneled door, shutting off all noise. Carl knew he couldn't run.

"Will the audience please rise. The Honorable Ronald D. Northford, Superior Court, City and County of Santa Barbara, presiding."

Northford sat, the audience sat. He scanned the jury, their eyes fixed on him.

"Have you reached your verdict?"

"Yes we have, Your Honor."

There was silence as the squat man with the limp and the handlebar mustache rose at the upper-left-hand corner of the jury box, adjusting his sports coat over his yellow polo shirt. He straightened a sheet of paper, clearing his throat.

"We find the defendant, Carl Mishlin," – he was first! – "not guilty on all counts..." Carl limply turned and, through the crowd, saw his mother and father and Robin smiling. He turned back around, in another world – of freedom now – to listen to the rest of the verdicts.

All in all, there were zero felony convictions and only six misdemeanor convictions out of over 70 charges against the 11 defendants. There was eleventh-hour drama as one juror, when polled in his seat by the judge to confirm his guilty-of-arson vote for two defendants, announced his change to not guilty for both, producing a "hung" jury and incurring wrathful looks from the other jurors. But his move was perfectly legal; he said he'd been pressured in the jury room to vote guilty.

In the end, there were cheers in the courtroom, the judge banging his gavel. Carl heard whistling and clapping outside then felt his hand being pummeled and his back slapped. Robin's orange-and-white striped shift was coming towards him.

Mazursky was stuffing his papers into his briefcase and pushing, head down, against the crowd and out of the courtroom.

61

Carl and Robin sat on their bed, under the parachute.

Her plants were on the dresser. On the wall hung the collage of rock stars and women.

They hadn't sat much on their bed lately, there hadn't been much to discuss. Robin was becoming more involved with politics while the trial had thoroughly intimidated Carl.

Like most of the other radical women, Robin had not been plucked out and arrested. The few women who had been arrested had received some recognition. Robin wanted some, or at least a more important role in campus politics.

The prosecution in Carl's trial had decided against retrying the defendants saved by a hung jury from conviction: the trial, not only already the longest and most expensive in Santa Barbara history, had also proved an overwhelming vindication of the defense case.

Carl desired only to retreat from people. He steered any discussion about himself to another topic, feeling he had already received too much attention.

"What is it?" he asked.

"We're getting into different things."

"Yeah." Was that the problem? They could have their own lives couldn't they?

"What are you going to do when you graduate in two weeks?" she asked. He had the vague notion of hanging around Isla Vista until she graduated in the spring.

"Nothing special right away. I feel like I'm still trying to unwind from the trial."

"It's been over a month now. Haven't you 'unwound' enough?" She looked down. "What did you think about the NLF celebration?" In his head, he translated NLF into North Vietnam's National Liberation Front.

"I don't know. I left early."

"Oh, wow. You really missed some good speeches."

He felt like she was judging him. "I just wasn't interested," he snapped.

"Don't get so excited. Can't we talk about anything anymore without getting into an argument?"

They said nothing for a while, then Robin looked at him seriously and spoke.

"I feel like you're hemming me in, like we're tied to each other."

He cocked his head. "Aren't you doing what you want?" He felt she was suddenly far away. "It's not the *marriage* is it?" He'd never felt that had changed anything.

"No, she shook her head. "Don't you feel...*monogamous*, being only with *me* all the time?"

"It's what I want. I mean I was glad to get the vasectomy..."

"Come on...I feel bad enough about that." He wasn't trying to make her feel guilty.

"Don't you think I've been more of one of the house?" he asked.

"I feel I'm having to take care of you. You're making it hard for me to be independent."

He was reminded of the times on the bed his tears had brought tears to her. He felt like a baby.

"I know I've needed you a lot, but I feel like I've been coming out of my shell since the trial ended and I've been able to listen to you more and think about things besides just myself."

"I've been meeting people and growing," she answered. "There are men and women I've really gotten to know and it's something that's been good for me...Charley, Abuzza – they're really sensitive men...Please don't look so sad.

"I think we need to get away from each other for a while, so we can really think about what we want. Maybe Isla Vista isn't healthy for you – you know how you don't feel comfortable even smoking dope here, and you make me paranoid."

"Well," he said, "Garner wants me to hitch-hike down the coast with him for a couple of weeks at the break. Maybe that would be good."

Robin broke into a smile. "And Kiki and I thought we might go down to Mexico."

62

Carl and Garner crashed in college dorms vacated for Christmas vacation and they stayed

with friends in beach towns. Carl felt best when they got rides with nice, middle-aged people in new, warm cars or were served a good dinner and had a large, cozy house to sleep in.

Most of all, he missed Robin.

They spent long hours waiting for rides: on curbs in the middle of Los Angeles during rush hour; on highways beside large, open fields; against telephone poles outside military bases at night.

Perhaps he should leave Isla Vista. He could slow down and get a perspective on everything that had happened. It was getting to be like Peyton Place there, anyhow. He could meet some new people, and then, in the spring, Robin would come to wherever he was and they'd travel and settle down some place new, maybe in the country.

But it was much simpler to just stay in Isla Vista, with all his things and friends. And he'd be with Robin.

He recalled how, just weeks before he met her, he'd come to the conclusion – not an unhappy one – that he was the type of person destined to be by himself for most of his life. He hadn't even liked her at first, but six months later it had clicked that, as certain as night follows day, they would be together forever.

He would manage in Isla Vista somehow.

63

"Is Robin here?"

Kiki nodded. He ran into their room, threw his shoes off and plopped onto the bed next to her. She put her book down. He kissed her and they hugged each other.

"How long have you been here!?" he asked.

"We got back a few days ago – on New Year's. Did you figure anything out?"

"Yes I did. I've done a lot of thinking...I want to stay here."

Robin looked at the bed, then watched his face as she spoke.

"I think we're better off without each other right now. I think you should go. I'll be out by spring."

She was sure of herself. OK. He could stand it for a while if that's what she wanted.

"We can travel then settle down some place up north, where it's green," he said.

"Sure. But I think it's important for you to get away."

"Yeah, it'd be good for both of us. It'd probably do me good to be by myself for a while."

"You know I love you, Carl."

"We'll travel for months across the country in the spring!"

He wanted to wait a week, but she wanted him to go. They divided the records and their books, and the towels and Corning Ware they'd received for the wedding. For the time being, he'd use the car and she'd keep the bed.

It seemed logical to go north. Carl phoned a friend in Berkeley and arranged to stay with him for a night or two.

"We're being honest and strong," he said in the morning.

She watched him drive away, with his half, his radio and posters, and all of his clothes, packed into the Volkswagen.

He drove up Highway 1 past San Luis Obispo and the sparkling blue water, and along the Big Sur coastline.

San Francisco was gray. The sky and the sun were gray. He passed over the gray bridge and the gray bay, past gray birds, gray clouds, gray sailboats and began to cry.

He stopped at a phone booth in Berkeley and phoned Robin.

"I think it would be best if we didn't talk to each other for a while," she said, after he'd blubbered out how much he missed her. They said goodbye.

For an instant, he lost sense of where he was and panicked, thinking he was trapped in the phone booth.

He got back into the car, thankful no one had stolen it and his belongings were still there. What if someone had scraped the brilliant red paint job? Robin owned half the car and it wasn't insured.

Carl drove slowly to his friend's house. Other cars had two or three people in them, people with homes.

THE END

Notes

1. In November 1969, millions of Americans observed Moratorium Day. One hundred thousand people marched in San Francisco. The first Day, October 1, included prayer vigils, candlelight processions, mass meetings and the wearing of black armbands. Vice-president Spiro Agnew called the protest leaders "an effete corps of impudent snobs."

2. At the Democratic National Convention in August, 1968 in Chicago, Hubert Humphrey easily won the nomination to be the Democratic presidential candidate. Earlier in the year, President Lyndon Johnson had declined to run. Antiwar candidates Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern never seriously threatened Humphrey. In June, Humphrey's chief rival for the nomination, Senator Robert Kennedy, was assassinated in Los Angeles.

The convention was the most violent in US history, as Chicago police and National Guardsmen clashed in the streets outside with antiwar demonstrators.

Eight radical leaders – Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Lee Weiner David Dellinger, Jerry Rubin, and Bobby Seale – were subsequently indicted for crossing state lines to riot or to conspire to use interstate commerce to induce rioting. Their marathon trial began September 24, 1968 with an obviously biased judge, Julius J. Hoffman, presiding. William Kunstler was the chief defense lawyer and he utilized the court as a political forum.

The defendants claimed they were being tried for their ideas, and were disruptive. On October 29, Seale, chairman of the black revolutionary Black Panther party, was ordered bound and gagged. His restraints were removed five days later. On November 5, he was sentenced to four years in jail for contempt of court and his case declared a mistrial.

On February 18, 1970, the jury acquitted the seven remaining defendants on the conspiracy charge, but convicted five of crossing state lines to incite a riot. The five were given five-year prison terms but these convictions were later reversed on appeal and the charges dropped.

3. The Yippies (YIP = "Youth International Party"), led by Chicago 8 defendants Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, were the outrageous radical-left fringe. They staged startling events to draw the media's attention to their protests.

4. On April 29, 1970, 32,000 US troops and 98,000 from South Vietnam launched a major drive into Cambodia, aimed at destroying Communist sanctuaries and capturing the command post of the Vietcong (South Vietnamese Communists). The US had been bombing Cambodia since March 18, 1969; this incursion was said to be for the purpose of allowing the US to withdraw its troops from Vietnam.

The demonstrations reacting to news of the invasion and to the tragedy at Kent State (see note 6) resulted in the greatest wave of campus protest in American history. Hundreds of colleges were closed by striking students or by worried administrators.

5. The Vietnam War (1957–75). In 1968, at the war's height, 536,000 US troops were involved. Military deaths: US: 46,000; South Vietnamese: 184,000; Communist: 927,000. War refugees numbered at least 10 million.

6. On May 4, 1970, at a Kent State University (Ohio) campus demonstration protesting the Cambodian invasion, four students were killed and nine wounded by National Guardsmen firing into a crowd.

7. The Weathermen, or Weather Underground, were one of the factions of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), which split into two groups in 1969. The other faction worked, above ground, for a worker-student alliance. The Weathermen supported Third World and black revolutionary struggles.

SDS, led by future California State Senator Tom Hayden, was the leading organization of the campus-based radical movement of the sixties, known as the New Left, and sponsored the first nationwide anti-Vietnam War demonstration, in 1965.

8. Black academic, writer, and political activist. Growing out of a 1970 shootout in which four persons were killed, Davis was charged with murder, kidnap, and conspiracy. She evaded arrest, was finally captured and, in June 1972, was acquitted by an all-white jury.

9. Front de libération du Québec. French-Canadian nationalist group responsible for sporadic

violence and, in 1970, the murder of Quebec labor minister Pierre Laporte.