

"WE ARE FROM 25 TO 30 MILLION STRONG, AND WE ARE ARMED. AND WE ARE CONSCIOUS OF OUR SITUATION. AND WE ARE DETERMINED TO CHANGE IT. AND WE ARE UNAFRAID."



Emory Douglas is the Minister of Culture of the Black Panther Party.



ALL THE WEAPONS WE USED AGAINST
EACH OTHER WE NOW USE AGAINST THE OPPRESSOR



THE HEIRS OF MALCOLM HAVE PICKED UP THE GUN
AND NOW STAND MILLIONS STRONG FACING THE RACIST PIG OPPRESSOR





Mrs. Georgia Jackson, mother of Jonathan Jackson. Photo by Allan E. Young

George Jackson now awaits trial—with two other former Soledad prisoners—for allegedly murdering guard John V. Mills. Jonathan Jackson, George's younger brother, tried to secure the release of the three defendants on August 7 by taking as hostage Judge Harold J. Haley, sitting on an unrelated case in the Marin County (California) Courthouse. Jonathan and Haley were killed in the ensuing crossfire.

Mrs. Georgia Jackson, mother of George and Jonathan, talked to Scanlan's three weeks later in San Francisco.

Your son George has been in prison for 10 years now and for most of those years he's been in San Quentin. How did you get up there from Pasadena to visit with him?

We'd drive up. Usually about once a month.

So it was a little bit of an outing when you went to see him?

No. It was miserable because of the length of the trip. It's 400 miles. It was always very expensive. Then sometimes, after we had driven all that way, the authorities would only let us stay an hour or two. *Who would go up with you?*

The whole family. The girls. And Jonathan . . . he always came.

What would you talk about?

Home, family, things like that. George would frequently tell us about the way people were treated there—how they would never have the chance to do any of the things they really wanted to do. George wanted to take journalism but the guy who ran the program just laughed in his face. They think that black people don't have the mentality to do certain things, and they ridicule them for wanting to.

Did he ever tell you about physical harassment?

Oh yes. That goes on all the time. He'd always tell us about someone who'd gotten killed. Usually some black man. The prison authorities would cover it up and say nothing about it. They tell prisoners' families a bunch of lies about how a man is radical or rowdy or uncontrollable. Then if they had to they would kill him if they thought he had a idea of his own. Once a man gets labeled as a trouble-maker, that's what happens to him.

That's what happened to George. I mean he was labeled as a troublemaker from the beginning. No matter how hard he tried to make the effort to get away from the place, every time he'd go to the parole board, they'd deny him and never tell us why. We would never be able to see anybody who could tell us about George. If we'd inquire about a counselor they'd always be too busy. We wanted to get a lawyer for him but George would tell us that it would only make things worse—they have a dim view of people who get legal help for somebody that's in prison.

My daughter Frances and I wrote letters to a man named Stratman, I believe he's an assemblyman from Pasadena. But he would write us back these little pacifying letters saying your son's behavior is up to him, and the length of time is up to him. In other words, if he's a good boy he'll get out sooner than if he's a bad boy. People seem to feel that when you go to prison you're not a fit human being but just a big conglomeration of nothing. As one of the guards said to a girl, you're really not human, you're

an animal. And the only thing they can do to an animal is to kill him.

How long ago was it when Jonathan first began to realize what was going on with George?

It was about three or four years ago. You know, ever since George has been there we've been trying to do something for him but we've never been able to. Jonathan heard all of this and saw all this and he saw the way the courts worked. Frankly I think that the so-called justice in this country and the so-called law courts in this country are the cause of my son being dead today. I don't know if you went to any of the hearings in Salinas or not, but just to go to one of those hearings and sit there, even if you weren't concerned with the people who were being tried, would just tear you apart. I mean, for someone who's never been involved in the courts or never been to a court for anything, it's incredible. Even I didn't believe it was that bad—and I've always had a very pessimistic attitude about what went on in this country.

What made you know that Jonathan was becoming aware of these things?

I think what really tore Jonathan apart in the last two or three months was that, when this first happened with George at Soledad, he went to two of his instructors that he had a lot of respect for and he told them what was happening. I know he really liked one of them especially, because he thought this man understood what was going on in this country with black people, and this teacher said to Jonathan, "Oh, if I were you I wouldn't get too upset about it; you mightn't know all the facts."

After that he just seemed not to be interested in school any more. All he would think about was George. All he would talk about was George. I would tell him I thought that if there was anything possible to be done for George, Mrs. Stender would see that it was done. I told him it wasn't like it was before when we were just alone with this and nobody cared.

Jonathan felt that George was going to be killed—if he wasn't killed by the courts he would be killed in prison. That's the way he felt. And he felt like Mrs. Stender was a good lawyer and he told me, "Momma, she works hard night and day, but no matter how hard she works, don't you see what happens in court?" He said, "I just don't know about that judge. That judge just sits there and he says no to everything. He doesn't even stop to think before he says no." A lot of the time when we'd be at the hearings he'd get up and go out and he'd be crying. So would my husband. You feel so helpless and frustrated. You say to yourself, "In this country you're supposed to have justice from the law. If you can't get justice from the courts, where can you get it?" *Could you tell us something about Jonathan's early school years? Did he do well?*

Jonathan was going to a Catholic school. It was St. Andrew's. And once a teacher asked me—this wasn't a nun, by the way, it was a lay teacher—this teacher asked me how Jonathan got so smart. I told him that Jonathan took after me. You know, just joking. This teacher said, "Well, sister, he has a good chance of being President some day, smart as he is."

Jonathan really did well in school. Everybody at St. Andrew's loved him—he didn't have any enemies at all in school. He never had any trouble at all until he went to public school. It was at Pasadena High, I think, that he had his first fight—and then it wasn't a fight, a boy just hit him and I don't think that Jonathan wanted to fight. It seems the boy who hit him—I don't know if he was white or not—he was making some remarks about black people and of course Jonathan was defending himself verbally. After that, I had him transferred to Blair. Blair is a good mixture of black and white and chicano and everything else. At Blair Jonathan just coasted along. He never really studied very hard on any one subject. He took karate to build himself up. He played basketball for a while but he kind of lost interest. He was interested more in his brother than in anything else, I think, when he got big enough to realize how bad his brother was being treated.

George's troubles had a great influence on Jonathan. How was he affected by what was happening to George?

He would try to do everything he could to help. But he still told me he didn't think it would do any good. He said all judges are racists. He had been going around looking at different places. He went to the trial they had during the school thing in Pasadena, about desegregating the schools. He would go and sit and listen to the way they would talk and act. He would go around to the courts in Los Angeles and watch the way they would treat people. You know that in the courts in Los Angeles they actually chained a guy to his chair one day when Jonathan was there. He came back and told me about it. "Momma," he said, "they didn't even allow him to talk. The judge just said 'confine him' and they got up and chained him to a chair."

You mean Jonathan was investigating the court system because he thought it was so unjust?

That's what he was doing. He was noticing what went on in all of them. He said that there wasn't any justice in court. He said that when people go to court everybody thinks they're guilty—they don't even have a chance to defend themselves. He said that unless people did something it would get worse. Because all people were doing was sit around and talk, talk, talk—and then when the court date came, things just happened the same way that they happened before. People would go to jail and stay there for years—the best years of their lives.

Jonathan felt that just talk wouldn't solve it because these people in the courts just didn't care. You know, I've spoken with a lot of people on the streets, a lot of people in Pasadena, a lot of people here and LA and everywhere. They feel the same way, that it's so much talk and the courts really aren't just. But nobody seems to be able to do anything about it. *Jonathan did what he felt he had to do about it—how did that come about?*

He didn't tell me what he was going to do. I didn't know he was planning to go into any court with a gun or anything. Probably the way he felt was frustrated and upset so he just made up his mind to do something about it. I know it's nothing like people say it is—conspiring. Jonathan never conspired with any-

body. He never was a kid that ran around the streets, never had any gangs, never ran around with anybody. No matter what the police say, I know, because he's my kid.

What do you think about their naming Angela Davis as a conspirator?

I think it's just another stupid thing they are doing because they think no black person in America has the sense to do anything on their own. They either have to have Angela Davis or the Panthers to help them. There are plenty of black people in the country who are brave, and plenty of black people in this country who think—Angela Davis is not the only one. I don't have anything against Angela—what makes me so angry is how the newspapers work so hard in glove in trying to humiliate. It's like the humiliation of the FBI following me when I'm burying my boy. Now what in the hell were they looking for. The only thing I was doing was putting him in the ground. *When was this?*

When I took him to Mt. Vernon to bury him, the FBI was there. They were across the street in a parking lot taking pictures. Now what do they want? Just to harass and humiliate.

Did Jonathan ever talk to you about death—about dying?

We talked about death when my father died about three years ago. He was very upset about my father, and he looked around and he said, "Do you think anybody cares that Papa is dead." "Well," I said, "you know that I care." He said, "I mean beside you." I said, "Of course people care. I have three other sisters, and your sisters and your brothers care." He said, "I was just wondering if anyone really cared when an old man died."

And then we were talking one night back in June and he said, "Momma—if I die—or if I die in any way that makes you sad—I want you to know that I died the way I wanted to die."

How did that come up?

We were eating dinner and we were talking about the committee and so I guess George was on his mind—you know, about going to the gas chamber. And he was talking about how a few people should care. He said that there wouldn't be too many people who care. Because too many people wouldn't know about it. I said that was what we were trying to do—to let the people know what really goes on. I said people who have never been to court in their life have to be told about what is really going on. And it got to the point where he didn't want to eat very much—and you know he really loved to eat—because he was really so worried.

Then he said this thing about dying the way he wanted to.

And then we started talking about the revolution—the conversation just dragged on. I remember I was angry because I didn't get the dishes started early enough. And he ended up by saying that thing about dying the way he wanted to.

I wish I knew more about what was on his mind.

I don't know what was on his mind. Really I don't. I wish that I did, because if I had known I probably could have gone and helped him. I wouldn't let any of my children do anything without my help if I could help them. And I don't care who knows that.

HUEY NEWTON ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



[FOREWORD]

Huey Newton, Black Panther Minister of Defense, made his comments on Jonathan Jackson, ethnic pluralism, racism, international goals and capital punishment in an interview he gave Elsa Knight Thompson, program director of radio station KPFA, on August 11—shortly after his release from San Luis Obispo Prison and four days after the Marin Courthouse shoot-out. Two weeks later, at a sparsely attended press conference, he linked Stokely Carmichael with the CIA. Selections from both interviews follow.

[JONATHAN JACKSON'S ACT]

The event that occurred in Marin was certainly a colossal event, and it has changed the whole relationship between the oppressed and the oppressor. We feel that because of the consciousness of the three comrades who were killed, who were murdered, the event was more important than the Watts uprising or even the Detroit uprising, which was a sporadic, unorganized uprising. It lacked the consciousness and certainly lacked the revolutionary fervor exemplified in the move of Brother Jonathan Jackson in particular. Brother Jonathan Jackson, a 17-year-old, who had no prison record whatsoever, acted strictly upon a principle that says that the corrupt racist lords can make no law that the oppressed people are bound to respect.

The revolutionary people are never interested in murder. It's only the oppressor who's interested in murder. This was demonstrated in Marin, because the revolutionaries did not fire the first shot. They were interested in getting out of the prison. One of the comrades said, "I've been in prison so many years . . . too many years . . . remove these chains. I must be set free, so help me God." He addressed the jury and said this. It was an explanation to them why he had to take certain actions, because it's a revolutionary's obligation always to explain his action to the people.

Jonathan Jackson, William Christmas, and John McClain did not fire the first shot. So that shows that the police, the fascist police, are responsible for the judge's death. And the fascist police are responsible for showing a disregard for everyone in that courtroom, including the jury.

They claim to be so interested in people, democracy, human life, but they haven't shown nearly as much respect for these things as the corrupt, fascist governments of Uruguay and Brazil.

When the revolutionaries in those countries took hostages and ordered the government to release certain political prisoners and prisoners of war, then they did that, they did release them on a number of occasions, in order to preserve life. But this country refuses to do that. So I would like for the people to keep that in mind, and take the very necessary steps.

[ETHNIC PLURALISM]

The Black Panther Party takes the position that we must, must accept the reality that this country is

a pluralistic country, ethnically speaking and culturally speaking. We want to see an end to the class system and all of the distinctions that would make one group privileged over another. That doesn't necessarily mean that we want an end to ethnic groups. We think there's a beauty in the many ethnic cultures, rather like a bouquet, and that if it's viewed this way the world will be a much happier place, a more interesting place, and there will be a coming together and a unity of man. As the Minister of Information, Eldridge Cleaver, said, we will have the "essential miscegenation." When our Minister of Information said this, he wasn't speaking entirely of race miscegenation, but he was speaking of that complex whole where man finally reaches a unity with himself and with every other living thing in the universe. And this would be the mingling and the transformation of everything from the prisoner that he is within himself, from the division and the loneliness, into a whole person and into what man can really be.

This is why we hate the oppressor so much. Because when he strikes us, he strikes down the best that humanity produces. When the brothers were killed in Marin, humanity was struck a blow. Because these were true revolutionaries interested in the people's struggle, and they were taken away from us. Young Jonathan Jackson—I viewed him as a brother that should have been, and probably would have been, my successor. But he was taken away from us, and we're very unhappy about that. But the people will produce more leaders, and they will be stronger because they will inherit the legacy of Jonathan Jackson, the revolutionary fervor of William Christmas and the courage of John McClain. So we will find new direction, and new strength in the future.

[RACISM]

We realize that racism is rampant in this country. And this is why, in spite of the fact that we're working towards a socialist society, we're not under the illusion that this would automatically wipe out racism. It's known in sociology that when a structure changes—a physical structure or a social structure—usually there's a lag between the attitudes and the values: "cultural lag." I'm sure this concept will also hold true when we receive our socialist victory. We'll lay the foundation or the structure to change the attitude, but until the change occurs, we'll have to use certain precautions in order to protect ourselves.

One of the ways we'll work is to ask for some autonomy in our local community—complete control, as a matter of fact. While we would like to operate our institutions as collectives or co-ops, they will be owned by the whole community and supported by centralized national enterprises. According to Johnson's report on civil disorders, there's 76 monopolies or oligarchies that control the country. We will demand of them that people of color be represented on every level. The communities will place these administrators, just as mayors are now placed by elections.

As for the wealth, there will no longer be any profit, only a surplus, and the surplus from the national enterprises will be distributed in some sort of equal way

to the many ethnic minority communities. So we call this proportional representation in a socialist framework. If there happens to be any whites living in the black community or vice versa, or any Mexicans or Indians or any ethnic group members who would be minority members in their community, they will have a democratic participation in these institutions. We will make sure that a foundation will be laid to work towards a society that will be essentially human, towards a revolutionary culture that is dynamic and in constant change and always in mind of the well-being of man.

[CIA AGENT STOKELY CARMICHAEL]

We charge that Stokely Carmichael is freely operating as an agent of the CIA. We have no proof of this, but his actions speak for themselves.

During, or shortly after, the House Un-American Activities Committee investigation of the Black Panther Party, Stokely said the Party was dishonest and made other false charges. (Later he said that perhaps he had been untimely in his charges and was sorry about this.)

Now we hear over the wire and through our embassy in Algiers that Stokely is leading a delegation of 18 Party members in Jordan to promote the interests of the Palestinian government and the Black Power movement. But the Black Panther Party does not subscribe to the Black Power of Stokely Carmichael and Richard Nixon, which is no more than reactionary Black capitalism and certainly not in the interests of the people.

Stokely Carmichael has further stated that Pan-Africanism is the highest expression of cultural nationalism. We of the Black Panther Party are internationalists. We say that most of the African countries who adhere to the philosophy of Pan-Africanism are aligned with United States imperialism.

We also take issue with Stokely's recent statement that socialism is not the question, economics is not the question—racism is the entire question. We realize that the United States is a racist country, but we think that the racism is rooted in the profit motive and capitalism, and that we should start with the cause and later on handle the effects of it.

In the near future we will have proof that Stokely Carmichael is responsible for the predicament of the Connecticut Nine and our chairman, Bobby Seale. Stokely recommended, when he was prime minister of the Black Panther Party, that George Sand be admitted into the party, and he was. He violated party rules by fighting with members—stabbing one, beating another, and he was subsequently suspended and then expelled. Stokely Carmichael came to his rescue and literally begged the central committee to readmit Sand, and he was readmitted. And then George Sand murdered Rackley, as Sand himself has said. We asked Stokely to tell our attorney, Charles R. Garry, everything that he knew about George Sand. Stokely told us he knew that Sand had been in a mental institution and that he was sadistic, but he wouldn't testify on behalf of Bobby Seale—he wouldn't even talk to Charles Garry. He would talk

to any white attorney in America, but that's one that he wouldn't talk to. I can only speculate that he was afraid he would reveal the truth about himself.

[INTERNATIONAL GOALS]

We're definitely going to go to victory, and I'm overwhelmed with joy that I'm able to see the unity that's existing among the people who are oppressed—not only national but international unity. We feel that in order for us here in America to eliminate the evils of the world, we must eliminate imperialism and the international bourgeoisie that finds its strength here in Babylon or North America. In order to do this, the Black Panther Party takes a stand that our party is no longer a revolutionary nationalist party, but that we're revolutionary internationalist. That doesn't mean that we reject or denounce other countries that are fighting wars of national liberation. Countries such as Vietnam have a right for self-determination and, surely, independence. Because, unlike America, they've never oppressed other countries—they don't operate an empire, they operate a country.

This country, though, has no right any longer to be a nationalist country; it's stolen the wealth of ever developing country in the world in order to build a high standard of living here—for the ruling circle, that is. Because of these evils, this country must think of transforming the world and replenishing it, sharing with the developing countries in a friendship way and being obligated to them. (Obligated to them in the sense that this country has been a pirate and a robber, and now it's only justified that this country pays off.) This is why the Black Panther Party is hooked up with every struggling liberation front of the world, because only through this unity can we defeat such a powerful, treacherous enemy.

We have committed an undisclosed number of troops to the Revolutionary People's Republic of Vietnam and to the National Liberation Front, the provisional government of the South. We offered these troops in the spirit of revolutionary solidarity, and we are awaiting a response. There's been some indication that the response will be favorable. The Vietnamese people and the people of the world in general are very impressed, and we feel justified in committing these troops even though we realize we have many problems here. Domestic problems. But we feel that because the oppressor, who also has domestic problems, still finds time to meddle in other people's business, to slaughter people throughout the world; certainly we can find time to aid our friends.

Americans fought in the Spanish Civil War against the fascist Franco. There are Americans fighting now in the Israeli Army. There were Americans committed to the Canadian Army in World War II. In these cases the ruling circle has seen it in their interests not to prosecute, not to charge these men with treason. Finally our plan doesn't fall under treason because there's no declared war. The war is illegal. If they want to charge us with treason, we invite them to do so, because in order to prove treason, we will first have to put the war on trial to see if it's a legal war. And we will be very happy to do that.

GUERRILLAS AND MONEY



I'm an outlaw, a modern outlaw in the most grotesque country that has ever existed. I consider myself a revolutionary, not because I have read Mao and Che or for any exemplary acts I have done, but because in my daily life I have become an enemy of the capitalist tradition in this country. I survive by rip-offs and live in the cradle of a cooperative society.

I routinely carry around a pair of wire cutters, a screwdriver, a knife, a lockpick, a heavy felt-tip pen, a tube of liquid steel, a pack of matches and a phony press pass. At home I keep a few complete disguises, a few false ID's, a set of slugs, some false bottom boxes and store bags, a few smoke bombs, some press type, a few cans of spray paint, some surgical instruments and plenty of fine dope.

This equipment is essential for dealing with an outlaw's most basic problem—survival. The supermarkets—Safeway, A & P, Lucky—have conveniently met my family's food needs at minimal cost. My most bizarre market rip-off was with an army of eight people. Six of us collected a bag full of expensive items and gravitated toward the door. The other two lit smoke bombs on the far side of the store and we all ran out (with our haul) yelling fire. Usually I just stuff my pockets, change prices.

We refer to supermarkets as the people's restau-

rants. You can eat fruit, candy, cookies, cheese, nuts while you walk around the store—the worst that can happen is that some pig employee will get pissed off and tell you to cut it out. I would be ashamed to walk out of a supermarket without leaving packages open for others—it makes it easier for those who follow to take food and gives straight consumers ideas.

Then there's the phone company, which pleads in its bureaucracy to be ripped. Always get your phone in a phony name—you may have to pay a deposit, but it should be worth forfeiting it when you leave a big bill. If you don't want to do it that way, find a listing in a year-old phone book which is not in the latest book and use that person's name. If he paid his bills they will waive the deposit.

Telephone credit cards are my long-distance communications tool. Everyone should learn how to compose one—the phone should be free for all! You start with a letter (this year it's S), then add a plausible phone number with a real three-digit prefix (like 555-1000 for a New York number) and then add the code for the city the "number" comes from (072 for New York). Some other city codes are: Chicago 074, Atlanta 035, San Francisco 158, Los Angeles 182, Pittsburgh 021, New Mexico 105. Of course you can use any card number anywhere in the country.

Always place your credit card calls from a pay phone—it will take them weeks to figure out it was a rip-off. You can only get caught if the people you called give the phone company your name and number. But, of course, any friend would give them phony info.

There are other attacks you can make on the phone company. Whenever you get an IBM punched bill from them or anyone else, before you send it back always cut a few extra holes with a razor blade. This will fuck up their computers, and they'll have to send the bill through manually at a cost of valuable time and money. The same result can be attained by cutting the right edge off bills which have their right edge perforated specially for the IBM machine.

You don't have to pay the federal tax on the phone bill. Just send a letter with the bill saying you're against the war or the capitalist systems or whatever, and they usually won't hassle you about it. Also, whenever you mail in a bill, don't put a stamp on it.

Another important area of survival is getting into events such as concerts, movies and sports events for free. Some of my favorite methods are: to use a home-made press pass, to walk boldly past the ticket taker nodding your head like you own the place, to carry a guitar case through the stage door, to dress like a member of a stage crew or refreshment vendor, to have friends inside open the exit door. One night about 50 of us rebel freaks got into a concert by arranging a bomb scare—the place was emptied, and when people went back in, we joined them. The best method for getting into an event is to print your own tickets—you can help other gate-crashers and friends as well as yourself—but that requires equipment or reliable contacts.

Disguises are a very important part of an outlaw's wardrobe. Worker's coveralls are useful for stealing furniture (a good target is always a university student union) and ripping off cases of stuff from the back of supermarkets and liquor stores (posing as a delivery man). Freaks should also have a presentable suit and tie, a short hair wig and a hip capitalist outfit. You will find many uses for these outfits, like getting into Disneyland, applying for unemployment, using illegal credit cards or phony ID's, getting access to certain material or traveling to other countries.

I try to keep a good supply of slugs to use for tolls and fares. Mexican one-centavo pieces can be used in most change machines in place of quarters. One friend of mine makes his living by visiting the laundromat change machines a couple of times a week. Another friend has made money with a simple form of counterfeiting. He takes a \$1 bill and a \$20 bill and separates the front from the back on each of them. Then he glues the back of one on the front of the other and vice versa and passes them both as twenties. (To separate a bill, soak it in warm water and the pulp inside will soften while the glue coating on the outside of the bill will stay hard. Take a razor blade and split the corner—if you peel it slowly it should come apart. Difficult but possible.)

Picking pockets is very lucrative—but it's important to be discriminating, both because rich people have more money and better credit cards and because

stealing from the poor is bullshit. Also you should always send back what you don't use—there is no reason to inconvenience people more than necessary.

The traveler's check rip-off is a standard way to make bread. One person buys some traveler's checks, reports them lost and has a friend forge his signature and cash them while buying some cheap item (the cashier should carry ID with the name on the checks—he will sometimes be asked). As long as the checks are \$10 or \$20 there should be no trouble cashing them, especially if the person cashing them looks straight (of course whites always have an easier time in this racist society). The person who bought them originally will get his money back without a hassle if the total "lost" is under a certain amount (this used to be \$500 but has been lowered in many areas).

A nice thing to do in spare time is to send letters to pig manufacturers, saying you found their product faulty—they often send replacements. When you buy capitalist newspapers from coin boxes, pull out the rest of the newspapers after you put in your dime or slug so others can have them for free.

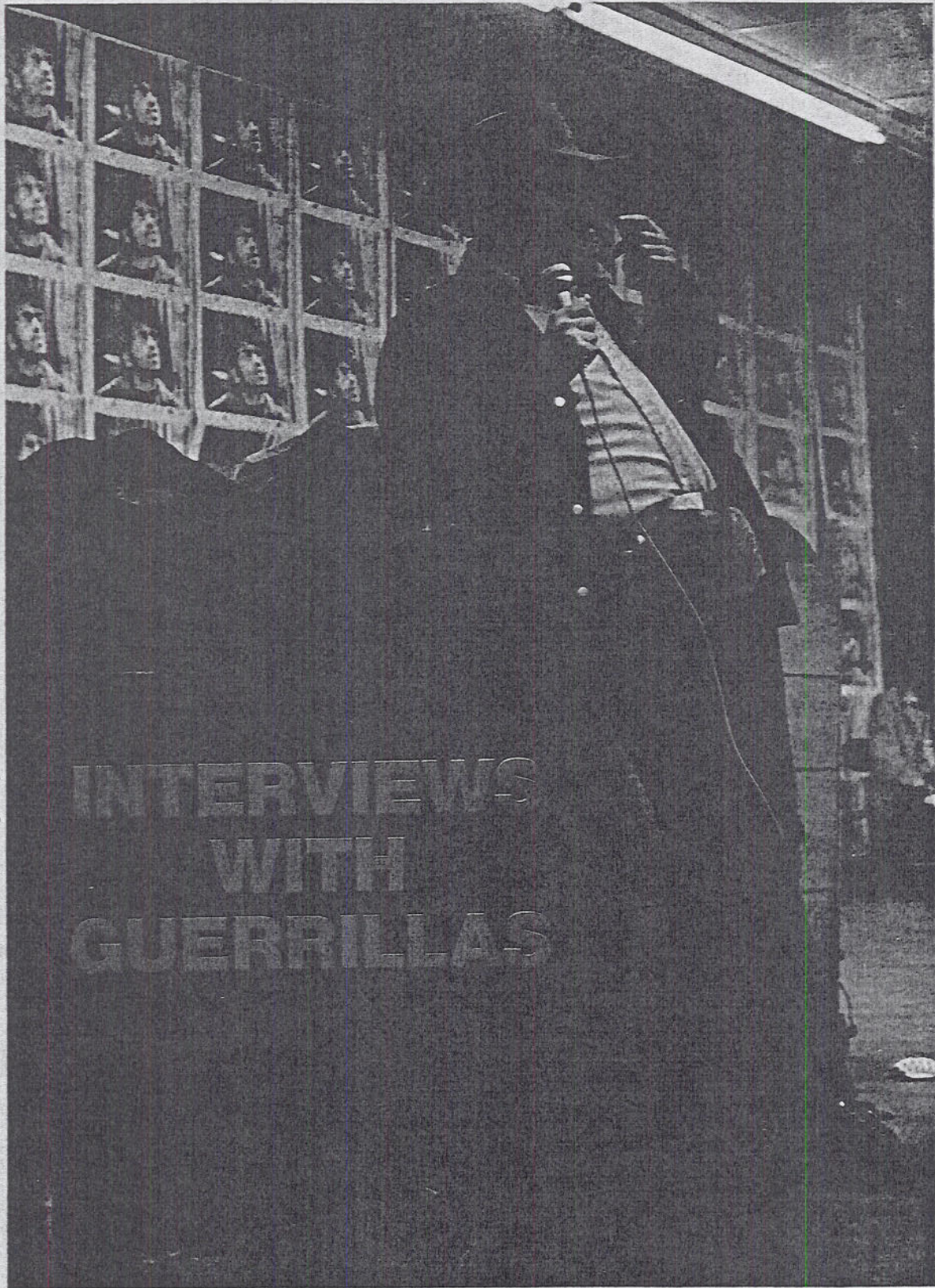
If you can stand a job, that's cool, because in almost any job you can get "fringe benefits" and help a lot of people as well. Some particularly lucrative jobs are: airlines employees; supermarket checker; mailman; bank clerk; clerk in a store of almost any kind; warehouseman. Often you can steal merchandise or carelessly used credit cards, help friends lift stuff or at least screw up the bureaucracy of the company. You also get opportunities to talk to and turn on people you normally might not come in contact with.

Banks are another beautiful target. After standing in one of their "speed lines" for half an hour and then having to see an officer and get in line again, I have maintained my sanity only because I knew I could strike back. A profitable action is writing your account number on blank deposit slips in the bank. People will then fill out deposit slips to your account. You may not get the money but at least you will fuck the bank bureaucracy. I just heard of a guy who made \$10,000 doing this, but he did it too many times and got caught. Renting a safe deposit box and putting a fish in it can give the bank the perfume it deserves. Another good idea is to deposit shit or some related substance in the night deposit box.

I hope the things I've mentioned will give people ideas, and that everyone will start to see his daily actions as the backbone of the revolution. It's lifestyle, not rhetoric, that matters. Our goal should be to cast aside hang-ups about materialism, chauvinism, and competition, to learn the joy of meeting other people's eyes on the street, to start to feel natural and unselfish love, to communicate with compassion and understanding, to strike against oppression with fierce self-confidence.

This way we will build up not an army which will march in formation, but an army which will sweep like a plague over the ruling class of this country. Acts of terrorism are very important to the struggle, as is working in organizations. But we all have different capabilities and interests, and what we do from day to day will determine whether the people's army wins or the fascist state destroys us.

Mark Rudd at Weatherman conference Dec. 1969 where decision was made to go underground. ©1970 Scanlan's Literary House



INTERVIEWS WITH GUERRILLAS

INTERVIEWING A STREET-FIGHTING WOMAN

What is street-fighting like?

The air is electric. You start runnin' down the street like a wild woman. Your body feels really good—there's a group consciousness. You feel like a People's Army. It's crazy 'cause all you have is rocks and bottles and maybe a few Molotovs, but you're fighting the pig and that's a rush.

Why do you go into the streets?

I go into the streets 'cause businessmen drink my wine. A couple of years ago I didn't know why I was there—I couldn't define it. It was a gut reaction. But over the years my political consciousness has risen. Dig it, like I used to want to be Suzy Q. Remember her? You know, Mick Jagger singing, "I like the way she walks, I like the way she talks . . ."

What kind of actions were you in and where?

My favorite action was November, 1969, in Dupont Circle, Washington D.C. It was the night of the assault on the Vietnamese Embassy. I had a can of lighter fluid upside down in my jacket pocket with the nozzle through a hole I'd made for it. I could just put my hand in the pocket and squeeze the can—squirt! I had religious-ecstatic visions of a flaming Vietnamese Embassy . . . There were lots of little fires in Washington that night. I got a charge out of them. The pigs were really chasing us and blowing their stupid tear gas. At one point, when the wind changed, the pigs gassed themselves and we tore up Connecticut Avenue. We teased them all night. Sometimes they chased us, sometimes we chased them. And when the Mobilization marshalls got creamed, everyone was happy—the people and the pigs.

Another time, when I was still at school, we staged a building takeover. It was this really fancy edifice—plush offices with leather furniture and silk wallpaper—but the school didn't have any money to let poor people in for free. That night my best girlfriend got beaten up by a pig, and we tore the place apart. We went through the files and secured classified government documents proving CIA-university complicity and the school's being just a training ground for rich men's kids. This was too much on top of the behind-the-scenes policy-making in Southeast Asia by the fat cat professors who fancied themselves intellectuals (yecch!) and upholders of democracy.

We smashed up their \$1,200 mahogany desks and used them for barricades. Then we split all the leather couches and chairs and decorated the gold raw silk wallpaper with revolutionary wall-painting. We scored tape recorders, typewriters and various knick-knacks. Most important, though, was that a group with different ideologies, life-styles and backgrounds had got this together, maintained security and done what we set out to do.

We felt we could relax—why not celebrate? So we sat around and blew two ounces of really good dope and ate peanut butter and Hershey bar sandwiches. We called up every newspaper in town and gave conflicting Yippee press statements. Our first demand was the immediate release of Sirhan Sirhan. It was

really funny how the news desks reacted. Of course, that was the whole idea. The old public still isn't hip enough to know who we are and what we want. We are everybody and we want everything and I don't think that's too much to ask. Do you?

Do you think street fighting has lost its effectiveness as a tactic?

Basically, what I gained out of street actions was a progressive feeling of coming together with my sisters and brothers. We never did smash the state like we set out to do, but the streets laid the foundations to make this possible. No matter what city I travel to, I see old faces. People get together and stick together after the streets. But no more street-fighting now after Kent State, etc. Fuck the streets. We are moving on to urban guerrilla warfare and a higher consciousness. We learned more about loving our sisters and brothers in the streets than doing acid in the parks. We learned to live is to love and to survive is to fight. Our struggle is one of armed love, and there's nothing contradictory about it.

How did you avoid arrest in the streets?

We stayed in small cadres of four or five people. Whenever someone shouted "Tex," or some other code word, we regrouped. We watched out for each other. We tried not to be too brash, just brash enough. We studied our territories and knew alleyways. We usually left rock piles at strategic points. But fast running and good karma were our best defense from arrest.

Is there a culture connected with street fighting? Which came first?

The culture came first, but it's still developing because we're still developing. The culture I identify with comes out of LSD and the whole hippie thing. Love, sharing. But the fact that most people are cold and hungry, while a few buy new fur coats and cars, negates the hippie as a stupid, selfish, bourgeois individual. So flower children carry guns instead of flowers because that's the only way everybody's gonna eat, 'cause the businessman drinks your wine and isn't going to give that up. And he sucks your blood and sends his dogs into the street to get you and then street-fighting comes.

Does being a woman affect how you are treated by your cadre and the street population at large?

It sure does. I'm always getting my ass pinched or something, and it's longhairs who have been scoring the highest. When someone pinches me, I don't ask questions—I sock 'em hard. Fuck that shit, man. When I worked with the underground press I was a revolutionary typist. But I didn't have the balls to open my mouth and scream, "Hey, shmuck, let me write that article. I can do it 10 times better than you." There was even a time, about two years ago, when sometimes the guys in our collective would go out on actions and leave us home to have dinner ready for them.

Of course, the worst thing is this attitude that women are just so much meat—while I talk revolution some guy is thinking: I'll ball her tonight. I don't think this chauvinism has been struggled with hard enough by revolutionary men here. I won't deal with these men who believe they are revolutionaries and then oppress people. No men are free till all

women are free. The whole foundation of capitalism is penis-profit. Male chauvinism is the gut of the pig.

In the streets, though, I have always been treated as an equal. Once in action chauvinism is usually non-existent, as everyone is together fighting against the pig.

INTERVIEWING AN 18-YEAR-OLD CAMPUS FIRE BOMBER

What were the circumstances which prompted you to do your first bombing?

I was going to Valley Junior College in Los Angeles at the time of the so-called Carver Incident at George Washington Carver Junior High School in south central Los Angeles, when students were beaten by the pigs during a sit-in. Their principal really pegged them. He did a really piggish thing. What happened was like these Black Student Union members in school wanted to come and speak to the younger kids. The principal said okay, but then he went and called up the pigs, and when these two BSU boys came onto the junior high school campus, the pigs arrested them for trespassing. The little brothers and sisters held a protest sit-in at the administration hall. And this scurvy dog called the pigs in again. The pigs started beating up these little kids. So southeast and south-central Los Angeles was on the verge of blowing up. My junior college had a strike going in support of the Carver kids, but it wasn't too successful.

So this guy I knew who was like an okay cat, and this other cat who I was living with at the time, we got together on this scheme. You know: Do a bomb. We decided our own school was the target. It was still operating even though we were on strike. They were crossing our picket line. We knew we couldn't physically harm the school enough to keep people out, but we could destroy some of their files and shit. We decided to use Molotov cocktails to indiscriminately bomb an office in the administration building so someone'd get the message that people are uptight on this campus.

Around when was this?

It was in 1969, sometime between March and May. I don't remember the date that clearly, but I remember exactly every circumstance surrounding it. I know exactly how we did it. It was really weird. *It's not a day you always remember in your life when you do a bombing?*

No, it's strange, I figured it would be, but it just doesn't stand out in my memory like that. I don't remember the day. I don't even remember whose office it was now. I know we caused \$2,000 worth of damage. That I still remember. And I remember exactly how we put the bomb together.

How was that?

Well, we were inexperienced. We didn't know a fuckin' thing. A Molotov cocktail is only gasoline in a bottle. We at least knew you shouldn't stick the rag in early, because the fumes could seep into it really quick and we'd get blown up when we lit it. We decided on this orange juice bottle—it's fairly thick

glass and we wanted it to be strong enough to go through a window and shatter inside and open up right on the floor and catch everything—the carpet and all that shit.

What was the building?

The administration building of Valley Junior College. We wanted to get it towards the back where the fancy offices are. If we put it in the front where there was no carpet it'd take a long time to catch, and they have those sprinkler things, you know. What we wanted was the president's office or the dean's office. But we didn't know exactly where either was. We scored, though—approximately. We hit some dean. He was probably scared shitless after this that somebody was after him. As a matter of fact he was a dean I'd never even heard of. But he was heavy. SDS leaders were called in on the carpet; people accused the Black Student Union, and they still don't know who the fuck did it.

How did you pull off the bombing?

We'd taken the top—a metal cap—off the bottle and wiped it completely clean. We washed it and dried it. We tore this kitchen cloth up for a wick and we burned the rest of it. We were taking no chances in getting caught and we weren't going to have anybody trace this anywhere. It was kind of like a spy plot thing, burning the evidence, but we wanted to make sure.

Can you tell me what kind of gas you bought?

We bought the highest octane Standard. We wanted the biggest pig to help us blow our building. That was the fun part of it. We bought a gallon of this supertest stuff—they charged outrageous prices—and we poured about a quart of this into the orange juice bottle. We kept the top off.

Why?

I'm not exactly sure. I guess so part of the rag was not exposed to the fumes—fumes run straight up on a rag. We had it like bent around on the side. It was still dry when we lit it.

Did you fill the bottle all the way up?

Yeah, just about. We left some air so it wouldn't leak. There was like no soap chips or any of that shit. It was just gasoline and a rag and—fuck, we thought that was a Molotov cocktail.

How far was the place where it was done from where it was used?

The bomb was worked out at this one place in North Hollywood. We took it to a house where this one cat was staying. He had the gas.

How many of you were there?

Three. It wasn't necessary to have so many, but we didn't know exactly what we were going to do. First we had this crazy scheme to dynamite up this power station at school. We were going for the big time, but then we decided we could fuck up with that. So we decided on the firebomb. When it was ready we drove over to school. My friend was wearing gloves when he took it in, but then took off one glove to light it and forgot to put it back on to throw it through the window.

Where were you two others at this time?

In the car. And he came running back and we sped off to a safe place.

How high was the window?

Ground floor. But the fucker didn't even explode. So there we were back at a nearby safe place listening to some old soul music and paranoid as fuck because my friend took his glove off. Then we heard all these fire engines. The bottle hadn't broken on the carpet so the heat from the flames around the bottle must have cracked it, and I guess it exploded when we were already far away. This is conjecture because we didn't hear an explosion and we should have, you know, even in the car. It's really weird—we really got lucky. We were completely inexperienced and it was like a really insane thing. Afterwards we realized we were all caught up in this romantic "let's do it" type of thing. Our main reason for doing it was that if someone had the balls to do it here, people in other places would get the idea they could do it and get away with it. Get some real shit coming down. Like I said, there were something like 29 fires and bombings at schools before, and ours made it 30 and pretty soon there were over 40—all over the Carver Incident.

When did you feel you were successful?

We were still on a paranoid trip. We said we couldn't be sure until we heard it on the radio. We listened to the radio all night, and finally at about five fucking o'clock in the morning they said that fire engines had extinguished this bomb at three. This was interspersed with all kinds of other reports—it was the big night for bombings, fires and vandalism. When we finally heard ours, we were very happy. We had done what we set out to do. Over all it may not have been the best thing, but we felt that people should be really getting it on at this point. Like when they fuck with little black children, you draw the line. The line should have been drawn a good many years ago. Now, I feel a little guilt about how the black people are treated and all, but that isn't what motivated me. It was more like this overall feeling that all this shit of fucking people over has got to end. And we were going to do it by any means necessary—burn down all the fucking schools if necessary, and then go from there to burning down other things if necessary.

Did you think about repression?

Yes. I figured they are going to come after us anyway, so why not just go out and do this.

Are you from a working class family?

No, upper middle class. A lot of the upper-middle-class kids were in SDS. The others were working class kids.

Did you participate in other actions after this?

Mostly strikes, boycotts, sit-ins. I wasn't trying to become the mad bomber. I'm interested in political organization. But I consider these bombings to be political acts.

INTERVIEWING A MIDDLE CLASS MARXIST BOMBER

I'm David McQueen, news director of radio station KSAN in San Francisco. I'm well-known in the Bay Area for my leftist views, so I wasn't totally surprised when a man who identified himself as being involved in the recent bombings in the area, telephoned me at

the station. He said he would be willing to give me an interview explaining his motivations. The only condition was that it be done under circumstances guaranteeing his anonymity.

The interview took place in early September. Two men and a woman picked me up at dusk at a San Francisco street corner, a location arranged through an anonymous telephone call 30 minutes before.

I rode blindfolded in the back of a closed van in which we traveled for the better part of an hour through city streets and then, for a while, through what I guessed to be countryside. I have no idea where we ended up; it could have been in some part of San Francisco or in another county.

I was led from the van and the blindfold was removed. We were in the basement of a small house.

I was introduced to a young man whose name I wasn't told. He appeared to be in his mid-twenties, had short hair and was dressed in quite ordinary street clothes.

He was quite articulate, and I guessed from his appearance and vocabulary that he had a middle-class background and a university education.

He left at the end of the interview and my tape recorder was taken from me. My companions from the van ride transcribed the tape and burned the recording.

Afterwards I was blindfolded and returned to the street corner I'd been picked up on. The interview that follows was handed to me as I got out.

Can you be specific about the acts of revolutionary violence that you've taken part in?

There's been a number of heavy bombings and fires recently. We're responsible for several of these. I don't want to say more; too much detail would put myself and my comrades in danger. They're trying hard enough to get us without us helping them. Anyway, I think it's more important to tell people what these acts of revolutionary violence stem from and what they are intended to accomplish.

What is the rationale behind revolutionary violence? What are the goals?

In the short run it's important to move in a revolutionary fashion against the oppressor, both from a position of self-defense and also in an offensive way against an enemy that is oppressing the people in a given situation.

In the long run it's a matter of changing the whole system itself—changing capitalism and creating socialism. These various individual acts of revolutionary violence that we see now are only a prelude to what's going to happen. As the movement progresses there will be more and more acts of revolutionary violence, and I believe that at some stage a People's Liberation Army will be formed in America. Then it will become clear that it's one set of forces and political ideas versus another set of forces with another set of political ideas.

Do you believe—as Tom Hayden and others do—in a new definition of violence?

There are two kinds—revolutionary violence and what we call counter-revolutionary violence. The distinction is made on the basis of whom the violence is directed against. If that violence is directed at the

enemies of revolution, such as policemen or the people they work for—the capitalistic monopolies—then that violence is revolutionary. But when you're dealing with violence directed at the masses of people, whether it be students at San Francisco State, or the Black Panther Party or strikers, then that's counter-revolutionary violence.

All right. Actions against property are one thing, for example the bombing of the IBM Building. But injury to people is another. What if somebody is killed, such as the graduate student at the Army Math Research Building at the University of Wisconsin?

I think if we look at all these recent incidents we can see clearly that the pattern is not directed against individuals. Almost every time there've been warning phone calls or notes left in sufficient time to clear the premises, because the people who work in such facilities are not the enemy. The people who do the bombings clearly understand that.

The word "people" as we use it doesn't mean just human beings, because of course a policeman or a politician—even Richard Nixon—is a human being. It is a question of class. The police are an arm of the state, and they are definitely not among the forces of "the people." "The people" refers to basically the working class. The police and their bosses are in the political category of the pigs, even though they are of course human beings.

Certain "dove" politicians such as Senator McGovern have lately been denouncing terror tactics. They say that revolutionary violence is forcing a police state into existence. What do you say to that?

I have a very short answer to that. Bullshit. I mean, the forces in power in any given society never need an excuse to oppress and exterminate people. Whether it be the Jews in Nazi Germany or the Indonesians that Suharto has killed by the hundreds of thousands, or the black or brown people here at home. The people in power, by their very nature, by their very class interest, create a situation where the people have no choice but to resist.

When the people start to righteously resist, then the ruling class stops talking about democracy, which never really existed in the first place. They cast aside all the illusions and just rule by brute force, which is the way they really rule in the first place. *Your analysis is obviously Marxist. Now, Marxism-Leninism is predicated upon revolution by the working class. And Chairman Mao also speaks at length about this. Judging from the hardhat demonstrations, the white working class in this country would appear to be pro-fascist. How do you expect a revolution in this country to succeed without them?*

When you're talking about construction workers and guys who work on a production line, you're talking about two very different breeds of cats. Not to mention all the people who are employed in factories for \$2 an hour—and in the case of women, even less. So the fascist views of these hardhats in no way reflect, as the establishment would have us believe, the views of the vast majority of the working people. *The hippie life style, the freak life style, is in itself viewed as revolutionary, particularly by the media. But the freaks by and large seem to shy away from confrontation. For example, at Portland recently only about a thousand people*

showed up for People's Army Jamboree to protest the war. But at the same time some 50,000 freaks showed up 25 miles away for rock festivals—one of which was sponsored by the Governor of Oregon to draw people away from the Portland demonstrations. Does that mean that most freaks are just the same old bourgeois consumers, and aren't revolutionary at all?

To a certain extent the life-style of young people in general, including young working class people, is revolutionary. But the ruling class can tolerate long hair and other weird stuff. They might not like it, but they can tolerate it because it's not any real threat to them. Now what is a basic threat to them is people who are politically conscious, who realize the role that the ruling class plays and who have a solid grasp of revolutionary ideas.

So the so-called life-style, although important, is not the main part of the revolutionary movement. There's plenty of so-called straight people who are plenty goddamned revolutionary. Their revolutionariness doesn't stem from the length of their hair or how much dope they smoke, but from their position in society.

Do you think it's possible to create a single national movement here, in the same sense that the Tupamaros are a national movement in Uruguay, and the NLF in Vietnam?

Well, it's my view that eventually we're going to have a revolutionary party in this country, that is a communist party, which will represent the vast majority of people. This is just the very infancy of the revolutionary movement and many of the organizations that now exist will fade away, as we've already seen in certain cases. But that's not the important point. The united front will be a grouping not of different organizations, but of different classes and segments of society under the leadership of the industrial proletariat. For instance the intellectual and professional people, whose development is hampered by imperialism because imperialism is not concerned with seeking the truth or with improving the human condition but only with profit. All the people have a stake in defeating imperialism.

You speak of the revolution in this country coming together under the umbrella of communism. It would seem, at least for now, that communism has a very small following here.

I think that the following that communism—let's call it the movement for socialism—has in America, is bigger than most people imagine. When people opt for socialism it's not necessarily on the basis of having the book understanding of what socialism means. People move for socialism on the basis of what the fuck is empirically necessary.

How long do you think it's going to be before we see effective large-scale revolution in this country?

I'll be very disappointed if it doesn't come in my lifetime. I'd say at the most we're talking about 20 years. Like Mao said: "Imperialism is at the end of its rope." It's in a period of extended crisis and ultimate collapse. It may take 10 or 20 years—even 50 years—but it's going to happen.

Do you have anything to say to Mr. and Mrs. America?

Mr. and Mrs. America. Well, that sounds like Mr. and Mrs. Nixon to me. The people are getting wise to you. We see what your game is. And we're on our way.





GUERRILLA STILL-LIFE: MEMBERS OF PEOPLE'S PARTY II STAND OUTSIDE THEIR HEADQUARTERS BEFORE AN OUTBREAK OF VIOLENCE, ON JULY 25, 1970, THAT LEFT 1 DEAD AND 5 WOUNDED. (PHOTO: N.Y. TIMES)



THE FUTURE FOR GUERRILLAS

[EDITORIAL]

Guerrilla war in the United States is a concept worthy only of its documentation as a reality. Its intellectual base is empty, its practical sense burlesque, its vision as appealing as a parade of basket cases.

All of which should be self-evident to anyone with the slightest knowledge of revolutionary history. To succeed, a revolt requires at the least a dictatorial government and an attainable goal. Whatever may be said of Nixon and Agnew, it takes a particularly psychotic form of paranoia to transform their Elks Club politics into a Stalinist state. And whosoever considers it conceivable that a nation dominated by Pentagon financing and self-serving mores can be transformed by Molotov cocktails, is committable without benefit of jury.

Moreover, to the extent the bombers heretofore depicted *have* goals, they are as treacherous and despicable as they are sad-assed and hopeless. A dose of Marx, a touch of Trotsky, a drop of Castro, a splash of Fatah — in sum, a cornucopia of despotism.

Self-evident, yes? No. There are those who have the *chutzpah* to compare these kids to the revolutionary heroes of Ireland, Israel, Algeria. The Irish, kicked around for centuries by the English, the Jews of Palestine treated to the British boot after their brothers were turned into soap by the Germans, the Algerians cracked open by the French colons — what a disgrace to compare them with the child bombers of Beverly Hills or Harlem.

In each of these countries there was a foreign power imposing a police state on an indigenous population. In such circumstances the gun has historically been the answer to the noose, and talk of "goals" and "means" was correctly put down as irrelevant.

In his op. ed. my Brother Hinckle correctly asserts

that I favored these revolutions. I add to his insight the fact that my solidarity did not stop at the bourgeois borderline of destroying property. I thought then, and I think now, that the Stern Gang was justified in shooting English soldiers in the back, as ditto the I.R.A. and as likewise the Algerians vis-à-vis the French.

Similarly, I was pleased when Fidel Castro wiped out the Batista dictatorship, though it was less than surprising that he quickly proceeded to set up a quasi-police state in its place.

But I do not perceive the United States as deserving of the grenade. If I did, I hope I would be out there throwing bombs, rather than indulging in the presumption of the cheerleader.

This magazine never implied that there were no rats in Harlem, no rat bastards in Washington, no toilet-training problems in Beverly Hills, no murderous dung heap in Vietnam. But to diagnose the disease is not to prescribe the poison. The fact that we do not like the way people are treated does not justify advocating their suicides. The nation's Radical Sheikdom ought to be a little careful about whose song it sings, while the wine it pours is laced with hemlock.

Since I see no need for the bomb, nor any possibility of its succeeding, nor any hope in its purchasing a better world even if it did succeed, it follows that I must oppose it and surely cannot succor it.

It won't deter even one explosion, of course not. But we started this paper on the absolute that we wouldn't duck a serious issue. As the Great Hinckle eloquently attests herein, he did not think we should take a position on guerrilla war. But I saw no reason to break an honorable rule for the satisfaction of people whose vocabulary runs from Pig to Motherfucker. Let 'em eat dynamite.

— Sidney E. Zion

[EDITORIAL]

The other editor of this magazine appears compelled to do something about guerrilla warfare.

He feels you must be for it or agin' it, and he is emphatically against it—except in the cases of Israel and Ireland where he has friends who fought that way.

It is presumptuous, in my opinion, for a non-combatant to endorse or condemn a war that is going on in his own country when he isn't out there fighting on either side.

I have respect for the cops who are catching sniper's bullets on ghetto street corners as part of their relentless "duty." A lot of them who died I am sure never had an inkling of what was so insanely wrong with their country that their fellow citizens were driven to war against them.

I respect the seriousness of the politics, and the commitment to necessary radical change, of the American guerrilla fighters who are so dangerously attempting to change the constipated system of power-brokering which has successfully resisted all liberal and constitutional efforts at major reform.

In writing the text for this issue, I have attempted to account for the reality of guerrilla war without getting us involved in it. The function of advanced journalism is to intellectually and politically analyze such phenomena with reasonable sophistication and objectivity.

It can be of no service to our readers or to society for journalists dealing with a controversial issue to become either ideologues for, or hooligans against.

As a journalist I would prefer to keep it that way, but we are not always allowed such options.

One important role of the left is to raise moral and political issues in such a way as to force people to choose which side they are on. That appears to be one unexpected function of the guerrilla left in this society.

Thoreau and Emerson said the first question for man was how to make moral energy effective on the earth. That for me remains the first question of politics, and Clausewitz proved long ago that planned violence was but the armed extension of politics.

It is hypocritical to be against violence per se. We accept or endorse violence when it enforces the laws which succor us, or aids in the pursuit of our favorite wars; we are usually against it when it is exercised in opposition to our perceived values.

But violence has qualitative aspects. And I will go as far as to say that there are good bombs and bad bombs, depending on both the motivation for throwing and their ultimate effect.

Defense Secretary Laird said recently that if the current wave of attacks continues against defense research installations and Army facilities on college campuses, the government will have to seriously consider moving such facilities away from the universities to safer climates.

If bombs contributed to that decision, those bombs were well thrown.

The vice president of the Bank of America also said in a recent speech that businessmen must take

the reform of society into their own hands to rid it of the stagnant social diseases that have led to such violent dissent in the nation. His rationale was selfishly simple: sustained guerrilla war against corporations and stores is bad for business.

If dynamite contributed to that mercantile reconsideration, it was dynamite well set off.

At this stage of development guerrilla war in the United States is "armed propaganda" which delivers messages to Laird and others without unduly harming the citizenry. It will be a long time before it reaches a more para-military stage, and then it should be judged on its merits at the time.

But for now, it appears that the guerrillas are at least finally meeting Martin Luther King's request for "creative extremists" in our hogbound society. They are blasting some things loose, and I for one cannot say that is for the worse.

Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the redheaded German who somehow became the leader of the French student revolt of 1968, once drove that aging intellectual dinosaur Jean Paul Sartre a little crazy in answering Sartre's request to define student radical politics. Cohn-Bendit asserted that "We must not dream of destroying bourgeois society." As Sartre blinked, Cohn-Bendit explained that "We are moving toward a perpetually changing society, modified by revolutionary actions at every stage."

There are those in this country who share Sartre's confusion about the nature of revolution and the process of change. Their usual reaction is to maintain that "it can't happen here" because of some set of social or political conditions they perceive as immutable. But the guerrillas appear in no hurry and are settling down for a long winter's struggle; they know that only soothsayers, fools, and hypnotized Marxists predict history with impunity.

Many naysayers forget that the disorder in this nation is the direct result of the failure of the orderly process. Even Hannah Arendt, while inveighing against violence as an uncertain domestic instrument, allows that the relentless goose step of bureaucratization and centralization of power has caused "the drying up or oozing away of all authentic power sources" in the democratic system. This leaves violence high and dry as the only tool for the redress of grievances. Now this is an excellent diagnosis for which she has no cure. The guerrillas share her diagnosis, and are advancing their own cure.

We cannot blame the guerrillas for the process which has brought this society to such a crisis condition that astonishing numbers of people are forsaking the ballot for the bomb. And we cannot revitalize the system simply by wishing the bombers away, or by cursing them in the dark after they have blown up the Con Edison power substation.

The only way to bombproof this society is to reform the system. The alternatives are repression or revolution, and probably both, and not necessarily in that order.

As for guerrillas? Personally, I think those I've met are all right, and I refuse to beat them up.

— Warren Hinckle

Advertisement:

Dear Warren . . .

Here's the *Wallposter* ad, along with a few space problems that I've hopefully solved, to wit:

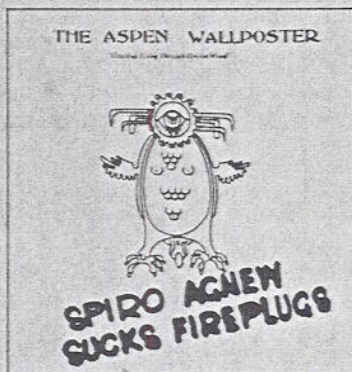
1) Drop the subscription box and run my copy in that space. Given the vicious subscription price, I think we'd be better off soliciting \$2 sample shots . . . and that way we'll also have room to run the copy, which says a lot more than the box.

2) The other alternative is to do whatever you want with the fucker. Rearrange the whole goddamn ad, for all I care. And by way of explanation, this "Agnew Sucks Fireplugs" thing was the cover we had planned for WP #3—but the local printer refused to touch it.

All this whole thing proves to me is that I'm clearly not worth a shit as an ad-writer—and particularly not as an ad-writer cum politician cum publisher. So I leave the bugger in your hands, for good or ill. Since my last dreary letter, our finances have taken a fast turn for the better. We are now in the black, somehow, and that kind of fatness embarrasses me. WP #5 is in the works & this one will fuck us all. I have made a list of all our enemies—and many of our friends—involved in local land-rape enterprises, and we intend to savage them all. The list is massive—everybody from R. O. Anderson, president of Atlantic-Richfield, to people who worked on the Joe Edwards campaign. And along with this list of greedheads & their transgressions, we will publish a *scoreboard*—showing that we have whipped, terrified & destroyed all those we have attacked thus far. . . .

—Hunter

[REJECTED LAYOUT]



[AD COPY THAT DIDN'T FIT IN REJECTED LAYOUT]

Are you ready to drop out? Flee the city? Screw off to the Rockies and seize a ripe chunk of the Good Life? If so, first do yourself a favor—read the *Aspen Wallposter* and be the first on your block to have your illusions come home in a tube.

The Rape of Aspen is a mushrooming horror story, designed by experts to drive even the most zealous freak/liberal/would-be agrarian escapist straight to his knees. What began in the 1950's as a chic seduction by ski-mongers and jet-setters soon became a frenzied gang-rape of the whole valley.

Aspen has been skillfully merchandised from coast to coast as a weird little ski-commune & culture-spa, full of happy refugees from the Nazi/plastic nightmare of Urban Amerika. And a lot of people came here, believing that treacherous swill—most of it written by hired geeks in the pay of such monsters as Boise Cascade, American Cement, First National City Bank of New York, Texas International Petroleum, Minnie Pearl Chicken, Head Ski and Holiday Inn. The hype was compounded by greedheads like John Wayne, Leon Uris and Robert McNamara, who lent the dubious prestige of their names to some of the ugliest "development" schemes since the Florida real estate boom of the 1920's.

Meanwhile, all political power was centered in a Nazi-oriented cartel of local businessmen who instructed the cops to do whatever was "necessary" to protect the town's image—and their own foul investments—from desecration by freaks, hippies, dope-suckers & other strange weeds that were threatening, by the end of the '60s, to take permanent root in the merchants' profit-garden.

Then, with no warning—in the fall of '69—Aspen's long-smoldering Underground suddenly flexed its political muscle and came within six (6) votes of electing a twenty-nine-year-old head, lawyer & bikeracer as mayor. Joe Edwards lost by a hair—but the establishment lost three of its crucial City Council seats, and the mayor's tie-breaking vote is now all that keeps the greedheads in control of Aspen.

The *Wallposter* was created in the wake of that campaign, to maintain the energy & keep the swine off balance—a full-size poster, on heavy paper, with the Brute/Color graphics of Rev. Thomas Benton on one side, and the savage screeds of the Rev. Hunter S. Thompson on the other.

After only four issues the *Wallposter* has grown from an esoteric local handbill to a nationally distributed monster that drives the local cops & greedheads completely crazy each time it appears. The first issue blew the county attorney out of office; #2 introduced Jimson Weed & the sexual aspects of Sumo wrestling to local newsstands; #3 caused banks in New York & Boston to pull out of a huge land-rape project, which soon collapsed; and #4 destroyed the sheriff.

Issue #5 will very likely destroy the *Wallposter*, the Meat Possum Press and all those associated with it. But we are now whipping it together, for good or ill, and if our infrastructure survives this next one, #6 will carry the Reverend Thompson's declaration of candidacy for the office of county sheriff—along with his platform, now being hashed together with the help of Sgt. Sunshine & Wes Pomeroy, the main cop at Woodstock.

Further issues will detail the Rout of the Greedheads & the collapse of the local money/politics establishment. . . and the implications of this battle plan extend far beyond Aspen. The question here is not How to Work Within the System, or How to Destroy It—but rather How to Seize It, how to drive the pigs off the ship without sinking the ship itself & putting us all in life rafts. It is the simple assumption that political power in this country is stagnant & static, until the people learn how to use it.

Maybe not—but on the basis of last fall's experiment, we're ready for another run at the bastards, and this time we plan to win. The *Wallposter* will be the main voice of this effort. It was conceived more as a political tool than either a newspaper or a poster—but it has evolved, very quickly, into a combination of all three. And on that basis we intend to run the bugger full bore for as long as there's room to run.

—The editors



(Introductory issues of the *Aspen Wallposter* are available for \$2.00 each, post-paid, from Box K-3, Aspen, Colorado, 81611. Each sample contains a subscription form & all details. A few complete sets of all four back issues are available at \$7.00 per set, which includes heavy mailing tube & vicious postage charges.)

FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 20, 1970

THE CARSWELL DEFEAT

TIME



Nixon's
Embattled
White House

[CENSORED WALLPOSTER #5]

Wallposter Graphic Perversion
by Rev. Tom Benton