

President Dave Oinks

David Gaynes

1969

October 8th, Jack Forrest was awakened by the noisy spectacle of nine Federal agents bouncing off the vestibule wall of his mother's apartment on Pingree.

Streaming through the kicked-in door in wild disarray, they gathered their forces around Jack's bed and, guns drawn, proceeded to shout some dialogue that they had heard on television.

"Don't move your hands!" was all the fear-crazed contingent could shout at brother Jack as he stirred to a rude awakening.

Our man calmly explained to the hooverwhores that he had just gotten out of the hospital after a six-week ordeal with a smashed leg and pneumonia. Finally satisfied that there wasn't a machine-gun or a Red-Book under Jack's pillow, they became gentlemen.

Professionals...sheeit!

Suddenly solicitous, the pigs foraged around for ten minutes in search of Jack's right shoe. For some time, Jack has not worn a right shoe—the foot of his bum leg is swollen to the size of a small snowshoe.

After the nine had finally succeeded in getting their charge dressed and "ready to go" they proceeded to the Federal building.

At noon, that same day, Jack Forrest found himself in a ninth-floor federal detention cell. John Sinclair had been there before him as his name scratched on the cell wall attested.

The charge against Jack: conspiracy.

"President Dave" Valler is talking again.

As a result of Valler's decision to switch rather than fight, Jack, John Sinclair and Pun Plamondon were indicted on conspiracy to "willfully and by means of dynamite injure property of the United States thereby causing damage in excess of \$100.00; in violation of..."

Conspiracy to "injure property." INJURE PROPERTY!

Back at the cell, Jack had finally gotten through to his lawyer, James Lafferty, who rushed downtown for Forrest's 3:00 o'clock arraignment.

The courtroom resembled something out of "The Wizard of Oz," a shaft of electric sunlight playing on the high-backed leather chair where the ass of justice resides. Unlike the story, the Man has not yet come out from behind his shaking sets to admit that he's just an impotent punk on a power trip.

When the judge came into the room, the few people present were ordered to rise by a sissy whose adam's apple bobbed frantically at those who were slow to pay their homage. After a few minutes of legal conversation, it was agreed that a \$2500 personal bond would be set.

Jack was allowed to hobble off to tenuous freedom, wincing at the pain of walking with a leg that contained half a pound of fresh stainless steel.

During the proceedings, some honk asked Jack if he was planning to split his bond. A crutch in the crotch to you, bastard!

Related

See “Better Living Through Lying,” this issue (FE #90, October 16–29, 1969).

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